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POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

THE PATH

THE illustration on the cover of this Magazine is a reproduction of the mystical and symbolical painting by Mr. R. Machell, the English artist, now a Student at the International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California. The original is in Katherine Tingley's collection at the International Theosophical Headquarters. The symbolism of this painting is described by the artist as follows:

THE PATH is the way by which the human soul must pass in its evolution to full spiritual self-consciousness. The supreme condition is suggested in this work by the great figure whose head in the upper triangle is lost in the glory of the Sun above, and whose feet are in the lower triangle in the waters of Space, symbolizing Spirit and Matter. His wings fill the middle region representing the motion or pulsation of cosmic life, while within the octagon are displayed the various planes of consciousness through which humanity must rise to attain to perfect Manhood.

At the top is a winged Isis, the Mother or Oversoul, whose wings veil the face of the Supreme from those below. There is a circle dimly seen of celestial figures who hail with joy the triumph of a new initiate, one who has reached to the heart of the Supreme. From that point he looks back with compassion upon all who are still wandering below and turns to go down again to their help as a Savior of Men. Below him is the red ring of the guardians who strike down those who have not the "password," symbolized by the white flame floating over the head of the purified aspirant. Two children, representing purity, pass up unchallenged. In the center of the picture is a warrior who has slain the dragon of illusion, the dragon of the lower self, and is now prepared to cross the gulf by using the body of the dragon as his bridge (for we rise on steps made of conquered weaknesses, the slain dragon of the lower nature).

On one side two women climb, one helped by the other whose robe is white and whose flame burns bright as she helps her weaker sister. Near them a man climbs from the darkness; he has money-bags hung at his belt but no flame above his head, and already the spear of a guardian of the fire is poised above him ready to strike the unworthy in his hour of triumph. Not far off is a bard whose flame is veiled by a red cloud (passion) and who lies prone, struck down by a guardian's spear; but as he lies dying, a ray from the heart of the Supreme reaches him as a promise of future triumph in a later life.

On the other side is a student of magic, following the light from a crown (ambition) held aloft by a floating figure who has led him to the edge of the precipice over which for him there is no bridge; he holds his book of ritual and thinks the light of the dazzling crown comes from the Supreme, but the chasm awaits its victim. By his side his faithful follower falls unnoticed by him, but a ray from the heart of the Supreme falls upon her also, the reward of selfless devotion, even in a bad cause.

Lower still in the underworld, a child stands beneath the wings of the foster-mother (material Nature) and receives the equipment of the Knight, symbols of the powers of the Soul, the sword of power, the spear of will, the helmet of knowledge and the coat of mail, the links of which are made of past experiences.

It is said in an ancient book: "The Path is one for all, the ways that lead thereto must vary with the pilgrim."



The Theosophical Path

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Monthly

Illustrated



Devoted to the Brotherhood of Humanity, the promulgation of Theosophy, the study of ancient & modern Ethies, Philosophy, Science and Art, and to the uplifting and purification of Home and National Life

Edited by Katherine Tingley
International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California, U.S.A.

How is it, then, that virtue, since it participates of contemplation and action, is not an art? follow me in what I shall now say. But I shall say that which is not my own assertion, but which is derived from the academy, is the intimate companion of the muse of Plato, and which Aristotle also himself admits. I can, likewise, refer it to a higher origin: for I suspect that it came to Athens from Italy, certain Pythagoreans bringing this beautiful merchandize into ancient Greece. The assertion is this: The soul of man, according to the first division, receives a twofold distribution; and one part of it is reason, but the other passion. But when either of these subsists in a depraved condition, and is moved in a disordered manner, it is in short called by one most disgraceful name, vice. The fountains, however, and the generations of this base evil are from the inundation and influx of the other of the parts, when the passions boiling over, deluge the soul, and confound the blossoms and germinations of reason. for as winter torrents, swelling above their accustomed bounds, and pouring down on the cultivated lands of the husbandman, disturb both the safety and the ornament of his works, so the soul, through the immoderation of the passions, is forced to abandon its rational energies, and then false and depraved opinions rise in it with hostility contrary to its nature. And this indeed is the very thing which happens to the intoxicated; for satiety exciting the inward diseases, like serpents from their retreats, confounds the intellect, and compels it to utter the voices of these reptiles.

— MAXIMUS TYRIUS. DISSERTATION VIII. TRANSLATION BY THOMAS TAYLOR

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Point Loma, California

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Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

"THE JOY OF MORNING," BY JULIUS KRONBERG

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

VOL. XIII

JANUARY, 1917

NO. 1

THE smallest orb that shines and onward rolls
In grandeur, breathes a soft angelic hymn
Of timeless joy to bright-eyed seraphim.
Such harmony dwells within immortal souls.

THE SCHOOL OF ANTIQUITY: ITS MEANING, PURPOSE, AND SCOPE: by Joseph H. Fussell



THE attention that is being given to education in the present day is surely one of the signs of the times. Many think indeed, that never before in the world's history has so much consideration been given to the subject. But how much of the world's history do those who take this position really know? The history of the Anglo-Saxon and the Teuton goes back only a few thousand years at most; their own known history shows that hardly two thousand years ago they were but just emerging from barbarism. Latin and Greek go further back; Egypt, India, China, further back still; and all show respect for and love of learning, and reverence for the Wise. The best of their literature and many of their monuments show it. The records of ancient Egypt, of India and of China, as well as of ancient Rome and Athens reveal the fact that in their brightest days, as known to us, the highest offices of state were open to the lowliest born. Merely to state the fact is sufficient here; yet this same fact, this same possibility, existing as it does in this great Western Republic of the United States of America, is taken as evidence of our modern wide-spread education. Are we not forced to make the same deduction in regard to the ancients?

But with perhaps a difference. Education perhaps with the ancients had a different signification from that which it has with us. Love of learning perhaps meant very much the same with them as with us, and love of learning may be a *sine qua non* of education; but does not true education imply something more? It will be our endeav-

or to show that it does, and perhaps we shall conclude that the ancients had a fuller conception of the meaning of education than the moderns have now — speaking generally of course.

One thing at least is clear, namely, that with all the attention that is being given to education today, the modern world is still experimenting, it is still in a transition stage, and there is no certainty either of method or aim. Let me quote from an announcement published only this year (1916), by the University of Chicago Press:

The course of instruction in schools is in constant process of enlargement and improvement. Methods of instruction are changing, and the subjects taught in classes must be enlarged so as to include all the suggestions that have been tried out and found to be of genuine value for the education of children. . . . For a period of years each department has been revising and re-revising its course of study.

And to emphasize this point further it is not necessary to do more than mention what is doubtless well known to you all, namely, the uncertainty as to the value of the new systems of "vocational training," "departmental study," and the old and still unsettled question regarding the Classics — but why confine these to Latin and Greek: why not include or give an alternative of Indian, Persian, Chinese and other "Classics." And other questions arise, as: Shall all children, or even university students, be taught more than the merest rudiments of mathematics and the sciences, and which sciences are the most necessary for an all-round education? How far should the student be permitted latitude in specializing or in selecting his own line of study? What studies, if any, should be compulsory? — these are some of the undecided questions of the day. And then there are the fads, such as, to refer to only one, the latest, which claims that a child should be permitted to grow without any restraint, or naturally; but the question as to what is natural growth appears not to have had any serious consideration.

What then do we mean by education? or better: what is the true education: what is Education? This is surely what should be determined first. There is great power in words, when rightly used, and much profit is often to be had from a consideration of their root-meaning. Now the words, "educate," "education," come from a Latin word, meaning "to lead forth"; and we find the following definitions in Webster's Dictionary:

EDUCATE: to bring up or guide the powers of, as a child; to develop and cul-

tivate, whether physically, mentally or morally, but more commonly limited to the mental activities or senses.

EDUCATION: properly a drawing forth, implies not so much the communication of knowledge as the discipline of the intellect, the establishment of the principles, and the regulation of the heart.

And the following is quoted from Herbert Spencer:

To prepare us for complete living is the function which *education* has to discharge.

And one more definition, of the word "educē," taken from *The Concise Oxford Dictionary*:

EDUCĒ: bring out, develop, from latent or potential existence.

It is one thing to define, but quite another to understand; and in order to understand, there are several questions that arise for consideration and answer. It is doubtless intended that the terms used in the above definitions shall be taken in a good sense, but it does not follow, necessarily, that this is always done. We have only to look at the conditions in the world today — not at the extreme conditions in Europe, but at the average conditions which prevail in any and all of the cities of the United States of America, to realize how far they belie the supposition that we are an educated people, in that good sense. True it is that there is the communication of — shall we say knowledge, or rather is it not mere information; there is some discipline of the intellect, but is it right discipline? As for "the establishment of the principles, and the regulation of the heart": how much evidence is there of these in modern life? And where shall we look for examples of "complete living," which Herbert Spencer speaks of as that for which it is the function of education to prepare us? Indeed, by what criterion shall we judge of the completeness of a life? And what is it, we may ask, that is latent or potential within human nature that it is the province of education to bring out? And with no blame for, but indeed with much sympathy with, the efforts of teachers and members of Boards of Education, may we not, however, ask how often do these definitions or the underlying ideas contained in them come before their minds? And how often do they ask themselves the one supreme question that is involved in these definitions, a question that must be answered before ever the true meaning of education can be understood, namely, what are those latent faculties, those potentialities, which it is the province of education to bring out, to lead forth;

what, in one word, is MAN: both potential and actual? That is the crux of the whole matter, the one supreme question. Answer that, and the whole problem of education becomes clear; fail to answer it rightly, and education will continue as it is today, a blind groping, an experimentation.

There have been many attempts to define and explain man; but there is one dominant dogma that has seized hold upon the human mind of the present age and has insidiously affected every department of its activity, Science first of all (seeing that it is born of so-called science), but Philosophy also, and even Religion. This dogma, this assertion, is that man is an animal, and an evolution from the animal. And being so generally and "scientifically" taught, it is inevitable that the mass of the people should hold the same general view, and that it should color the whole of their life—speaking generally, for there are exceptions. How else would it be possible for man to be defined, vulgarly and humorously, "as Swift has it," says Carlyle in *Sartor Resartus*, "a forked straddling animal with bandy legs"; or "Man is a tool-using animal," he makes Teufelsdröckh declare, adding himself that "this Definition of the Tool-using Animal appears to us, of all that animal sort, considerably the precisest and best"; but adding another definition, namely: "Man is called a laughing animal." And are we in reality much better off, if we accept the more learned and elegant definition as given in some works on modern psychology, of man as a thinking reasoning animal which has developed the faculty of self-consciousness?

But there have been and are those, not scientists, and some who are scientists, but who also have something of the mystic or the poet in their nature, who like all true poets, all true mystics, have glimpsed the light as it streams from the radiant garments of Truth. And one such was Carlyle himself, for he clearly is speaking his own thought when to Swift's vulgarity he makes Teufelsdröckh say of man that he is "yet also a Spirit, and unutterable Mystery of Mysteries." And let me quote the following, which he also puts in the mouth of that strange Philosopher of Clothes. Man is —

A soul, a Spirit. . . . Round his mysterious Me, there lies, under all those wool-rags, a Garment of Flesh (or of Senses), textured in the Loom of Heaven; whereby he is revealed to his like, and dwells with them in Union and Division; and sees and fashions for himself a Universe, with azure Starry Spaces, and long Thousands of Years. Deep-hidden is he under that strange

Garment; amid Sounds and Colors and Forms, as it were, swathed in, and inextricably overshadowed; yet it is skywoven, and worthy of a God. Stands he not thereby in the center of Immensities, in the conflux of Eternities? He feels; power has been given him to know, to believe; nay does not the spirit of Love, free in its celestial primeval brightness, even here, though but for moments look through? Well said Saint Chrysostom, with lips of gold, "the true SHEKINAH is Man": where else is the God's-Presence manifested, not to our eyes only, but to our hearts, as in our fellow-man?

Cannot we now answer the question: What is Education? Is it not the leading forth of the godlike qualities that are latent in every man, in every child? Is it not to bid the hidden God to come forth? This is the Theosophical idea of Education, which is also that of the School of Antiquity.

In the words of Katherine Tingley, the Foundress of the School of Antiquity, with reference to the Râja-Yoga system of education (the Râja-Yoga College being a department of the School of Antiquity, of which we shall speak later):

The truest and fairest thing of all, as regards education, is to attract the mind of the pupil to the fact that the immortal self is ever seeking to bring the whole being into a state of perfection. The real secret of the Râja-Yoga system is rather to evolve the child's character than to overtax the child's mind; it is to bring *out* rather than to bring *to*, the faculties of the child. The grander part is from within.

The basis of the Râja-Yoga education is the essential divinity of man, and the necessity for transmuting everything within his nature which is not divine. To do this no part can be neglected, and the physical nature must share to the full in the care and attention which are required. Neither can the most assiduous training of the intellect be passed over, but it must be made subservient to the forces of the heart. The intellect must be the servant and not the master, if order and equilibrium are to be attained and maintained. In such a system as this it is necessary that the teachers shall not only understand the principles of Theosophy, but that they shall apply those principles to their own lives.

True education is the power to live in harmony with our environment, the power to draw out from the recesses of our own nature all the potentialities of character. The Râja-Yoga system of education at Point Loma is therefore not confined to the receipt of information at certain stated hours of the day, and in a specified manner. It consists in the regulation of the whole life upon the highest ideal which must alike govern the most hidden thought as effectually as it does the mutual relationship of the students.

II

Every great Institution, every Enterprise, worthy of the name, is founded upon and is the expression of an Idea, or group of Ideas, and is established for the fulfilment of some Purpose, whether or not such Idea and Purpose be clearly defined, and whatever be their real intrinsic value.

This is certainly true of the School of Antiquity; and Mme. Katherine Tingley, its Foundress and Directress, has many times stated to her students that this School is the outcome of a clearly defined Idea, and that it was and is established for a definite Purpose. It was founded in New York in 1897; it is incorporated under the laws of the State of West Virginia; and its home and center of activities and teachings and researches are at Point Loma, California, where is also situated the International Theosophical Headquarters. It is international in spirit and in fact; it is unsectarian, neither putting forward nor upholding any creeds or dogmas, nor being in any way concerned with politics. Its search is for Truth; its beacon the clear Light of Truth; and to its students it teaches Truth as and when they become duly and truly prepared, worthy and well qualified to receive it. Its officers, professors and teachers are all unsalaried and receive no financial recompense. They work only for the love of the work and for the joy of service.

Let us then inquire into the Idea and Purpose on which and for which this School is founded.

First, as to the Idea, an understanding of which will also give us the Meaning of the School, which is one of the main heads of our present inquiry. This Idea, this Meaning, are in part expressed in the title, The School of Antiquity, and are further elucidated in its Charter of incorporation, as we shall see when we inquire more specifically into the Purpose for which the School was founded. But as to the Idea contained in the title; briefly, it is that *Humanity is heir to the Wisdom of the Ages*; that, in fact, the expression "the Wisdom of the Ages" is no mere rhetorical phrase, but voices a fact, namely, that there has existed all down through the ages a primeval teaching, a body of doctrines, which are the basis of all the great world-religions; that this body of teaching has been known by various names in the

past, such as the Wisdom-Religion, and is today known as Theosophy. Further, that it is not Religion alone, nor Philosophy alone, nor Science alone, but that it embraces and is the Synthesis of all three. As expressed by Willam Q. Judge, the second Leader of the Theosophical Movement:

Embracing both the scientific and the religious, Theosophy is a scientific religion and a religious science. It is not a belief or dogma formulated or invented by man, but is a knowledge of the laws which govern the evolution of the physical, astral, psychical, and intellectual constituents of nature and of man. . . . Theosophy knows that the whole is constituted of the visible and the invisible, and perceiving outer things and objects to be but transitory, it grasps the facts of nature, both without and within. It is complete in itself and sees no unsolvable mystery anywhere; it throws the word coincidence out of its vocabulary and hails the reign of law in everything and every circumstance. (*Ocean of Theosophy*, 1-2)

And Madame Helena P. Blavatsky, in *The Key to Theosophy*, declares:

The "Wisdom-Religion" was one in antiquity; and the sameness of primitive religious philosophy is proven to us by the identical doctrines taught to the Initiates during the MYSTERIES, an institution once universally diffused. As Dr. Wilder says:

All the old worships indicate the existence of a single Theosophy anterior to them. The key that is to open one must open all; otherwise it cannot be the right key. (p. 5)

The WISDOM-RELIGION was ever one and the same, and being the last word of possible human knowledge, was therefore carefully preserved. (p. 9)

The above statements standing alone may appear to some critics as mere assertions, but before considering this let us pursue our inquiry further regarding the Idea which lies back of the School of Antiquity. We have said that Humanity is heir to the Wisdom of the Ages; we now make the further claim that however great may be, or appear to be, the scientific achievements of today along material and mechanical lines; however wonderful modern discoveries in physics, chemistry and astronomy, yet even in regard to these the most learned of modern scholars still stand upon the threshold of knowledge; while with still greater force does this apply to our knowledge of man, his nature and powers, potential and actual, his relation to the universe, his origin, evolution, and destiny.

Indeed, I believe there is not one among those truly worthy of the designation of scientist who does not echo Sir Isaac Newton's words, in which he likened himself to a child picking up pebbles on the shore of a limitless ocean,

A little over a century ago the vast treasure-house of Oriental literature was discovered and made accessible to the Occidental world. The influence of this literature on modern philosophy is freely acknowledged, and has marked an epoch in the mental life of Humanity; but as yet little attention, outside of that given by students of the School of Antiquity, and by students of Theosophy generally, has been directed to the scientific side of Oriental literature. Indeed it was not until Madame Blavatsky published her monumental works, *Isis Unveiled*, in 1878, and *The Secret Doctrine*, in 1888, that attention was definitely called to the fact that the ancients had advanced as far in scientific research as they had in philosophy and metaphysics. One example will serve in evidence of this. Read No. 7 of the Papers of the School of Antiquity, on "Ancient Astronomy in Egypt, and its Significance," by Fred. J. Dick, M. INST. C. E., Professor of Astronomy and Mathematics, School of Antiquity. But the importance of this statement will doubtless appeal only to those who have made considerable study of the ancient teachings of the Orient, and it is well therefore to state clearly that the position taken by Mme. Blavatsky in the above-named works, and actual proof given by her, is that modern science is but touching the fringe of the knowledge possessed by the Sages of Antiquity.

Referring then to what was said above about possible criticism, it is not expected that such claims as just made will be accepted unsupported, and without strong evidence; but neither has anyone, however learned in modern science, the right to assert the contrary without first, impartially and thoroughly, studying the Ancient Wisdom and investigating for himself the proofs offered. And as said, such proofs are offered by Madame Blavatsky in her two works above cited. A few quotations from these two works will help the reader to understand the position taken. Regarding *Isis Unveiled*, Madame Blavatsky writes:

Its object is not to force upon the public the personal views or theories of its author; nor has it the pretensions of a scientific work, which aims at creating a revolution in some department of thought. It is rather a brief summary of the religions, philosophies, and universal traditions of human kind, and the exegesis of the same, in the spirit of those secret doctrines, of which none — thanks to prejudice and bigotry — have reached Christendom in so unmutated a form as to secure them a fair judgment. . . .

. . . We have laid no charge against scientists that is not supported by their own published admissions, and if our citations from the records of antiquity

rob some of what they have hitherto viewed as well-earned laurels, the fault is not ours but Truth's.—*Isis Unveiled*, I, xliv-xlv

These truths are in no sense put forward as a *revelation*; nor does the author claim the position of a revealer of mystic lore, now made public for the first time in the world's history. For what is contained in this work [*The Secret Doctrine*] is to be found scattered throughout thousands of volumes embodying the scriptures of the great Asiatic and early European religions, hidden under glyph and symbol, and hitherto left unnoticed because of this veil. What is now attempted is to gather the oldest tenets together and to make of them one harmonious and unbroken whole.—*The Secret Doctrine*, I, vii

But it is perhaps desirable to state unequivocally that the teachings, however fragmentary and incomplete, contained in these volumes, belong neither to the Hindû, the Zoroastrian, the Chaldaean, nor the Egyptian religion, neither to Buddhism, Islâm, Judaism nor Christianity exclusively. The Secret Doctrine is the essence of all these. Sprung from it in their origins, the various religious schemes are now made to merge back to their original element, out of which every mystery and dogma has grown, developed, and become materialized.—*The Secret Doctrine*, I, viii

The aim of this work may be thus stated: to show that Nature is not "a fortuitous concurrence of atoms," and to assign to man his rightful place in the scheme of the Universe; to rescue from degradation the archaic truths which are the basis of all religions; and to uncover, to some extent, the fundamental unity from which they all spring; finally, to show that the occult side of Nature has never been approached by the Science of modern civilization. (*Op. cit.*, I, viii)

The main body of the Doctrines given is found scattered throughout hundreds and thousands of Sanskrit MSS. . . . Every scholar, therefore, has an opportunity of verifying the statements herein made, and of checking most of the quotations. (*Op. cit.*, I, xxiii)

More than one great scholar has stated that there never was a religious founder, whether Aryan, Semitic or Turanian, who has *invented* a new religion, or revealed a new truth. These founders were all *transmitters*, not original teachers. . . . Therefore is Confucius, . . . shown by Dr. Legge—who calls him "emphatically a *transmitter*, not a maker"—as saying: "I only hand on; I cannot create new things. I believe in the ancients and therefore I love them."

The writer loves them too, and therefore believes in the ancients, and the modern heirs to their Wisdom. And believing in both, she now transmits that which she has received and learned herself to all those who will accept it. . . . For in the twentieth century of our era scholars will begin to recognise that the *Secret Doctrine* has neither been invented nor exaggerated, but, on the contrary simply outlined; and finally that its teachings antedate the Vedas.

To which Madame Blavatsky adds a footnote.

This is no pretension to *prophecy*, but simply a statement based on the know-

ledge of facts. Every century an attempt is being made to show the world that Occultism is no vain superstition. Once the door is permitted to be kept a little ajar, it will be opened wider with every new century. The times are ripe for a more serious knowledge than hitherto permitted, though still very limited, so far. (*Op. cit.*, I, xxxvii)

And one more brief quotation:

The Secret Doctrine is the accumulated Wisdom of the Ages. (*Op. cit.*, I, 272)

"Among many ideas brought forward through the Theosophical Movement," says Willam Q. Judge, "there are three which should never be lost sight of"; and as they express better than any words of mine the philosophic aspect of the Idea which it is my endeavor to show underlies and is the very foundation of the School of Antiquity, I quote them here. He says:

Not speech, but thought, really rules the world; so, if these three ideas are good, let them be rescued again and again from oblivion.

The first idea is, that there is a great Cause — in the sense of an Enterprise — called the Cause of Sublime Perfection and Human Brotherhood. This rests upon the essential unity of the whole human family, and is a possibility because sublimity in perfectness and actual realization of brotherhood on every plane of being are one and the same thing.

The second idea is, that man is a being who may be raised up to perfection, to the stature of the Godhead, because he himself is God incarnate. This noble doctrine was in the mind of Jesus, when he said that we must be perfect even as the Father in Heaven. This is the idea of human perfectibility. It will destroy the awful theory of inherent original sin which has held and ground down the western Christian nations for centuries.

The third idea is the illustration, the proof, the high result of the others. It is, that the great Helpers of Humanity — those who have reached up to what perfection this period of evolution will allow — are living, veritable facts, and not abstractions cold and distant. They are, as our old H. P. Blavatsky so often said, *living men*. These Helpers as living facts and high ideals will fill the soul with hope, will themselves help all who wish to raise the human race.

Let us not forget these three great ideas.

There is another point that should be referred to in connexion with the Idea underlying the foundation of the School of Antiquity, and which further elucidates its Meaning, and is also in keeping with its name, seeing that it was one of the teachings of Antiquity. It is that true Education does not consist merely, nor mainly, in the training of the intellect, nor in the acquirement of knowledge, as the words "intellect" and "knowledge" are generally used. Mme. Katherine Tingley, the Foundress of this School holds and teaches that, in the

first place, the terms "intellect" and "knowledge" have a far deeper significance than is given to them even by the advanced thinkers of the day; and that, in the second place, the right training of the one, and the acquisition of the other (in this deeper sense), depend not alone on book-study and laboratory experiment and investigation, though these have their place, but also and essentially upon right conduct, purity of life, self-control, and the following of high ideals. In fact, as expressed in the explanation given by her of the designation "Râja-Yoga"—a term selected by her as best expressing in its real meaning the purpose of true education (the Râja-Yoga College, as said, being a department of the School of Antiquity for the education of the youth of both sexes), the etymological meaning of the term being "Royal Union"—"true education consists in the harmonious development and balancing of all the faculties—physical, mental, moral and spiritual."

Or to express this phase of this Idea, in the words of Willam Q. Judge, Mme. Tingley's predecessor as Leader and Teacher in the Theosophical Movement:

The power to know does not come from book-study nor from mere philosophy, but mostly from the actual practice of altruism in deed, word and thought; for that practice purifies the covers of the soul and permits its light to shine down into the brain-mind.

Or, as Katherine Tingley says:

Intellectualism has no lasting influence without the practice of the highest morality. To cater only to the mental demands is to forge another link on the lines of retrogression.

To sum up this brief exposition of the Idea underlying the foundation of the School of Antiquity: All knowledge is a sacred trust which has been handed down from time immemorial, from one great Teacher to another, as well as preserved in ancient writings, at one time lost to the world, at another time made known; and that the time has come when, in accordance with cyclic law, the opportunity can be again presented to all seekers after Truth, and to all lovers of Humanity to enter the portals of the Temple of Wisdom. To all such the invitation is given: "Ask and it shall be given unto you: Seek and ye shall find: Knock and it shall be opened unto you."

III

The Purpose of the School of Antiquity has in part already been shown in the preceding section of this paper, but we come now to define and examine it more closely. This Purpose, for the carrying out of which the School was founded, naturally follows and is in harmony with the Idea which we have briefly outlined, and a consideration of it will help us to understand still further the Meaning of the School.

In its Charter the Purpose of the establishment of the School of Antiquity is given in Katherine Tingley's own words as follows:

In order to revive a knowledge of the Sacred Mysteries of Antiquity by promoting the physical, mental, moral and spiritual education and welfare of the people of all countries, irrespective of creed, sex, caste or color; by instructing them in an understanding of the laws of universal nature and justice, and particularly the laws governing their own being: thus teaching them the wisdom of mutual helpfulness, such being the Science of Râja-Yoga.

The School of Antiquity shall be an Institution where the true "Râja-Yoga," the laws of universal nature and equity governing the physical, mental, moral and spiritual education will be taught on the broadest lines. Through this teaching the material and intellectual life of the age will be spiritualized and raised to its true dignity; thought will be liberated from the slavery of the senses; the waning energy in every heart will be reanimated in the search for truth and the fast dying hope in the promise of life will be renewed to all peoples.

Mme. Katherine Tingley, at the ceremony of the laying of the cornerstone at Point Loma, California, February 23, 1897, of the building which shall stand as the visible center of activities, and home of the School of Antiquity, said the following:

Few can realize the vast significance of what has been done here today. In ancient times the founding of a temple was looked upon as of world-wide importance. Kings and princes from far distant countries attended the ceremonies of the foundation. Sages gathered from all parts of the world to lend their presence at such a time; for the building of a temple was rightly regarded as a benefit conferred upon all humanity.

The future of this school will be closely associated with the future of the great American republic. While the school will be international in character, America will be its center. This school will be a temple of living light, and illumine the dark places of the earth. And I appeal to all present to remember this day as one of great promise, for this new age must bring a blessing to all.

Through this school and its branches, the children of the race will be taught the laws of spiritual life, and the laws of physical, moral and mental development. They will learn to live in harmony with nature. They will become compassionate lovers of all that breathes. They will grow strong in an understanding

of themselves, and as they attain strength they will learn to use it for the good of the whole world. Rejoice with me, then, and may you all share in the blessings of this hour, and in the brightness of the future which contains so much of joy for all humanity.

The quotations just above given state clearly and unmistakably the essence, spirit and purpose of the School. No intelligent man or woman can mistake their meaning and tone. According to them there is something more in life than the gratification of personal desires, or the accentuation of the personality; something more in education than the storing of the mind with information and facts, or the acquirement of intellectual treasures; something more than even study of the highest philosophy or the contemplation of the loftiest ideals. They call for an awakening of the noblest energies of the soul and spirit of man, and the employment of all his powers of mind and heart and body in the service of the human race. They arise out of and imply and teach the Universal Brotherhood of all men as a supreme fact in Nature. They demand right living and not merely right thinking. They are in accord with that superb declaration of Thomas Carlyle: "The end of man is an action and not a thought, though it were the noblest."

And linking the Purpose of the School more directly with our attempt to explain its Meaning and the Idea that lies back of its foundation, we may say that it is to put that Idea into effect; it is to recover the lost knowledge of Antiquity and to apply it to the needs of the present. It is to link up the Present with the Past, and from the lessons so learned, to apply our knowledge and our highest endeavors that the Future which inevitably grows out of and is the child of both Past and Present shall be an era of Enlightenment and Happiness—not for us only, nor merely for a chosen few, but for all Humanity.

The Purpose of the School of Antiquity is to link up all Science (all the sciences) with Philosophy and Religion—using these terms in no restricted, dogmatic or creedal sense, but in their broadest and true meaning; to show their relation to life and conduct; to demonstrate that for the acquirement of true knowledge (not mere information or theory, deduced too often by faulty reasoning and from incomplete data) an "eager intellect" is not the only prerequisite, but first, a "clean life" and a "pure heart," unselfishness and pure motive;

and that only he whose life is clean and whose heart is pure can gain entrance to the portals of Divine Wisdom. To show furthermore that what are usually regarded as merely ethical, spiritual or religious injunctions, such as "Live the life if you would know the doctrine," "Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven and all these things — knowledge, wisdom, power — shall be added unto you," are scientific statements of fact.

IV

As to the Scope or range and extent of work of the School of Antiquity, this has already been outlined in part. It includes Science, Philosophy, Religion (in its true meaning), and the Arts; in fact, all departments of knowledge and achievement with special reference to their bearing on human life and development, and also with particular regard to the teachings and achievements of the ancients. Special attention is therefore paid to archaeological research, and a study of ancient records, monuments, traditions, myths. For the wonderful light which Theosophy throws upon all these, the reader is referred again to the two great works of Madame Blavatsky, *Isis Unveiled*, and *The Secret Doctrine*, in which some of the keys and many hints are given as to their hidden meaning.

Of the arts, particular mention should be made of Music and the Drama, though all the fine arts and the handicrafts have an important place in the curriculum of the School, for the reason, to quote again the words of Herbert Spencer, that its aim is to prepare "for complete living." To this end all the faculties must be developed, not alone of mind, but of soul and body. Hence, hand and eye and ear and voice must be cultivated. Only so can the character be completely rounded out, only so can life in all its fullness and richness be made possible. And particularly are Music and the Drama, if rightly studied, factors in the development of the soul-qualities, in character-building and in the gaining of self-control.

Very significant are Katherine Tingley's words regarding the place that music occupies in the School of Antiquity and the Râja-Yoga College. She says, that in these —

It becomes a part of life itself, and one of those subtle forces of nature which, rightly applied, calls into activity the divine powers of the soul. The world has a wrong conception of the ideal in music and not until it has rectified this conception can it perceive that the true harmony of music can never proceed from one who has not that true harmony within himself.

There is held to be an immense correspondence between music on the one hand

and thought and aspiration on the other, and only that deserves the name of music to which the noblest and the purest aspirations are responsive. . . : There is a science of consciousness, and into that science music can enter more largely than is usually supposed. A knowledge of the laws of life can be neither profound nor wide which neglects one of the most effective of all forces.

And regarding the drama, Katherine Tingley has said:

True Drama points away from the unrealities to the real life of the soul. . . . We are in sight of the day which will restore the Drama to its rightful position as one of the great redemptive forces of the age. . . . Has not a wise Teacher among the ancients taught us that out of the heart come all the issues of life? It is the heart that the higher Drama reaches with its message. That is the secret of its power to regenerate.

Included also in the scope of the work and activities of the School of Antiquity, and as an aid to the fulfilment of its Purpose, namely, the Enlightenment of the Human Race, mention should be made of the vast output of literature which is an important feature of its work. And in addition to the publishing and wide distribution of the standard Theosophical books in English, French, German, Swedish, Dutch, Spanish and Japanese, special mention should be made of its periodicals: *THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH* and *El Sendero Teosófico*, both edited by Katherine Tingley and published at the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma, California; and the German, Swedish and Dutch editions of the same, published in their respective countries under her direction.* Also the *Râja-Yoga Messenger*, a magazine for young folk, conducted by students of the Râja-Yoga College and Academy, also under her direction, and *The New Way*, "For Prisoners and Others, whether behind the Bars or not," established by Katherine Tingley especially to bring a new hope and courage into the lives of the discouraged and unfortunate. Both the latter are also published at the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma.

Through this literature and these magazines which go into almost every country of the world, the message of Theosophy is brought to

* Among the contributors to these magazines are Professors of the School of Antiquity and the Râja-Yoga College and other students of Theosophy. Among them we may name the following: H. T. Edge, M. A., Kenneth Morris, Fred. J. Dick, M. INST. C. E., Herbert Coryn, M. D., M. R. C. S., R. Machell, C. J. Ryan, H. Alexander Fussell, S. J. Neill, Wm. E. Gates, Daniel de Lange, William A. Dunn, Gertrude W. van Pelt, M. D., B. SC., Lydia Ross, M. D., Grace Knoche, Marjorie Tyberg, all resident at the International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma; and J. O. Kinnaman, A. M., PH. D.; Dr. Arnaldo Cervasato, J. Charpentier, Dr. Sabio del Valle, Lilian Whiting, J. Th. Heller, W. Adelman, Dr. Gustaf Zander, Osvald Sirén, PH. D.

thousands, and the way pointed out to that higher and nobler path of life that shall in time bring happiness and peace to all mankind.

Concisely stated, the Scope of the School of Antiquity is measured only by human knowledge and experience; in short, by human life — the life of the whole of Humanity, not merely of the Humanity of the present or immediate past, but of all the past. Its study is the study of both Man and the Universe, their evolution and destiny.

V

Before concluding this Paper, there is still another most important phase of the subject which must be considered, a factor in the School of Antiquity, which is as it were the keystone of the whole structure, the heart and head of this great Enterprise, without which it could have no real life, no organic life, nor be more than a name. It is not enough to demonstrate, as has been attempted in this Paper, that every Institution, every Enterprise, worthy of the name, is the outcome of an Idea. The noblest ideas are all around us, but they require not only expression, but embodiment. No teaching, however lofty, ever of itself made humanity better; there must be the living example inspiring others in turn and in the degree of their capabilities and responsiveness to become living examples also.

A School presupposes a Teacher; and true Education implies a true Teacher, not a theorist, but one whose life exemplifies the teachings. If we study history we shall find that every true Teacher and Helper of humanity has his or her own work to do, his or her own message to give, and mission to fulfil. And even though, as Theosophy teaches, the foundation and essence of the work, and the message and ultimate purpose of the mission, are ever one and the same, their form and expression are different, one from another, according to the needs of the time and the special work that each Teacher and Helper comes to do, as the result of their own experience and evolution in past lives. A long line of these Teachers and Helpers could be given, not all of whom are yet understood, nor have the lives and works of all yet received vindication, for the path of the Teachers, Reformers and Helpers of Humanity is always beset with misunderstandings, calumnies and bitter opposition from the enemies of progress and even from those whom they came to help. It is ever the age-old struggle between the powers of Light and those of Darkness.

But let us turn to the present and consider briefly the work and

mission of those whom we, students of Theosophy and of the School of Antiquity regard as our Teachers and as Helpers of Humanity in these dark days of war and strife and fierce competition: our three Teachers, Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, William Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley. Each of these has had her or his own special work to do. Let us look at these for a moment.

The work of Madame Blavatsky, as she herself has described it, was "to break the molds of mind": to break down dogmatism, superstition, error, both of Religion and Science; to teach again the age-old truths regarding Man and the Universe; to proclaim to man his origin, nature and destiny; to demonstrate the reign of Law in all life and all the activities of life; to restate the ancient doctrines of Reincarnation and Karma and to give again to man the supreme hope and the supreme power that come from the knowledge of his essential Divinity, and hence Perfectibility; to demonstrate the existence of a body of teaching and of an unbroken line of Teachers throughout the whole life-cycle of our present Humanity, and to show by the identity of their teaching that all the great Teachers have drawn from the same Fountain-Source of Wisdom and Knowledge — the Wisdom-Religion.

"Our voice," she declares in *Isis Unveiled* (I, xlv), "is raised for spiritual freedom, and our plea made for enfranchisement from all tyranny, whether of Science or Theology." And she closes Volume I (page 628) of that work with the following words:

The few elevated minds who interrogate nature instead of prescribing laws for her guidance; who do not limit her possibilities by the imperfections of their own powers; and who only disbelieve because they do not know, we would remind of that apothegm of Narada, the ancient Hindû philosopher:

"Never utter these words: 'I do not know this — therefore it is false.'"

"One must study to know, know to understand, understand to judge."

William Q. Judge, the one who knew H. P. Blavatsky best in this life, thus wrote of her in 1891, just after she had passed away:

Her aim was to elevate the race. Her method was to deal with the mind of the century as she found it, by trying to lead it on step by step; to seek out and educate a few who, appreciating the majesty of the Secret Doctrine and devoted to "the great orphan Humanity," could carry on her work with zeal and wisdom; to found a society whose efforts — however small itself might be — would inject into the thought of the day the ideas, the doctrines, the nomenclature of the Wisdom-Religion, so that when the next century shall have seen its 75th year the new Messenger coming again into the world would find the Society still at work,

the ideas sown broadcast, the nomenclature ready to give expression and body to the immutable Truth, and thus make easy the task which for her since 1875 was so difficult and so encompassed with obstacles.

While Madame Blavatsky's work was very largely, in fact, mainly, with her pen; that of William Q. Judge, co-Founder with her of the Theosophical Society, and after her death, her successor as Teacher and Leader of the Theosophical Movement, was principally in the building up of the Society, and particularly in the U. S. A. Madame Blavatsky herself spoke of him as the "Resuscitator of Theosophy in America."

The word Duty perhaps more than any other is the keynote of William Q. Judge's teaching. These are his words:

What then is the panacea finally, the royal talisman? It is Duty, Selflessness.

He consolidated the work; he simplified the teachings, in particular in his writings he showed the relation of Theosophy to the common events of everyday life, expounding its ethics, coming into personal touch through his lectures and correspondence with thousands of the members. And after Madame Blavatsky's death he maintained the teachings pure and unsullied, holding the Society and the teachings on their original lines, and defending them against the attack of an unfaithful English member who through personal ambition sought to wreck them. No words can ever describe his steadfast faithful work, nor the martyrdom which he endured, yet he kept faithfully the trust which had been committed into his keeping and passed it on to his successor Katherine Tingley. The inspiration of his life and teachings have been a benediction to thousands, and his memory equally with that of Helena P. Blavatsky lives in their hearts.

These few words are totally inadequate to describe his work, and equally impossible is it to describe Katherine Tingley's work; and yet an attempt must be made to do so briefly in order to complete as far as possible this presentation of the subject. Equally with H. P. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge does Katherine Tingley stand before the world as a Teacher with her own message and work, as each of them had theirs. The general lines of her teaching and work are known all over the world, but it is in place to mention here that to her students, among whom are many who had the privilege of being students of Madame Blavatsky in the early days of the Theosophical Society, others of W. Q. Judge, as well as others who did not contact those

two noble workers, she, Katherine Tingley, like them, has given ennobling teachings far in advance of the present-day conceptions of the human race; and she, like them, has brought a message to the world, a message of Truth, Light and Liberation to discouraged Humanity.

But perhaps the most distinctive feature of Katherine Tingley's work has been in the practical application of the teachings to the problems of everyday life, individual and collective. And while it was to this end that both of her predecessors worked, the time had not then come when it was possible to make such a demonstration in connexion with the Theosophical teachings. Her work for the unfortunate and for prisoners, her relief of suffering, her many other endeavors along practical humanitarian lines, her public lectures and teachings, her efforts on behalf of Peace and to bring about a closer and more sympathetic relation and a better understanding between the nations—all are well known; but it is particularly her work as Foundress and President of the School of Antiquity and as Teacher that concerns us here.

In 1894 William Q. Judge made known to several of his students that H. P. Blavatsky had foretold to him that following her own work would be—

the establishment in the West of a great seat of learning, where shall be taught and explained and demonstrated the great theories of man and nature,

—those great theories or teachings, in fact, which it had been her work and mission to make known again to the world. There is a special interest in this statement—this prophecy, we may call it—of Mme. Blavatsky, for the reason that Katherine Tingley, when a child of only eight years, had told her grandfather that some day when she grew up she would build a beautiful city in “Gold-land,” where should come to live people and children from all over the world. And so it is that the establishment of the School of Antiquity is Katherine Tingley's work, it is her creation.

As designed by her, it is a further step along the path of Theosophy. Obviously, not everyone is prepared, nor do the circumstances of life give everyone the opportunity, to become a student in the deeper sense of the word as outlined in this paper; and besides, out of the large number of those who take a general interest in Theosophy there are only comparatively few who look upon life so seriously that they realize the opportunity which the School of Antiquity offers; or

who are prepared to take this further step. To all such, however, the doors of the School are open for them to enter in and receive the deeper and more advanced teachings of Theosophy which it gives.

It is thus of special interest to note the relationship which the School of Antiquity bears to the original Theosophical Society, founded by Helena P. Blavatsky in New York in 1875. The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, which is the name by which the original Theosophical Society is now known — after its reorganization under Katherine Tingley in 1898 — is open to all who accept its principal object, which is “to demonstrate that Universal Brotherhood is a fact in Nature, and to make it a living power in the life of Humanity.” This Society and Organization was “ordained and established for the benefit of the people of the earth and all creatures.” It is “part of a great and universal movement which has been active in all ages”; it demands merely the acceptance of the principle of Brotherhood and the sincere endeavor to make it the rule and guide of life, and as far as possible to study and apply the principles of Theosophy to daily life and conduct.

As Katherine Tingley has said: “The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society is as it were the Outer Court, and the School of Antiquity the Inner.” In no other way can the inner be approached save through the outer. No intellectual attainments alone can gain admission for the applicant; coupled with these there must be moral fitness and the record of duty well done. What one *is* and the motives that govern one’s life — these are the first qualifications of the applicant for further instruction, and the keys that gain him admission to the School of Antiquity.

The students of the School of Antiquity are not only those who, residing at the International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, have been privileged to have this further opportunity, but there are many in other parts of the world who receive its teachings and participate directly in its benefits; for its activities are world-wide.

The same spirit runs through the whole Theosophical Movement, which includes both the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society and the School of Antiquity, as well as other activities. The former of these inculcates and disseminates teachings which are for all; the latter is for those who seek to make those teachings a potent factor in their lives. Yet even for those who in this life cannot become active students of the School of Antiquity, believing, as we do,

in Reincarnation, once the first step is taken in the practice of Brotherhood, the way will surely open for the next step and the next, up to the threshold and beyond, into the Temple itself of Divine Wisdom; and if the circumstances of one's life, his Karma, do not permit his entrance today (that is, in this life) he may enter tomorrow (in the next life) when he again returns to earth to renew his pilgrimage on the Path.

Madame Blavatsky had given an outline of the ancient teachings of the Wisdom-Religion; this she gave to the world in her published writings; she had also given other teaching direct to her pupils. The published teaching was open to all who were searching for the Truth; to all, in fact, who were interested enough to read her books. That which her pupils had received from her was theirs to follow according to their understanding, and there were some who did earnestly seek to exemplify the teaching in their lives.

There had been the personal exemplification of the teachings in the lives of H. P. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge, but where was to be found an assurance of the continuance of that help, that guidance and direct instruction that the world so needs? Only the establishment of a School could answer the need of the time, for only through the association and co-operation of students working together in harmony could be made possible that collective exemplification of the Theosophic life and teachings that should affect the whole world for good. What the world needs today is a demonstration that life does not call for competition, nor is it in truth a struggle for existence; it needs a demonstration of the practicability of men and women living in harmony, without strife or personal jealousy, but united in the joy of service for Humanity; it needs a demonstration of the larger life of the Soul, and the practical realization that there is Divinity at the heart of every human being. And this need, this demonstration, could be fulfilled and made only by the establishment of a School.

What is the real meaning of a School? what is the root-meaning of the word? It comes from the Greek σχολή (*skholē*), meaning primarily *leisure*, later meaning *philosophy*, and then applied to designate a *lecture-place*, or place of instruction. But consider its primary meaning, *leisure*. The true meaning of *leisure* is not as it is so often used, with the signification of doing nothing, idleness, having no occupation; its root-meaning is that of the Latin word *licere*, from which it is derived; hence it means *permission*, *opportunity*. This is the true

meaning of the word School: it is a place of Opportunity, and it is in this sense, I think, that the establishment of the School of Antiquity is of such vast importance to the whole world. It is not only a place of opportunity for the demonstration of true living, or for the gaining of true knowledge, but for the training of those who in time shall, as they become fitted for the high calling, go out to teach and help in their turn.

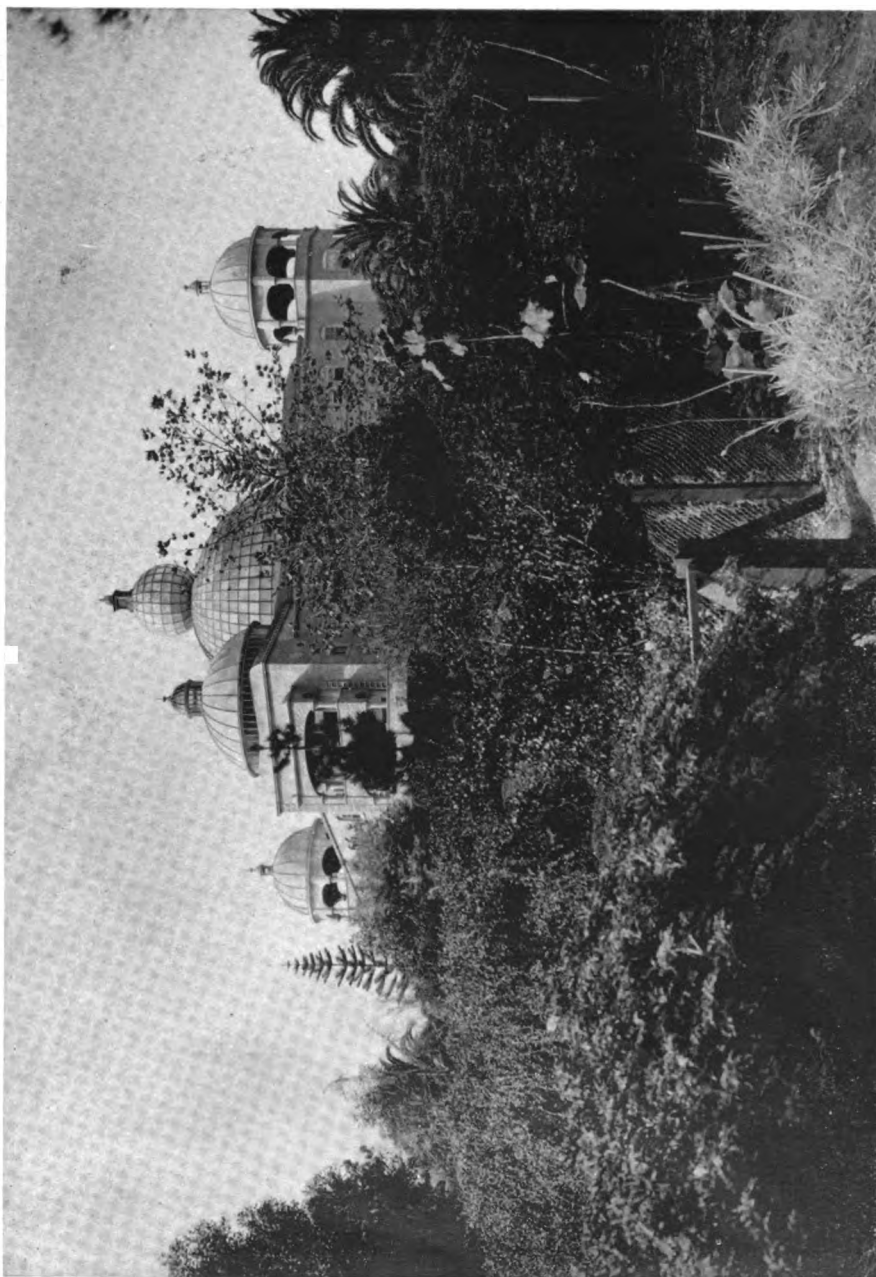
Such a School as I have endeavored to show the School of Antiquity to be, presupposes and could only be possible if there were a true Teacher, a real Teacher, possessed of knowledge and wisdom. The world will not, and rightly, accept mere words; it demands demonstration, and such demonstration has already been and is being increasingly given. By their fruits shall ye know them, and by the life and teachings and work of our Teacher, Katherine Tingley, is she known to all those who have had the courage to inquire into and impartially test them. The work already accomplished in the School of Antiquity and in the Râja-Yoga College are proof of this.

We are passing through one of the most crucial times in the known history of the world. Future ages alone can tell the full meaning and significance of these times; but when in the years to come the men and women of that day shall look back to the darkness and terror of the nations of Europe locked in the death-struggle of war, and the universal suffering and unrest of the whole world at the beginning of this Twentieth Century, they shall see through and out of the darkness streaming on into the future, a golden light, ever spreading and widening; they shall seem to hear above the din and strife of battle a song of hope and new courage, which they shall know alone made possible the reawakening and the rebuilding that they then shall see the fruits of in the new civilization that shall in that future day be theirs to enjoy. They shall know then that the light was the Light of Theosophy, the song was the Song of Universal Brotherhood, streaming and sounding through the portals of the School of Antiquity. And in that day they shall know and understand better than even the most devoted of the students of today, the work and life and teachings of the three great Teachers who made all this possible: Helena P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley.



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CLIMPFSE OF THE INTERIOR OF THE TEMPLE OF PEACE, INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA



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EAST VIEW OF THE RĀJA-YOGA COLLEGE FROM THE INTERNATIONAL GARDEN

THE THREE BASES OF POETRY: A STUDY OF ENGLISH VERSE: by Kenneth Morris

PART ONE — VISION

I — THE BEGINNINGS

WHAT is Poetry? Age by age the Divinity in man seeks to get its word spoken unhindered by the mortal part of us: to interfere, by the road of language, in our affairs, that the Kingdom of Heaven may be established. Think: the front we present to the world is a matter, for the most part, of intellect and passions: we are limited, selfish, tainted with the animal; in the flesh and brain we live and have our being, and hardly dream at all of the Greatness that lies beyond and within. Yet it is there, waiting its opportunities: infinitely patient, infinitely ardent and glowing. Now and again it speaks out, the brain-mind silenced for the time, and the passions dormant or banished; its speech, then, is Poetry; and the more Poetry, the more it is direct and unhampered. So here is a kind of definition, fundamental, at least, if not complete: Poetry is the language, the message, the instruction, of the Soul, given according to the Soul's own method, in its own accent; not translated into terms of the brain-mind, intellect, logic or reason.

But the Soul is universal; it is that in us which is not aware of separate selfhood, ambition and egotism. Enter into that grand inward heritage, and straight you stand for nation, race, humanity. Poetry, too, is a thing that has ceased to be, or never has been, personal. A larger Self speaks through it.

In this way it is better than prose: a superior service: because nearer the deep sources of inspiration. In the prose of a nation, find the story of its mental growth; in its poetry, see mirrored the record of a more inward and essential evolution. The business of Poetry is to deal with feelings and perceptions; that of prose, mainly, to record thought. We feel and perceive long before we think at all; and always our feelings and perceptions lie nearer to ourselves than our thoughts do; just so, races find their earliest, as well as their most intimate expression, in verse. To get at the truest and deepest things about this people or that, study its poetry.

The Divinity within has two methods of teaching us: it uses now Poetry, now Philosophy; and the methods of these are dissimilar. Philosophy would impress truth by an appeal to the thinking mind; Poetry, by holding it up to the inner senses. The final aim of Philosophy is to tell us that there is a Divine Something at the heart of

things; that of Poetry, to exhibit things shot through with the light of that divinity. Philosophy is concerned that we should believe, and presents us with arguments to that end; Poetry cares only that, having seen and felt, we should know — even if not more than subconsciously.

Note here the superiority of the poetic method; — says Philosophy:

We are but parts of a stupendous whole
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul.

—Whereat Brainmind gets up in the audience and makes a fuss. *How do you know?* says he; *Don't dogmatize!* and *Prove it!* — and would not believe, though all Heaven and its archangels came down to reason with him. But Poetry goes by carelessly, chanting, perchance, something about

Magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in fairylands forlorn —

and he who disputed just now, if he hears at all, has naught to say but: *Ah, that is beautiful!* The wind of argument is taken from his sails; a universe has been revealed to him, pregnant with the light that is God. He is not converted, no; but his position has been taken, and he is unaware of the loss.

Poetry does not debate or dogmatize, but reveals. You do not argue with her; you do not argue about the existence of things you have seen. Having shown you the luminous beauty of the world, she is content that the vision shall do its saving work in time. Even if you are like the farmer who saw the giraffe at the show, your stubbornness ultimately avails you nothing. Said he, after long gaping and staring: *There ain't no sech critter*; and tried to go away the same man he came. But he had seen, and doubtless was to find himself conquered. The memory would abide with him, and subtly wear down his stiffneckedness. The first poem written proved for all time the divinity in man . . . and some day we shall perceive it. So susceptible to proof we are!

There is a tradition in Wales about the "Primitive Bards" of the Island of Britain; of one Tydain Tad Awen — Titan, Father of Poetic Genius or Inspiration — and his three disciples Plenydd, Alawn and Gwron: gods or men responsible for the founding of the Bardic religion. By etymology, Plenydd is the *Splendid*, sunbright or shining — beauty as light and color, beauty revealed to vision; Alawn, the *Singing* (from *alaw*, song) — Beauty revealed to hearing; Gwron,

the *Strong* or heroic — beauty meeting resistance, molding a resistant material, and achieving itself therefore as form, strength, Style. I verily believe that these are the “Primitive Bards” of all bardism; for there is a sound symbolic truth in them, invaluable in constructive criticism, so —

let the dervish flout!

Of this base metal may be filed a key, etc.

These three principles are fundamental in art; no true poem, but you shall find in it Plenydd shining, Alawn singing, or Gwron calling up the strength, revealing the masterly structure of things. Poetry makes its appeal, issues its instruction, along these three lines. Through the subtle vision of the poet, the evolving vision of the race is directed and registered; through the music of his rhythms, we are intuned with the deeper harmonies; through the loftiness of his style, we are taught to feel spaciouly and nobly. — Here, to begin with, we shall concern ourselves with the principle of Vision; trying, by tracing its history through the works of the English poets, to lay bare a little the hidden plan of the Race-Soul in its effort to push forward the evolution of the race. For there has been an actual growth: cyclic, with rises and falls; but still clearly traceable: towards higher and less material modes of perception. Our province will be, for the time being, the poetry that deals with natural beauty; our business, the way the poets saw Nature; not what they thought about, or how they tried to explain her.

We must begin, not (according to the fashion) with *Beowulf* and, say, the fifth century; but with the singers who rose when England itself came into being, the historic England that we know. There was no language or literature to be called English before the thirteenth century. About the year 1200, the Crest Wave of Evolution began to pass visibly into Christian Europe; and to concern itself with Christendom, where before, since the fall of Rome, it had been interested only in the Asiatics. It had reached Provence — from Moorish Spain — a little earlier; it was being conducted into Italy — from Saracen Sicily — by vigorous Frederick II, at the very time when its first impulse struck England, and forced John, through the barons, to sign the Great Charter: the first step towards that political growth, so characteristic of the Christian-European Epoch, which has been, perhaps, the chief of English contributions thereto. But the Crest Wave itself was not to rise in England in any force until the welding of the

races there was well forward: until innumerable racial strains had been mingled into something that might pass for homogeneity; and the Latin and Saxon tongues, rivals during a couple of centuries, had been merged in a common English. True, in that merging the Saxon is credited with winning, and with all the honors; but think —! If it won, it was at the price of a thousand old characteristics dropped, and a thousand Latinities assumed; nothing might remain to it, but what came easily to a Latin palate. It forwent (for example) its Germanic plural forms, and took the Latin -s; forgot many a native sound which it should be more facile and cosmopolite lacking; added to itself an alternate French vocabulary for almost everything, and a tendency to grow only by Latin adoptions; — I suppose nine out of ten of its borrowings ever since have been from Latin sources. Does not that suggest an immensely important Latin strain in the blood? *

* And such a strain there was, undoubtedly. We may say that the Norman conquest was mainly Latin; since the Normans had become, during their sojourn in France, latinized in language and culture, and by intermarriage, largely also in race. But more than that: the Pope's blessing on William's standard had brought flocking to it men from all over France, and especially in thousands from Celtic Brittany. And the people they found and conquered in England were already an extremely mixed race; as were the people Hengist and Horsa found, and the people Julius Caesar found. To take these last to begin with: Cymric Celts were the dominating race, but Gaelic Celts were also numerous; and the bulk of the population was not Celtic at all, nor even Aryan; but of a stock that came from Egypt and North Africa thousands of years before, and that had, according to the latest research, spoken Egyptian and shared in Egyptian culture and religion until the Aryan Celts came in — not later than 1000 B.C., and probably much earlier — and gave the then language of the island an Aryan vocabulary. That language, or its descendant, now is Welsh; which still is Aryan only as to its words; still retains the syntax and construction of the Egyptian, as Professor Morris Jones has shown. Then, after the Roman conquest in the first century A.D., the legions came, and with them traders and colonists and officials from all the Roman Empire. For three hundred years South Britain was a Roman province, well settled and civilized, Latin-speaking except in remote places. and to the original Celtiberian blood was added that of every race the Romans ruled. When the empire fell, and the Saxon incursions began, these Roman and Romanized Celtiberian provincials fell an easy prey to the invaders; they submitted almost without a struggle, as practically all the provinces had done. Those who did not submit: who fought and were unsubduable: were the Celtiberians who had held aloof from intercourse with the Romans: the people of the mountains and forests, who still spoke their Welsh, and had been governed by their own chieftains during the Roman period, much as the native states in India are governed now by their own princes under the British Raj. These, not to be reconciled, were driven westward; but the Latin-speaking provincials remained in England; they were by no means exterminated, as we used to be taught. Anthropometrical research, these latter years, has shown that it is only on the east coast — settled by the Danes in later centuries — that the North European type of skull predominates; the further one goes westward, generally speaking, the more common becomes the Mediterranean type. Historical studies, too, have been carried a little deeper recently than of old; and it has been noted that there is no record whatever of immigration, but only of invasion and conquest by the Angles and Saxons; armies came, not families; and conquered their wives with their lands. Also that all or most of the kingdoms of the Heptarchy made full provision in their laws for the *Welsh*, giving them

And when we come to examine the field of poetry, we see how absolutely English literature is distinct from its Anglo-Saxon predecessor. Subject matter and sources of inspiration will concern us presently; here we shall deal with modes of vision. The Saxon poet saw Nature in one way; the English poet in another. There are, perhaps, as many traces of Celtic heredity, as of Saxon, in English poetry; but then, if it is a question of heredity, you can also find Greek traces in abundance; and probably any traces you might care to seek. But we must glance at Saxon, and also at Celtic, modes of vision, if only to show how new a thing was the English mode when it appeared.

The materials of *Beowulf*, the national epic of the Saxons, came with them from their continental homes in Frisia and Denmark; its heroes are Danes and Swedes; it is redolent of the least sunny aspects of the north. Its atmosphere and type of vision are full of stern wildness; its Nature is haunted with doom and gloom and grimness; with an intelligence adverse to man. Here were poets, you may say, moved in the first instance to seeing Nature by a keen consciousness of the heroic in the human soul, pitted against awful and ever-present external powers to be struggled with, perhaps conquered. Hostile and minatory fate lurks behind the foam-fangs of the billow, the mists that gather on the precipice. Here is a picture:

They dwell in a dim hidden land,
The wolf-bents they bide in, on the nesses the windy,
The perilous fen-path where the stream of the fell-side
Midst the mists of the nesses wends netherward ever,
The flood under earth. . . .

No hallowed stead it is:
Thence the blending of water-waves ever upriseth

often substantial rights; and these were not the people of Wales, but the Latin provincials in England. London was never besieged or taken by the Saxons, but opened its gates to them; they percolated in, mixing with the original inhabitants; the city remained, in its form of government, a Roman municipality until Plantagenet times, and very largely so until the reign of the first Tudor. No doubt the Danish invasions of the ninth and tenth centuries erased the last distinctions between the Saxons and their Celto-Latin subjects, uniting them against a common enemy. So that when finally the Saxons and Normans merged into one race in the thirteenth century, there could have been very little blood in Europe not represented, so to say, in the veins of this new English people. Such a tale of race-fusion could be told, no doubt, of all the greater nations, if one went back far enough and all the facts were known. It is Nature's method of producing races. For racial purity you must go to your untutored savage: it is your cranish Shilook or Congo pygmy, your Andamanese or Blackfellow, whose fusing and formation happened in remote geological ages, and who has lived aloof and pure-blooded since, who may call the rest of us upstarts and mongrels — even if we be Egyptians, Hindoos or Chinamen.

Wan to the welkin, whenso the wind stirreth
 Weather-storms loathly, until the lift darkens
 And weepeth the heavens.

There you have, perhaps, the early Anglo-Saxon vision at its finest, and when it sees Nature most filled with an inner atmosphere; it is a description of the dwelling-place of the enchanter Grendel, and is from William Morris' translation. This gloom persists through the lyric literature, very generally; sometimes it is coupled with ferocity; these even break out through the Christianity of Caedmon; only when we come to Cynewulf (eighth century) do we miss these dark notes. Both Caedmon and Cynewulf came much too late for any likelihood of their being of pure Anglo-Saxon stock; and curiously enough, if one were asked for Cynewulf's nearest congeners, in feeling and vision, in English literature, one would probably point to Herbert and Vaughan, Welshmen of the seventeenth century, who made religio-mystic verses in English. Anglo-Saxon vision, beginning in the wild grim gloom of *Beowulf*, passed into rather wistful sadness under monastic influence, then, in Cynewulf, to religious joy. But when the English began to sing, it was in this fashion:

When shawes beene sheene, and shradds ful fayre,
 And leeues both large and longe,
 It is merry, walking in the fayre forrest,
 To hear the small birds songe.

The old Celtic bards, on the other hand, so far as one may generalize, had been moved to look at Nature by a sense of something beautiful and mysterious in Nature: a consciousness akin to our own, but vast and only half interpretable; not necessarily hostile at all; often friendly; and if hostile, then working through lures that charm as often as through open opposition. Whether they were gay or sad, nothing is more characteristic of their work than that interplay of human and elemental consciousness. Taliesin says:

I know the imagination of the oak-trees;

and speaks of the God that will be appearing, laden with gifts for the happy,

Out of the seas and the mountains,
 And the waves of the rivers.

Llywarch, fiercely lamenting his old age and his sorrows, hangs his every mood upon some kindred or contrasting one in Nature:

O my crutch, is it not autumn?
Is not the fern red, the water-flag yellow? —
Have I not hated that which I love?

O my crutch, is it not the first day of May?
Are not the furrows ruddy? Is not the young corn rippling?
The sight of thy handle fills me with anger!

In which melancholy mood also is this from the Irish:

Melodious is the crane, and Oh, melodious is the crane in the marshland of Druimm-na-threnn. . . . 'Tis she that may not save her brood alive.

— And in the sunny, joyous mood is that oft-quoted passage from the Welsh prose romance of *Culhwch and Olwen*, dating from the twelfth century or earlier:

More yellow was her hair than the flower of the broom, and her skin was whiter than the foam of the wave, and more delicate were her hands and her fingers than the blossoms of the wood-anemone in the spray of the meadow-fountain. Wherever she trod, four white trefoils sprang up and blossomed in her footsteps, wherefore she was called Olwen. . . .

— where it is clear that the bard is far less concerned with the maiden he is describing, than with the lovely things of the sun-bright world to which he likens her. He is seeing Nature — a Nature infinitely gay, subtle, delicate and flashing. It is a mature and masterly mode of vision (as is also that of *Beowulf*), of a kind to be found only in an old and highly evolved race: which is of course precisely what the Celts were. (Poetic perceptions are a surer criterion than material civilization.) So also were the Angles and Saxons old and highly evolved, if truth were known, long before ever they landed on British shores. Both Celts and Saxons had evolved a literary atmosphere: both saw through Nature to a life within.

But the English? — Not a bit of it! As soon as they became vocal in song we hear youth in their singing; a clean, sound, unimaginative, boisterous youth, quite unintrospective; from which, if only on account of its energy, great emprises might be expected. They saw Nature with the eyes of a miching schoolboy, and as an excellent background for practical Robin Hood jokes upon established authority — huge thwackings with the quarterstaff and the like. 'Twas a rude time, but as far removed from savagery as boyhood from old age. Savages do not see Nature with a primitive, but with an outworn vision; with senile, not youthful eyes, and a race-mind from which

reason and creative imagination have long since died, and only fantasy remains. But with these singers of young England, reason and imagination have hardly begun to be. Life is a big tangible joke for them; they love the sunlight and the merrie month of May. Theirs was a "Merrie England" indeed; no adjective in Webster fits it better. Even were their subject tragic, they could see no tragedy in it; their jolliness was too persistent; they knew of no way out of a situation, that did not lead to laughter. So their tragic ballads are poor stuff indeed; unlike the Scottish ones, which often touch the sublime. But this spirit of Robin Hoodism, this desire to be out-of-doors and at play, led them to see Nature, or to begin to see her; and gave them a characteristic vision-mode of their own; which, being found, the way was prepared for Shakespeare, Milton and Keats; and a new line of evolution had begun.

It found its earliest important expression when the race first blossomed into a major poet — Chaucer; but it had been going forward for almost a century before his birth. It began, perhaps, when the wars of the Edwards in Wales, Scotland and France gave the first great filip to the national consciousness. Before, say, 1275 or thereabouts, the literature produced in England since the Norman conquest differed in nowise from what was being written elsewhere in semi-barbarous Europe. Nor was there any true kind of vision in it: your verse-maker saw not the things that be, but the things tradition bade them see: panthers sweet-breathed for some churchly-legendary reason, for example, and the like unchancy wild-fowl. Norman singers got a kind of inspiration from Welsh and Breton bards; and produced metrical romances, mostly on Arthurian subjects, in which there is some degraded trace remaining — to stretch a point in their favor — of Celtic spriteliness; but woefully degraded. For vision of Nature they made you lists of bird and tree and flower names; wherein, perchance you should find the oliphaunt among the forest flowers, and the sparrow-hawk and parrot — sperhawk and popinjay — called song-birds of the English woods. — Into those woods, we may surmise, they had never ventured. — Chaucer parodied them in his *Rhyme of Sir Topas*, which is built of snags from their scrannel-pipe singing. But the English, when they came, put away these foolishnesses; with nationalism appeared a direct mode of looking at Nature. Their hearts and their delight, as they never tire of telling us, were

Under the greenwood tree.

If one goes to the Robin Hood ballads to catch the first glimpse of English poetry, it is because they belong to its first cyclic period — that which blossomed in Chaucer — and represent the natural soil, as it were, out of which his inspiration sprung; it is not implied that they, or any given examples of them, were necessarily written before his birth. Earlier or later, it does not matter; they antedate him spiritually, because folk-verse, and nearer therefore to the primal national sources of inspiration. In them we find the rudiments of his nature-vision. Their singers saw not very much of the sunlit world they sought with such enjoyment; but they saw what they did see in a merry, wholesome and faithful way. What date to ascribe to them, one cannot tell: the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, or the fifteenth, perhaps. Literary poetry began to show the new spirit in the twelve-seventies; folk-poetry, probably, something earlier. In any case, we could wish no better expression of the nature-vision of this first cycle, than we find in *Sumer is icumin in*, that famous first English song we possess, which certainly belongs to it. Here are two of the three verses, modernized a little for intelligibility:

Summer is a-coming in,
 Loudē sing, cuckoo!
 Groweth seed and bloweth mead,
 And springeth the wood anew;
 Sing, cuckoo!

Ewē bleateth after lamb,
 Loweth after calfē coo;
 Bullock sterteth, buckē verteth,
 Merry sing, cuckoo!

—A really beautiful little lyric, full of the life and sweetness of spring, and a great advance upon anything in the ballads, it must be said. Nothing in it that does not smack of the unspoiled out-of-doors; nothing, either, of delicate imagination or the subtle spirit of poetry. None of the haunted gloom of Beowulf's marshes and nesses; none of the marvelous spiritual possibilities of Taliesin's mountains and river-waves, or the fairy grace of the "blossom of the wood-anemone amidst the spray of the meadow-fountain." It is English and merry; not Saxon and grim, nor Latin and refined, nor Celtic and magical.

On such a mode of vision, Chaucer founded himself. He applied it mostly to men and women; we can recognise it clearly in his treatment of situations and human personalities (for he never guessed the

deeper things about man). He is least himself when most trying to be religious; there is no gloom or spiritual fervor in him: no heredity from *Beowulf*, *Cynewulf* or *Caedmon*; on the other hand, there is the seed of the comedian Shakespeare. He is, of course, nine tenths of the time, all for telling his tales: for presenting his characters in full flesh and blood and life, and gossiping pleasantly about them. —A bright and spritely fellow altogether, whose humor, it must be said, all too readily drops into horseplay and coarseness.

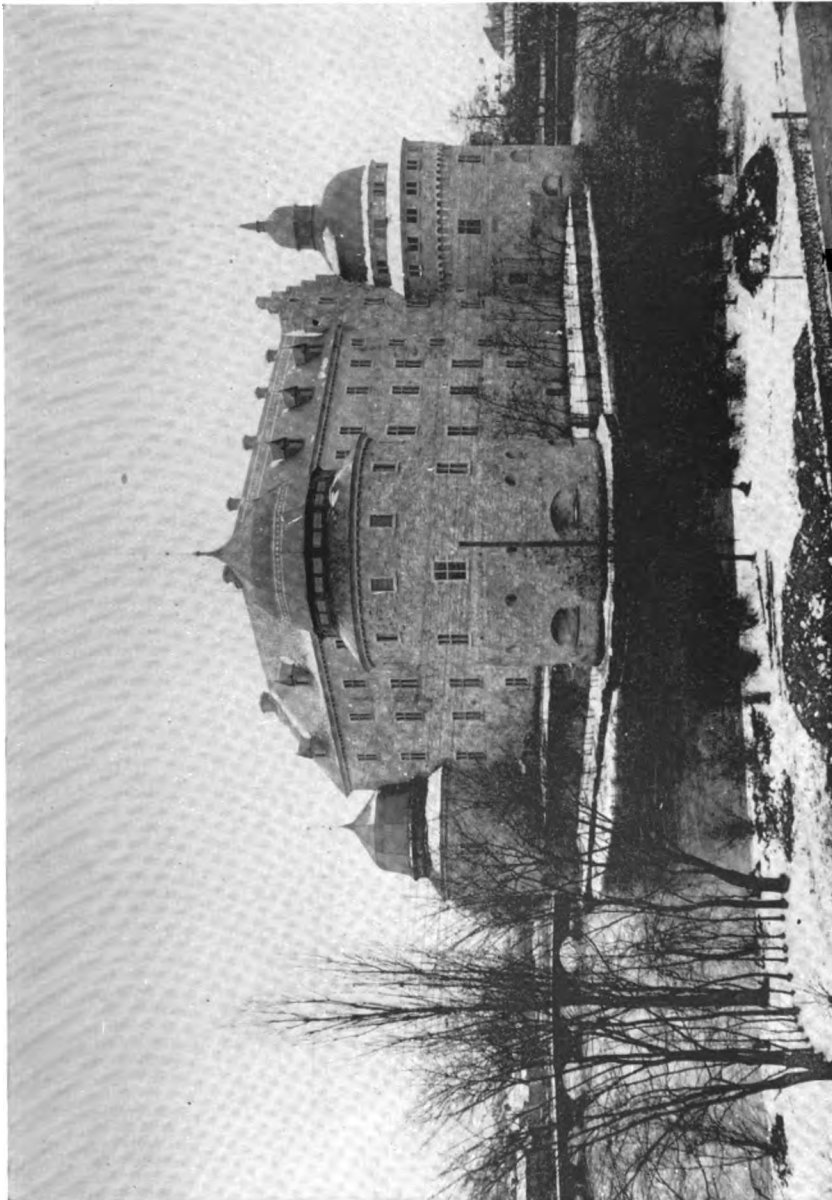
On his occasions, though, he will turn from men (and books) to Nature-seeing —

When that the moneth of May
Is come, and that I here the foules synge,
And that the floures gynnyn for to sprynge.—

and then, too, his vision is all merry and honest and English. But he carried the thing farther and deeper than did any other in his age. The landscape, for example, in his *Parlement of Foules*, is seen through a medium of vivid clearness that we have not met with before. A poetic light and color are beginning to manifest; there is a hint of that delicate and diamond atmosphere we find in the description of Olwen.

A garden saw I ful of blosmy bowës
Up-on a river in a grenë mede,
There as ther swetenesse evermore y-now is;
With flourës whitë, blewë, yelwe and rede,
And coldë wellë stremës, no-tyng dede,
That swommen ful of smalë fisches lighte,
With finnës rede and scalës silver-brighte.

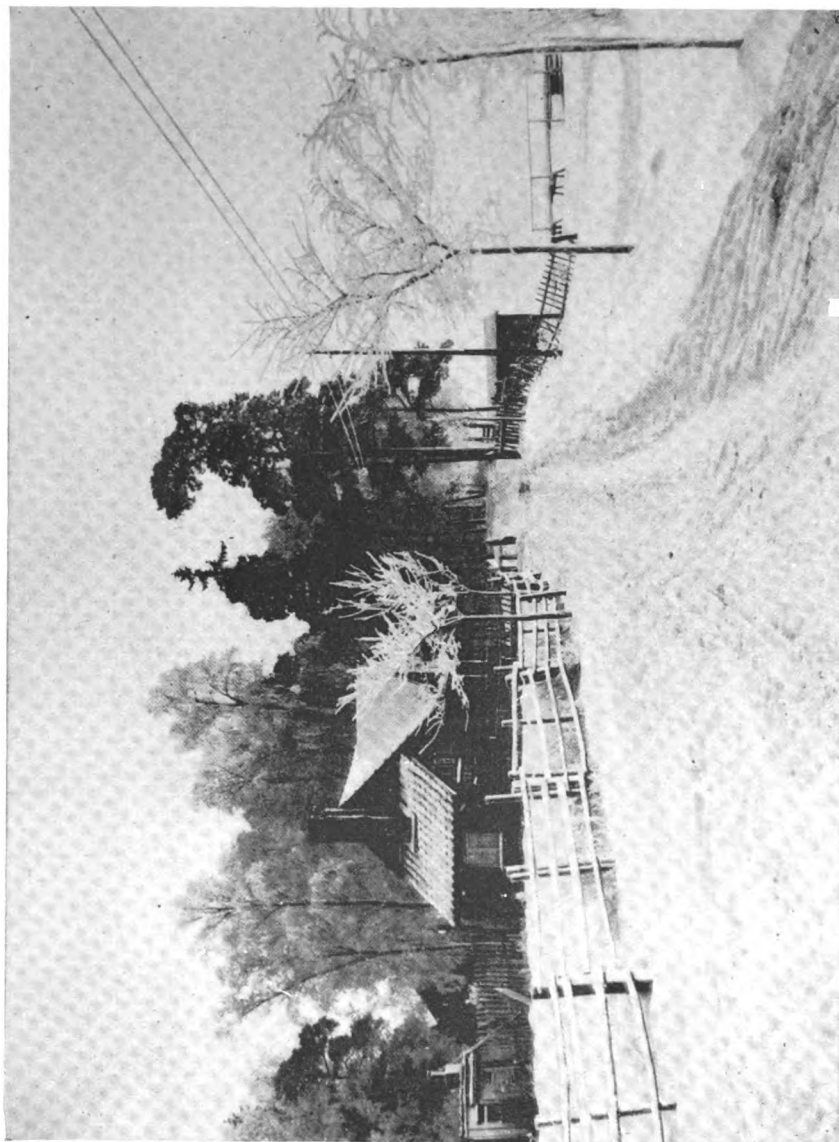
— Here, I think, we have the high-tide mark of the cycle in respect to vision; the plain noonlight of *Sumer is icumin in* has received poetic treatment; is rarified and clarified, refined and distilled a little. It is a sign of evolution upon its way, the promise that there should be a going forward. None the less, we may say that the work of this first cycle was to evolve the honest and merry vision; to exercise itself therein, and certify possession of it to the race. For it is this that is the basic note or mode of seeing in English Nature-poetry; and the beginning of all wisdom: if not greatly poetic in itself, the foundation on which all greatly poetic vision is based. Tydain Tad Awen has come in, striking the note of truth; even now Plenydd begins to appear, shining. Hereafter he will make the whole world luminous; and his brothers will fill it with resonant music and the haughty majesty of style.



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ÖREBRO CASTLE

Built in the middle of the fourteenth century on an islet in the river Svartån; now in the heart of the city of Örebro, one of the largest cities of Central Sweden. In this medieval stronghold many scenes of historical import have been enacted. Recently restored and now the seat of the provincial government.



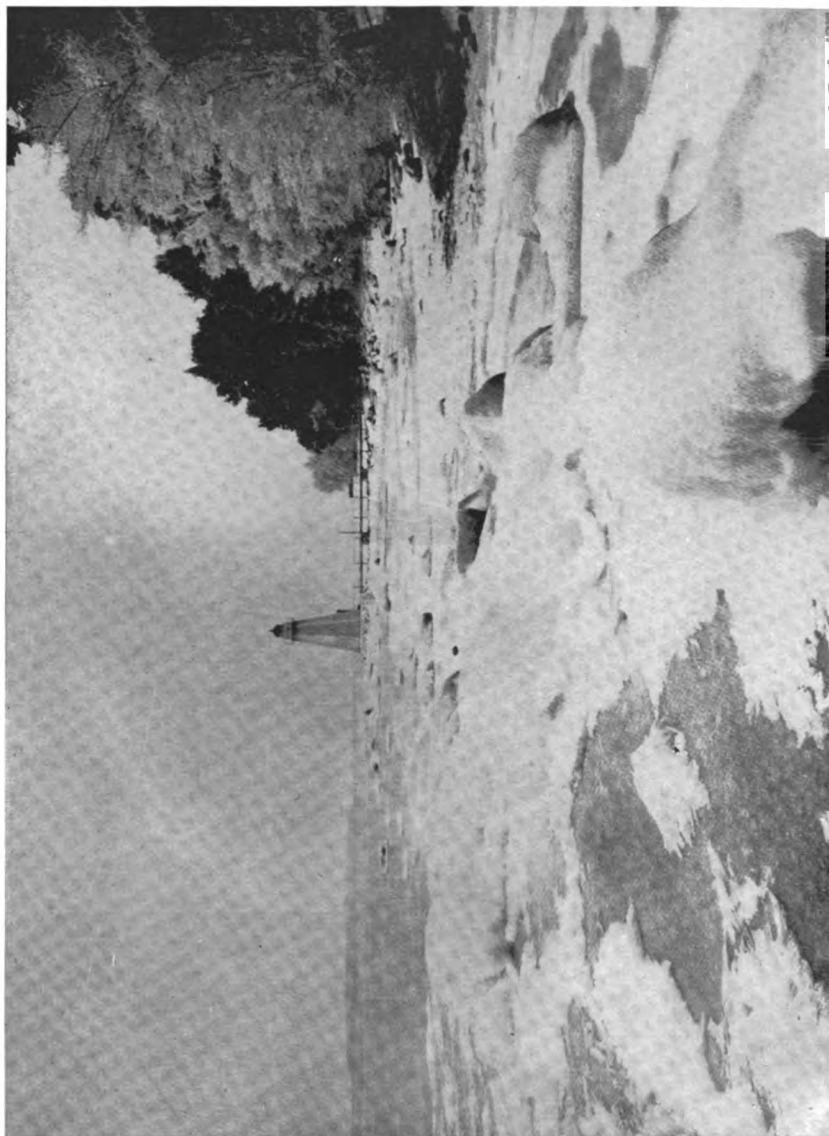
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WINTER SCENE: KARLSKOGA, SWEDEN



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

SWEDISH LANDSCAPE IN EARLY SPRING; CENTRAL SWEDEN



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LAKE VÄTTERN IN WINTER; CENTRAL SWEDEN

WHAT IS SAVAGERY? by J. O. Kinnaman, A. M., Ph. D.

IN several preceding articles the writer has promised to take up the question of savagery, and now it seems that the time is ripe for such discussion. First of all, care must be taken in setting limits to our subject; it is so broad that, if we throw down all bars and have before us the limitless plain of popular thought, we shall reach no goal, no conclusion.

In popular fancy, a savage is an individual little removed from brute creation; a wild thing without any of those fundamentals that make for *so-called* civilization; an individual who has some power of speech, some very crude, uncorrelated ideas; one who has no respect for the rights of others, knows only the law of "might makes right," lacks all the finer sensibilities that characterize civilized man; one who holds no sacred ties whatsoever, is cruel in disposition, holding human life very cheap; one whose time is spent in idleness, pursuit of game or the heads of a hostile tribe; one who glories in warfare, the infliction of pain upon anyone but himself; whose heart is full of revenge and hate; who has no religion, no god, no comprehension of aesthetics; who, does he fall into the hands of his enemies, is stoical to the extreme, giving his tormentors no pleasure in his torture.

Such is the popular conception of the savage. But how different are the facts.

If we accept the ascending theory of man's evolution, we encounter difficulties: if we do not accept said theory, we also encounter difficulties. Let us investigate.

The theory states that back in the Eocene (early Tertiary) Age there existed a primate species of anthropoid ape that *may have been* the precursor of the genus Homo. Some time during the latter part of the Tertiary Age, this primate so departed from its original species as to produce a *new* species, the remains of which was found in Java by Dr. Dubois, and given the nomenclature of Pithecanthropus erectus, an anthropoid that was neither ape nor man, an anthropoid creating a line of demarcation above which was man and below which was the anthropoid. Scientists have taken thus a part of the skull cap, a femur bone, and a molar tooth, and given us the "missing link." (?)

The probable next ascending link in the genus Homo was the Eoanthropus Dawsoni from the Piltdown beds of England. This primate or anthropoid *may* be primitive man. This point is not yet settled by scientists.

The next step in the ascending series is the Mauer man, which

without doubt is man, but not man as we know him today. The teeth have the human characteristics, but the mandible proper is that of the anthropoid, shaped for the attachment of heavy and strong masticating muscles.

Following this Mauer man is the so-called Neanderthal man, who was human in all of his characteristics, but differed technically from modern man, which differentiation may be scientifically accounted for.

Let us pause for just one moment in our study and attack the subject now from another angle. The *Pithecanthropus erectus* was neither anthropoid nor Homo. His chances for reversion were still very great, for the differentiation of his characteristics from the primate pure and simple lay in the formation of his teeth and capacity of his skull. He was only 400 c.cm. from or above the anthropoid in capacity, and 550 c. cm. below the lowest type of genus Homo. He had not yet reached the medial line between anthropoid and Homo. *Reversion to type* would be the law here rather than the creation of new and advanced type. If the general law of reversion were not operative, yet there would be the tendency for the law of degeneracy to assert its rights. However, two other laws would come to the support of progressive development, *viz.*, the survival of the fittest, and the law of natural selection. Thus we find two laws aiding his development and two opposing it. Wherein was the balance of power that caused the Anthropoid to develop the *Pithecanthropus*, the *Pithecanthropus* the *Eoanthropus*, and the *Eoanthropus* the Mauer man? Why did the *Pithecanthropus* develop the human tooth? What peculiar elements in his environments caused the metamorphosis of the canine teeth? What developed the chin? The answers to these questions would require another line of investigation, which at some later date we may take up.

It is probable, according to this line of reasoning, that primitive man's habitat and that of his precursor were arboreal. This would be true for several reasons, among which would be protection from his natural enemies, and the ease of moving from place to place, thus avoiding the impenetrable tropical undergrowth. His hands were adapted to grasping and retaining the grip; his feet perhaps were also adapted to grasping, to a certain extent. His teeth, though being also adapted to the tearing of flesh, would seem to indicate that his diet was mainly vegetable. Then through the ages, he lost many things: the hair upon his body became less and less: his arms became

shorter; his paths of travel ceased to be the trees, and he spent most of the daylight upon the ground, finally deserting the trees and making caves his place of abode.

If this picture be true to facts, then what was the degree of mentality of primitive man? By primitive man I mean the creature who had so far removed himself by special differentiation from his primate ancestors as to make reversion to type impossible. He had reached a stage where his type must progress, or become extinct. But I ask again, what was the mentality of this primitive man?

The cranial capacity of the largest anthropoid measures scarcely 600 c. cm.; the Pithecanthropus measures approximately 900 c. cm.; the Eoanthropus *circa* 1070 c. cm.; and there is no way of estimating the Mauer man; Gibraltar man *circa* 1100 c. cm. (the Gibraltar skull is probably that of a female), cephalic index 76 or 77; Homo neanderthalensis, cranial capacity, 1033 c. cm. according to Schaffhausen, 1230 c. cm. according to Huxley, 1234 c. cm. according to Schwalbe. The cephalic index *circa* 73.1. Following these come the Spy nos. 1 and 2, with cephalic indices 72.4 and 77 respectively.

The cranial capacity of an average Caucasian female is *circa* 1350 c. cm., and that of the male 1500 c. cm.

If cranial capacity has any bearing on intellectuality, a little study of these figures will aid us to form a conception of the intellectuality of these early representatives of humanity. The Pithecanthropus was 300 c. cm. capacity above the highest primate, or he stood in the ratio of 2 : 3. The Eoanthropus stood 170 c. cm. above the Pithecanthropus, his gain being only .08411 plus. The Gibraltar skull shows even less advance — .0272 plus.

The Homo neanderthalensis more nearly approaches Homo sapiens with a capacity ranging from 1033 to 1234 c. cm. It must be in this latter capacity that man began to develop his reasoning powers, as we think of development. His mentality prior to that time must have been devoted almost exclusively to the obtaining of food and evading his natural enemies. He was not physically able, without artificial means of offense and defense, to contend with the fierce and powerful animals around him, especially after he deserted his arboreal habitat and took to caves.

At what stage in his evolution did man begin to use artificial means of offense and defense against his natural enemies? It has been proven quite conclusively that anthropoids of themselves do not learn

the use of clubs, sticks, the power of a cast stone, etc. Then how did man blunder upon such things? If eoliths were his first attempts at manufacturing artifacts, what were their use? How long did it take him to struggle through the Rough Stone Age before he learned to polish by friction and thus create an advanced stage, the Polished Stone Age?

If man passed through this development physically, *i. e.*, from a brain-capacity of 900 c. cm. to 1350 c. cm., and it took him untold and unnumbered ages to do so, a conservative estimate of which is about 1,500,000 years — how could it possibly come to pass that he could survive, since his chances of surviving in the midst of such animals as the saber-toothed tiger and allied species, amidst the reptilian species, climatic conditions, and so on, would be about one to a million?

But for the sake of argument let us allow the supposition that this anthropoid-man did survive the many vicissitudes of his early existence, left his arboreal habitat, and began to live upon the earth a greater part of the time. At this point of his development his dangers and perils were greater than ever, for he gradually lost his ability to climb, and was no longer at home in the trees; his struggle for existence was more strenuous than formerly. At this point the question arises: What makes him *Homo sapiens* — environment or cranial capacity?

Let us suppose that man has reached the point at which he manufactures his *first* artifact, and let that artifact be the eolith or some other tool which requires purpose in its manufacture, this purpose necessitating *reasoning* from *cause to effect*. This mental act is the *psychic line of demarcation* between brute and man. It is generally conceded by psychologists that the higher order of brutes have certain kinds of reasoning faculties, but they cannot connect cause and effect, they cannot span from the known to the related unknown. When the genus *Homo* reached the stage of mental discernment where he realized cause and effect, just that moment he became *man*. From that moment he was not dependent upon *instinct* (whatever that may be) for the preservation of his species, but he could deliberately plan, nullify or create certain elements in his environment, and thus assure the propagation of the species, likewise improve upon his environment.

It is an axiom of biologists and psychologists that the child repeats the history of the race. When the child is born it is blind, deaf, and, as far as the mind is concerned, it has none, or has mind only in poten-

tiality, *i. e.*, the possibility of conscious intellectuality. It seems to have one instinct, *viz.*, to feed, but this is *not* a conscious effort of the something we call mind or ego. At the end of about the sixth week the child apparently begins to be able to see, hear, and have consciousness of its own being; in some it may begin earlier, in others later, somewhat. To what stage of evolution does this consciousness of being correspond? To the *Homo sapiens* stage?

After the dawning of consciousness of being, the child acquires knowledge through his physical senses, the last being that of articulate speech; until some time after the child has acquired the art of speech he is gaining *knowledge*, not *information*. Just at what stage knowledge alone ceases has not been determined, but, the moment the child can understand and assimilate spoken language, just that moment he begins to acquire information, or that which is imparted by another individual and not acquired through any of the physical senses. At this point it is well for us to distinguish carefully between knowledge and information, for, they are *not* synonymous. Knowledge is that which is acquired or procured through the physical senses; information, the reflex of knowledge acquired by an individual but imparted to another through some medium of communication.

The sense of taste seems to be the first developed in the child, then touch, lastly sight. The child associates and correlates impressions, passing from the simple to the compound, from the known to the unknown: at the latter stage, deduction becomes reason.

If the human being evolved as outlined above, then it would seem that *all races* should now be in the same stage of so-called civilization, and that the most advanced stage of today. But this is far from true, the very contrary being the fact. We have all stages from the palaeolithic to the highest found in Europe and America.

It is proper at this time to ask what is meant by the term "civilization." There are many meanings, various, of the term, each applicable in accordance as the view-point is taken. It seems to the writer that when it is reduced to its ultimate, the definition should be: *The differentiation of mode of thought.*

Psychologically speaking, each and every act of mind or thought exists as an entity already in the universe, having existed there from the beginning of Eternity, if such paradox is allowable, existing in the form of vibration, if you please. Then the human mind is another form of vibration, and when the thought-wave-entity and the human-

mind-entity vibrate in harmony, like two piano strings, then the human mind has brought forth a new thought, new to it, often, perhaps new to the rest of humanity. Thus like Kepler we are led to exclaim: "God, I think my thoughts after Thee!"

Civilized man, today, is consuming his time discovering the thought-entities of the universe, which thought-entities we call Laws. That which transcends present knowledge or discovery, the mass of civilized man today calls miracle, in which he assumes, as a cloak to his own ignorance, that the First Cause, or God, transgresses his own laws which he has formulated for the purpose of governing the Cosmos. Civilized man the world over prays daily to his God, trying to bribe Him to transgress or suspend some universal law in order to satisfy some petty selfish motive of the petitioner. Thus the Kaiser implores God to bestow victory upon his arms, while the King of England petitions the same Divinity to do likewise by him.

The aboriginal Australian shudders at the sound of thunder and huddles upon the ground as the torrents of rain descend; he petitions his fetish or god to protect him against the anger of the sky-fire and his enemies in the form of other tribes. The Kaiser and the King of England have *faith* in their God. Which is right, which is wrong? To what is this conflicting and this diverse faith due? The differentiation of mode of thought.

The Christian *without* reasoning places his faith both for this life and his supposed future in the Christ of his Βίβλος, and considers all opposing faiths as wrong in basic principles; the Mohammedan denies the Christian's Christ, but places in his stead Mohammed, the greatest of the prophets, denies the Trinity, and pins his faith to Allah, the one and only God. The Fann cannibal on the Congo has his beliefs, founded on the teachings and traditions of countless ages. He believes his fetish is able to produce rain, abundant crops, protect him from his enemies, make his wives prolific, his sons strong and manly, his warriors brave, his enemies afraid, crown his arms with victory, and in the words of the Psalmist, make him "to lie down in green pastures." I go to my cannibal chief and try to explain to him my mode of life, my mode of thought, my system of belief, my faith in the present, and my hope for the future. But my efforts are futile, for, while he may understand my words and comprehend their meaning, yet there remains the barrier of untold thousands of years of "mode of thought." Then our savage chief in his turn attempts to demon-

strate where I am wrong, where my mode of life is, to say the least, very queer, and my belief utterly untenable. He tells me what his god has done for him and his people, but he cannot convince me. I am inclined to disregard his argument and call his faith superstition and ignorance — the differentiation of mode of thought. Which of us is right, which wrong? Back of me is the accumulated tradition, both oral and written, of the European race of more than thirty centuries; back of him the traditions of the Ethiopian race for the same period, and perhaps much longer. Our modes of thought have become crystallized, and each of us is incapable of lifting himself out of the "rut," if such "rut" really exists. I, in my arrogance and egotism, assume the rôle of *teacher* to my so-called *savage* brother, and try to coerce him into my *modus operandi*. I may apparently succeed through the use of force, provided I have it, or he may serve me up as a dainty, toothsome morsel, provided he has the power. If he succeeds, for the time being, in coercing me, and does serve me for dinner, does that act make him a savage? He would not have treated me thus if he had not considered me an enemy worthy of his steel, and at the same time pleasing the divinity to whom he considers himself accountable.

If on the other hand, I coerce him, by physical force, to the acceptance of the (at least outward) elements of my so-called civilization, what is the result upon him? He goes down to extinction, he and his whole race. Who has committed the greater moral offense, the chief in that he offered me up as a dainty table morsel, or I who have been the cause of his extinction? Is my savage chief a *savage*? What do we mean by the term *savage*? We usually vaunt ourselves on our superior knowledge and superior race. Am I superior simply because I happen to be cognizant of some things of which he is not? If I am superior in some respects, he, on the other hand, is far superior in other regards. If I were thrown upon my own resources in his surroundings, how long would I survive?

Do we call the child a *savage* because he knows naught of classical archaeology or ethnology or anthropology? Does the scientist call me a *savage* because I do not know physics and chemistry? He has just as much right to call me a savage from his view-point as I have to indicate thus my dusky friend on the Congo. Does the astronomer call the civil engineer a savage? Does the doctor of medicine call the doctor of philosophy a savage? No! each honors the other for the part he is taking in furtherance of civilization. The differentiation of

thought-activity does *not* make the difference between the so-called civilized man and the so-called savage. It merely differentiates the personal equation. The differentiation of thought-activities and personal equations produce several kinds of civilizations simultaneously; then the differentiation of the modes of thought produce several kinds of civic equations, and, thus we have several degrees or kinds of civilization in operation at the same moment.

If the above be true, there exists no such state of being or stage of development as savagery, and, as a corollary, there is no such person as a savage.

Let us attack the subject from another angle. We shall not further discuss the possibility or probability of man's evolution from primate through *Pithecanthropus erectus*, *Homo neanderthalensis*, and so on, but shall take it for granted that man has evolved, has gray matter to fill his cranial cavity, that he is a reasoning being who produces results in the material world, a being who can adapt himself to environment, or, if not satisfied with the environment, change it, modify it to suit his needs. It was and is this ability to change his environment, rather than to adapt himself to existing conditions that distinguishes him from the brute creation. The animal undergoes such physiological changes as adapts it to the peculiar conditions under which it may find itself. The ordinary house-cat placed in a cold-storage room will develop a coat of fur adapted to the temperature. In this regard man fundamentally differs. He does not change physiologically to adapt himself to environment, but changes environment to accord with, not his needs, but his desires.

Thus he builds cities, converts deserts into smiling gardens, digs canals, constructs dams, designs aqueducts of solid masonry many miles in length, digs into the earth to acquire the different metals for economic use and ornament, builds ships to bridge the watery wastes, constructs pyramids in which to encase himself after death, builds mighty temples in which to worship his gods, creates great libraries to preserve his learning and erudition and hand it on to posterity, thus "building a monument more enduring than marble." Thus the Tigris-Euphrates valley has beheld mighty civilizations rise, develop, and fall. The Akkadian contributed his share, followed by the Sumerian, who contributed his mite, and then ceased to exist; then the Babylonian and Babylonia; Babylon converted the mighty desert

plain into a veritable paradise, builded the city that today symbolizes the extreme luxury of civilization, but where is it today? A *tel* in the midst of the Babylonian plain, a ruin of interest only to the archaeologist, a mound of earth, brick and bitumen, the remains of a glorious but forgotten past.

The different civilizations rose, developed, fulfilled their missions, and fell, forgotten by mankind. Egypt, Greece, Carthage, Rome, in turn grew, developed, decayed, and we have only fragments of their history to make us aware of their existence. On the western hemisphere we have parallel cases. Peru, Mexico, the great Southwest of the United States has its history, its civilizations that rose and fell, and we have only the great cliff-dwellings in the United States, ruined palaces, pyramids, temples in Mexico and Peru to mark the passing of great civilizations. We have to date discovered no Rosetta stone by which we may interpret the hieroglyphics that still remain to mark the fact that these unknown people had a written language. Yet we have scientists who call these founders of civilization, savages.

It is thought that the aborigines of Australia are the living representatives of the most primitive type of mankind. Their intelligence *seems* to be extremely low. Is it not just *seemingly* thus? They have fixed social customs, fixed moral codes, and established theology. Are not these the foundation-stones of civilization? They have the fundamental group, the family, consisting of mother, father and children; they recognise consanguinity; they have their social customs in regard to marriage, puberty of both male and female, rituals that border on theology, clan organization, tribal organization, the individual rights of property. They possess fundamental religious rituals and ceremonials. So-called civilization is founded upon the same principles, only they are, perhaps, more highly developed, or mayhap, more degenerated.

The next line of ascent is the Fuegian, whom some anthropologists consider more primitive than the Australian, but the consensus of opinion considers the Fuegian second in primitiveness.

We do not know very much about this people: they have not been as extensively studied as others more favorably situated. But their customs seem about on a par with the Australian.

Now the question arises: Are these people the most primitive of living races, or are they degenerates? Anthropologically we cannot

deny the possibility of degeneracy. Is it the resultant of isolation through untold and uncounted ages, climatic conditions, nutrition, in short, environment; or the survival of the *unfittest*? Napoleon diminished the stature of Frenchmen by several inches as a resultant of his wars, since the *fittest did not survive*, but perished upon the battlefield.

Some time during the latter part of the Tertiary Age, Australia was cut off as it is today, isolated completely as far as communication with any other land body was concerned, and thus we have today the survival of the Tertiary fauna and flora upon that continent.

Now one of two conditions must obtain *in re* the Australian: either he is an indigenous survival from the Tertiary Age or he migrated in the early Quaternary epoch. His traditions seem to support the latter view, and anthropologically he seems to be a living representative of the Neanderthal man. But, if he is a representative of the Neanderthal man, he is a degenerate representative. This degeneracy is probably due to causes enumerated above, *viz.*, isolation, survival of the *unfittest*, through war, famine or disease; also, close intermarriage through long ages would tend toward degeneracy, unfertility and extinction; such seems the law of too high specialization. This high specialization finally degenerates into idiocy, imbecility, "retarded development."

When "retarded development" and imbecility reach the stage at which they appear to be the normal state, it may be possible that the condition then prevails which has commonly been denominated "savagery" or the primitive state.

The writer is doubtful whether Australian or Fuegian represents primitive man. If we take geology as a witness, together with astrophysics, astronomy, botany and zoology, it would seem strongly probable that the original home of the genus *Homo* was the Arctic Continent, and that the blonde, flaxen-haired Lapp is the living representative of primitive man.

Then came the change in the ecliptic and a corresponding fall of temperature around the arctic lands. The animals retreated before the increasing cold, found new homes on what is now the European continent, when again their successors were compelled to retreat to the Equatorial region in order to survive.

Man, on the other hand, *i. e.*, some men, did not retreat before the falling temperature, unheaving lands, and advancing glaciers; in-

stead, he battled with his environment and conquered. The weak, the unfit, the incompetent perished, it is true, but the fittest and the best of the race survived, lived, flourished, wrung a livelihood from unfavorable environment, and developed a civilization adapted to the reign of the conditions under which they lived. This necessity to conquer their environment or perish, caused activity of mind such as mankind had not previously seen. Thus developed a race both strong and energetic in mind and body.

The part that migrated with the animals were compelled, in order to protect themselves from the intense rays of the sun, to develop pigments that would nullify these rays; likewise certain other physiological nullifications took place, the struggle for existence became less severe, for the food was automatically produced, and clothing, in the proper sense of the word, was not needed. The necessity for effort was nullified, and, of course, effort ceased. It is a psychic law that the mind cannot stand still; it must progress, or otherwise a retrogression takes place.

Thus in one area, due to necessity, development proceeds, while in another area, due to lack of necessity, development does not proceed, but crystallizes, and thus remains for untold ages.

The Caucasian race sometimes flatters itself that it has always struggled upward. This may be true as a general principle, but it has had its lapses. Greece seemed to reach the zenith of human thought; the Dark Ages mark a relapse from that zenith, while the Renaissance marks the beginning of the revival. Nor have we yet regained the pinnacle from which we fell.

From the foregoing, it is patent that the following conclusions may be drawn: (1) It is possible that man physically rose through successive stages from a stock common to the anthropoid, the Tertiary root-stock, through ordinate steps to *Pithecanthropus erectus*, and finally to genus *Homo*. (2) Man, as man, possessed from the first that something which set him in a class by himself, as distinct from the rest of the animal kingdom. (3) Intelligence has been developed to differing degrees of efficiency, that efficiency being a *variant* that controls the direction in which the intellectual or neuronc energy shall be projected, which projection becomes the characteristic of that particular development or stage of development.

It would seem to us that no such stage as savagery in the absolute exists or has ever existed. Civilization is the differentiation of mode

of thought, this mode of thought being controlled, in the main, by external stimuli, or environment.

All men are endowed with a broad, general native ability, *i. e.*, capacity or predisposition to improve upon environment due to nature, to overcome its resistance, and to propagate the race. Native, or innate ability seems to be nearly par for all races, with few exceptions, due to cranial capacity, cerebral index, and general activities of the neural system. This difference may be accounted for upon a biological basis.

Then we can safely conclude that no man or race ever was or is savage or in a state of savagery in the absolute, in fact, no such condition is psychologically possible.

Man has always been advancing in civilization or retrogressing; there is possible no medial stage. Each stage in which we find him today or in the past marks only a mile-post in his progress or retrogression. The highest type of civilization has no standard, and is subject to constant, continual changes, changes operating in a forward or backward, or, perhaps, in a spiral movement. Who knows?

By way of commentary on the topics dealt with in the above interesting and able article, a few observations may be offered from the point of view of an old student of Theosophy.

The writer has certainly brought out the fact that the theorists are endeavoring to solve a very vast problem on the strength of very scanty evidence. The few and scattered remains of ancient man discovered cannot be accepted as sufficient to support any theory whatever as to human evolution; the record is far too scanty and fragmentary. The various theorists are at odds with one another over these "evidences," as is well known; and each fresh discovery of the kind adds new complexities to the problem. So far as it is possible to obtain a general idea from this evidence, it may be said to sum itself up in the conclusion that, throughout the whole extent of time over which the evidence extends, the earth was peopled with a variety of human types, not differing on the whole from those which inhabit it today. And withal, the genus Man remains true to his single species. No trace of a missing link can be found; nor can it ever be found—in the sense demanded by the theories. The anthropoids are described as the remnants of a certain human race which lived millions of years ago and was guilty of certain faults that gave rise to a degenerate and bestial product. Since that remote epoch, these creatures have progressed very little. For there is no evolution from the animal to the human kingdom without the aid of that divine light of intelligence that is characteristic of man.

It is stated further that Man, when he inhabited the earth as a *physical being* millions of years ago, was already a complete being, so far as his physical body is

concerned. It is impossible to gain a clear idea of human evolution without recognising that man is dual, being god as well as animal; and that, while biologically he has evidences that his body was derived from the lower kingdoms, yet mentally and spiritually his evolution is not from below but from above. His Divine ancestors are the Mānasaputras or Sons of Mind; they who, in the early days, imparted to him their own intelligence.

Civilization ebbs and flows in accordance with a law of cycles; and the so-called savage races are for the most part people with memories of bygone times when their races were great and powerful. In other words, they are (racially speaking) on the decline, just as Dr. Kinnaman suggests. But, bearing in mind the fact of Reincarnation, it will be understood that even though a race may be passing away, the individual souls inhabiting it may be on the ascent. Without Reincarnation we can scarcely hope to solve the problem of human evolution. A soul gathers and garners experience with each rebirth; and so, passing on, communicates the light to other races.

Postulating the theories of most evolutionists, it would be impossible to explain how and why a given race of animals should casually develop such marvelous faculties as those of man, while other animal races remained relatively the same; it would be impossible to explain this *without* also postulating the entry of some entirely new and most potent factor. Hence the Theosophical teaching affords an adequate explanation for existing facts. It accepts as an indisputable fact the existence of this marvelous self-perfecting power in Man, and proceeds to account for it in the only logical way. It is necessary to accept Mind as a primary postulate, otherwise all speculation becomes absurd; and while it may be feasible to pursue many scientific inquiries for a considerable distance without trenching on the domain of metaphysics, the case is far otherwise when we are dealing with Man. His intelligence has to be accounted for somehow, whether we choose to regard it as having been inherent from the beginning in the primeval jelly-speck, or whether we conceive it as having been imparted at some particular stage from an outside source.

As regards the Australians, mentioned in the paper, *The Secret Doctrine* describes them as descendants of the Lemurian or Third Root-Race; though of course there may have been later immigrations from other lands. And as regards the primitive home of humanity, it is possible to mention various localities, some above the waves and some below, as the dispersing points of humanity at various stages of its long history. Thus all the various theories may hope for a grain of truth for themselves, yet none of them can claim to the possession of the whole.



In the beginning of time great sages from other spheres impressed the plastic nature of man with imperishable axioms both of morals and mathematics. These endure through all changes of governments, society, and civilizations; they will never fade, even unto the last great seventh knell which will close the Man-vantara.— *Ancient Rock Inscription*

THEOSOPHY IN PRACTICE: by I. L. H. Jr.

THE DUALITY OF HUMAN NATURE



AN inquirer once asked what were the *principal* teachings of Theosophy which gave its students such boundless confidence in it; and the answer was what Shakespeare's beautiful Rosalind said to Orlando in reply to a very different question: "There were none principal; they were all like one another, as halfpence." It is impossible to say that one measure of a Beethoven symphony is more important than another; so is it impossible to say that any Theosophical doctrine is more essential than another. Each measure in the symphony is necessary for the whole, and each tenet of Theosophy is but one link in the great thought-chain which the disciple does not completely fashion until he has attained to self-knowledge.

But just as in the great Master's "Pastoral Symphony" there is one beautiful theme that forever suggests the whole, and reminds one always of moving lightly along a placid stream with the blue sky overhead, green trees on either shore, and Nature's feathered songsters singing to the accompaniment of the lapping wavelets, so there is one theme in the great Theosophic Symphony which is perpetually echoing in the disciple's mind as he moves along the stream of life. And this is the teaching of the duality of human nature.

For an adequate comprehension of this teaching, it is necessary to understand the Theosophical doctrine of the seven principles of man, which may be found clearly and simply explained on page 89 of the Point Loma Edition of *The Key to Theosophy*, by H. P. Blavatsky. Briefly, Theosophy teaches that man is made up of two natures, variously described as the higher and the lower, the god and the beast, the immortal and the mortal, the angel and the demon, the incorruptible and the corruptible, the spiritual and the animal, etc. The higher nature is divided into three principles and the lower into four; and between this higher triad and the lower quaternary does our center of consciousness forever hover—now aspiring towards the god-like qualities of the higher nature, and now yielding to the seductions of the animal soul. Thus the mind of man is at one time the mirror that reflects the "Image of God," and at another time the "playground of the senses," which delude, corrupt, and may eventually destroy that which makes us different from merely ratiocinating animals. Once gain a clear understanding of this teaching of the duality of human nature, and season your understanding with a knowledge of the doc-

trines of Karma and Reincarnation, etc., and all the contradictions in human nature seen in the history of great and small men of the past, and in the lives of your contemporaries, and best of all in your own life, will disappear.

In the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ* or "Book of Devotion," as translated by William Q. Judge, the second great Theosophical Teacher of modern times, and dedicated by him "to those who truly love their fellowmen," we find that Chapter XVI treats of "Devotion through Discrimination between Godlike and Demoniactal Natures." And here we read:

Fearlessness, sincerity, assiduity in devotion, generosity, self-restraint, piety, and alms-giving, study, mortification and rectitude; harmlessness, veracity, and freedom from anger, resignation, equanimity, and not speaking of the faults of others, universal compassion, modesty and mildness; patience, power, fortitude and purity, discretion, dignity, unvengefulness and freedom from conceit — these are the marks of him whose virtues are of a godlike character. . . . Those, . . . who are born with demoniactal dispositions are marked by hypocrisy, pride, anger, presumption, harshness of speech, and ignorance. . . . There are two kinds of natures in beings in this world, that which is godlike, and the other which is demoniactal; the godlike hath been fully declared, hear now from me, . . . what the demoniactal is.

Those who are born with the demoniactal disposition . . . know not purity nor right behavior, they possess no truthfulness. They deny that the universe has any truth in it, saying it is not governed by law, declaring that it hath no Spirit; they say creatures are produced alone through the union of the sexes, and that all is for enjoyment only. Maintaining this view, their souls being ruined, their minds contracted, with natures perverted, enemies of the world, they are born to destroy. They indulge insatiable desires, are full of hypocrisy, fast-fixed in false beliefs through their delusions. They indulge in unlimited reflections which end only in annihilation, convinced until death that the enjoyment of the objects of their desires is the supreme good. Fast-bound by the hundred chords of desire, prone to lust and anger, they seek by injustice and the accumulation of wealth for the gratification of their own lusts and appetites. "This today hath been acquired by me, and that object of my heart I shall obtain; this wealth I have, and that also shall be mine. This foe have I already slain, and others will I forthwith vanquish; I am the lord, I am powerful, and I am happy. I am rich and with precedence among men; where is there another like unto me? I shall make sacrifices, give alms, and enjoy." In this manner do those speak who are deluded. Confounded by all manner of desires, entangled in the net of delusion, firmly attached to the gratification of their desires, they descend into hell. Esteeming themselves very highly, self-willed, full of pride and ever in pursuit of riches, they perform worship with hypocrisy . . . only for outward show.

In studying the present condition of the world — especially of Europe — after "discriminating between the godlike and demoniactal

natures," one is made painfully conscious of the fact that there has not been much evidence of the godlike nature in this titanic struggle. Indeed, is there much evidence of the godlike nature anywhere? Not *much* — but heaven be praised, there is still *some*! Else had the world been little better than a shambles or foul dumping-ground for the fallen angels who were not fit to inhabit more celestial regions.

We are taught that the divine nature in man, if given half a chance to manifest as lord of the body and mind (and it is a question of personal choice in each individual), can redeem this old world of ours. Our Leaders have repeated over and over again that in the application of Theosophical principles to the daily life of humanity lies the solution of all the problems that confront us. And this assertion every earnest student of Theosophy is ready to echo, for the reason that he has found it so in his own life and in his own circle — however limited that circle may outwardly appear.

Having been a student of Katherine Tingley's from childhood, the writer feels perfectly confident that, in the universal application of the teachings of Theosophy, as demonstrated by Katherine Tingley in her Râja-Yoga School and College, lies the only *permanent* cure for all disharmony and misery in the world — national or international, personal or general. Any system of compromise or force will never *permanently* stop bloodshed and strife. Any system which is not built on the sure foundation of spiritual knowledge and a reliance on the divine nature in man will at best be but a temporary palliative — it cannot permanently cure. It will be dealing with *effects* and not with *causes*. Thus have we been taught by Katherine Tingley.

The world is in chains in the truest sense. Tom Paine said:

What are the iron chains that *hands* have wrought?

The hardest chain to break is made of *thought*.

How shall we break these chains? Learn to think rightly. Who will teach us? Carlyle says somewhere in his lecture on "The Hero as King," that if Cromwell had been supported by millions instead of only by tens and hundreds, all England might have become a *Christian* land! The sincere Theosophist is firmly convinced that if Katherine Tingley were supported by millions and millions, as she is by hundreds and thousands, there could be no war in Europe today, and the terrible incubus of so-called "preparedness," of distrust and brutality, would be lifted. How do we know this? Because she does not waste her precious time meddling with *effects* and *remedies*: she gets down

to fundamental *causes*, and applies the old adage that "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

What is the principal cause of the present conflict and separateness in the human family? One of the Greek Sages said that nothing but the body and its desires was the cause of all disharmony in the world. The present war in Europe the result of bodily desires? — Not *directly*, perhaps; but *indirectly*, most certainly. Listen to this from the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*, and trace the connexion between the body and its desires and all the wrong in the world:

ARJUNA: By what . . . is man propelled to commit offenses; seemingly against his will and as if constrained by some secret force?

KRISHNA: It is lust which instigates him. It is passion, . . . insatiable, and full of sin. Know this to be the enemy of man on earth. . . . By this — the constant enemy of the wise man, formed from desire which rageth like fire and is never to be appeased — is discriminative knowledge surrounded. Its empire is over the senses and organs, the thinking principle and the discriminating faculty also; by means of these it cloudeth discrimination and deludeth the Lord of the body. Therefore, . . . thou shouldst conquer this sin which is the destroyer of knowledge and of spiritual discernment.

Thus it is evident that, while the desires of the body may not be the *immediate* promptings which lead to all strife and conflict, yet it is the gratification of these desires in one form or another which "cloudeth discrimination and deludeth the Lord of the body," and which is "the destroyer of knowledge and of spiritual discernment." And without knowledge and spiritual discernment, how can we hope to avoid strife and conflict? Thus the old Greek Sage was quite right.

H. P. Blavatsky, our first Teacher, wrote: "The one terrible and only cause of the disturbance of harmony is selfishness." This in no sense contradicts the words of the Greek Sage. It is more explanatory than antithetical. It is only the lower nature of man which is selfish. The higher nature is always unselfish, compassionate, and just; for it is always conscious of being at one with the spiritual side, the higher nature, of every other being.

It should be remembered that the brain-mind of man, unless illuminated by the light of the Higher Self, is, according to Theosophy, just as much a part of the lower, animal, personal self as are the purely animal functions, such as eating and sleeping, breathing and reproduction, living and dying. Hence the great error of our modern educational methods in placing intellectual achievements on a pedestal as

the final goal. "Even ignorance," we are taught in Theosophy, "is better than head-learning with no soul-wisdom to illuminate and guide it." The selfish man never can hope to attain soul-wisdom, which really means self-knowledge; for "self-knowledge is of loving deeds the child." Neither can the selfish man ever hope to become the Lord of his own body; for his very selfishness is a part of that body, and "self-preservation is the first law of nature"—or of the lower aspect of nature, we should prefer to say.

It is always well to turn to original sources for information; and so to illustrate this point further, I will quote again from H. P. Blavatsky's writings:

Every human organ and each cell in the latter has a keyboard of its own, like that of a piano, only that it registers and emits sensations instead of sounds. Every key contains the potentiality of good or bad, of producing harmony or disharmony. This depends on the impulse given and the combinations produced; If the impulse comes from the "Wisdom above," the Force applied being noetic or spiritual, the results will be actions worthy of the divine propeller; if from the "terrestrial, devilish wisdom" (psychic power), man's activities will be selfish, based solely on the exigencies of his physical, hence animal, nature. The above may sound to the average reader as pure nonsense; but every Theosophist must understand when told that . . . the cells of his body answer to both physical and spiritual impulses.

Verily that body, so desecrated by Materialism and man himself, is the temple of the Holy Grail, the *Adytum* of the grandest, nay, of all, the mysteries of nature in our solar universe. That body is an Aeolian harp, chorded with two sets of strings, one made of pure silver, the other of catgut. When the breath from the divine Fiat brushes softly over the former, man becomes like unto *his* God—but the other set feels it not. It needs the breeze of a strong terrestrial wind, impregnated with animal effluvia, to set its animal chords vibrating. It is the function of the physical, lower mind to act upon the physical organs and their cells; but, it is the higher mind *alone* which can influence the atoms interacting in those cells, which interaction is alone capable of exciting the brain . . . to a mental representation of spiritual ideas far beyond any objects on this material plane.

This dual aspect of man will explain the shocking contradictions in the lives of some of the world's greatest geniuses; and we believe that the main distinction between a mere genius and a true spiritual Teacher is that the mind of the latter responds *only* to the "breath of the divine Fiat," whereas the mere genius *sometimes* responds to the "strong terrestrial wind, impregnated with animal effluvia." Many men, alas! seem rarely to respond to anything else! We do not believe that it was the "breath of the divine Fiat . . . brushing softly over

the strings of pure silver" of Poe's Aeolian harp, when he wrote *The Murders in the Rue Morgue*, or *Annabel Lee*, or *The Raven*. Music there is, to be sure; but it is of the catgut variety. The divine breath is not to be found in charnel houses or "tombs by the sea." It is always present in the sunshine, on the mountain heights, or under Heaven's lightning, if you will; but it has naught to do with ravens and trained gorilla cut-throats. Most of Poe's word-pictures seem to be the echoes in a great intellect of the animal chords vibrating in anything but a wholesome manner. The same may be found in Dean Swift, as in that terrible *Modest Proposal* of his; and it is running all through Byron. Poor Byron! Is there a more pitiful spectacle in all literature? Cursed with a terrible heredity, revolting against cant, but without the self-control necessary to the true reformer, he plunged into excesses that were almost as disgusting as the hypocrisy which he abhorred. And yet the Divine did speak in him at times, as when he wrote:

What signifies *self*? . . . The mere selfish calculation ought never to be made on such occasions; and, at present, it shall not be computed by me. . . . I should almost regret that my own affairs went well, when those of nations are in peril.

And then, what a self-revelation is here! what an acknowledgment of the duality of human nature! —

Like the Chaldaean, he could watch the stars,
Till he had peopled them with beings bright
As their own beams; and earth, and earth-born jars,
And human frailties were forgotten quite:
Could he have kept his spirit to that flight
He had been happy; but this clay will sink
Its spark immortal, envying it the light
To which it mounts, as if to break the link
That keeps us from yon heaven which woos us to its brink.

What if poor Byron had had a Teacher like Katherine Tingley, whom he could forever love and honor, and who, with the tenderness of a mother and the wisdom of a Seer could have saved him from breaking "the link that keeps us from yon heaven which woos us to its brink." Does he not feel the need of such a Teacher, when he cries in bitterness, but at the same time with the courage of the hero:

And thus, untaught in youth my heart to tame,
My springs of life were poison'd. 'Tis too late!
Yet I am changed; though still enough the same
In strength to bear what time can not abate,
And feed on bitter fruits without accusing Fate.

Byron's life is to me one of the greatest lessons in the duality of human nature I have ever studied. Untaught in his youth his heart to tame, the springs of his life were poisoned, till it was too late! And he failed — or at best only partially succeeded in fulfilling his mission. Hypocrisy in his own country spurned him on account of his excesses — and yet read his pictures of vice in *Don Juan* with as much relish as they ate their juicy roast-beef! And Byron spat on hypocrisy, but neglected to purify himself. So *of course* he failed!

What might not a Teacher like Katherine Tingley have done for such a character as Byron, with a nature which was so strong in both directions? We can only speculate; but inasmuch as we are all miniature Byrons, we can tell what she has done for us. I believe the first lesson she would have taught him, would have been something that is as old as the ages — as indeed is Theosophy itself — but which in the light of the present discussion becomes something more than a mere figure of speech; to wit, that the body is the temple of the living Christ; or, as Novalis expresses it, "Every created man is a revelation in the flesh."

It is by teaching men so to live that they continually regard the body as the temple of the living Christ, that Katherine Tingley lays the foundation for a regenerated humanity. And with the student who has sincerely striven to profit by her teachings, this is not a mere theory — it is an ever-present consciousness; and one who so regards his body would no more think of allowing his appetites and selfish desires to run riot in his adytum, than the priestess of the temple of Apollo would permit her sanctuary to be desecrated by the degenerate bacchanalia or the wild frenzies of the Maenads.

In this connexion I am reminded of a warning given by H. P. Blavatsky to her students as to the delusions that often beset the path of those who seek spiritual knowledge half-heartedly. She writes:

There are those whose reasoning powers have been so distorted by foreign influences that they imagine that animal passions can be so sublimated and elevated that their fury, force and fire can, so to speak, be turned inwards; that they can be stored and shut up in one's breast, until their energy is, not expanded, but turned toward higher and more holy purposes; namely, *until their collective and unexpended strength enables their possessor to enter the true Sanctuary of the Soul and stand therein in the presence of the HIGHER SELF!* For this purpose they will not struggle with their passions nor slay them. They will simply, by a strong effort of will put down the fierce flames and keep them at bay within their natures, allowing the fire to smolder under a thin layer of ashes. They

submit joyfully to the torture of the Spartan boy who allowed the fox to devour his entrails rather than part with it. Oh, poor, blind visionaries!

As well hope that a band of drunken chimney-sweeps, hot and greasy from their work, may be shut up in a Sanctuary hung with pure white linen, and that instead of soiling and turning it by their presence into a heap of dirty shreds, they will become masters in and of the sacred recess, and finally emerge from it as immaculate as that recess.

Many people imagine that it is difficult to be a good Theosophist. They have a strange distorted notion that one must "give up" so much! The only things that I know of that a true Theosophist must give up, are those things which he is better off without. He must give up the "flesh-pots of Egypt," of course; but in giving them up he gets in return, without seeking it, what the whole world is looking for and rarely finds — health, peace and happiness. Theosophy requires nothing of any man except that he be what a man who is conscious of his divinity, of being something more than a thinking animal, *ought* to be. And any man who fails to be a Theosophist — even though he never heard of the name — pays the penalty for his transgression by that very transgression; for "as ye sow, so must ye also reap." William Q. Judge tells us:

The true road is plain and easy to find; it is so easy that very many would-be students miss it, because they cannot believe it to be so simple.

And H. P. Blavatsky says:

It is easy to become a Theosophist. Any person of average intellectual capacities, and a leaning toward the meta-physical; of pure, unselfish life, who finds more joy in helping his neighbor than in receiving help himself; one who is ever ready to sacrifice his own pleasures for the sake of other people; and who loves Truth, Goodness, and Wisdom for their own sake, not for the benefit they may confer — is a Theosophist.

And yet Theosophists are comparatively few; for the reason that none save him who endeavors to square his life to the above definition can properly be called a Theosophist. The strength of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society lies not in the number of its members, but in their earnestness and sincerity; for our three great Teachers have ever insisted that we do not make the great mistake of the majority of mankind in regarding moral precepts and practice as the least important element in their religion. Theosophy itself is synonymous with everlasting truth, and therefore imperishable; and "Theosophist is, who Theosophy does," said H. P. Blavatsky.

Theosophy teaches that it is in the mind that the great battle of life must be fought by every sincere disciple. The old axiom that "Two things cannot occupy the same place at the same time" is in constant use by our teachers in urging us to keep our minds ever filled with images of the good, the true and the beautiful. Hence it is that good music and high-class drama are such important factors in the Râja-Yoga education, as indeed are all the humanities. They are something more than the means of relaxation or than mere accomplishments. They serve to keep the mind filled with those thoughts and aspirations which give the higher nature a freer hand, if one may use such an expression, to rule this little kingdom of ours. One cannot very well imagine that a man whose mind was largely occupied with debating whether he would have pigsfeet or tenderloin for dinner — or both — could very well appreciate this beautiful fragment from *Lycidas*:

Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
 The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
 The white pink, and the pansy freak'd with jet,
 The glowing violet,
 The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
 With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
 And every flower that sad embroidery wears:
 Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
 And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
 To strew the laureat herse where Lycid lies.

And yet, how many people are there whose minds are continuously occupied with those things in life which tend to lift us from animalism and sordidness into spirituality and noble ideals? Not very many, I fear. Though they would perhaps be ashamed to admit it, it is none the less true that a goodly percentage of humanity have not advanced very far in their notions of worldly happiness from that described in the medieval legends as existing in the land of Cockayne, where the houses were made of cake and the shingles of pie-crust; where roasted geese turned themselves on the streets for the gourmands and buttered larks fell from the heavens with garlic in their bills to season themselves for the epicures! I suppose to bring it up to date to suit the taste of an American we would have to add that the beds were made of peanuts and popcorn, and the stairways of chewing-gum! We still have to be reminded sometimes that we eat to live, and not live to eat. I am ashamed to confess it, but I can well remember when, as a child,

I was invited to a party, and because there was no ice-cream and cake, when I got home I told my mother, when she asked me if I had enjoyed the party: "Why, Mama, they didn't have any party!" But I have been a Râja-Yoga student for fifteen years since then, and I hope I have learned better! And yet we must eat; there is no doubt about that. Indeed, I might say that perhaps the dietary system in vogue at the Point Loma institution is one of the greatest secrets of the remarkable standard of health — both mental and physical — which prevails in Lomaland.

In September 1913 Madame Tingley returned from a trip to Europe, whither she had gone to direct the International Theosophical Peace Congress at Visingsö, Sweden, and to take part in the Twentieth World's Peace Congress at The Hague. Accompanying her were a group of students from the Râja-Yoga College and Academy. At Boston Madame Tingley consented to give an interview to Miss Gertrude Stevenson, a staff reporter of the Boston *Traveler* and *Herald*. This little lady, like all pure-minded and honest people, loved Madame Tingley at first sight, and let her heart out in a very appreciative account of her interview in the papers she represented. In the Boston *Traveler* of September 15, 1913, appeared this interview, from which I quote the following:

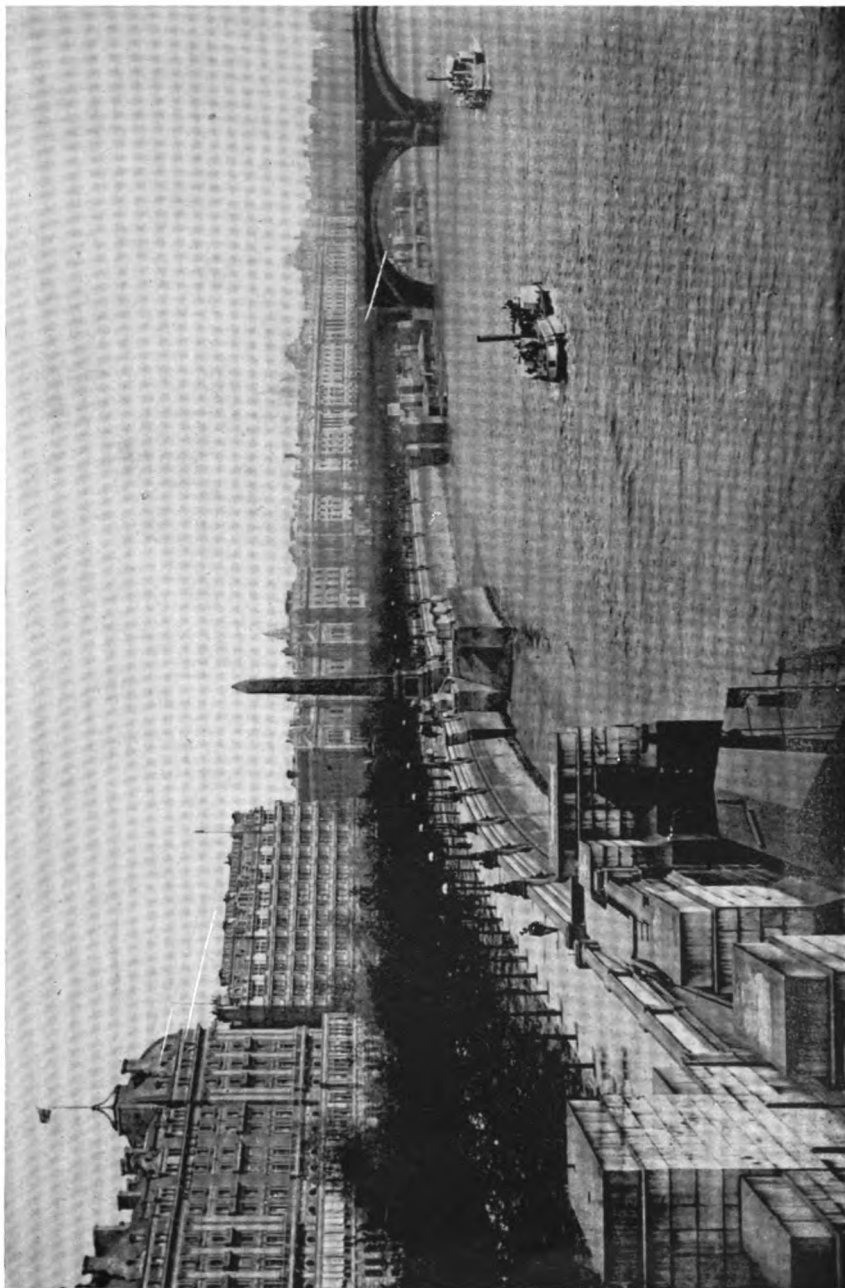
If the twenty-eight pupils who are Mrs. Tingley's companions are typical of the Râja-Yoga students, the Theosophical Leader has much to her credit. Never have I seen a finer group of young men and women in my life. Their carriage, their glowing health, their straightforward, direct gaze and their serene countenances can hardly be duplicated in any college group in the country. At the same time they are as husky, red-blooded specimens of humanity as any student of eugenics could require.

A day or two later, quite by accident, Miss Stevenson met this same group of Râja-Yoga students on the train. Among other things, she said: "In talking with Madame Tingley the other day, she said that she had a special system of dieting. Can you give me any further details on this matter? You know everybody is interested in 'eats.'" She was informed that Madame Tingley did not dogmatize on what we should eat and what we should not eat, more than she did on other subjects; that in the Râja-Yoga College no eating was allowed between meals, and the students soon found that they did not care to eat between meals: that the meals were served regularly and consisted of the most wholesome and nutritious food, cooked by volunteer

workers under the most sanitary conditions, under the supervision of the head physician of the institution. In fact we eat, in the right quantity, that food which is described in the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ* as attractive to the wise man; to wit:

The food which increases the length of days, vigor and strength, which keeps one free from sickness, of tranquil mind, and contented, and which is savory, nourishing, of permanent benefit and congenial to the body. . . .

“Do the Theosophists at Point Loma eat meat?” is a question often asked by interested inquirers. Some do and some do not — it is a matter of individual choice and evolution. But there are many Theosophists who feel that it is unethical to kill animals for food, especially when it is not absolutely essential to the restoration of health. And these Theosophists find it difficult to believe that anything which is unethical can, in the long run, be hygienic. But we do not go to extremes in this matter and make a dogma of it. We believe that if we do our full duty by our fellowmen and strive to follow the golden rule, matters of diet and outward practices are of secondary importance; or, perhaps we should say, are more a means than an end in themselves. But there are many Theosophists who believe that we become like what we feed upon, and who also know from personal experience that the eating of flesh or of rich foods of any kind, tends to strengthen the animal propensities and makes the path of self-conquest more difficult. Many a man who spends sleepless nights and is cross and disagreeable the following day, blind to the beauties of nature and indifferent to the nobler promptings of his heart, might trace back his insomnia and his bearishness to the well-garnished beefsteak and the heavy puddings he ate for supper the night before. If we feed ourselves like hogs, the chances are that we shall grow porcine in our tendencies; if we bolt our food like dogs, we are apt to be currish in other ways; if we are excessive meat-eaters, we need not be surprised to find ourselves growing more and more like the carnivora in other respects. At any rate, there seems to be nothing very illogical in believing this to be so, though it is not well to dogmatize on such matters; for there are no doubt times when a good physician — even a good theosophical physician — will recommend a meat diet as essential to the restoration of health; and, until we have evolved to a condition far superior to that in which most of us now find ourselves, let us by all means do as good doctors tell us to do.



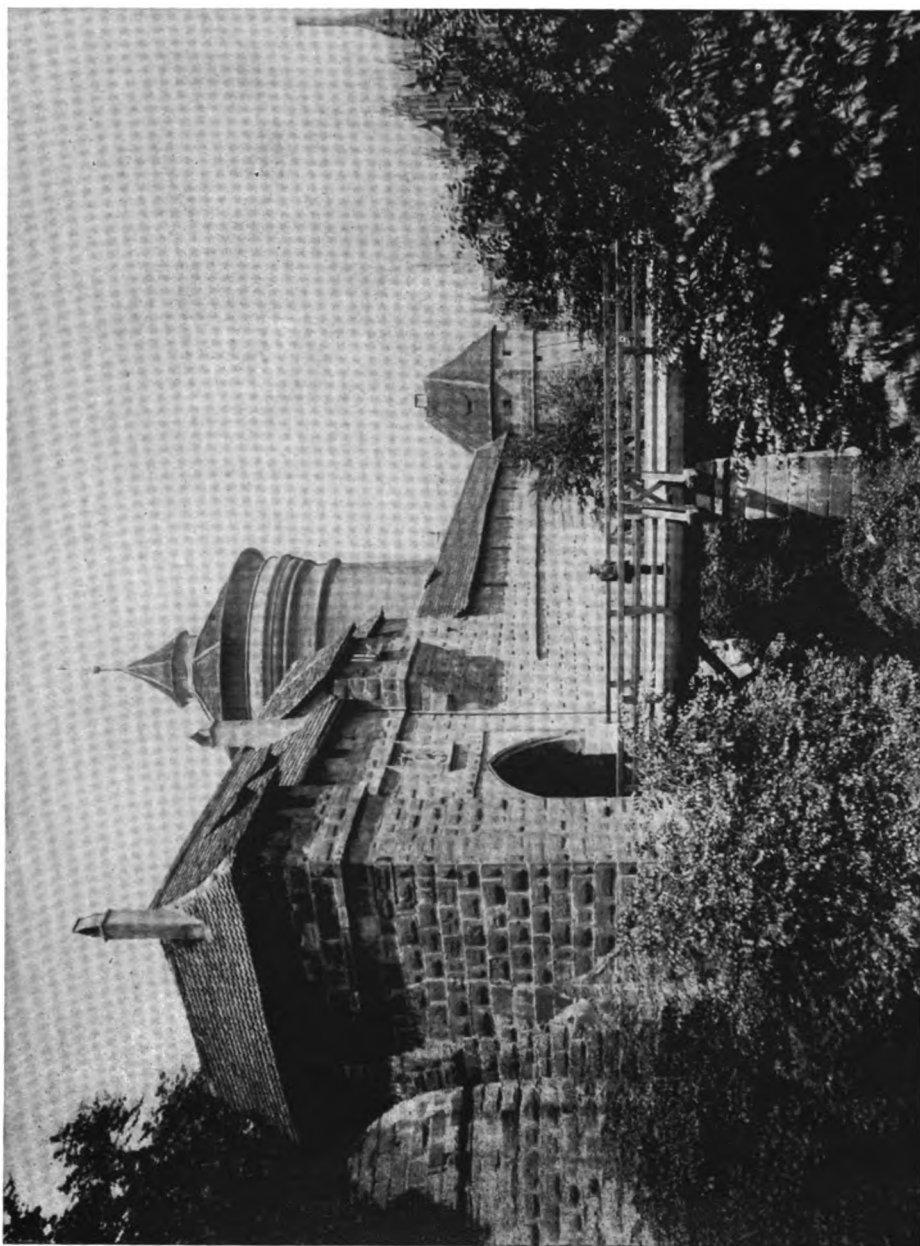
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THAMES EMBANKMENT AND CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE, LONDON



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

OLD WIER BRIDGE; KILLARNEY



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

THE "FRAUENTOR" AND ONE OF THE MEDIEVAL BUILDINGS, NÜRNBERG, GERMANY

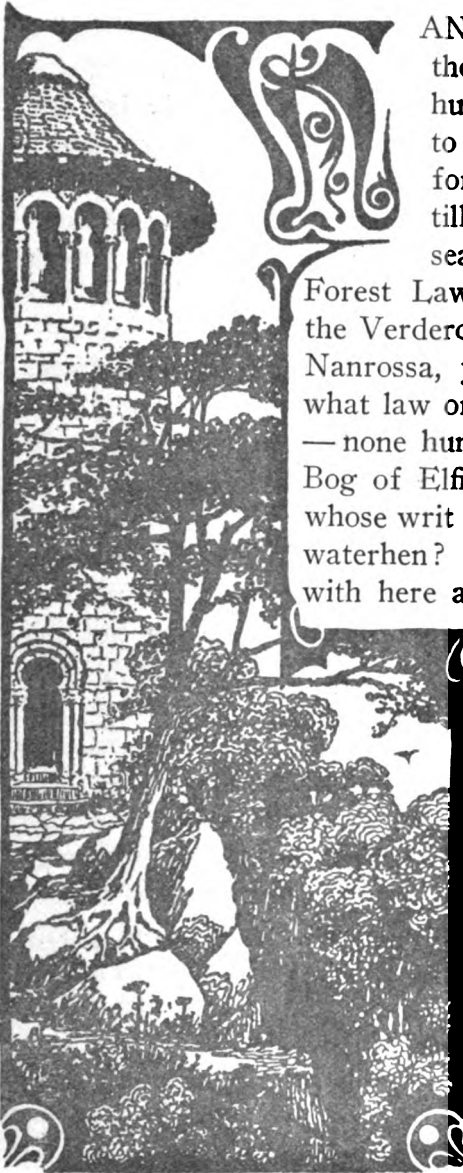


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THE PELLERHOF, NÜRNBERG

THE SAINT AND THE FOREST-GODS: by Evan Snowdon

(With Pen and Ink Drawings by R. Macell)



NANROSSA TOWER is far and far in the wilderness: you should journey a hundred miles from it before you came to cultivated land. And then only to forest villages, with their few acres of tilled clearing: mere islands in the great sea of trees or moorland, governed by Forest Law, and subject to the court leet of the Verderors. And they were all westward of Nanrossa, you must understand; dear knows what law or ruling might hold, to the east of it — none human, 'tis certain. For there lay the Bog of Elfinmere, where no man came; — and whose writ shall run among coot and bittern and waterhen? Five hundred miles of reedy lakes, with here and there an eyot — aldered for the most part, but the larger of them oak-grown sometimes; leagues on leagues of mossland, emerald green or golden, and utterly treacherous to the footsole; yellow water-flags, and quietude, and the darting of the dragonfly; long desolations of black quagmire; pleasant places for the crane and the heron; rush-rimmed pools for the frog's diving, the waterfly's sliding, the glassing of heaven and its blueness and wandering clouds: — all this, and solitude for five hundred miles, and the silence of all human voices.

It stands high on its crag, does Nanrossa Tower; yet before Saint Cilian came there, I doubt if human eyes had lighted on it since ancient and forgotten times. Before he came — or since he died, for that matter; for its loneliness has not departed. From the face of the marsh one might see it; but from nowhere, I think, on the floor of the forest; by reason of the roofage

of verdure or thick fretwork of winter tree-tops overhead, even on the highest of the hills; — open glades there are none in those parts. To the heron, flying eastward from his high nest to his hunting ground in the bogland, it would be the landmark of landmarks; but if any forester were to stray or venture so deep into the abodes of wizardry, he might pass right under it without dreaming of its nearness. None willingly came within thirty miles of it; it was but a legend in the forest villages: a name whereat to cross oneself; an element of fear. None came into the Hills of Nanrossa at all; since it was rumored from of old that beyond them lay Elfinmere, perilous alike, it was said, to body and soul.

Sheer fell the crag, two hundred feet from the bases of the tower down into the Gap of Nanrossa, through which ran a road builded by the men of old; a paved road it had been, but now, and long since, the stones were covered deep in green turf. The gap itself was not so wide but that one might have shot an arrow easily from one steep hillside to the other; and the great tide of the forest, that covered all the hills, flowed down through it to the very edge of the marshland, a quarter mile or so beyond; so that from the tower one saw nothing of the road, but only the rustling billows of leafage below, or in winter the bare, purple-brown tops of the beeches and oaks. As for the road, it turned northward beyond the gap, and ran on between the tree-clad hills and the marshland; it was the Old Road, they say, from Camelot to Babylon; but no one traversed it in those days.

No men, that is — except once Saint Cilian; but Gods many, certainly. For this was a very magical region; and you should have heard, had you the ears for it, strange windings of the horn, by day and night, among the wooded Hills of Nanrossa. You should have felt at noonday the passage of serene presences among the great trees; at twilight you should have seen, perhaps, shadowy flame-forms of azure or purple, with for hair a nimbus hued like the peacock's tail or the golden splendor of sunset, passing a gleam over shining meres in the marshland, setting a hush and quiver of adoration on reeds and rushes and alder-leaves. Or you might have seen wondrous beings, breathless, intent, beautiful, when dawn like a shining kingcup bloomed out of radiant soft mists of iris-gray and lavender: Gods of the marshes, wide-eyed and meditative; — or again, you might have seen among the trees the Rain Gods of the Forest, that go hurrying away quietly over the gracious dripping fern and the dark green-

ness of the hollies. Always, if you were gifted for the seeing, of course! For these Nanrossa Hills and this Bog of Elfinmere were in those days, I think, the very archeus of all woodland God-dom; and therefore it was meet that they should be shunned and feared by men. For the Beautiful and Mighty will have their haunts secret and sacred at all times; haunts that tempt no discoverers, and offer no lure to trade; and that shall remain a blank on the maps, till the Gods desire to leave them in quest of new lands that have been prepared.

Who built Nanrossa Tower, who can say? Belike some vanished race: the same that made the road for Arthur betwixt Camelot and Babylon: giants or dwarfs of old time, before the Gods came into those regions and made the hills and bogland their own. There Saint Cilian found it, when driven by faith he journeyed westward out of Babylon; there, I think, you should find it now. Seven long years Saint Cilian journeyed, seeking a site for supreme spiritual adventures; then, passing at last between the hills and the mere, he knew that he had come into the realm he sought. I cannot say how it was that the unseen guardians of the place allowed him to pass; certainly his faith was transcendent — and unselfish, as you shall hear; perhaps there was a quality in it that disarmed, or even appealed to them. At any rate, after seven days more of journeying, he came to the tower; and found it weather-tight and habitable, as it is (I doubt not) to this day. Three stories, and a stone staircase within; first, a room like a cave, with a kind of hearth and opening in the wall for a flue on the western side; no casements here, but all light through the doorless doorway on the south. Here one could make one's fire, do such cooking and eating as might be necessary, live during the daytime (on wet days), and entertain stray wanderers, should any chance to seek shelter in passing. Above, and reachable by the uneven staircase built out from the wall, a cell-like bare room where one might lay one's bedding of dry bracken; a trap-door over the opening by which one entered, secured one by night from over-lusty visitations of the wind, and from such prowling things as can climb stairs; there were no casements here again, but light — such as it was — from the stair-opening into the floor above. For there, in that topmost room, the walls were all of crystal under the slanting and in-curved roof; one could look forth thence over half a hundred miles of the marsh and over the great range of forest hills; it was the chamber of chambers for Saint Cilian's devotions, and for them and them only, he used it.

They were by no means of the common kind; nor had been any time since he came to Nanrossa to fight the battles of the Lord. He was a young man then: nervous and high-strung, and his heart all in the otherworld. There had been kindly womenfolk about him at home: a mother who fain would have persuaded him to do his battling in Babylon — as if that were possible; a young wife who watched his inward unpeace with agonized anxiety; gentle sisters, Muriel, Elaine and Rosemary. There were strong, forbearing brothers also: tall Philibert and Vanfred and Egan; soldiers the two younger, and the elder a merchant; all three, very kindly and patiently, trying to win him into the unilluminated, or as they said, into the sane walks of life. All in vain! nothing would serve Cilian but sainthood; which, heaven knows, is not to be won in Babylon. In that rose-hued gorgeous opulence of shame and glory there is no peace to fight the battles of the Lord; you must have loneliness, and the desert where the demons are. You must look deeper for the root of evil than in mere human sins and splendors: *Good and Evil* is as much as to say *Churchdom and Pagandom*. Here be the saints and angels of the one; there, the Gods — say devils — of the other; and *voilà* the two eternal elements in the Battles of the Lord. So thought young Cilian; and therefore would seek out the Gods of the pagan in their own haunts, and in the name of Monotheos launch daily curses at them. By multiplied anathema he doubted not, possessing faith to shame any grain of self-respecting mustardseed, either to make existence much too hot for them, or to drive them penitent at last into the folds of the Church. Then the Lord would have triumphed forever; sin would wither on its broken stalk; and humanity, by no effort of its own, so to say, would be irretrievably saved. I declare to you that such was Saint Cilian's idea when he set forth from the great city, and when he came at length to Nanrossa, and went to work.

Every dawn would find him in that topmost, crystal-walled chamber, his face turned eastward towards the marsh, busily cursing the Gods who dwelt in Elfinmere; every sunset would find him there, facing the splendor or quietude above the hills, and fulminating against the Gods of the Forest. At first it produced a mighty eloquence in him, such as none nowadays might hope to rival: the words leaped from his lips lurid and blasting; it was a year and more before any squirrel within earshot became used to it, and unafraid. A terrible time, one would think, for the poor deities; and a marvel that any of them

should have survived a month of it; since the Church knew no dreadful formula, but Saint Cilian rolled it forth twice daily; besides which he had a many, and bloodcurdling ones, of his own. — But sooth to say, the Gods have much business to attend to; and their ears, belike, are not attuned to all kinds of hearing. It was forty years or more before they discovered him at all.

Forty years of Their sweet rain and sunshine and soft mists, Their nights starry or storm-ridden; forty years of wandering in the hallowed places, seeking whinberries and whortleberries, cranberries and blackberries and mushrooms, or gathering bracken for his



bed, or fallen boughs for his firing; forty years of working in his little garden before the door of the tower, tending his bees and his beans —

“Nine bean rows he had there, and a hive for the honey bee” — or of paddling on the mere in his hollowed log, or wading in the marsh after eels; forty years of silence (save for the daily anathematizing), and of solitude (except for the wild things of the forest) — had wrought a deal of change in Saint Cilian. He was no longer the sickly neuropath, but physically strong and wholesome; the Church was separated from him by infinite horizons; churchly bitterness had grown quite dim in him; the daily cursings had become mechanical. Had you listened, you should have heard the words jumbled not a little, and stumbling one against the other; faith no longer prompted them, but mindless habit. Indeed, thought (or what commonly goes by the name) was coming to be silenced in him entirely, and giving place to the moods we share with the Mighty Mother. Slowly the

forest influences penetrated him; slowly the wonder of the sky, the mystery of the marshland, sunk into his being. The murmur of the trees wrought in him more than peace; when the evenings of August brooded golden over the beech-tops, he heard the Ancient breathing amidst the hills. When the faint rose dawns of winter blushed over the dim whiteness of mists and snows, he knew what wizard divinity ponders and broods over the faint world. He forgot the battles of the



Lord, and came instead into that "which passeth understanding"; the acridity of religion, transmuted, had become in him kindliness and wonder. The wounded wolf would limp into his day-chamber, and he would tend it and heal its wounds; the rabbits would patter in, in the quiet of the evening, creep on to his knees or under his hands, and nestle against him as he sat before his fire; and they would watch the flame or red glow without fear, and nourish upon his silence and friendliness heaven knows what dim rabbit cogitations; as though they had been children hearkening to a tale from him. The squirrels he had so frightened at first, now might be found at any time a-perch

upon his shoulder. The shyest of fawns would walk beside him in the wood, his arm caressingly about the neck of her; the great red stag, coming upon him brooding among the mossy roots of a beech-tree, would nuzzle him, appealing to be stroked, or to have its splendid head patted or scratched. Even the wild boar would take crab-apples friendlily from his hands; and the mother beasts would bring their young about him, and be quite untroubled when he picked up the little ones to pet them. He had become clean, whole and natural; wholesome part and parcel of the life of the forest and the mere.

Then at last, when all religious taint had gone from him, and he knew no emotion but forest wonder and worship and love, the Gods took note of him. Borion of the Golden Flame, he who rides westward over the marshes at dawn, heard his voice at cursing in Nanrossa Tower, and stopped, and looked curiously at him; "A saint, to judge by crucifix and rosary," mused Borion; "and yet —." Then at last, when Cilian went up to the high ridge to gather cones, Phenit Fire-heart, the Fir-God, saw him — walking side by side with a wild sow, and cooing and chuckling very amicably to the piglings. Then at last wise Darron the Aged discovered him, asleep one summer noon under the oaks of his own inmost and holiest grove; Cilian must have dozed or meditated there a thousand times before, but this was the first the Oak-God had seen of him. And Taimaz the Dew Queen became aware of him, among the bracken on the margin of the marsh; and far out on the mere, Gwernlas, Lady of the Alders, learned to discern his presence as he paddled his log among her islands, fishing; or as he waded in the shallow places after the eels. And from these, the rumor went up to the council of the greater Gods that there was one in the forest, not immortal of race as they were; that spoke, when he spoke at all — at dawn and sunset — in a tongue incomprehensible even to those Gods who knew all human languages; one whose cross and beads proclaimed him a saint, but who was harmless and fit for the forest none the less.

Thereafter word went forth that note should be taken of this Saint Cilian, and a measure of inspiration lent him. So divine visitants sometimes would gather and listen while he cursed them; they would hover unseen about the tower as he launched his jumbled anathemas, and guess at his meaning. For these were of course but local and lesser deities; the Masters of the Stars were elsewhere. "It is clear that he prays not for his own salvation," they said "or he would

have polluted the forest before now." They perceived that he desired the good of the world, and therefore was on their side with them: "This is a marvelous thing in a saint," they said.

And at such times Saint Cilian would feel a wonderful glow in his heart. The air about him would dance and be like diamonds with joy and quickened life; he felt dimly that he had done great things for the Lord and for man. Language was becoming an unfamiliar thing to him now; had a human being met him in the forest, Saint Cilian could scarcely have found words wherewith to greet or answer him. Indeed, I doubt if he would have felt the need of speech at all; rather, I think, he would have gone about to converse as he conversed with the wild things: merely pouring out in silence, or in grunts and chuckles, good will and delight and affection.

"He even helps us in our work," said the Gods. "He understands the great language: the sky and the winds and the waters communicate with him: and thus in his way he is a link between ourselves and the human race to which he belongs."

So now, after sixty years of it, Saint Cilian felt the Holy Presences about him always on his wanderings. He considered that the angels of God were passing amongst the ancient trees; that heavenly messengers went by, whispering the mysteries of the Kingdom, as he paddled his log on the waters. He went to his devotions with new avidity: using the wreckage of churchly anathema for words, but pouring out through it worship of the beautiful, desire for the salvation of the world.

Seventy years passed, and he was an old man now, driving on his hundred, and failing. Borion, riding up out of the east at dawn, oft-times heard no imprecations as he passed the tower; Gwernlas the Alder Queen missed him in the marsh; Phenit looked for him in vain in the fir-woods, except rarely. Then came a terrible winter, and old Saint Cilian found it too much even to crawl up to his bed-chamber at nightfall, to spend the dark hours there shivering and coughing; much less could he mount higher to curse. But he was beyond being troubled, now, by these temporal things.

He would fall asleep before his fire; day and night alike he would sit there nodding; waking a little and sleeping again, and always a-dream. Beasts with shaggy coats would come in, stand over him and nestle against him, lick his face and hands, doing their utmost to keep him from the cold and the wind. Not even the bright fire on the

hearth scared them; and their predatory instincts slept in his presence. You might have seen at the same time, wolf acting as couch for him, and fallow deer as screen to shelter him from the draught.

But how was it that the fire was always burning; what unseen hands replenished it day and night with logs? And how was it that the little store of beans and dried vegetables from his garden, of honey from his hives, never gave out; that the stone flags of his day-chamber were thickly carpeted always with dry bracken and pine needles; that there was always food and drink ready to his hand when he needed it? He did not know; it never appeared to him to call for surprise.

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It was night; outside, below and on the hilltops, the trees were frantic billows tossing on the wind; great branches, and often giant trunks and all, went crashing to the ground; thick snow was whirling on the maniac wind. Saint Cilian nodded and dreamed. He was ill . . . or had been ill, and was now recovering: was in that stage of recovery when one makes no effort, thinks of nothing, but lies back and enjoys painless ease, one's body light as the air, one's mind content with vacuity. "Mother," says he, "how soft the bed is." —"Yes, my darling," she answers; and lays the hand of cool peace on his brow. —"Ah, and there art thou, my Mary; I thought—I dreamed—" It is the young wife that has his hand in hers. And there in the gloom and flicker he sees Muriel and Elaine and Rosemary; and tall Philibert and Vanfred and Egan his brothers; all their faces full of care and kindness and love. He smiled at each of them, wonderfully happy to have them about him. —"I thought . . . I dreamed . . ." he began; "it seems such ages since . . ." —"Hush, hush!" they murmur; "thou wilt be well anon, dear one."

He lies in great peace and ease, watching the flame leap and flicker and cast its light on their beautiful faces . . . that change as he watches them, growing more beautiful, more august, and still more kindly. . . . Suddenly he raises himself up, a look of triumph shining out on his face. "Ah, no!" he whispers; "that was a dream . . . a dream of very long ago; . . . and I am an old man . . . and I am dying; and ye are . . . ah, Beautiful and Gracious Ones, ye are the Angels of the Lord!"


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The flame died on the hearth, quite suddenly; and with it, all

warmth and glow out of the ashes. The rabbits that had been creeping about him, and nestling in his bosom, leaped down from him, and scuttered away with little runs and pauses into the night and the storm. The old she-wolf, on whose shaggy side he had been pillowed, rose, sniffed at the fallen corpse, howled dismally, and trotted out. The stag, whose body had been sheltering him from the wind, had made a dash for the safety of the forest already.

But Phenit and Darron, and Borion of the Golden Flame, and the Dew Queen and the Lady of the Alders and their companions, went out on their rainbow path from the silence of the tower, radiant into the darkness and the tempest. "Poor little child-soul of a saint!" they said. "He was wonderfully harmless and kindly. . . ."

FREEDOM: by a Student

 HE place was very chilly and I felt the chill settling "into my bones." I did not want a bad cold or an attack of fever of some sort, so I made that kind of internal effort of positivizing the body which one does make in trying to resist an invading chill. I was sleepy, too, and knew that if I withdrew into sleep and left the body to itself I should wake with the cold well in residence. So, sustaining myself awake and positive, all went well.

From which I understand how the self is really the sustainer of the bodily vital currents, putting forth his sustaining guidance by a steady effort of which he is not conscious because of its continuousness, and that what I had done was only a conscious intensification of this permanent under-conscious work. And also that death is merely the ceasing of the self to make this under-conscious effort any more, and his departure into freedom from this labor. Death is freedom, and freedom from this arduous task of bodily life must be a great joy.

But there is a freedom along another line which we ought to be able to get during bodily life and which, if got, would do much to offset the continued drain upon under-conscious attention which the guidance of the bodily life demands.

I was hungry and found my body hurrying of itself, of its own will, towards the restaurant. I of course was also willing; but I could see that the body's will was quite an addition to mine. For the sensation would have been very different if I had been going, say,

to my daily work — an errand in which no bodily appetite would be interested. So my body led me — and I let it — to the restaurant. How many a man's body leads him — even *against* his will, sometimes — to the beer saloon! This much more, then, can be understood of freedom — that it would mean perfect rulership of bodily appetite, indeed unconsciousness of these appetites if there was any important and urgent work filling the mind.

One can understand an extension of this freedom. For one's *mind* drags one wherever it will, into thoughts and memories that are painful as well as into thoughts and memories and anticipations that one is willing or glad to have. The mind never ceases, in all the hours from waking to sleep, never ceases to drag us, sometimes willing, often not, along with it in its current of changeful thought. This is so incessant that it appears to us quite the natural thing and mostly we raise no complaint nor think of raising any. We call it our own thinking, not considering that it goes on of itself when we have not set it in any particular direction. But at times the thoughts or memories are objectionable or painful and then we may groan about our slavery.

Freedom would therefore consist in perfect control of the mind-flow as to where it shall go or whether it shall go anywhere. That would be freedom for the Self, which, turning back from the mind, could then realize who and what he was, and his immortality, and why he is in this life, and what is the nature of the upper life, the deeper life that the mind-flow left to itself can never understand.

But the getting of this freedom takes time and practice. In deep dreamless sleep, the old Teachers said, we have this true freedom. But because the brain is not then conscious, and registers practically nothing, we cannot bring back into it, or reflect down into it, the knowledge of ourselves and of life that for the time we have or are in.


But in the times of practice of deep mind-silence we keep the brain conscious, though without letting it work on its own account. And then the knowledge of all realities and of our immortality that is latent in us, that has not come forth so that we can see it in the mind and know it in that way, *can* come forth and shape itself into thought and become fully present before us. With mind thus trained we can draw out from ourselves and make known to ourselves our hidden knowledge of that world and state of which ordinary mind-action keeps us ignorant. Having it we know it not. To know it is the reward of the practice of mind-silence, which is freedom.

PAPERS OF THE SCHOOL OF ANTIQUITY

THE SCHOOL OF ANTIQUITY shall be an Institution where the laws of universal nature and equity governing the physical, mental, moral and spiritual education will be taught on the broadest lines. Through this teaching the material and intellectual life of the age will be spiritualized and raised to its true dignity; thought will be liberated from the slavery of the senses; the waning energy in every heart will be reanimated in the search for truth; and the fast dying hope in the promise of life will be renewed to all peoples. — *From the School of Antiquity Constitution, New York, 1897.*

ALLEGORY IN ANTIQUITY: by Fred. J. Dick, M. Inst. C. E. (School of Antiquity)

THE development of myths can no more be explained by the natural phenomena to which life is subject, than the formation of language can by the cries of the animals around us, or the sounds of the wind.— *C. C. J. Baron Bunsen*

HE interpretation of allegory in antiquity is a subject rather too extensive to be adequately considered in one or many lectures, when we take into account the light thrown thereon by Theosophy. Tonight, therefore, it is proposed to take one alone of such allegories and examine somewhat of its real significance.

A prevalent attitude of mind regarding mythology, as evinced in such works as *Primordial Man*, by Dr. A. Churchward, or *Sun Lore of all Ages*, by W. T. Olcott, has been that it all arose in the imagination of primitive savages, from the mere observation of ordinary meteorological or astronomical phenomena. Thus we are told that the gods of Egypt were evolved from the interior consciousness of African pygmies, who are alleged to be the modern representatives of primitive man. And so the ancient mysteries would be nothing but a perpetuation of pygmy imaginings, which imaginings are nevertheless stated to be the source of the *sublime* mysteries of Masonry, and in short of all our ideas about Nature, God, and Creation generally. All based on pygmy imaginings and solar myths.

Primitive savages, therefore, viewed as creators of the vast literature of the East upon Cosmogony, as well as original inspirers of the literature, cosmogony, mythology and symbolism of Egypt and Greece, must be conceded to have possessed gifts of imagination far exceeding anything recorded during the past five or ten thousand years. Seeing that the solar-myth people are usually of the class which regards mind as the result of chemical reactions, the problem of why poetic and creative imagination was more in evidence among primordial pygmies than at any time since they are supposed to have formed the sole

population of the earth, becomes an interesting one. The very existence of this problem being apparently hardly suspected, one might venture on a tentative solution.

Lemma: Among the first effects of chemical reaction, when casually occurring in primitive human forms, is the endowment of the said forms with superlative imaginative powers. And secondly, as the ages roll on, this surprising chemical property of matter gradually loses its efficacy, finally resulting in almost complete disappearance of literary, artistic, philosophical or imaginative qualities from the make-up of modern civilization.

That this theory is not utterly devoid of basis in fact may be judged from the poverty-stricken productions of our times, whether called scientific, literary, or what not. So that our respect for the primordial savage increases. At least he had imagination — even if merely chemical. While we have none at all. Instead, we have a mechanical gift of classifying and labeling things with long learned names, and a corresponding tendency to live entirely in a mechanistic world.

But assuming that after extended investigation it should be discovered that there were giants and Titans on earth anterior to the pygmies, and high civilizations contemporaneous with various stages of savage life in different parts, even in — let us say — Miocene times; and further, that the outlines of allegory among Mexicans, Indians, African pygmies and so on, should prove to be dim and distorted reminiscences of great truths known to other and higher preceding races, and not at all merely materialistic and more or less childish meteorological fables, or solar myths based on the most obvious daily phenomena known to everyone from earliest infancy — then our confidence in the foregoing lemma might be rudely shaken.

And so, in order to arrive at some comprehension of an allegory like that of Prometheus, one has perforce to push his investigations into the region of fundamentals. On following out this, we find that the real teaching transmitted to all antiquity as well as to those of the present day who are prepared for it, formulated three fundamental propositions. These are:

(a) An omnipresent, eternal, boundless, and immutable principle on which all speculation is impossible, since it transcends the power of human conception and could only be dwarfed by any human expression or similitude. It is the one absolute reality which antecedes all manifested, conditioned being. Seen from below, or from without, it

has two aspects: pre-Cosmic Ideation and pre-Cosmic Substance.

(b) The eternity of the Universe in toto as a boundless plane; periodically "the playground of numberless universes incessantly manifesting and disappearing," called "the manifesting stars," and the "sparks of eternity." "The Eternity of the Pilgrim" is like a wink of the Eye of Self-Existence. "The appearance and disappearance of worlds is like regular tides of flux and reflux."

(c) The fundamental identity of all Souls with the Universal Over-Soul, the latter itself being *an aspect* of the Unknown Root; and the obligatory pilgrimage for every Soul — a spark of the former — through the Cycle of Incarnation in accordance with cyclic and Karmic law, during the whole term. In other words, no purely divine Soul can have independent conscious existence before the spark which issued from the pure Essence of the Universal Over-Soul has (1) passed through every elemental form of the phenomenal world of that particular Cycle, and (2) acquired individuality, first by natural impulse, and then by self-induced and self-devised efforts (checked by its Karma), thus ascending through all the degrees of intelligence, from the lowest to the highest plane of Creative Mind. *The pivotal doctrine of this philosophy admits no privileges or special gifts in man, save those won by his own Ego through personal effort and merit throughout a long series of metempsychoses and reincarnations.*¹

To those who have given attention to such subjects as logic, metaphysics, philosophy and comparative religion, the foregoing propositions will when carefully examined be found based upon philosophical necessity, and contained — though often in misleading guise — in every system of thought or philosophy worthy of the name.

In the current period of manifested life there were long aeons of ethereal evolution and involution before the Earth reached the stage called incrustation, over 300 million years ago, during which aeons Spirit-Substance directed by Cosmic Ideation was being woven into robes of various kinds. Finally in the fourth great round of the earth's formation, wherein ethereal man was the first to appear, instead of succeeding the lower kingdoms as in previous rounds, we reach at length the time of the third Root-Race, when the human form, still to some degree ethereal, was in possession of physical, astral, life and emotional principles, but as yet without mind.

1. Cf. *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 14-17.

Consequently at the period of separation of the sexes it begat anomalous offspring, until its physiological nature had adjusted its instincts in the right direction. Men realized the unfitness of what they had done only when too late: after the angelic monads from higher spheres had incarnated in, and endowed them with understanding. These higher and divine beings were doomed by the law of Karma and evolution to be reborn on earth. That is, the supposed "rebels" had to make responsible thinking entities of the more or less ethereal forms projected by their inferior brethren — the Elohim of *Genesis*, to wit — which forms would otherwise have had to linger for countless ages in irresponsible, animal-like, though in appearance human, forms.

"Man must not be like one of us," said the creative gods (Elohim) entrusted with the fabrication of the lower animal, *but* higher. They *would* not, simply because they *could* not, give to man that sacred spark which burns and expands into the flower of human reason and self-consciousness, for they had it not to give. This was left to that class of Beings who became symbolized in Greece under the name of Prometheus — a class who had naught to do with the physical body, yet everything with the purely spiritual man.³

According to a pernicious theological dogma mankind is supposed to suffer under a curse.⁴ But creative powers in man were the gift of divine wisdom, not the result of sin. Nor was the curse brought on mankind by the Fourth Race, for the comparatively sinless Third Race, the still more gigantic antediluvians, had perished in the same way; hence the Deluge was no punishment, but simply a result of a periodical and geological law. Nor was the curse of Karma called down upon them for seeking natural union, as all the mindless animal world does in its proper seasons; but, for abusing the creative power, for desecrating the divine gift, and wasting the life-essence for no purpose except bestial personal gratification. When understood, the third chapter of *Genesis* will be found to refer to the Adam and Eve of the closing Third and the commencing Fourth Races. In the beginning, conception was as easy for women as it was for all animal creation. Nature had never intended that woman should bring forth her young ones "in sorrow." Since that period, however, during the evolution of the Fourth Race, there came enmity between its seed, and the "Serpent's" seed — that is, between the seed or product of *Kar-*

3. Cf. *ibid.*, II, 93-4-5.

4. Cf. *ibid.*, II, 410 *et seq.*

ma and divine wisdom. The holy mystery of procreation was turned into animal gratification; hence the law of Karma "bruised the *heel*" of the Atlantean race, by gradually changing physiologically, morally, physically, and mentally, the whole nature of the Fourth Race of mankind, until, from the healthy King of animal creation of the Third Race, man became in the Fifth, our race, a helpless, scrofulous being, and has now become the wealthiest heir on the globe to constitutional and hereditary diseases, the most consciously and intelligently bestial of all animals!

This is the real CURSE from the physiological standpoint, almost the only one touched upon in Jewish esotericism. How wise and grand, how far-seeing and morally beneficent are the laws of Manu on connubial life, when compared with the license tacitly allowed to man in "civilized" countries! In the Punjab, for instance, where the lethal influence of Mohammedan, and later on of European licentiousness, has hardly touched the orthodox Aryan castes, one still finds the finest men — so far as stature and physical strength go — on the whole globe; whereas the mighty men of old have found themselves replaced in the Dekhan, and especially in Bengal, by men whose generation becomes with every century (and almost with every year) dwarfed and weakened.

And thus the intellectual evolution in its progress hand in hand with the physical, has certainly been a curse instead of a blessing — a curse instead of a gift quickened by the "Lords of Wisdom," who have poured on the human *manas* the fresh dew of their own spirit and essence. The divine Titan has then suffered in vain; and one feels inclined to regret his benefaction to mankind, and sigh for those days so graphically depicted by Aeschylus, in the allegory of *Prometheus Bound*, when, at the close of the first Titanic age (the age that followed that of ethereal man), nascent, physical mankind, still mindless and (physiologically) senseless, is described as —

Seeing, they saw in vain;
Hearing, they heard not; but like shapes in dreams,
Through the long time all things at random mixed.

Thus the "Sons of the Flame of Wisdom" (personified by the Greeks in Prometheus) may well, in the injustice of the human heart, be left unrecognised and unthanked. They may, in our ignorance of the truth, be indirectly cursed for Pandora's gift: but to find themselves proclaimed and declared by the mouth of the clergy, the EVIL

ONES, is too heavy a Karma for "Him" "who dared alone"—when Zeus "ardently desired" to quench the entire human race—who dared alone to save "that mortal race" from perdition, or, as the suffering Titan is made to say:

From sinking blasted down to Hades' gloom.
For this by these dire tortures I am bent,
Grievous to suffer, piteous to behold,
I who did mortals pity! . . .

The chorus remarking very pertinently:

Vast boon was this thou gavest unto mortals . . .

Prometheus answers:

Yea, and besides 'twas I that gave them fire.

CHOR. Have now these short-lived creatures flame-eyed fire?

PROM. Ay, and by it full many arts will learn . . .

But, with the arts, the fire received has turned into the greatest curse: the animal element, and *consciousness* of its possession, has changed periodical instinct into chronic animalism and sensuality. The animal world, having simple instinct to guide it, has its seasons of procreation, and the sexes become neutralized during the rest of the year. Therefore, the free animal knows sickness but once in its life—before it dies.

It is this animalism which hangs over humanity like a heavy funereal pall. Thus arises the responsibility of free-will; the Titanic passions which represent humanity in its darkest aspect; "the restless insatiability of the lower passions and desires, when, with self-asserting violence, they bid defiance to the restraints of law."

Prometheus having endowed man, according to Plato's *Protagoras*, with that "wisdom which ministers to physical well-being," but the lower aspect of *manas* of the animal (*Kâma*) having remained unchanged, instead of "an untainted mind, heaven's first gift," as Aeschylus says, there was created the eternal vulture of the ever unsatisfied desire, of regret and of despair, coupled with "the dreamlike feebleness that fetters the blind race of mortals," (lines 558-560), unto the day when Prometheus is released by his heaven-appointed deliverer, Hercules.

Some Christians have tried to connect this drama prophetically with the coming of the Nazarene. No greater mistake could be made. The true student, pursuer of wisdom and worshiper of absolute per-

fection — the unknown deity which is neither Zeus nor Jehovah — will demur to such an idea. Pointing to antiquity he will prove that there never was an *original* sin, but only an abuse of physical intelligence — the psychic being guided by the animal, and both putting out the light of the spiritual. He will say: "Study wisdom in the old dramas — the Indian and the Greek; read carefully one enacted on the theaters of Athens 2400 years ago, namely, Aeschylus' drama of *Prometheus Bound*."

This Mythos belongs neither to Hesiod nor Aeschylus; but, as Bunsen says, it "is older than the Hellenes themselves," for it belongs, in truth, to the dawn of human consciousness. The *Crucified* Titan is the personified symbol of the collective Logos, the "Host," and of the "Lords of Wisdom" or the HEAVENLY MAN, who incarnated in Humanity. Moreover, as his name *Pro-metheus*, meaning "he who sees before him," or futurity, shows — among the arts he devised and taught to humanity, psychological insight was not the least. For as he complains to the daughters of Okeanos:

Of prophecies the various modes I fixed,
And among dreams did first discriminate
The truthful vision . . . and mortals guided
To a mysterious art . . .
All arts to mortals from Prometheus came. . . .

The subject of Aeschylus' drama is fairly well known. The demi-god robs the gods (the Elohim) of their secret — the mystery of the *creative fire*. For this sacrilegious attempt he is struck down by KRONOS. Now Kronos means time, and thus the allegory becomes very suggestive. Prometheus is delivered unto Zeus, the FATHER and creator of a mankind which he would wish to have blind intellectually, and animal-like; a personal deity, which will not see MAN "like one of us." Hence Prometheus, "the fire and light-giver," is chained on Mount Caucasus and condemned to suffer torture. But the triform Fates (Karma), whose decrees, as the Titan says, even Zeus:

E'en he, the fore-ordained, cannot escape. . . .

— ordain that those sufferings will last only to that day when a son of Zeus —

Aye, a son bearing stronger than his sire

One of thine (Io's) own descendants it must be. . . .

—is born. This "Son" will deliver Prometheus (the suffering Hu-

manity) from his own fatal gift. His name is, "He who has to come. . . ."

On the authority, then, of these few lines, which, like any other allegorical sentence, may be twisted into almost any meaning; namely, on the words pronounced by Prometheus and addressed to Io, the daughter of Inachos, persecuted by Zeus — a whole prophecy is constructed by some writers. Says the crucified Titan:

And, portent past belief, the speaking oaks
By which thou clearly, in no riddling phrase
Wert hailed *as the illustrious spouse of Zeus*
.
. stroking thee
With *touch alone of unalarming hand*;
Then thou dark Epaphos shalt bear, whose name
Records his sacred gendering. . . .

This was construed by several fanatics — des Mousseaux and de Mirville amongst others — into a clear prophecy. Io — "is the mother of God," we are told, and "dark Epaphos" — Christ. But, the latter has not dethroned his father, except metaphorically, if one has to regard Jehovah as that "Father"; nor has the Christian Savior hurled *his* Father down into Hades. Prometheus says, in line 928, that Zeus will be humbled yet; as for himself:

. . . such marriage he prepares
Which from his throne of power to nothingness
Shall hurl him down; so shall be all fulfilled
His father Kronos' curse. . . .
. . . Then let him sit
Confiding in his lofty thunder-peals,
And wielding with both hands the fiery bolt;
For these shalt not avail, but fall he shall,
A fall disgraceful, not to be endured. . . .

"Dark Epaphos" was but Dionysos-Sabazios, the son of Zeus and of Demeter in the Sabazian Mysteries, during which the "father of the gods," assuming the *shape of a Serpent*, begot on Demeter, Dionysos, or the solar Bacchus. Io is the moon, and at the same time the EVE of a new race, and so is Demeter — in the present case.

The Promethean mythos is a prophecy indeed; but it does not relate to any of the cyclic Savors who have appeared periodically in various countries and among various nations, in their transitional conditions of evolution. It points to the last of the mysteries of cyclic

transformation, in the series of which mankind, having passed from the ethereal to the solid physical state, from spiritual to physiological procreation, is now carried onward to the opposite arc of the cycle, toward that second phase of its primitive state, when *woman knew no man*, and human progeny *was created, not begotten*.

That state will return to it and to the world at large, when the latter shall discover and really appreciate the truths which underlie this vast problem of sex. It will be like "the light that never shone on sea or land," and has to come to men through the Theosophical Movement. That light will lead on and up to the *true spiritual intuition*. Then (as expressed once in a letter to a Theosophist), "the world *will have a race of Buddhas and Christs*, for the world will have discovered that individuals *have it in their power to procreate Buddha-like children* — or demons." "When that knowledge comes, all dogmatic religions, and with these the demons, will die out."

If we reflect upon the serial development of the allegory, and the character of the heroes, the mystery may be unriddled. KRONOS is of course "Time" in its cyclic course. He swallows his children — the *personal* gods of exoteric dogma included. He has swallowed instead of Zeus, his *stone idol*; but the symbol has grown, and has only developed in human fancy as mankind was cycling down toward only its physical and intellectual — not spiritual — perfection. When it is as far advanced in its spiritual evolution Kronos will be no longer deceived. Instead of the *stone image* he will have swallowed the anthropomorphic fiction itself. Because, *the serpent of wisdom*, represented in the Sabazian Mysteries by the anthropomorphized Logos, the unity of spiritual and physical Powers, will have begotten in Time (Kronos) a progeny — Dionysos-Bacchus, or the "dark Epaphos," the "mighty one" — the race that will overthrow him. Where will he be born? Prometheus traces him to his origin and birthplace in his prophecy to Io. Io is the moon-goddess of generation — for she is Isis and she is Eve, the great mother.

Io is shown wandering from place to place of the *race* from which the "tenth," or *Kalki-Avatâra*, so-called, is to issue. This he calls the "Kingly race born in Argos." But Argos has no reference here to Argos in Greece. It comes from *Arg* or *arca* — the female generative power symbolized in the moon — the navi-formed Argha of the mysteries, meaning the Queen of Heaven. Eustathios shows that, in the dialect of the Argians, Io signified the moon; while esotericism ex-

plains it as the divine Androgyne, or the mystic 10; in Hebrew 10 is the perfect number, or Jehovah. *Arghya* in Sanskrit is the libation-cup, the *navi*-form or boatshaped vessel in which flowers and fruit are offered to the deities. *Arghyanâth* means "Lord of libations"; and *Arghya-Varsha*—"the land of libations"—is the mystery-name of that region which extends from *Kailâs* mountain nearly to the Shamo Desert—from within which the *Kalki-Avatâra* is expected. The *Airyana-Varsedya* of the Zoroastrians, as a locality, is identical with it. It is now said to have been situated between the Sea of Aral, Baltistân, and Little Tibet; but in olden times its area was far larger, as it was the birthplace of *physical* humanity, of which Io is the mother and symbol.

Prometheus traces the path of the (racial) wanderings as plainly as words can express it. Io has to quit Europe and go to Asia's continent, reaching there the highest of the mountains of Caucasus, the Titan telling her:

When thou hast crossed the flood, limit betwixt
Two continents, fronting the burning East

she must travel eastward, after passing the "Kimmerian Bosphoros," and cross what is evidently the Volga and now Astrakhan on the Caspian Sea. After this she will encounter "fierce northern blasts" and cross thither to the land of the "Arimaspian host" (east of Herodotus' Scythia) to—

Pluto's gold-abounding flood. . . .

which is rightly conjectured by Professor Newman to have meant the Ural, the Arimaspi of Herodotus being "the recognized inhabitants of this golden region."

And here comes, between lines 825 and 835, a puzzle to all European interpreters. Says the Titan:

To these (Arimaspi and Grypes) approach not; a far
border-land
Thou next shalt reach, where dwells a swarthy race
Near the Sun's founts, whence is the Aethiop "river";
Along its banks proceed till thou attain
The mighty rapids, where from Byblin heights
Pure draughts of sacred water Neilos sends. . .

There Io was ordained to found a colony for herself and sons. Now we must see how the passage is interpreted. As Io is told that she is to travel eastward till she comes to the river Ethiops, which

she is to follow till it falls into the Nile — hence the perplexity. “According to the geographical theories of the earliest Greeks” we are informed by the author of the version on *Prometheus Bound* that —

This condition was fulfilled by the river Indus. Arrian (vi,1) mentions that Alexander the Great, when preparing to sail down the Indus (having seen crocodiles in the river Indus, and in no other river except the Nile . . .), seemed to himself to have discovered the sources of the Nile; as though the Nile, rising from some place in India, and flowing through much desert land, and thereby losing its name Indus, next . . . flowed through inhabited land, being now called Nile by the Ethiopians of those parts, and afterwards by the Egyptians. Virgil in the fourth Georgic echoes the obsolete error.

Both Alexander and Virgil may have erred considerably in their geographical notions; but the prophecy of Prometheus has not so sinned, in the least — not, at any rate, in its esoteric spirit. When a certain race is symbolized, and events pertaining to its history are rendered allegorically, no topographical accuracy ought to be expected in the itinerary traced for its personification. Yet it so happens, that the river “Ethiops” is certainly the Indus, and it is also the *Nil* or *Nila*. It is the river born on the Kailâs (heaven) mountain, the mansion of the gods — 22,000 feet above the level of the sea. It was the Ethiops river — and was so called by the Greeks, long before the days of Alexander, because its banks, from Attock down to Sind, were peopled by tribes generally referred to as the Eastern Ethiopians. India and Egypt were two kindred nations, and the Eastern Ethiopians — the mighty builders — have come from India, as is pretty well proved, it is hoped, in *Isis Unveiled*.⁵

Then why could not Alexander, and even the learned Virgil, have used the word Nile or *Neilos* when speaking of the Indus, since it is one of its names? To this day that river is called, in the regions around Kala-Bagh, *nil*, (blue), and *Nilah*, “the blue river.” The water here is of such dark blue color that the name given to it from time immemorial led to a small town on its banks being called by the same name. It exists to this day. Evidently Arrian — who wrote far later than the day of Alexander, and who was ignorant of the old name of the Indus — has unconsciously slandered the Greek conqueror. Nor are our modern historians much wiser, in judging as they do. For they often make the most sweeping declarations on mere appearances, as much as their ancient colleagues ever did in days of old, when no Encyclopaedias were yet ready for them.

5. Vol. I, 569-570.

The race of Io, the "cow-horned maid," is then simply the first pioneer race of the Ethiopians brought by her from the Indus to the Nile (which received its name in memory of the mother-river of the colonists from India). For does not Prometheus say to Io that the sacred Neilos (the god, not the river) —

. . . He to the land *three-cornered*, thee shall guide,
namely, to the *Delta*, where her sons are foreordained to found —
. . . that far-off colony. . . .

It is there that a new race (the Egyptians) will begin, and "a female race" (line 873) which, "fifth in descent" from dark Epaphos
Fifty in number shall return to Argos.

Then one of the fifty virgins will fail through love and shall —
. . . A kingly race in Argos bear

.
But from this seed shall dauntless hero spring,
Bow-famous, who shall free me from these toils.

When this hero shall arise, the Titan does not reveal; for, as he remarks:

This, to be set forth at large needs lengthy speech.

But "Argos" is *Arghya-Varsha*, the land of libation of the old Hierophants, whence the deliverer of Humanity will appear, a name which became ages later that of its neighbor, India — the *Aryâvarta* of old.

That the subject formed part of the Sabazian Mysteries is made known by several ancient writers; by Cicero and by Clemens Alexandrinus. The latter writers are the only ones who attribute the fact that Aeschylus was charged by the Athenians with sacrilege and condemned to be stoned to death, to its true cause. They say that having been himself uninitiated, Aeschylus had profaned the Mysteries by exposing them in his trilogies on a public stage. But he would have incurred the same condemnation had he been initiated—which must have been the case, as otherwise he must, like Socrates, have had a *daimon* to reveal to him the secret and sacred allegorical drama of initiation. The Sabazia were a periodical festival with mysteries enacted in honor of some gods, a variant on the Mithraic Mysteries. The whole evolution of the races was performed in them. And Aeschylus *was* initiated. But it was not the "father of Greek tragedy" who invented

the prophecy of Prometheus; for he only repeated in dramatic form that which was revealed by the priests during the MYSTERIA of the Sabazia. The latter, however, is one of the oldest sacred festivals, whose origin is to this day unknown to history. Mythologists connect it through Mithras (the Sun, called Sabazios on some old monuments) with Jupiter and Bacchus. But it was never the property of the Greeks, but dates from days immemorial.

The translators of the drama wonder how Aeschylus could become guilty of such "discrepancy between the character of Zeus as portrayed in the *Prometheus Bound* and that depicted in the remaining dramas." This is just because Aeschylus, like Shakespeare, was and ever will remain the intellectual "Sphinx" of the ages. Between Zeus, the abstract deity of Grecian thought, and the Olympic Zeus, there was an abyss. The latter represented during the mysteries no higher a principle than the lower aspect of human physical intelligence — *Manas* wedded to *Kâma*; Prometheus — its divine aspect merging into and aspiring to Buddhi — the divine Soul. Zeus was the human soul and nothing more, whenever shown yielding to his lower passions — the *jealous* God, revengeful and cruel in its egotism or I-AM-NESS. Hence, Zeus is represented as a serpent—the intellectual tempter of man — which, nevertheless, begets in the course of cyclic evolution the "Man-Savior," the solar Bacchus or "Dionysos," *more than a man*.

Dionysos is one with Osiris, with Krishna, and with Buddha (the heavenly wise), and with the coming (tenth) Avatâra, the glorified spiritual *Christos*, who will deliver the suffering *Chrestos* (mankind, or Prometheus, on its trial). This, say Brâhmanical and Buddhist legends, echoed by the Zoroastrian and now by the Christian teachings (the latter only occasionally), will happen at the end of *Kali-Yuga*. It is only after the appearance of Kalki-Avatâra, or Sosiosh, that man will be born from woman without sin. Then will Brahmâ, the Hindû deity; Ahura-Mazda (Ormazd), the Zoroastrian; Zeus, the Greco-Olympian Don Juan; Jehovah, the jealous, repenting, cruel, tribal God of the Israelites; and all their likes in the universal pantheon of human fancy — vanish and disappear in thin air. And along with these will vanish their shadows, *the dark aspects* of all those deities, ever represented as their "twin-brothers" and creatures, in exoteric legend, *their own reflection* on earth — in esoteric philosophy. The Ahrimans and Typhons, the Samaels and Satans, must

all be dethroned on that day, when every dark evil passion will be subdued.

There is one eternal Law in nature, one that always tends to adjust contraries and to produce final harmony. It is owing to this law of spiritual development superseding the physical and purely intellectual, that mankind will become freed from its false gods, and find itself finally — *SELF-REDEEMED*.

In its final revelation, the old myth of Prometheus — his *proto*- and *anti-types* being found in ancient theogony — stands in each of them at the very origin of physical evil, because at the threshold of human physical life. KRONOS is "Time," whose first law is that the order of the successive harmonious phases in the process of evolution during cyclic development should be strictly preserved — under the severe penalty of abnormal growth with all its ensuing results. It was not in the program of natural development that man — higher animal though he may be — should become at once — intellectually, spiritually, and psychically — the demi-god he is on earth, while his physical frame remains weaker and more helpless and ephemeral than that of almost any huge mammal. The contrast is too grotesque and violent; the tabernacle much too unworthy of its indwelling god. The gift of Prometheus thus became a CURSE — though foreknown and *foreseen* by the Host personified in that personage, as his name well shows. It is in this that rests, at one and the same time, its sin and its redemption. For the Host that incarnated in a portion of humanity, though led to it by Karma or *Nemesis*, preferred free-will to passive slavery, intellectual self-conscious pain, and even torture — "while myriad time shall flow" — to inane, imbecile, instinctual beatitude. Knowing such an incarnation was premature and not in the program of Nature, the heavenly host, "Prometheus," still sacrificed himself to benefit thereby, at least, one portion of mankind. But while saving man from mental darkness, they inflicted upon him the tortures of the self-consciousness of his responsibility — besides every ill to which mortal man and flesh are heir. This torture Prometheus accepted for himself, since the Host became henceforward blended with the tabernacle prepared for them, which was still unachieved at that period of formation.

Spiritual evolution being incapable of keeping pace with the physical, once its homogeneity was broken by the admixture, the gift thus became the cause, if not the sole origin of *Evil*. (The philosophical

view of Eastern metaphysics places the Root of Evil in the differentiation of the Homogeneous into the Heterogeneous, of the unit into the plurality.) The allegory which shows KRONOS cursing Zeus for dethroning him (in the primitive "golden" age of Saturn, when all men were demi-gods), and for creating a physical race of men weak and helpless in comparison; and then as delivering to his (Zeus') revenge the culprit, who despoiled the gods of their prerogative of creation and who thereby raised man to their level, intellectually and spiritually — is highly philosophical. In the case of Prometheus, Zeus represents the Host of the primeval progenitors, of the PITARAS, the "Fathers" who created man senseless and without any mind; while the divine Titan stands for the Spiritual creators, the *devas* who "fell" into generation. The former are spiritually lower, but physically stronger, than the "Prometheans": therefore, the latter are shown conquered. "The lower Host, whose work the Titan spoiled and thus defeated the plans of Zeus," was on this earth in its own sphere and plane of action; whereas, the superior Host was an exile from Heaven, who had got entangled in the meshes of matter. The inferior Host were masters of all the Cosmic and lower Titanic forces; the higher Titan possessed only the intellectual and spiritual fire. This drama of the struggle of Prometheus with the Olympic tyrant and despot, sensual Zeus, one sees enacted daily within our actual mankind; the lower passions chain the higher aspirations to the rock of matter, to generate in many a case the vulture of sorrow, pain, and repentance. In every such case one sees once more —

A god . . . in fetters, anguish-fraught;
The foe of Zeus, in hatred held of all. . . .

A god, bereft even of that supreme consolation of Prometheus, who suffered in self-sacrifice —

For that to men (he) 'bare too fond a mind. . . .

as the divine Titan is moved by altruism, but the mortal man by Selfishness and Egoism in every instance.

The modern Prometheus has now become *Epi-metheus*, "he who sees only after the event"; because the universal philanthropy of the former has long ago degenerated into selfishness and self-adoration. Man will rebecome the *free* Titan of old, but not before cyclic evolution has re-established the broken harmony between the two natures — the terrestrial and the divine; after which he becomes impermeable

to the lower titanic forces, invulnerable in his personality, and immortal in his individuality, which cannot happen before every animal element is eliminated from his nature. When man understands that "*Deus non fecit mortem*," but that man has created it himself, he will re-become the Prometheus before his Fall.

It remains to be said that the greater part of the foregoing, which is the first interpretation of the real inner meaning of Aeschylus' drama, *Prometheus Bound*, made public since the time of its author, is taken from the writings of the Founder of the modern Theosophical movement, H. P. Blavatsky. Current and medieval notions regarding the same are disposed of in the second volume of *The Secret Doctrine*, pages 519 to 528, which will be found to repay perusal by those sufficiently interested to pursue the subject.

Those who know must ever refuse to impart the conditions and means that lead to a correlation of elements, whether psychic or physical, that may produce a hurtful result as well as a beneficent one. But they are ever ready to impart to the earnest student the secret of the ancient thought in anything that regards history concealed under mythological symbolism, and thus to furnish a few more landmarks towards a retrospective view of the past, as containing information with regard to the origin of man, the evolution of the races and geognosy; for the best scholars, the most acute minds among our Aryanists and Egyptologists, have been too often darkened by one or another preconception; still oftener, by one-sided views of the secret meaning. Yet even a parable is a spoken symbol; a fiction or a fable, as some think; an allegorical representation, we would say, of life-realities, events, and facts. And as a moral was ever drawn from a parable, that moral being an actual truth and fact in human life, so a historical, real event was deduced — by those versed in the hieratic sciences — from certain emblems and symbols recorded in the ancient archives of the temples. The religious and esoteric history of every nation was embedded in symbols; it was never expressed in so many words. All the thoughts and emotions, all the learning and knowledge, revealed and acquired, of the early races, found their pictorial expression in allegory and parable.

Why? Because the spoken word has a potency unknown to, unsuspected and disbelieved in, by the modern "sages." Because sound and rhythm are closely related to the four Elements of the Ancients;

and because such or another vibration in the air is sure to awaken corresponding powers, union with which produces good or bad results, as the case may be. No student was ever allowed to recite historical, religious, or any real events in so many unmistakable words, lest the powers connected with the event should be once more attracted. Every student had to record them in corresponding symbols, drawn out of his own mind and examined later by his master, before they were finally accepted. Thus was created in time the Chinese Alphabet, as, before that, the hieratic symbols were fixed upon in old Egypt.⁶ Since the fall of Memphis, Egypt began to lose the keys one by one, and Chaldaea had preserved only three in the days of Berosus. As for the Hebrews, in all their writings they show no more than a thorough knowledge of the astronomical, geometrical and numerical systems of symbolizing all the human, and especially the *physiological* functions. They never had the higher keys.⁷

Old and time-honored errors — such as become with every day more glaring and self-evident — stand arrayed for battle, as ever. Marshaled by blind conservatism, conceit and prejudice, they are constantly on the watch, ready to strangle every truth which, awakening from its age-long sleep, happens to knock for admission. Such has been the case ever since man became an animal. That this proves in every case moral death to the revealers, who bring to light any of these old, old truths, is as certain as that it gives LIFE and REGENERATION to those who are fit to profit even by the little that is now revealed to them.⁸

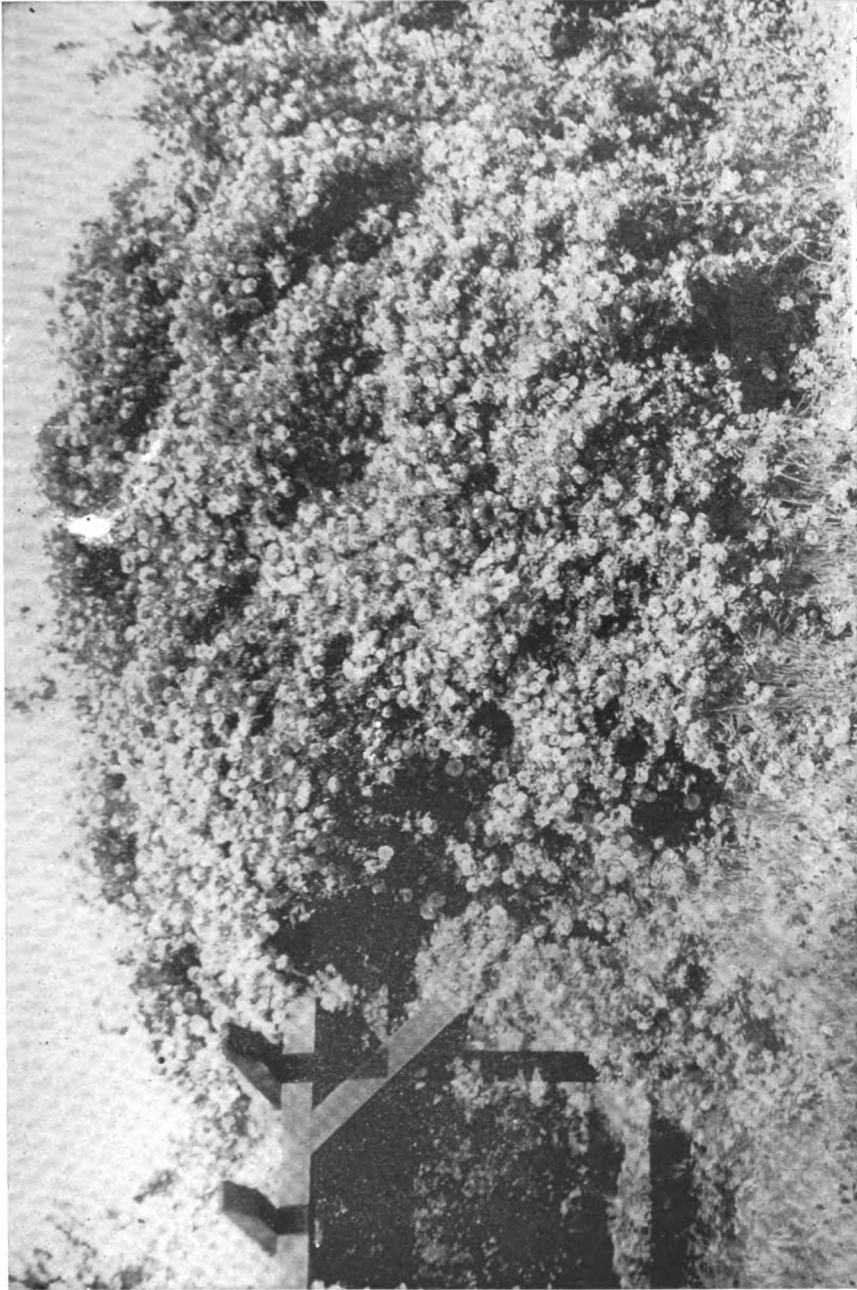
The cycles of matter will be succeeded by cycles of spirituality and a fully developed mind. On the law of parallel history and races, the majority of the future mankind will be composed of glorious adepts. Humanity is the child of cyclic destiny, and not one of its units can escape its unconscious mission, or get rid of the burden of its co-operative work with nature. Climates will, and have already begun, to change, each precessional circuit after the other dropping one sub-race, but only to beget another higher race on the ascending cycle; while a series of other less favored groups — the failures of nature — will, like some individual men, vanish from the human family without even leaving a trace behind.⁹

6. Cf. *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 306-7.

7. Cf. *ibid.*, I, 311.

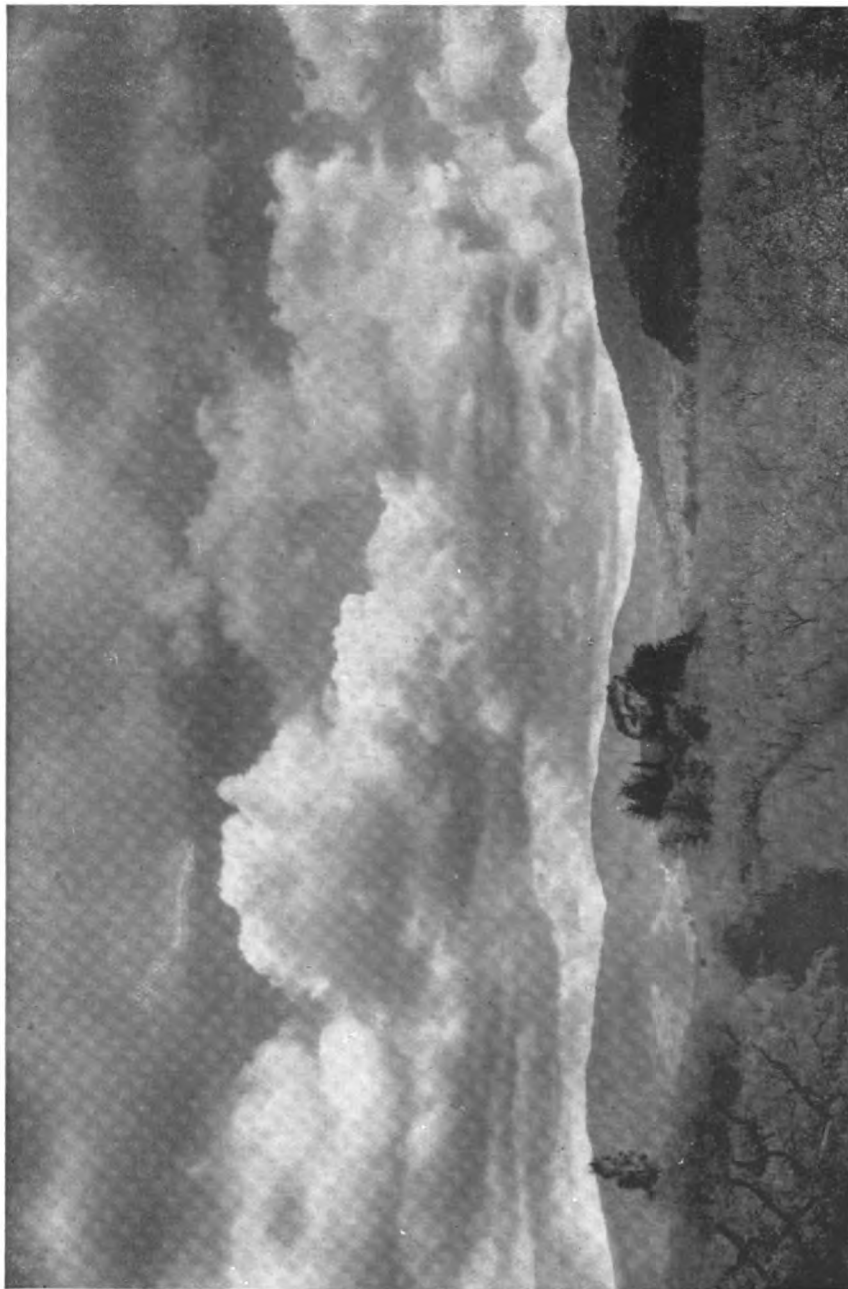
8. Cf. *ibid.*, I, 299.

9. Cf. *ibid.*, II, 446.



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ROSE-VINE IN BLOSSOM NEAR LOS GATOS, SANTA CLARA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA



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A SCENE IN THE FOOTHILLS, SANTA CLARA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA



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PRUNE TREES IN BLOSSOM NEAR LOS GATOS, SANTA CLARA COUNTY



THE SCREEN OF TIME

F. J. Dick, Editor

MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

Isis Theater Meetings

Madame Tingley's theme at the Isis Theater last night was the contrasts between the letter, the appearance and the spirit of religion.

The Higher Law

"Madame Blavatsky's message," she said, "was not a popular one, and anything that is not popular is not readily accepted. The letter of the higher law, which has been taught all down the ages, has been accepted while the spirit has been rejected. There has not been established the true foundation of religion—that which would so appeal to the minds, souls and hearts of men that they would arise out of the shadows of their fears, their doubts and their limitations, and go forth to work for humanity."

Quoting from Thomas Traherne, a seventeenth-century mystic, Madame Tingley said:

"'The world is a mirror of infinite beauty, yet no man sees it; it is a temple of majesty, yet no man regards it; it is a region of peace and light, did not man disquiet it; it is the paradise of God; it is the place of angels and the gate of heaven.'

"With these thoughts in mind, can we not look upon man as something more than we ever dreamed? Can we not conceive of his god-like and spiritual qualities that lie sleeping in his nature, crying for recognition—those potential qualities of the soul that mark man as immortal?

"Theology declares that Jesus was sinless. Theosophists hold him as one of the great lights of the ages, as a Theosophist, as one whose words and teachings have been misinterpreted and obscured. But according to the Theosophical idea, Jesus was born as we are born, under the immutable laws of life; and it says that his soul had progressed through sorrow and temptation and experiences through many lives, until he reached the point where he was sinless to the world, as far as he conquered temptation; and the glory of that life, the inspiration of it, the example of it, the grandeur of it, is that he had the power to conquer temptation.

"The immutable laws that control human life are laws of justice. They do not adapt themselves to the selfish moods of men or nations. They work on silently, holding the stars in their places, holding nature in all its beauty, while man drifts away from the light and the joy of life and moves on with the tide. Only a few look far enough ahead to see the curse of present conditions; and there are only a few who are broad-minded and liberal enough to say: 'Blame not any nation, any people in war today.' Blame them not.

"They are the progeny of the selfishness and ignorance of the ages. This war is the result of many wars; and not until man can take a larger view of life, believing in the perfectibility of man and that brotherhood is a fact in nature, shall we reach a line of effort where we shall be silent when heretofore we have been busy in condemnation of those who differ from us."

—From the *San Diego Union*, November 13, 1916

The Higher Womanhood

Mrs. Estelle C. Hanson, Secretary of the Woman's International Theosophical League (unsectarian, humanitarian), of which Mme. Katherine Tingley is Foundress-Directress, read a valuable and instructive paper on

"The Higher Womanhood" last night at the Isis Theater.

Mrs. Hanson spoke in part as follows:

"If the greatest nature-forces in the history of the world are the hopes and aspirations and ideals of men and women, there can be but one cause for the disturbed conditions of the human family today, and that is the lowering of the hopes and aspirations, from the ideal to the materialistic and unbrotherly.

"We hear much about 'The Higher Education' of women; and volumes have been and are in process of being written defending and attacking the present struggle of woman for equal suffrage and her right to have a voice in all political questions. What are we hearing about the more important question of education on higher lines for women, or the higher womanhood? This is what the world is crying for—from the blood-stained battlefields and from the nurseries.

"There is an intuition higher than reason, that is the basis of the opposition to woman seeking her field outside of the home. The home is the cradle of the race, the nursery where the seeds are sown for the harvesting of the men and women of the future.

"Man's ideal of woman is connected with home and not with public life, and may it not be that the men of today are conscious of a loss because the women are descending from the pedestal of idealism and fighting for abstract rights with the same besmirched weapons that have been used for ages, and of which many men are ashamed. Woman's natural position should be regal, without throne, scepter or guards, still a queen."—*San Diego Union*, Nov. 27, 1916

Hypnotism a Crime

"Hypnotism, a Step toward Physical and Moral Death," was the subject of a lecture given last evening at Isis Theater by Joseph H. Fussell, Secretary of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society.

"Unfortunately," said Mr. Fussell, "today hypnotism is too patent a fact and the practice of it is widespread, not alone among certain of the medical profession and in psychological laboratories, with a mistaken though in many cases well-intentioned idea as to its value; but its practice also obtains widely and

secretly among a host of unprincipled and immoral human vultures who prey upon the weaknesses of others.

"The problem of hypnotism is a problem in psychology, but it will never be solved by modern psychologists, until they accept the Theosophical teaching regarding the complex nature of man. From this standpoint they would come to see that hypnotism is fundamentally pernicious.

"Hypnotism is a crime,' says Mme. Katherine Tingley. 'It subtly injures the brain in its finer tissues, whereby it is no longer able to respond to the higher powers of judgment, will and imagination, which proceed from the soul; and for which the healthy normal brain is an instrument for their expression in outer life. It causes not only injury to the physical atoms, which thereby lose a part of their natural resistance to disease, and to the disintegrating influences which surround us on all sides, but it affects the more delicate chemistry of the brain.'

"What is the purpose of true education, and all reform; what is the true help that it should be the aim of every true man and woman to give to all with whom they come in contact? Is it not to seek to make men and women more self-reliant, to teach self-reliance and self-control; to seek to strengthen the will, to make men and women realize that they themselves must choose between right and wrong?

"Katherine Tingley's method with her students has ever been along these lines, and no other method is possible to a true teacher. She teaches that the first step in true progress is the recognition of personal responsibility, not alone for one's deeds, but for one's thoughts. And whoever robs another of this responsibility, whoever robs another of his power of will and discrimination, is a criminal. Hypnotism is a crime."—From the *San Diego Union*, December 4, 1916

"New Lamps for Old"

At a meeting of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society last night at the Isis Theater, Mrs. Grace Knoche spoke on "New Lamps for Old."

"The story of Aladdin is a child's tale," she said, "but it has its application, for it describes our own case to the last letter of the book. Humanity is the modern Aladdin, the ancient lamp is lost, and men are wandering helplessly here and there, not guided but only perplexed by the new lamps on every hand. Is it not surprising that the present turning-point in human evolution is marked by dangerous, seething waters, which keep bringing to the surface new problems but no solution of the old ones. . . .

"It is a mistake to think of the ancients as separate and faraway. They are never so unless we set up barriers ourselves. Take up the *Phaedo*, the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*, the old *Upanishads*. What can be more intimate than these to one's most intimate self? Study the great art of antiquity, the tombs and temples of the ruined past, as one may do from the simplest print. What can come closer to one's finer self? Beauty has a message to conduct as much as philosophy has. So says Katherine Tingley and so have all great philosophers throughout the ages."—From the *San Diego Union*, December 11, 1916

MAGAZINE AND BOOK REVIEWS

Râja-Yoga Messenger (illustrated), Point Loma, California

IN the July and October issues the series entitled, "A Symposium of Universal Peace" was continued. Many great characters who worked for peace in both Russia and France are dealt with, and in some cases illustrations are given. Another series, which has reached its twenty-third instalment, is headed "Architectural Styles and their Meaning." These two instalments cover the Byzantine style, and are finely illustrated, as are also essays on Brittany, the Panama-California Exposition, etc., etc. Many are the other items attractive to young readers, who are sure to appreciate the announcement that the *Messenger* will appear bi-monthly in future, instead of quarterly.

Philosophical Culture in Medieval Spain

Under this title D. José Ingenieros, of the University of Buenos Aires, contributes an article of no little importance to the *Revista de Filosofía* of that city. No little importance; because it reveals clearly a fact not often understood among people of non-Spanish origin, and perhaps not sufficiently known or remembered in the Spanish-speaking themselves; namely, that until a certain epoch in her history, Spain was a country in which the stirrings of thought were exceedingly active: a very motherland of philosophers, a center irradiating light. Nor were her great thinkers, as is sometimes supposed, Moors only, or only Moors and Jews: race was not so much concerned, one would say, as the Spanish soil, in this fertility. Catalonia, like its sister-land Provence beyond the Pyrenees, played its part greatly in bringing light from Saracen culture to lightless Europe long after the tide of Arab empire had receded southward.

The great tradition of philosophy in Spain began with Seneca, the greatest thinker, perhaps, of the Roman world; born at Cordova in the second year of the Christian era. Some fifty years later Quintilian was born in Calahorra, and afterwards taught in Rome; among his disciples being Pliny the Younger. Contemporary with him, Moderatus taught Pythagoreanism at Cadiz. Later, in the centuries of Roman decline, Priscillian founded a Gnostic school; he was a Gallegan, and preached Oriental Mysticism; his followers welcomed the Arian heresy when, later, it became orthodox in Spain under the Visigoths.

With the Arab conquest, and especially with the secession of Spain from the Saracenic empire under the first Ommiad Caliph of Cordova, Abderraman, a new day of philosophy began to dawn in the peninsula. Towards the end of the eleventh century Avempace (Ibn Badja) was born in Saragossa; a follower of the great Turkish philosopher Al-Farabi, his teachings showed signs of a mixture of Moslem thought and Neoplatonic Aristotelianism. After him came Aben Tofail of Andalusia; and in the twelfth century Cordova, the mother-city of Seneca of old, saw the birth of another of the world's great thinkers in Averroes. A main point in the teachings of these three great Moslem teachers was the return to Unity: the final absorption of all things in Deity: which is

also, in point of fact, a cardinal teaching of the Koran. If they were Aristotelians, their Aristotle was an Aristotle interpreted by the Neoplatonists, by the mystics Plotinus and Porphyry. The influence of Averroes particularly on the thought of Christendom in after ages has been incalculable, and all towards enlightenment.

Parallel with the evolution of Moslem thought, was the evolution of philosophy among the Spanish Jews, in whose works we trace the influence of the theosophies of their own Kabala, of Plato, the Stoics and the Neoplatonists. Pre-eminent among these Moorish Hebrew philosophers were Ibn Gebirol, and especially Maimonides (1135-1234) the third great Cordovan teacher.

Catalonia, from the period of Greek colonization, before the coming of the Carthaginians, had been the seat of colleges and academies; and remained a center of learning under the Roman Empire. Conquered by the Moors, in this part of the peninsula alone the Roman learning did not quite perish; by the term Catalonia is to be understood the northwestern corner of Spain from Valencia to Perpignan, where it meets the kindred country of Provence. Reconquered by Jaime I of Aragon, it retained its culture; and under the kings of Aragon, many seats of learning were established. Under Jaime the Conqueror (1213-1276), an enlightened and learned monarch, a brilliant period began, which lasted until the founding of the Inquisition. Two civilizing influences were at work: one from the Moors, and one from Italy and France, with which countries Barcelona was closely in touch. Two great names may be mentioned: those of Raimond Lully and Servetus; the first, alchemist, philosopher and mystic, founder of a school of thought; the second, the man who discovered the circulation of the blood, and was afterwards burned by Calvin.

With the conquest of Toledo in 1081 by Alfonso VI, an era of cultural importance began in Castile. A college of interpreters was established by Archbishop Raimundo in Toledo, and the works of the Arab philosophers were translated; the chief of these interpreters, Domingo Gundisalvo, taught openly the doctrine of the Alexandrian School. His teachings spread to Paris, and their influence brought scholars from all western Europe flocking to Toledo to learn the eastern wisdom. By the beginning of the thirteenth century, when the Castilian language was attaining a certain perfection as a literary medium, the Toledan-Arabic culture was passing directly into Europe, "jumping Spain" (*saltando sobre España*); of the harvest reaped by the School of Interpreters, not one grain fell into the fields of Castilian culture, except in the matter of a certain influence upon literary style. The reason for this is given by Dr. Ingenieros: the Tribunal of the Holy Office was established in 1229. It saw in science and philosophy a taint of Arabism and Judaism. All books published had to pass its censorship; the brightest minds of the peninsula therefore took pains to avoid these subjects, and confined themselves to what may be called pure literature. Resulted the Golden Age of Spanish letters, and the death of all speculation, thought and philosophic inquiry. While Catalonia and Aragon were bathing in the new intellectual life of Europe, Castile occupied herself in evolving the language to its perfection. The Castilian hegemony, established under the Catholic Kings, rang the death-knell of Spanish thought.—K. V. M.

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society

Founded at New York City in 1875 by H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge and others

Reorganized in 1898 by Katherine Tingley

Central Office, Point Loma, California

The Headquarters of the Society at Point Loma with the buildings and grounds, are no "Community" "Settlement" or "Colony," but are the Central Executive Office of an international organization where the business of the same is carried on, and where the teachings of Theosophy are being demonstrated. Midway 'twixt East and West, where the rising Sun of Progress and Enlightenment shall one day stand at full meridian, the Headquarters of the Society unite the philosophic Orient with the practical West.

MEMBERSHIP

in the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society may be either "at large" or in a local Branch. Adhesion to the principle of Universal Brotherhood is the only pre-requisite to membership. The Organization represents no particular creed; it is entirely unsectarian, and includes professors of all faiths, only exacting from each member that large toleration of the beliefs of others which he desires them to exhibit towards his own.

Applications for membership in a Branch should be addressed to the local Director; for membership "at large" to the Membership Secretary, International Theosophical Headquarters Point Loma, California.

OBJECTS

THIS BROTHERHOOD is a part of a great and universal movement which has been active in all ages.

This Organization declares that Brotherhood is a fact in Nature. Its principal purpose is to teach Brotherhood, demonstrate that it is a fact in Nature, and make it a living power in the life of humanity.

Its subsidiary purpose is to study ancient and modern religions, science, philosophy and art; to investigate the laws of Nature and the divine powers in man.

It is a regrettable fact that many people use the name of Theosophy and of our Organization for self-interest, as also that of H. P. Blavatsky, the Foundress, and even the Society's motto, to attract attention to themselves and to gain public support. This they do in private and public speech and in publications. Without being in any way connected with the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, in many cases they permit it to be inferred that they

are, thus misleading the public, and honest inquirers are hence led away from the original truths of Theosophy.

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society welcomes to membership all who truly love their fellow men and desire the eradication of the evils caused by the barriers of race, creed, caste or color, which have so long impeded human progress; to all sincere lovers of truth and to all who aspire to higher and better things than the mere pleasures and interests of a worldly life and are prepared to do all in their power to make Brotherhood a living energy in the life of humanity, its various departments offer unlimited opportunities.

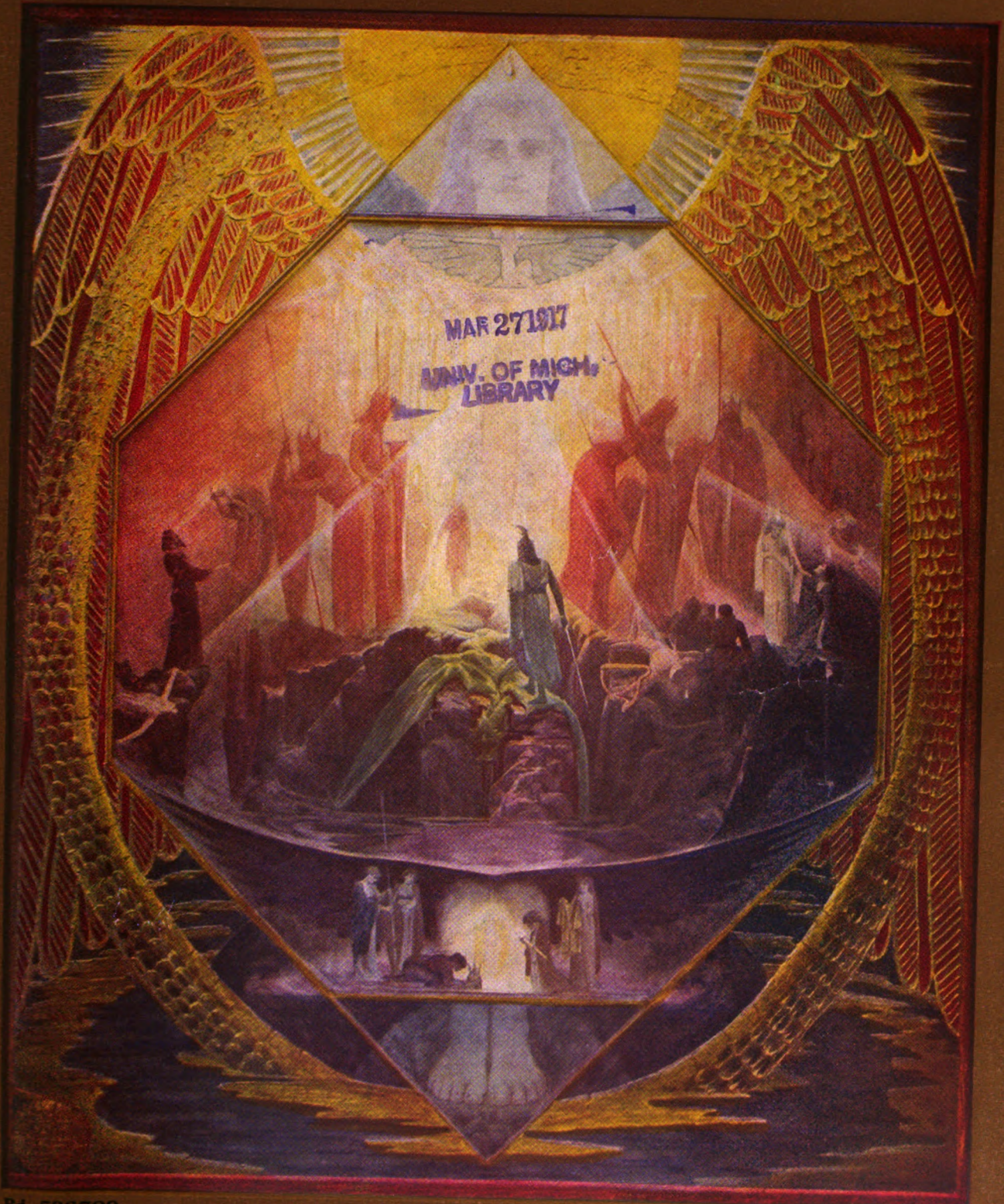
The whole work of the Organization is under the direction of the Leader and Official Head, Katherine Tingley, as outlined in the Constitution.

Inquirers desiring further information about Theosophy or the Theosophical Society are invited to write to

THE SECRETARY

International Theosophical Headquarters
Point Loma, California

The Theosophical Path



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THE PATH

THE illustration on the cover of this Magazine is a reproduction of the mystical and symbolical painting by Mr. R. Machell, the English artist, now a Student at the International Theosophical Headquarter, Point Loma, California. The original is in Katherine Tingley's collection at the International Theosophical Headquarters. The symbolism of this painting is described by the artist as follows:

THE PATH is the way by which the human soul must pass in its evolution to full spiritual self-consciousness. The supreme condition is suggested in this work by the great figure whose head in the upper triangle is lost in the glory of the Sun above, and whose feet are in the lower triangle in the waters of Space, symbolizing Spirit and Matter. His wings fill the middle region representing the motion or pulsation of cosmic life, while within the octagon are displayed the various planes of consciousness through which humanity must rise to attain to perfect Manhood.

At the top is a winged Isis, the Mother or Oversoul, whose wings veil the face of the Supreme from those below. There is a circle dimly seen of celestial figures who hail with joy the triumph of a new initiate, one who has reached to the heart of the Supreme. From that point he looks back with compassion upon all who are still wandering below and turns to go down again to their help as a Savior of Men. Below him is the red ring of the guardians who strike down those who have not the 'password,' symbolized by the white flame floating over the head of the purified aspirant. Two children, representing purity, pass up unchallenged. In the center of the picture is a warrior who has slain the dragon of illusion, the dragon of the lower self, and is now prepared to cross the gulf by using the body of the dragon as his bridge (for we rise on steps made of conquered weaknesses, the slain dragon of the lower nature).

On one side two women climb, one helped by the other whose robe is white and whose flame burns bright as she helps her weaker sister. Near them a man climbs from the darkness; he has money-bags hung at his belt but no flame above his head, and already the spear of a guardian of the fire is poised above him ready to strike the unworthy in his hour of triumph. Not far off is a bard whose flame is veiled by a red cloud (passion) and who lies prone, struck down by a guardian's spear; but as he lies dying, a ray from the heart of the Supreme reaches him as a promise of future triumph in a later life.

On the other side is a student of magic, following the light from a crown (ambition) held aloft by a floating figure who has led him to the edge of the precipice over which for him there is no bridge; he holds his book of ritual and thinks the light of the dazzling crown comes from the Supreme, but the chasm awaits its victim. By his side his faithful follower falls unnoticed by him, but a ray from the heart of the Supreme falls upon her also, the reward of selfless devotion, even in a bad cause.

Lower still in the underworld, a child stands beneath the wings of the foster-mother (material Nature) and receives the equipment of the Knight, symbols of the powers of the Soul, the sword of power, the spear of will, the helmet of knowledge and the coat of mail, the links of which are made of past experiences.

It is said in an ancient book: "The Path is one for all, the ways that lead thereto must vary with the pilgrim."



The Theosophical Path

An International Magazine
Unsectarian and nonpolitical

Monthly

Illustrated



Devoted to the Brotherhood of Humanity, the promulgation of Theosophy, the study of ancient & modern Ethics, Philosophy, Science and Art, and to the uplifting and purification of Home and National Life

Edited by Katherine Tingley
International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California, U.S.A.

Now for my life, it is a miracle of thirty years, which to relate, were not a History, but a piece of Poetry, and would sound to common ears like a fable. For the world I count not an inn, but a hospital: that a place, not to live, but to die in. The world that I regard is myself; it is the Microcosm of my own frame that I cast my eye on; for the other, I see it but like my globe, and turn it round sometimes. for my recreation. Men that look upon my outside, perusing only my condition and fortunes, do err in my altitude; for I am above Atlas his shoulders. The earth is a point not only in respect of the Heavens above us, but of that heavenly and celestial part within us: that mass of flesh that circumscribes me, limits not my mind: that surface that tells the heavens it hath an end, cannot persuade me that I have any: I take my circle to be above three hundred and sixty; though the number of the Ark do measure my body, it comprehendeth not my mind: whilst I study to find how I am a Microcosm or little world, I find myself something more than the great. There is surely a piece of Divinity in us. something like that was before the Elements, and owes no homage unto the Sun.

--SIR THOMAS BROWNE, *Religio Medici*, II

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The February and March issues are late owing to manufacturers' delays, with freight congestions, on the delivery of the new Aryan Press equipment.



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**LOOKING WESTWARD OVER THE PACIFIC!
CLIFFS AND DASHING SPRAY, INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA**

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

VOL. XIII


FEBRUARY, 1917

NO. 2

THE doctrine of metempsychosis (reincarnation) may almost claim to be a natural or innate belief in the human mind, if we may judge from its wide diffusion among the nations of the earth and its prevalence throughout the historical ages.—*Professor Francis Bowen*

THE SCIENCE OF LIVING, by H. T. Edge, M. A.

Where there is no vision the people perish.—*Proverbs, xxix. 18*

 SCIENCE is a word to conjure with nowadays; but, judging by the state of the world, and by the state of our own minds, there must be something the matter with our science. Psychology is another word we are very fond of today; and so is biology. In the magazines and papers you will find every week articles on psychology as applied to education, the treatment of criminals, and the care of the insane. Science has made notable progress in the treatment of disease, but at the same time is responsible for many diseases; and some think that civilization is gravely threatened by disease.

But this is not the fault of science itself, for science means knowledge and is a sacred name. The fault is that our intellect has been applied in the wrong direction, so that our science is not really science. At least it is not the science of living.

The fact seems to be that we have no real science of living at all. The domain of that which we call science is confined to external matters, and nowhere gets beyond the region which is defined by the perceptions of the five bodily senses and by the mental conceptions which we form from the data supplied by these senses. But the actual fact is that our lives are comparatively little influenced by this sense-world and its phenomena. They are influenced by subtler forces ruling in the world of mind and emotion. Character and conduct are the things that count in life; and our science does not concern itself with character and conduct.

Then there is religion, with its various creeds. This may certainly be said to concern itself with character and conduct. But, if we are to judge by results, we cannot say it has made good, nor that it promises much hope for the future. But here again let us hasten to say that Religion it-

self is not condemned, but only our failure to realize it. As is well recognised in intelligent quarters, religion has occupied itself too much with the next world and has too much neglected the world we live in.

Aside from orthodox science and authoritative religion, there is only speculation to be relied on; and of this we have plenty, in many fields. There should also be added to our list of resources a heritage of ideas gained from ancestral experience and of instinctive virtues inherited from past times; but this is a capital that cannot be drawn upon indefinitely.

One essential thing we have not succeeded in obtaining — that is, unity. The words standing for this, such as brotherhood, fellowship, and the like, have become almost cant phrases, owing to misunderstandings and abortive attempts to realize their meaning. Yet we are always driven back upon them, for unity is obviously the key to the problems of life. But, sooner than try to make men one and united, we should seek to recognise the fact that they *are* one and united. In other words, we should aim to recognise and to realize the spiritual unity of mankind. In a recent lecture on biology, delivered under these auspices, we were told that the Intelligence back of creation is striving to create one great organism out of humanity. This creative intelligence, which inspires all evolution, begins by evolving small organisms, consisting of perhaps a single cell, and by combining them makes greater and ever greater organisms. The individual life of the cell is lost in the far greater and better life which it lives as an integral part of the larger organism. And so, the lecturer said, the great Intelligence behind humanity is ever aiming to bring individual men together so as to realize the unity of a great and sublime organism, wherein our petty personal selves will pale before the light of that greater life which we shall live as integral parts of the great human orchestra. And all this is made possible by the fact that there is a single spiritual essence, a single fount of spiritual life, for all men. The key to the science of living, therefore, is to recognise this spiritual oneness of mankind and to do all that is possible to realize it. For this purpose it is clear that we need a higher psychology than that which is never tired of dwelling on the morbidities and eccentricities of human nature, and of comparing man with the animals. We need a psychology which shall direct our thoughts to the higher part of our nature and fill our imagination with pictures of man's divine possibilities. For it is true, as we hear in lectures on evolution, that the animals are man's younger brothers, as it were, and that in them are reflected man's various propensities and desires, so that the animals copy man, their elder brother; and man, when he throws off his mortal vestures, sends out into the ether the psychic materials which the great architects of Nature can utilize in building up the denizens of the animal kingdom. Much good, then, will it do us to be for ever harping on the analogies between man's

lower nature and the nature of the animals, and excusing ourselves for our frailties on the ground of a theory that we are ascended from the animals.

Whatever, though, may be the truth as regards the origin and the lineage of man's physical body, that truth cannot affect the fact that man has a self-conscious mind, whose limits are boundless, and which is absolutely of its own kind, and underivable from any sort of animal mind. The evolutionists do not tell us where man got this self-conscious mind from, nor when he got it; nor do they concern themselves with studying its nature and uses. But that is the question which we must consider as of prime importance to anyone who talks about the science of living.

The future, which seems so problematical to many anxious thinkers, is full of hope for the Theosophist; for he realizes that the reason why men are in such perplexity today is because they have been for ages filling their minds with wrong ideas about the nature of man; and that, if these wrong ideas are replaced by reasonable ones, it is only a question of time before light will begin to dawn brightly in many places.

For knowledge about anything is obtained when the thoughts of many people are directed long and continuously towards that object. Besides the individual minds of individual persons, there is a racial mind, which is a sort of common atmosphere in which we all partake. Some people can rise above the level of the racial mind, but no one can rise very far above it; and even when somebody does do so, we have a case of a genius, who resembles an isolated peak, and is apt to be out of tune with his surroundings. So what is necessary is to educate the public mind up to a higher level, to remove many fixed ideas and implant new ones.

Take, for instance, the idea of immortality. The greater part of our mind is mortal, for it grew up gradually during the period of our growth; it did not exist before our present body was born, and it is not fitted to survive the decease of that body. All this part of the mind, made up of the memories, associations and impressions garnered in this life, is what is called our personality. But yet we are not wholly mortal; something tells us that. There is an immortal essence back of the ordinary consciousness, and to this has been given the name of the Individuality to distinguish it from the perishable personality. People do not have much idea of any distinction like this; they have not been taught to think along these lines. What a difference it would make if they *were* taught! And if they were accustomed to hold in their minds the idea of reincarnation, and to ponder over it and test it in the light of daily experience, they would soon find their conceptions of life and death gradually changing, and would realize how inadequate were their previous notions. We have not now at all a vivid idea of our own immortality, but that is only because we have thought so little about it. The feeling of immortality would

gradually become keener and more common, if people were educated to think upon it. And remember, that immortality is not to be thought of as if it were something belonging to the after-death. It is something that goes on all the time; *you are immortal now*. Behind your mind stands that Light, ready to make itself known, whenever you are able to receive it. It is this that inspires us with noble unselfish thoughts; this is the part of us that never dies. A true psychology would teach us about this immortal part and how to come into touch with it.

The quotation with which I began this lecture has a second part. The whole quotation runs: "Where there is no vision the people perish: but he that keepeth the law, happy is he." What law do we keep? What law do we even recognise? Yet without law there can be only chaos and confusion. As George Eliot says: "There is no kind of conscious obedience that is not an advance on lawlessness." But to what are we obedient? What law or laws do we recognise? If we are to steer clear of the false extremes of libertinism and license on the one hand, and blind subservience to a despotic authority on the other, we must obey some law recognised by all to be a law of nature, and implicitly obeyed because on obedience depends our welfare. This we already do in many of the concerns of life — in hygiene, for instance. We do not defy the laws of health recklessly, eat poisonous food, and expose ourselves to damp and cold; nor on the other hand do we blindly obey the arbitrary decrees of a despotic doctor. We simply recognise that there are laws of health, and we obey them, and we believe that the doctor knows more about them than we do, and so we consult him and trust him.

Now let us apply this to the question of higher laws — laws that regulate the moral hygiene of humanity. Are we recklessly to defy the laws, or behave indiscriminately as if there were no laws, or set up our own whims and passions as laws? And if we find that this will not do, since we dare not allow our brother the same license as we may claim for ourselves, then are we on the other hand to obey some arbitrary rule or authority? In short, are we limited to the choice between anarchy and despotism, between libertinism and dogmatism? Nay, there must surely be laws of moral well-being which all can recognise and obey.

Let us take some concrete and particular instance. Let us take the case of honesty and dishonesty. What should be one's motive for being honest? Is it fear that you will be found out, or that you will lose your customers, or is it some vague moral instinct that you have inherited or acquired? The former is a mean motive; the latter is a motive that needs to be better understood, so that it can stand up against the assaults of cynical reasoning. The fact is that the dishonest man sins against himself, because he violates the purity of his own nature, poisons himself, in-

jects virus into himself. And the same with the man who thinks impure thoughts of any kind: he pollutes himself. But is even this the right motive? Scarcely so, for it is rather a selfish motive. The immoral man poisons not merely his own life but the life of others. Fellow-feeling, the sense of corporate unity, should therefore be the motive for right-living.

Good motives alone do not save their possessor from mistakes disastrous alike to himself and to others. The futility of good intentions when not accompanied by wisdom is a sufficiently hackneyed theme and need not be amplified here. Our title tonight is the *science* of living, and science means knowledge. The element of knowledge or science cannot be said to have entered much into our religious life; for this life we associate with ethics and maxims. We have two branches of knowledge, the religious and the scientific, neither one of them complete, each going lame and halting on one leg. Whoever Christ, the man, was, I fully believe that in his day he had a Gnosis or body of teachings, which he communicated to his chosen disciples — those who had proved themselves worthy — and that for some reason or other these teachings have not come down to us; they have been mislaid, and we have only the teachings which he gave in public when addressing large crowds.

H. P. Blavatsky, Foundress of the Theosophical Society, demonstrated to the Western world the reality of the existence of the Secret Doctrine of Antiquity, a body of knowledge which has been handed down through the ages, but which has been lost sight of during the centuries of our civilization and the preceding dark ages. The forces of evil seem to have overcome men's minds and thus compelled the sacred knowledge to seek safety in seclusion; and dogmatic religions and warring sects took its place.

But we have reached a stage when the Secret Doctrine is due to be revived. Occultism takes strange forms when not built on the rock of brotherhood, and hence we find abroad today many weird cults of psychism, some of them constructed out of travestied teachings of H. P. Blavatsky. But these cults are many and divergent, as are also the personalities and coteries which head them; which alone is enough to stamp them as imitations. But when we examine them, we find they are not practical or serviceable to humanity, however ambitious in their prophecies; and some of them are very grotesque and unwholesome. True Theosophy is known by its identity with the teachings of H. P. Blavatsky, and by its practicability and wholesomeness. True Occultism is concerned with the development of man's Individuality, not that of his personality; a distinction which cannot be too often emphasized, the Individuality being that part of man which is eternal, and the personality being merely a temporary structure put together during a single life on earth, and compact of personal views, habits and prejudices.

When people speak of self-development, they usually have reference to personal growth; yet how small a thing is this compared with the needs of humanity! Is it not simply selfish emulation over again, the striving to raise oneself above one's fellows — a futile task in the long run? What could a great teacher care about satisfying various personal ambitions, when faced by the problem of the betterment of humanity? Theosophy, therefore, must be concerned with the uniting of men into a harmonious working whole; and the true aim of Occultism is the attainment of such knowledge as shall enable mankind at large to solve the problem of life.

The teaching that man is compact of the animal and the god has its correspondence in the physical body itself of man. A recognition and study of this fact would constitute a true and really helpful biology. Man has been compared to an Aeolian harp with two sets of chords — one of finest silver, the other of coarse catgut. It is the latter alone, the coarser fibers of his nature, that are set in vibration by the play of emotions and sensations arising from the lower or animal nature of man. Biology, so far, is studying this lower aspect of man's nature alone. But within all this mechanism of nerves, is the other and finer mechanism, the silver strings of the harp, which can be made to vibrate only in response to influences arising from the higher nature. Correspondingly the brain has two functions: it acts as a reflector or mirror to the impulses arising from the lower vital organs, and it can serve as a central distributing agency and co-ordinating center for the various impulses. But this is only a minor and superficial function. The real function of the brain remains unknown to biology, and the greater part of that organ even seems superfluous. The fact is that it is still a rudimentary organ in man, and is not used, but only awaiting the time when it shall be used. It is the organ for higher forms of consciousness not yet used by the ordinary man. Things like this about the body should be investigated carefully, because they remove the teachings from the domain of mere speculation and bring them down to actual practical life. It is also most important that the incomplete and misleading biology should be counteracted.

Does the mind act on the body, or the body on the mind? It is both ways; there is action and reaction. But the mind starts the ball rolling. The body is a creature of habit, its cells and organs being like small animals, which have only a limited consciousness, just enough to enable them to repeat over and over again any impression which may have been stamped upon them. Thus, a wrong thought initiated by the mind will impress itself upon the body, which will thereafter tend to set up a repetition of that wrong thought. In time the influence from the body may grow strong enough to overpower the mind, and then the man becomes the slave of his passions. Pessimists, seeing this, have reasoned that the

mind is always and inevitably under the sway of the body; but the case is far otherwise with man. The fact of his possessing a dual nature controverts this opinion and makes the facts quite different. Man has a neutral center, an independent fulcrum, outside his emotional nature, by means of which he can escape from what otherwise would be a vicious circle. This outside and independent influence is what we call conscience, and the sense of right and duty and honor and compassion. It arises from no animal or corporeal influence within the cells, but is a ray of light from the divine center of our nature. This higher influence does not act directly upon the body, but it acts through the mind. Conscience and intuition inspire our mind with right motives, and then our mind, thus inspired, acts upon the body, thereby setting aside and defeating the coarser influences from below.

This fact is very important as showing the error of hypnotism and psychic influence and certain methods of proposed self-cure. The attempt is made, in these methods, to act directly upon the body, or to influence the mind through the body. But the right plan is to influence the mind by counsel and exhortation and appeals to conscience and reason; and thus the mind is healed, and then the mind can heal the body. This latter process can then be assisted by the proper medical treatment; but unless the patient's mind is corrected and adjusted first, it is of little use to try to effect a genuine cure of all those ailments which depend on wrong habits, whether of thought or act.

The early years of life are the most important, because whatever happens then is the most potent in its influence on the whole life. It is precisely here — in these early years — that most of the evil is wrought; and it is therefore precisely here that we must get in our lever to bring about a change for the better. The Rāja-Yoga education is of course based on this idea. The notion which some would-be educators have, that a child can safely be left to the guidance of 'nature' is of course absurd, because we have already modified nature by putting the child in a featherbed, sheltering it within four walls, and feeding it on cooked food. In addition we have endowed it with a physical heredity far from natural and perfect, and it has probably passed through the first nine months of its budding existence amid a mental atmosphere that is quite artificial and far from anything to which the term natural might truly be applied. The result is that the child is born with a mixed nature. It is, in fact, a soul re-born amid circumstances of difficulty which demand our kind assistance.

To leave a child morally to its own devices and judgment would be very like turning it out-of-doors to fend for itself against the elements. There may be some educators who advocate theories of non-interference, as they call it; but these, where they have succeeded at all, are people of

exceptional temperament, and in reality they influence the children very strongly, though without seeming to do so. To preach such a gospel to all and sundry for universal adoption would be a very different matter. Children need constant watchfulness, care and protection; they demand it of us; it is their right; it is our duty. If we fail in this duty, we are guilty. Do you not know that, when children ask an indulgence, they are often secretly hoping it will not be granted; and are secretly disappointed if it is granted; and are interiorly glad when it is refused? The lower nature pleads for indulgence; the higher pleads for strength. Both of them are asking you for recognition. Which will you recognise? Ah, how often do we weakly and foolishly yield to the pleadings of the lower nature, and thus flout the higher nature of our child or of our friend! And why? Is it not because we are always yielding to the weakness of our own lower nature?

Truly it is hard to know whether to begin with the parent or the child. Practically, however, the problem is solved by beginning in both places at once; and so the Râja-Yoga school, in its wider limits, may be said to include a school for parents, and indeed for everybody, for we are all involved together in the problems of life.


What Theosophists must rely on is the fact that necessity will surely by degrees impel people to invoke the aid of Theosophy, because they will see that it is the only thing which can really give them the light and the help which they are seeking. If it can be practically demonstrated that Theosophy succeeds where other things fail, no other credentials will be asked. We certainly do need new faith, a new dawn of hope and belief and confidence and trust and loyalty and enthusiasm. Where are we to get it? We cannot go on forever drawing on the capital of religious feeling accumulated by our ancestors. We feel that somehow the world has lost much of grandeur and beauty and joy, and has become dull and little and prosaic. The golden age and the lost Eden are in the past, but they can be recreated; and surely the Soul of man is not dead, but only sleeping, and will evoke the glory of the past once more by its quenchless yearning. Oh that life could be beautiful once more!

Life is beautiful for the bird and the little child; but as for us the burden of thought has weighed us down, so that some cynics have declared that thought is the enemy of happiness, and the only way to be happy is to kill thought! George Eliot says, "Mind is an enemy to beauty"; and an ancient book of esoteric teachings says, "The mind is the slayer of the real." Clearly what we have to do is, not to destroy the mind, but to *learn what to do with it*. We have to seek for something within that is greater than the mind — for a great ocean of faith, love and harmony. A great gateway of knowledge will open up when we have proved that we

can be trusted with knowledge and will not use it for self-gratification or to hurt our fellow-man. But how can you give knowledge to a world which puts in its newspapers advertisements representing a man hypnotizing a woman, and promising to teach you for five dollars how to make a person do everything you want? This is why the real teachings have always been guarded; and reason enough, surely. But for him who honestly tries to follow the path of duty, the teachings of Theosophy will unfold themselves more and more in proportion to his success in realizing duty and self-control. The true science of living is the heart-doctrine — the wisdom that comes from compassion.



THE HIGHER WOMANHOOD: by Lydia Ross, M. D.

 HE higher womanhood is that essential quality of inherent power and responsibility in woman's nature which is her supreme charm and her greatest strength. It is, in essence, a birthright more real and lasting than anything she can ever obtain through human law or from outside sources. The more perfectly she expresses the womanly side of a common humanity, the better she portrays the character assumed by the indwelling Soul for a personal mask in a passing play of earthly experience. The law of compensation decrees that when she maintains her courage and serenity in spite of sufferings, she develops, beyond a womanly patience and sweetness, a finer force and an inner wisdom which is something other than masculine strength and knowledge. Whatever quality she develops in her own nature, is welded into the character she is forming for use in future lives.

In order that the incarnating Soul may understand the changing drama of earth-life, it engages to play every part until it can do it perfectly. But the higher nature does not lose sight of its identity in assuming either masculine or feminine rôles, however much the brain-mind becomes confused by its associate body. As a soul, woman is man's equal, with a leading role in a work which parallels his, but does not duplicate it. Man's body is stronger than hers: his feet are more firmly planted on the solid earth; he is more at home in dealing with physical forces and nature-elements: his brain more naturally grasps the general principles, and classifies things and argues the logic of conditions. But against these advantages, she balances her less secure foothold by a readier poise which can levitate toward regions of lighter air. When stubborn facts stand in the pathway to a desired ideal, her mind overrides them

with the sweet unreason of faith and courage which travels direct by air-line to the place where Truth ought to be, in the fulfilled nature of things.

Man's work in dealing with the outside world is symbolic: and equally significant is her inner home-sphere which calls for a humble mystic who can evoke the secret forces. She it is who has the larger part in that mystery play, in which, out of the material elements of her own body, is conjured the marvel of a child's form, while the personal character of the incoming Soul bears the imprint of her unseen thoughts and feeling. She is the guardian who holds the key to the sacred creative forces, whose material expression of the human form corresponds to like mental and moral qualities. If she does not forget the password, she can shut out the thousand unworthy things that lurk about the doorway, and too often creep in and mar the creative life of humanity.

That woman originally had this talismanic word is evident from the universal belief in a past Golden Age. These days of primeval Paradise have been followed by many cyclic rises and falls in the ups and downs of a changing racial record. But the level of enlightenment in any age has been marked by the position woman occupied. The injustice and suffering she has endured have reacted upon the welfare of the race. From the beginning ever has it been true that

Man's cause is woman's.
They rise or sink together,
Dwarfed or Godlike, bond or free.

As the guardian of the inner knowledge, woman has held or withheld the vital impulse of true progress. She has been a worthy guardian of life itself so long as she kept the light burning brightly in her own heart; but when the sacred fires died down, then came the dark ages.

Today women are in the foreground of the world's affairs, proving themselves so capable in business, in the professions, and elsewhere, as to settle all question of their ability of brain and hand. But, keeping pace with all this, are rampant disintegrating forces, undermining not only social institutions but the integrity of the home-life. Women are eagerly seeking new responsibility and are demanding more political power; but surely, conditions show that they are blind to that most potent power, the inherent quality of higher womanhood. The most casual observer can read in the faces of the city's passing throngs a look of something missing that rightly belongs to the humanity of today. With a glut of material and intellectual gains, the inner life of the age is poor and mean, is unclean and cowardly.

In watching the terrible struggle in the home-countries, despite the grievous error of such methods of settling differences, one feels a deeper trust in humanity's higher possibilities, once there shall come an awaken-

ing from the nightmare of war. If, without knowledge of their birthright of divinity, men and women can rise to such levels of courage and self-sacrifice, what might not be done when they shall work for peace as they are serving the cause of war? Now that the nations have registered their failure to respect the sacredness of life, even this great question of government must find its solution in the home, where living Peace may be seen in the enlightened power of the higher womanhood.

Katherine Tingley has said:

We are indeed at the pivotal point of our world's history, and are called upon to act our part nobly, wisely, courageously, dispassionately, and justly.

She has also said:

What is needed today by both men and women is a greater respect, first for themselves in their true natures as man and woman, and following that a greater respect each for the other. . . . Such respect implies no invasion of one another's sphere, but the very contrary, and in fact (both) can suffer terribly from such invasion. There is a common ground on which men and women can meet, which is pre-eminently in the home. It is also in the worlds of art, music, literature, education, and all the highest ideals of social, civic and national life.

Solomon said: "With all thy getting, get understanding," and the Greeks condensed philosophy into these words: "Man, know thyself." Katherine Tingley has said that "Theosophy has a message of special and unique import for the women of the world." She has ever appealed to women to study the duality of their own natures, and especially to develop that intuition which in the works of Mme. Blavatsky is the "prescience of the woman as reason is the power of the man."

The operation of the soul quality is marked by a peculiar balance which acts along middle lines, avoiding the extremes of weakness upon the one hand and unwise zeal upon the other. The real self is conscious of innate finer forces which will ultimately win all victories when it is free to act.

Unlike the brain-mind, the soul avoids the extremes of both the coward and the fanatic. The higher womanhood displays the power of the spiritual warrior. It was a counterfeit refinement arising in the brain-mind which made the women of the mid-Victorian era cultivate a fainting, hypersensitive type of clinging-vine character. Likewise, it is not the confident, serene soul, but the uncertain, restless mind, which animates present feministic struggles for more freedom by methods of law-breaking and violence.

A generation of women who shall find the irresistible strength and beauty of the higher womanhood will have no need to enhance their charm or seek more power and privileged place in the world's affairs.

The living picture of embodied truth and purity, fulfilling the duties of the common day, ennobles and refines whatever it touches, and is the final argument for a practical ideal. Human nature, even at its worst, has an innate longing for perfection, and even in the betrayer's scorn for his victim may be unconscious resentment that she had not raised him to a higher level of manhood instead of descending from her rightful place.

The allegory of the Garden of Eden is repeated in the human story. The wily serpent of Temptation well knew that woman was the guardian of the Paradise of purity. If he could delude Eve, he could depend upon Adam following her lead. Under the cowardice of Adam's cry that he sinned because the woman tempted him is the underlying justice done to her primeval place as spiritual guide. The very bitterness of the price that the daughters of Eve have ever paid for this racial lesson shows that Mother Nature herself uses heroic treatment to arouse in a benumbed soul the forgotten sense of higher womanhood.

In Katherine Tingley's work among the women in prisons she met cases seemingly hopeless from their records of hardened and embittered experience. But her appeal to their higher womanhood aroused them to a self-knowledge and a self-trust that transformed their lives and made their prison sentences a blessing to those around them.

It is an old teaching that there is but one sin — Ignorance. The cultured, refined and unselfish woman who does not understand herself shares the guilt of her imprisoned, degraded sister. Theosophy offers a philosophy of life which gives the magic key of self-knowledge to all alike. Katherine Tingley says:

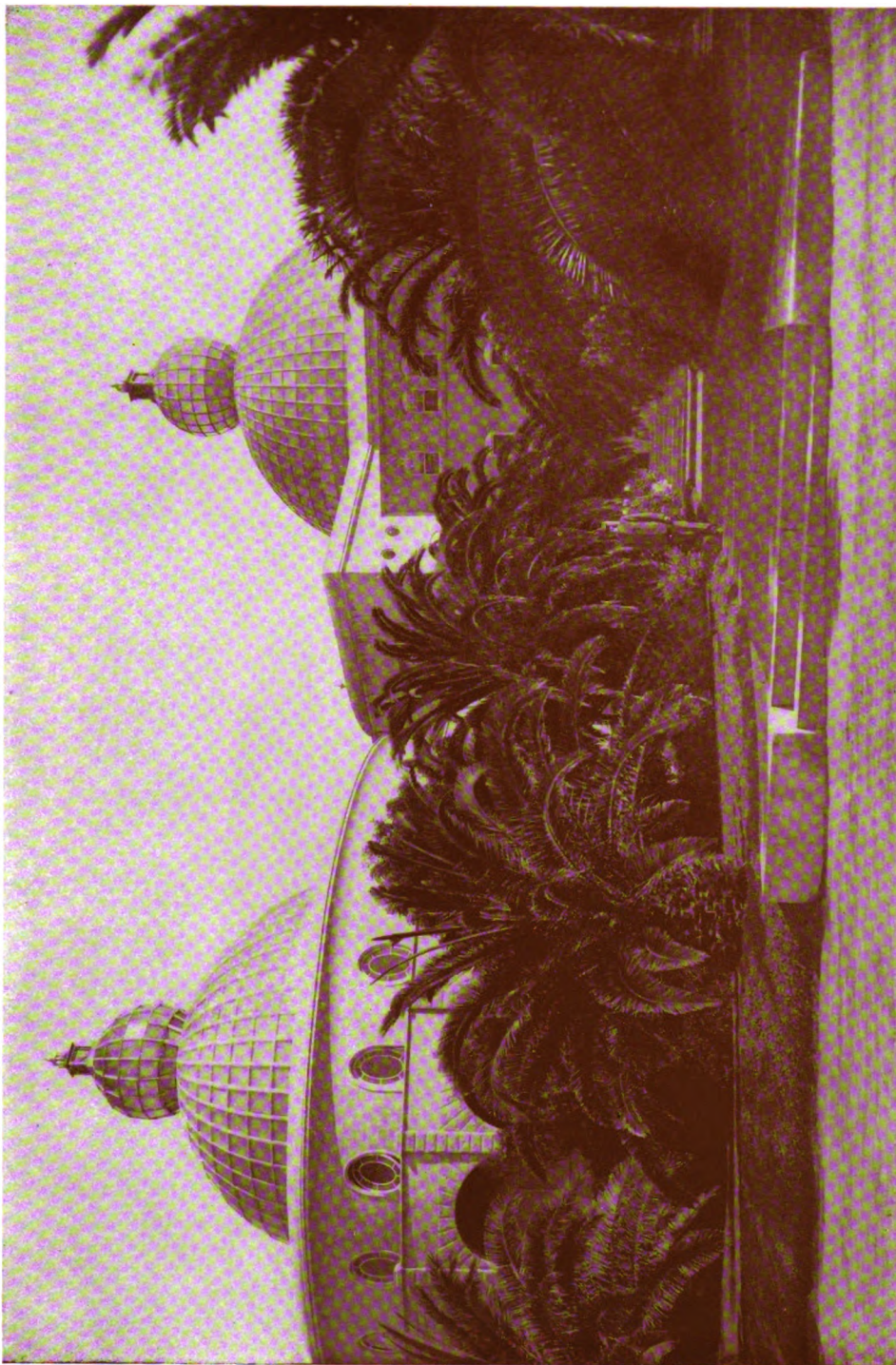
In place of blind faith, let us have knowledge, in order that we may be able to face ourselves, our weaknesses, and to challenge our Higher Natures, and gain that control over ourselves that will aid us in meeting understandingly the sorrows and disappointments and unbrotherliness of the age. When the Divine Light has touched our intellects, we then shall see: and in seeing, we shall realize: and in realizing, we shall become.



WHO is that Self? He who is within the heart surrounded by the senses, the person of light, consisting of knowledge. He, remaining the same, wanders along the two worlds as if thinking, as if moving. During dream he transcends this world and all the forms of death.

This eternal being who can never be proved is to be perceived in one way only; it is spotless, beyond the ether, the unborn Self, great and eternal.

—*Brihadâraṇyaka-Upanishad*



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A VIEW OF THE TEMPLE OF PEACE AND OF THE RÂJA-YOGA ACADEMY BUILDING
INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA



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THE ENTRANCE TO THE GROUNDS OF THE EXECUTIVE BUILDING
ONE PART OF THE EXTENSIVE SYSTEM OF GARDENS AND WALKS OF THE
INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

FLORENCE THE BEAUTIFUL: by Lilian Whiting

FOR absolute enchantment, for a magic spell of witchery that defies translation into words, can anything equal that of Florence in the Tuscan spring? Florence lying fair and stately under the gleaming amethyst lights, with the splendors of an Italian sunset drifting through that narrow, gem-lined street of the Tornabuoni, with the flames of rose and gold playing over the wonderful Campanile, the 'lily in stone,' and shimmering with a thousand hues from the strange medieval tower of the Palazzo Vecchio. Into this wonderful Florence, still throbbing with the color, the impassioned romance, the tragedy, the exaltations, and with the despair and gloom of the fifteenth century, pours the tide of the cosmopolitan life of today. Or was this Today closed for the present, (let us trust not for a still indefinite time) by the terrible tragedy of war that has paralysed Europe during these past two years? Shall the Tornabuoni, in a not distant future, again be vocal with the conversational raptures of the fifty thousand springtime tourists who arrived as punctually as the daffodils and the Florentine lilies, to crowd the pensions and hotels and make gay the favorite stroll along the Lung' Arno? Against the grim and massive walls of the Palazzo Strozzi, in the intersection of via Strozzi with the Tornabuoni, encamp the flower-venders with their masses of flowers in vivid colors, the deep glow of roses and golden daffodils, and great clusters of dewy violets contrasting with the gray stone of the palace walls — and who can resist this fragrance and loveliness? In strange contrast to all this bloom and beauty are the narrow streets lined with lofty, sculptured palaces; yet it is the life of the twentieth century, rather than that of the historic past, that is in joyous evidence. It cannot quite be said of Florence, as it is of Rome, that one hears in the streets every language except the Italian, yet Life is ever the lord of Death, and the sweeping tides of latter-day vitality have served somewhat to transmute the dim past into a romantic background, against which the *joie de vivre* of the hour was contrasted. The joys and the triumphs, the tragic sorrows and the pathetic failures of all the dead centuries, await the writer who is also the seer, offering their rich romance; for, in the last analysis, it is always the romancist who truly interprets the values of human experience; or these incomparable materials await the dramatic poet who can flash the violet ray on buried records and summon them to life again, as the closing years of the fifteenth century live for us today by the magic of George Eliot's art in *Romola*. The mighty and mysterious conflicts of the past, in the evil and the good, still hold sway over Florentine life, made visible and perceptible by the Röntgen ray of imaginative insight.

Just off the Tornabuoni, in the via della Vigna Nuova, is one of the most famous of the old palaces, the Palazzo Rucellai, whose present chà-

telaine, Editta, Contessa Rucellai, is an American, although born in Venice, the daughter of Browning's great friend, Mrs. Arthur Bronson, whose residence of more than twenty years in Venice has been made famous through her intimate friendship with Robert Browning and his sister Sariana, and by her countless distinguished and gracious hospitalities. It is to Mrs. Bronson that the poet dedicated his *Asolando*, in remembrance of his many visits to 'Ca' Bemba'—as her casa, on the Grand Canal, was known.

And it was of the present Contessa Rucellai, Editta, that Mr. Browning used to say: "Edith is the most delightful cicerone imaginable"—in the days when the young girl and the poet were used

to take long walks together in the highways and byways of Venice—in those dark and narrow passage-ways of the Dead City, known only to the initiate.

The Palazzo Rucellai was built by Giovanni, a descendant of Francesco Rucellai, in the decade of 1440-50; but its insignia, a coat-of-arms showing a silver lion on a red ground, traversed by rays of gold, its sumptuous salons, rich in scarlet brocades, inlaid cabinets, and with the carved gold frames of mirrors and pictures, are as brilliant today as in that remote mid-fifteenth-century past. The Rucellai sustain the historic greatness of a house that gave thirteen gonfalonieri and eighty-five priors to Florence, and that also intermarried with the Medici. The interior of the



KATHERINE BRONSON, WITH HER CHINESE DOGS

palace is one whose vast salons, majestic lines, and a certain antique splendor combined with modern comfort, render it notable among all Florentine houses.

The Rucellai have a chapel of their own in the church of Santa Maria Novella, of which the family have always, through the centuries, been great patrons. The name of Andrea Rucellai can still be traced on the portal; and another ancient member of the family, Guglielmo, gave the church designed by Brunelleschi, under which his own tomb was made. The head of the present Count Cosimo has a large collection of portraits which are one of the treasures of the old city on the Arno. The Palazzo Strozzi, the Riccardi and the Pitti, in its impressive size and magnificence. It dates from 1489, and is connected with the course of history during the past four hundred years. The works of art; Strozzi is rich in paintings by Raffaello, Leonardo da Vinci, and others of the masters, and a striking portrait of Cardinal Bembo is one of the attractions. The present Prince Strozzi, Piero, married a Russian wife, and the Princess is the accredited leader of the highest court society of Florence.



EDITH BRONSON

The Palazzo Vecchio, dating from 1299, is the most interesting to visitors of any of the Florentine palaces, as it is open to the public with all its treasures. In the grand and colossal council chamber is the statue of Savonarola, with uplifted hand. The Cappella de' Priori, where Savonarola celebrated his last communion on the morning of his execution, has a ceiling painted by Ridolfo Ghirlandajo. When the marriage of Cosimo II with the Duchesa Eleonora di Toledo was celebrated, an event of great brilliancy, it was on the upper floor of this old palace that they set up their household gods. Later the Duchessa purchased the Palazzo Pitti, and their residence was transferred to that Cyclopean structure.

It was then that the covered way over the Ponte Vecchio was constructed, leading now from the Uffizi Gallery into the Pitti, that they might have a means of escape from their enemies if assassination assailed them. The salons which they occupied in the Palazzo Vecchio, with the richly inlaid cabinets, the tall vases of priceless workmanship, with the sofas and chairs of gilt with upholstery of scarlet brocade, and with richly decorated ceilings, are still open to the visitor, with apparently little change. After the death of Eleonora, Cosimo married again and the son of this marriage was the celebrated Prince Giovanni, the architect of the Cappello de' Medici. Francesco I, the son of Eleonora, commissioned his half-brother Giovanni as Ambassador to Venice to present the thanks of Florence for the acknowledgment of Bianca Cappello, whose husband, Pietro Buonaventuri, he caused to be murdered, and he subsequently lived with his enchantress (Bianca) for seven years. Their deaths occurred almost simultaneously in their villa at Poggio a Caino — both of them victims of poison, given them by Cardinal Ferdinando, to whom the throne then passed. He renounced his Cardinal's hat in 1589 and married Christine of Lorraine, and it was his eldest son, Cosimo II, who was the sovereign to receive Sir Robert Dudley and invest him with the title of the Duke of Northumberland. The reign of Francesco was a brilliant one, characterized by marked advance in the



COSMO DE' MEDICI
Uffizi Gallery

arts and by the enrichment of Florence with many beautiful works. This brilliancy was accentuated during the reign of his son, Cosimo. He was a noble and generous prince, wise in statecraft, and filled with love for his people. It was he who called Galileo to Florence. The great astronomer, born in Pisa in 1592, was called to a chair in the University of Pisa at the early age of twenty-three, holding his place for twenty-eight years, when his advanced ideas aroused antagonism and he was forced to resign.

The hero is not fed on sweets.



CELL OF SAVONAROLA IN SAN MARCO, FLORENCE

Personal martyrdom is the price not unfrequently paid for the effort to live a nobler life than is usual, and give better conditions to mankind. Well, indeed, does the poet teach:

From wounds and sore defeat
I made my battle-stay;
Swift sandals for my feet
I wove of my delay,

— for all the world's greatest and most priceless work is based on the great effort of overcoming, and to these is given at last the white stone,

Galileo, publishing his book on the Copernican theory, was denounced by the Roman tribunal of the Inquisition, and was condemned to prison. Later the pope commuted his sentence to confinement in his villa in the gardens of the Santa Trinità al Monte; and in the Torre di Galileo, in Florence, is still preserved the letter written by the Tribunal. Milton visited Galileo in 1638, and he died in 1642. His tomb in Santa Croce, the Westminster Abbey of Florence, is an object of pilgrimage.

Of all places in Florence it is to San Marco that the visitor turns first, perhaps, and in which he lingers longest. The Library still echoes with the words of Savonarola spoken to the Frati on the night of Palm Sunday, 1498, when he exhorted them to follow God with all patience and faith. "My brothers, doubt not; for God will not fail to perfect his work," he said; "and although I be put to death, I will return to console you, either dead or alive." In the cell occupied by Savonarola there still remains, after all these four hundred years, his desk, his chair, and other things. Strangely preserved, too, are the paintings (frescos) of Fra Angelico, holding the visitor under the divine spell of their beauty.

A very interesting old picture which belonged to the Buondelmonte family, showing the tragic scene in the Piazza della Signora when (on May 25d, 1498) Savonarola was executed, is one of the special works in San Marco which visitors study.

In the Laurentian library, entered from the cloisters and from San Lorenzo, are many MSS. relating to Savonarola and his time.

The Palazzo Pitti is the colossal palace of Florence. Some idea of the immensity of its proportions can be gained by the fact that its windows are twenty-four feet in width, and that each of the three stories is more than forty feet in height. It is impressive, however, rather than beautiful, for it looks like a fortress, and George Eliot remarked that it is a wonderful union of Cyclopean grandeur and massive regularity. The Pitti Gallery contains some of the world's choicest treasures of art. The collection, which was begun in 1630, by the Medici, is small, hardly more than five hundred in all; but the pictures are so exclusively masterpieces that a visit to the Pitti is one of the most important of all the art pilgrimages of Europe.

The court of the Pitti Palace has statues and a fountain; and from this one passes into the *Camera degli Argenti* (the Chamber of Silver) in which the royal plate is kept. This includes a service of lapis-lazuli, and many exquisite pieces by Benvenuto Cellini.

The private apartments of the king comprise a study, in which are two beautiful cabinets in mosaic and bronze that belonged to the Medici, and the sleeping-room with its immense canopied bed in rich brocade



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PALAZZO RUCELLAI



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PALAZZO VECCHIO

hangings, with the dressing-room almost lined with mirrors. The Queen's apartments include a boudoir, whose walls are covered with embroidered satin in pale rose, and with the chairs and sofa upholstered in the same. Here, also, is another of those exquisitely wrought cabinets that belonged to Cosimo and Eleonora. The canopied bed in the sleeping-chamber is in dark green brocade. There is an inlaid writing-table of rare and curious workmanship, and in the *sala di toilette*, opening from this room, are large



MRS. BROWNING

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triplicate mirrors, magnificent ward-
robes, and a dress-
ing table furnished
with toilette arti-
cles in gold and
pearl. In the bou-
doir of the Queen
are a few pictures
of note, a
which is Botticelli's *Pallas and the Centaur*, the figure of Pallas instinct with vitality, and the ethereal draperies, fluttering as she glides forward, suggest the very poetry of motion.

From the mid-nineteenth century on, Florence has been the theater of a most interesting and enthralling social life of the modern and con-

temporary order. It was in April of 1847 that Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, after having passed the first winter of their married life in Pisa (the winter of 1846-47) first went to the Florence they were to make so peculiarly their own. For it is the Brownings who dominate modern Florence. Casa Guidi where they lived and wrote and received their friends, and where Mrs. Browning died, is one of the first shrines

of pilgrimage; the old market-place of San Lorenzo, where Browning picked up 'the old yellow book,' whose story became the basis of his most famous and greatest poem, *The Ring and the Book*; the equestrian statue in the Piazza Annunziata, which suggested the poem of *The Statue and the Bust*; and the tomb of Mrs. Browning, the sculptured marble designed by Frederic Leighton, (later Lord Leighton) which is seldom without its tribute of flowers — all of these divide the interest of the tourist and visitor with the great churches and galleries.

The Florence of the mid-nineteenth century was a city of brilliant social life. Walter Savage Landor had established himself there as far back as in 1821. Thomas Adolphus Trollope, whose wife was Theodosia Garrow, a friend of Mrs. Browning's before the marriage of either, had also been in Florence in his villa in the Piazza dell' Indipendenza, for some years before the arrival of the Brownings, and Isa Blagden, who became Mrs. Browning's most intimate friend, out of all her life, was in her villa on Bellosguardo. Pasquale Villari, 'the young Sicilian,' as he was then known, came to Florence about the same time as the Brownings did, and the Storys had antedated their arrival by a few years, although they were more frequently in Rome than in Florence. The foreign society that centered in Florence during these years included Mrs. Somerville; George Eliot and Mr. Lewes, (the guests of the Trollopes during the winter of 1859-60), when the great novelist made her studies for her wonderful romance, *Romola*; Mrs. Stowe, George William Curtis, Theodore Parker (who sought Florence for health, and there passed to the 'life more abundant'), his grave being near that of Mrs. Browning in the English cemetery. And there came Frances Power Cobbe, sharing with Miss Blagden the villa on the heights; Harriet Hosmer; Kate Field; Robert Lytton, the 'Owen Meredith' of poetic art and later Lord Lytton; Frederic Leighton, then a young artist trying his wings; Mrs. Anna Jameson, Margaret Fuller (Marchesa d' Ossoli) and her Italian husband; the Hawthornes; and many others. All these people came and went and the entire galaxy were not in Florence at any one time. Signor Villari became a professor in the University of Florence, and his fame today as the great biographer of Savonarola and Machiavelli, as one of the ablest of Italian historians, as a scholar and savant, is still more widely increased in that he is the recipient of the Order of the Annunziata: the 'Gran Collare dell' Annunziata,' as the Italians say, which carries with it the right to be addressed as *Eccellenza*, and also involves the title of 'cousin to the king.' There are three orders in Italy within the gift of the Crown: that of Cavaliere, (corresponding to knighthood in England) and which is so common that it is not greatly prized; the Commendatore, bestowed on distinguished scholars and great specialists, and which is an honor of distinction;

and that of the Annunziata, of which, in all the history, Professor Villari is only the ninth recipient, so rarely is it bestowed. When this order was conferred on 'il Maestro,' as his townsmen call Dr. Villari, he was invited by the king to his palace in Rome. This was in 1910; Victor Emmanuel placed the ag- his right and conversation an hour. At interview the the hands of small gold box not, on the motle dreaming of or which it con-

Two Ameri- had established the city of Flo- years: Hiram became a great Brownings, and of Boston. Wil- Story, sculptor, and poet, made Palazzo Barbe- though he and so made quite and sojourns in

The home of in Casa Guidi lon, with a pia- mense picture,

an obscure street in Florence; a little dining-room whose walls were covered with tapestry; and where there hung medallions of Tennyson, Carlyle, and of Browning himself; a long narrow room which Browning made into his study and decorated with casts and fragments of antique sculpture; and in the drawing-room, where Mrs. Browning was apt to lie on the sofa and write, there were vast expanses of mirrors in the old carved Florentine frames; a green velvet sofa resembling a catafalque, (of which Barrett Browning, the son of the poet, said in later years that he remembered seeing his father and Ruskin sitting side by side on it, their feet dangling), and there was a remarkably deep, easy chair in the same green velvet, where Mrs. Browning sat when she donned her singing-



PROF. PASQUALE VILLARI

ed scholar at engaged him in for more than the close of the king placed in Dr. Villari a which he did ment, open, lit- the signal hon- ferred.

can sculptors themselves in rence in those Powers, who friend of the Thomas Ball liam Wetmore man of letters his home in the rini in Rome, Mrs. Story al- frequent visits Florence.

the Brownings had a large sa- no and one im- picked up in

robes. Near this low armchair was always her little table, strewn with writing materials, books and newspapers. Other tables in the *saletto* bore gaily bound volumes, the gifts of brother-authors. On March ninth in 1849 their son, Robert Barrett Browning was born, and they "caught up their parental duties with a kind of rapture," as Mrs. Browning playfully remarked. The social life of those years was one that lends itself to charming reminiscences. Miss Blagden and Frances Power Cobbe, sharing their villa, drew around them an interesting circle. Robert Browning was one of their intimate visitors, with the Italian poet Dall' Ongaro; there were the Trollopes; the Hawthornes came; Mrs. Stowe, in all those days of early triumph in her *Uncle Tom's Cabin*; Miss Linda White, a young English lady who became Madame Pasquale Villari, and who has since been the invariable translator of her husband's books into English; Frederick Tennyson, a brother of the poet; Harriet Hosmer, "that bewitching sprite," as Mrs. Browning called her; and Arthur Hugh Clough, the English poet, whose death occurred in Florence, and whose tomb is near that of Theodore Parker's, in the English cemetery. The story of those days would fill many a volume and supplement many of the individual biographies of that charmed circle. It is fairly a part of the Florence of today.

The story of the strange lives that have been lived in the old palaces where the tourist lingers, held by the spell of the historic past, is one almost as in the very air of today. With little aid from the playwright could their drama be wrested from those centuries gone from all save memory. It is a story in perpetual sequence of the most impassioned human life; and to him who turns backward the pages that hold the record of supreme emotions, of love and ambition, of revenge and retribution, of devotion and tenderness, of hate and assassinations, of lofty purposes, and of generous fostering of the arts; of learning, of statesmanship, of tyrannies, of plots — the record in which every emotion possible to the human heart is recorded, a very palimpsest, there glows a history before which pales all the romance of the world. Who can tread the streets of Florence and not feel the thrill of the life of all these dead centuries springing to activity and light again, as he loiters in palaces and churches and galleries, or visits tombs and monumental memorials? The throngs that passed Dante or Savonarola in these narrow streets wander there today in the same eager people, vocal with song, impassioned in feeling.

In no city is there more cultured society than in Florence. The scholar and the savant abound; and while contemporary Italy is not now producing distinctively great poets or writers, a large contribution of excellent work in history, sociology and science is adding to the world's wealth of literature. In all these twentieth-century years up to the time



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**GIROLAMO SAVONAROLA
A STATUE BY E. PAZZI, IN THE HALL OF
THE CINQUECENTO, PALAZZO VECCHIO, FLORENCE**



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THE HOUSE IN WHICH MRS. BARRETT BROWNING LIVED IN FLORENCE,
CALLED THE 'CASA GUIDI,' IN THE VIA MAGGIO

of the breaking out of the war, there were notable receptions constantly held in these old palaces now apportioned in apartments. Many of these receptions might have fairly served as stage scenes, so impressive was their setting of beauty. The vast salons hung with old tapestries, rich in sculpture, and with paintings that looked from the richly-carved old Florentine frames; great mirrors in whose expanse had been reflected scenes and images of the richly-historic past; rare books, bric-a-brac and *vertu*; a wealth of flowers always — all the numberless details that contribute to the artistic atmosphere: and in these surroundings the groups of people would seem almost like some picture suddenly summoned out of ethereal space by a witchery of necromancy. There is often a resplendence of the golden atmosphere, a very phantasmagoria, rather than the reality of the hour.

One of the most charming Florentine hostesses of these later years was Walpurga, Lady Paget, whose villa on Bellosguardo was fashioned out of an old convent. Lady Paget was born a German countess, and she was one of the three young and noble maidens selected to represent the German nobility at the marriage of the Crown Prince Frederick, (the father of the present Kaiser) to Victoria, the Princess Royal of England. Throughout the life of the Princess (known to us now as the Empress Frederick) Lady Paget remained on terms of personal intimacy with her. Sir Augustus Paget was at one time on some diplomatic mission to Germany, and he there met the young countess who became his wife. Sir Augustus and Lady Paget passed some years of their early married life on the Austrian shores of the Adriatic, where they were in almost daily companionship with Sir Richard and Lady Isabel Burton. There is a somewhat recent book entitled *The Romance of Lady Burton*, that is one of the most fascinating of volumes and which relates the curious story of their married life. Their mutual attraction was instantaneous on their first meeting, and recalls to one Browning's stanza (in his poem of *The Statue and the Bust*):

He looked at her as a lover can;
She looked at him as one who wakes;
The past was a sleep, and her life began.

Both Sir Richard and Lady Isabel were deep students and thinkers, and they were familiar with Theosophical truth. Both of them fully believed that their meeting was a reunion and a recognition out of former associations in some previous incarnation. They probed deep into the inscrutable mysteries of being. At Lady Paget's receptions were met visiting foreigners of distinction of all nationalities. A luncheon in honor of Mrs. Humphrey Ward brought together a delightful group; an afternoon tea where d'Annunzio was the guest of honor and where the poet



EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF DUKE FERDINAND

rather wildly, and not without a certain pose, recited from his own poems; titled people from Germany as well as poets or philosophers, and occasionally some royal visitor from the principalities. The Montenegrin family (of whom the present queen of Italy is one) were occasionally in evidence, and the Regina Madre, Margherita, has sometimes been a quiet and secluded guest of Lady Paget.

On one occasion it was a reception given in honor of Professor Oscar Browning, of Cambridge University (England), and, meeting him there he found that I was living for the time in the Villa Trollope (which had become a private hotel) and recalling the old days in which he had been domiciled there as a guest of Thomas Adolphus Trollope, during the lifetime of the noted author, he expressed his wish to come and see me and see the villa again, as well. Never shall I lose the memory of that morning enriched by his wonderful conversation. Professor Browning (who is still living) was not related at all to the poet, although they had known each other during Robert Browning's lifetime. Professor Browning had been of the intimate circle of George Eliot, Herbert Spencer, George Lewes, and all that coterie. He had a profound appreciation of the genius of Marian Evans Lewes (George Eliot) and a fund of incident to relate of those Sunday afternoons when she gathered such notable circles around her.

The Dante Society of Florence is one of the notable world-centers of art and culture. There is a very interesting organization known as the Pro Cultura, which holds frequent meetings, and at one of these, in my latest-to-date sojourn in Florence (where I had passed a part of every year from 1896 to 1914, inclusive) and of which I cannot bring myself to speak as a 'last,' but as the 'latest' visit there, (for what would life be without ever seeing Florence again?) in this latest sojourn, in the spring of 1914, I had the privilege of listening to a remarkable lecture before the Society of the Pro Cultura by Professor Ernesto Manciani, on *La Luce che non si vede* — invisible light. The *clou* of the evening took form in experimental demonstrations to reveal the phenomenal possibilities of the violet ray, whose vibrations are only in the ether. This was done by means of a number of pictures that were, practically, 'not there.' Apparently, they were merely white and untraced canvasses. The secret lay in the fact that the pictures were painted in pigments that only acquire color when allowed to absorb certain kinds of light. Extinguishing all the electric lamps, the canvas would be exposed for five minutes to a bath of mercury-vapor, when, suddenly, the subject — landscape, portrait, as it might be — would leap into color and form in an ethereal beauty of indescribable brilliancy. With the turning on of the ordinary electric lights the picture disappeared. There was merely the white

canvas again. It was washed out by ordinary light-vibrations, and only restored by a mercury-vapor bath again. One of the pictures shown that night by Signor Manciani was the 'Theodora' from the celebrated mosaic at Ravenna.

The Casa Dante, the obscure little house in a narrow and obscure street, not far from the Palazzo Vecchio, and 'Dante's Stone,' are among the early objects of the stranger's pilgrimage. The trip to the Certosa, some three miles beyond the walls of Florence, bring one to the Italy of a thousand years in the past. Here are in residence some thirty lay brothers, not one of whom has ever seen Florence! The Rule of the monastery is very rigid, and, as in most of the monasteries of Italy, the fraternity know no more of contemporary life than if they were on a desert island, uninhabited by any other human being. Galileo's Tower, outside Porta Romana, is another of the shrines of the Scholar, and there are preserved many of the old manuscripts relating to the astronomer's discoveries.

The Fiesolean slope, on which are San Domenico and other small hamlets, and which is so picturesque a residence place, is a favorite haunt of the American visitors. By the colossal fireplace in some antique villa one is told that Savonarola once sat. In the beautiful, winding pathways are still reminiscences of Pico di Mirandola, or of Lorenzo de' Medici. On the hillside below Fiesole is pointed out the very spot (now marked by a shrine) where it is believed San Francesco and San Benedetto met; and loitering, one brilliant May-day in a very old and long since disused cemetery, I found on a stone this curiously touching inscription in ancient Latin:

HYEME ET AESTATE
ET PROPE ET PROCUL
USQUE DUM VIVAM
ET ULTRA!

of which a rather free translation runs:

Summer and winter
Near and far
So long as I live
And beyond!

After that what can be said? The rest is silence.

THE THREE BASES OF POETRY: A STUDY OF ENGLISH VERSE: by Kenneth Morris

PART ONE — VISION

II — THE SECOND CYCLE



LONG period of sterility followed Chaucer's death in 1400: a dark night of poetry peopled only by uninteresting Lydgates, Hoccleves and the like. Though dawn came early in the sixteenth century with Wyatt and Surrey, we are to look for nothing very significant in vision until 1579 and Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar*. Chaucer had certainly loved the world out-of-doors; it was a love, however, something between a schoolboy's and a poet's. The sky covered a multitude of good things for him; but he took them mainly *en masse*: seeing only what was there for him to see, but seeing it rarely with any minute, still less with any interpretative vision. The daisy — yes, he saw that (see his *Legend of Good Women*) ten times as large as life, you may say: he was out before dawn daily to observe its opening, and 'renne blyve' each evening to watch it close — when, indeed, he did not lie down at sunrise on the 'softe, smale, swote gras' and 'schoop himself' to abide there all day worshipping it. But it was for him a symbol of the spirit of springtime and delight in the open air; not a window through which to look in upon God. Spenser went much farther in seeing when he gave us this:

Bring hither the pink, and purple columbine,
With gilliflowers;
Bring coronations, and sops-in-wine
Worn of paramours;
Strow me the ground with daffadownillies,
And cowslips, and kingcups, and loved lilies;
The pretty pause,
And the chevisaunce,
Shall match with the fair flower delice.*

Of the great figures of the poetic epoch that followed, however, only Shakespeare, and after him Milton, need concern us greatly now. All the age's growth in vision is shown forth in them. Spenser was, on the whole, too intent on spinning the airy stuff of his fancies into allegories — not to call them by the greater name *symbols* — to see very far into the beauty of the world; and Marlowe's high importance is less in this than in other fields. In *Hero and Leander*, where most he gives himself up to seeing, his eyes are all upon the human form — not too divine.

A *Midsummer Night's Dream*, written eleven years after the publication of the *Shepherd's Calendar*, shows clearly that a new vision of Nature had come into the race. It is the poetic play, *par excellence*, of Shakespeare's first period; as *The Merchant of Venice* is of the second, and per-

* From Hobinoll's song in the Fourth Aeglogue, *Shepherd's Calendar*.

haps *A Winter's Tale* of the last. In it we find the young poet's first great insight into the beauty of natural things; in such lines as

I know a bank whereon the wild thyme grows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet blows,
Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine;

— which we may compare with Chaucer's 'floures whyte, blewe, yolwe and rede,' and with Spenser's verse quoted above. Chaucer, we may say, felt mainly the gaiety of masses of flowers; Spenser knew the flowers themselves, and each by its name — was conscious of their distinct sweetnesses and individualities; Shakespeare here shows himself aware of all this, and of their beauty, their artistic possibilities as well. (He was the only poet of his age, it is said, who knew in what seasons what flowers are due). Chaucer saw; Spenser saw in detail; Shakespeare saw in detail, and with an eye to beauty. His purpose is to make a beautiful and fragrant picture: there is an *architecture* to his vision, which Spenser lacks. Such an artistic purpose we see still more clearly in this from the *Winter's Tale*:

violets dim

Yet sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes —

in which he is altogether a seer and revealer of the beautiful: looking at his blossoms with the physical eye, plus a critical and searching sense of the exquisite in form and color, of the artistic. And when, in the lines just before that, he speaks of the

daffodils

That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty,

— we feel that he has made a revelation deeper still, and also different in kind. He is still seeing with the physical eye, yes; but it is an eye, now, in a sense illuminated, and gifted to see almost spiritually. There is something more in it even than artistic feeling: there is a seer's vision, emotional and interpretative, into the meaning, the symbolism, the inward and spiritual grace of the daffodils. We are made to feel a certain valor in them, akin to some divine quality buried within ourselves. A new note in poetry has been struck: the Poet-Magician, wielder of *natural magic*, has begun to work, and we are introduced, not merely to the beauty, but to the consciousness of Nature.

And in this, too, from the *Merchant of Venice*:

Look how the floor of heaven
Is all inlaid with patines of bright gold —

there is an elusive beauty that thrills us; something more than the eye

can see; its secret is again the hint at consciousness in nature; at the presence of artistic, creative consciousness. — But he might have said that right out, you say, and given us the 'great Original' of the hymn-books? — So he might — but note the difference. Says Addison's hymn:—

The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display;
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

— Wherein is no thrill of elusive beauty, or, shall we say, of any beauty whatsoever. The 'Creator's power' and the 'Almighty hand' are shoved at you in so many brute words, and no deep part of you is convinced; your own consciousness is not touched with kinship of a universal consciousness; no link is established between yourself and the vastness. But Shakespeare, being no theologian, but Poet, leaves the universal consciousness impersonal and unlimited, and just picks out in its boundlessness something that is within us too: artistry, craftsmanship, design; and — works the miracle of poetry.

In this, from the same scene:

On such a night
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waved her love
To come again to Carthage. . . .

— quoted, as most of these passages are, by Matthew Arnold in his essay on *Celtic Literature* as examples of the Celtic influence in English poetry — the whole picture presented seems to have consciousness thrilling through it, and that is what makes it so wonderful. The queen's grief and passion are not confined within the limits of her humanity, but run through the moonlight and the dark horizon and the noise of the waves upon the wild sea-banks; a mysterious sympathy flows, through "the willow in her hand," between mourning human Dido and the elements. This is from Shakespeare's second period, but we find the same note struck in the first, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, in this:

Met we on hill, in dale, forest or mead,
By paved fountain, or by rushy brook,
Or on the beached margent of the sea.

We have passed here, somehow, into a light mysterious and beautiful, into a fairy universe illuminated from within, a haunted world, lonely and lovely. A wind has blown in our faces from Avalon and the Islands of the Blessed. The secret still lies in the suggestion of a vast and wizard consciousness behind things. As we ourselves are consciousness, consciousness is for us the most vitally, intimately interesting thing there is; a thing must be conscious to be supremely interesting. And

any consciousness outside our own may be half interpretable, but still it is half uninterpretable; and in that half uninterpretability lies the element of mystery which stirs us to the depths of our being. The loveliest scene in virgin nature may deluge our eyes with beauty, and leave us only partly moved; but set some ancient ruin in it; people it with Gods and fairies, or with legends of

old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago,

and it becomes poignant at once, a keen, piercing beauty point — because there is that in it which is akin to us, and yet that which is unknown, perhaps unknowable. So I believe that in these lines the archeus of the magic is in “*pavéd fountains*”; that those two words lend them (placed where they are) their grace of faerie. One does not notice it in passing; yet they have called up in one’s subconsciousness pictures of gardens artificially laid out, the handiwork of cunning craftsmen: of green, green lawns perhaps, and peacocks, and clipped yews fantastical, and maybe sundials. All these, in essence, I hear or see before *pavéd fountains* has quite gone from my hearing; then immediately *rushy brooks* takes me out into the wilderness, where all is music of invisible waters. I am half conscious of a lark overhead; there will be hoof-prints of cattle; some whiteness adrift over the blue high above the mountain shoulders; it is all wild, wild and sweet. And then that passes again, and flows out into infinity upon the *beachéd margent of the sea*. Now infinity floods my spirit through the eyes and ears: there are unfathomable horizons; there is the roar of never-resting waters. These are the steps by which Shakespeare has carried us: first, artistry — the artistry of a human consciousness, in the *pavéd fountains*; then wild Nature unspoiled and untouched; then that Infinity of which, somehow, the sea is the natural and unescapable symbol. Fuse those elements into one, and we have a revelation that bates our breath: Poetry. Serene eyes are watching us over every sky-edge; seas and mountains and sunlit rivers become half human, capable of ecstatic delight and (I think) a sly humor; we understand the propriety of such an utterance as Taliesin’s

I know the imagination of the oak-trees.

Or, to speak philosophically, those three lines have power to suggest boundless Nature with a seed or spark of artistic creative consciousness present in it: Nature haunted with immortal mystery, ancient and ever youthful; the sense that God is playing peep-bo with you in all wild places. This is the true value, and the valuable truth, of all fairy lore. There is nothing like it, you will note, in that exquisite line about the violets and the lids of Juno’s eyes; still less, perhaps, in Chaucer’s floures

and smale fishes; least of all in the breezy out-of-doorsness of *Sumer is icumin in*. Poetry here has reached a certain high efficiency in her true method of teaching us; which is not through what she says — the matter, but rather through how she says it — the manner.

Here we may mark off, as Matthew Arnold does, three distinct modes of Nature vision. First there is a wholly external mode: faithful, bright and joyous: on the right track, as you may say; seeing, if only with the eyes: a method whose one means of producing its emotional effect is to reproduce, as accurately as may be, the objects seen. Second: an artistic vision, which selects that which is beautiful in the things it sees, and reproduces it in a heightened or rarified light — with clearness, judgment and serenity; which sees a poise and exquisite radiance about things; searches out harmonies, richness, sweetness and purity of effect. The first sees unselfconsciously, and just for the joy of seeing; the second, artistically selfconscious, sees for the sake of beauty. Both of these look *at* things; but the third looks *into* or *through* them. It sees magically, for the sake of the Mysterious and the indwelling light in creation; it has, I think, less an artistic than a devotional purpose; it is ecstatic often and sometimes mischievous; it is artistic only because the world it sees is soaked through and electric with beauty. It sees, and quivers with wonder, awe or delight, at the splendor and wizardry of its vision. — In the first mood, the poet feels natural beauty physically: wind and sunshine wake a tingling in a clean and keenly responsive physicality. In the second Nature becomes a thing of exceeding beauty for him; a treasure-house of excellent line, color and simile; a loveliness bathed in light. It produces in him no boisterous physical enjoyment; but calm, just and exalted appreciation. In the third mood, Nature has grown transparent, and a beauty shines through which burns, enthralls and ennobles: moves to laughter or tears, but to a kind of worship always. It is a wonder that leaves the blood and physicality alone; troubles not greatly with the outer eye — though that, too, must be faithful and competent, or how shall the great vision flow in through it? — but wakens the soul within, through sympathy, to an agony of delight or a very bliss of pain. We may call these three types or moods the Faithful, the Artistic, and the Magical; or, following Matthew Arnold somewhat, we may speak of the two higher with a certain propriety as the Greek and the Celtic. With a certain propriety; not with any final or absolute truth. No one will quarrel with calling the one Greek; as for the other, the Magical mode, it is highly characteristic of the old Celtic romances, and of many of the Gaelic and Cymric poets. One must use names and labels as a convenience only; they are like fire and water in the proverb. A Celtiberian strain in English heredity may have helped forward the evolution

of magical vision in the English poets; certainly the influence of Greek literature has helped them to artistry in the Greek manner. But the latency of these things is always in the human and the racial soul, and may come to the surface quickly or slowly, as circumstance, inner and outer, shall help or hinder; or perhaps they may never appear at all.

Again, there are infinite gradations between these types, so that often it may be hard to tell which is which; and all three are to be found often in the same individual poet. Shakespeare, no less than Chaucer, founded himself upon the first, which is the basic English mode; so did Milton; not until the third poetic cycle does one come upon poets who seem to have been more or less born into the heritage of the higher types. But unlike Chaucer, who never left it, Shakespeare soared when he would above the merely faithful level. Indeed, perhaps his greatest work as a poet lies in the fact that he, chiefly, introduced the artistic and wizard visions into English nature poetry. Spenser meant to, but I doubt his success.

Milton, who followed him, is no less significant a figure. Above all others, Milton is the representative English poet; because in him, more than in any other, we see in epitome the whole history of the evolution of poetic vision. The Horton poems, and especially *L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso* and *Lycidas*, are what chiefly concern us here. Even in *Comus* where there is much nature vision, the excellence is mainly in the style.

L'Allegro, the earliest of these poems, is perhaps the finest example we have of the first mode of seeing, the Faithful-Joyous. It shows what that mode may be, molded by a hundred inspiring and uplifting influences, without quite ceasing to be merely itself. Here is the Faithful vision, as a poet of Poets may exercise it. Here is all that the medieval singers would have said, had they been great poets, scholars and gentlemen. Here is 'Merrie England' incarnate in verse; but refined, divested of all horseplay and coarseness. It is the very Poem of England: England at her best and most Elizabethan; the landscape and atmosphere out of which her grand Elizabethan achievements sprang. About half the lines are devoted to the country and country life; and in these there is no moment, from when the lark begins his flight in the morning, till "to bed they creep" at night, in which we are not made to feel the essential truth and gay brightness of all that is said. The poet's eye is on the object always: the Buckingham landscape that surrounded him as he wrote: and on the whole of it — on everything between the gently rolling hills and the vast, white-flecked blue sky. He does not see minutely, but broadly; he draws with sweeping lines; gives an impression, not striving to paint you every crinkle of a petal, or each separate blade of grass; but the impression is so faithful, that the imagination of the

reader is quickened and helped to a right result, and never allowed to err. There are, of course, the pastoral conventions of Corydon and Thyrsis, Thestylis and the neat-handed Phyllis; but they fit perfectly into the scenery. Their artistic truth is perfect; and I doubt they are even much removed from the actualities of the yeoman and small-landowner life of the age. There is a classicism, an eclectic artistry throughout, which he owed to his immense latinity — the Latin element in Milton is exceptionally strong — but it only enhances his Englishry, and goes to prove how large and essential is the Latin element in the English race. The keynote of the poem is the English merry faithfulness of vision; within which, we may say, a Latin sense of fitness, of precision, a Latin mastery of form, has worked to eliminate undesirable things. But this discipline does not achieve the Greek beauty sense; only prepares the way for it. The faithful vision reaches its height, and remains there; and from that apex is prophetic of greater things — in Nature-seeing, and in seeing of another kind. For the eye that now measures an English lantskip round, was in after years, blinded and turned inward, to take in at one titanic sweep all that lies between Pandemonium and the Crystalline; was to see the rebel angel

thrown by angry Jove
Sheer o'er the crystal battlement; from morn
To noon he fell; from noon to dewy eve
A summer's day, and with the setting sun
Dropt from the zenith like a falling star;

— and the ear that was to hear

Jehovah thundering out of Sion, throned
Between the Cherubim,

listens now

While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin;

— hears the ploughman, near at hand, whistling o'er the furrowed land; and the milkmaid singing blithe, and the mower whet his scythe. It was this early habit of literary truth, this faithfulness to Nature, that taught him to hear and see the stupendous things.

The Latin refinement in the poem, which gives promise of Greek perfection, is not the only quality which lifts *L'Allegro* above the poetry of the Chaucerian cycle. There is a prophecy of magic also, in a certain aerial and skyish quality we find in it. That about the cock "scattering the rear of darkness"; that about hearing the lark

Singing, startle the dull night
From his watchtower in the skies;

that about the great Sun beginning his state

Robed in flames and amber light;
 — such lines as these illumine the whole poem, and give it an ethereality, a spaciousness, that one does not, I think, find at all in English verse before the Elizabethans. 'Aerialness,' according to Matthew Arnold, is an attribute of the Celtic magical note; this that we get of it in *L'Allegro* does not, perhaps, achieve giving us the full sense of Mystery that comes when that note is struck fully and unequivocally; the picture is not drenched in wonder, as that *pavéd fountain* picture is; yet it is by an elixir in these lines that *L'Allegro* is made supermaterial and ever-living. To show how this skyishness passes into natural magic, we may quote from a translation — I do not know by whom — of Dafydd ab Gwilym's *cywydd* to the *North Wind*; Dafydd ab Gwilym was the greatest of the medieval Welsh poets, and a contemporary of Chaucer.

Bodiless glory of the sky,
 That wingless, footless, stern and loud,
 Leap'st on thy starry path on high,
 And chantest mid the mountain cloud —
 Wind of the North! no power may chain,
 No brand may scorch thy goblin wing;
 Thou scatterest with thy giant mane
 The leafy palaces of Spring;
 And, as the naked woodlands droop or soar,
 Lifest thine anthem where a thousand forests roar.

Milton made us feel the sky; gave us a sense of its vastness, and of its potentiality as the seat of elemental intelligence. Dafydd ab Gwilym, child of an elder poetic evolution, went much farther. He filled the sky with a vast, mysterious elemental consciousness: a "bodiless glory," footless and wingless, or with goblin wings; with giant mane; a "phantom of terror and delight"; a laughter "amidst the citadels of morn." He does not tell us about the North Wind, but gives us its very essence, its consciousness — that is the word to insist on; he initiates us into the Brotherhood of Extrahuman things. That also is a function of natural magic. In *L'Allegro*, Milton was on the way to it; we shall see how a poet of the third cycle arrived, through this same skyish journeying, at the goal.

In *Il Penseroso*, obviously written after *L'Allegro*, though in the same year, we find the marks of a decided growth of vision. The basis of the poem is rather artistic than merely faithful; that is to say, it is faithful, but more consciously aims at beauty. There is no longer the physical delight in nature, but an eye that looks for the beautiful; a balanced and statuesque mind, that calls up exquisite calm pictures and justly and quietly appraises the beauty of serious things. I would call the

other a pageant in quiet golds and greens, sky-blue and rose-color; this, a nocturne in night-blue, twilight-violet, indigo and silver. The young bright poet of joy has become the severe and conscious artist. But out of this mainly Greek vision he rises, too, to a sense of mystery that is not Greek. For the external gaiety of sunlight in the earlier poem, he chooses chiefly mysterious moonlight now, and uses it to help him towards natural magic. Here

Cynthia checks her dragon yoke
Gently o'er the accustomed oak;

— an action a little too mysterious to be purely Greek or artistic, and certainly too artistic to be merely faithful.

And here we may note that magic is not attained by mere personification of natural things and forces; or the Greeks, whose tendency was so largely to do that, would be the greatest magicians of all. The consciousness presented must be mysterious, and therefore impersonal; and we are to be made to feel it — to be initiated into it; not just to be told that it is there. Your modern journalist, who cannot speak of the Bay of San Diego without taking a pot-shot at the poetical by calling it San Diego's Bay — thus personifying the city according to one of the worst tricks of journalism of a certain order — in reality makes his advance, not towards, but away from poetry: whose aim is not vague rhetorical phrase-making, but the presentation of minute inner realities, essential truth. The Greeks, if they missed as a rule achieving the supreme note of magic, missed it through their very habit of making beauty concrete; of personifying, or personalizing, the great conscious forces. The Gods are akin to men, in that they are conscious, intelligent; but they are unlike us in that they are impersonal; and it is only when we are confronted with that likeness and unlikeness that we receive the electric touch of mystery, the highest thing there is in art. The Greeks made their Gods altogether too human; one gets no spacious awe-inspiring sense, when one hears of deities that quarrel and fall in love. Our passions are too cheap, too commonplace, to be shared with hierarchies above us in the order of being. Better the Egyptian plan, that depicted its Gods animal-headed — that is to say, frankly symbolically — as intelligences only partly to be understood by human understanding; but carved into all its portraits of men something of augustness, mystery and eternal being; Osirifying the statues of kings, whose souls were believed to be Osirified. Hence the peculiar power in Egyptian art: Magic: the whisper that awakens the Infinite in our souls. Its note is mystery with Majesty. The Celts forgot their Gods, but retained a sense of the omnipresent God-consciousness in Nature; so we find a note of mystery with beauty

in the best of their literature; and English poetry has developed the same, or a similar note. But to return to *Il Penseroso*.

We get a great draught of magic, I think, in these lines:

To behold the wandering Moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way,
And oft, as if her head she bowed,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.

— The personification does not descend to personalizing. The Greek method would have given us Artemis the Huntress, belike, with motive intelligible; would have given us a picture of exquisite clarity and balance: but would have missed the supreme mystery and truth of this. Here the individuality, the consciousness, of the Moon are taken for granted; her motions are seen, but not interpreted, or only vague guesses made at their interpretation — “*like one that had been led astray*”; “*as if her head she bowed*.” In the dubiety of that surmise, something is resigned or conceded to the inexplicable: whence the mystery with which the lines are luminous. The moon we know and that which is unknowable in the moon are presented to our vision; which means also that the known and unknown within ourselves are brought together, and a tremor of sentience is sent quivering through the unlit spaces that lie beyond and above the conscious mind. I think that is the secret of the power in this mystery note in poetry: we are made aware by it of the beyond, and given intimations of the immortal. Sometimes it is revealed to us in a flood of light; sometimes only suggested, but with potent wonder-working suggestion. — In *Il Penseroso*, be it noted, the poet has begun to

outwatch the Bear
With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
The immortal mind —

to study a Theosophy that would help the Great Mystery in the soul of any man to find expression.

In *Lycidas*, written four years later, Milton goes still farther — to the crest of the cycle of pure nature-poetry, and beyond. The first bright vision of *L'Allegro* (1633) grows artistic, and just touched with mystery, in *Il Penseroso*; Greek and artistic in *Comus* (1634): ensouled, there, with Platonic idealism spurred up with the promise of Puritan fervor; so that we get the beginnings of the prophetic moral fire of the later Milton. All these elements appear in wonderful *Lycidas*. It is triumphantly Greek for the most part; it does not lack the touch of exquisite Celtic magic; and altogether it is flamingly on the side of the angels.

A queer miraculous jumble of superhuman poetry, it partakes of the nature of the two Miltons: of the sweet singer of Horton, and of the grand, blind Titan Lord of Song. Here is the former, but the former grown almost beyond recognition:

Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
 The tufted crowtoe and pale gessamine,
 The white pink and the pansy freaked with jet,
 The glowing violet,
 The musk-rose and the well-attired woodbine,
 With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head.
 And every flower that sad embroidery wears;
 Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
 And daffadillies fill their cups with tears.

— Here the three visions chase and trip on each other's heels; what is said of crowtoe, gessamine and pink, is said faithfully, but does not help us to new beauty; what is said of the pansy and the violet does; "freaked with jet" is a master-stroke of artistry, reproducing the blossom in a heightened medium, revealing the secret of its outer loveliness; while the violet is seen luminous with its own light, which is probably the most spiritual point that the artistic vision can reach. Then in what is said about the primrose, the cowslips, and daffadillies, there is no doubt of the presence of magic. Our consciousness is led out, through poetic sympathy, into extrahuman worlds; the flowers are invested with a symbolism, based upon divination of their consciousness or spiritual value; a whole tale, untold, to inflame the imagination, is hinted at in each case.

But in fact, the wonder of *Lycidas* is not to be culled out of a few lines; and very little of it is in Nature-vision. It is a link between this and inner worlds; the mystery, ever-recurring, is spiritual; one is on the march towards the arcana. As nowhere before, one sees the Soul of Milton, God's Warrior, emerging; the stress and grand music blur the outward vision; dim shapes begin to appear out of worlds more portentous, more august. First comes Phoebus, endowed with universal, esoteric and hierarchical significance, who

touched my trembling ear,

(that he, Milton, might hear and understand the divine music and secrets) and explained why the higher life, the 'clear spirit' should be sought, shunning delights and living laborious days. We hear the tramp of invisible armies, the innumerable beating of spiritual wings drawn near. Symbol after symbol passes; there is no time to draw them too clearly or materialistically, in the excitement caused by the nearness of the occult flaming Soul. Triton, Aeolus, Camus pass; then Peter with the Keys, to denounce. A new power, prophetic, descends on Milton; it burns

up in those magnificent lines about the 'Blind mouths!' and culminates in the mysterious 'two-handed engine at the door.' It is a passage full of sublime mixed metaphors, through which Poetry, enangered, stalks in haughty supremacy, with a whip in her hands of not too small cords for certain evils of the time. But it rings the knell of Nature-seeing. The clearness of the poet's vision into natural things was going; the sublime symbolic blindness was coming upon him. His objects and similes make no picture of themselves; the value is altogether in the flame of his Promethean soul, that burns up the symbols one by one before they have had time to be uttered. You get no clear presentment with lines and colors; but you know that a Voice has spoken out of Sinai, a thunder out of Sion.

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SONNET — MORNING AT THE GATE

BY KENNETH MORRIS

Dim blue and dove-grey, flecked with delicate snow,
 Far off the mountains dream; the mulberry trees
 This side them spread wan purpling shadows
 Of netted bareness, mistlike, palely aglow;
 And in the morning silence, row by row,
 Slowly the waving palm-plumes take the breeze;
 And here a mockingbird his heart must ease
 Singing, and there, quails laugh and croon and crow,
 Who's coming down the road? Dear, who can say?
 A deal, I guess, besides what eyes can see.
 A schoolboy with his books . . . a motor-dray. . . .
 Three soldiers from the fort, . . . then — mystery.
 And, perchance, Michael on his warward way
 With all God's plumed and flaming cavalry.

*International Theosophical Headquarters
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IS THE BRAIN THE ORGAN OF MIND? by T. Henry, M. A.

THE extent to which scientific opinions are altering, and much wider views are replacing familiar ideas, is indicated by a recent paper on "The Relation of Muscular Activity to the Mental Process," by Dr. George Van N. Dearborn, in the *American Physical Education Review*. This writer objects to the idea that the brain or even the cerebro-nervous system, is the sole physical basis of consciousness; and, taking the muscular system as a special case, he argues that it is just as competent to act as a basis for consciousness as is the brain. We cannot localize bodily heat or movement, and still less can we localize consciousness. Protoplasm, that pervasive substance, would seem to represent the physical basis of consciousness better than any one thing. But the body in its entirety acts as the vehicle of consciousness; and the wonderful co-ordination of its parts forbids us to regard any one of them as the sole or even the special organ of consciousness. The muscular tissue is found almost everywhere and is very complex in its structure. Besides its molecular movements it has molar movements, those rhythmical vibrations known as *tonus*. Feeling is one of the aspects of its consciousness, and feeling is always accompanied by somatic movements all over the body. Hence the muscles, by their continual vibration, are peculiarly adapted to be organs of feeling and therefore of consciousness. He also quotes authorities and experiments which show that muscle is autonomous and not dependent on nerve stimulus for its action; it even performs its inherent function before the nerves have grown into it from the developing nervous centers. The idea that the muscles are merely mechanical contrivances to execute movements willed in the brain and telegraphed along the nerves, is crude. One surely thinks no longer, he says, of the 'will' as seated in the brain, and making the muscles serve it; we have as much right to say that the brain serves the muscles. The nervous system is the co-ordinating machinery. Mental derangements are found to coincide with muscular disturbances, and why should we refer these derangements to the protoplasm of the brain rather than to that of the muscles? He even refers us to the natural presumption of the average child, who thinks that the body in general is conscious. An expert is surely not one who owes all his skill to a better brain-cortex and whose muscles are merely a set of tools.

What this writer says, so far, might apply equally to an animal, since an animal has brain and nerves, muscles, and the other tissues found in the human body. The animal has a body, which is the physical basis of the animal consciousness—or, as we should say, of the animal *monad*. But in man there is something more; he is self-conscious. The question of the human monad and its relation both to the animal consciousness and to the body, is therefore of prime importance. The whole subject is of course im-

mensely complex. We should have to study all the tissues and organs in the body, and consider the kinds of consciousness appertaining to each; as well as the innumerable combinations which, like the mixtures of stops in a church organ, result from the interaction of the several elements. Then there is, in the animal, the presiding consciousness which regulates the whole psychic and physical mechanism; and in man that still higher consciousness which can preside over and regulate those instincts which, in the animal, rule.

If we were to confine our study to the bodily centers and their consciousness, we should merely arouse the various instincts and propensities that are correlated with those centers; in other words, we should be poking a rash finger into a very complicated buzz-saw. What we ought to do is to study the relation of the higher mind to the lower; for not until the selfish propensities have been made subordinate to the intelligent will, can these psycho-physiological questions be handled profitably and safely.

Yet the article we have reviewed shows the importance of keeping the whole body in health and balance; and it is made evident that we cannot expect our minds to serve us well unless we give them a clean and healthy dwelling-place. But there are rules of proportion to be observed. Though we can do much by purifying the body, we cannot do all by that alone; for an impure mind would more than counteract our efforts.

It is possible to pay too much attention to the physical aspect of things (just as it is possible to pay too little). The body has even been studied as though consciousness were only (to use the writer's phrase) a useless superphenomenon. The extreme view, that consciousness is a secretion, may be regarded as dead and buried; yet there are still those who regard the mind as being in some way or other a product of the body. This writer fully recognises the independent character of the mind. Mind is surely the only real existence; if not, we shall find it impossible to argue logically on the question. And the body is created by the mind, not the mind by the body. But let us never forget that, in man, there is something as far superior to the mind as the mind is to the body. But even this statement is misleading, as being incomplete. We shall have to get back to the septenary division given by Theosophy, where the whole man is divided into:

THE HIGHER TRIAD	{	Âtman, or Spirit, a universal principle
		Buddhi, or Spiritual Soul, the vehicle of Âtman
		Manas, or the higher Mind of man
THE LOWER QUATERNARY	{	Kâma, the Animal Soul
		Prâna, the Life-Principle
		Linga-Sarîra, the Model-Body
		The Physical Body

and only by studying this classification in detail can we avoid hopeless confusion and a wandering amid a maze of conflicting theories based on the partial knowledge gained by individual investigators.

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THE CRIMINAL: by Herbert Coryn, M. R. C. S., M. D.



HE Lombroso school has studied and told us all about the physique of the criminal: his ear, head, arm, hand and the rest, born to crime as the sparks fly upwards.

The virtuous reader may agree; but will he agree also, as he logically should, that *his virtue* is due to the better shape of *his head*? That he was predetermined by his ear to his flawless conduct?

The activities of a snail are conditioned by its shell, undoubtedly. But equally undoubtedly, the characteristics of snail (as distinct from, say, limpet) condition the shells that snails build. It depends which end of the combination you look at first. Anthropological criminology may begin with the physique; we shall begin with the criminality, asking how, from men who *deviate into crime on occasion* there arise men with whom crime is the normal line of conduct — that is, the habitual criminals with the Lombroso-ticketed physique.

If the habitual criminal is the product of heredity and we go back along his line for one or two generations, we shall reach the ancestor who merely *deviated* into crime under the pressure of environment, whom certain conditions pressed into crime.

Let us remember that crime is *increasing*. A constant force acting upon a body causes an *acceleration*. The evil forces of environment are therefore at any rate not as yet lessening, and may be increasing. What are they?

There is poverty. A proportion of society is crushed against the wall and a certain fraction of these react by crime. That they *need* not commit crime even though starving, is true. But human nature being what it is, crushing will mean crime.

Pressure or crushing might be better rendered *pulling*. Roughly speaking, everyone's idea is to pull for himself all that he can. The general atmosphere of consciousness is tense with the general pull for the dollar.

Let the worthy citizen consider. He is in favor of a high tariff or of a railroad line to his city. Does he advocate these primarily because he thinks they will be good for his country or his city, or because they will advantage *his business*? Does his thinking *begin* with his own interests, or only get there after considering the interests of country, city, and his fellows?

It is this selfishness of humanity at large that is the cause of the pres-

sure, the crushing, and is consequently the cause of part of the crime.

But we shall get in this way rather men who commit crime than the habitual criminals, the men with the special head and ear. How come they? The man who commits a crime we send to prison. He is very likely to have justified his crime to himself, especially if it was the alternative to starvation. He therefore feels unjustly treated and has that sense of injustice to reinforce the fret of even humane prison treatment. But the treatment may be of a degrading character in some of its details—for example, the lock-step; and the punishment inflicted on the man who lets his fret tempt him into fracture of rule may not only be degrading but inhuman. We have not changed all that yet! The public has not informed itself as to what still goes on behind the gates and bars in many of our prisons. It hears of reform; it does not hear where has been no reform. And such reform as there is, is extremely recent and localized.

Up till recently, then, even from prisons that are *now* well conducted, the man who had merely committed a crime often came out a resentful and revengeful *criminal*:— something as if you punished a child whom you had detected in taking a bite between meals in such a way as to transform him into a habitual glutton. The man's sense of injustice was intensely deepened; he was altogether out of touch with society, and even if he had wanted to, he had no way to get into touch again; he was often almost entirely dehumanized; and his health was usually permanently undermined.

But he was free—to propagate his like! It was from this man's mind and body, and from the mind and body of a like partner, that the breed of 'habitual criminal' arose. (And the prisons that justify our use of the past tense are far fewer than the uninstructed newspaper-reader imagines.)

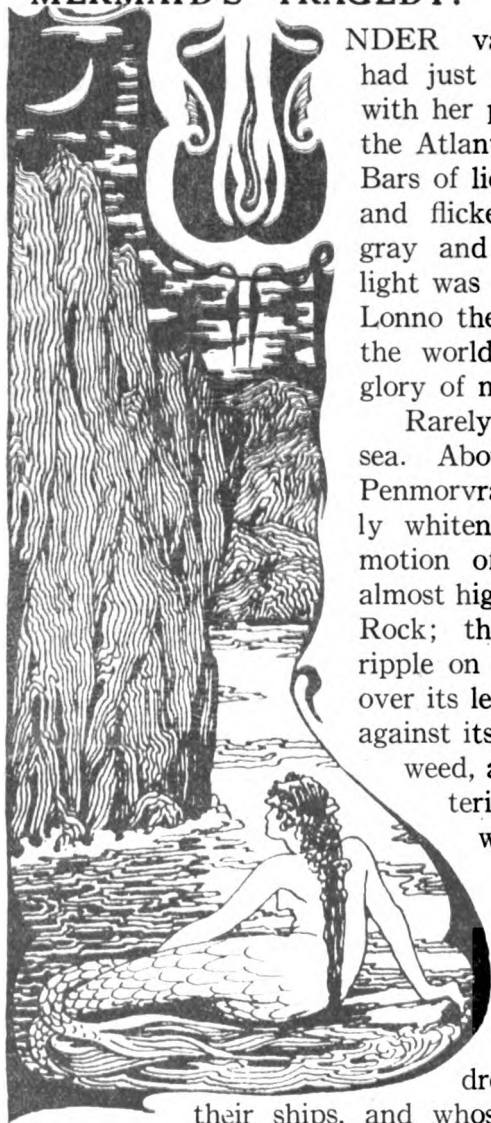
The 'sterilization method,' now in full swing in several states, will presently make the situation unimaginably worse. The germs of heredity are *mental* as well as physical, and the new method, with the freer license and opportunity it carries with it, provides for the ever-increasing production of the vice-charged *subjective* elements of criminal heredity. They will duly find their places of incarnation, and 'black sheep' will become an epidemic throughout society.

Thus in so far as we have not reformed prison methods, in so far as our prison methods degrade and are cruel and inhuman, in so far do they insure the production of habitual and congenital criminality with its physical stigmata.

In so far as the criminal is not protected and helped on his emergence and enabled to find a livelihood, do we insure his return to crime.

And until the social pressure is relieved by the spirit of brotherhood, of unselfish citizenship and real patriotism, shall we continue to insure crime and the habitual criminal among the wall-driven.

A MERMAID'S TRAGEDY: by Vernon Lloyd-Griffiths



UNDER vast skies from which the sun had just departed, and into which night with her pomp of stars had not yet come, the Atlantic, dreaming, lolled and heaved. Bars of liquid gold still streaked the west, and flickered shiftingly on the unstable gray and foxglove-tinted sea-face. Twilight was dying, and up the estuary of the Lonno the blue and dimness and violet of the world were passing into the somber glory of night.

Rarely shall you find such quiet on the sea. About the bases of the vast crag of Penmorvran, where the waves so incessantly whiten and bloom, was a slumberous motion of waters. The tide was high: almost high enough to cover the Mermaids' Rock; the ninth wave, no more than a ripple on that sleeping sea, did just wash over its level surface; the rest but plashed against its sides, swaying the fringe of seaweed, and crooningly gurgling and muttering. How wonderful was this world above the sea!

There, right under the shadow of Penmorvran, Gwendon, daughter of King Danvore, sat and pondered. It was the place of peril, as she had been warned a hundred times; where dread supernatural beings rode in

their ships, and whoso saw them pass, should have pleasure no more in the beautiful depths of the sea. If we see the mermen rarely, it is no wonder; since the surface of the ocean is haunted with danger for them, that neither we nor they can understand. Only in human language was this sea-washed slab at the foot of Penmorvran called the Mermaids' Rock; among the subjects of King Danvore it was known as the Place of Peril.

But that was nothing to the Princess Gwendon. Having tempted the unknown, she found it haunted with wonder and beauty such as she had never dreamed of before. The great headland towered up, mysteriously majestic, into vastnesses more wonderful than anything beneath the

waves; — vastnesses that called to some sleeping greatness within her heart, that thrilled towards the far blossoms of evening blooming above; or, when these withered, towards a firmament of solemn but exultant mystery, wherein the marvels that were the stars soared and swam and flamed. . . . Peril? — it was a world more excellent altogether than the beryl-hearted waters; one might expect here the passaging of Principalities and Powers; one might see those Masters of might and beauty at whose bidding the sea rolls and the wind riots, the stars shine and the skies bloom and darken. . . . For all these were a dim legend among the peoples of the sea.

And there was the land: the unknown, the inciter of imaginings, the abode of marvels and fountain of dreams. Dark rock of Penmorvran, round whose bases the waves, and round whose crest the clouds gathered; what should one see, could one swim up through this supportless new element, as through one's native water, and light on the summit of you; and, turning away from the ocean, gaze into the other world? Hills forest-clad beyond the Sands of Lonno; mysterious estuary, narrowing afar into a region blue and violet and waning into wonderful darkness; what lay beyond you, what lay beyond?

One goes coldly and slowly below there, in the natural world of water; one floats poised in the middle ambience, in groves of silent forests, in glades whereabout the long frondage of the trees undulates soundless forever, and there are great many-hued shells below among the sea-flowers, and the fish go voiceless in their tribes, flitting dumbly through the soundlessness. . . . One floats poised there, brooding on the life that sways or is motionless about one — but brooding only with the eyes, not with mind; — then away through the green depths into some cavern on whose rocky and irregular floor sea-anemones wave flower-like tentacles, blue and orange and purple, to wander immeasurable dark miles, going dumb through silent halls and galleries, and wondering, dreaming, wondering — but with eyes only, never with mind. A commonplace, passionless world, where one obeyed King Danvore unquestioning, and went voiceless and passive forever, and revelled with no keenness of joy, and wandered without curiosity or desire, and labored without interest. . . .

Without joy, curiosity, desire, or interest — how did she know? Ah, it was that here in this new world between the sea and the sky, new senses stirred out of latency, and a new nature infected her; — as here, too, that wonderful new thing, sound, revealed itself. Here, even to the sea-races, it seemed, speech was made known; one might communicate the motions of one's consciousness not dumbly, as in the world below, but as the waves and the winds and the sea-gulls did, in sounds pregnant with mystery. One might imitate their song, and go from that to finding

oneself possessed of language. The flamey blossoms of the sky, the flickering violet and silver and citron on the sea, the splash of the waves and whisper of the breeze — these things awakened a world of possibilities within one; one saw that there might be delight keen and burning — that there might be thought compelling and mysterious; that —. Here it was that her father had warned her, but yesterday, of the dangers of this wonderworld: speaking in marvelous words the dumb fear that is implanted in the elemental races of the sea. But he could get no promise from her; having tasted this once, how could she swear she would not taste it again? Dangers — fear? — Ah, but the beautiful unknown called to her insistently, and a new being within her being was trembling into life! O majestic crag towering into the sky; O dark marvelous expanse above, strewn with little points of flame; line of hills afar, beyond the white waters of the estuary that run and ripple and gleam, now, under a pale, luminous shell of a moon; how lifeless you have made the old life beneath the waves seem! I long for you; I am drawn irresistibly towards you; I must possess the secret of you; I must. . . . Hush!

Out upon the waters a song rose, and drew near; and she half raised herself, and sat tense, with strained ears to listen. Round the headland swept a galley, driven by a hundred oars; crescent-shaped and dragon-prowed it came, and by the prow stood a man wing-helmeted, one-armed, very glorious and warlike of form. The long oars dipped in time to the singing, the waters flashed and dripped from them as they rose; the song, wild and warlike, not unharsh, though swingingly musical, rang out over the quiet sea. The ship passed very near her: so near that she could see the eyes of the singers, and the motions of their lips as they sang.

Wonder of wonders; mystery and insatiable lure. . . . terror. . . . and lure! She watched them wide-eyed, palpitant, amazed, bewildered. They passed, and she started and shuddered; she must hurry back to the court of her father; must seek natural things quickly, and safety in the familiar beryl-hearted quietude; she had surely seen the thing forbidden, supernatural, terrifying. Down from the rock she slipped, and sped through the green world of the waters. . . . and all the while she sped that which she left behind was calling to her. . . . Oh, this suffocating world, this drowning, dull, soundless element! . . . No, never the world beneath the sea again; it was unbreathable by that which had been awakened in her! She rose to the sea-face, and panted, and cried with delight to behold once more the stars. But what was she to do? Borne out from landward over the moon-gleaming estuary came an irresistible call: human voices: the wild sea warsong of the Vikings. Peril? — but sure, it was the only thing for her. She must follow, and see, and know. She swam in towards the land.

The ebbing tide brought the brackish water of the Lonno upon her, hard to battle against. She turned aside from the swift current, and rested on a sandbank; and gave herself up to the joy of the new world, and sang; and presently fell asleep under the moon. When she awoke it was in a glory that almost stunned her with its magnificence; she was in the sea no longer, but on land; in a warm, sunlit world full of gleaming beauty and sweet sound. Beside her a little streak of sea water, left by the tide, dimpled under the breeze; yonder on one side were the forest hills of Aglamere, and on the other, the great cape Penmorvran; all about her were the leagues and yellow leagues of the Sands of Lonno.

II

Prince Claribold stood in the window of his hunting-lodge at Tangollen, and looked out over the Sands of Lonno, all yellow and fawn-colored and bright under the sun and gentle skies of the best of June mornings. Here and there, in the wide expanse of sand, were shallow channels in which the tide, far ebbcd, lingered silvery and shimmering. Beyond the estuary rose the mountain line, ending far seaward in the promontory of Penmorvran, a blue and purple sunlit gloom; the sea was a mere gleaming streak in the distance southward, to be seen brokenly through the sprays of green flame that were the leafage of the hazels and oaks on the hillside without.

It was the fourth morning of the boar hunt, and the prince had had three days of deep and unwonted content. He had ridden far, in that time, through the Forest; desiring relief from the strain of opposing his father's will. King Cophetua nagged, brought up the matter at unseasonable times, and mixed it in with your meat and drink. A scheming, politic old man, was King Cophetua; who had changed mightily since the days of his romance and the beggar-maid — Prince Claribold's mother, dead now these many years. Father and son, now, had nothing in common; except perhaps a stubbornness of will.

So the prince, high-hearted and romantic altogether, had ridden out upon the boar-hunt; and did not know, not he, whether he would return. Faith, he was utterly sick of court life, and of being the object of endless court scheming. More to his taste the wild places of the forest; the crags that towered up eagle-high into the blue out of the sea of trees; the shadowy regions of the green gloom and the sunlit glades of bracken — where you might mold for yourself in day-dreams a life as free and sweet, as romantic and unhampered as you please. Why, here one might play Robin Hood, with one's merry men; here, perchance — if one might meet some true Maid Marian.

He would not marry the Princess Eleanore; that was flat. A fig for

uniting the two kingdoms; was there to be no more glory won at the old traditional war? And she was older than he; and if beautiful, of a beauty by no means to his taste. And he did not and would not love her; and would marry for love or turn monk. Whom? That was as fate and the future and love should say. Once or twice, indeed, he had tried to force the hand of the last named; but to no purpose. He was the son of Cophetua-in-love-with-the-beggar-maid, not of Cophetua-come-to-years-of-discretion or -past-the-follies-of-youth; and so, as it were, by heredity expectant of romance. And no high-born Bertha, Cunigunde or Althea at court having pleased him, he dreamed of some peasant-girl (perhaps) — but with the breeding of a princess — and of a house of green boughs (perhaps) in wide Aglamere.

Three days of the forest had cleaned all perturbation from his mind, and left him to dream freely what romantic dreams he would. Now, however, the gaiety and sweet vigor of morning possessed him, spirit and limbs; and a wind from the sea set him forgetting, almost, to dream. No, he would not hunt that morning; he would keep the forest for the afternoon, dining first at midday here at beloved Tangollen — after a ride down to the sea, and a swim to the Mermaids' Rock. Or perhaps he would not hunt until tomorrow, but give the afternoon to turning a chanson on the beauties of the hunting-lodge: the dancing leaves near, the sunlight on the sands, the far gleam of the water; and behind, the island-glades, in the great tree-ocean of Aglamere. What kingdom else should he desire, or what royal palace — so the Lady of Romance were there for his queen? — So, standing in the window, and already planning the chanson, he gave himself up to gay visions, in which was no tinge of gray or drab; visions that flashed with the clean sunlight and heyday of youth, a procession of them in green and gold and scarlet, with tenderer and more passionate hues interwoven.

All at once singing came up to his hearing from the sand below; singing like none he had ever heard: wordless and plaintive, filled with longing, with questions put to the unknown and infinite, hardly more personal than the sighing of a sudden gentle wind, or the lisp of little meditative waves on a sandy beach. He listened, much moved, and scanned the shore for the source of it, but saw no one; then went out, all aglow, to the very edge of the hill, where no hazel or oak leaves intervened to hinder his vision. What he saw swept his whole being into a tumult. Down the hillside he strode, and out across the sands of Lonno; the glamor of his dreams at last incarnate, it seemed to him.

She appeared bewildered, and without power to answer him clearly. She was a princess, she said; the daughter of a king out yonder — here she pointed out to the sea. Shipwrecked? She had no words to say;

it was to be concluded so, however; and that she was still too dazed with the peril she had passed through, to remember. But she would come with him — accept his hospitality, his protection? Oh yes, she would come — as one follows a god that commands, knowing or not whither he be leading. For this human prince, of course, was a god to her: a being of a higher order than her own, whom she felt, vaguely, possessed the secrets of the wonderworld into which she had come, and would reveal them. That is, as soon as she began to feel anything at all, beyond mere awe and wonder at his presence, and an overwhelming sense of his superiority. — Before he had crossed the sands with her, he had wooed her and won: yes, she would marry him (whatever that might mean) His praise of her beauty fell upon ears impersonal, and so uncomprehending; his passionate speech thrilled her, but less than did the wonder and beauty of the upper-world. She did not understand it; perhaps it was part of the great mystery, perhaps — since it seemed of the very essence of this wonder-being who spoke to her — it would prove the key to that. Homage in any case must be rendered When they came to Tangollen, he was all radiant and exalted; she still altogether lost and timid and confused.

He called to his knights, and showed her to them: his bride, a shipwrecked princess. He would strike now with native impetuosity and romance, fashioning his dreams into sudden actuality. He laughed to think his father's love-story outdone; his mother could never have been as beautiful as this lovely jetsam from the sea. Let them drink bumpers to this beautiful bride! Let these, for the love of love, deck Tangollen with green boughs and the flowers of the forest; and these others go about to prepare a wedding-feast Rolf Forester, ride thou post haste the three leagues into Pontlonno, and bring back a priest to marry me; say he shall have a hundred crowns for his fee. We shall confront King Cophetua presently with the accomplished fact; then let him storm as he may A lodge of green boughs in Aglamere, if the worst came to the worst; with this so divinely fair bride to share it with him! How beautiful the worst would be!

Rolf Forester returned within two hours after noon; he had met Father Ladislas, by good luck, in the forest — fresh from administering extreme unction to a charcoal-burner's daughter, and nothing loath to marry a couple for a hundred crowns of fee. — But arrived at Tangollen, the good religious — a cautious, unromantic man, it seemed — was afflicted with doubts. He had no need to wait for the *I, Claribold, take thee*, before coming at the bridegroom's identity; and knowing something of current statecraft and affairs at court, thought it was his duty to remonstrate. Besides, the beauty of the bride almost appalled him; he saw nothing human in it, and knew that great perils beset the man who marries

with a daughter of the sea. He managed to get a little (on his part) tactful conversation with her — and made nothing of it but what confirmed his suspicions. He urged this view of it on the prince; with as much effect as if he had urged it upon the wind. Claribold took his warnings like the whirlwind takes the straw; — and then, there were the hundred crowns: no small matter to a poor (and avaricious) parish priest. The wedding was over before the sun went down.

Then they lit up the lodge bravely, and feasted; the prince with his bride at the head of the table; the priest, by no means easy in his mind, opposite to them. Many were the healths drunk; many were the songs sung and the stories told by the knights: courtly and romantic and passionate tales of Charlemain and his Paladins; of Arthur and his Table Round; of the good knight Sir Theseus of Athens, and his martial courting of the Lady Hippolyta. Dumb with wonder, Gwendon listened. The theme of the songs and stories was always the same: this secret (as it seemed) of the upper-world, this atmosphere of the supernatural realm into which she had come: this thing love of which the god-prince had been telling her all day: this fire in the veins, this intoxication of the heart which he had been pouring out upon her: and which she did not understand, or feel, but could only marvel at. How to interpret by it the flamy blossoms of night in the sky; the wild foxgloves, the primroses and daffodils of sunset that rippled and flickered on the face of the waters? Well, she would learn, she would learn; no doubt there was much more to be told.

III

The lights shone out through the windows of Tangollen, and far across the Sands of Lonno, covered now shallowly by the tide; the songs floated out seaward; and King Danvore, where he drifted in the silver of the moonlight, searching for his lost daughter, heard the songs and saw the lights, and was troubled, as by fearful omens. He turned back from the perilous estuary — for him a ghostly borderland; and sought the Mermaids' Rock.

Ivar the Sea Rover, too, heard and saw them from the prow of his ship. Last night Ivar had taken and burned Pontlonno town; of the inhabitants none escaped but Father Ladislas and his acolyte, who of course were away in the forest at the time, and knew nothing of it. All day long the Vikings had been hunting in Aglamere; but east of the river, so that no rumor of their doings reached Tangollen. Ivar the One-armed owed Prince Claribold a grudge, and of the first magnitude; since the coast-raider, two years before, in which the prince with a hundred knights met him, lopped off his left arm close to the shoulder in the battle, and

drove him and his men, fighting strenuously, back to their ship plunderless. So now, spying the lights of Tangollen across the estuary, and knowing that region well, Ivar conceived that here was the chance of revenge. Tangollen was Claribold's; good sport to burn it to the ground, even though Claribold were not within. But he probably was within; witness the lights and songs. Anchor ship there, and come, some thirty of you, sons of the Vikings — long-legged men that will find no difficulty in crossing these moon-bright shallows!

A warshout without broke upon the revelry at Tangollen; the knights were on their feet in a moment; had snatched swords and targets from the walls; and were at the door, Claribold at the head of them, before it was broken down.

The Sea Princess, standing in her place on the dais, looked on what followed in amazement that passed into terror: it was another mystery of the man-world — but ah, not beautiful, not lofty, not to be desired. She saw spears and swords sickeningly reddened, and man after man fall. The shouting, the ferocity in the eyes of the fighters, appalled her. She saw her god-prince outdo and stand out from the others, and he began to take on personality for her. Fifteen of the Vikings fell, and the ten knights; but her eyes were all on Claribold. She saw him, fighting alone and heroically, driven back step by step, parrying thrust after thrust, killing this man, and that, and that other; then smashing to the ground that fourth man with an outward sweep of left arm and target. And then she saw the spear fly that struck his guardless breast, and saw him fall at her own feet. . . . And then the sorrow and passion of the world smote upon her at once, an overwhelming billow, and she was no longer a daughter of the sea. She forgot that there was wonder and beauty and mystery in this world above the waves; she forgot the flame lights of the night sky, and the flickering blooms of the evening; all supernatural glory was blotted out of the world. She beheld her god slain, and the glamor of the world pass away with him; she understood the mournful mystery he had striven to reveal to her, and found the heart of it bitterness and sorrow; and was no more than a stricken and bereaved woman.

Ivar the One-armed had lost nineteen of his men; but he had won a good fight, his revenge, and a maiden the like of whose beauty he had never seen on any coast between Trondhjem and Alexandria. Decidedly he had no cause to complain.

King Danvore was on the Mermaids' Rock under the headland of Penmorvran, when the Viking ship passed. Passed quite near, so that he

could see the eyes of the men who were rowing, and the motions of their lips as they sang. It was not that near view of terrifying humanity, however, that so appalled him, as the terrible beauty he beheld on his daughter's face. "Gwendon, Gwendon, my darling! Come back to me!" he cried; braving the whole awfulness of the supernatural for her sake. But she had no more eyes to see, or ears to hear him, than had Ivar the Viking and his men.

✽

MYTHOLOGY: by H. Travers, M. A.



THE word mythology is used in two senses: it is applied to designate the science which investigates myths, and it is also used to denote the myths themselves taken collectively. Thus we may say that the science called mythology studies the mythology of ancient races.

The mythologies of ancient Greece and Rome afford familiar examples; and to these may be added those of Egypt, India, America, Scandinavia, China, etc.; and finally the myths of various widely-scattered peoples of the class usually called primitive or savage. In short, myths and mythologies are universally prevalent. The existence of myths, their universal diffusion, their extremely elaborate and highly-wrought character, and the remarkable uniformity among them, have together constituted a problem that has foiled all attempts at a satisfactory explanation along the lines of conventional theories of history and anthropology. The facts, so diligently collected by a host of students and scholars, do not accommodate themselves to the prevalent notions as to human history, and are not at all what one would be led to expect by inference from those notions. They are, in fact, but one among many groups of facts which confirm those teachings as to history put forward by Theosophy and so ably expounded by H. P. Blavatsky in her writings. The existence of mythology constitutes one of the best proofs of the truth of those teachings as to ancient history.

For a good account of the myths, and of the various attempts at explaining them, the reader may be referred to the paper on "Mythology" by Andrew Lang, in the Ninth edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*.

From that paper it will be seen that the principal difficulty in explaining myths has arisen from the peculiar views which the various students have taken of the past history of the human race. The prevalent theory has of course been that which represents humanity as having progressed from the past to the present along a single upward line of evol-

ution from barbarism and ignorance to civilization and knowledge. Assuming, then, that the peoples among whom the myths arose were barbarians, it becomes difficult to explain how such peoples came to invent such marvelous fabrics. These savages must be credited with imagination, poetic ability and constructive ability beyond belief. Again, how explain the uniformity? The two theories devised to account for this are that of extensive migration and commingling among the various races, whereby they might be supposed to have derived the myths one from another; and that which supposes that man will naturally invent the myths, independently and without collusion. The choice between these two explanations is truly a choice of evils.

The myths deal with history, cosmogony, theogony, religion, and a few other matters; and are often classified as creation-myths, myths of the great gods, myths of the underworld, myths of the cosmic elements of water, air and earth, and so forth. The various explanations are that they are historical, that they are religious, that they are moral allegories, that they are 'solar-myths'; while Max Müller, a language specialist, seeks to explain myths as being what some of his critics have described as a "sort of disease of language." Every one of these explanations contains a germ of truth, but only a germ. The whole truth is comprehensive enough to embrace all the theories with much more besides.

As to the 'solar-myth' theory, while it is obvious that such events as the rebirth of the year *are* symbolized by myths, it is going too far to assert that this was the sole purpose of the myths. We can scarcely imagine the whole ancient world conspiring to celebrate the phenomena of nature in such elaborate and poetic fashion. What was actually so celebrated was something more far-reaching and vital than the mere external phenomena of nature. In fact, these phenomena were themselves symbols of that deeper truth.

A myth which represents the rebirth of the year, represents the principle of rebirth in general, and therefore applies also to the rebirth of the Soul in man, the rebirth of an ancient race, the periodic rebirth of worlds after the period of *pralaya* or suspension, the spiritual or second birth of a candidate after his mystic death, and many other things. It is a fundamental principle that is symbolized; and the same is the case with the other myths and symbols, so that the whole system constitutes a book of science on the most comprehensive scale and expressed by formulae and symbols just as modern science is. The labors of Hercules were scarcely elaborated for the sole purpose of celebrating the course of the sun; and even if they were, there is so much in the story that could not be explained thus, even by the utmost forcing.

What, for instance, *are* the twelve signs of the zodiac, and why such

universal uniformity in the assignment to them of their several characters, for which we search the actual stars in vain for any suggestion of resemblance to the symbolic animals, etc.? This myth, again, with its analogs, such as that of the Chaldaean Izdubar, represents one of the fundamental cosmic truths — a principle of wide and cosmic application. The most important application, and one worthy of celebration in all lands and times, is its application to the drama of the Soul; the hero is the Soul, and his twelve labors are the difficulties that beset the Soul in its conquest over the delusive power of matter. This myth is astronomical and is also allegorical of the individual human drama; and since all evolution, whether of races, individuals or earths, moves in accordance with uniform laws, the story of Hercules can be applied to history and thus the myth gets its historical significance. Further, there are mathematical significances, connected with the dodecahedron and the duodenary, into which we cannot enter here; and a physiological interpretation which may be somewhat familiar to some students of astrology.

Theosophy, having already postulated on other grounds an immense antiquity for the human race and an immense antiquity even for civilization, finds no such contradiction between its historical views and the evidence afforded by myths. On the contrary, the myths merely illustrate, confirm and elucidate the Theosophical views of history. A perusal of *The Secret Doctrine* of H. P. Blavatsky will show that mythology forms the groundwork of the whole book, which may be described as an interpretation of myths; and the reason for attributing such importance to myths is seen from the definition which Theosophy gives to myths.

The human race having existed on earth for some millions of years, and civilization being a periodic phenomenon, there must have been highly cultured peoples in very remote times; hence it is not necessary to puzzle ourselves with trying to imagine how savages could invent myths. These myths, according to H. P. Blavatsky (not to mention those scholars whom she quotes in support of the same views), are the records of ancient history which have been handed down from the times that we call pre-historic. The long process of tradition, the local influences of different environments and national characters, the forgetfulness of the original meaning of the myths, and similar causes, have contributed to effect divergences among the mythologies found in different places. But what is essential in them all is uniform, and what is uniform is essential. Consequently it is by a collation of the various myths that their real object and meaning can be arrived at. This is what is done in *The Secret Doctrine*.

Another important point mentioned by H. P. Blavatsky is that every myth has *seven* keys, and that all of these seven interpretations must be known before the myth is fully understood. It is easy therefore to

understand the variety of opinions among scholars, one of whom has favored one of the seven interpretations, another another. That many myths have an astronomical significance is at once apparent; others again refer to the constitution and evolution of man; and while some can be seen to refer to cosmic events such as floods and alterations of climate, others are as obviously related to the history of human races. The mathematical and geometrical bearing of many myths and symbols is apparent; and of others the religious or moral tendency is equally obvious. All these are but partial understandings of a very comprehensive topic.

The reasons why symbolic rather than direct language was used for the expression of myths are also fully explained by H. P. Blavatsky. For one thing, it is impossible to find any other form of expression capable of expressing so inclusive a meaning; and any attempt at a literal rendering would at once limit the meaning of the symbol. The information that had to be conveyed by myths belonged to an order of ideas for whose expression verbal language is inadequate. The teaching in schools of the mysteries has always been given by means of symbols — a hint for those interested in studying the origin and real purpose of the drama. The original designers of the myths were Teachers; and, as the existence of such Teachers and their schools and disciples is not allowed for by the ordinary students of mythology, another difficulty in their path becomes apparent.

The study of Egyptian history shows a long succession of civilized peoples in the Nile valley; and as we reach further back in time, we find no signs of a progressive rise from savagery. As has been often remarked, Egyptian culture seems to emerge fully developed from the night of time. Here then we have one among many instances of a long period of *decline*, illustrating the principle that races and civilizations rise and fall, and that history goes in cycles, including innumerable ups and downs. The Egyptian culture was inherited from a remote past, of which we have no written record, but which is recorded in symbol and myth. The myths of so-called aboriginals are similarly inherited, and in their case the original form of the stories has become much garbled. The savages did not *invent* the myths, to express their awe at the phenomena of nature or for any other reason; they derived them from those who came before them.

The existence of ancient continental distributions, such as Atlantis and Lemuria, peopled by mighty civilizations belonging to earlier races of humanity, has to be considered, and is amply dealt with in *The Secret Doctrine*. Many myths relate to such matters as these. Writers on ancient astronomy, in this magazine and elsewhere, have shown the connexion between major cosmic events, such as the shifting of the earth's axis and great floods, and the allegorical accounts handed down in myths.

At this stage of modern progress we shall incur no censure for pointing out, what is now so generally admitted by students of the Bible, that the records in the opening chapters are symbolical in character; and that by so taking them, we are merely escaping from the fetters of a narrow dead-letter interpretation, and approximating more closely to the revelation they were really intended to convey. The fact that some of these same stories are to be found among Asiatic peoples which preceded the Hebrews in the same locality — and, for that matter, are found in most other parts of the world — is no disparagement whatever of the Jewish version. What is required is to get at the truth contained in these records and to profit by it. The Theosophical interpretation vindicates the Jewish Bible against some of its critics.

For instance, Robertson Smith describes the *two* accounts of creation in *Genesis* I and II as a 'historical duplicate,' thus implying carelessness on the part of the compiler; whereas H. P. Blavatsky shows, by comparing the Bible account with other versions of the allegory, that the two accounts are really parts of one narrative, being two distinct stages in the evolution of man. One account of man's creation (that in the second chapter) depicts the evolution of the perfected physical body in which Man (the Soul) dwells; but the other account describes how that human form was made into a complete man by the communication thereto of the self-conscious human Mind. This twofold process in the evolution of man is exceedingly important to bear in mind; it is common to all the ancient allegories of human evolution, and it disposes of certain materialistic dogmas which would represent Man as being purely a product of animal evolution on the one hand, or as being the product of a single act of creation on the other. We thus have here an instance of the proper and useful interpretation of ancient allegory.

In the Greek legend of Prometheus we have an analogous account of how Man, already created by Zeus, is inspired with celestial Fire by another deific power, Prometheus; while, for an example of a more degenerated form of the same allegory, we may refer to that current among the Ainos of Japan, where God sends the water-wagtail to separate the water from the land, and molds the human form out of mud and sand, putting a willow twig for a spine. Then God leaves his work and goes back to heaven; but calls the otter and gives him instructions how to finish Man, telling the otter to give these instructions to a second god who will come to give life to the model.

Pursuing the Biblical narrative, we come to the Fall of Man, wherein we find the allegory of Man's misuse of his newly acquired powers, and the retribution which overtakes him in consequence; a circumstance likewise recounted in the analogous stories from other anthropogonies.

In all of these Man is shown as having fallen from a high estate, led astray by his attraction towards material and sensual gratifications; and the Golden Age thus came to an end and Man was left to wander in ignorance until the time when he can win back that which he has lost and the Golden Age shall come again. This allegory of the Fall is thus historical in so far as it applies to the past history of mankind; but it can be applied on a smaller scale to the drama of the individual Soul. For the immortal Man experiences a Fall when he undergoes the cycle of rebirths; and it then becomes his task and his destiny to make gradually a heaven out of his earth by invoking his divinity as a means of overcoming the illusions and temptations of terrestrial life. Thus what is accomplished by each individual Soul on its own behalf, is achieved by mankind as a whole on a larger time-scale — that is, Redemption is brought about by the self-sacrifice of the incarnate Divinity.

The dual nature of Man is very beautifully symbolized in the myth of the twin brothers Castor and Pollux, of whom we read that Castor was the son of the Mortal; Pollux of the Immortal. Castor is slain, and Pollux calls upon Zeus to slay him also. But this cannot be, because he is immortal. But, sooner than dwell in Olympus without his brother, Pollux elects to share his fate and pass half of his own existence underground and the other half in the heavenly abodes; a semi-immortality which is shared by Castor. On this myth, H. P. Blavatsky says:

Is this a poetical fiction only? An allegory, one of those 'solar myth' interpretations, higher than which no modern Orientalist seems able to soar? Indeed it is much more. Here we have an allusion to the 'Egg-born' *Third Race*; the first half of which is mortal, i. e., unconscious in its personality, and having nothing within itself to survive; and the latter half of which becomes immortal in its individuality, by reason of its fifth principle being called to life by the *informing gods*, and thus connecting the Monad with this Earth. This is Pollux; while Castor represents the *personal*, mortal man, an animal of not even a superior kind, when unlinked from the divine individuality. 'Twins' truly; yet divorced by death forever, unless Pollux, moved by the voice of twinship, bestows on his less favored mortal brother a share of his own divine nature, thus associating him with his own immortality.—*The Secret Doctrine*, vol. II, p. 123.

Though it may not be a poetical fiction merely, it is surely poetry of a sublime type. Being the symbol of a great underlying truth, it necessarily has many correspondences, among them the astronomical correspondence; but does this mean that the myth is *merely* astronomical? Was this poetical allegory created for the sole purpose of representing the alternation of day and night? It is possible to describe the duality of man's nature in plain prose, as is done in manuals; and it is also possible to represent it in this picture of the twin brothers and their love,

and the sacrifice of the divine one for the other. In this form the great truth goes down through the ages, unforgot and unforgettable, to be an eternal inspiration and solace to pilgrims upon the path of life in every clime. Is the soul mortal or immortal? — ask the doubters; and we see here that it is both mortal and immortal; that that which is immortal can never cease to be, neither can that which is mortal endure beyond its season.

Among the most universal myths is that of the Flood, as to which there is a consensus of testimony among traditions the world over, whether in the Old World or the New, in civilized races or tribesmen. Undoubtedly it refers to an actual event, such as those whereof geology furnishes us the evidences; and the memory of this cataclysm, transcending the reach of our accessible written records, has not been obliterated from the ineffaceable records of tradition. Yet this myth too has various interpretations. The cataclysms which mark the divisions of geological epochs, mark also the divisions between great races of humanity; and what is a deluge for the earth is a deluge for the man upon it. Not only is the surface of the globe devastated and renewed, but great races are swept away and their seed is preserved in an 'Ark' (or remnant) to be the nucleus for the race to come. The submergence of Atlantis destroyed or scattered powers that had established a reign of evil, but that which was worthy was saved. Such is one of the laws of evolution, on the small scale and on the great; and, as with the race, so with the individual, that which has grown rank is purged away while the deathless seed is carried over.

The astronomical significance of the Flood story is seen in the connexion between these periodic cataclysms and the passage of the equinoctial point through a place in the sign of the Fishes; but for further information on this point the student must be referred elsewhere. The question whether the Deluge story is historical or figurative is answered by saying that it is both. All history is figurative, by virtue of the correspondences that pervade the universal scheme. Geological history is incomplete because it leaves out Man, in deference to its foregone conclusions as regards the past of humanity. But geological history really runs *pari passu* with human history, and the history of geological changes is the story of the birth and death of races.

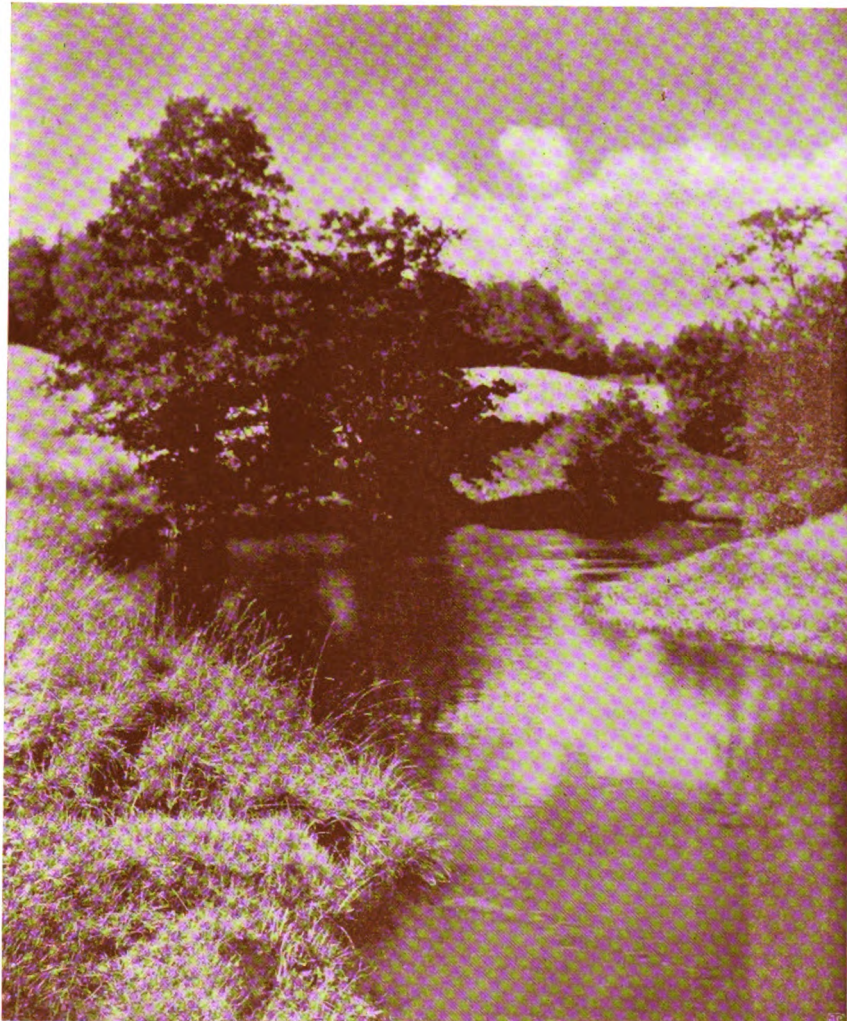
In all mythologies we find Gods, demi-gods, and heroes playing an important part as the teachers of men, the reference being to the more spiritual races of men that preceded the materialistic civilizations. The Golden Age is no mere fable, but refers to the early sub-races of any great Race. Often, too, the name of a single god or hero denotes not an individual but a whole race. The prevailing theory that man has somehow

acquired knowledge by a long and arduous process of experimentation and feeling his way in the dark, has to give way to the fact that man always passes knowledge down from race to race, and that great Teachers incarnate from time to time for the purpose of leading men onwards and upwards.

No paper on such a topic as this can be more than merely suggestive; for any attempt at an exhaustive treatment would result in the production of many great volumes, and even then the writer would find that his treatment would have raised more questions than it had settled. To take all the known myths and expound all their seven keys is obviously a gigantic prospect. A glance over *The Secret Doctrine* shows the vast extent of the subject and the number of branching lines of study which it involves. There is a huge science of numerical symbology, touching the mathematical laws that underlie all quantities, whether spatial, temporal or otherwise; there is the interpretation of names (especially Hebrew) according to cryptographic rules like that of the *gematria*; there is the science of the terrestrial and celestial movements and the cycles of time indicated thereby; and many other things too numerous to mention. In short, symbology is the key to a whole vast world of study unknown to modern culture, but representing knowledge that has been familiar to mankind, and that is doubtless still accessible. Whether the whole thing shall be thrust aside and shelved with a convenient label as useless superstition, or accepted with gratefulness as a valuable find, depends on the individual student.

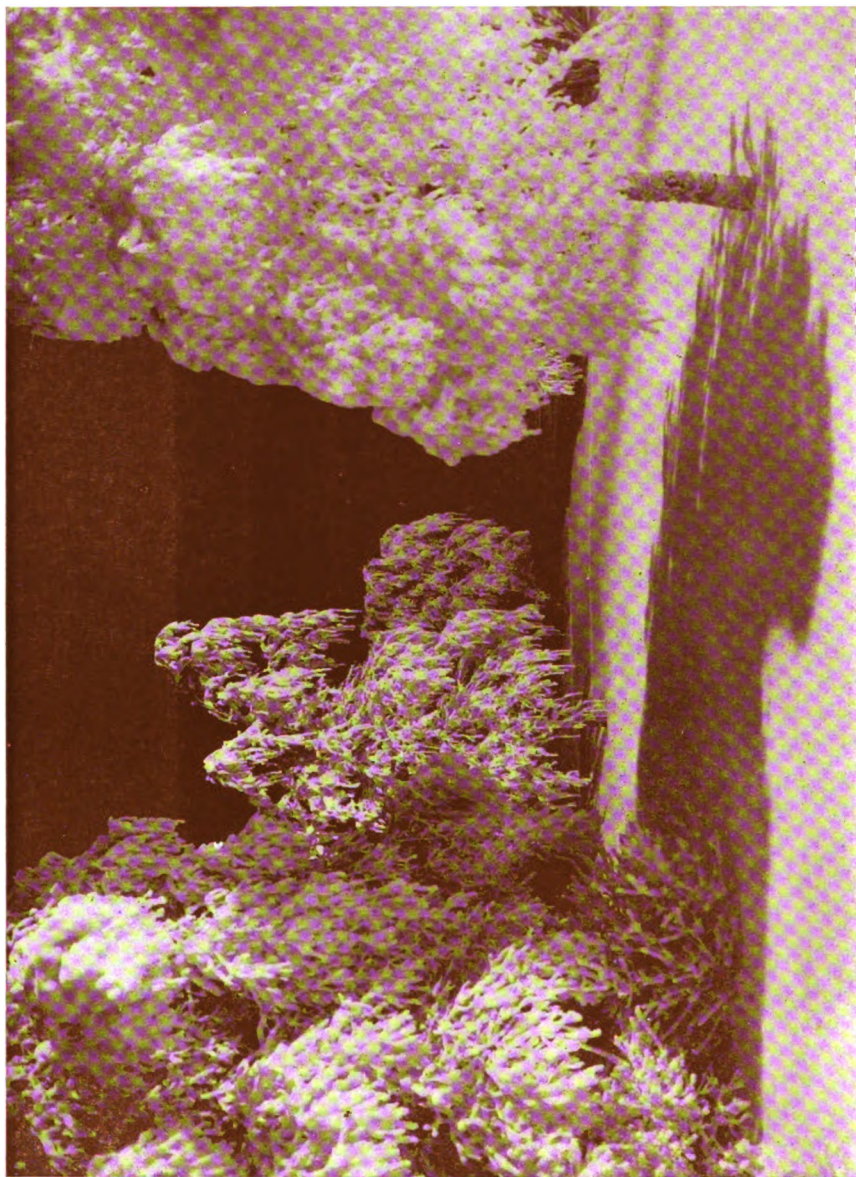


THE Sadducees were the followers of one Zadok, a disciple of Antigonus of Socho. They are accused of having denied the immortality of the (personal) soul and that of the resurrection of the (physical and personal) body. Even so does Theosophy; although it denies neither the immortality of the Ego nor the resurrection of all its numerous and successive lives, which survive *in the memory of the Ego*. But together with the Sadducees — learned philosophers who were to all the other Jews that which the polished and learned Gnostics were to the rest of the Greeks during the early centuries of our era — Theosophy certainly denies the immortality of the *animal* soul and the resurrection of the same physical body. The Sadducees were the scientists and the learned men of Jerusalem, and held the highest offices, such as those of high priests and judges, while the Pharisees were almost from first to last the Pecksniffs of Judea.— *H. P. Blavatsky*



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ON THE SVARTA RIVER, NÄRKE, CENTRAL SWEDEN



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

BIRCHES COVERED WITH HOAR-FROST, ÖSTERSUND, SWEDEN

MAORI LORE: by Rev. S. J. Neill

THE natives of New Zealand had no written language before the arrival of Europeans. But we have not to go back very far in the history of any people before we come upon pictorial representation. It does not follow from this that our ancestors, whether in the East or in the West, were without those things which we are accustomed to associate with writing or printing. If they had no books they had good memories. It is wonderful how the memory can be cultivated. In olden times, by training, by frequent repetitions, and the like, the pupil committed to memory a vast amount of learning. Even those who were not specially trained to be living books, to be walking encyclopaedias, could repeat a great deal in the form of stories. Some of these stories were simply records of persons and events. Others were more in the nature of what we call 'legendary.' Still others were not historical at all, but were merely mental pictures of things in nature, or an attempted explanation of phenomena. The need for writing in some form was felt to be necessary when it was desired to express information to a person at a distance. Perhaps the most primitive form of this was that of the Australian savage cutting marks on a stick with an oyster shell, and sending it to a distant friend: the messenger in this case having to explain what the cuts meant.

The lack of books and of writing was in some measure compensated for by good memories. It is said that even in our own day some have committed to memory the whole of the New Testament, or the whole of the Iliad. In India much of what we now learn from the printed page was engraven on the tablets or the memory. Max Müller tells us of an Indian student who was able from memory to correct a mistake in a book containing some old Indian teaching.

The ancients were gifted with the power of expressing their thoughts in noble language, though they could not read nor write. Indeed they were born orators very often, and some fragments of their oratory have come down to us, lacking much of their original fire, no doubt, from our not hearing them uttered.

The writer can remember well, over forty years ago, seeing Maori orators address native gatherings. Before the *Whare-puni* there would be various groups of natives squatted on their haunches: suddenly an orator would spring to his feet, clothed in a native mat, and perhaps waving a greenstone *mere* in his right hand. With hasty steps he would walk to a given spot and, taking his stand, he would pour forth a number of impassioned sentences. Then he would pause, and walk with great dignity to another spot, take his stand, and again pour forth another torrent of eloquence. Then pause, and return to the original spot, and again address

the assembled crowd, gesticulating with his *mere*. This would be repeated for fifteen minutes, the orator would sit as he had first risen, other orator would

There was, and is the Maori speakers men could imitate the Maori did not something to say, he sat down. So possibly never inflicted silence when they to which to give

Few of the old remain, but yet the them is not dead. Hon. Wiremu Kerei Legislative Council, in the New Zealand and the Hon. Dr.

the Executive Council, and representing the Native Race, told the House of Representatives of the death in these words:



A MAORI

or less, and then down as suddenly as he had first risen. Whereupon another orator would take his place.

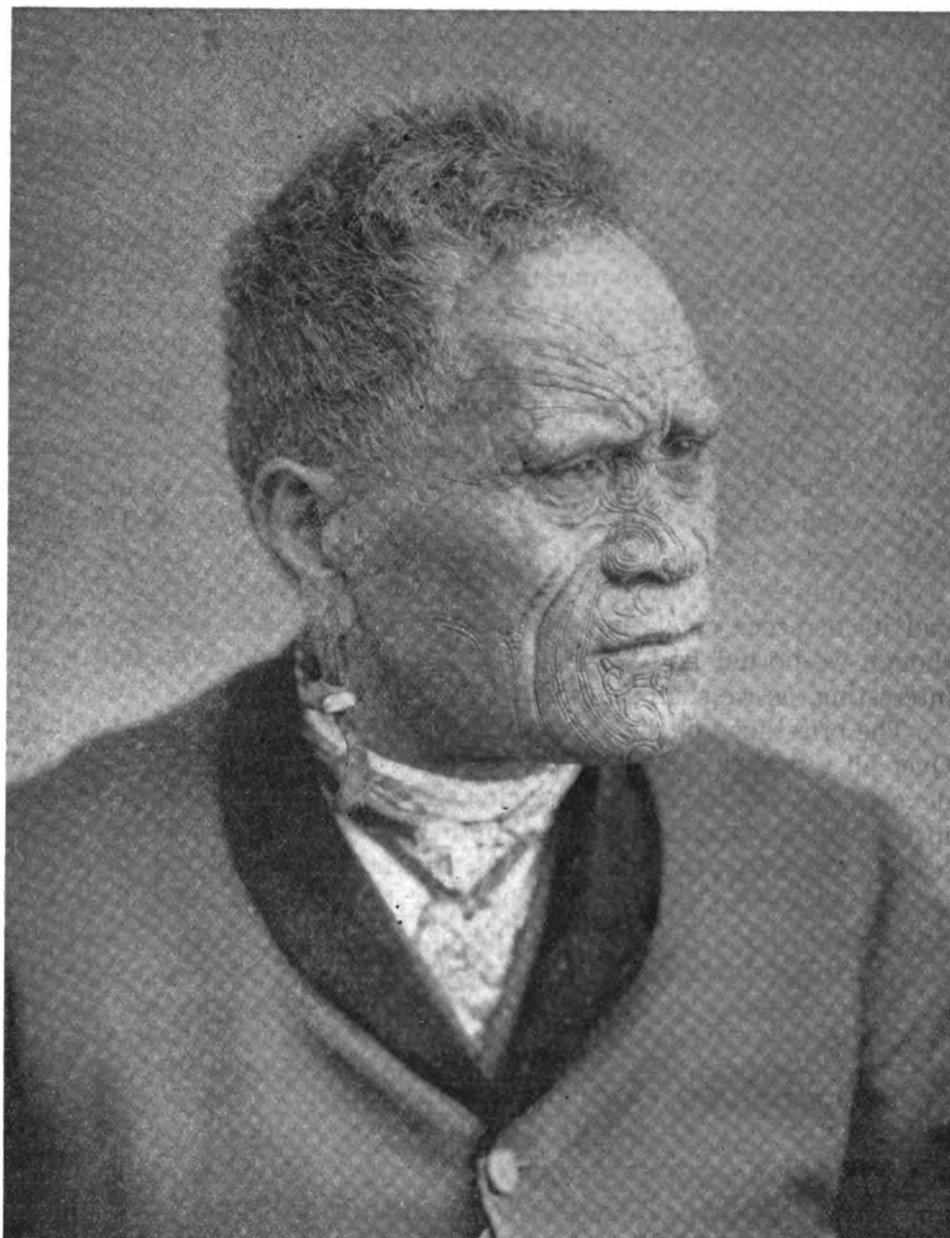
still, one thing with which many white men with advantage — rise unless he had and having said it was that words on their audience had no more ideas expression.

Maori orators now spirit that inspired Some time ago the Nikora, member of or the Upper House Parliament, died; Pomare, member of

The stars in the heavens are getting scarce: the giant tree of the forest is laid low; the mid-post of the tribal house is fallen; the ridge pole is snapped asunder, the house leaks, the shivering orphans of *Tu* are left disconsolate. The Canoe of fate, *Karamu-raviki*, fashioned in mythologic Hawa-iki from the tree of tears and sorrow, has visited the house of my friend, as it will visit the house of every man, and it has borne him to those mysterious realms which we call night, whose gates are open but the one way, which canoe returns ever empty.

It would be difficult to excel this. The vivid forceful imagery, the comprehensiveness; the swift changing of metaphors, so terse, clear and strong, are all full of pathos. The great ones of the race, the stars, are becoming few. The late Chief is as a giant tree that has fallen in the forest. He will be missed in so many ways. Then there is a swift glance at the results of the war: *Tu* was the war-god, but he was sometimes regarded as the representative of man. The concluding words are like a picture which cannot be touched without spoiling it.

The sample given may serve to indicate a little of the character of Maori eloquence, and it serves to show that the ancient spirit is still alive, though not so frequently manifested as in former days, perhaps. From



TIAWHIAO: MAORI KING, NEW ZEALAND

some of the ancient lore which has been preserved we may catch glimpses of what Maori thought and its expression were long ago. A few specimens may be given which will serve to show something of the thought-life of the ancient inhabitants of Hawaiki, and also of their descendants in Aotearoa, New Zealand.

There are two lines of thought visible in a survey of Maori lore, one which relates to the origin of all things, and the other describing more especially this earth and its heaven.

How much of this teaching was handed down from an ancient time, and how much was of comparatively recent growth it is difficult to say. That much was handed down seems evident from the long course of instruction in the *whare-kura* or sacred college, which was sometimes five years. This course may be described as both theoretical or metaphysical, and practical. In the practical form it was what is called magic, and the pupils were tested in their attainments to 'kill or cure' in the presence of the assembled tribe.

It would appear that the Maoris understood that whatever power they exercised was by the help of 'elementals.'

The universe, to them, was neither a mere machine, nor a void, but had its denizens on various planes. The Maoris had fairies, too, and though we do not find very much about them, what we do find is very interesting, as we shall see presently.

The priesthood of the ancient *whare-kura* formed ten distinct colleges. Over all a master (Kahuna-nui) presided. The first three colleges were devoted to the teaching of magic, sorcery and incantations. In the fifth there was taught divination, and the power to transfer a spirit just leaving the body to another body. In the sixth, medicine and surgery were taught — called *lapaou-maoti*. In the tenth were educated the future prophets of the people. The name of the god invoked in these ancient colleges was ULI, the Great Supreme, the Eternal God, in New Zealand called Io.

There were various versions or statements of the ancient Maori mythology, and in most of these the number ten appears to have prevailed. We have seen that ten was the number of colleges for the priests. Ten was also the number of the heavens. Ten was the number of the voids. Ten was the number of the divisions of time. In the heavens, counting upwards, the second, *Waka-marie*, was the heaven of rain and sunhsine, the sixth, *Nga-atua*, was that of the inferior gods. The seventh was *Autoia*, and it is here that the soul was created. The tenth, *Naherangi*, was the abode of the great gods. The word *Kore* means negation, nothingness, or void. As stated above, there were two conceptions of this, or of evolution springing out of it; for the void, *Kore*, contained the elements

of all. One of these had relation to the aspect of *space*, the other to that of *time*. In some of the aspects of evolution *Po*, which means Night, or the Unseen, is made to precede the *Void*. The third genealogy says that "God began his chant of the order of Creation at *Te Po* and sang: *Te Po* begat *Te Ao* (Light), who begat *Ao-Marama* or Daylight, who again begat *Kori-whiwhia*," etc.

All these different forms of the ancient Māori lore may be classed as metaphysical ideas of creation, in contrast with others that have to do directly with this earth and its heaven — things of which the senses make us cognisant.

One of the best known and most concise statements of the Maori mythology about the origin of the world and of man is that given by a celebrated chief to Sir George Grey, who has laid the world under an obligation by his exact rendering of Maori teaching in his *Polynesian Mythology*. It is in part as follows:



"THINKING OF BYGONE DAYS"

Man had but one pair of ancestors. They sprang from the vast heaven that exists above us, and from the earth which lies beneath us. According to the traditions of our race, Rangi and Papa, or heaven and earth, were the source from which, in the beginning, all things originated.

Darkness then rested upon the heavens and upon the earth, and they still clave together, for they had not yet been rent apart; and the children they had begotten were ever thinking among themselves what might be the difference between darkness and light; they knew that beings had multiplied and increased, and yet light had never broken upon them, but it ever continued dark. Hence these sayings are found in our ancient religious services: "there was darkness from the first division of time unto the tenth, to the hundredth, to the thousandth," that is, for a vast space of time; and these divisions of time were considered as beings, and were each termed a *Po*; and on their account there was as yet no world with its bright light, but darkness only for the beings which existed.

After this follows an account of how the sons of Rangi and Papa, Heaven and Earth, attempted to raise the Heaven from the Earth; all failed except *Pane*, who, with great effort, raised up the Heaven to its present position.

It will be interesting to read another version from the lips of one of the last of the old chiefs, given a few years ago to Mr. Dittmer, an Eng-

lish artist, who spent some time among the natives, and came into close friendship with them.

These are the my words to you, my wanderer, words of old Matapo, the oldest of his people, and his eyes are closed that he cannot see you; but they are opened again towards his heart, and what they see your eyes cannot perceive, for upon those who dwell in the womb of night rest his eyes. Listen.

The beginning was J-o, the great *atua*, the god-power, and the world was filled by Te-po-nui, the Great Darkness — ah! — Te-po-nui filled all the space, from the first space to the hundredth, the thousandth space.

Ha, my listener, then was it that the Atua commenced his great song of creation, and out of the Darkness sprang forth Life!

And out of the Darkness sprang forth Hine-Nui-te po,

And out of the Darkness sprang forth Te Ao, the Light!

Ha, my listener,
Ao gave birth to
the great Heaven.

And again sang
song of creation, and
sprang forth Tanga-
Oceans!

And out of Te-
Papa-tu-a-nuku, the

Ha, the Earth was
and Rangi, the heav-
the great Heaven!

Rangi took Hine-
wife, and their son
the Great Breath of
nui-o-rangi com-
movement, and forth
tea, the father of the
Ha-nui-o-rangi com-
movement, and Te-
— the first Glimmer

Te-ata-tuhi was a
took her to wife.—

Te-marama, the Moon, and Rangi spoke full of joy:

“O woman, Te-ara-tuhi, look upon the beauty of Rangi’s daughter;
ha, she is his daughter for which he was longing”; and he made her his eye,
his Eye of Night.

Lightening his path he went in search of his son. He found the woman
Te wera-wera, the heat, and his heart went out to her so that he took her to
wife, and Te-Ra was born, Te-Ra, the Sun! Then cried Rangi, full of joy:
“O woman, Wera-wera, look upon the beauty of Rangi’s son — ha, he is his
great son for which he was longing,” and he made him his other eye, his Eye
of the Day.

The idea of *singing* the universe into manifestation is worthy of
thought. It harmonizes with what we know of the power of vibrations.



4500 FT. OF MITRE PEAK,
MILFORD SOUND

Te-Ao — ha! — Te-
Rangi! Rangi-nui,

the *atua* his great
out of Te-po-nui
roa, the God of the

po-nui sprang forth
far-stretching Earth.
created! The Earth,
en. Ah! Rangi-nui,

nui-te-po for his
was Ha-nui-o-rangi,
Heaven. And Ha-
menced his great
sprang Tawhiri-ma-
winds. And again
menced his great
ata-tuhi sprang forth
of Light.

woman, and Rangi
Her daughter was

It is clearly associated with the idea of numbers being at the foundation of all things.

But the above is given not only to illustrate the old philosophy; it serves also as a specimen of the vivid, terse, and expressive form taken by the thought of this ancient race: and it will compare favorably with other creation accounts, such as that in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*.

Before passing from this part of the subject, it may be interesting to note that nearly all the stories of magic among the Maoris, and they are many, give great emphasis to the power of vibration. Their mantrams or incantations were represented as possessing great power, when a great will-force accompanied them. It must be confessed, however, that the tendency seems to have been towards a selfish use of this power. On this account, as well as for other reasons, the lore of the *whare-kura* has almost died out. Knowledge or Power is a blessing to any people only when there is wisdom to use it for good.

Another feature of Maori thought, that relating to fairies, is full of great interest. We know that for long ages the Maoris were shut off from other peoples, whether in Hawaiki, or in New Zealand; yet we find them in possession of a fairy-lore which agrees wonderfully with that in the distant lands of the West.

There is one fairy-story which tells of a mortal mingling with the fairies in the dark, and learning from them the art of net-making. It is too long to give. There is another which is more interesting and shorter, which we insert. It is a good illustration of the Maori style. The locality, *Puke-more*, is a hill in the Waikato, near which the writer lived for over two years.

The story was told to Sir George Grey, by an old chief named Te Wherowhero, known as the first 'Maori King.' The last Maori king, Mahuta Tawhiao Potatau Te Wherowhero, has as part of his name that of the old chief who told the story. It was this Mahuta who met Katherine Tingley in Auckland in 1896.

Te Kanawa, a chief of Waikato, was the man who fell in with a troop of fairies upon the top of Puke-more, a high hill in the Waikato district.



"GRANDPA"

This chief happened one day to go out to catch kiwis with his dogs, and when night came on found himself right at the top of Puke-more. So his party made a fire to give them light, for it was very dark. They had chosen a tree to sleep under — a very large tree, the only one fit for their purpose that they could find; in fact, it was a very convenient sleeping-place, for the tree had immense roots, sticking high above the ground: they slept between the roots, and made the fire beyond them.

As soon as it was dark they heard loud voices, like the voices of people coming that way; there were the voices of men, of women, and of children, as if a very large party of people were coming along. They looked for a long time but could see nothing; till at last Ranawa knew that the noise must proceed from fairies. His people were all dreadfully frightened, and would have run away if they could; but where could they run to? for they were in the midst of a forest, on the top of a lonely mountain, and it was dark night.

For a long time the voices grew louder, and more distinct as the fairies drew nearer and nearer, until they came quite close to the fire; Te Kanawa and his party were half dead with fright. At last the fairies approached to look at Te Kanawa, who was a very handsome fellow. To do this they kept peeping slyly over the large roots of the tree under which the hunters were lying, and kept constantly looking at Te Kanawa, whilst his companions were quite insensible from fear. Whenever the fire blazed up brightly, off went the fairies and hid themselves, peeping out from behind stumps and trees; and when it burned low back they came close to it, merrily singing as they moved:

*Here you come climbing over Mount Tirangi
To visit the handsome chief of Ngapuhi,
Whom we have done with.**

A sudden thought struck Te Kanawa that he might induce them to go away if he gave them all the jewels he had about him; so he took off a beautiful little figure, carved in green jasper, which he wore as a neck ornament, and a precious carved jasper ear-drop from his ear. Ah, Te Kanawa was only trying to amuse them to save his life, but all the time he was nearly frightened to death. However, the fairies did not rush on the men to attack them, but only came quite close to look at them. As soon as Te Kanawa had taken off his neck ornament, and pulled out his jasper ear-ring, and his other ear-ring, made of a tooth of the tiger-shark, he spread them out before the fairies, and offered them to the multitude who were sitting all around about the place; and thinking it better the fairies should not touch him, he took a stick, and fixing it into the ground hung his neck ornaments and ear-rings upon it.

As soon as the fairies had ended their song, they took the shadows of the ear-rings, and handed them about from one to the other until they had passed through the whole party, which then suddenly disappeared, and nothing more was seen of them.

The fairies carried off with them the shadows of all the jewels of Te Kanawa, but they left behind them his jasper neck ornament and his ear-rings, so that he took them back again, the hearts of the fairies being quite satisfied

*Te Wherowhero did not remember the whole song; but that this was the concluding verse; it was probably in allusion to their coming to peep at Te Kanawa.



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MILFORD TRACK, MILFORD BAY, NEW ZEALAND



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THE LIGHTHOUSE, SKIPPERS' ROAD, QUEENSTOWN, NEW ZEALAND

at getting the shadows alone; they saw also that Te Kanawa was an honest, well-dispositioned fellow. However, the next morning, as soon as it was light, he got down the mountain as fast as he could without stopping to hunt longer for kiwis.

The fairies are a very numerous people; merry, cheerful, and always singing, like the cricket. Their appearance is that of human beings, nearly resembling a European's; their hair being very fair, and so is their skin. They are very different from the Maoris, and do not resemble them at all.

Te Kanawa had died before any Europeans arrived in New Zealand.

The above will serve as an illustration, not only of Maori lore, but of the simple, strong, graphic style in which the Maoris expressed their thoughts. There are very few stories of fairies, and these few appear to be native to the country, but they nevertheless contain certain elements of marked likeness to the accounts of fairies in the northern hemisphere, in Ireland, for instance. It would be difficult to trace fairy-tales from the northern to the southern hemisphere. But if some basis of fact underlays the stories current in both hemispheres, the explanation would be easy and natural.

One of the Maori legends, that of the magic head, which had the power of destroying everything that came near it, is not unlike the account recorded by H. P. Blavatsky in the second volume of *The Secret Doctrine*: of a 'magic form' in Atlantis. In both cases the magic form is under the control of 'Black Magicians,' and in both cases was animated or used by 'spirits' or 'elementals.' In both cases the magic form or head was overcome; in the case of the Maori, it was overcome by the use of powerful mantrams or incantations mainly: in the case of the magic form of which H. P. Blavatsky speaks, the blood, or 'life-water,' of a 'pure man' could alone destroy him.

It is noteworthy how all accounts agree that Black Adepts come to a bad end, whether in ancient Atlantis, or in Aotearoa, or elsewhere.



MITRE PEAK, MILFORD SOUND

Thomas the Gardener

A BIG black rain-clouds had rolled up out of the west and covered the sky, so that it was almost dark in the old orchard, where the gardener had been picking up a basketful of fine apples that the storm had shaken from the heavily-laden branches. He was just about to leave when he saw a most unusual sight that made him stand still in surprise; for though it was not the first time he had seen such a congregation, he had never seen them in the day time, and in spite of the darkness it was still daylight. Where they all came from was a mystery he did not attempt to fathom; nor could he understand why they should be so excited. They were all rushing about, tumbling over one another in their hurry to hide behind dead leaves and tufts of grass.

It would have been hard to guess how many of them there were, but certainly it was a great many, or 'a good few,' as the gardener said to



himself, wishing to be precise without appearing pedantic, and at the same time expressing a clear idea of quantity without indulging in exaggeration. He was cautious because he was so wise, as everyone would have told you if you had inquired in the parish. He was 'universally respected' (as the tomb-stones in the churchyard say), and was not feared even by those who now showed such alarm, though of course it is well known that they are most particular to avoid being seen by ordinary people.

The gardener was not an ordinary person, as you might know by merely looking at him: but a little way behind him just near the edge of

the long grass stood Miss Jane. Now Miss Jane was the most ordinary person you could well imagine. I can hardly tell you how remarkably ordinary she was; but I think that if you were to meet her unexpectedly in the lane on a dark night you might run into her without seeing she was there, she was so ordinary.

But 'they' saw her, and they were all very much shocked to think that they should have been caught at such a time by such an unusually commonplace person as Aunt Jane.

As a matter of fact they were not caught, because she did not see them, and as to the gardener they were not worried about him because he was in a way privileged, and was moreover a man of tact and good feeling, as anyone would know him telling the bees died. He knelt bewhispered to them: you our Miss Jean—ask you not to take away, if you please." So there was real-
 them to be so excit-
 they were there
 time was, that it
 time by their clocks,
 been a very sudden
 of the weather, and
 to alter their clocks.
 went on always just
 what the weather
 her clock was just
 was, and more so no
 clock was older than
 saying a good deal,
 for it was a 'grand-



if they had heard
 when little Jeannie
 side the hive and
 "I've come to tell
 nie is dead, and to
 it amiss, and not go
 So the bees stayed.
 ly no need at all for
 ed. The reason why
 at such an unusual
 really was not that
 because there had
 change in the state
 no one had thought
 —Aunt Jane's clock
 the same no matter
 was like, but then
 as ordinary as she
 one could be. Her
 she was, and that is
 and was taller too,
 father's clock.'

Their clocks were quite different: they had to be altered when the weather changed, and during a thunderstorm they might stop altogether. It was easy to regulate them, however, because 'they' all knew what time it was by the weather: unless, as in this case, some one forgot to alter the clocks when the weather changed. That, of course, made confusion, as all neglect of duty does. They would have known it was too early for them to come out if they had all been attending to duty.

It was really only just tea-time, and Aunt Jane had gone to the orchard to get a few apples, but the gardener had gathered them already

and was about to take them up to the house, when he was stopped by that most unusual sight. There he stood staring in such a way that Aunt Jane thought he must be ill, perhaps from eating unripe apples, of which he was very fond. That is how it happened that she appeared there in the middle of the night, as 'the others' thought, not having altered their clocks. The gardener had never seen them so early before, not before near night-time, and night begins at bedtime, as everyone knows. "Thomas!" said Aunt Jane severely, "What are you staring at there? Do you know it is nearly tea-time and we have no apples in the house. I am sure that some must have fallen today." Thomas turned hurriedly and touched his cap, much embarrassed.



"Beg pardon, ma'am. I'm coming with the apples. They are fine and ripe, and none the worse for being wind-falls, if they be eaten at once, so to speak. Better not to come on the the grass, ma'am, after rain, in your house shoes, if I may make so bold."

Now this just shows how tactful the gardener was. He knew that 'they' would not like to be disturbed by a stranger, and so he tried to keep his mistress from coming any nearer by speaking of the wet grass, though he knew quite well that she always put on goloshes when it had been raining. When he spoke so considerately, Aunt Jane forgot that she really had her goloshes on, and pulled up her skirt a little higher to keep it out of the wet, though the path was really almost dry.

When Miss Jane and the gardener were gone there was no fear of any one else coming that way, so that 'they' felt safe again, and settled down to the business of the evening. When I say they settled down I mean figuratively, for the business they were engaged upon included a most

elaborate and intricate set of dances. It was full moon that day.

That night the moon was fuller than usual, because of the storm, perhaps, that made it look as red as a setting sun just peering through the

trees on one side of the orchard, while the sunset had not yet faded from the sky on the other side.

The moon was in a great hurry to get above the trees, but the higher it rose the paler it became, and the more lonely it looked. It shook off the clouds and rose up pale and proud in its utter loneliness.

Somehow it was like Aunt Jane. She was pale and proud and very lonely now. She was rosy when she was a girl: but that was long before the children grew up and went away leaving her alone in 'the Grange.'

She began to be lonely before that, when their father was killed in the wars and their mother died of grief. That was when she began to look pale. Now her hair was white, and there was no color to speak of in her cheeks, and she was just an ordinary old woman, as I said.

The loneliness had become painful, when all the elder children had grown up and gone out into the world, and then little Jeannie the youngest went without saying goodbye or telling her where she was going. Aunt Jane had tried to be a mother to them when their real mother died, but she always felt that she could not be quite the same to them as their own mother had been. So that when the elder ones left her she was not surprised; but she had loved little Jeannie best of all. She had been born just when her father died, and so she had never really known any other mother than Aunt Jane, who had taken them all into her own house and tried to make it a home for them. Their mother was her younger sister Mary, who had married the handsome young soldier that everyone thought was courting Miss Jane. Poor Miss Jane; she thought so too; but that was long ago, and now they were all gone, and the house was very quiet.

Out in the orchard there was plenty of company, if she had only known how to find it; but whenever she went there she only saw Thomas the gardener, and the blackbirds and thrushes, that tried to eat the fruit without being caught in the nets which the gardener spread over some of the best trees. He was not talkative and never mentioned 'the others' to anyone. He called them 'the others' in his own mind because he did not know what else to call them. He could not find any mention of them in the Bible, which was the only book he ever consulted; he generally could get what he wanted by the old plan of opening it at random and reading a passage, which would contain the answer to his thought, if he could read it right. But though he could find many strange things in that wonderful collection of old writings he never found a name for the little people in the orchard. He knew they were not ghosts, nor evil spirits, such as mad Betty was said to have dealings with. 'They' were so happy and full of the joy of life.

He had never heard of fairies, because he had been so carefully brought up by his parents, and had always gone to Sunday-school till he went to

work for Miss Jane's father, and since then he had not found time to read storybooks; and though the village people believed in ghosts and evil spirits they knew nothing about fairies, or if they did they kept it to themselves as he did. Mad Betty used to sit all night alone in the churchyard talking to the ghosts there. It was said she had been seen dancing with them among the tombstones on moonlight nights, and the people mostly were afraid of her; but she never come near the orchard. It was rather a lonely spot, because Thomas lived in a cottage near one gate in the high fence, and the only other way to get there was past the coachman's house, that was near the stables where a big dog was chained up. So the old orchard was really quite secluded from the world.

Thomas had supper at the Grange and went home for the night, usually passing the orchard by a short cut, but on this occasion he went the other way in order to see if 'they' were still there; and he was not disappointed, for they were dancing like mad and took no notice of him.



They had made a big ring round one of the oldest appletrees, and were swinging round and round at such a pace that their feet swept the dew into a smooth floor like a glass ring laid flat on the top of the grass, which shone in the moonlight like silver. Sometimes they all seemed to melt into one another and to reappear in new shapes; they were changing all the time; and the apples on the trees shouted with delight, and sang the tune 'the others' danced to, while the branches clapped their leaves to

mark the rhythm of the dance, which was far too intricate for Thomas to follow intelligently. He noticed that some of the figures seemed to suggest flowers that opened, and buds that blossomed, and fruit that scattered seeds to the ground; and he suspected that they were putting new life into the old trees, so that they could go on blossoming and bearing fine fruit every year, just as if they were no older than when they were quite young.

But if this was really their method of cultivation, it was strangely different from his own, for when the appletrees got old and began to bear less fruit he used to give them doses of strong manure-water from the pigstye, and if one of the pigs died he would bury it at the roots of an old tree, and then the tree revived and bore finer fruit than before. For a moment he tried to imagine what Miss Jane would say if he took to dancing round the trees on moonlight nights with the coachman and the house servants perhaps. Why it would make a scandal in the parish and probably get him locked up in the lunatic asylum.



When he looked closer he saw that the shining ring on which they danced was more than just dew. There were vapors coming up out of the ground, and these were caught by the dancers' feet and whirled round just like eggs beaten by an egg-whisk; a delicate foam flew off and was absorbed greedily by the tree. Then he understood that they were changing the bad-smelling manure that he put into the ground into food for the tree, and no doubt there were others at work underground,

or perhaps the same workers did the underground work when the weather was not good for dancing. This made him feel a great deal more respectful to these beautiful little creatures, and he thought a man might be proud to think that he had helpers such as these, though at the same time he could not help reflecting that he had often taken all the credit to himself when people admired the beautiful fruit that grew in the old orchard. He would be more careful in the future, he thought.

How long he stood there he did not know, but when he got to his own door he felt inclined to stay out a little longer and think about what he had seen; so he lit his pipe and strolled down the lane to the churchyard where the moonlight lay softly on the graves. He leaned on the gate and thought it was very quiet here, when he was startled by a low chuckling laugh, and there in the shadow of a tombstone sat mad Betty. She pointed to a vacant spot and said:

"That's where ye'll be digging her grave. Just there." "—Hark! D'ye hear that?" she added.

Thomas did hear, and understood what she meant. It was a dog howling. He recognised the sound, and knew that it was the dog in the stableyard, and the mad girl took it to be a death-warning. But then the gardener reflected that dogs often do howl at night when the moon is full. Still it made him uneasy, and he said:

"You'd best be getting home, my lass."

He always spoke kindly to the poor girl. She laughed queerly and answered:

"It's you that had best go home. They'll be wanting you at the house."

Then she began to sing in a queer disjointed way, but she seemed quite happy, and Thomas turned to go home knowing she would do just what came into her head, and he saw no reason to trouble about her; but he was uneasy.

He knew the death-warning as well as anyone in the parish, and his mind went naturally to his old mistress, who was getting on in years no doubt; but, he reflected, she was never ailing. No one ever heard Miss Jane complain of ill health. But there was a misgiving in his heart as he turned homeward, and heard the mad girl crooning to the dead in the churchyard, where the moonlight lay so peacefully on little Jeannie's grave and the vacant place beside it.

While the gardener was watching the dancers in the orchard Miss Jane was alone in her sittingroom with her knitting and a book for occupation, and the cat for company. The room was very quiet, the sound of the servants' voices in the housekeeper's room could not penetrate the thick walls or the solid doors of the old house, and though the window

was still open no sound came from the garden except the occasional hoot of an owl.

The book on her lap was a mere pretense, for her thought was continually brooding over the problem of little Jeannie's departure. Why did she go away like that? Why should she not have been content to live on and to grow up like the rest? She never seemed to fret or to be unhappy, and her aunt loved her more than all. Yet she had gone away without a word of regret. The doctor said it was pneumonia, and seemed to think that that explained it. The clergyman of the parish said her soul had gone on to paradise; and the tombstone said: — "Here lies the Body of Jane, etc." But no one seemed to



know where her little Jeannie had gone to. They said it was very sad.

Aunt Jane said nothing about her thoughts, and no one knew how her heart ached all the time. If she had told the doctor he would certainly have considered it serious; but Miss Jane never consulted the doctor about her own health, and attributed the pain in her heart to sentimentality, for which she had a great contempt; besides it was nobody's business but her own, she said. The knitting needles clicked quietly and the cat purred softly, that was all the sound there was in the room.

Miss Jane looked over her spectacles at the fireplace and almost

wished it were cold enough for a fire, there is so much company in a fire. Her days were busy, but it was her rule to spend the evening alone with her knitting and the cat; the book was for the sake of appearances and to set an example to the servants. She had a great deal to think about: life is so full of problems, that are not answered by the explanations people give of them. She did not talk about such things to other people now, for she saw that they knew no more than she did. She just held her tongue when they said that things happened 'by the will of God,' or 'by accident,' or as 'a judgment for the wickedness of the world.' Such words did not seem to mean much to her. She wanted to know why the world was so lonely and where little Jeannie had gone to. She was occupied all day attending to the servants in the house, or to the wants of the poor in the village. She was giving advice to some, and scolding others, telling the mothers how to manage their children, and the men how to improve their gardens, admonishing the young women, and inspecting generally the moral and sanitary condition of the parish; yet she was alone all the time: and there was pain at her heart. She felt as if she were a stranger in her own comfortable old house. It was as if she had lost her way and wandered into a strange contry where she knew no one. It must have happened long ago; she did not know just how it came about, though it had struck her first just when her sister Mary told her of her engagement. That was the first time that she noticed the pain in her heart. She had not been able to think of the kind words she knew were expected from her. Her lips turned cold and her heart seemed to go dead, yet its beating stabbed like a knife. She tried to be glad for Mary's sake, and despised herself for her own selfish meanness. It was then that she began to feel as if she had been turned out of her own home and the door had closed behind her.

Everyone thought she must be very happy to have such a comfortable house of her own as the Grange, and such good servants to take care of her. But she was alone.

They thought her proud and hard no doubt, but they all respected her; though she herself thought she was a poor soul who had not sense enough to know when she was well off. That, however, she kept to herself, feeling that it was not anybody's business but her own. She despised sentimentality, and had no more religion than was necessary for the proper conduct of a respectable household. She read family prayers night and morning for the benefit of the servants, and on Sundays she went church as an example to the villagers. She was on friendly terms with the Vicar of the parish, but did not consider him in any way qualified to give her counsel on the deeper matters which she brooded over in private, and as to more material concerns she held that she had naught to learn

from any man or woman of her acquaintance. I fear she was proud; but her pride was not offensive.

Brooding over the eternal problem she let fall her knitting and disturbed the cat, who woke up and yawned, then stretched her legs lazily and looked to see if the door was open, feeling that it was a pity to stay indoors on such a beautiful night. Then she looked at the fireplace, and all down her back. She was down on the floor and out of the window in a flash, scattering the book off her lap on to the floor.

Aunt Jane was cat's eccentricities, derided what made like that. She was up her knitting something strange. There was a light withstanding nothing in it. It pulsed about to blossom like a wonderful flower. She just as little Jean-when she sat on talked to imagination. The child was and used to ask that nobody could loved her, but she



thought it wrong

to 'encourage foolish notions in children.' So naturally Jeannie had learned to keep her thoughts to herself, just as the gardener did.

Miss Jane took off her spectacles and rubbed her eyes. She sat up straight and stiff, indignantly ashamed that her imagination should play her such a trick. To think that such a thing should happen in her own sitting room, with the lamps lighted, and not yet bedtime!

If it had been at midnight in the north room she would have known it was the ghost, which had become respectable from long-established repute; but this was something new, and Miss Jane disapproved of all innovations. But at the same time she was as curious as a child and watched the light with intense interest. She remembered the odd little cry of delight the child Jeannie gave the last time she had sat gazing

into the fireplace, and she felt just like a child herself though she made no sound as she watched the flower expand its luminous petals. She would have declared with some asperity, that such things could not happen, at least not in her presence, and yet here she was just as eager as a child to see what would come next.

The flower grew and opened out till it filled the fireplace and in its heart there appeared a queenly little lady dressed in a very old-fashioned costume such as Miss Jane had never seen. She was very dignified and she smiled so sweetly that Miss Jane smiled back at her with an expression on her face such as none of her acquaintances had ever seen there.

The visitor made a courtly curtesy and said politely:

"Will you come with me for a little while across the water?" She pointed to a beautiful boat that was coming round the point where the rushes grew and where the waterlilies left an open space.

Miss Jane could not refuse: indeed she was as eager to go as if she were a child again. She really was a child at heart, and had never grown up: so now she ran down the bank to the water's edge and was not afraid to wet her shoes. She stepped into the boat just as Jeannie used to do, and the boat moved off across the shining lake. The lady smiled at her so sweetly that she felt just like a child coming home from school for the summer holidays and meeting her mother again.

When the housemaid came in to arrange the chairs for family prayers she thought Miss Jane was asleep in her highbacked chair, so she coughed once or twice to wake her up without calling her, for the old lady was most indignant if they caught her napping. But Miss Jane did not wake up. She was far away, and was not thinking about that old body in the high-backed chair. She had found the way home, and she was not lonely any longer. It seemed to her that Life was very beautiful.

When the housemaid got no answer and saw that her mistress did not move, she was terribly alarmed. She suddenly remembered what Cook had said not half an hour ago when the dog began to howl. She did not stay a moment, but rushed back to the housekeeper's room, and soon had all the rest as hysterical as herself. No one knew what to do, and none of them dared go to call the gardener or the coachman, though generally they were glad of an excuse for a little walk on a moonlight night. Just then the back door opened and Thomas the gardener came into the kitchen to see if anything was amiss.

He had hesitated a while about going in, as it was so late and the house seemed quiet, but he saw or fancied he saw a light in the north room, and that was so unusual that he decided to go in, and to make some excuse for his visit if necessary. But no excuse was needed, he was more than

welcome. They all looked up to him as a man of judgment who always knew what to do in an emergency.

He went at once to the sitting room, and then sent the scullery-maid, who had recovered herself more than the rest, to ask the coachman to go fetch the doctor, who lived a mile or more away, and then he talked to them till they became a little more rational, though nothing could stop the flow of tears, which they thought appropriate to the occasion, but which seemed to him just a piece of 'woman's foolishness.'

When the doctor had pronounced his verdict, the wailing broke out afresh, and it was generally decided that it was the duty of Thomas the gardener to keep watch for the rest of the night, which he gladly agreed to as a mark of respect to his late mistress.

He established himself in the 'morning room' adjoining the sitting room, in which the body of Miss Jane had been laid out on an old sofa to await the undertaker.

Death, that was a subject of horror to the other servants, had no terrors for him. He regarded it as the opening of a door into an unknown region. He had consulted the Bible to find authority for his theories of death and of the state after death, and it would have sadly shocked the vicar to hear how that wonderful book could be made to endorse such heretical views. But Thomas followed the injunction, 'Search the Scriptures.' He searched till he found a text to fit the need, and then he persuaded himself that he had got teaching from the 'good book', whereas his own soul was his guide, and he, being of a pure heart and clean life, did not misinterpret the intuition that gave him light on many a dark mystery of life.

As he sat there in the silence of the night he dreamed strange waking dreams. First he saw a dim figure cross the patch of moonlight that lay upon the floor; he had opened the window and turned down the lamp, preferring the peaceful moonlight to the artificial glare of the lamp. The figure was that of a lady in an old-fashioned dress. She went into the sitting room and after a few moments returned as she had come, going along the passage that led to the north wing. This seemed to him quite natural, or at least quite appropriate, though he knew that if he mentioned it to the servants they would probably refuse to stay another night in the house.

Then he went to look out at the garden, which was a fair sight under the full moon. It seemed larger than usual; the pond stretched away beyond its natural limits, and he almost thought he could see the mountains in the distance. He got so interested in following the play of his imagination, or whatever it was that caused him to see such strange things in a place he knew so well, that he forgot that he was Thomas the

gardener at the Grange. He looked across the water to the other side, and it was very beautiful. It seemed a long way off, and yet he could see it all quite clearly. There was a beautiful boat with two ladies in it. Both were young and very fair to look on, and they seemed so happy that Thomas thought this must be the shores of Paradise. One of the ladies saw him standing on the other side and pointed to where he stood; then her companion turned and waved her hand to him, and smiled as no one had ever smiled at him before; and he knew it was Miss Jane herself; not her old body, but her very self, all bright and beautiful and happy as a child should be.

He wanted to follow her, and looked for a boat to take him over; but there was none to be seen; and when he looked again across the lake the other shore was far away, so that he could not distinguish the shining figures moving near the brink; and even as he watched them they faded into a mist, and he was alone once more standing by the water's edge. He felt a little lonely, and it seemed hard to have to leave the lake so long as there was the chance of a boat coming to fetch him over. He looked across, but the lake seemed growing smaller, and he was all alone. Still he stood waiting. Something stirred beside him: a cat came and rubbed itself against his leg with a low 'miaow.' He stooped down to stroke it, and when he did so he recognised the house cat, and found himself standing again at the window. Looking out, he saw the garden and the pond with the laurel hedge and the trees beyond it, just as he had known it for the last forty years. The clock showed that it was but a few minutes since he was sitting thinking of his dead mistress and wondering where she was: yet he felt as if he had been away in another world for a long time and had seen beautiful sights and talked with wonderful beings. But it all slipped away from him when he tried to recall the things he had seen and heard. Only he had an impression that Miss Jane had smiled at him so happily that he thought it would be a glad day for him when he too should go across the shining lake and be allowed to stay a while upon the other side.



IF thou wouldst believe in the Power which acts within the root of a plant, or imagine the root concealed under the soil, thou hast to think of its stalk or trunk and of its leaves and flowers. Thou canst not imagine that Power independently of these objects. Life can be known only by the Tree of Life.—*Eastern Precept*

STRUCTURE AND FUNCTION, by E. A. Coryn

IT is not so many years since Materialism, naked and unashamed, preached the glory of Matter — life was a product of matter, thought a secretion, and structure decided function. But the pendulum has swung round to a saner view of life, though still a far from complete one. We have re-established the aphorism that function precedes structure, but only as regards life as a whole. Function precedes structure in the race, but so far, not in the individual, or only to a limited extent.

The appearance of desire, of need, of function — results in structure to correspond, and hence evolution. The desire, the need for change, brings change in the building of life-structure.

But must we draw the line between life as a whole and life in detail, between species and individual? and if it applies to individual life — to what extent? — where is it to stop or begin? If the physical structure of the race is the product of new desire, new function, so must be that of the individual; and if of the individual during life, what of the structure with which he starts life? If the need, the desire for any special sense, for acuter hearing, for example, arises, the organism tends to adapt itself; if the desire for music is born, the musical and discriminative senses become more acute, the fingers more become lissome, etc.; as an outcome of the desire, the physical senses become adapted. With any desire — if it be only the desire to waken early — the physical organs are straightway modified. And so all through life, this process is going on, until at the end of life we can almost say that the condition of the body and its organs is largely the outcome of the doings and thinkings, the desires and needs of the soul inhabiting it.

If, then, the law of the relationship of function to structure rules in the upbuilding of the Race, if we see it still at work in the bodily modifications of the individual throughout life, what are we to say of the initial building of the body? Did function have no place there; and is the soul merely the expression of the body after all? Is man artistic only because the artistic organs are developed? and without interest or taste in music if they are not? Or is the reverse true — that the machinery of art is present because the function, desire, faculty of art is present and has evolved it? It is either this: that the Soul is the expression of the body and structure dictates function, or that as during life we perceive a soul modifying the bodily mechanism, so we must postulate a soul preceding and pre-existing the body through which and in which it expresses itself — the bodily structure being built on the mental mold of the soul behind it.

The position would be more intelligible to us if we would revise our conception of the body and realize more definitely what it actually is, and how different our relation to it is, from what we normally think. If we

regard it merely as a machine we are at least one step forward. We have reached the point of recognising that it is not ourselves but something that we use and own.

Let us consider for a moment the processes of the birth and building of the body.

Put briefly, it starts as a single cell, which shortly dividing, becomes two, and these in their turn repeat the process and so on. But however far we carry the process, it does not bring us anywhere. It is merely a statement of process, of happening, and tells us nothing of the real processes and of their causes. It tells us minutely of the effects, but nothing of the causes; it tells us of the assembling of the cogs and wheels, but nothing of the directing agency.

If now function does precede structure, if the need, the desire, for sense and organ does precede sense and organ, the soul must possess these. As we have said, the soul is either the product of the body, and organ and sense — structure — precede the need or desire for them, or the character of the structure evidences the need of the soul, and appears in response.

Suppose we see then in this first cell, the first body of the Soul, the first elemental life with which it associates itself, an organism belonging to, and corresponding to, the first dawn of consciousness on this plane.

But this suffices only for the first stage: the Soul needs to contact life (physical) at all points, and in response some cells out of the growing aggregation of cells are found to meet special ends, some seeing for him, some hearing, others performing other essential functions.

But in all, though they are fashioning themselves in general after the manner of the race, though in general they pattern themselves according to the stage which humanity has reached and may be said to be merely a stock pattern (though even here we shall have to account for the pattern), in detail there is ample evidence of a variation from pattern and an adaptation to special need, or a failure to reach the standard. One (or more) organ or sense is markedly efficient or inefficient. In one, the brain-structure is that of a thinker, in another of a musician, and behind such structure there must have been similar function or lack of function; the pattern-maker has modified the pattern for his special needs, and the variation is in response to those needs. He is not artistic because the artistic organs were especially fine, he is not inartistic because they were deficient, but being artistic he is enabled so to shape the pattern on which the body is built; being inartistic he lacks that power — lacking the desire. This is not ignoring the forces of heredity in our scheme, for these also play their part, but we see in this an obvious response to desire, need, function, just as though the change took place after birth; which indeed it does, though we may for convenience refer to it as the prenatal stage.

But now let us review the matter again, asking ourselves this time what is this body which is built up. We have seen it in its beginnings as a single cell, but it is a living organism, however elementary, and each cell that is added is also a living entity. In other words, the body is ultimately a group of 'lives,' and grouped around centers which are also lives, and all display consciousness of a sort, all possess the power of adjusting themselves to environment, of recuperation.

The material of the body then is not some dumb thing called matter, but life, and it is life in its lower forms with which we are surrounded and through which we work and with which we are linked, and further, life which we impress with the qualities it expresses.

It is these body-cells which we impress with, say, the craving for alcohol, and we impress it in exactly the same way as we impress any other liking on any living thing, *viz.*, by accustoming them to its use.

We train them to habits as we train a dog or a child, for as we have said, we are not dealing with a dead something called 'matter,' but with a collection of living entities.

And it is in that fact, and in our relation to these cell-lives that we shall find the suggestion of the function that preceded the first bodily structure. The link between man and those lower forms of life which compose the body is, as we know, vital and intimate, but we have yet to realize that it is not a passing phase and that our responsibility for their evolution did not begin at birth and does not end at death — and in bearing the habits and qualities with which we have endowed them, they bear also the penalties which will confront us in the future. For as they have gathered together in response to the call of the soul to form the physical vehicle of today, so it is they who will return to form the body of each future incarnation, and carrying with them the abilities and disabilities with which we ourselves have endowed them. As the function, desire, modifies the structure of today, so it dictates the structure of the future. The brain which cannot function is the group of cell-lives whose activities have been perverted, and which cannot again build true; the feeble digestion is not a poor piece of machinery but a group of cell-lives which, by our want of self-control, have lost the power to function fully.

And as we misuse now, so we must return to clothe ourselves anew in a body the lives of which have lost the power to build well. Here as elsewhere, the structure follows function, and the fate of a disordered, ill-working organism, is the fate we have made for ourselves. The soul struggling under a body which will not express it, which denies it full powers, is reaping its own sowing: the structure has followed his own functioning — the cell-lives whose vigor has been sapped, whose natures have been warped, have lost the power to build well, have lost the instinct

to build truly. They return stamped with the characteristics, the weaknesses, the distortions, imposed upon them, and they build according to the pattern they have been taught. And, weakened by misuse, their vital energies sapped by abuse, they have not the power to build strong.

Our habits are not merely our habits: the body is the vehicle through which the soul experiences; if the body did not respond, desire could not be satisfied, and to form the habit of satisfying a desire involves training the life-cells of the body to form the habit also, and while the first stage of destroying a habit is the ceasing of desire, there still remains the undoing of the mischief wrought on the entities who supply the experiences the soul cannot gain for itself.

The physical appetites belong to the body, belong to the life-entities. And the change from childhood to manhood, and onward through the stages of life, is a change in the physical make-up. The body of the child gives place imperceptibly to the body of the man, new generations of life-cells pour in, bringing with them the characteristics of the new stage, and life's experiences change as new generations pour in. It is known that with each group of years, the body-cells change and are replaced by new ones, but not of the same nature. The soul is, as it were, the spectator of a panorama of life. We do not grow out of our habits, they rather fall from us with the bodily change, and the incoming cell-lives bring a new picture before the soul with each new generation. The bodily characteristics of childhood give place to those of manhood; sex-life appears, endures for its term, and vanishes to give place to a new phase. We are confronted at every stage with the sowings of the corresponding childhood, manhood, old age, of other lives. We do not escape by this or that habit of vice falling from us; we have still to undo the evil wrought, as the cycles of reincarnation bring to pass the re-entry of the cell-lives involved. So the issues are far-reaching and vital, they concern not only ourselves, but also those lower forms of life for whose evolution we are responsible; and they concern not only those present, but the future, and more than all they concern the value we can extract from life. We contact life on the physical plane through the body, that is to say through the lives belonging to this plane. The soul does not eat and drink, and enjoys vicariously.

The soul may desire, but without a body or with a body unable or unfit to satisfy, desire must consume it. With a body below the level of health and hence inadequate to meet its needs, unable to respond to its call, that much of life is lost, so many weeks or years fail to bear fruit. The body is more truly than we know the very temple of God, but for most of us so heavily curtained by the dimness we have drawn over it, by the misuse we have made of it, that it is really only in its outer courts that we ever stand.

THE SCREEN OF TIME

MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

Isis Theater
Meeting —
New Year's Eve

A combined Christmas and New Year program was presented on New Year's Eve, Christmas Eve having been too stormy to admit of the usual Sunday evening meeting being held. The entire program was given by students of the Râja-Yoga College. It commenced with the finale from Beethoven's *Second Symphony*, played by the Râja-Yoga International Orchestra. Taking for her topic 'The Spirit of Christmas' Miss K. Hanson then spoke in part as follows:

For days beforehand, gladness and buoyancy of spirit grow upon us; we find new delight in living; something within us springs into being and, responding to the thrill that stirs all the realms of nature, pleads for a chance to live and grow, and sheds its fragrance over our lives throughout the year.

Ah! that is the Christmas spirit. It is the Christos itself stirring within us — the better self — striving to free itself from the bonds which we have fettered it with, struggling like a caged bird to soar away from the narrow prison-house we usually shut it up in, to sing its glad song in the sky of our lives, and show us its real beauty and strength.

However beautiful Christmas may be on the outer plane, it is of far greater importance in its relation to the soul-life. It is one of those ancient festivals whose origin is lost in the dim mists of antiquity — a relic, sadly shorn of its mystical meaning, it is true, but still beautiful, of the days when the Wisdom-Religion was the world-wide heritage of the Sons of God. It is not the special property or invention of any race or creed, but a universal symbol of some of the things we are apt to forget. The sacred writings of all races show how the winter solstice was regarded as a time of utmost importance. Astro-nomically, it signifies the return of the sun from his southern to his northern course. The ancient Scandinavians believed that at this time the forces of light, symbolized by the Sun, would gain a great victory over the forces of Evil, represented by the dark and cruel winter. Consequently, in each human life it may be a time for self-conquest, for soul-triumph in every character.

None of the symbols of Christmas is our own. The holly and the mistletoe were used by the Druids, while besides the Scandinavians, Teutons, Finns and Etruscans, the more ancient nations all had their 'Saviors' born at the winter solstice. Egypt had Osiris-Horus, with the virgin-mother Isis. On the gate of ancient Babylon is sculptured a pre-counterpart of our Christian conceptions of the Virgin Mary, even with the Star and Crescent, which the Church fathers later discarded. Persia, China and Tibet all have the same legend. India has given us even the name, from the teacher *Christna*. Even our prosaic America has its mighty past, did we but know it, when great teachers appeared among the ancient Toltecs and Mayas. All these Saviors were 'born of Virgin-mothers,' with attendant angels, gifts of lotus-lilies and flowers: celestial rejoicings, blazing stars to herald them, wise men to foretell them, and adoring shepherds and magi at the 'manger.'

How strange that we have allowed ourselves to be cheated out of all this knowledge! The revival of it should re-kindle our courage and our determination to evoke our better natures, and to take part in the general awakening of thought and feeling going on around about us.

These teachings are no mere fancy. They are more vital than the perishable glory we prize so highly, and at no time in the world's history has there been a greater need for conscious, steady effort to bring back into life the lost chord of Brotherhood. In Katherine Tingley's words, "We are indeed at the pivotal point of our world's history, and we are called upon to act our part nobly, courageously, dispassionately, and justly."

The Râja-Yoga International Chorus then sang *Shandon Bells* (Seymour) and *Law Eternal* (Mozart). Miss M. Hanson next gave some thoughts on 'Music and Art in Education,' in the course of which she said,

One who devotes all his energy to the technique of art builds the channel, while all the time 'the living waters of imagination' may be imprisoned. But if he only knew that the waters once flowing would help carve their own channel! The arts and life are but means for the soul to manifest, and in endeavoring to express aspiration one realizes that all humanity is doing the same; knowledge of which tends to impart a larger compassion and a better comprehension of the laws of life.

Miss H. Oettl followed with a short address on 'The Hope and Consolation of Theosophy.' In part she said,

Katherine Tingley has said many times that if men recognised their essential divinity the horrors of the European war would not be possible. Nor would any of the other nameless crimes, accounts of which too often fill the pages of our newspapers. These conditions are not the result of today, nor of yesterday, but of countless yesterdays in which humanity has been drifting away from the knowledge of its divinity, and becoming correspondingly discouraged as the distance has increased. Not that all is darkness — there are, and always have been flecks of sunlight somewhere; but humanity is longing for the whole unclouded surface of the Sun, and longing far more than it knows.

Theosophy shows the way to dispel those clouds. To every man it gives another chance. No individual is so far lost, but that with self-directed effort he can find himself again; and sometimes those who have apparently gone the farthest come back the soonest. It is as if the soul had so hungered for this greater hope, that the senses had become instantly conscious of its presence, and like any hungry thing had reached out eagerly for the needed nourishment. And Theosophy satisfies, for with its twin doctrines of Karma and Reincarnation it meets and answers all of life's perplexing questions.

Oh, the consolation of knowing that there is a tomorrow, the dawning of a new life! Not a time for putting off what should have been done today, but another opportunity to make good, or to carry on still further the work already well begun. Do you wonder that men behind the bars have felt this hope and consolation? that they have found in it the strength to mold their lives anew? Life is no longer a hopeless struggle, and even defeat holds within it an element of victory.

Then came another orchestral number, *Chowantschina* (Mouszorgsky) succeeded by a short speech, 'How to Lift the Burdens after the War,' by Mr. I. L. Harris Jr., some of whose remarks were,

The way to lift the burdens after the war is to make ourselves champions of Right, to cease talking of "America first," and rather cry, "America and Humanity, now and forever, one and inseparable!" In a score of centuries we should have learned some better slogan than "Carthage must be destroyed." *Humanity must be saved.* And it cannot be, unless we "make the quarreling Lapithytes sleep, and Centaurs within lie quiet"; until we "chain up the unruly Legion of our breasts; lead our own captivity captive; and become Caesar within ourselves." Individual and national selfishness are the causes of warfare. Let humanity learn the joy of altruism. It is the message of Theosophy to spread this Christos-spirit.

After two more songs by the chorus, *Moonlight* (Fanning), and *Ring out, Wild Bells* (Gounod), Mr. M. Machell spoke on 'What Theosophy is and What it is not,' during which he said,

Theosophy is not to be understood or appreciated from the definitions or explanations of others; each must study and evolve for himself. It is in this study and in this evolution that the sublime power and beneficence of the ancient teachings are revealed.

The program was concluded with two orchestral numbers, *Idylle Ecosaise* and *Introduction et Entrée des Clans* from the 'Henry VIII' suite. (Saint-Saëns.)

BOOK AND MAGAZINE REVIEWS

*Apuntes para la
Iconografía del
Libertador*

We have received from the cultured author, Don Manuel Segundo Sánchez, of Caracas, a copy of this beautiful work, in which are reproduced some twenty-nine pictures of the greatest of the South Americans. Some of these are from paintings taken from life by Spanish, French, Italian and English artists; others again give more or less conventionalized conceptions of the great liberator. It is, perhaps, characteristic of Bolívar that so many men should have seen him so differently. One would never imagine, for example, that the pictures by the Peruvian Gil, the Italian Meucci, and the German Kepper, were intended to represent the same man. Señor Sánchez gives preference to the London portrait of 1810, by an unknown artist, showing Bolívar at the age of twenty-seven, and now in the Colección Vicente Lecuna; to the Gil portrait, painted in 1825, in the Palaccio Federal at Caracas; and to the Meucci pictures, painted a few months before his death. Of these, and indeed of the whole collection, the Gil portrait seems to be the most vigorous and life-like; and it is to be noted that Bolívar expressed his strong approval of this picture.

In printing, style, etc., the book is truly a work of art, worthy of the great European capitals. Don Manuel Segundo Sánchez is warmly to be congratulated on the production of a work of historical importance.

*Indian
Architecture*

In a book entitled *The Ancient and Medieval Architecture of India: a Study of Indo-Aryan Civilization*, by Mr. E. B. Havell, the well-known English writer on Indian architecture, the author tells us that in India, architecture as well as other arts has been preserved by guilds whose privileged craftsmen claim social equality with Brâhmans. The moral character of the members must be good and the quality of the workmanship up to a high standard. It was formerly considered an outrage for unauthorized persons to build temples, seaports, towns, tanks or wells, for there was no guarantee that they would be properly done. The quality of the work was in old times of more importance than the payment to be received. Mr. Havell says that before we can expect fully to understand the principles governing the older forms of Indian art we shall have to study the Sanskrit text-books, still exclusively kept in the hands of the craftsmen. These are not at present available to western readers. The author advances the novel theory that Indian architecture is not divided into definite styles according to the dominant religion of the time — Jain, Hindû or Buddhist — but that it is simply Indian, modified according to the symbolism and necessities of the prevalent faith. He considers the great division of styles into Dravidian and Indo-Aryan to be fallacious, and he gives reasons for believing that the classification of Fergusson is a hindrance to the real understanding of the problem. He will receive heartier support in his suggestion that "if Indian art throws any light upon Indian history, religion, sociology, and the inner working of the Indian mind, it demands the study of all who are concerned in the administration of India, whatever their functions may be." The author has a great respect for the wisdom of the ancients, C. J. R.

Den Teosofiska

Vägen: Stockholm

The October number, which is of unusual excellence, opens with some important passages from Mme. Tingley's addresses in the Isis Theater upon Theosophy and some of the vital problems of the day. An impressive article by the late M. F. Nyström is entitled, 'Duty, a Factor in Evolution.' As Geijer put it, "*One* thing gives life; it is a spark of eternal light, under whatever aspect it be viewed. We call it *true religion*, which in action might be thus expressed: *in all things to do the best you can*. Let there be no negligence when duty and vocation call. This is the *Onward*, on which the world depends."

An essay on 'The Great Purpose of Life' portrays well many thoughts which will assail one who wills "to live to benefit mankind." 'Surcease of Vengeance' points out the crying need in the world of better education for children, so that they will recognise the duality of their natures, and learn to give precedence to the higher, even after failures. There is an interesting illustrated account of the *Svenska Dagen* proceedings in Lomaland last June.

Other articles are, 'Discipline,' 'Nature's Silence,' 'Vigilance' (by a Swedish pupil in Lomaland), 'The Germ-Plasm and Immortality,' etc. Extracts are given from Professor La Fontaine's address last March in the Isis Theater, when he roused his hearers with: "In place of preparing for war, the United States should prepare for peace. That is true preparedness."

El Sendero

Teosófico:

Point Loma, Cal.

'Why does Katherine Tingley oppose Hypnotism' is the first article in the October number. The terrible results of hypnotism, to both practitioner and subject, are forcibly explained. 'The West Africans' is mainly a study of beliefs among the Ekoi. Comparisons are drawn with those of old Egypt, and certain conclusions are deduced, worth pondering over. 'Art in Japan' (illustrated) elucidates its ruling *motif*, as distinguished from much in Western art, and shows that Fennolosa had a fine perception of the meaning of the word *Bodhisattva*—a conception rather foreign to current Western materialism. 'The Tomb of Ménala' reads like a real episode in old Egypt. 'The Turn of the Tide' suggests a growing recognition of self-forgetfulness as a vital factor in the art of living. 'The Lost Chord in Modern Civilization'—part of an article in *The Mysteries of the Heart Doctrine*, published in 1902—points out, *inter alia*, that humanity can never hope to garner wheat after sowing thistles.

The New Way:

Point Loma, Cal.

During the past six months this illustrated monthly has pursued its friendly course with those in prison. The illustrations are bright and happily chosen. Somehow the contents increasingly demonstrate a little-suspected truth: namely, that we nearly all dwell in a Prison of personalism, selfishness or ambition. Humor smiles at us from a corner of the title-page: "For Prisoners and Others, whether behind the bars or not." Seeing that the Others, *not* Prisoners, must indeed be *rarae aves*, should not this tiny brochure of lunar periodicity be read by millions?

Archaeological Research in Hindustan

At Taxila

Another link in the chain connecting the civilizations of Mesopotamia with the earlier cultures of Iran, Tibet, Great Tartary, and the higher portions of Northern and Southern India has been found at Taxila by the Archaeological Department of India. Taxila lay on the highway that joined Persia and Central Asia with Hindūstān, and was a famous seat of learning. Under the Achaemenian dynasty it may have been included in the Persian empire. Subsequently it was occupied in turn by Mauryas, Greeks, Śakas, Pahlavas and Kushans. Its site covers an area of some twenty-five square miles, and embraces three separate cities — the earliest founded in 'prehistoric' times, the second by the Greeks and the third apparently by the Kushans. The second was known as Sirkap, and includes different strata of successive epochs. The plan of the palace, which dates from Śaka times, closely parallels that of an Assyrian palace. The temples and shrines were mostly adorned with figures, sculpture and other ornamental devices. In the private houses were found many unique coins, and many silver and gold and bronze ornaments and jewelry. Also an inscription in Aramaic, on marble. Students of Theosophy and comparative religion will note with interest that a massive and imposing temple was found which seems to combine features of Hellenic, Chaldaean and Zoroastrian worship. In appearance it resembles a Greek peripteral temple, with the addition of a solid tower of the *Ziggurat* kind, rising behind the shrine. Another is the great *stupa* said by Hiuen T'sang to have commemorated the spot where Aśoka's son Kunala had his eyes put out. A third is a still larger edifice of the same description once called the Dharmarājika, which, with its numerous monasteries, chapels and other memorials grouped around, seems to have been an important Buddhist center.

At Pataliputra

The former capital of the Mauryan empire is now beneath the flood-water level of the Ganges, hence there have been difficulties in excavation work. The royal palace here, said in after days to have been built by the magic hands of genii, it is now believed was a replica of the Achaemenian palace at Persepolis.

In Sind and Bhopal

A temple of Vāsudeva at Vidisa has been excavated, which the Europeans think about the oldest Hindū shrine in India, generously conceding to it an antiquity of perhaps 400 B. C., about the date of the caves of Elephanta, according to some others. It is barely possible that no European as yet has the faintest conception of the date of the oldest Brāhmanical shrine or temple, or where it is. In the frontier province the ruins crowning the hill of Takht-i Bahi have been carefully protected, while the rock edict of Aśoka at Mansehra has been guarded against damage by a suitable structure built around it.

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society

Founded at New York City in 1875 by H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge and others
Reorganized in 1898 by Katherine Tingley
Central Office, Point Loma, California

The Headquarters of the Society at Point Loma with the buildings and grounds, are no 'Community,' 'Settlement' or 'Colony,' but are the Central Executive Office of an international organization where the business of the same is carried on, and where the teachings of Theosophy are being demonstrated. Midway 'twixt East and West, where the rising Sun of Progress and Enlightenment shall one day stand at full meridian, the Headquarters of the Society unite the philosophic Orient with the practical West.

MEMBERSHIP

in the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society may be either at 'large' or in a local Branch. Adhesion to the principle of Universal Brotherhood is the only pre-requisite to membership. The Organization represents no particular creed; it is entirely unsectarian, and includes professors of all faiths, only exacting from each member that large toleration of the beliefs of others which he desires them to exhibit towards his own.

Applications for membership in a Branch should be addressed to the local Director; for membership 'at large' to the Membership Secretary, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California.

OBJECTS

THIS BROTHERHOOD is a part of a great and universal movement which has been active in all ages.

This Organization declares that Brotherhood is a fact in Nature. Its principal purpose is to teach Brotherhood, demonstrate that it is a fact in Nature, and make it a living power in the life of humanity.

Its subsidiary purpose is to study ancient and modern religions, science, philosophy and art; to investigate the laws of Nature and the divine powers in man.

It is a regrettable fact that many people use the name of Theosophy and of our Organization for self-interest, as also that of H. P. Blavatsky, the Foundress, and even the Society's motto, to attract attention to themselves and to gain public support. This they do in private and public speech and in publications. Without being in any way connected with the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, in many cases they permit it to be inferred that they are, thus misleading the public,

and honest inquirers are hence led away from the original truths of Theosophy.

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society welcomes to membership all who truly love their fellowmen and desire the eradication of the evils caused by the barriers of race, creed, caste, or color, which have so long impeded human progress; to all sincere lovers of truth and to all who aspire to higher and better things than the mere pleasures and interests of a worldly life and are prepared to do all in their power to make Brotherhood a living energy in the life of humanity, its various departments offer unlimited opportunities.

The whole work of the Organization is under the direction of the Leader and Official Head, Katherine Tingley, as outlined in the Constitution.

Inquirers desiring further information about Theosophy or the Theosophical Society are invited to write to

THE SECRETARY
International Theosophical Headquarters
Point Loma, California

The Theosophical Path



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POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

THE PATH

THE illustration on the cover of this Magazine is a reproduction of the mystical and symbolical painting by Mr. R. Machell, the English artist, now a Student at the International Theosophical Headquarter, Point Loma, California. The original is in Katherine Tingley's collection at the International Theosophical Headquarters. The symbolism of this painting is described by the artist as follows:

THE PATH is the way by which the human soul must pass in its evolution to full spiritual self-consciousness. The supreme condition is suggested in this work by the great figure whose head in the upper triangle is lost in the glory of the Sun above, and whose feet are in the lower triangle in the waters of Space, symbolizing Spirit and Matter. His wings fill the middle region representing the motion or pulsation of cosmic life, while within the octagon are displayed the various planes of consciousness through which humanity must rise to attain to perfect Manhood.

At the top is a winged Isis, the Mother or Oversoul, whose wings veil the face of the Supreme from those below. There is a circle dimly seen of celestial figures who hail with joy the triumph of a new initiate, one who has reached to the heart of the Supreme. From that point he looks back with compassion upon all who are still wandering below and turns to go down again to their help as a Savior of Men. Below him is the red ring of the guardians who strike down those who have not the 'password,' symbolized by the white flame floating over the head of the purified aspirant. Two children, representing purity, pass up unchallenged. In the center of the picture is a warrior who has slain the dragon of illusion, the dragon of the lower self, and is now prepared to cross the gulf by using the body of the dragon as his bridge (for we rise on steps made of conquered weaknesses, the slain dragon of the lower nature).

On one side two women climb, one helped by the other whose robe is white and whose flame burns bright as she helps her weaker sister. Near them a man climbs from the darkness; he has money-bags hung at his belt but no flame above his head, and already the spear of a guardian of the fire is poised above him ready to strike the unworthy in his hour of triumph. Not far off is a bard whose flame is veiled by a red cloud (passion) and who lies prone, struck down by a guardian's spear; but as he lies dying, a ray from the heart of the Supreme reaches him as a promise of future triumph in a later life.

On the other side is a student of magic, following the light from a crown (ambition) held aloft by a floating figure who has led him to the edge of the precipice over which for him there is no bridge; he holds his book of ritual and thinks the light of the dazzling crown comes from the Supreme, but the chasm awaits its victim. By his side his faithful follower falls unnoticed by him, but a ray from the heart of the Supreme falls upon her also, the reward of selfless devotion, even in a bad cause.

Lower still in the underworld, a child stands beneath the wings of the foster-mother (material Nature) and receives the equipment of the Knight, symbols of the powers of the Soul, the sword of power, the spear of will, the helmet of knowledge and the coat of mail, the links of which are made of past experiences.

It is said in an ancient book: "The Path is one for all, the ways that lead thereto must vary with the pilgrim."



The Theosophical Path

An International Magazine

Unsectarian and nonpolitical

Monthly

Illustrated



Devoted to the Brotherhood of Humanity, the promulgation of Theosophy, the study of ancient & modern Ethics, Philosophy, Science and Art, and to the uplifting and purification of Home and National Life

Edited by Katherine Tingley

International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California, U.S.A.

Virtuous, therefore, is the man who relieves the corporeal wants of others, who wipes away the tear of sorrow, and gives agony repose; but more virtuous he who, by disseminating wisdom, expels ignorance from the soul, and thus benefits the immortal part of man. For it may indeed be truly said that he who has not even a knowledge of common things is a brute among men; that he who has an accurate knowledge of human concerns is a man among brutes; but that he who knows all that can be known by intellectual energy is a God among men.

A NEOPLATONIC PHILOSOPHER

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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The February and March issues are late owing to manufacturers' delays, with freight congestions, on the delivery of the new Aryan Press equipment.



From a photograph taken in April, 1910

Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

**THE RĀJA-YOGA ACADEMY, INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA**

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

VOL. XIII

MARCH, 1917

NO. 3

REMEMBER that as you live your life each day with an uplifted purpose and unselfish desire, each and every event will bear for you a deep significance — an inner meaning — and as you learn their import, so do you fit yourself for higher work — *William Q. Judge*

THE PRESENT NEED FOR THEOSOPHY:

by H. Travers, M. A.



THEOSOPHY is the most serious movement of the age; and as time goes on, it proves more and more its claim to be so regarded. The very opposition which it provokes from quarters opposed to progress proves how seriously it is taken at least in those quarters; for such attention is never accorded to movements which do not promise to disturb the placid waters of stagnation or the backwash of retrogression. Like other serious movements, Theosophy has been encumbered by a motley array of weeds and parasites which have sought to nourish themselves at its expense and have diverted unwary truth-seekers off upon wrong tracks; but it is living them all down by virtue of the essential vitality which it has but they have not. For Theosophy is founded on *facts*, the only sterling coinage, so much needed in ages of debased currency and of bills that have no specie to back them.

It is in the times that try men's souls that Theosophy most proves its worth. Such times come to us individually when we are rudely confronted with the evanescence of temporal life and with the permanence of the spiritual, by such events as death in our own circle, or by any other event which may suddenly dim the glamor of our worldly existence and bring us face to face with the awful questions of What is life? and What am I? Such times come to humanity collectively when it finds itself in the throes of a great crisis, uprooting what has sufficed for bygone times and confronting us with problems of reconstruction. It is at such times that people ask questions which Theosophy alone can answer. Hence we find an ever-increasing number of people setting aside prejudice and the representations of calumny and rumor, in order to seek in Theosophy for the answer to those questions that burn in their hearts.

Theosophy deals in facts and realities, and we realize that our life has been largely built on shadows. Spiritual realities are the only things that endure — shirk the truth though we may. It is for those who know that it *must* be so, but cannot see *how* it is so, that Theosophy brings its hope and consolation.

Through its interpretation of archaeology, Theosophy has striven to show that there were great civilizations in the far past, to whom (so great was their knowledge) birth and death were mere incidents in the eternal life of the Soul. The ancient Egyptian lore, so marvelously and providentially preserved, proves this people to have been in possession of a science of the nature of man, to which our own knowledge is but as a rushlight compared to the sun. And these Egyptians were but the heirs of others before them. The mysteries of the Soul-Life rest on a basis of firm fact, and it is within the power of man to attain to certitude of knowledge of such mysteries. Theosophy is that movement which, in the present day, recalls man's attention to these eternal truths, and reminds him by pointing to the past, of the essential greatness and grandeur of that divine-human nature which is his. For these are truly the Dark Ages, wherein spiritual knowledge has declined and a reliance on external things has taken its place. But without the former, we shall be left bankrupt.

In all the talk about reconstruction, we find little appeal to the better nature of man, and much to his selfish and class interests. No one seems to have enough faith in the higher side of human nature to appeal to it, and so the appeals are made to the lower side. But such a policy can only renew the old evils. This is just what many thoughtful people feel, but they do not know how to evoke the powers of the higher nature. Mere talk about duty and conscience will not do it. Religion, in its conventional sense, is in the melting-pot along with the rest. Science is much engrossed with the animal nature of man. Where shall we turn?

Conscience is our mind's interpretation of the voice of the Soul, and the Soul is a reality. It is not that at death, when the body is discarded and decays, we become immortal; we are immortal now. The peculiar nature of the human mentality can only be explained on the theory that mortal and immortal elements are blended in it. Man, who is endowed with the power to ask questions, is also endowed with the power to answer them. Animal life may be blotted out at death, but we feel that there is an eternal component in our nature which cannot thus be blotted out. Should we not seek to find that eternal element now, while we live?

In looking back over the history of Theosophy, we find that the immediate task of its founder, H. P. Blavatsky, was to hew a path through the jungles of modern thought. She was a pioneer who struck many key-notes which will be found to have been starting-points of many quite fa-

miliar themes of today. But never did she intend that Theosophy should be only a thing of books and speculations; and today we see the harvest of her labors, in the organized practical application of Theosophy to the common problems of human life. We have reached the period of demonstration. When Katherine Tingley founded the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma, it was for the purpose of fulfilling the plan of H. P. Blavatsky and the cherished hopes of many Theosophists, by establishing a means of affording such a demonstration. People wonder what is the power that vivifies this organization, blending in such unity so large and diverse an assemblage of strong characters, and keeping it secure and intact in the face of subtle attacks from disintegrating forces, such as might be expected both from without and within. That power is Theosophy, and the faith of its adherents, and the sterling qualities of the leadership. Thereby a demonstration is afforded of the genuineness of Theosophy.

There is no need to emphasize the fact that modern thought is at present in a state of confusion, and that our wonderful knowledge of scientific applications, our amazing literary activity, and the vast complexity of our life, are all grounded on a curiously disproportionate ignorance concerning matters essential. Nor is this the criticism of a Theosophical writer; it is the age's judgment on itself, as can be seen by hearing its own voice in the matter. What is the reason for this? It is readily explained on the hypothesis that we are at present passing through a dark age, the characteristic of which is that the energies of mankind are concentrated on externals, and correspondingly drawn away from essentials. It may perhaps be that the humble cave-man, whose artistic works we are unearthing in caverns, was better equipped than we are for a happy and successful passage through the halls of terrestrial experience. Yet the knowledge that sufficed him will not suffice us: for our civilization is complex, and its very complexity demands a fuller knowledge. This gives the answer to the question why Theosophy was promulgated, and explains why it was promulgated in this particular form and at this particular time. It is a message adapted to the requirements of the age. The age is intellectual, and we find that the intellect has been appealed to. Though the teachings of Theosophy have been twisted and travestied in some quarters, so that inquirers may have heard a false presentation of them, and may perhaps have been thereby put off from further inquiry; still we have the original teachings available in the books of H. P. Blavatsky, so that anyone can see for himself what they were and still are. No one who will give these books a careful consideration can fail to see that they cannot be dismissed as fanciful speculations, but are in quite another class, and that there is an exhaustless mine of knowledge behind them. An adequate

literary judgment of H. P. Blavatsky's writings would alone suffice to establish her character and abilities on the plane where they belong. If the problems of life are insoluble without the keys, it is equally true that with the keys they are soluble; and if the lack of that ancient knowledge now known as Theosophy has coincided with an age of doubt and despair, so the rebirth of that knowledge will coincide with an era of recovered faith.

Despair is caused by doubting the presence of an intelligent law in the universe; and Theosophy has an unequalled power to remove this doubt. This is especially the case with regard to the doctrines of Reincarnation and Karma. Such doctrines are first accepted as tentative hypotheses, and the evidence for them comes later on in the course of our experience. It is found that they solve riddles and turn chaos into order. The truth of reincarnation will proceed from conviction to certainty in the light of a knowledge which will one day be ours; but at present the mysteries of life and death remain veiled as far as direct vision is concerned. What is important, however, for the progress of knowledge, is that the idea of Reincarnation should become more widely held, so that the combined efforts of many minds focused in the same direction may bring more light.

Theosophy has put conscience on a firmer basis by showing that it proceeds from the higher nature of man, and is thus as much a part of our make-up as is our life-breath or our animal instincts — though of course a far more vital part. The teachings as to the 'Seven Principles of Man' afford a wonderful key by which to unlock the mysteries of human nature, showing, among other things, how inadequate to that purpose is the hazy analysis of human nature offered by modern theories of psychology. Biology studies the lower nature of man a great deal, and in this way has a tendency to emphasize the materialism of the age. There needs to be a higher psychology, or a higher branch of psychology, which will pay more attention to man's higher nature. For man is much more than a higher animal; and the gap between the human kingdom and the animal is greater than that between the animal and the plant. Man's animal nature is of course greatly superior to that of the animals, but this alone does not constitute the salient difference between man and the animals. That difference is the possession of a reflective self-consciousness and its accompanying power of voluntary progress and self-development. These attributes bespeak the presence of the immortal Ego; and the great mystery of man's nature is the relation between his higher and his lower self.

Teachings like these, as old as the earth's history, though so often forgotten, need to be instilled more and more into the general mind, to replace the dogmas which have outlived their usefulness and the vagaries

of speculation. But Theosophy would remain a mere study and pastime unless, besides general principles, particular applications are considered. And we find that in the present era of Theosophical history, such application of Theosophical principles is being made in the work carried out under the present Leader, Katherine Tingley. This work has attracted the attention of the world by its 'originality'—the sure sign of genius and inspiration!—and by its success in matters where other means have failed. Thus, for instance, in education, the applicability of Theosophical principles to the solution of the many problems in this department of civics is well demonstrated.

The Rāja-Yoga education goes to the root of the educational question by investing the young child with the power of self-control, without which power nothing can succeed, while with it everything becomes easy. How is this miracle worked? By the right application of Theosophical principles under competent direction. The case of the children is the case of the world in general; for self-control is the central problem for the adult individual and for the communities large and small of which he is part.

Man must be master of himself, both individually and collectively; all problems of government turn ultimately on the question of individual character; and the problem of individual character is solved in the words self-knowledge and self-mastery. There are schools of thought that teach a sort of self-mastery and the means of acquiring a certain poise; and the existence of such cults shows the trend of people's minds. But these cults do not go far enough; their efforts are directed more towards the achievement of personal satisfaction and quietude. Theosophy looks higher than the cultivation of the personal self.

The duty of the Theosophical Society is to keep alive in man his spiritual intuition.

The Theosophical Society will permeate the great mass of intelligent people with its noble ideals.

From the Theosophist must radiate those higher spiritual forces which alone can regenerate his fellow men.

So says the Founder, H. P. Blavatsky; and it is clear that the Society was founded for the purpose of giving the world a turn in the right direction at a time when it was top-heavy with materialism and permeated with the spirit of envious and selfish emulation, and hence in danger of taking a turn towards self-destruction.

The psychic must be under the control of the spiritual, or grave disaster will result; and, had it not been for the Theosophical work, such would probably have resulted already. Psychic powers would be most dangerous in the hands of a humanity so loosely controlled as is our present humanity. When the Theosophical Society was founded, not only

was the idea of selfish contest prevalent in the world, but our philosophies of life and our economic systems were even built on a theoretic basis of struggle, such as is denoted in phrases like 'the struggle for existence,' 'the law of supply and demand,' etc. A false idea of individualism, and a belief that harmony results somehow from the unrestrained conflict of personalities, is not a safe foundation for society or a safe soil in which to try and sow the seeds of knowledge. Theosophy had to proclaim other ideals, and these have already taken effect.

It is only too apparent that, amid the confusion of theories as to education and the ordering of society, there is much uncertainty and ignorance, much groping in the dark; and that neither science nor the churches possess the keys, but are themselves sharers in the general doubt. Therefore there is indeed a call for the essential truths that lie at the root of these problems. How are we to build for the future? people are asking; where shall we find a sure foundation? On the fact that man is a spiritual being, and that brotherhood is based on the spirituality common to all men, which goes deeper than race or creed. And through Theosophy this spiritual nature of man is made a living force, enabling people to transcend their prejudices. And as Theosophy makes good its promise to do this, people are beginning to see that it is indeed the most serious movement of the age.

CONTINUITY AND DAILY LIFE: by Percy Leonard

HE that believeth on me from him shall flow rivers of living water.— *John* vii, 38

HE whose heart is not attached to objects of sense finds pleasure within himself and united with the Supreme enjoys imperishable bliss.

—*Bhagavad-Gītā*, Ch. V

THE progress of our lives if properly conducted should resemble some majestic pageant moving with dignified, unbroken step accompanied by noble music to its close. But human lives in general are more likely to suggest disorderly processions, straggling through broken country to the fitful strains of independent instruments, unregulated by a unifying beat. To live among refining influences ought to be the lot of all, and yet the great majority perform their daily toil either amidst depressing squalor, or at the best surrounded by such scenes of bald and unadorned utility that their instinctive craving for the beautiful drives them to seek relief in the crude glitter of saloons or in the tawdry splendors of the haunts of cheap amusement.

A chilly selfishness prevails even in circles claiming to be cultured and polite; but just as a limited concession to our better instincts we provide receptions and 'at homes,' where we display our 'party manners' and assume a friendly sympathy which all too frequently is far from being felt. Discussion of live issues is tabooed in such assemblies, for when our genuine interest is aroused the conflict of opinion cannot always be confined to proper bounds. The strain of artificial geniality and conversation on insipid topics can seldom be endured for any length of time, and bowing our adieus to the charmed circle of uncomfortable restraint, we promptly reassume the customary manners of the street, the office and *the home*.

Our speech is harsh and inharmonious; but our intuitive belief that human voices should be musical leads us to introduce at social gathering songs which usually have very little reference to the conversation going on. The words can rarely be distinguished and the performer shows indubitable signs of painful preparation for his part, which presents as striking a contrast to the spontaneous outpouring of a songbird as can possibly be imagined. The social conscience has been lulled to sleep however, for the sons of discord have paid tribute to Apollo, god of harmony.

In our worship we are far removed from Enoch, who is said to have walked with God and held familiar intercourse with Deity throughout the day. At the appointed time, in the subdued hush of a consecrated building, we comport ourselves with preternatural solemnity and join in songs of fervent praise. We pray for what we think we need and we confess our sins with what sincerity we may. Leaving the sacred precincts we permit our thoughts to run in their accustomed channels with a feeling of relief and let the flame of aspiration die till the appointed time comes round again. As to taking a delight in our religion, that would hardly be considered as good form, and indeed as being wanting in respect to sacred things.

So lifeless and mechanical is our devotion to the code of morals we profess that we entirely miss the joyous sense of a divine, sustaining Presence, which, rising like a fountain in the hidden center, might be recognised as flowing through the barren places of the day, making the wilderness of common life burst into blossom like a pleasure-ground adorned with flowers. Social customs and ethical codes vary with geographical position and our epoch in history; but if men are to be reckoned as good who live to benefit their fellows and maintain a constant struggle with their lower natures, then abounding joy and radiant satisfaction should at once be their distinctive mark as it is certainly their inalienable right. If to be truly good is to be gay, then we may say that good men are as scarce as dodos. A man may live a faultless moral life and never break the smallest rule of social etiquette, and all the while be sadly lacking in the saving grace of gladness. Yet Nature will not wholly be denied, and

so comedies are prepared, sports are devised, joke-books compiled, and many other desperate shifts contrived to force our laughter. Provocatives of mirth are furnished so profusely, though at such uncertain intervals, that we are bound to suffer the inevitable reaction of depression after these surfeits of stimulated hilarity. Good humor, smiles and geniality instead of falling like the gentle rain refreshing every common day, pour down in torrents like the casual thunderstorm, with devastating force.

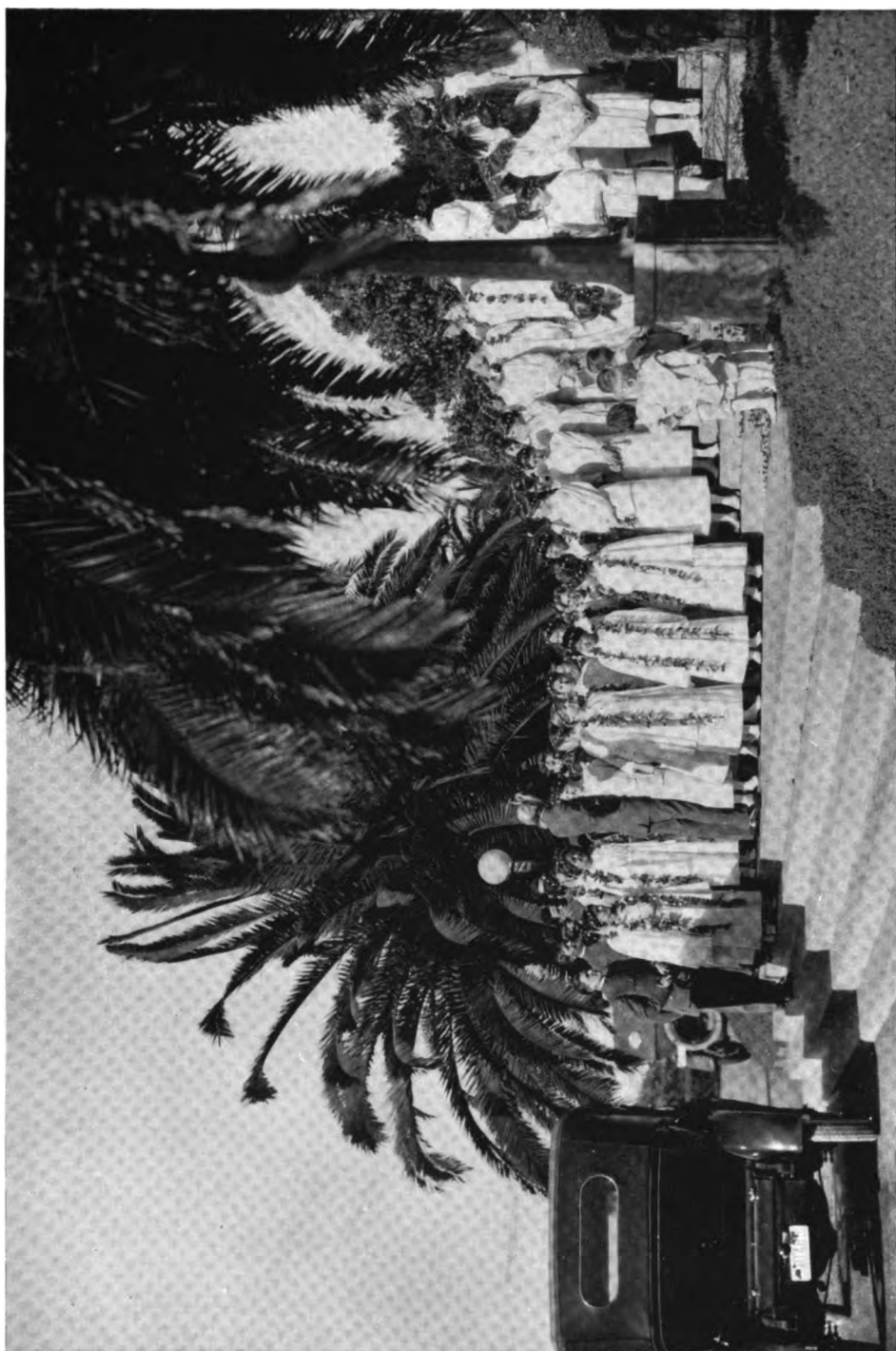
Now a good architect knows better than to introduce ornament for its own sake, and merely adds it as an embellishment to structural necessity: and in like manner we might set ourselves to decorate our necessary round of daily toil with noble bearing, tuneful voices, and a buoyant satisfaction in the passing moment as it flies. The common method seems to be to hurry through one's work, made thoroughly distasteful by our discontent, and then to seek relief in some delirious form of excitement commonly supposed to be pleasure.

Our lack of wholesome continuity is glaringly displayed in the very deportment of the modern civilized man. Owing to the want of proper exercise the constraint of our costume, and above all, our toe-distorting footgear, but very few attain full physical development, while every moment is deprived of its appropriate grace. But instead of reforming dress and cultivating habits more conducive of freedom of growth and action, we carve out of cold marble a limited number of images of that physical perfection to which we might all more or less nearly conform, and then metaphorically fall down and worship them as our ideal. Why should not everyone be statuesque and make these stony paragons superfluous?

Serenity and satisfaction should attend us through the day, grace and spontaneous social charm prevail in our relations with each other; the poetry of motion should be manifested in the humblest duties, and melodious voices fill the air with music all around. Lives such as these would just as far surpass the artificial sham in which we live, as do the softly shining stars of night excel a pyrotechnical display.

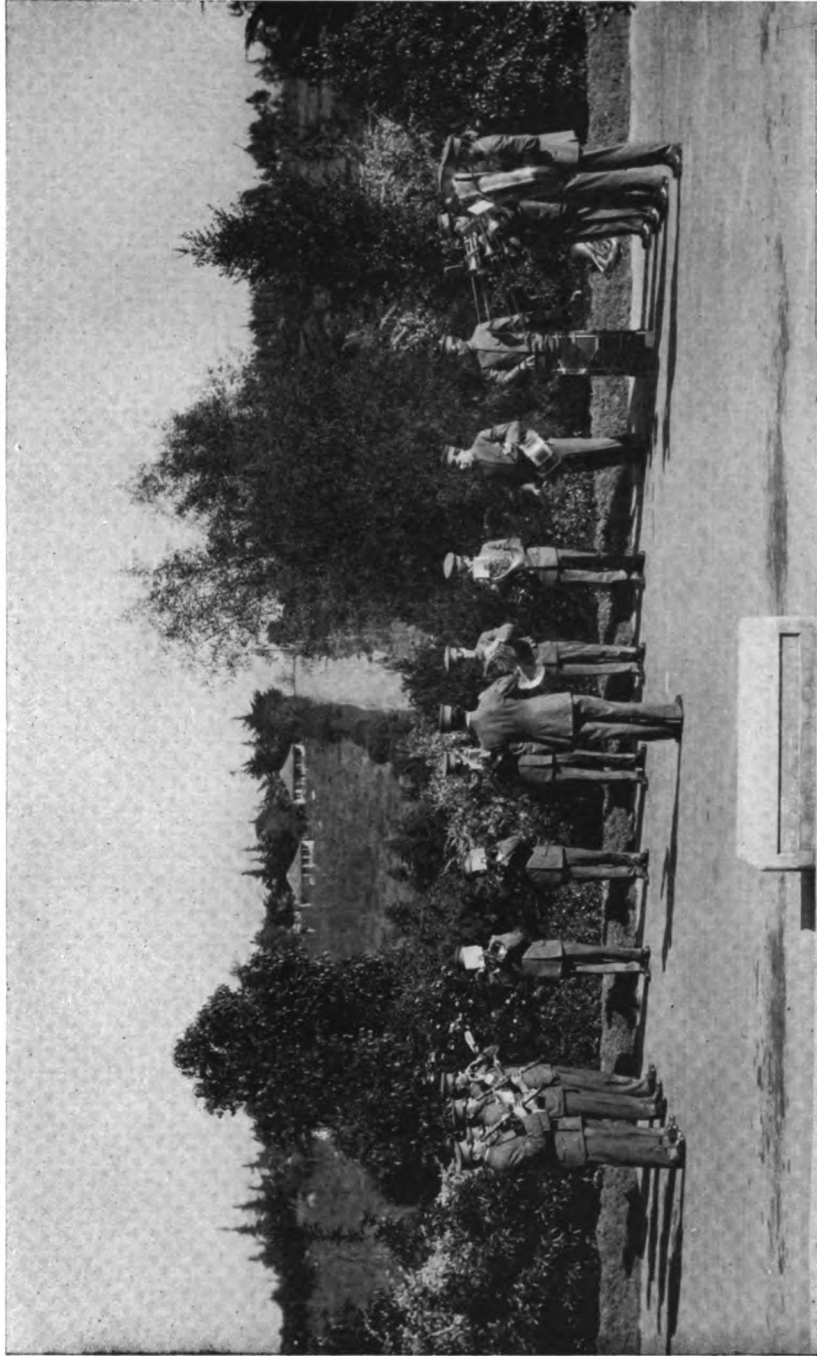


LONG ago certain fragrant flowers bloomed. They were of eight kinds, and belonged to the species called 'flowers of sanctity.' Their names, as rendered from the Sanskrit, were: Clemency, Self-Restraint, Affection, Patience, Resignation, (repression of any mental perturbation), Devotion, Meditation, Veracity. It is thought that the correct modern botanical titles remain unassigned.—*From a Note-book*



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ON THE STEPS OF THE TEMPLE OF PEACE
RĀJA-YOGA INTERNATIONAL CHORUS SINGING FOR MADAME MELBA



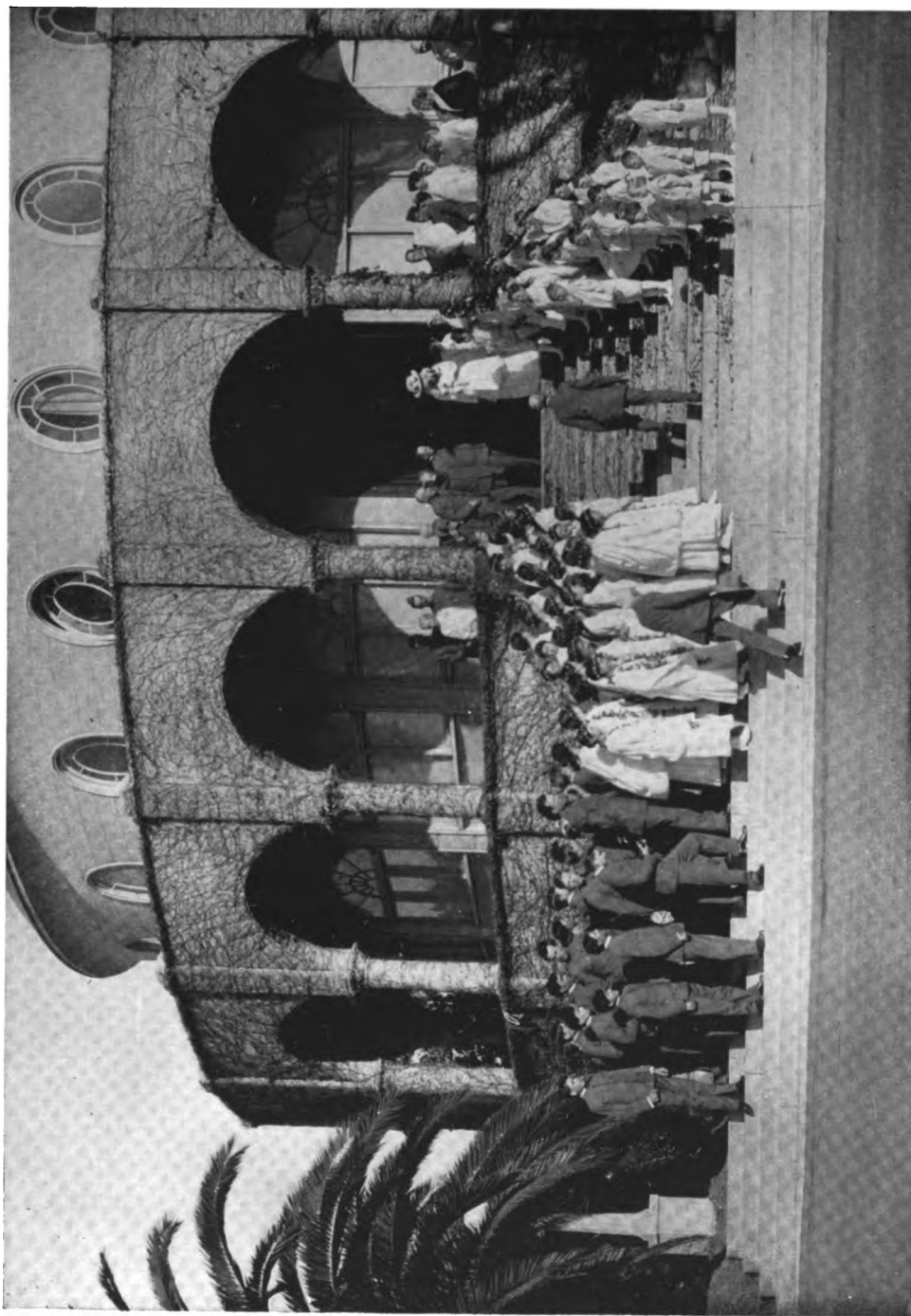
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RÂJA-YOGA COLLEGE BAND PLAYING A SELECTION FROM 'FAUST' FOR MADAME NELLIE MELBA



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.


RECEPTION TO MADAME NELLIE MELBA BY KATHERINE TINGLEY AND THE STUDENTS
OF THE RAJA-YOGA COLLEGE, INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS; MARCH 7, 1917



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

AFTER THE RECEPTION TO MADAME NELLIE MELBA; MADAME KATHERINE TINGLEY IN THE CENTER OF
THE PICTURE AT THE TOP OF THE STEPS OF THE TEMPLE OF PEACE, LOMALAND
"THE LITTLE RÂJA-YOGA PHILOSOPHERS" ON THE RIGHT
THE RÂJA-YOGA INTERNATIONAL CHORUS ON THE LEFT

THE MYTH OF PROMETHEUS: by H. T. Edge, M. A.

 HIS well-known allegory, so familiar to us in its Greek form, especially as dramatized by Aeschylus in his *Prometheus Bound*, was evidently regarded with supreme reverence as one of the greatest and most momentous of all the sacred myths. As will be seen later, this was the case with many other nations besides the Greeks. It will be our purpose to show that this universal esteem of the myth of the Fire-Bringer betokens something far more serious and weighty than the ridiculous meanings assigned to it by some scholars; and thus we shall acquire a view of the matter at once more consistent and more worthy of the dignity of ancient mankind as well as of our own self-respect.

It will be well to begin by briefly recapitulating the story. Jupiter, the king of the Gods, had taken away fire from the earth as a punishment for an offense committed by Prometheus. Prometheus resolves to bring back fire to earth for the benefit of mortals. He climbs the heavens by the assistance of Minerva, steals fire from the chariot of the Sun-God, and brings it to earth in the end of a hollow stick having an inflammable pith. For this, Jupiter orders Vulcan to chain Prometheus to Mt. Caucasus, where, fastened to a rock, he is doomed to spend 30,000 years, while a vulture continually feeds on his liver, which is as continually restored. But about thirty years afterwards he is delivered by Hercules.

Such is the story in broad outline and in its most familiar form. Variations and minor details can be filled in subsequently, should occasion require.

This myth has been classified as belonging to the family of 'Myths of Fire-Stealing,' a fact sufficient to prove that it is widespread among mankind. In the mythology of ancient Hindûstân, the Mahâsura, or Great Spirit, is said to have become envious of the Creator's resplendent light; and, at the head of inferior Asuras, to have rebelled against Brahmâ; for which, Siva hurled him down to Pâtâla, the nether regions (*The Secret Doctrine*, II, 237, footnote). In the Scandinavian mythology we find the analogy of Prometheus in the god Loki, who is a fire-god. As to Loki, the author of *The Secret Doctrine* says:

It may be said that even in the Norse legends, in the Sacred Scrolls of the goddess Saga, we find Loki, the brother by blood of Odin . . . becoming evil only later, when he had mixed too long with humanity. Like all other fire or light gods — fire burning and destroying as well as warming and giving life — he ended by being accepted in the destructive sense of 'fire.' The name *Loki* . . . has been derived from the old word 'liechan' to enlighten. It has therefore the same origin as the Latin *lux*, 'light.' Hence *Loki* is identical with Lucifer (light-bringer). . . . But Loki is still more closely related to Prometheus, as he is shown chained to a sharp rock. . . . *Loki* is a beneficent, generous and powerful god in the beginning of times, and the principle of good, not of evil, in early Scandinavian theogony.

In the above quotation the reference to Lucifer supplies another of the analogies to Prometheus. Lucifer means 'light-bringer,' and in the legend there is the same idea of his rebellion against the deity that we find in the case of Prometheus. It may be well to remark in passing, though we cannot spare time to consider the point now, that Lucifer has been wrongly identified with the Prince of Darkness, his name and office having thus been traduced; and that H. P. Blavatsky devotes considerable space to disentangling this confusion and reinstating the Light-Bringer in his due position as a benefactor and not as a devil. The Scandinavian Loki has been similarly traduced, as shown in the above quotation.

Turning to Hebrew symbology, we find that the Zohar says that the Ishin, the beautiful B'nai-aleim, or 'Sons of God,' were not guilty, but mixed themselves with mortal men because they were sent on earth to do so. And also that Azazel and his host are simply the Hebrew Prometheus. The Zohar shows the Ishin chained on the mountain in the desert, allegorically. (*The Secret Doctrine*, II, 376) Azazel or Azazel is one of the chiefs of the 'transgressing' angels, in the Book of Enoch. It is said that Azazel taught men to make swords, knives, shields, to fabricate mirrors, to make one see what is behind him.

Among the Murri of Gippsland, Australia, the Fire-Stealer was a man, but he became a bird. *Towera*, or fire, was in the possession of two women, who hated the blacks. A man who loved men cajoled the women, stole fire when their backs were turned, and was metamorphosed into a little bird with a red mark on his tail. The fire-bringer in Brittany is the golden or fire-crested wren. In another Australian legend, fire was stolen by the hawk from the bandicoot and given to men. In yet another a man held his spear to the sun and so got a light. A bird is fire-bringer in an Andaman Island tale, and a ghost in another myth of the same island. In New Zealand, Maui stole fire from Maueka, the lord of fire. Among the Ahts in North America, fire was stolen by animals from the cuttle-fish. Among the Cahrocs, the coyote steals fire from two old women. (Lang, *Enc. Britt.*, art. *Prometheus*)

These few instances, selected from a large number, the looking-up of which is merely a matter of detail, will suffice for the present purpose of illustrating the world-wide diffusion of this mythos of the bringing of spiritual fire to men.

That word, *spiritual* fire, is here emphasized specially, because we find in the attempted interpretations of the myth of Prometheus that the allegory has been materialized as usual, and that it is supposed to refer to physical fire.

One favorite theory, on these lines, is that the mythos represents merely the great supposed event of the discovery of fire by primitive man.

To support this theory, another ingenious theory, of the derivation of the word 'Prometheus,' has been devised. It has been suggested that it comes from the Sanskrit word *pramantha*, meaning one of the pieces of wood used in making fire by friction. But the Greeks themselves derived the word from *προμανθάνειν*, its meaning thus being 'he who looks before him,' 'the foreseeing man.' This derivation is much more agreeable to the evident meaning of the story; and by accepting it we avoid the presumption of claiming to know better than the Greeks themselves about the derivation of their own word. Furthermore, primitive man is supposed to have discovered that the fire produced by friction or by flints is the same as the fire which comes from heaven in the lightning. Hence we find lightning, heaven, fire-sticks and flints all connected together in the mind of primitive man; and this is quite enough for the theorists.

The legend according to them, was invented to commemorate a great event which must have strongly impressed itself upon the imagination. A new life is supposed to have begun for man on the day when he first saw the first spark produced by the friction of two pieces of wood, or from the veins of a flint. How could man help feeling gratitude to that mysterious and marvelous being which they were henceforth enabled to create at their will? (*The Secret Doctrine*, II, 521) Was not this terrestrial flame the same as that which came in the thunderbolt? And, as Decharme says in his *Mythologie de la Grèce Antique*:

Was it not derived from the same source? And if its origin was in heaven, it must have been brought down some way on earth. If so, who was the powerful being, the beneficent being, god or man, who had conquered it? Such are the questions which the curiosity of the Aryans offered in the early days of their existence, and which found their answer in the myth of Prometheus.

But, talking of the power of imagination, what can be more fanciful than this picture of primitive humanity? As H. P. Blavatsky says:

Fire was never *discovered*, but existed on earth since its beginning. It existed in the seismic activity of the early ages, volcanic eruptions being as frequent and constant in those periods as fog is in England now. And if we are told that men appeared so late on earth that nearly all the volcanoes, with the exception of a few, were already extinct, and that geological disturbances had made room for a more settled state of things, we answer: Let a new race of men — whether evolved from angel or gorilla — appear now on any uninhabited spot of the globe, with the exception perhaps of the Sahara, and a thousand to one it would not be a year or two old before discovering fire, through the fall of lightning setting in flames grass or something else. This assumption, that primitive man lived ages on earth before he was made acquainted with fire, is one of the most painfully illogical of all. (page 522)

Yes, indeed, it is necessary to do a good deal of imagining in order to

sustain such fanciful theories. If an example were wanted of a real myth, in the sense of an absolute fable, nothing better could be selected than this myth of the theorists, that primitive man lived for ages without knowing of fire, or being able to use it; that he then discovered it; and that he has ever since celebrated the fact by devising elaborate myths in every quarter of the globe.

The story of Prometheus, and all the kindred mythoi, celebrated far more weighty matters than the use of physical fire. It was spiritual fire that was meant — fire being a well-known and universal emblem of the divine afflatus and inspiration which characterizes man as such, and marks him as being vastly higher than the beasts. The legend celebrates that stage in the evolution of man when the brute part of him received the divine spark and the man became a god, knowing good and evil. Those who are at all acquainted with the Hebrew of the Old Testament will recognise the same teaching in the account of how the *elohim*, the divine beings, said: "Let us create man in our own image." In that narrative, man is thus endowed with a divine prerogative and henceforth knows good and evil.

If we are to maintain any sort of historical perspective in our inquiries, we should remember that this is a materialistic age, wherein the word 'fire' means simply a body of incandescent gas; and we must not seek to transfer our materialism to other races not thus imbued. To the ancients, and to their modern representatives among many tribesmen, fire has been sacred. Was it not with the Romans the symbol of domestic life, ever kept burning on the home hearth, which was a veritable altar, and carefully and reverently carried away to a new home with the migrating family, there to be re-established on a new domestic altar? Did they not believe that, in thus keeping alive the fire, they were truly keeping alive the spirit of their family? And was this mere superstition, or was it not rather a greater knowledge of natural laws than we possess now, with all our science? Nature is infinitely adaptive and compliant, and she yields to man whatever he asks for, and likewise withholds from him that which he thanklessly spurns; so it is possible that Nature bestowed benefits in those days on her trusting children, which she withholds from us who have defaced her beauties with our slums and insulted her wisdom with our theories. We do not know how to tend the sacred hearth-fires and elicit those subtler protective forces of Nature which the worshipers of Vesta, with her chaste guardians, knew how to invoke. Fire was the physical counterpart of the Fire of life, and the Fire of spirit; and the word is used indifferently in all these senses by ancient writers. Even we use it in other senses, but then we call this metaphor and imagery.

What a marvelous faculty the learned theorists have of looking at things

the wrong side up! How fond they are of mistaking the symbol for the thing symbolized! Because the sun is a symbol of life eternal and universal, therefore it is supposed that those who revered the eternal life through its symbol the sun, were worshiping the sun himself. What would be thought by a pious archaeologist if some pagan were to accuse him of bowing the knee to a lamb or a dove or a cross or any other Christian symbol, or were to make fun of the Christian sacraments with their mystic symbolic elements? Yet surely the cases are parallel. And here we have a mythos which commemorates the eternal fact of the baptism of man by fire and the holy spirit — man's second birth — and, just because the analogies of nature furnish symbols and emblems from heaven, therefore the ancients are accused of worshiping and celebrating in myth these symbols, and the actual meaning symbolized is ignored.

One strong feature in the story of Prometheus is the war between Zeus, the king of the gods, and Prometheus, wherein Zeus is made out to be a tyrant and oppressor of humanity, and Prometheus is represented as a benefactor in defeating this tyrant and thus benefiting humanity. But those familiar with the Greek mythology know that the Zeus in this story was not the All-Father to whom elsewhere the name of Zeus is given. Quoting H. P. Blavatsky on this point —

Translators of the drama wonder how Aeschylus could become guilty of such "discrepancy between the character of Zeus as portrayed in the *Prometheus Bound* and that depicted in the remaining dramas." (Mrs. A. Swanwick) This is just because Aeschylus, like Shakespeare, was and will ever remain the intellectual 'Sphinx' of the ages. Between Zeus, the abstract deity of Grecian thought, and the Olympic Zeus, there was an abyss. The latter represented, during the mysteries, no higher a principle than the lower aspect of human physical intelligence — *Manas* wedded to *Kâma*: Prometheus — its divine aspect merging into and aspiring to *Buddhi* — the divine Soul. Zeus was the human soul and nothing more, whenever shown yielding to his lower passions. (II, 419)

Prometheus thus represents the immortal divine part of man who is said to sacrifice himself by a voluntary act of compassion, when he assumes incarnation. Then begins the struggle between the god and the animal in man, whereby Prometheus suffers at once exile and continual affliction, which can only terminate when man has been fully redeemed by the unremitting work of the divine power within him. Then Prometheus will have won, man will have been saved, and the chained Titan liberated. But this drama was not merely one that took place in the past; for, as H. P. Blavatsky says:

This drama of the struggle of Prometheus with the Olympic tyrant and despot, sensual Zeus, one sees enacted daily within our actual mankind;

the lower passions chain the higher aspirations to the rock of matter, to generate in many a case the vulture of sorrow, pain, and repentance. (II, 422)

In the introductory lecture, reference was made to the seven meanings which each myth has. That of Prometheus can be applied to the history of early human races, in which case it refers to the time when evolution had proceeded to the point of producing a race of divinely-informed mankind; and the allegory shows that this result had not been brought about solely by animal evolution and the gradual perfecting of the physical form; but that the higher intelligence, symbolized by fire, was brought to the previously uninformed human race, thus completing its nature and making man into a potential god. The ancient teachings say that the intelligence thus communicated was communicated by Teachers, who in the symbolical records are often spoken of as Gods and Heroes. This is the historical key, or at least one of them. Another key would be the physiological one, which would lead us into a study of the human organism with a view to showing wherein it is essentially different from any animal organism; and much light on this topic will be found in H. P. Blavatsky's *Psychic and Noetic Action*. Here, too, it may be observed that materialism has crept in in the attempt to degrade the myth by making it applicable to the process of generation. There are, of course, analogies between what is high and what is low; the physical repeats the spiritual. But to say that the story of Prometheus celebrates physical generation and that alone is to materialize and degrade the myth. Wherever, in these allegories, union is represented, it is the mystic union of the human soul with its divine counterpart, the spiritual soul, and has no sexual significance whatever. And it may perhaps be understood that, in ages when sex problems did not so engross the mind as they do now, it was possible to use such symbolism without fear of its being misapplied. The key we are most concerned with at present is the one just considered — wherein the story of Prometheus is applied to human nature as it exists today. As said in our last quotation, Prometheus represents the higher aspirations, and these are chained by the lower passions to the rock of matter, whereby is generated the gnawing vulture of regret and the innumerable dissatisfactions due to our compound nature. And what a truthful picture is this of human life — especially for the intenser and finer natures! How applicable to the case of genius, ever struggling between inspiration — the divine afflatus — and the bitter reactions of despair and of physical and moral breakdown!

This, it may be said, is a return to Paganism; but let us give Paganism its due and learn from it what we may. The lesson is not Pagan, but Universal. And it is permissible to remind ourselves that, in the present day more liberal interpretations of the Christian faith, the sacrifice of the

Christ is recognised as being, not only an event in past history, but also a sacrifice which goes on every day in the heart of mankind; surely it is not unchristian to say that, when we sin, we crucify Christ! We are unfaithful to the divine spirit, which, as the gospel says, he left with man at his departure. And what does the Redemption mean, if not that the Christ Spirit will one day triumph in us?

In the myth it is Herakles (Hercules) who liberates the chained Titan; and Herakles is the Sun-God. We find him associated in symbology with Aesculapius, the Egyptian Ptah, Apollo, Baal, and Adonis — all Sun-Gods. The meaning is that the Manas, or mind, of man is saved by associating itself with the Buddhi or Spiritual Soul; for, according to the Theosophical teachings, the Manas or mind in man is dual, one half gravitating toward the carnal, sensual nature, and the other toward the Spiritual nature. Hence we find in Prometheus an allegory of man's pilgrimage, in which the mind is the hero, overcoming evil powers and eventually regaining its state of wisdom and emancipation. How important it is to insist on the immortal and spiritual nature of man in these days when so much stress is being laid on his animal nature! Biologists are never tired of studying the laws and reactions of the lower nature of man, and often seem to wish us to believe that man has no other nature, but is merely a more complex animal. But in the ancient story both sides of man's nature are represented; and man is in truth dual, even down to details of his physical structure, as a more intimate study of biology would reveal.

Prometheus, says H. P. Blavatsky, in interpreting the allegory, "steals the divine power so as to allow men to proceed consciously on the path of spiritual evolution, thus transforming the most perfect of *animals* on earth into a potential god, and making him free to 'take the kingdom of heaven by violence.'"

Hence he gave to mankind the power of *thought* — at once a curse and a blessing. For who can deny the afflictions that come with the power to think, and who has not sometimes wished to escape the burden and become irresponsible like the animals? What is this mysterious power of thought that is at the same time our tempter and our savior? Here is a sacred mystery indeed, and the key to a world of symbolism. Our whole life is a series of initiations, from the time when the child first gains self-consciousness, till the very day of his death. The power of thought within us is ever bringing us into contact with fresh revelations of the hidden powers within; ever disclosing new faculties in our own being. Prometheus' fire still burns in our breast, torturing us and inspiring us.

We cannot abrogate it and rebecome the unthinking animal; we must understand it and strive to bring harmony between the higher and lower nature, which means the subjection of the animal will to the higher will.

The animals can find satisfaction in the fulfilment of their animal nature. Man is driven to seek satisfaction which cannot be found in the realm of his personal desires.

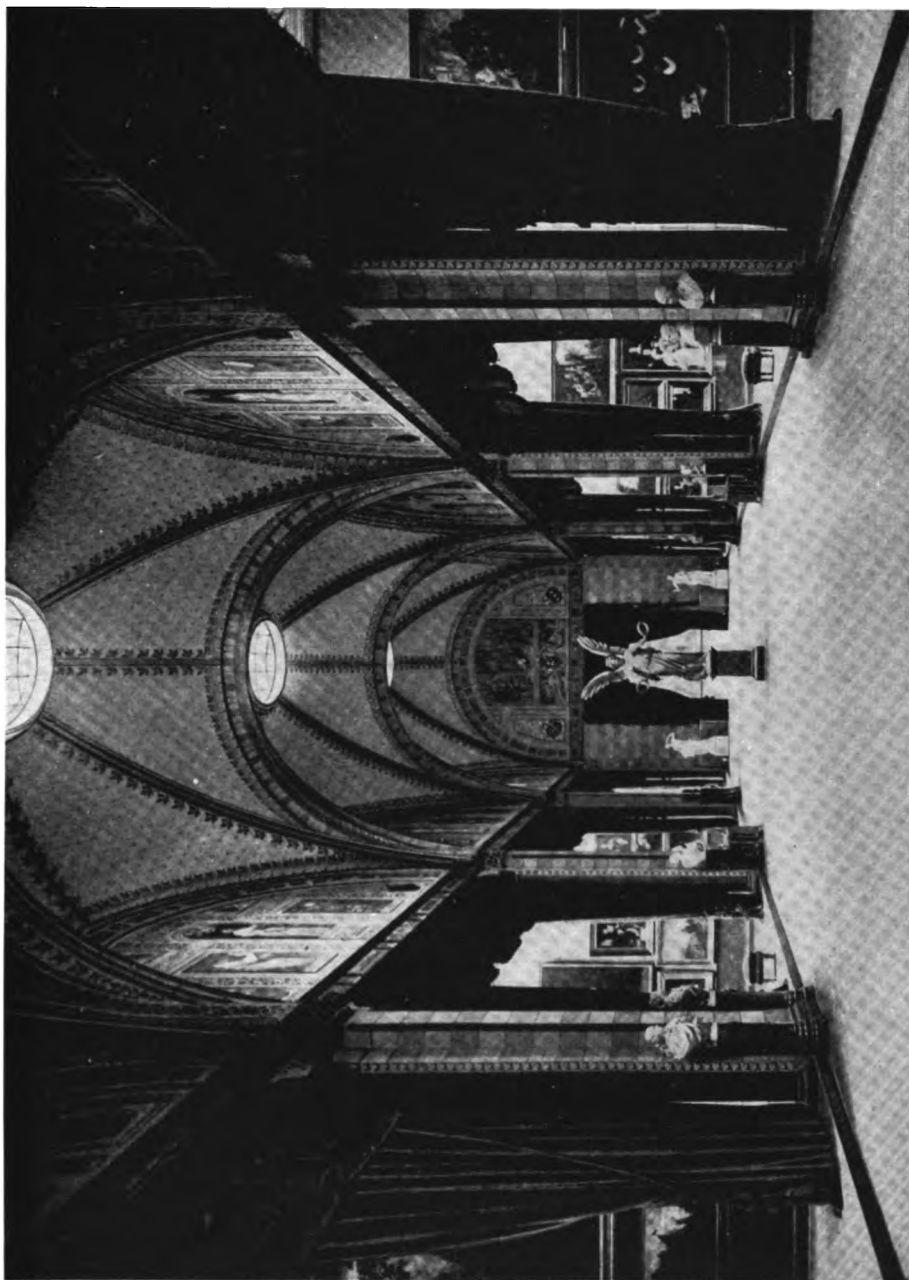
Man's fall and his redemption are accomplished by one and the same event. This event, the gift of Fire, throws him out of balance, tempts him, and renders him liable to sin, and on the other hand endows him with the power to save himself. This may help us to interpret the curse and the blessing of Eden. Man, says H. P. Blavatsky, in interpreting the myth, will rebecome the Titan of old, but not till evolution has re-established the broken harmony between his two natures. The divine Titan is moved by altruism, but the mortal man is moved by selfishness and egoism. (II, 422)

Contrasts have been drawn between the spirit of Christendom and that of ancient Greece, and it has been said that Christendom has made asceticism its ideal, despising the body and insisting on the wickedness and unworthiness of human nature; while the Greeks on the contrary revered human nature and upheld physical perfection. The Greeks, it is said, regarded physical perfection as a condition to mental and moral perfection; nor did they see a conflict between the bodily and the spiritual. An adequate understanding of such myths as that of Prometheus may enable us to see where lies the essential truth that is common to both civilizations and indeed to all times.

The culture of art, beauty, perfection, has been strangely separated from religion, in such sort as to constitute a kind of second religion of its own, diametrically opposed in many points to the other. This separation has involved injury to both religion and art: to religion by clipping its wings and making it dull and gloomy; to art by its tendency to divorce art from ethics. Recognition of our dual nature is the key to the problem; and when man can realize the waywardness of his lower nature and the sublimity of his higher, balancing the two truths, he will have regained much past knowledge through the boon bestowed by Prometheus, the Bringer of Divine Fire.

Nay, but as one layeth
His worn-out robes away,
And, taking new ones, sayeth,
"These will I wear to-day!"
So putteth by the spirit
Lightly its garb of flesh,
And passeth to inherit
A residence afresh.

EDWIN ARNOLD—*The Song Celestial.*



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ONE OF THE HALLS OF THE NATIONAL MUSEUM, AMSTERDAM, HOLLAND



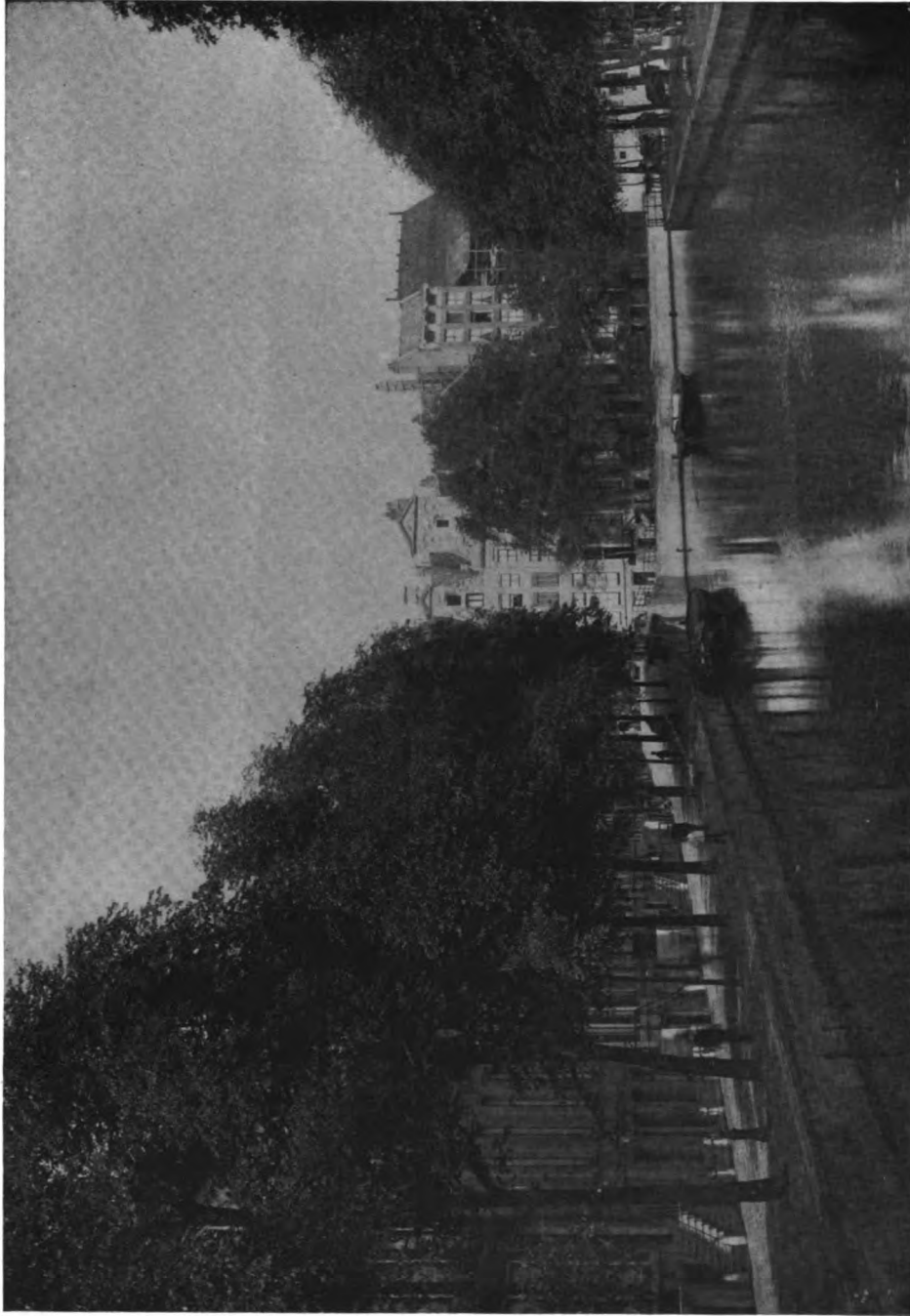
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BALL ROOM OF THE ROYAL PALACE, AMSTERDAM, HOLLAND



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THE NEW CANAL OF HAARLEM, HOLLAND



THE 'HEERENGRACHT'; AMSTERDAM, HOLLAND

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RUINS OF BREDERODE CASTLE, NEAR SANTPOORT, HOLLAND



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**AMSTERDAM, HOLLAND: THE 'KEIZERSGRACHT'
'THE HOUSE WITH THE SEVEN HEADS.'
AN OLD LEGEND IS CONNECTED WITH THIS HOUSE**

THE THREE BASES OF POETRY: A STUDY OF ENGLISH VERSE: by Kenneth Morris

PART ONE — VISION III — INTERREGNUM

NIGHT followed Chaucer, and lasted lightless about thirteen decades, or until Wyatt and Surrey, forerunners of the Elizabethan day, were singing in the fifteen-thirties. It was a pralaya, an uncreative age, marked only by more or less feeble imitations of Chaucer. Really, that period of thirteen decades seems to have something in it, as they say. The first age of English poetry began in the twelve-seventies, as nearly as we can assign a date to its beginning, and ended with the death of Chaucer in 1400. Wyatt was born in 1503, and therefore would have been singing not so long before 1530; Surrey, born in 1518, by about 1540 we may suppose; — it is thus not unreasonable to give that as the dawn decade of the second poetic cycle. From the fifteen-thirties to the sixteen-sixties that cycle lasted; only *Samson Agonistes*, published in 1671, overlapping. Thence a hundred and thirty years of pralaya brings us to the seventeen-nineties, certainly the dawn decade of the third cycle. In it Shelley and Keats were born, and Wordsworth and Coleridge wrote and published their *Lyrical Ballads* that opened the new age. Will that cycle close between 1920 and 1930?

But in respect to Nature-vision, night followed *Lycidas* in 1637 — or thirteen decades and a fraction after Wyatt's birth. The age was going blind; with it, the Song-Titan went blind also; and those that came after him were born blind. There were men who strove to keep alive a better tradition than the deadly Pope-and-Drydenism that set in with the Restoration: Allen Ramsay, Dyer, James Thomson, Collins: all credit to them for their effort, even if cyclic law was against them, and they were not to succeed greatly. They saw men 'as trees walking,' you may say; a film was over their vision; they were the moments of light sleep or half awakening of the Race-Soul; Poetry in their hands could not win through to any place in the sun. They remembered the Mighty Mother; dreamed of her; strove to recollect her features and the joy she had been to her children the Elizabethans of old; but the night of the ages was too black for them; do what they would, they could not see. The others — Dryden, Pope and Co. — never guessed at all that seeing existed, or ever had existed, or could exist; it was a possibility beyond the ken of their wildest imagining. Then, in the grayness before dawn, came Goldsmith, with a heart in him, in the official line from Pope; and Cowper when the trees and hedges were beginning to take on recognisable semblance; and at last Wordsworth, and the sun was in heaven. One would dismiss the whole period with a sigh for human perversity, but for three anomalous figures that appeared in it, and are interesting.

In all dead seasons, Nature is not truly dead; the cold and silence mean

that she and the Gods are at work elsewhere. Evolution is still going forward. We do owe something to the Classicists, the Masters of that dark age. Dryden clarified prose: divesting it, indeed, of certain earlier glories, but also disencumbering it of much. Verse-making too, probably, was undergoing a salutary discipline; by which it should be found to have profited when Poetry was to return. After all, night will follow day; it is in the wholesome order of things that it should. This was the night between two great days of poetry. Possibly Wordsworth, in his serene sonnets, and Tennyson, owe something to Dryden and Pope; who bequeathed to the language a precision and businesslike clarity which are not light, but a medium through which light may more easily function. It was a period all for the brain-mind of the race, and nothing at all for the Soul; but then, I suppose the brain-mind also must have its moments. French sense, clear-thinking, logic and justness took possession of literary England, and served, in default of any inspiration from the English soul, as the urge to production. Also to forefend the future against exaggerations of Elizabethan boyish extravagance of fancy, and any developments of Miltonism into a turgid and humorless gloom. But in itself, the literature of that age is better forgotten; Truth, that is *Tad Awen*, the Father of Inspiration, lies not behind it. So there is no quickening of the inward regions to be had from it, either through vision, music or style.

Except for those three anomalies spoken of above: three men born out of time. They were: Gray, who came a hundred years too late; Chatterton, who came fifty years too early; and Blake, whose right period is any time or no time, who remains unrelated to any but the immortal age of the Soul. There is something curious, even freakish, about these three; which shall be our excuse for giving a chapter to them, although, strictly speaking, their historic position does not call for it.

It was in the very middle of the eighteenth century, when for seventy years or so (since Milton's death) no man had seen the beauty of the world in England save as through a glass darkly; for seventy years none of the Gods of Poetry: not Phoebus of the Lyre nor either of the three Bardic Brothers whose forms are of shadow and flame: had wandered English lawns or woodlands; and all the Muses that were known wore powder and hoops and beauty-spots. A certain Gray, a scholar, a disciple of Pope, but with notions of his own as to word-music and the like, happened one evening into Stoke Poges Churchyard, near Windsor; and sets out to *muse* — an excellent word here — upon the graves of dead generations of villagers. But before he can settle to the none too important philosophies he has set his mind upon, he must make a *mise en scène* for the verses that are to come of it; and he must do it here upon the spot: must forget his Pope, wilfully or otherwise, and set down truthfully that which his own

eyes see, and his own ears hear. He is, you see, an honest man; which is an absolute condition in literature; — you cannot make a lie worth writing. He writes:

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

(Old, everlastingly quoted lines; to write one word of them down is utter supererrogation, I know; but still —) So: four honest lines, without a shadow of untruth or pretense in them: real vision at last; now behold what is to happen. Because he is a poet soul though somehow stumbled into incarnation in an age when poetry is, as you might say, a sort of pterodactyl in Piccadilly; and because he is actually sitting out there in the churchyard — his seat a mound of natural sweet turf, and none of the chairs or sofas of elegance, and his light the Gods' bluebell twilight, and not the glitter of chandeliers — because of all this, let him look to his soul: it is in peril of Realities! By comes one such, (all unseen, but bless you, we have better proof of His coming than footsteps in the turf or photographs); it is one of those Beautiful Brothers, or belike Phoebus; "touches his trembling ear" and his eyes; and this Gray, this Pope's disciple writes

Now fades the glimmering landscape from the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;
Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

—And the God wanders on, a shadow of a smile on the twilight of His face;
Ah, they do believe not in us! thinks he.

We have here a Popean clarity of diction, but nothing else to tell of the discipleship. The faithful vision of the first verse glimmers up, in the first line of the second, into something more than faithful: a light shines through the landscape from some hidden god-fire within itself. And in the third, even magic is revealed: *mirabile dictu*, this man of the eighteenth century has broken into the world of the Celtic wizard-bards of old. This is the Owl of Cwm Cawlwyd that he hears crying; who saw three forests rise and grow old in her valley, upon the ruins of three successive, far-divided civilizations; three cities builded, one above the other, in her dominions, by three successive races of men, who came in three different ages to "molest her ancient, solitary reign." It is not the Gods who die or pass; They remain near and within call for those who seek and

will live for Them; indeed, get truth into your head and heart, and you are never safe against their surprising your solitude.

Gray never reached those heights in vision again. It was a kind of accident, one must think. We get much style in his work: perfect mastery of form, plus that dignity which could not exist in the writings of man, were man not, in his soulhood, divine, august and eternal; but not again, I think, do we discover naked vision of the beauty and mystery of the world. That once he saw and heard; for the rest, he but remembered.

He was an inheritor, not a forerunner: rather a nightingale strayed morningwards, than a lark risen too early; his face was turned backward, and the light that falls on it is from him whose soul was like a star, and dwelt apart; not from that other whose glory was to be that he should say so. But before Gray died a veritable lark did rise and prophesy the dawn; — and found, poor tragic soul, that he had risen upon a false hope while it was still blackest night; and sank to earth and death under the weight of that disappointment. I mean, of course, Chatterton; born in Bristol a year after the *Elegy* was published. There is a psychological problem about this sad-fated boy about which the last word has not been spoken yet, one suspects.

Everyone knows the story of his so-called literary 'forgeries': how he claimed to have discovered poems dating from the fifteenth century among the archives of St. Mary Redcliffe Church in his native city, and stuck to his tale to the day of his death — deceiving among others Horace Walpole for a while as to their authenticity. — Let it be said here that no one is deceived now. It is not possible that the poems are genuinely medieval or that any hand but Chatterton's wrote them, or any other brain gave them form. The proofs of that? 'Tis beating a dead dog to name them, but here they are — a few of them. Their language was never spoken in any part of England, but is composite of the dialects of all districts and past centuries; and follows faithfully the several misprints in a dictionary of obsolete words which Chatterton is known to have possessed. His antique manuscripts owe all their antiquity to lampblack and yellow ochre, nothing to time. If Thomas Rowlie, the poet-priest of Edward IV's reign whom he claimed to have been their author, ever existed, there is no evidence to be found of the fact; and lastly, the poems themselves belong to the nineteenth century, not the fifteenth. All this lest it be thought one holds at all to the literal truth of Chatterton's assertions. And yet, and yet —

Besides these Rowlie poems, Chatterton left any amount of verse in modern English, which he acknowledged as his own. He began to write at eleven; his first verses are remarkable enough for a child of that age: precocious and satirical, rather malicious: the kind of thing, probably, that

wicked little Pope would have considered highly promising. Almost all his acknowledged verse is in this vein, and wholly worthless and without significance; there are also some religious pieces which have been praised; but they are without merit. *Qua* Thomas Chatterton, then, he was an indifferent verse-maker of the school of Pope; not one line of whose works has lived, or deserves to; a classicist wholly, and a very bad one at that. But *qua* Thomas Rowley he was a romantic of the romantics, a forerunner and, it must be said, inspirer of the poets of half a century later; Coleridge owed much to him, and he was an idol to the young Keats. He let satire severely alone; and did distinctly achieve, on one or two occasions, writing the real thing. The one was a trumpery, malicious and indefatigable scribbler; the other, had he lived, might have come to be the greatest nature-poet in English literature. We are to judge by his promise, of course; not by his performance. Consider that this was written by a boy of fifteen or so:

When Autumn bleak but sun-burnt doth appear,
 With his gold hand gilding the falling leaf,
 Bringing up Winter to fulfil the year,
 Bearing upon his back the ripened sheaf;
 When all the hills with woolly seed are white,
 And levin fires and gleams do meet from far the sight —
 When the fair apple, flushed as the evening sky,
 Doth bend the tree unto the fertile ground;
 When juicy pears and berries of black dye
 Do dance in air and call the eye around. . . .

Anyone with critical sense, I suppose, not knowing who wrote those lines, would be likely to guess them Keats'— from a Keats immature in workmanship, but with a foretaste of his characteristic mode of vision. None other saw things in just that kind of way. One is conscious, reading them, of a clear, mellow light, with luminous dark shadows; and of vivid objects, magical motion, within that light. The things seen are not tamely named, as they had been by Thomson in *The Seasons*; nor yet recalled from a circumstantial, tender, but unglowing memory, as they were to be by Goldsmith in *The Deserted Village*; but shown in a light, intense, glamorous and penetrating, as they were to be by Keats. The form and music are by no means Keatsian; they have neither the insipidity of Keats at his lowest levels, nor the finish of Keats at his second-best; and far less the supremacy of his finest work. But the vision, the light, he would not have found alien nor unworthy of his genius. His ode *To Autumn* is in every way better versification, the work of a much maturer hand; but I think if we compare such lines as these—perfectly representative—from that poem—

To bend with apples the moss'd cottage trees,
 And fill all fruits with ripeness to the core;
 To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
 With a sweet kernel;

with Chatterton's

When the fair apples, ruddy as the evening sky
 Doth bend the tree unto the fertile ground;
 When juicy pears and berries of black dye
 Do dance in air,

that we must even give the palm for vision to the latter, and say that the light in them is the more glowing, the more quickened with life. Keats' ode was written in his *annus mirabilis*, 1819, or when he was twenty-four. Already, four years earlier, he had written his name in the water of immortality with his sonnet on Chapman's Homer, and he had been imitating Spenser in 1813, or at eighteen. It was at twenty-one really, I think, that he learned to go to Nature for his inspiration, rather than to paradises in the mind that the Elizabethans had prepared for him; in that year he wrote *I stood on tiptoe on a little hill*. Chatterton had committed suicide before he was eighteen; his *Aella*, from which the lines quoted are taken, was written not later than his sixteenth birthday, and perhaps before his fifteenth.

A strangely matured boy, man in all respects: ascetic in his mode of life, content with a crust for his chief meal in the day; haunting day and night the loveliest church in England; a fellow with flashing eyes, wild moods, compelling charm and genius, and a strain of hereditary madness; wildly proud, passionately tender to his mother and sister, inordinately ambitious; his mind stuffed with the Middle Ages and all the pomp and romance of vanished knighthood; — how came Poetry to mark him for her own, and to expect great things from him in that age when she was wont to scorn those who most sought after her? How came he, when all his contemporaries were blind, to get that real glimpse of Nature: a vision that belonged by no means to his darling fifteenth century, but to the age of Keats and Coleridge: and to see the real West Country — the Mendips and the Vales of Severn and Avon — with its rain-washed air, its gray-purple skies broken of an evening with sudden sheets of pale apricot and gold; its orchards heavy-laden with ruddy apples; its pears and its blackberries? — They say that when he was six years old a kindly pottery manufacturer was to give him a cup or mug as a present, and asked him what picture he would have painted on the gift. "Paint me an angel with a trumpet," says little Chatterton, "to trumpet my name over the world." There spoke incipient madness; the same that ended things in tragedy in the London garret less than twelve years after. Why then, being of that inordinate temperament, did he hold the Rowlie poems sacred, and stead-

fastly refuse to acknowledge authorship of them, even to the last? They were, as he knew very well, the only things that might possibly have brought him the fame he hungered after so wildly; he was critic enough to know that the verses he called his own were worthless, though not critic enough to refrain from over-rating these others. Why did he not allow them to be his own?

I sometimes wonder whether, after all, his 'forgery' was not the most honorable act of his life; and flamingly honorable at that: a quixotic, soul-like refusal to take credit where no credit was due: for work he believed was not his own, and that in fact was not his own, though he wrote it. I sometimes think that it did not come from the consciousness he knew as *I*, and others knew as Tom Chatterton; but from some overshadowing Consciousness that we may call — since Paganism gives us a symbology indispensable, and unprovided by our modern philosophies — Plenydd of the Splendid Vision; eldest of the three Bardic Brothers; Plenydd, that had been silent in England since *Lycidas*; that had made an attempt to get hold of Gray, and had been foiled of that after a dozen lines or so were written; — that he, having been so foiled, and so lately; and yet feeling the stir of dawn across half a century; made one wild clutch at this wild ambitious boy; moved him to a couple of songs — and to madness; then folded his flame-wings, in despair of the age, until his promised Wordsworth should come.

And yet not quite until then, neither: there was Blake, born six years or so after Chatterton, and still more than he a birth out of time; for Chatterton's age came in some fifty years later, but Blake's has not come yet. He was seer first, then painter; and perhaps only poet incidentally, and as if of the overflowings of a nature near the central fountain of wonder which is the Spirit. The amount of great poetry he wrote is small, and never has the air of being aimed at greatness; yet the peaks of it are white with the eternal snows. He touched Nature, and then poetry flamed forth; but he came down to her from above: descended to her from lofty summits in the Mysteries; and did not approach the Mysteries, as other poets have done, through her and from below. By means of a marvelous sympathy he obtained vision of the seven worlds and the links that bind them together: "A robin prisoned in a cage," he says, "Puts all heaven in a rage." Doggerel, say you? Not so; but Eternal Poetry going a-cold and in beggarly garments. Blake saw Divinity directly, as a burning fire in whose awful splendor the outward things are but incidental and passing flame-pictures; he did not guess the Flame from glimpses caught scantily through the semi-opacity of visible things. In that wonderful

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night—

the poet's eye is not so much on the object, you may say, as absorbed in the Light behind the object; which latter he only sees at all by gazing intently upon the Light. To see that effulgence is the whole end and purpose of poetic vision; for its sake the three visions must one by one be carefully nurtured into growth. Blake, I think, is without ancestors in English literature; to which of the poets could you say he owes anything in art or vision? Not even to the seventeenth-century Welshmen who wrote their mysticism in English verse — Herbert, Vaughan and Treharne. Treharne, the greatest seer of the three, he had of course never heard of; since Treharne is a discovery of our own day. And even Treharne saw through this world into the next; and not from the next into this, as Blake did.

But in truth, the line of literary evolution runs not through Gray, Chatterton and Blake at all; they were not of the apostolic succession. There is a clear cyclic current traceable: down from Shakespeare through Herrick, Milton of Horton, the Cavaliers and the Metaphysicians; laving as it passes the feet of that mountain over whose peak shone Milton the Titan, a 'star apart'; thence (by reaction) through Denham and Waller to Dryden, Pope and the Classicists; from Pope to Goldsmith, from Goldsmith to Cowper, and from Cowper to Wordsworth. Goldsmith and Cowper hold the period into which these three *poets* strayed so unexpectedly. They were wan lights, but for a wonder, natural — in the second half of the eighteenth century; they belong to, but are better than, their age. Goldsmith learned his art from Pope, but was too sweet and genuine a spirit to let his Popean polish so come between his eye and the object, as quite to obscure the latter from his gaze or ours. He saw through a glass darkly; but he saw. No bright sunlight plays on Auburn; we feel no tang of the wind in its deserted street; we hear no milkmaid singing there, nor mower whetting his scythe, nor any other natural sound, except dimly with the ear of reflection. And yet it is truthful, because sympathetic, the work of a true and lovable man, more heart than brain-mind; and being truthful, it helped much towards the final banishment of the Classicists' falsity. He wrote as perfectly as Pope did, and could strew his page almost as liberally with epigrams; all which perfection and smartness is quite outside the method of poetry, and often abhorrent to it; but without such proficiency he could not have turned the trend of what we may call official literature towards truth and humanity. He was the man for his age, and probably much greater than would appear from his literary achievement.

Cowper, too, is vastly more important than he would seem; and his importance also is nearly altogether historical. Once or twice, indeed, when his eye was turned inward, he rose to something like inspiration;

then, strangely, when the gloom of his morbid religion and madness weighed most heavily on him. That was but the dark side of a true reality that was in him; in his brighter moments he looked out on Nature and recorded what he saw cheerfully, if all unaware that there was beauty in it. His dog and his Ouse and his waterlily and poplars are real and simple things — nearer reality than Goldsmith's natural objects — but they are not particularly interesting. He saw in them none of the glow that makes for poetry. Sometimes we catch a breath of God's wind blowing in his verses; sometimes the freshness and sweetness of rain; but they have not even the common exhilaration of sunlight that we find in *Sumer is icumin in*. Like Goldsmith, he paved the way for great poets who were to follow him; not through any artistic eminence of his own; but because, being a verse-writer, he happened also to be a genuine man struggling on the side of the angels. Both brought a moral influence into the field of verse-making, and so cleared it of the shams that made poetry impossible. In Goldsmith's case, that moral influence was a universal benevolence and kindly simplicity; in Cowper's, it was an unbalanced but still honest spiritual striving. With a creed that breathed hope and strength, instead of despair and weakness, he might have given us important poetic truth — even in the Grand Manner — for he had the capacity for intense feeling. But the Spirit uses what instruments it may, and leads through diverse and sometimes shadowy regions towards its goal.

NOTES ON ANCIENT EGYPT: by C. J. Ryan

PART ONE

TO the intelligent student for whom archaeology is not a dry-as-dust pursuit but a method of reconstructing the past in life and color, the words Ancient Egypt suggest long ages of vigorous existence of a contented people, a philosophic religion, veiling deep scientific knowledge under allegory and symbolism, a sublime form of art, and a dignified system of government. But, although the treasure-house of relics has been industriously explored for more than a century by experts, there are still enormous gaps in our knowledge, and vitally interesting problems are still matters of dispute.

Unfortunately, a tendency to materialistic interpretations has prevailed in the minds of many modern Egyptologists. In freeing themselves from antiquated swaddling-clothes they have exposed themselves to the danger of ignoring the possibility that the religious and philosophic ideas of the Egyptians may be more than merely curious and interesting examples of folklore. While we must be sincerely grateful to the splendid en-

thusiasm of the Egyptologists, we may safely believe that greater progress will be made by accepting the possibility that the ancient Egyptians at their best knew certain things of profound importance to a well-balanced life which we, in this age of materialism and strife, have lost sight of. Dr. Flinders Petrie, the famous explorer and historian of Egypt, says:

To know the past of mankind and to apply it to the present is the road of success in the future.

Some distinguished Egyptologists like Erman, who are perhaps a little prosaic, have expressed surprise that certain methods which seem to us cumbersome and imperfect and in some cases superstitious, should have been adhered to for ages by such an intelligent race as the Egyptians. This criticism applies to their systems of hieroglyphic writing, of arithmetic and geometry. Though some of these charges may be true of the later dynastic periods, it is difficult if not impossible to believe that in geometry, mathematical astronomy and certain psychological subjects of which we are densely ignorant the accomplished builders of the Great Pyramid were uninformed. We must also recollect that our information about the inner side of the Egyptian temple-science is *very limited indeed*.

Putting aside minor criticisms, the striking and impressive fact stands out for all men to see that throughout the Egyptian cycles of glory and of decline there runs an undercurrent of virile energy, serene dignity and immortal beauty. We feel the throb of the soul-life; we recognise that the divinity of man's immortal spirit was known in Egypt as a living fact; and if we are honest we must sorrowfully admit that our age has lost some valuable quality possessed by the ancient Egyptians. The aim of this paper is to bring forward a few points which will help in the appreciation of the ancient spirit of greatness.

Innumerable are the ideas and inventions familiar to us today which have been handed down to us from Egypt. Not only in mechanical implements of every art and craft, but in religious and philosophical conceptions we are far more indebted to the Egyptians than we commonly imagine. The very calendar that we use, though partly spoiled by the Romans, is the same that the Egyptians had six thousand years ago. In the time of Mena (B. C. 4500, according to Petrie) the first king of united Egypt, medicine and surgery were divided into thirty-six departments, each with its own specialists. Dr. J. J. Walsh, Dean of Fordham College Medical School, says, in a learned paper on the history of medicine, that the testimony of the admirable bandaging of the mummies and the excellence of Egyptian dentistry — surgical evidences that we can test — strongly support the idea that the other departments of medicine were also efficient. The name of the earliest known professional physician was I-am-hetep,

the 'Bringer of Peace,' also called the 'Master of Secrets.' King Teta, son of Mena, is credited with a book on anatomy and medicine, and his royal mother is said to have discovered a remedy for baldness! This recipe has unfortunately not been preserved.

When we consider that the Egyptians had no steam machinery, their engineering feats are remarkable. They connected the Nile with the Red Sea by a canal, and permanently changed the course of the Nile near Memphis by a colossal dike. The latter undertaking was accomplished in the early days of Mena, yet it protects the province of Ghizeh to this day.

Notwithstanding the enormous lapse of time since the early dynastic periods, several relics of the literature have been preserved. One of the earliest books in the world is the *Prisse Papyrus*, containing the *Instructions of Ptah-Hetep*. Ptah-Hetep was counsellor to King Assa (or Isosi) who reigned *not later* than 5000 years ago, and his treatise deals with the conduct of life and the duty to the neighbor. It was widely read and was used for centuries as a writing-copy in schools. In perusing the kindly words of Ptah-hetep, a true gentleman if ever there was one, we gain a vivid picture of the social life of his time. It is very like ours.

We read of the wife, who must be treated kindly; . . . the genial generosity of the rich man; of the scowling boor, a thorn in the side of his friends and relations; of the unquenchable talkers; . . . of the trusted counsellor, weighing every word; of the obstinate ignoramus; of the scholar, conversing freely with learned and unlearned; of the master of the estate, treated with infinite respect by his subordinates; of the paid servants that are never satisfied; of the hard-working clerk who casts accounts all day; of the merchant who will perhaps give you credit if you have made friends with him previously; of the well-bred diner-out, contenting himself with plain fare, and of the gourmand who visits his friends at mealtimes. (W. G. Gunn)

Here are a few sentences from the treatise as translated by Mr. Gunn:

Be not proud because thou art learned, but discourse with the ignorant man as with the sage. Fair speech is more rare than the emerald. . . . Love thy wife that is in thine arms and gladden her heart during her lifetime. . . . Be not harsh; gentleness mastereth more than strength. [Polygamy was not the custom at this time.] If thou wouldst be a wise man, and one sitting in the council, apply thine heart unto perfection; silence is more profitable to thee than abundance of speech. . . . If thou be powerful make thyself to be honored for knowledge and for gentleness. . . . The innermost chamber openeth unto the man of silence. . . . Exalt not thine heart, that it be not brought low. Beware of answering words with heat; control thyself . . . it is a man's kindly acts that are remembered of him in the years after his life. . .

The age of civilized man in Egypt is unknown. Recent geological discoveries show that the Nile has run in its present direction at least since the Miocene period, and beautifully made flint implements and ornaments from the valley of the Nile were exhibited in New York in 1914,

whose age, reckoned from the probable length of time required to produce the thickness of the surface patina, is claimed to be far more than a hundred thousand years! However this may be, and it seems highly probable, archaeology is learning to speak very guardedly of the 'Childhood of the Race,' and the 'Dawn of Civilization.' We learn from the Prisse papyrus that the Egyptians of five or six thousand years ago regarded their civilization as past its prime. Professor Mahaffy and other authorities agree that it is possible that they were right, and that we only know them, historically, in the autumn of their history. Mahaffy says:

Not only in practical civilization but in all the moral bearings of an advanced life, the Egyptians of the early dynasties were on a plane differing in no essential degree from that of modern Christendom.

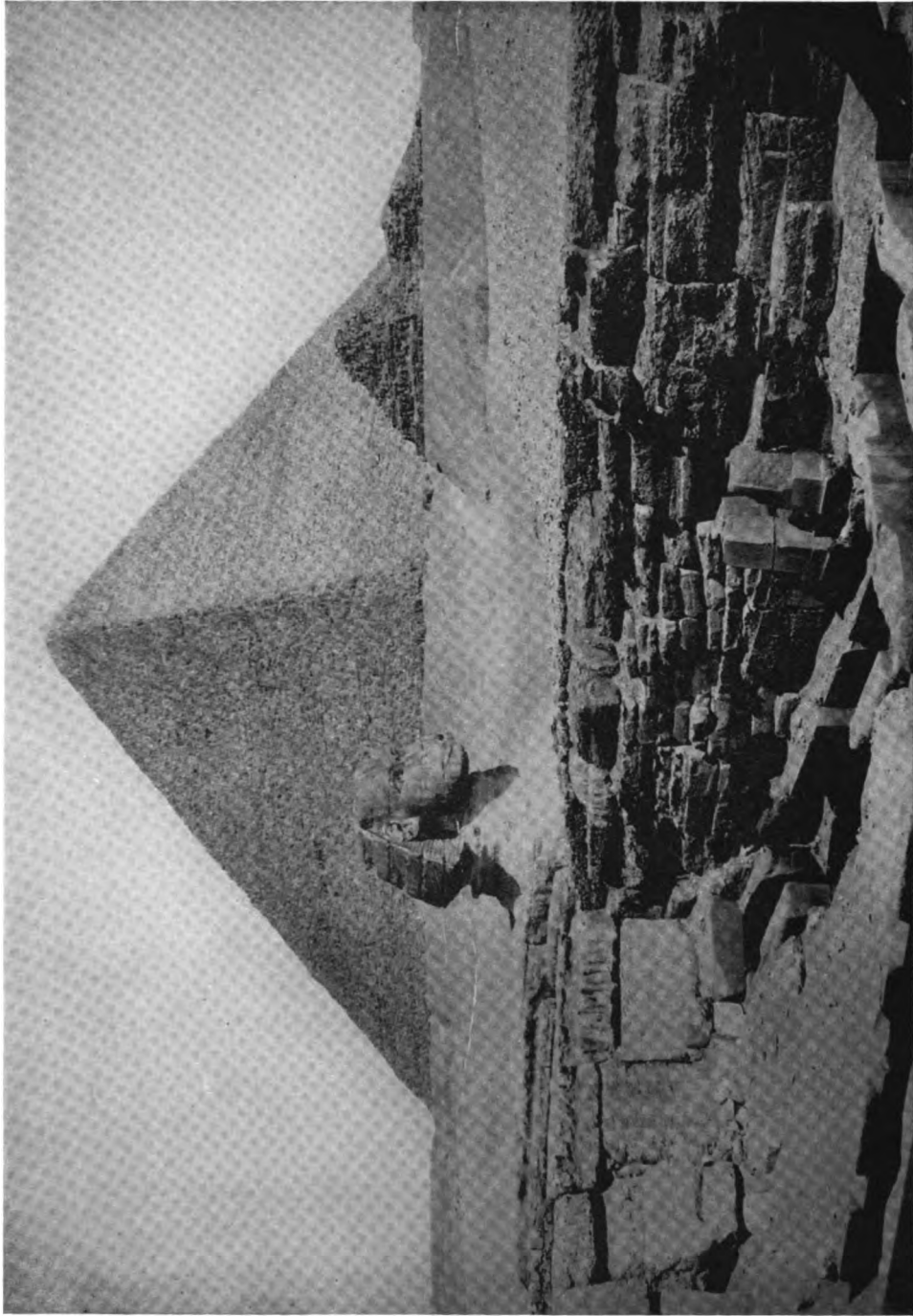
Petrie says:

The population at the beginning of the history of Egypt was apparently well-to-do and possessed better things than are made in Egypt today. . . .

Even in the latest days of decline Egypt commanded the admiration of great nations. Greek intelligence, while deprecating the superstitions into which the masses had fallen in the old age of the nation, had the highest opinion of Egyptian wisdom. It can hardly be doubted that Greece derived the foundations of its art from Egypt, directly or through Crete, and Plato had no hesitation in quoting the words of the aged priest of Saïs: "O Solon, Solon, you Hellenes are but children, and there is never an old man who is an Hellene in mind you are all young; there is no old opinion handed down among you by ancient tradition; nor any science which is hoary with age."

In even a rapid glance at a few of the leading architectural wonders of Egypt, we must not ignore the Great Pyramid, familiar though its general features may be. It stands on the verge of the mysterious desert the most impressive of human monuments, the only survivor of the Seven Wonders of Antiquity. It was called the Flame or the Light, and when it was perfect, with its polished casing shining in the blaze of the Egyptian sunshine, it must have been a marvelous sight. Its immense size and the perfection of its workmanship have commanded universal admiration. Petrie says:

The entrance-passage and the casing are perhaps the finest; the flatness and squareness of the joints being extraordinary, equal to opticians' work of the present day, but on a scale of acres instead of feet or yards of material. The squareness and level of the base is brilliantly true, the average error being less than a ten-thousandth of an inch of the side in equality, in squareness and in level. . . . The Queen's chamber is also very finely fitted, the joints being scarcely perceptible. Above that the work has not that superlative fineness. . . .



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THE GREAT PYRAMID AND THE SPHINX



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**VIEW OF THE INNER COURT AT PHILAE
SHOWING THE HIGHLY ORNATE CAPITALS**

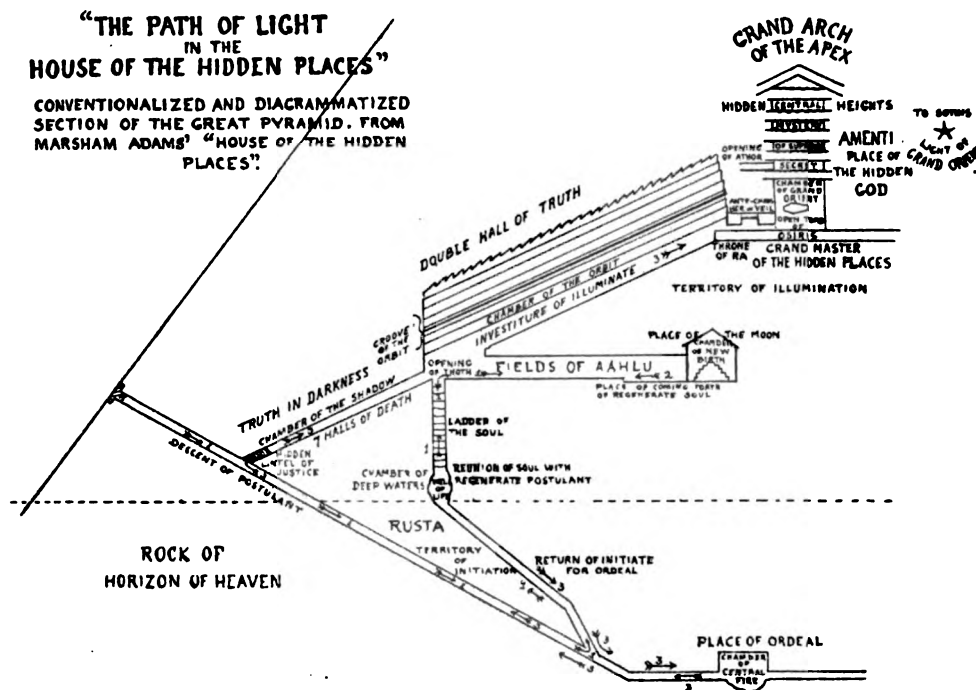
How did the Egyptians learn to build with a perfection "equal to opticians' work" in the very short time — about a *century* or a little more — allowed by Petrie for the development of stone architecture and the introduction of copper tools? The thing is incredible. We know that an Eastern people blended with the original population at some very early period, and brought their civilization with them. If *they* built the Great Pyramid it must be far older than the Fourth Dynasty of regular Egyptian kings to which it is generally attributed, for the immigrants arrived ages before. There is a strange mystery here, and the finding of the name of Khufu (B. C. 3969), the second king of the Fourth Dynasty, roughly scrawled on some of the interior chambers, does not conclusively prove that he built it! Nor do the alleged statements of Herodotus, which bear marks suggesting unreliability. Many attempts have been made by astronomers to calculate the date of the Great Pyramid by comparing the angle of the descending passage with the position of certain stars when in significant places, but nothing conclusive has been proved. Madame Blavatsky, in suggesting a far greater age than six thousand years, points out that, according to the accepted view of the precession of the equinoxes, similar phenomena would recur at intervals of about twenty-six thousand years, and that the evidence of the Denderah planisphere with its three Virgos leads to the conclusion that the Great Pyramid may have seen more than one Precessional Cycle.

Nothing in Egypt or in any other land duplicates the Great Pyramid. Within it is unique, and in at least one external feature, *i. e.*, the flat platform at the summit, it differs from the other Egyptian pyramids. The very singularities of its workmanship have a symbolic meaning, as we have learned from the researches of Marsham Adams.* In connexion with the extraordinary passages and chambers inside the Pyramid there is a key to the mystery in the shape of the papyrus called by Lepsius the 'Book of the Dead' (more properly, according to its own text, the 'Book of the Master of the Secret House'). This sacred papyrus, a copy of which was buried with the mummy as a kind of memorandum on inner worlds, describes the soul's progress on its way through the mystic portals and regions of terrible trials to the throne of the Savior Osiris, with whom the perfected man is finally identified. As the Egyptians believed in Reincarnation, they must have known that this process of spiritual development in its entirety occupied many lifetimes; the adventures of the ordinary good man in the intervals between lifetimes only covered a small part of the story.

Very rarely may the candidate have been so prepared and purified by his past lives as to be qualified to enter fully into communion with Divinity.

**The Book of the Master: and The House of the Hidden Places:* by W. Marsham Adams.

To most men the *Book of the Dead* would only be the record of a future ideal, though no doubt it helped them in life and after death. Marsham Adams seems conclusively to have demonstrated that the Great Pyramid, in its passages and chambers and its terrestrial location, represents on the material plane the conditions described in the '*Book of the Dead*.' Whether the 'King's Chamber' was ever used for a tomb in the ordinary sense or not, Adams has brought apparently undeniable evidence in support of Madame Blavatsky's statement that the Pyramid was the Temple



DIAGRAMMATIC SECTION OF PASSAGES AND CHAMBERS IN THE GREAT PYRAMID

(Not to scale); names etc., derived by Marsham Adams from *The Book of the Dead*.

Redrawn, with some omissions, from his *House of the Hidden Places*.

in which the greatest initiation of advanced candidates for divine wisdom took place. He claims that it provided an indestructible means of preserving, without betraying, the doctrines upon which the whole organization of Egyptian national life rested. Marsham Adams was the first to discover the close resemblance between the Pyramid and the descriptions in the *Book of the Dead*, but Professor Maspero, the eminent French Egyptologist, quickly adopted the idea, saying they "reproduce the same original, the one in words, the other in stone."

The Judgment Scene from the *Book of the Dead* is so well known that we need not linger over it: the weighing of the heart in the presence of Osiris, representing the Higher Self; the record being read by Thoth, the Personified Law of Karma; the presence of the monster who will eat the heart if it is not pure, are all intelligible enough, but a word should be said about the forty-two assessors above, many of whom have animal heads. We can never begin to understand the animal-headed gods unless we

recognise that they were introduced by imaginative thinkers who found in certain animals the various qualities which best symbolized the forces they wished to represent. Herodotus is responsible for most of the modern criticism Egypt has received on account of the animal-worship. He visited the country in its decline, when the superstitions of the multitude were pandered to by the degenerating priesthood; in the greater periods we hear very little of it. The ancient Egyptian philosopher known as Hermes Trismegistus, the 'Thrice-Greatest,' foresaw what has happened when he said: .

Alas, alas, my son, a day will come when the sacred hieroglyphs will become but idols. The world will mistake the emblems of science for gods, and accuse grand Egypt of having worshipped hell-monsters.



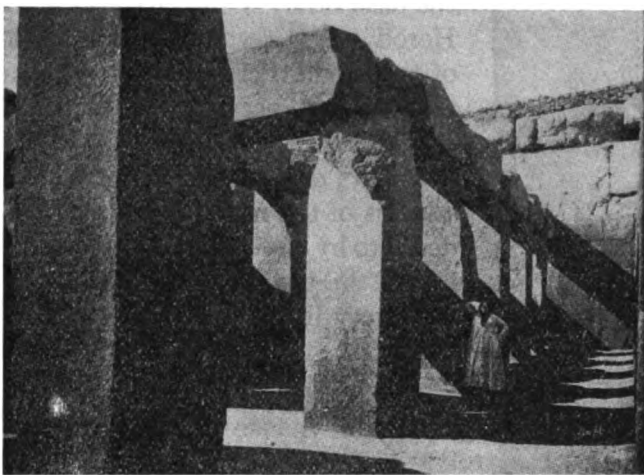
OSIRIS, AND KING SETI I
IN A CEREMONIAL POSITION
From the tomb of Seti I near Thebes
(‘Belzoni’s Tomb’)

Osiris was the symbol of the Higher Self, and the mythological events of his birth, his divine life, his efforts to do good, temporary

overwhelming by evil, cruel death and resurrection into glory, are all typical of the progress of the soul. Until the struggling soul begins to identify itself with the divine it is unable to destroy the enemies that face it. “I am Osiris,” says the candidate, “I am Sothis (Sirius), the star of the Eternal Dawn.” and the furious beasts, the lower desires, flee. “Not one of the Christian virtues,” writes Chabas, “is forgotten in the Egyptian code [found in the *Book of the Dead*]

and elsewhere]; piety, charity, gentleness, self-command in word and action, chastity, protection of the weak, benevolence towards the needy, deference towards superiors, respect for property in the minutest details."

Near the Great Pyramid is the Sphinx, whose origin is still a mystery, but which stands as the sublimest existing monument of the true meaning of Evolution — the domination of the animal by the intelligence of divine man. Champollion declared the existence of a subterranean passage between the Sphinx and the Great Pyramid. This seems to have been lost to sight; its rediscovery would be interesting and important. Mariette Bey described a tablet found near by which tells of the restoration of the Sphinx by Khufu, the supposed builder of the Great Pyramid.

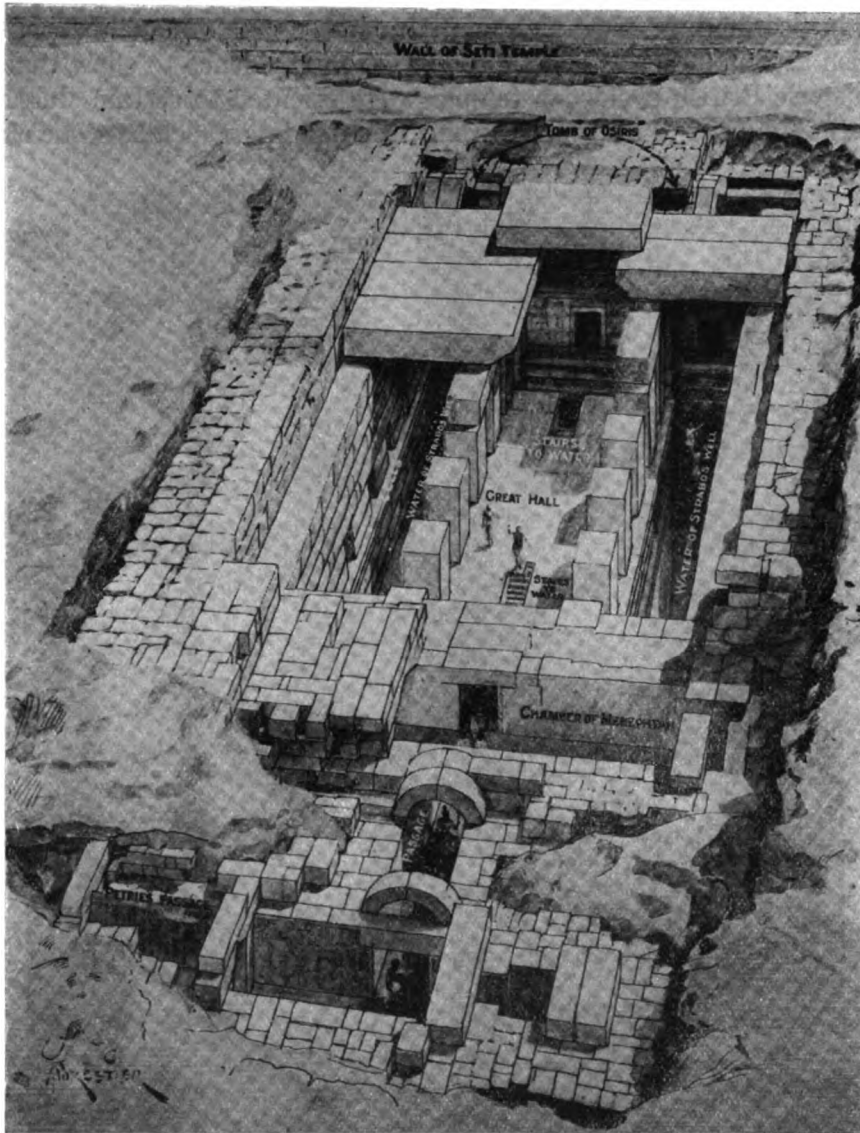


GRANITE 'TEMPLE OF THE SPHINX,' AT GIZEH

The Temple of the Sphinx, so called, is a very remarkable building whose purpose is unknown. In plan it is a cross, and it is built of immense blocks of granite, of exceptionally beautiful workmanship. Nowhere is there any trace of inscription or decoration. It is certainly as old as the Second Pyramid, or possibly far older, and

its lack of all sculpture gives added countenance to the ancient saying that the earliest Egyptians made no images of the gods. It stood in a class by itself until the great discovery at Abydos, the burial place of Osiris and the seat of his Mysteries from the dawn of history, was made in 1913-14 by Professor E. Naville, the French archaeologist, and his American colleagues. Close to the well-known and magnificent Temple of Abydos of Seti I (B. C. 1355) and thirty feet below the ground, an extraordinary subterranean building was excavated, precisely resembling in style the Temple of the Sphinx, but like nothing else in Egypt. A full description, with illustrations, of this mysterious edifice, will be found in *THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH* for October 1914 and April 1915.

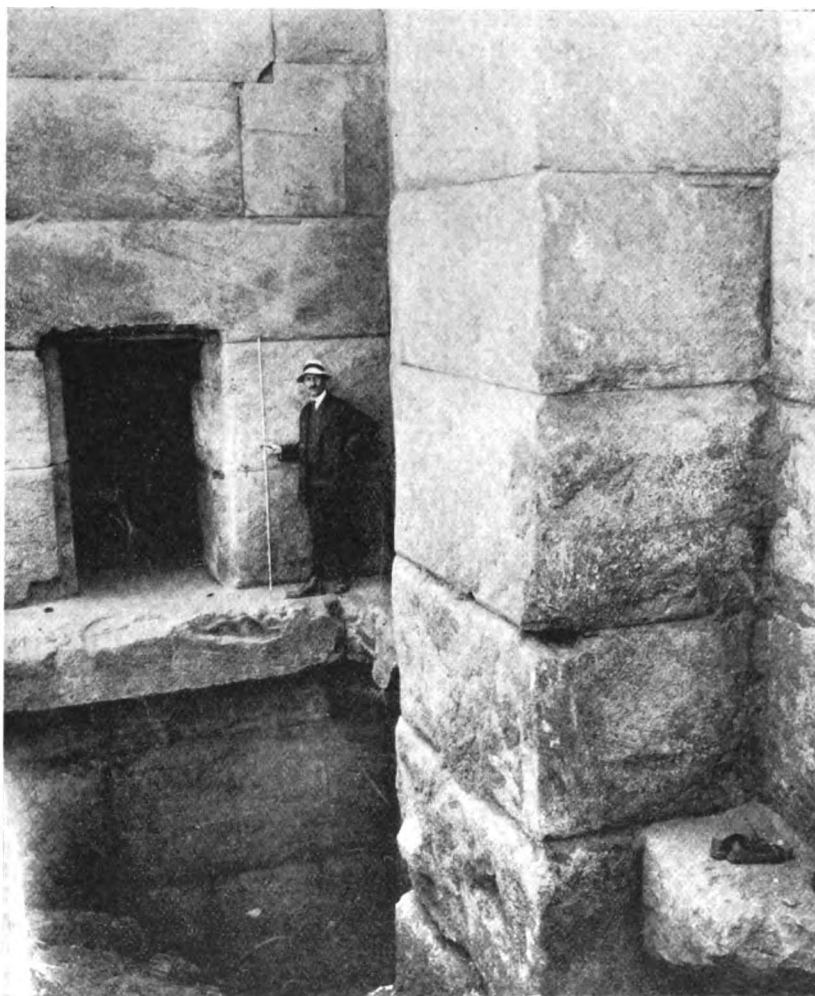
It is to be noticed, from the splendid quality of the workmanship of these buildings, in which enormous stones were used freely, that there is nothing very 'primitive' about them, yet their age is very great. It is more than probable that such examples set the pattern for the prehistoric



THE 'TOMB OF OSIRIS' AND 'STRABO'S WELL'
RECENTLY DISCOVERED AT ABYDOS (*reconstructed drawing*)

cyclopean monuments in northwestern Africa and various parts of Europe. Madame H. P. Blavatsky, in her great work *The Secret Doctrine*, gives some valuable information of a very ancient journey from Egypt to western Europe and Britain, during which initiated teachers showed many primitive peoples how to build and use great religious and astronomical structures, such as Stonehenge in England, Carnac in Brittany, Caller-

nish in Scotland, or New Grange in Ireland. Sir Norman Lockyer, the British astronomer, has lately brought strong evidence to show that the prehistoric British cyclopean temples were oriented to certain stars, like some in Egypt, and that many prehistoric buildings, such as stone circles

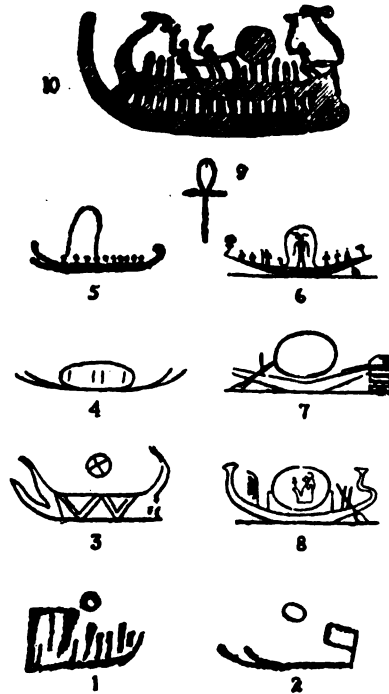


ONE OF THE CELLS IN 'STRABO'S WELL', ABYDOS

and dolmens, were primarily used as temple-observatories and not only for burial purposes, as generally believed. Carved upon some of these, symbolic Egyptian carvings are found, such as the sacred Tau-cross and the Solar Boat of Amen-Ra. There are many other traces of the widespread influence of Egypt in very ancient times, for instance the close resemblance — nay, the identity — of the syntax (not the words) of the

Welsh tongue to the language of Egypt, lately demonstrated by Professor Morris Jones.

In considering this subject we are irresistibly reminded of the singular resemblance between some of the leading Egyptian symbols and principles of design and those of Ancient America. Maya buildings at Chichén Itzá have a marked Egyptian flavor, and the great Pyramids of the Sun and Moon near Mexico City would be quite in place in the Nile Valley. In the symbolism of both Ancient America and Egypt we find, among others, the Tau-cross and the Winged Globe. Also the symbolic attitudes of certain important figures in Central America are identical with those of India. For instance, the exceedingly beautiful low relief called 'Le Beau,' at Palenque, has so many unusual and striking features, characteristic of the Hindû Krishna, and the Hindû Buddha or 'Yoga' position is so exactly represented in other figures that some definite community of ideas between the philosophers of the two hemispheres must have existed. The question is: Was this before or after the destruction of the continent of Atlantis?



THE SOLAR BOAT IN EGYPT
AND ELSEWHERE

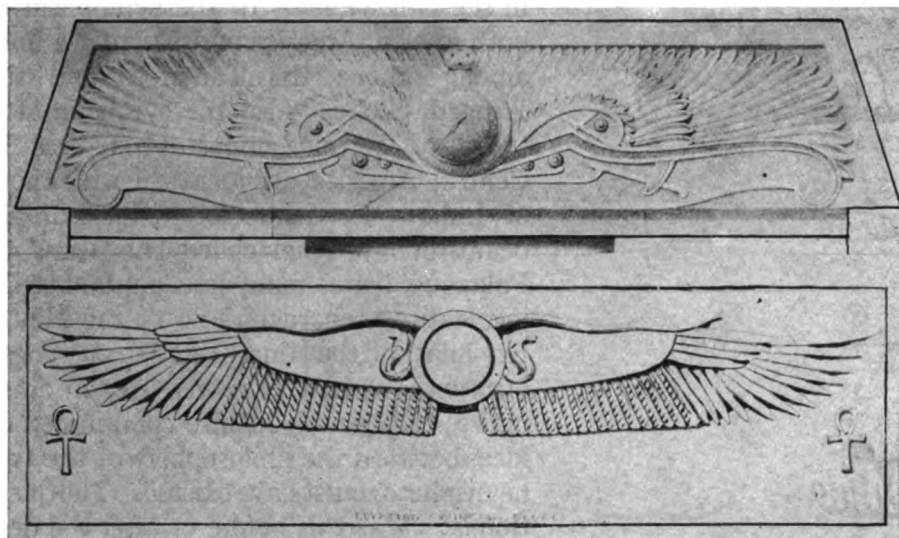
1. From Tumulus called New Grange, near Drogheda, Ireland. 2. From Tumulus at Locmariaquer, Brittany. 3, 4, 5, From Rock-Carvings, Sweden. 6, 7, 8, From Egyptian monuments (British Museum.) 9, Egyptian Cross or Tau from a French Dolmen (Redrawn from *Myths of the Celtic Race*, by Rolleston). 10. From Bohuslän, Sweden. (Redrawn from Balzer's *Stone Monuments in Bohuslän*.)

buildings erected in this style, with round columns and capitals, cornices, sloping pylons, and rich carving, and the archaic ones, has not been filled. Though the Egyptians knew and very rarely used the principle of the arch, they preferred the simplicity of the flat lintel and the flat roof.

In its present state, the temple of Denderah is also late (B. C. 120-A. D. 60), but it occupies the site of the first temple erected by the 'Followers of Horus' in the extremely distant past. These Followers were probably the

The Temple of Edfu, of which a picture is given, is referred to here because it is a characteristic temple of the kind we usually associate with Egypt, and it affords a striking contrast to the archaic buildings we have been considering. It was finished in B. C. 57, the year Caesar set out to conquer Britain, so it seems a thing of yesterday. The gap between the

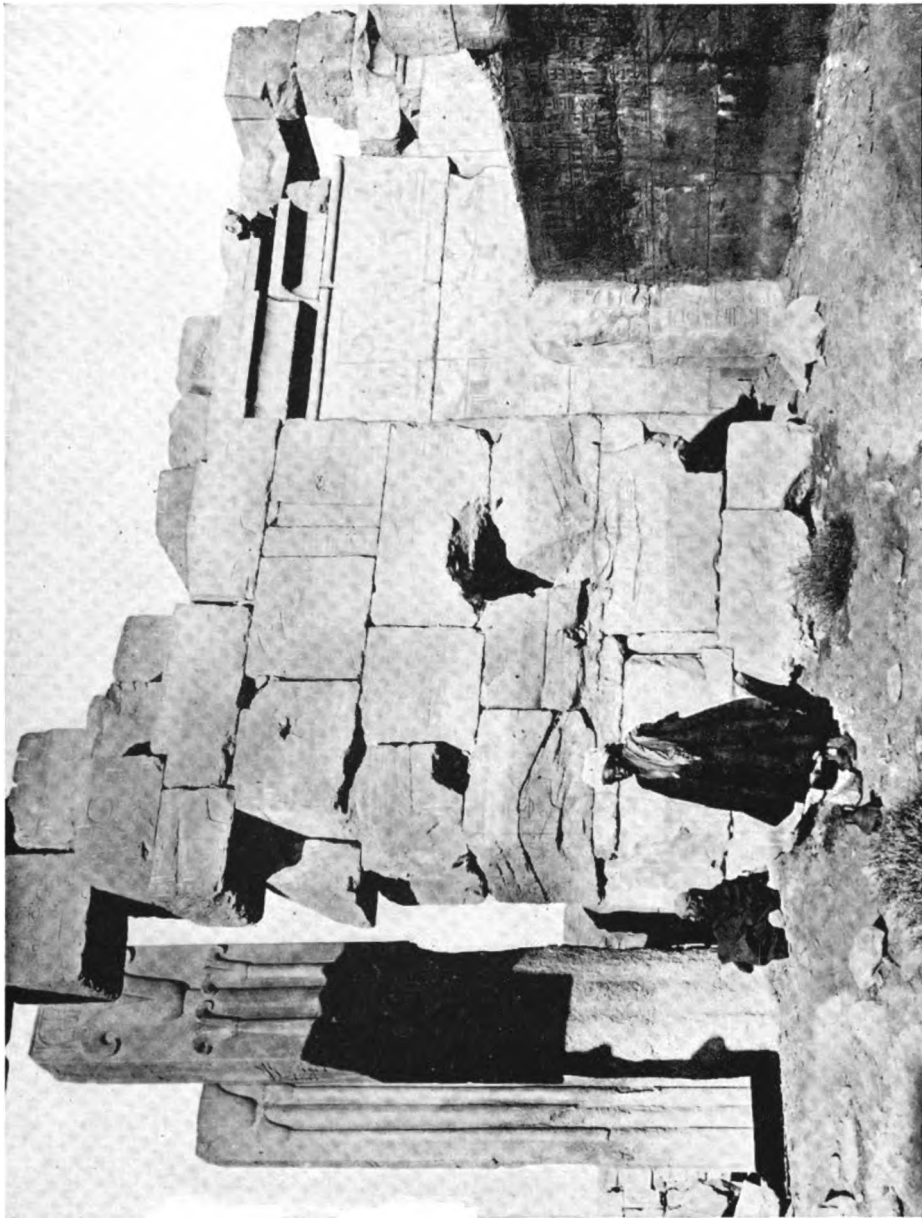
early immigrants from 'Eastern Ethiopia'—Asia—who brought the knowledge of iron and of architecture with them. King Pepi of the VIth Dynasty discovered the plan of a *second* archaic temple and adopted it for his temple. This plan is said to be founded upon a map of the heavens, and there are some romantic traditions about the mysterious way it was preserved to be found at the right time. Pepi's temple vanished—perhaps traces exist in the foundations—and two thousand five hundred years after his time the Ptolemies built the present one. It contains por-



MAYAN WINGED GLOBE FROM OCOSINGO, CHIAPAS, SOUTHEAST MEXICO,
AND EGYPTIAN WINGED GLOBE FROM DEIR-EL-BAHARĪ

traits of the celebrated Cleopatra VI and of Caesarion, and inscriptions relating to the Roman Pharaoh-Emperors Tiberius, Antoninus and Nero. Hathor, a permutation of Isis, to whom the temple was dedicated, was the Great Mother of light and joy and family love, a benevolent patroness. Her face, with symbolic cow's ears, is found on the capitals of the pillars, though terribly disfigured by fanatic hands.

Much has been written about the star-chart or planisphere, and the zodiac of Denderah. The former is particularly interesting from the indication given by the three repetitions of the zodiacal figure of the Virgin that the Egyptians knew, and recorded thus, three Precessional Cycles of the sun in the zodiac, each representing an immense period of about 26,000 years. There is said to be a similar one in a temple in Northern India, in which country we know records of enormously long



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A CORNER OF THE SANCTUARY OR ADYTUM OF THE TEMPLE OF KARNAK



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

COLONNADE IN THE TEMPLE OF DENDERAH

astronomical periods have been kept. Madame Blavatsky gives some curious information about the Denderah star-maps in *The Secret Doctrine*, and the subject has been considerably worked out by Professor Fred. J. Dick, M. INST. C. E.†



PLANISPHERE OR STAR-CHART FROM THE TEMPLE OF DENDERAH

A little further up the Nile stands 'Hundred-Gated Thebes,' as Homer calls one of the greatest cities the world has ever seen. Champollion says:

One is overcome and astounded by the splendor of the sublime remnants, the prodigality and magnificence of the workmanship to be seen everywhere. No people in ancient or modern times has conceived the art of architecture upon a scale so sublime, so grandiose as existed among the ancient Egyptians; the imagination falls powerless at the feet of the columns of Karnak.

† *Ancient Astronomy in Egypt and its Significance*: No. 7 of 'Papers of the School of Antiquity,' University Extension Series.

H. P. Blavatsky, who spent much time in Egypt, says of Thebes:

If we are stupefied by its contemplation, what must have been the general aspect in the days of its glory? He must indeed be devoid of the spiritual perception of genius, who fails to feel as well as to see the intellectual grandeur of the race that planned and built it.



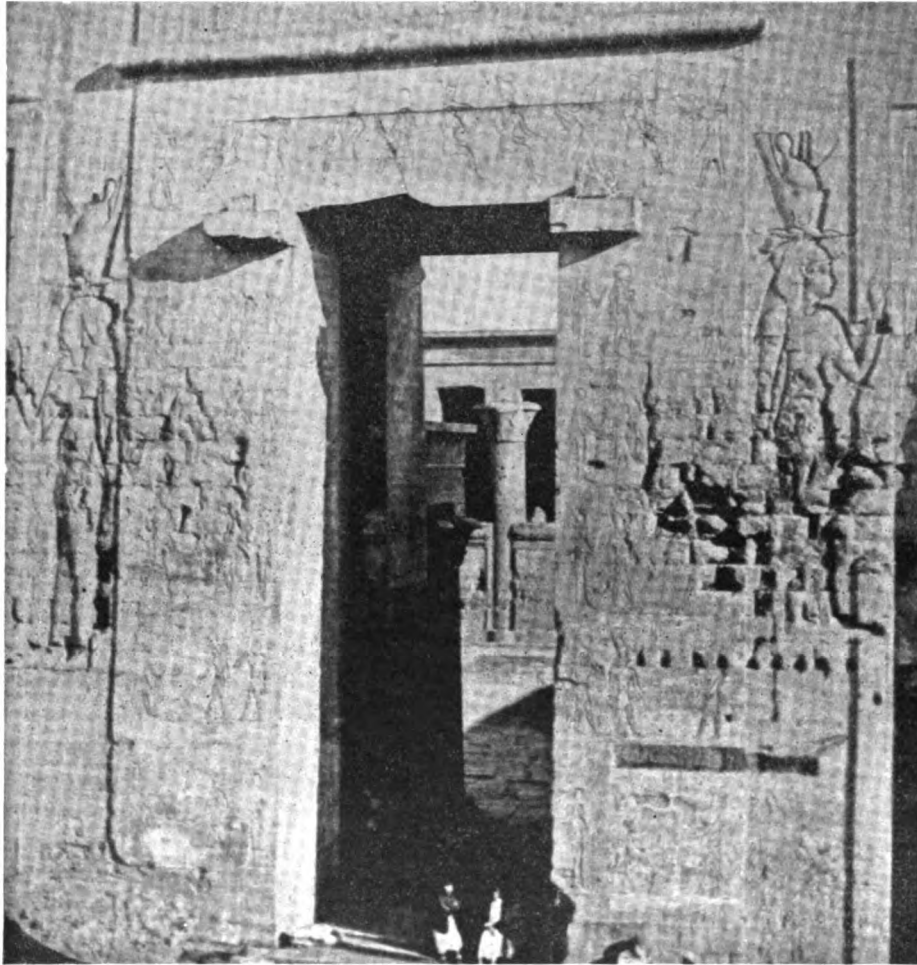
TEMPLE OF DENDERAH
SHOWING HATHOR-HEADED CAPITALS

Most of the stupendous groups of temples remaining at Thebes were built by the mighty XVIIIth and XIXth dynasties of the thirteenth century B. C., when Egypt was on the crest of one of its waves of greatness. The great temple at Karnak was dedicated to Amen-Ra, the Highest, the Hidden One, the

Uncreate, "from whom proceeds the heaven and the earth, the gods, and all that is." On the sacred Lake the Mysteries of Amen-Ra were celebrated, during which the Solar Bark of Ra was floated on the waters — the Boat whose fame was carried to far northern Europe. Mr. Weigall, until recently Inspector-General of Egyptian Antiquities, says: "To this day there is a native tradition that upon this Karnak Lake a golden boat may sometimes be seen: evidently the barque of Amen."

When perfect, the Hypostyle Hall must indeed have been awe-inspiring in its magnitude. It covers 50,000 square feet; its larger pillars are 80 feet or more high and 33 feet in circumference. But it does not depend alone upon size and proportion for its beauty. Some eccentric person recently published rather widely a theory that the gigantic size of Egyptian monuments was due to the supposed *eye-strain* from which the builders must have suffered: they could not clearly see small objects! In reply to this we only have to examine the minute chasing of their exquisite jewelry, some of which has designs composed of eighty tiny pieces of gold to the inch; and in regard to the delicacy of the paintings in the Hypostyle Hall, when a reduced copy was made for the Crystal Palace in London, the best average decorative painters were quite unable to copy their refinements; it was a task that would have severely tried accomplished artists. Another proof of the subtlety of the Egyptian artist is shown in the capitals of the gigantic pillars, which are not mechanically level, but slightly irregular in position, obviously with the intention of giving life to the lines.

Egypt had several remarkable Queens. The unique mortuary temple of Queen Hatshepsu at Deir-el-Baharí, near Thebes, reveals the influence of a delicate feminine imagination. This Queen was one of Egypt's greatest rulers, and within this temple are a number of pictures vividly portraying the adventurous marine expedition she sent to a far country in the south of the Red Sea. Another represents the supernatural birth of the



TEMPLE OF EDFU: GREAT DOOR BETWEEN THE PYLONS

Queen. It is semi-allegorical and illustrates a symbolism startlingly like that of the nativities of other divine personages in other countries. Gerald Massey, in *The Natural Genesis* (Vol. II, p. 398) describes a similar scene in the temple of Luxor. He says:

In these four consecutive scenes the maiden queen, Mut-em-Ua, the mother of Amenhetp (Amen-hotep III) a Pharaoh of the 18th dynasty,

impersonates the Virgin Mother who bore without fatherhood, the mother as the solar boat, the mother of the Only One.

The first scene on the left hand shows the god Taht (Thoth) the lunar Mercury, the divine Word or Logos, in the act of hailing the virgin queen, announcing to her that she is to give birth to the coming son. In the next scene the god Kneph (in conjunction with Hathor) gives life to her. This is the Holy Spirit. . . . Next the mother is seated and the child is supported in the hands of one of the nurses. The fourth scene is that of the adoration. Here the child is enthroned, receiving homage from the gods and gifts from men. Behind the deity Kneph, on the right, *three* men are kneeling and offering gifts with the right hand and life with the left. The child thus announced, incarnated, born and worshiped, was the Pharaonic representative of the Aten sun, the *Adon of Syria*, and Hebrew Adonai, the child-Christ of the Aten cult, the miraculous conception of the ever-virgin mother represented by Mut-em-Ua.



REPRESENTATION FROM THE 'BIRTH HOUSE,' TEMPLE OF LUXOR

Mr. Weigall becomes quite enthusiastic about the figure of one of the midwives at Deir-el-Baharí, saying: "Her figure is beautifully drawn and quite lacks the conventional faults which so often minimize the artistic value of Egyptian drawing; it might have been the work of a Greek." It was, however, drawn a thousand years before such work was produced in Greece. It is known that when the Egyptians represented persons in humble ranks of life they frequently disregarded their artistic conventions and indulged in realism. We must not fall into the error of imagining that they always conventionalized because they knew no better.

Near the temple of Deir-el-Baharí the famous statue of the divine Hathor Cow was found, which amazed the world a few years ago. It easily challenges comparison with animal sculpture of any age or country.

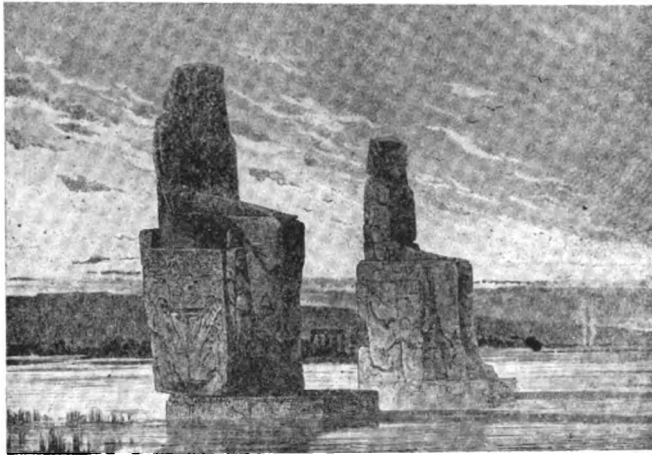
Among the obelisks set up in honor of various great kings at Karnak there are two (one fallen) erected by Queen Hatshepsu to Amen-Ra. The inscription reveals the powerful character of that great sovereign, who was not a blood-thirsty conqueror but a strong worker for peace.

I will make this known to the generations which are to come, whose hearts will enquire after this monument which I have made, and who will talk enquiringly and gaze upon it in future. I was sitting in the palace. I was thinking of my creator when my heart urged me to make for him these two obelisks whose points reach unto the sky.

She then describes how the two obelisks were quarried, carved, polished and set up in the amazingly short time of *seven months*. After making a tremendous oath that this is true, she adds: "Then let not him who shall hear this say it is a lie which I have spoken, but let him only say 'How like her!'" There is independent evidence proving that her statement was true. The obelisks are ninety-seven and a half feet high, and are each made of a single stone; the pyramidion at the top was plated with gold.

The temple of Luxor, built by Amenhetep III (fifteenth century B. C.), is one of the finest in Thebes, and is in fair preservation. During the long reign of this king, thirty-six years, Egypt enjoyed great peace and prosperity, and Thebes became one of the wonders of the world. Accounts still existing written by ancient scribes speak of the magnificence of the temple of Luxor as overwhelming. It had doors of electrum (silver and gold alloy), floors of silver, bronze doors studded with gold, and exquisite flower gardens. This richness was not barbaric, but blended with perfect taste.

The memory of Amenhetep III has been kept green by the two grandest, if not quite the largest statues ever made, the famous Colossi of the Plain of Thebes. Each is made of a single stone weighing about 900 tons!



THE COLOSSI OF THE PLAIN OF THEBES

Each foot is ten and one-half feet long and the height of the seated figures when perfect was seventy feet. One is the so-called 'Vocal Memnon,' which gave out a melodious sound at sunrise. There is no record of this happening till B. C. 27, when there was a serious earthquake which damaged it. Two hundred years later it was restored,

and it has never spoken since. Harriet Martineau says:

I can never believe that anything else so majestic as this pair has been conceived by the imagination of art. Nothing, certainly, even in nature, ever affected me so unspeakably. . . . The impression of sublime tranquillity which they convey when seen from distant points is confirmed by a nearer approach. . . .

How were they carved, how were they transported down the Nile and set in place? This is not fully cleared up. They were erected in front of a temple of Amenhetep III of which no vestige remains.

Further up the Nile is the Great Valley of the Tombs of the Kings: a barren, desolate place with steep cliffs cut by the action of water when the climate was entirely different.

About thirty-five years ago a marvelous collection of royal mummies was discovered here, concealed in a pit to which they had been carried when the integrity of their rock-cut tombs in the heart of the mountain had been threatened by robbers. When the mortal remains of the renowned Pharaohs of the XVIIIth and XIXth Dynasties, including the Liberator Aahmes I, Rameses the Great, his father Seti I, Thothmes I, and other great national heroes, were floated down the Nile to the Museum at Cairo, a most touching and remarkable incident happened. The inhabitants of the villages along the river came out and saluted the royal procession as it passed. They bowed down with cries of lamentation, the women with disheveled hair, the men firing off



CENTRAL AVENUE IN THE HYPOSTYLE
HALL, TEMPLE OF KARNAK

shots as they do at funerals. The very soul of Ancient Egypt had come to life once more in the persons of the simple fellahin to do honor to its glorious dead on their last journey down the sacred river. The full story of this striking event was told to Madame Katherine Tingley by the son of the Governor of Thebes, a member of the Khedive's Tribunal of Justice. Many remarkable details have never been published and Madame Katherine Tingley holds that no one who hears the full account can fail to realize that it is a strong testimony to the truth of Reincarnation.

On the boundary between Egypt and Nubia, close to the First Cataract, lies the once beautiful and romantic Island of Philae, or Pilak, the scene of the tragedy of Egyptian archaeology. The illustrations show the appearance of the temples before they were submerged under the waters of the artificial lake which has been created to control the irrigation. Every

effort was made to save the temples, but in vain. All the existing buildings at Philae are late, but in design and detail very beautiful. Egyptian architecture is here seen in its most graceful and fanciful phase. In the chambers of the temple of Isis, portraits are found of Hadrian, Augustus, Claudius — all represented in the conventional manner as Egyptian Pharaohs!



INNER COURT OF
THE TEMPLE OF ISIS AT PHILAE

It may seem strange to see the Roman emperors worshipping Osiris and Isis, but they were not very particular, and, no doubt, they recognised their own gods under different names; any way, in religious matters the Romans were very tolerant, except when they thought the stability of the State was threatened. Philae was the last stronghold of the ancient religion. Under Justinian, in A.D. 527, the celebration of the rites of Isis was prohibited; Christianity became the official creed of Egypt, only to be superseded by Mohammedanism in the next century. The Mohammedans, however, were tolerant and permitted the Christian Copts to maintain and worship with freedom in their own churches in Egypt ever since that period.

The dominion of ancient Egypt extended to far-off Nubia at very early times, and the two rock-cut temples of Abu-Simbel are among the most wonderful of all the structures in the Nile Valley. The great temple of Ra, built by Rameses the Great, is one of the most impressive of the works of man on this planet. The four colossal figures of the king, which form the chief feature of the façade, are nearly seventy feet in height, and nothing can exceed their calm majesty and beauty. Surely the creators of these noble effigies of Rameses must have realized the potential divinity of man!

But when the mysterious interior is entered, with its silent and shadowy halls and chapels, excavated one hundred and fifty feet deep in the living rock, covered with dim carvings and inscriptions, and hoary with the memories of three thousand years, the impression is still greater. The best time to approach the altar is just at the moment when the beams of the rising sun, or the full moon strike upon it. In Mr. Weigall's words —

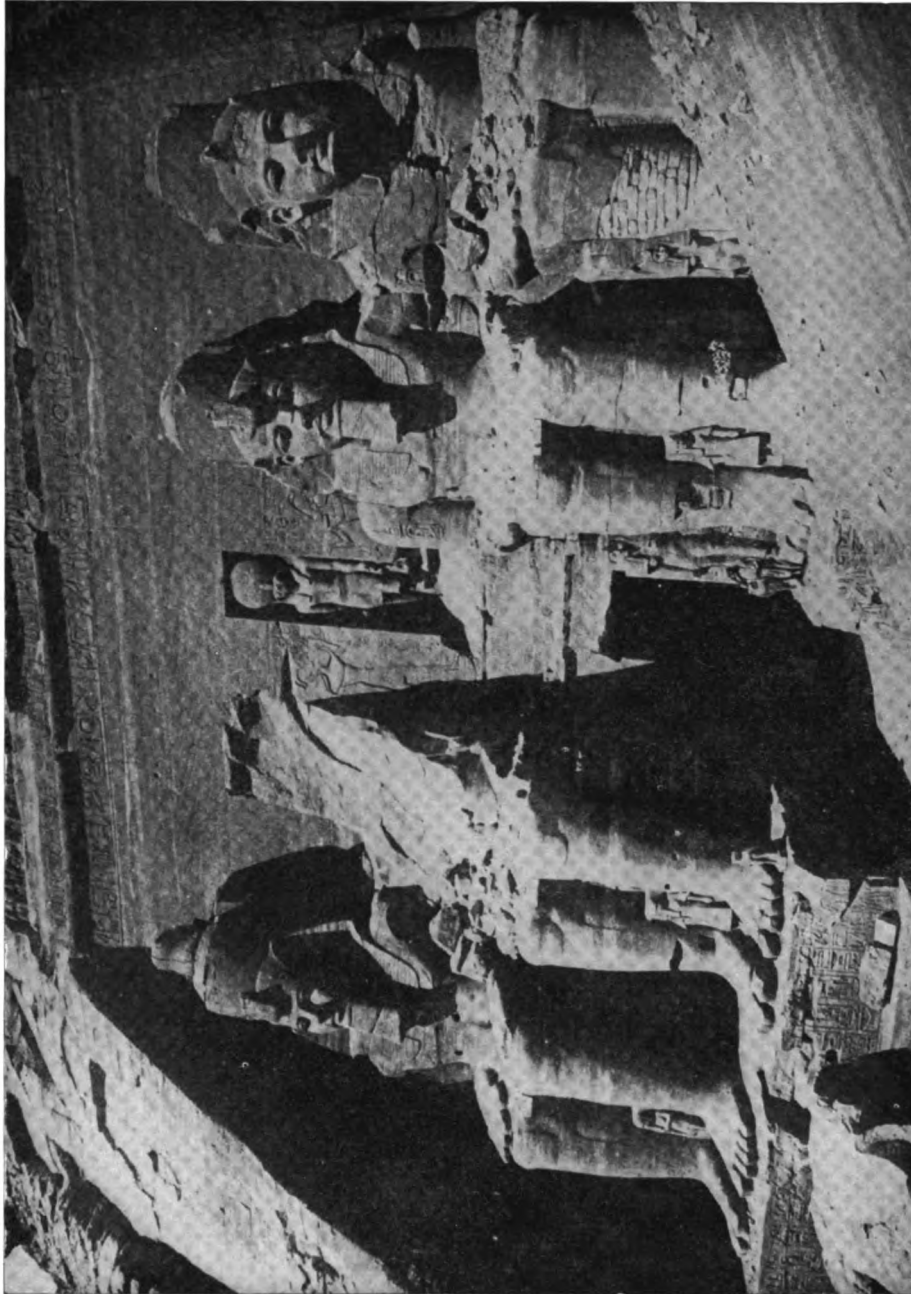
Those who visit it at dawn and pass into the vestibule and sanctuary will be amazed at the irresistible solemnity of that moment when the sun passes above the hills and the dim halls are suddenly transformed into a brilliantly light temple. . . . one may describe the hour of sunrise here as one of profound and stirring grandeur. At no other time and at no other place in Egypt does one feel the same capacity for appreciating the ancient Egyptian spirit of worship.

Madame Katherine Tingley, who spent some time at Abū Simbel in 1904, writes about the Rameses colossi of the Great Temple:

The superb repose, the calmness and power of concentration, are marked in those faces of stone. The eyes, defined as though life were behind them, look out over the land, as if they saw into futurity; and as if they knew that the glory of old Egypt were coming back again. There they sit, waiting; the sentinels of a mighty past, and the heralds of a glorified future. One could sit all day, and look at those mighty things of stone, and feel spiritual life all about. . . . From where I stand, I can see straight into the entrance, through which one might expect to see some of the old mystics coming forth to meet the day.

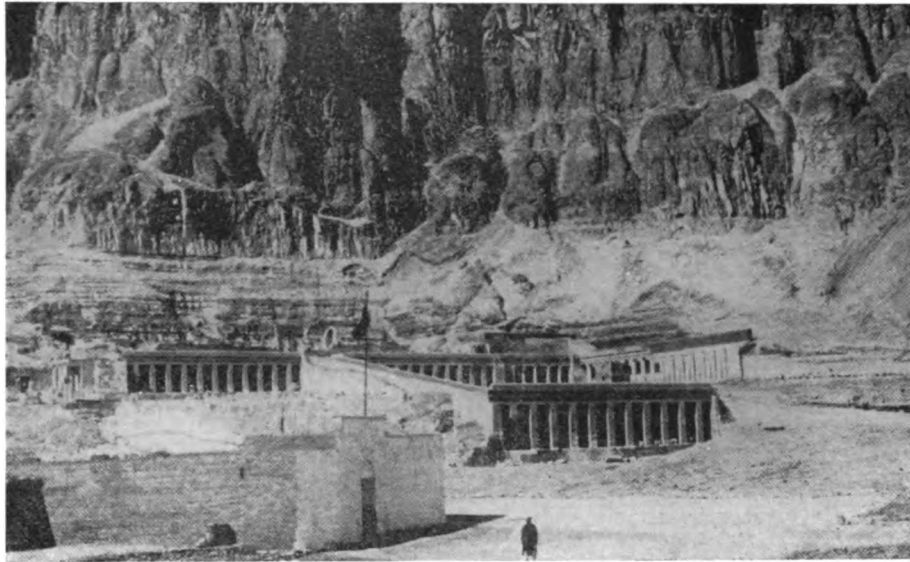


INTERIOR OF THE ROCK-CUT TEMPLE OF RA AT ABU SIMBEL



Lomeland Photo & Engraving Dept.

FAÇADE OF THE ROCK-CUT TEMPLE OF RA AT ABU SIMBEL IN NUBIA



THE UNIQUE TEMPLE OF DEIR-EL-BAHARÍ



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

GENERAL VIEW OF PHILAE BEFORE THE TEMPLES WERE SUBMERGED

THEOSOPHY, THE BALANCING POWER IN HUMAN LIFE: by Lydia Ross, M. D.

ATHERINE TINGLEY has said:

This twentieth century is, in my opinion, not an enlightened age at all. It is a prejudiced age, a time of change and transition, and extremes are meeting; and we have some very, very serious problems to contend with in our national, civic and social life.

If we think at all, away from our egotism, and step out into the world with a determined will and see life as it is, we realize that unbrotherliness is the insanity of the age — unbrotherliness, that fearful, shocking, and pathetic cause of separation that exists among men in the world today. It not only touches our public life but our personal lives; and of course it reaches our homes. . . . We need to have a universal religion; and if we had this we should have a universal system of education.

In seeking the remedy for these disturbed modern conditions we turn to the primeval source of justice, known in Theosophy as Karma. Mme. Blavatsky says:

It is the Ultimate Law of the Universe, the source, origin and fount of all other laws which exist throughout Nature. Karma is the unerring law which adjusts effect to cause, on the physical, mental and spiritual planes of being. As no cause remains without its due effect from greatest to least, from a cosmic disturbance down to the movement of your hand, and as like produces like, Karma is that unseen and unknown law which adjusts wisely, intelligently and equitably each effort to its cause, tracing the latter back to its producer. Though itself unknowable, its action is perceivable. . . . All the great social evils, the distinction of classes in society, and of the sexes in the affairs of life, the unequal distribution of capital and of labor — all are due to what we tersely but truly denominate Karma. . . each individual environment, and the particular conditions of life in which each person finds himself, are nothing more than the retributive Karma which the individual has generated in a previous life. We must not lose sight of the fact that every atom is subject to the general law governing the whole body to which it belongs, and here we come upon the wider track of the karmic law. The aggregate of individual Karma becomes that of the nation to which those individuals belong and, further, the sum total of National Karma is that of the World. Evils are not peculiar to the individual or even to the Nation; they are more or less universal; and it is upon the broad level of Human interdependence that the law of Karma finds its legitimate and equable issue.

That Theosophy is a balancing power in individual and social life is not a mere figure of speech but a proven fact. For Theosophy is the primeval wisdom of the ancients, and also the kernel of truth which has vitalized all religions and philosophies since time began. Rooted in the depths of Universals, its varied growth has ever appeared as the tree of knowledge, whose fruitage took the form of native bread of life to every people in every age. That the generous growth and expansion of this knowledge in this

age has been most timely, is so evident in the history of the Theosophical Movement, that he who runs may read for himself. If he turns back to the time when H. P. Blavatsky founded the Theosophical Society in 1875, he will find initial conditions of disturbed mental and material forces, which in four brief decades have ripened into a titanic international war; while the different nations are distraught with the unbalanced conditions of their own institutions and individuals. Civilization is marked by unbalanced extremes. The very air resounds with the keynote of competition — not for the attainment of humanity's common birthright of divinity — but for success at the expense of others' failure. Riches and poverty are farther apart from the happy mean: capital and labor have developed their resources and increased their power of mutual resistance; skepticism unites with a selfish credulity, which holds a bargain-counter belief in getting something for nothing, to keep thousands dangling in uncertainty: educators are appalled at the failure to balance their resources in money and methods against the meager results in rounded-out character. The unbalanced forces in dual human nature make for individual restlessness and self-indulgence; fill the hospitals with disordered bodies, the insane asylums with unsound minds; and the prisons with the results of vice and crime. The insanity of genius is a cant diagnostic phrase in an age suffering from a genius of insanity in the play of its unbalanced forces. There is the common need, at every point of our strenuous life, of a balancing power.

That the germ of present conditions was recognised by Mme. Blavatsky in the last century is evident in her work to offset the rank growths of western materialism, and of the stagnant swamps of apathetic oriental thought. In America the young nation of cosmopolitan blood was evolving new types of mental and material activity and new phases of human make-up. Inventive, ambitious, liberty-loving, and adventurous, they were throwing off the restraints of old limitations and narrow beliefs in a fresh field, whose vast area and resources awaited the pioneers, who developed themselves in developing the new country. Eager minds were exploring every avenue of thought; the old creeds were being rejected; new inventions were working wonders in every department of affairs; the scientific world was revealing such marvelous possibilities and powers in matter, that the old blind faith fostered by theology gave way to an eager search for the tangible miracles. Commerce was seeking and finding markets in the most distant ports and places. A tendency to organization was condensing the diffused thought and interests into separate circles of science, art, industry, religion, etc.

Meantime, inventions and discoveries were discounting time and space, and lines of travel, of commerce, and of written and printed communica-

tion were daily bringing the ends of the earth together. The western peoples, expert in materializing ideas into practical and paying forms, were becoming masters of the machinery of life. The ancient east had a rich strain of philosophic blood in its sluggish veins: and the literature of these introspective peoples held the clue to the latent powers in man and in nature, of which the west had no knowledge or suspicion. The time had come to balance the mechanistic forces in western life with the innate mysticism of the east. If the exchange was left to gravitate back and forth along the lower levels, the result would be, not the fertilizing streams of thought, but the tainted sediment of active, selfish materialism and, in return, the dregs of distorted teachings and the evil magic of invisible powers for the reckless use of the cruder west, wholly ignorant and skeptical of the dangers of psychic dabbling.

The East, dazzled by the brilliant scientific achievements and the prosperous materialism of the West, was infusing these influences into the education of its youth and into its life. The West, fascinated with mystic novelties and experiments, was unconsciously planting the seeds of subtle mental and moral disorders. In the cultured classes, scientific materialism was fast disintegrating all spirituality.

It was at this critical stage that Mme. Blavatsky brought to bear the balancing power of Theosophy. She began by writing *Isis Unveiled*, setting forth the logic of human make-up and evolution, of man's origin and life and destiny, and giving the clue for reconciling the conflicting currents of thought then confusing the public mind. She showed the power of a strong will in a pure nature, consciously to control the psychic and nature forces, and explained the dangers of allowing the body to be used as the negative medium through which these forces played. She restored to Christianity the lost clue of rebirth, and showed Karma to be the true interpretation of sowing and reaping. She showed that the Wisdom-Religion was not in conflict with science or true religion, that it supplied the missing links in scientific research and that Theosophy was Christianity writ large.

Then she went to India and gave the listless, apathetic, dreamy native a living lesson of high-grade practical work on the Hindû problem. The characteristic western energy, enthusiasm, power of organization and practical efficiency was taught to these dreamy people, not by selfish lessons in commercial exploitation, but by reviving a knowledge of the priceless truths in Aryan literature and by showing them how to solve their own problems with native resources.

No missionary movement, no commercial relations, no mere interchange of scholastic knowledge, nothing but practical brotherhood could have fused the true mystical quality of the East with the energy of

the West, as history bears witness the balancing power of Theosophy has done.

Some of the most striking results of the truths of Theosophy are found in the prisons. In various places, members of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society have given regular talks upon the subject to prisoners. Wherever this has been done, the officials recognise its influence in bettering the character of the men who apply the teachings to their own lives. It is a matter of record that desperate and degraded characters whom it had been unable to reach by any other means, have been aroused through Theosophy to a knowledge of the possibilities of their own manhood, and with new self-respect have pulled themselves together and made a clean, honest, dignified thing of their sentences. With characteristic energy they put Theosophy to the severe test of balancing the disorderly forces which hitherto had operated to injure themselves and society. Human nature is the same everywhere, and convicted men are not unlike the rest of faulty humanity. But the daring, persistence and ability shown in many a prisoner's career rightly directed would bring fame, honor and fortune, instead of obscurity and disgrace. The capabilities of many active criminals contrast favorably with many reputable men, whose morality is more a negative lack of evil-doing than any positive exercise of good qualities. How many of any community's so-called best citizens have positive convictions which are definitely and actively expressed? Much of what passes for law-abiding, reputable character is lacking in strong moral fiber and healthy resistance, and with no actual output of uplifting effort, merely drifts in safe, conventional currents.

Theosophy does not reform the criminal; but it does something more: it leads him to reform himself, to balance up his own accounts. It shows him that all his mistakes, his offenses against the law and society or against his own best interests, came from the impulses of his own lower nature. So long as he allows that side of him to rule, the real Man is enslaved and imprisoned, whether he is in or out of prison. He has but to follow his best impulses, to find that inner sense of freedom which is so truly liberating; it stays with him and makes him content to work out the Karmic conditions he has made. Men serving life-sentences have made Theosophy such a living power in their lives as to become balancing factors in the institutional life, and an uplift to all around them. It is a strange truth that some criminals are more ready to grasp the truth and understand a philosophy of life than those who have not been reckless or evil. Their hard lives and their sufferings have brought the soul to its senses, as it were, and they are eager to know what it all means, what the purpose of life is, anyway, and where is the happiness that can balance up all the pain.

It is pitiful that the great majority of mankind drift helplessly along through life, pulled this way and that by conditions, ignorant of who they are, why they are here, or where they are going. Now and then, in prison and out, some weary soul rebels against this puppet career, and begins a search for self-knowledge, and these natures find in Theosophy a flood of light.

The Theosophical idea of prison-reform is not based upon mere sentiment or upon the other extreme of severity, but it follows the middle course. Many prisoners, even those with good intentions, are not fit to be turned loose until they are trained by self-knowledge to do themselves justice and so escape more mistakes and suffering.

The principles of Theosophy as demonstrated in the Râja-Yoga system of education are based upon balancing the physical, mental and moral nature. The result is a rounding out of the character in such a way that all the best forces of the nature are brought into play. True education brings out the inherent powers at the very center of the child's being. As a result, he becomes more self-centered in the right way, less self-conscious because the personality is not dominating the individual. The subject of duality in human nature is a profound truth, but the child easily grasps its meaning, which accords perfectly with his own conflicting impulses to do right and to do wrong. The child thus poised and trained to bring the united energies of his nature into play at all times, feels a liberating and joyous strength in meeting and mastering the difficulties in his early pathway; and lays the foundations of character which will be equal to the events of progressive experience. More than all, he gains that royal talisman of self-knowledge, and by self-conquest, acquires the power to understand the whole play of human nature in others, and to withstand the siege of outside temptations. Self-mastery, the supreme sovereignty, the greatest of victories, is won by continually bringing the uplifting strength of the nature to bear upon the least of its weaknesses, with a result of *symmetrical growth*.

Katherine Tingley has said:

The truest and fairest thing of all, as regards education, is to attract the mind of the pupil to the fact that the immortal self is ever seeking to bring the whole being into a state of perfection. The real secret of the Râja-Yoga system is rather to evolve the child's character than to overtax the child's mind; it is to bring OUT, rather than to bring TO, the faculties of the child. The grander part is from within.

Theosophy regards the mind as a conscious instrument of the Real Man. Thoughtful educators are beginning to see that true education is something more than intellectual training: it is character-building. This is the point where many educational systems fall short. The many

advantages of up-to-date hygiene, athletics and preventive treatment, do what physical means *may do* for the child's body. The precocious brain of the restless modern child leaves no fault to be found with its mental capacity. Indeed some of the most difficult of school problems is how to deal with a certain degenerate brilliancy coupled with a dulled and deficient moral sense. To restore equilibrium is a vital necessity for the normal evolution which should proceed equally upon physical, mental and moral lines to produce healthy, sane and noble results. It is not more brains, but more balance that our children need.

A cultivation of the child's best nature develops his intuition, which Madame Blavatsky says

is an instinct of the soul which grows in us in proportion to the employment we give it, and which helps us to perceive and understand the realities of things with far more certainty than can the simple use of our senses and exercise of our reason. What are called good sense and logic enables us to see only the appearances of things, that which is evident to every one. The instinct of which I speak being a projection of our perceptive consciousness, a projection which acts from the subjective to the objective, and not vice versa, awakens in us spiritual senses and power to act; the senses assimilate to themselves the essence of the object or of the action under examination, and represent it to us as it really is, not as it appears to our physical senses and to our cold reason.

The brain may acquire knowledge, but wisdom is of the inner Self.

Cruelty, injustice, indifference to the sufferings of others, and self-indulgence, blunt the intuitive senses and obscure the truth. This is one of the reasons why Theosophy is opposed to vivisection. The subtle essence of life and of living truth cannot be picked up on the point of a scalpel, and the ultimate truth which the vivisector seeks is not a matter of brain-knowledge, but that part of himself which functions only in sympathetic understanding of the unity of life.

Madame Tingley's sympathetic understanding of the Latin-Americans found prompt expression of brotherhood for the suffering Cubans after the Spanish war. The first impressions of America to thousands of Cubans came from a woman and her band of relief-workers who freely gave food and clothing and medicine, and every gift was vitalized with new hope and faith and courage for an exhausted people. It was the right touch at the right time and in the right way. It was a living lesson in Theosophy which helped to bring order out of chaos; and this unexpected kindness from outsiders restored a sense of balance to a people whose natural trust in their fellow-men was well-nigh exhausted. This material help was followed by non-sectarian schools for the Cuban children, and societies for Cuban women who wanted to help themselves, their families and their countrymen.

Later Mme. Tingley began the publication of an illustrated Spanish magazine, *El Sendero Teosófico*, which found ready and eager acceptance in the cultured and thinking circles of Latin America, in Spain and elsewhere. Scientific societies and libraries keep it on file for reference, while its high moral tone, and its literary and typographical excellence meet in peculiar degree a want in the better classes. Its philosophy answers the problems of inquiring minds, its international spirit broadens the horizon, while Madame Blavatsky's unique interpretation of the unexplained prehistoric ruins, which are scattered around in this old-new land, are important and inspiring.

As Theosophy in India revived the knowledge of priceless truths that had been largely forgotten, or misunderstood by this ancient people, so it points to Peruvian and Central American antiquities as milestones that mark the racial progress in a forgotten past, superb in its dignity and power. These monuments rebuke the absurdity of the 'ape' ancestry of man. They are evidences of the colossal handiwork of the incarnating soul, which descended into matter to add to its innate divinity the material of earth. Madame Blavatsky said, "we are cycling back and cycling forward." If, in this iron age, we are deeply submerged in material things, there is poise and strength and inspiration in the Theosophic knowledge that the Golden Age behind us is a prophecy of a Golden Age to come. It is said that man, with all his faults, is further advanced in evolution than the angels who are untainted, because untried, by earthly experience.


The incarnating soul of man, all-powerful on its own plane, has the confident courage to handicap itself with a confusing, blinding veil of flesh, life after life, that it may balance the opposing forces of duality, and transmute evil into good by a divine conservation of energy.

The balance of gain and loss is found in those words of Jesus: "Who-soever shall lose his life for my sake shall find it." The same practical mysticism was taught by William Q. Judge, who said: "It can never be too often repeated that *real* Theosophy is not contemplation or introspection or philosophizing or talk, but work, work for others, work for the world. We are told that the one fatal bar to progress is selfishness in some one of its protean forms. Selfishness will *never* be overcome by thinking about oneself. And, as we have to think about something, the alternative is thought for others and how to help them. As the mind fills with such schemes and the hands take hold of them, self-interest is displaced and egoism fades out. Selfishness dies of inanition, and altruism grows insensibly on. The mind clears of prejudices and fogs, the spirit grows more sunny and cheerful, peacefulness settles over the whole interior being, and truth is seen with great distinctness. For the great hindrance to evolution is decaying away."

Theosophy has a peculiar power of adjustment for the overwhelming sense of loss and finality which falls upon the bereaved. The knowledge of Reincarnation displaces the haunting fear of death with a feeling of continued existence. Simply to live in the thought of Reincarnation, day after day, throws new light upon everything and invokes to a degree the sustaining sense of immortality in the depths of the nature. The blank wall of separation which shuts out the loved one gives way to a sunny certainty that love is a deathless tie that will return our own to us in future lives, as it did in this one. There is comfort and uplift in the thought that the departed friends are happy and free, and the released soul is being refreshed and prepared for another life, which we may help to make a happier one by a purer and wiser devotion. Through Theosophy one escapes the crushing sorrow of a belief that some beloved but unworthy one whose career has been cut short, must atone for the errors of one brief life by an eternity of suffering. The mind cannot accept so unjust a fate, and the bruised heart finds no happiness in the thought of a heaven which bars out the suffering sinners. The passing away of a pure and noble character leaves behind the consolation of a fragrant memory; but the most grievous sorrow falls upon those whose hearts have been wrung and whose prayers have been unheeded by some cherished one who kept to erring ways even to the bitter end. To such a mourner Theosophy brings the healing balm of hope in the promise of other lives, and the shortened life may even be seen to be a merciful end to a career that at best was but adding to the burden of hard and unhappy Karma. William Q. Judge said that everything was provided for, even heavenly death. To the Theosophist, death is but birth to the soul. It often seems that as a dear one passes beyond the veil, some light of the great reality falls upon those who are left, and vaguely awakes them to what earth-life may and should be and what real life is. The regret and remorse that fall upon mourners are but wasted energy, which Theosophic knowledge can transmute into renewed effort to work for more ideal conditions and human relations, here and now. This is the living philosophy which balances loss by gain of greater reverence for life, and of a larger view of the blessed ties whose original unity is reflected in the relations of an everyday world.

In the Theosophic teachings of the essential divinity and spiritual unity of mankind, of Brotherhood as a fact in nature, of Karma and Reincarnation, of human perfectibility, the earthly pilgrimage takes on the perspective of a majestic drama, whose contrasting scenes, in a continued plot, are set upon the cosmic stage, first before and then behind the curtain.

ROGER BACON: 'THE NULLITY OF MAGICK': by P.A.M.

O wait for seven centuries in reviewing a work is unusual. Yet there are writings which are so full of life that they are fresh and sweet a millennium after they first saw the light — or spread the light.

Of such writings the teachings of Roger Bacon, the wisest Englishman of Oxford University, the Franciscan friar, the Philosopher, and the persecuted martyr, are no mean examples. The life-thread of alchemy that permeates his scholarship and research appears in its aspect of wisdom on a higher plane of knowledge, like the synthesis of all science, just as one might imagine all language crucibled into a quintessence of symbolism capable of being understood by the possessor of any language and *vice versa*. To almost any European nation the Arabic numerals and such signs need no translation; the musical notation can be played by a Russian, an Italian or an Englishman with equal facility; they are almost universal symbols. So, the aspect of alchemy that Roger Bacon seems to favor most is that of a synthesis of science, philosophy, religion, language, on a plane where all differentiation is of little consequence. Just how far he let this path take him is difficult to say. But it is possible that his undiscovered and unsurpassed system of education of youth was based on the principle of some such focal point of departure from whence any knowledge at all could be specialized without waste of energy or effort. In this sense one might well call the use of character as the basic ground for study in the Rāja-Yoga system, character as an expression of Theosophical truth, a fair parallel to this alchemy. Name this character morality, if you will, and you will not be far from fact; for it is morality in practice. Given this, Roger Bacon seems to have known well that all learning becomes easy. The other thread that seems most prominent in Roger Bacon's work, seems to be experiment or experience, never reliance on authority other than that of actual test, if possible. This combination of the powers of perception which lie above and beyond the mere brain-mind as far as the noonday sun lies beyond the feeble glimmer of the moon, with the practice of the laboratory and the hillside, is infinitely powerful in its possibilities for successful research and real knowledge.

Without such an alliance we may have the dreamer or the farm-laborer. With it, there is no limit. The psychic faculties between the two extremes and the brain-mind which loves to masquerade as the master of the house in his absence in another room, fall into their due position as instruments merely. They are sharp and very dangerous instruments sometimes, especially in childish hands. In this relation, compared with such giants as Roger Bacon and the very, very few of his stamp, we are all children. That is why such as he insist and insist so much on the cul-

tivation of the character, morality, first just as a carpenter would teach care with edged tools as training of the utmost importance before letting a little child have free access to the tool-shop, however simple a thing the child would make.

All the giants of philosophy and life warn against the evils of psychism, or 'magick.' Those who know most encourage most, among those who would progress, the glorious doctrine of hard work with the coat off and the pores sweating. Psychic dabbings (so often tainted with the payment of money or the desire of money), have no room in this other Magic. There is more real human development in a day's work in a California garden, honestly worked, than in all the *séance* parlors anywhere. All the fifty miles of books on the shelves of the British Museum cannot tell more than is to be learned in the magic sunshine of the Pacific slope from the flowers and birds and the scented eucalyptus. There in the olive groves and orchards is enough magic for a thousand years. Add to this the creative human unselfish aid and search, and you shall have magic indeed, creation itself, the attribute of the gods. A fruit evolved, a flower called out of the invisible, a grain developed — what school of so-called magic can do as much? And the price is only willing work, not nervous bankruptcy, now or to come.

This is no new doctrine. It is as old as the insane tendency of moths to get their wings burnt in the nearest flame. Shining through the darkness of the Middle Ages, a few glorious lamps of philosophy knew it also, and therefore veiled their light in mystic language and in half a dozen other ways, lest the moths should suffer overmuch. Of such was Roger Bacon — and even the little he said openly cost him calumny without end and many years of sweet liberty.

He writes as others wrote before him, and as many write today, of the nullity or uselessness of so-called magic and of the inestimable value of the co-operation of natural forces and human aid, or Art. That he was a true philosopher may be deduced from the inevitable accusation against him that he was guilty of the very thing he lived to discountenance. A Socrates is accused of 'corrupting youth' — it is what his enemies, the evil forces, wanted to do, and found themselves hindered by his teachings. An Apollonius casts out devils, and somewhere in history it may be stated with certainty that he is accused of doing it by the help of that old bogey 'the Devil.' A Paracelsus introduces wonderful discoveries in medicine; inevitably you see his discoveries appropriated by 'orthodoxy,' which as inevitably accuses him of bringing mercury into vogue, and calls him a quack or quacksalver, a 'user of mercury.' A more modern reformer, giving everything without money and without price is just as inevitably accused of making money by occult teachings. When the

enemy is using or about to use methods which will not withstand public reprobation, you shall always find him accusing the reformer, the honest champion of mankind, of using those methods and worse. The plan is known in politics also, and is an indication of the methods of similar forces.

Therefore when even in the late nineteenth century we find European schoolchildren taught by Oxford men that Roger Bacon was a kind of monkish mountebank, who happened by some extraordinary chance to light upon so useful a blessing to mankind as gunpowder, you may be sure that there is at least a case for investigating the truth of the charges with which historical gossip has ever sought to blast his name — to wit, that he was a psychic charlatan and a dangerous fellow who had dealings with the Devil. 'Heresy' is a word usually disguised in these days, and the time has not yet come to make this martyred pioneer of science into an official Saint.

Oxford, after seven centuries, is beginning grudgingly to recognise his value, though that University has not yet by any means caught up to his science in all its vast scope.

Roger Bacon (or Beacon, as the name is also suggestively spelt), might well have known of this law of calumny, as it would seem to be. He might have known that he would be accused of 'magical practices,' which in those days and even in our days mean death where dogmatism reigns. As an alchemist and student of Arabian and Chinese alchemy, he must have known it, for that accusation has never failed to attack every alchemist since the day of time. This is one of the reasons for the invention of the wonderful cipher-terminology of the alchemical jargon.

In any case we have his flat assertion of the dangers of psychic dabbings, just as later times H. P. Blavatsky translated one of the most wonderfully poetic Eastern treatises for European use, with the avowed purpose of warning those ignorant of the dangers of the lower psychic world.

Let us see what he says "Concerning both the Secret Operation of Nature and Art as also the Nullity of Magick."

In the year of the Hegira 630 he wrote a treatise on the matter to William of Paris, answering in its pages questions asked in the year 602 of the same era, or about 1206 'Anno Domini.' As there seems to be a discrepancy in the dates, the latter being placed at some nine years before Bacon was born, some have sought a secret meaning in the numbers. It may or may not be so, for in the treatise he enumerates no less than seven methods of concealing information and uses at least two himself. On the other hand it may be a simple error,

He says, "Nature is potent and admirable in her working, yet Art using the advantage of Nature as an instrument (experience tells us) is of greater efficiency than any natural activity." In the words of the poem mentioned, "Help Nature and work on with her; and she will regard thee as one of her creators and make obeisance."

"Experience tells" this philosopher many things. He accepts no information at second hand if he can prove it by experiment, that is, by personal research. He will read no translation where he can study the original. He complains of the teachers who are themselves ignorant men, such as the bishops who carry out the quasi-magical performance of writing the Greek alphabet in the sand with a staff to consecrate a church, without knowing what are the signs they write.

Roger Bacon utters a warning against the tricks of charlatans, such as sleight-of-hand and "diversification of sounds, exactness of instruments, darkness, or consent" (that is, collusion). These are not magical at all. Beyond them, he says, there is a more damnable practice, when men despising the Rules of Philosophy, irrationally call up wicked spirits, supposing them of energy to satisfy their desires.

This thirteenth-century philosopher and friar gives the doctrine of Karma clearly enough, under an ecclesiastical guise.

As for things which are incommodious for men, wicked spirits can no further yield assistance than they have permission, for the sins of the sons of men, from that God, who governs and directs all human affairs. . . . No true philosopher ever did regard to work by any of these six ways."

Charms and spells he deplures as having often been used with natural phenomena, such as that of the lodestone or magnet, to mystify the credulous, a practice which frequently ends by distracting their user from the valuable scientific knowledge into belief in the charms themselves. There are divine charms, but these were invented by godly and religious men, or God himself or his good angels, and are only for the use of the "knowing sons of art." But the clever physician uses bogus charms and figures for the purpose of "raising the soul" of the patient. This encouragement is of great efficiency in the curing of the body, raising it from infirmity to health by joy and confidence. "Affection, desire, and hope of the soul conquer many diseases," and therefore Roger Bacon is inclined to favor the practice of such innocent magic, which he declares is really no cheat, but very tolerable, "stirring up the sick to believe he shall recover."

To demonstrate the inferiority of "magick" to natural and physical wonders, Roger Bacon describes many things which even in the middle of the nineteenth century gave him the name of a credulous dreamer — for so late as that it was said they were "a mixture of errors and truths," though they form a "dazzling array to confound modern science, which

thought it was born yesterday." Let us see what he has in mind.

It is possible to make engines to sail withal, as that either fresh or salt water vessels may be guided by the help of one man, and made sail a greater swiftness, than others which are full of men to help them.

It is possible to make a chariot move with an inestimable swiftness (such as the *currus falcati* were, wherein our forefathers of old fought) and this motion to be without the help of any living creature.

It is possible to make engines for flying, a man sitting in the midst whereof, by only turning about an instrument, which moves artificial wings made to beat the air, much after the fashion of a bird's flight.

It is possible to invent an engine of little bulk, yet of greatest efficacy, either to the depressing or elevation of the very greatest weight, which would be of much consequence in several circumstances: for hereby a man may either ascend or descend, delivering himself or comrades from prison; and this engine is only three fingers high, and four broad.

A man may easily make an instrument whereby one man may in despite of all opposition, draw a dozen men to himself, or any other thing which is tractable.

A man may make an engine, whereby without any corporeal danger, he may walk on the bottom of the sea, or in other water. These Alexander (as the heathen astronomer assures us) used to see the secrets of the deeps.

Such engines as these were of old, and are made even in our days. These all of them (excepting only that instrument of flying, which I never saw, or knew any man who hath seen it, though I am exceedingly acquainted with a very prudent man, who hath invented the whole artifice) with infinite such inventions, engines, and devices are feasible, as making of bridges over rivers without pillars or supports.

Next he enumerates some of the wonders of the lens, especially the telescope, which he quotes as being used according to legend by Julius Caesar to view the castles and sea-towns of Britain from France. It may be used, he declares, to spy out an enemy's camp or garrison, and by proper adjustments he indicates that the lens may be used to burn combustible objects at a distance. The strangest of all figurations and moldings, he says, is the description of celestial bodies, both according to their longitude and latitude, in such corporeal figures, as they naturally move by their diurnal motion. Well may the sapient Brother Roger the Beacon say of such an instrument that it is "An invention of more satisfaction to a discreet head, than a king's crown."

Are these really a mixture of errors and truth? Since the middle of the nineteenth century the world has moved, and there is not one of these things now regarded as being other than an every-day matter. Steam engines and motorboats and electric launches; trains and automobiles; flying machines and dirigibles (with an instrument that moves artificial wings, not in beats, but circularly); the pulley; the diving-bell and dress — all are commonplaces, wonderfully predicted. Only one

thing he mentioned our science has not yet caught up with, and who shall dare to say it is not possible or yet frequent, now we begin to suspect the awful dangers of so-called mental powers, even when unconscious? Bacon speaks of the power there is in glasses to send forth rays and poisonous infectious influences "whither a man pleaseth." Aristotle showed Alexander how to do this against an enemy city, and there are tales of infection in the mirror used by some who to outward appearances are normally healthy. But these are the very things which are not desirable to discuss in public, because they may be dangerous for innocent persons if employed in the wrong hands. Therefore, passing to some chemical secrets, Roger Bacon speaks less openly to his correspondent. He tells of fire that would burn a man in armor; of the Greek fire, and other combustibles. He mentions the perpetual lamps and waters that keep hot indefinitely; things which are not combustibles; making thunder and lightning in the air, more horrible than that observed in nature, and produced with matter rightly prepared, of the bigness of one's thumb.

The fact that water may be kept hot for a very long time, and theoretically, indefinitely, is well known now by every traveler in trains, and ships, but the idea of a perpetual lamp is not yet common to science, though very well known to all antiquity and as a sacred temple furnishing; high explosives we know.

The fact that we do not know a thing does not make it impossible, and Roger Bacon speaks of many more natural wonders which might be used for no other purpose than amusement and to test the powers of belief of the multitude. For he says the ignorant will not believe the phenomenon of the magnet until they have seen it: "And in this attraction of iron, experience (*i. e.*, experiment) will show a diligent searcher more wonders than any vulgar capacity can entertain."

Bold words for the thirteenth century. For who today can plumb the depths of the science of magnetism? Roger Bacon was but passing on a glimpse he had of the Arabian lore, which was intimately connected with the science of all other sacred colleges of antiquity. Perhaps he never went very far into it himself, but only saw the science at a distance, as it were; perhaps he knew it very well.

What does he mean when he says there is an attraction of gold, silver and all other metals, by a certain stone, much after the same manner? "Besides, one stone will run to the heap." Gravitation was rediscovered by Newton, we know. But how much did Bacon know of it from his study of antiquity, and his universal fount of practical knowledge, 'experiment'? That he knows or suspects something we can see by his reference to the attraction there is between and among the several parts of living things. Our popular science of today is only just on the verge of

realizing that chemical molecules exercise a power of choice in their attraction and repulsion. Did he know of it?

The orrery he knew, but he suggests the possibility of making a spherical engine which shall exactly follow the diurnal motions of the heavens, instead of being motionless. Since the tides and several other things follow the heavenly motions, why should not some "discreet headpiece" invent such an instrument in motion? It would surely be more valuable than a king's coffers! Besides, it would supercede all astronomical instruments for calculating.

Though the rational soul hath so far its free will as it cannot be compelled, yet it may be effectually excited, induced and disposed freely to alter its affections, desires and behaviors to the dictates of another man, and this may be practised upon not only a particular person, but upon a whole army, city, or body of a nation living under one region, if we believe experience. Aristotle speaks of this influence.

Life may be prolonged to an immense age by proper means. Normally and theoretically man is immortal, *Potens non mori* (hath a possibility of not dying).

Now if every man from the breast exercise a complete regiment of health (which consists in such things as have relation to meat, drink, sleep, waking, motion, rest, evacuation, retention, air, and the passions of the mind), he might find a remedy resisting his proper malady. For the prosecution of such a regiment, one might arrive at the uttermost limit of that nature he had from his parents will permit, and be led to the very last period of nature (I mean nature fallen from its original uprightness) beyond which there is no further progress; because it does little or nothing against the corruption of our ancestors; and yet the great impossibility of any man's so ordering himself in a mean, in all the aforementioned things, as the regiment of health exacts, wherefore abbreviation of our days comes not only from our progenitors, but had its advantages from the want of regiment [or regimen: rule].

Even in these days wise men are ignorant of many things, which the most ordinary capacity shall understand ere long.

Roger Bacon calls the above an enumeration of some few examples of the prevalency of nature and art which will demonstrate how unnecessary it is to aspire to magic, since both nature and art afford such sufficiencies.

And yet I will call to mind how as secrets of(nature) are not committed to goat's-skins and sheep's-pelts, that every clown may understand them, if we follow Socrates and Aristotle.

He gives the reasons for the secrecy of the philosophers. One reason is the ridicule the multitude throw upon the mysteries of wise men, and the other is that being ignorant, if accident help them to the knowledge of a worthy mystery, they wrest and abuse it to the harm of persons and communitites.

In this stream the whole fleet of wise men have sailed from the beginning of all, obscuring many ways the abstruser parts of wisdom from the capacity of the generality.

The methods of disguise are many. Characters and verses, enigmatical and figurative words are means used to deliver many secrets.

And thus we find multitudes of things obscured in the writings and science of men which no man without his teacher can unveil.

The writing of consonants without vowels, none knowing how to read them, unless he know the signification of those words, is another disguise. This is especially the method of the Hebrews. (We may say that this method has been made more cryptic than ever by the vowel points added later which only served to conceal instead of revealing.) A further method is the use of invented letters; geometrical signs were used having power of letters according to positions of the points and marks. Finally there is the *Ars Notatoria*, "which is the art of noting and writing, with what brevity, and in what manner we desire. This is a way the Latins have much used" (— otherwise shorthand)

The reason for entering upon these secret methods of recording is that Bacon himself may haply, "through the magnitude of our secrets" discourse this way.

He proceeds to do it in the next line, if alchemical jargon, hopelessly incomprehensible to the profane, is a method of concealment. About the clearest sentence in a whole chapter is the final one:

The claves of the art are congelation, resolution, incineration, proportion; and another way purification, distillation, separation, calcination, and fixation, and then you may acquiesce."!

Some secrets promised are given, and for the reader they are likely to remain secrets a while longer, since their language becomes no clearer. There is a good deal of chemical terminology within the alchemical language used. Suddenly, without warning, another cryptic method is used in the middle of a sentence. It is evidently what the long digression on cryptography was preparing for. Here is the sentence:

Afterwards take saltpeter, and Argentum Vivum shall be converted into lead: and again, wash the lead with it, and mundifie it, that it may be next to silver, and then work as a pious man, and also the whole weight must be 30. But yet of saltpeter LURU VOPO VIR CAN UTRIET sulphuris, and so you may make thunder and lightning, if you understand the artifice. But you must observe, whether I speak enigmatically or according to the truth. . . .

Farewell. Whoever unlocks these, hath a key which opens and no man shuts, and when he hath shut no man opens."

Evidently Roger Bacon is dealing with some very dangerous secret, a "secret which gives death," since he puts it into an anagram of this

sort in the middle of language already almost unintelligible. The secret was unraveled, and the anagrammatic words complete the formula of saltpeter and sulphur by the addition of powdered charcoal — a military authority even goes so far as to find the exact proportions of modern black gunpowder in the cryptogram. Be that as it may, the formula is there. Was the old man exaggerating when he concealed this simple ingredient as being so dangerous? The art of making thunder and lightning only to frighten an enemy, as Gideon frightened the Midianites with his gunpowder in jars (as has been seriously suggested), is surely not so important as all that?

Consider. Roger Bacon was no ordinary scientist unable to see beyond the next decade or two. Presumably he had access to the records of the past in some form, and knew of what he wrote and why it had been driven into oblivion by the wise men of the East, of that China whose secrets of the past yet conceal for us much of interest. He recognised the danger, and now that we know the tremendous structure reared upon that simple formula of gunpowder, for all modern warfare has grown from that seed, must we not agree that he ought to have concealed even that within the secret chamber of the brain, for the sake of humanity? The advantages we have received from all the industrial uses of explosives have not been sufficient in these seven centuries to compensate for the death of one man by gunpowder at the hands of an enemy.

What was then the secret of the marginal formula he gives in the same place, and which so far as the writer knows remains as much a secret as it did seven hundred years ago? Could it possibly be the belated hope from Pandora's box which might have counteracted the evils of its predecessors, secrets which once given out could not be recalled, but whose sinister influence could be met in some degree by its discovery? Or is it merely an alternative formula?

Who can read it?

KB KA Φηρος, ρσαδικις ε. Γ. vel PHOSRIS.S.

As the direction of a force in Nature, capable of doing good and evil, certain to do evil in the hands of those not trained to a higher morality than the world knows today except by report, the use of the explosive force of natural substances is magic, often of the worse kind. Was not Roger Bacon right in his assertion of the 'Nullity of Magick'? Is the world really happier or more progressed because we have so much low magic in the world? I think not.

How much greater then must be the nullity, or uselessness, of psychical pursuits, which are far more dangerous, *moral explosives* which rarely fail to burst the gun that fired them? The moral qualities alone provide the safeguard and the road to real Divine Magic.

THE 'NEW PHYSIOLOGY': A VINDICATION OF THEOSOPHICAL TEACHINGS: by H. T. Edge, M. A.

IT has always been the claim of Theosophists that H. P. Blavatsky, the Founder of the Theosophical Society, initiated a new era of thought. They have her writings to refer to in vindication of this claim; especially those two wonderful volumes entitled *The Secret Doctrine*, published nearly thirty years ago. Comparing the teachings given therein with the progress made in all departments of thought since then, the claim that a new era of thought was then begun, and has since continued, becomes a matter of simple observation.

One of the departments of thought alluded to is that of physiology with its allied sciences of biology, etc., and the somewhat less allied sciences of chemistry and physics. These are treated in *The Secret Doctrine* in innumerable passages throughout the work, but especially in the third section of each volume. They have been treated since by Theosophical writers, and reference may be made to Theosophical Manual No. 2: *The Seven Principles of Man*, in connexion with the particular subject of this article.

The purpose of this article is to call attention to a recent physiological pronouncement which certainly bears out the claims just made, in the way in which it brings forward ideas contended for by H. P. Blavatsky and Theosophy thirty years ago, in the teeth of schools of thought that are now, as the writer of the pronouncement avers, passing into the limbo. This pronouncement appears in *Science* (Lancaster, Pa.) for November 3rd, and was delivered before the Harvey Society, New York, by Dr. J. S. Haldane of Oxford University. It is entitled 'The New Physiology.' It is largely a refutation of the mechanistic or physico-chemical school of physiology, and the author uses arguments which might almost have come from the pen of a Theosophist explaining the teachings as to the Linga-Sarira and the Prâna. The main difference is that the author seems to be reaching after something which he cannot definitely formulate, while the Theosophical writers have that something definitely in their minds from the first.

The first thing that strikes us is a curious contradiction; for, while this writer begins by rejecting the old 'vitalist' idea in physiology, he ends, so far as we can see, in accepting it after all. No doubt there is to his mind a definite idea of the difference between that which he rejects and that which he afterwards propounds; but that difference appears to us to amount to much the same as that between Tweedledum and Tweedledee. The vitalists had posited a definite principle called 'life,' presiding over the physiological processes. After them came the enthusi-

asts of physics and chemistry, who, confident in their ability to explain the whole universe in terms of these sciences, discarded 'life' and sought to explain all physiological processes as forms of chemical and physical action. But this will not do, says the writer; and proceeds to show why it will not do. There *are* physical and chemical processes in the body, but they do not run the machine entirely by themselves. If they tried to do so, they would quickly get out of gear, and speedy catastrophe would be the result. What then? One would expect that the writer was going to advocate the vitalist theory after all, and to give us back that all-potent 'life' which dwelt within the body and supervised all its chemical and physical processes. And we say that this is just what he does do; and he says that it is not. He only gives us a change of words, as far as we can see. But what matter? By discarding old tags, one gets rid of much that was tacked on to them, and can reproduce the old idea in a new and more convenient dress.

What is undeniable is that the writer gives us back a controlling influence of some kind — whatever he may be pleased to call it. And this is just what Theosophy has been contending for so long. But he calls this controlling influence a 'normal'; which is rather vague so far. The tendency to put abstractions where realities belong is not unusual. His 'normal' is rather a result than an agent; it is a state of affairs, but we want to grasp the agent who brings about the state of affairs. We can hardly rest satisfied with the statement that the organism is kept in order by its own orderliness. But we must refer to the article, of which the following is a partial abstract, containing a few direct quotations.

The last great turning-point in physiology was about the middle of last century, until when it was held that a 'vital force' controls the more intimate and important processes in living organisms. The advance of chemistry and physics created a new school in physiology, which maintained that all physiological change is subject to the same physical and chemical laws as in the inorganic world. But the subsequent progress of physiology has shown that these physical and chemical hypotheses were far too simple to explain the facts; yet the general conclusion, that biology is only a special application of ordinary physics and chemistry, remained the orthodox creed. Nevertheless we have again reached a turning-point, and a new physiology is arising.

A salient difference between the results of experimental physiology and those of inorganic investigation is that the physiological phenomena are extremely dependent on environing conditions. In other words, there is a response to stimulus. Each physiological response depends on a vast number of conditions in the environment. In experimenting, we do not realize the complexity of these conditions, because we experiment under

'normal' conditions. But when we seek to find out what 'normal' conditions are —

We find that 'normal conditions' imply something which is both extremely definite and endlessly complex. We then begin to realize that the maintenance of normal conditions is, from the physical and chemical standpoint, a phenomenon before which our wonder can never cease.

He who looks for causal chains in physiological phenomena finds instead a network of apparently infinite complexity. To the anti-vitalists it seemed that there were probably simple physical and chemical explanations of the various physical and chemical changes associated with life; but the progress of experimental physiology has shown this to be a dream.

Again, even in the inorganic world, we are awakening from a dream; our current conceptions of matter and energy are in the melting-pot; the supposed bedrock reality of former generations is melting before our eyes.

One cannot get round the fact that the mechanistic theory has not been a success in the past, and shows no sign of being a success in the future.

When we look broadly at biological phenomena, it is evident that they are distinguished by one universal characteristic. The structure, activity and life-history of an organism tend unmistakably to maintain a normal. Accident may destroy an organism, or even a whole species, but within limits of external environment which are the wider the more highly developed the organism is, the normal life-history of each individual is fulfilled.

(After describing in detail some experimental investigations on breathing, the writer says:)

The experimental study of the physiology of breathing has led us to the discovery of four normals. . . . We have first of all the normal alveolar CO_2 pressure. This turns out to be directly subordinate to the normal regulation of the hydrogen ion concentration of the blood, the normal reaction of the respiratory center to hydrogen ion concentration, and the normal regulation of the capacity of the blood for carrying CO_2 . With the discovery of each of these normals we have obtained deeper and deeper insight into the physiology of breathing. We have done this, not by merely seeking for causes in the physical sense, but by seeking for interconnected normals and their organization with reference to one another and to other organic normals. These normals represent, not structure in the ordinary physical sense, but the active maintenance of composition. We may fitly call this living structure, since, so far as we know, all living structure is actively maintained composition, the atoms and molecules entering into which are never the same from moment to moment according to the ordinary physical and chemical interpretation. Our method has thus been essentially the same as that of the anatomist who seeks for the normal—the type—which runs through and dominates the variety of detail which he meets with, and who reaches more and more fundamental types.

Claude Bernard points out that the composition of the blood, as well

as its temperature, is physiologically regulated. The kidneys react with exquisite delicacy to the slightest attempt to impair the composition of the blood.

The physiology of the kidneys has, in accordance with prevalent physiological conceptions, been attacked from the side of 'causal' explanation. I know nothing more hopeless than the attempts to explain the outstanding features of secretion of urine on the lines of ordinary physics and chemistry. So far as the facts are yet known, we can, however, get a practical grasp of the kidney activities if we attack the subject from the standpoint of the active maintenance of the normal blood composition.

After detailing some researches in nutrition, he continues:

Now I wish to make it clear that it is not vitalism, but simply biology, that I am preaching. Vitalism is a very roundabout and imperfect attempt to represent the facts. Physiological study, and biological study generally, seems to me to make it clear that throughout all the detail of physiological 'reaction' and anatomical 'structure' we can discern the maintenance of an articulated or organized normal. . . . Life is a whole which determines its parts. They exist only as parts of the whole. . . .

The whole is there, however little we may as yet comprehend it. We can safely assume its presence and proceed to discover its living details piece by piece, in doing so adding to our knowledge of the whole. If, on the other hand, we attempt to take the organism to pieces, or separate it from its environment, either in thought or deed, it simply disappears from our mental vision. A living organism made up of matter and energy is like matter and energy made up of pure time and space: it conveys to us no meaning which we can make use of in interpreting the facts. But is there not matter and energy in a living organism? . . .

We can distinguish in a living organism what seems a more or less definite structure of bony matter and connective tissue. Yet we know that all this is built up, and in adult life is constantly being pulled down, rebuilt, and repaired, through the activities of living cells. . . . There is no permanent physical structure in the cell: the apparent structure is nothing but a molecular flux, dependent from moment to moment on the environment.

The blood is almost incredibly constant in composition; if it were not the reactions of the cells would become chaotic. The intimate structure of the cells depends on the constancy of the blood, and the constancy of the blood depends on the intimate structure of the tissues.

If we regard this condition as simply a physical and chemical state of dynamic balance, it is evident that the balance must be inconceivably complicated and at the same time totally unstable. If at any one point in the system the balance is disturbed it will break down and everything will go from bad to worse.

A living organism does not behave in this way: for its balance is active, elastic, and therefore very stable. . . .

The normals of a living organism are no mere accidents of physical structure. They persist and endure, and they are just the expression of what the

organism is. . . . Organisms are just organisms, and life is just life, as it always seemed to the ordinary man to be. Life, as such, is a reality. . . . The attempt to analyse living organisms into physical and chemical mechanism is probably the most colossal failure in the whole history of modern science. . . .

Perhaps the time is not far off when biological interpretations will be extended into what we at present look upon as the inorganic world. Progress seems possible in this direction, but not in the direction of extending to life our present everyday causal conceptions of the inorganic world.

This closes our abstract and quotations, and we proceed to comments. As regards the *responsiveness to environment*, we hold that there can be no life of any sort — whether the sort called organic and living or the sort called inorganic — without such interaction and response between the internal and the external. Consequently we do not regard this responsiveness as characteristic of living organisms, except only in the *degree* of its intensity. Living beings respond much more readily to environment than do the so-called inanimate things. But it is only a question of degree. There are countless gradations of susceptibility within each kingdom, animal, or vegetable, from the most responsive to the most inert. And we believe it is so in the so-called inorganic world, which, according to Theosophy, is also alive, though (from our present normal view-point) mighty sluggish. And in this connexion attention is directed to the writer's remark *last* quoted, just above; which we may fairly claim as a vindication of Theosophy, in view of the following from H. P. Blavatsky:

Science teaches us that the living as well as the dead organism both of man and animal are swarming with bacteria of a hundred various kinds. . . . But Science never yet went so far as to assert with the occult doctrine that our bodies, as well as those of animals, plants, and stones, are altogether built up of such beings; which, except larger species, no microscope can detect. So far, as regards the purely animal and material portion of man, Science is on its way to discoveries that will go far towards corroborating this theory. Chemistry and physiology are the two great magicians of the future, who are destined to open the eyes of mankind to the great physical truths. . . . The same infinitesimal *invisible lives* compose the atoms of the mountain and the daisy, of man and the ant, of the elephant, and of the tree which shelters him from the sun. Each particle — whether you call it organic or inorganic — *is a life*.— *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 260-261

When the anti-vitalists thought they could explain all vital activity by purely chemical and physical actions, they were making a wild leap of the 'scientific imagination,' and scorning details; but when their successors came to investigate the details, it was found that the scientific imagination had o'erleapt itself. There is nothing like sticking to facts, and the lesson may be applicable to many another spacious earth-scorning generalization. Is not patient investigation of the facts playing havoc with

some of the earlier 'evolution' formulas? Are there not some details to be filled into the sketchy outlines of anthropological speculations?

The following are some of the expressions used by the writer in his attempt to define the thing which controls the workings of the organism. In one place he speaks of the discovery of "four normals"; in another, of "the active maintenance of composition"; a little later, of a "type"; again, of "the maintenance of an articulated or organized normal." Then he says that life is a "whole." But these "normals" "persist and endure"; and finally, "life is a reality."

All of this seems to a Theosophist like an elaborate attempt to explain the workings of the physical organism without reference to the plastic inner body known in Theosophical terminology as the *Linga-Sarira* or Model Body, or Double. This is, so to say, the mother of the body; or again, it is comparable to the warp upon which the shuttles weave the pattern. The shuttles are the lives, spoken of in the above quotation from H. P. Blavatsky. They are tiny beings or creatures, and their activities are strictly limited by the *Linga-Sarira*, which is, as it were, their scaffolding. It is of course futile, as the writer says, to try to account for the integrity, persistence and harmonious adjustment of the physical structures, in spite of the constant flux and change of their component particles, *unless* we postulate something answering to what Theosophists call the *Linga-Sarira*. But this something must be a real thing, not a mere word or abstraction.

There are some people who think that a mere assemblage of parts constitutes an effective whole, but our author is evidently not one. A heap of bricks is not a house, nor can bricks ever constitute a house unless there is both a plan and builders. The organism is a whole *in itself*, not by virtue of a mere assemblage of parts; in the latter case the organism would be an abstraction, a mere arithmetical sum. It is legitimate, for certain purposes, to use the word 'organism' in this abstract sense — that is, as a collective noun — just as we speak of a flock of birds, or of a gallon of beer. But can we speak of a flock as ruling the birds, or of the gallon as controlling the beer? Also, can we (if we use the word 'organism' in this sense) speak of the organism as controlling the parts? Clearly, if we are to speak of the organism as controlling its parts, the organism must be something more than an abstraction — a collective noun — it must be a something in itself. And this is evidently what the writer feels, though rather confused in his explanations.

To elucidate the matter satisfactorily from the Theosophical point of view would require that we should go at some length into several distinct questions; and it will be necessary to refer the reader to what has already been written in Theosophical literature. The Seven Principles of Man

(see *The Key to Theosophy*, and Theosophical Manual No. 2) treats, among other things, of the constitution of the physical body and its neighboring principles.

It may be said briefly that the Linga-Sarira (also called the 'Astral Double' or 'Astral Body') is a real objective entity, composed of matter, though not of *physical* matter. The existence of such ultra-physical states of matter, besides being a philosophical necessity for physicists, is admitted by them when they speak of electrons, particles of electricity, etc., and admit that elements pass into one another through an intermediate stage of disintegration. Though the matter of which this fluidic body is composed may not be objective to our normal senses in their present stage of development, it is nevertheless objective to other or more delicately organized senses. This fluidic body forms a link between the physical body and the lower psychical nature. The senses are situated in it; when it is withdrawn, the body becomes senseless and inert; its complete separation means the disintegration of the body, for then the 'lives' in the body have no directive force and their activities become disunited and destructive.

The writer expresses wonder at the integrity and persistence of the physical organization; but the linga-sarira supplies the explanation. Why should a mole or the mark of a wound persist through life in a body which is veritably like a fluid in constant flux? Those marks are really stamped on the model-body within, and hence are reproduced by the living atoms which weave the physical structure upon that model.

We must thus conceive of this fluidic body as having a consciousness of its own, such that, if any part is injured, the whole immediately feels the injury and starts to repair it. It thus preserves the integrity of the body; and, if it should be anywhere destroyed, the tissue there would degenerate. It seems likely that the x-rays destroy the linga-sarira, and thus bring about mortification.

It is characteristic of the procedure of scientific inquiry that, in seeking confirmation of its hypotheses, it finds more than it was looking for. In framing its hypotheses, it naturally chooses the *simplest* explanation possible; whereas, when we get down to facts, we always find complexity and infinite variety. Columbus guessed that the world was round, and that he could get back to the east by sailing west; but, though he proved his hypothesis, he did not get back quite so soon as he expected. The land he discovered was not the tail end of the Old World, but the beginning of a New World. And so in the present inquiry: our author wants a controlling principle in the living organism; he is likely to find it, but will he find *only one*? On the contrary, he is likely to find much more than he was looking for. What reason is there for supposing that what lies beyond the physical is less varied and complex than the physical itself? Why should

the physicists expect to find only one sort of ultra-physical matter, rather than many different sorts, and an interminable range of new worlds awaiting exploration?

So we cannot rest content with positing *a* vital principle, and we have gone but one little step further in speaking of *two* distinct entities — the *linga-sarira* and the *prâna* — the passive and active, the negative and positive, the form and force, of living organisms. Withdraw the *linga-sarira*, and, however much life may be present, that life cannot act on the body, the link being gone.

With these few remarks, casual and illustrative, for the most part, yet perhaps conducive to further study, we must close a review which was designed to be at once an appreciation of the work of science and a vindication of Theosophy as a pathfinder in the jungle of modern speculation.

LOTUS-BY-THE-SEA

BY KENNETH MORRIS

Between the Hills of Quietude
— Gray, sun-kissed hills — and seas agleam,
Iris and myosotis-hued,
Griefless, the dead folk dream.

The meditative waves arise,
O'er-curve, and fall away in foam;
These be the priests that sacrifice
Where the dead have their home.

With genuflexions toward the shore,
In the wild Latin of the sea,
They anthem forth forever-more
Their sonorous liturgy.

Over the pearl-gray, gleaming deep
I saw five pelicans go by.
Low-winged — noiseless as deep sleep,
Knowing the dead so nigh.

*International Theosophical Headquarters
Point Loma, California*

A WILD GOD'S WHIM: by Maurice Langran

(PEN AND INK DRAWINGS BY R. MACHELL)



YOU may say that his world began by the clump of sweet peas at the corner; because with the instinct or intuition of his species, he knew that there would be things foreign, and perhaps distasteful, beyond. So from this point we may come to him fittingly; one should approach a deity with unhurrying reverence, and not rush in upon his meditations. Before you, then, lies a garden walk: we will call it a hundred yards from here to that thicket of lilacs and laburnums at the far end, through whose green gloom even from here you can see vistas of light. On either side of the walk are deep borders; beyond that on the left is a wall, south and sunny, on which in their season, peaches and jargonelle pears ripen. Between the wall and the walk are a multitude of delectable scents and blooms and a perpetual humming of bees. Side by side, peonies squander their opulence and irises display their grave and purple pride; here are tiger-lilies, there, turkscaps; yonder is the pensive grace of Solomon's seal; again, wallflowers and gilliflowers, pansies musing or laughing, and the wealth of the world in ruby and carmine and crimson with phlox and sweet-william. On the other side of the walk it all starts over again: a bank of delicious bloom and honeysweet heaviness in the air, rising from

the thyme and lavender by the boxborder to the flowering trees at the back—lilac and pink hawthorn, and maybe rhododendrons, and laburnum again, and a mort of the like dear marvelous things besides.

It is at the end of this walk that you come absolutely into the odor of — I do not like to call it *sanctity*, lest he should object to the word as applied to himself or any of his doings. He would, I know. Still, there is occasion

for taking off the shoes from off the feet; for though you cannot see him yet, he is not ten yards away.

The walk, which was three yards broad between the flower borders, narrows here into a mere path through the thicket, and is quite overhung and overarched with the lilacs and laburnums. Pass under these, and the lower garden is spread out before you. There is the great sloping lawn, and the lake at the bottom of it; there, beyond the lake, are the oakwoods; and over the tops of them, right across the vale (of which you see nothing), a distance of mountains that will be green or forgetmenot blue, storm-dark or purple or violet, according to the weather and the time of day and year.

At this point there is a deep bank; and thirty or more irregular and wandering steps lead down over its terraces into the garden; with pebbly landings here and there, and stone seats cunningly and unobtrusively devised. And near the top of this descent, on your left as you go down, is a reedy pool and a spring: a good force of water bubbles up there, to trickle and cascade down over the rockwork, and to wander among the shrubs on that side of the lawn, and presently to feed the lake — which is at least a quarter mile from these steps, I take it. By that spring, and right in among the reeds, he has his home: a bronze statue of himself.

There it had stood for a hundred years or so; brought there then from Italy, where it had been dug up somewhere and offered for sale. He had chanced to see it one moon-bright night in Naples, and had taken a fancy to it in his irrational, goat-footed, crag-haunting and forest-roving way; and forthwith elected it for his dwelling-place during the next few centuries, let them take it where they would. The sculptor had shown him at the moment when disappointment revealed the secret music of the world to him; when —

down the vale of Maenalus

He pursued a maiden and clasped a reed;

— when, with head bent over the plucked reed, he had received the inspiration of all his inspirations, and knew that thenceforth he was to be ten times the god he had been before. Bringing to his mind so keenly that sacred moment, he could not think of parting with it yet.

So he found himself there among the reeds by the pool in the garden, with the lawn and the lake and the oaks to look out over; and beyond, the mountains and the wayward Irish sky. And up there behind, when you might go forth for a gambol under the moon, or in the long, quiet, gold hours of early morning in summer, there was all that fragrance and wild wealth of bloom along the lilac walk for his pleasuring; he was not the god to complain of his surroundings, not he! They had lasted him a hundred years, and might last him another; the woods of Arcady had held

nothing sweeter for him of old, than the hills of Wicklow held now. And had come to understand the Gaelic speech; less by hearing it humanly spoken — though sure, in the Earl's household, in those days, they would not have demeaned their lips, at home, with any other language than their natural one — than by absorbing it out of the moist air and the wind from over boglands and mountains, and from the whisper of the reeds about his feet, and the tinkle and pondering of the water. The Irish dawns and noons and nights, the blue skies and the gray and the flamey, worked upon him until he had lost his Doric or Achæan, and thought his wild-god thoughts in the native sweet Gaelic of the things about him; and he held it a better tongue than the other; as he held the Irish Sidhe more delightful company, when he desired it, than were the Sileni of old, and the sylvans and fauns. But then, your true god does not go mooning and mourning over the past, but finds delight, every moment, in the living beauty of the world.

And then there were the human people; he liked them, too. He saw a deal of them, one way or another; and found them not half so unaccountable or perverse as you might expect in humanity. They would be merry at times: *not merry enough*, but still, merry; and it pleased him. And again they would be grave and sad: would fall a-pondering, bereft of speech, at times, when evening hung like a daffodil out of the west; and then also, he would grow brother-hearted with them. Those were the moods he understood: wild delight of the sunlight or moonlight; breathless, breakneck tearings down the mountain-slopes, or leapings goatlike from the crags; — and breathless silences by the forest pools, where he will bide hour on hour, when the whim takes him, wordless, thoughtless, rapt and wary. And he saw these moods of his reflected in those who came into the garden: there would be wild, rollicking gatherings: excellent songs and stories from bards who carried the atmosphere of heather and peat-fires with them; — and then suddenly, a motion of the earth-breath that he felt, would set them silent, and him silent and listening too.

He had been with them through three of their generations: had seen the man that brought the statue from Italy pass from his prime into old age; his son grow from babyhood to old age; *his* son grow almost old; and his son again grow into proud, comely young manhood. They were all men that a god might take delight in: fine, proud and handsome, generous and courtly and brave; he had never seen anything incomprehensible in them — which means that he had seen no sign of insincerity. By the third generation he had become interested in them; the fourth you might say he loved, almost from its first toddling appearance in the garden. Though they paid him no ritual sacrifice, he was hardly aware of the omission; since they had ways of their own of worshiping him, and burnt

incense to eternal beauty and fitness in their hearts. So, when the games were playing, he would run forth at times, and put vim into the smiting of the youths' hurley-sticks; and he saw to the increase of their flocks with partiality, and that honey should be plenty in their hives, and the hay in their meadows unspoiled by rain. Yes, he would bide where he was indefinitely — until the whim might take him to go elsewhere. He had found nothing else so pleasant at least since the great Lie was told about him — since he chuckled in the forest depths to hear it bruited that he was dead. As for the forms of worship, the rustic altars and the offerings, he had long ceased to expect them from unaccountable Man.

And he had come to be quite a personality, as we say, in the countryside. You wouldn't think he'd confine himself in a garden, although there were lawns in it revelled over nightly by the Beautiful Family; oaks to drop you acorns for the sacraments of your faith; lone places —

Where the roses in scarlet are heavy,

And dream on the end of their days.

—There were those mountain peaks and shoulders that one could see beyond the oak-tops, to be explored for more than unusually mystical echoes; there were wan tarns in the far uplands, where one might brood with the moon by the silent waters; rivers merry-toned in the green valleys; round towers immemorial to scale and leap from; woods and wildness and wonder. So when Michael the Black O'Dyeever swore he had seen him — seen that bronze statue — careering wildly down the slopes of the Joust Mountain at four o'clock of a June morning, there were few to doubt his word; or when Biddy the kitchen maid feared to pass down the steps into the lower garden in the evening, or alone at any time, for that matter, there was none in the servants' hall to laugh at her, but many to cross themselves in sympathy. Wasn't it the devil he was, with his cloven hoofs and all; and what for did the Chieftain allow statues of the devil in his garden? So he had enemies, as well as friends; but even they, mostly, were more inclined to propitiate than to wish him harm. And with all the magic of the garden and the Wicklow Mountains to feast his eyes and heart upon; and all the subtle silence, and the song that no man hears, to listen to; little he cared what his enemies might be saying. What did *he* know about the devil, anyway?

Mighty proud the three generations past had been of the statue; and well they might be, for Praxiteles himself had done nothing better. This pride, no doubt, had contributed to his attachment for the place and people; now, in the fourth generation, that attachment was increased mightily by a cause you shall hear of. One day he saw the young Earl walking on the lawn below with a man whose looks he, the great god Pan, by no means approved — nor yet the cut of the fellow's black garments.

Evidently they were talking about himself; would he go down and listen, or bide where he was? Being in mood for contemplation, he would not bother with it. But presently they came up the steps, and he heard this:

"I tell you, son, 'twill bring a curse on your cause. 'Tis a relic of ancient fiend-worship, and should be destroyed."

Pan started; what? — the fellow was urging the destruction of this, the chosen home and best likeness ever made, of himself! Should he give the blasphemer a taste of a wild god's ire and might forthwith? — His reverence, had he known it, stood in dire peril for a moment. But the Earl's answer smoothed things over:

"Ah, sure, 'tis a lovely work of art, father; a Praxiteles, if ever there was one. 'Twould be bringing a curse upon the cause, I think, to commit an act of damnable vandalism at the outset."

"Then if you won't destroy it," said the other, "sell it. Sell it to some fool of a Saxon with money, and get a round sum to buy guns and pikes for the men."

"No," said the Earl, "I will not sell him, either. Since my great-grandfather's time he has been called the Luck of the House, and I'll not part with him now. There isn't the equal of him in Ireland, I'll be sworn; or in England either. 'Twould be enriching the Saxons to sell him to them, whatever money they might pay."

"Paganism, rank paganism!" growled the black-robed one; and they passed into the lilac walk and so up to the castle, leaving God Pan to his musings. Sell the statue forsooth, without his permission asked or given! However, well he knew it could not be done; that whoso found, bought or sold it henceforth, would do so upon inspiration from himself. Still, it might become necessary to devise rewards and penalties. . . . The fairies gathered with the twilight, and he thought no more of human beings, for the time. This was better fun; this was better fun!

But soon there came a time when the Sidhe came no more at dusk to the garden; there were gatherings of men instead. These would steal in through the oakwoods as soon as the sun had gone down; singly or in little groups they came, till fifty or sixty would be waiting on the lawn. Then the Earl would come down from the castle; and at a word of command from him, they would form into lines, and fall to marching and wheeling, charging and exercising with pikes; and this would go on, nightly, for several hours before they were dismissed. Pan would watch their evolutions, and perhaps grow interested; sometimes when the word was given to charge, he would slip down from his place with a whoop, and join them. Then the run would not be doubling, but trebling or quadrupling: a wild helter-skelter from one end of the lawn to the other; and not a man of them, at the end, but wondering at the delight and sweeping

uplift of it. I do not know why no one saw him; moonlight is tricky at best; and who would look for a statue to come down from its pedestal and join in patriotic or rebellious drill?

And then came a night when no men stole out of the oakwoods; but the Earl came down at moonrise, cloaked and spurred, and a lady with him as far as the steps. She was bright-eyed and white-haired and proud looking; she embraced him very tenderly there, and would not weep; but many would have guessed she was praying down her tears. "I wouldn't hinder you going for the world," said she; "go, and God guard you, my darling!" And he kissed her many times; and said he, cheering her: "He will, with the sacredness of the cause, mother machree. And see now," said he, pointing to the statue, "here's the Luck of the House I'm leaving behind to guard you, dear, till I come riding back with victory."

And their faith pleased God Pan; they had confided each other into his care; for who would they mean by *God*, but he? —After that she turned back, the brave, queenly mother, and went dry-eyed and bright-eyed up to the castle. But as soon as the Earl was at the bottom of the steps, another lady came out from beneath the trees to meet him: a tall lady, young and very beautiful and slender; and Pan heard nothing of what they said to each other as they walked down towards the lake. There they parted; the Earl mounting a horse that a groom held for him, and riding away round the lake into the woods. But the lady came slowly back, and sat down on the stone seat by the pool, and fell a-weeping; and Pan understood. "Come now," thought he, "I'll give her music"; and began to play upon his reed; and who in the world would weep or sorrow, 'listening to his sweet pipings'? She rose up presently like one in a dream, and stood entranced in the white moonlight; nor ever knew that Pan was piping, or that she heard music. Only her soul heard it; and hearing, was one with the dancing stars and the daedal earth, and heaven and the giant wars, and love and death and birth. She went up to the castle presently, not merely comforted, but exalted.

Then a week passed during which those two ladies walked much in the garden together; and then they came no more — neither they nor anyone. Pan might come down now at high noon to bask in the lawn; or wander anywhere, and take no precautions as to casting glamors against visibility or the like. And whether it was lonesome he grew, or inquisitive, he would venture now farther along the lilac walk and towards the castle than formerly. The bloom on the two borders had grown riotous and unkempt, and therefore the more delightful to him; he might have loitered there the summer day, but that the whim was on him to explore. The blooming of the sweet peas was over, since there was none to pluck the blooms. He

turned the corner, and went on, and up on to the balustraded terrace, where heliotropes were withering in their stone vases. Well now, for once he would see the inside of one of these human habitations; and found an open French window, and was for going in. Bah! the dust was thick everywhere; the air was full of sadness; one breathed desertion and desolation; it was not yet fit for him to enter and work his magic. Let it lie lonely a hundred years; then he might go in and convert this disorder and atmosphere of grief into loveliness. The woodwork must have his nettles here and his wallflowers there; then he would have bats to flit and owls to cry and wander here where passion and laughter had been, and where grief lingered. . . . He went back across the terrace, and down into the lilac walk, and lurked and sauntered musing among the blooms, fearing that a day of sun and wind would hardly take the human sadness out of his heart that it had infected. But presently he came on a pansy that caught his eye and somehow had wisdom for him; and squatted down there to watch and ponder on it: squatted down on his haunches amid the peonies and irises and Solomon's seals, and brooded on the wisdom of the pansy from noon until the sun had sunk, and the sweetness of purple dusk was over the world.

Then he started from his deep mood, because of footsteps on the path, and the human sadness suddenly weighing upon him again, till it was unendurable. There was the Earl, pale and thin and far spent, his right arm in a sling, his clothes torn and tattered, hurrying down, a little uncertainly, towards the thicket and the steps and the lower garden. And just as he disappeared into that shelter, came other footsteps: that would have caused repugnance in any wildwood deity, I think: half a dozen men in uniform, and with guns; and another who was chiefly the cause of Pan's unease. Disguised out of recognition since last you saw him; but the grown beard, the excellent wig, and the cassock discarded for laical clothes hid him not for a moment from Pan, who sees souls and intentions first, and the rest after — if he troubles to see them at all. Here what he saw was treachery and intent to kill; and these jarred upon his mood, which had been learning peace among the peonies and pansies; it was the fore-thrown shadow of these that had brought back the human sadness on him. And the fellow in the disguise jarred upon him still more. . . . All this was an instantaneous shock of perception to him; the men had barely turned the sweat-pea corner into the lilac walk before the jarred mood and the sadness had gone, and another had filled him in their place and translated itself into action.

Up he leaped to his feet, did the great God Pan; up out of the peonies and irises, and went crashing over the pansies and the Solomon's seal; the maddest of his wild-god humors was on him; and here should be fun

all to his heart. It was dusk, remember; wherein any running figure would seem to you the man you were pursuing. "There he is, fire!" cried the traitor; and there was a crash and a rattle behind, and Pan felt the patter of pebbles — they were bullets really



— against his bronze back and legs. *Fun, fun, fun!* — He whooped in his sylvan glee, and dashed on. A glance as he passed through the lilac thicket told him the Earl was hiding there; he paused a moment, to let his pursuers come up a little; then took the steps at a couple of bounds, whooping to keep the scent red-hot, and sped out over the lawn with the seven of them following.

Then he had the time of his life with them: wheeling and stooping, and circling and dodging; leading them down towards the lake, and then back; and scattering them, and wheeling again. No more human sadness, now, for the great God Pan! It is all one, and all fun, to him, whether he runs with the hare or the hounds. Here, too, he had a little purpose of his own to serve: one or two purposes. He would bring wildwood disorder among these minions of an order he knew not; and there was one among the hunters, he suddenly remembered, against whom he had a kind of personal grudge. "'Tis the man who would have destroyed me," he chuckled.

Having produced general confusion, with a wheel and a whoop he came upon that man, seized him by the leg, and whirling him overhead in the air, tore down towards the lake. What was the weight of a fat man, anyhow, to hinder wild-god speed and glee? Out he splashed through the reeds, and then whirled his burden again, and flung it far into deep water; again a crash and a pattering of pebbles; again a wild-god whoop and wheel, and he was off into the forest through the reeds. Dark it was by that time, and pitch-dark under the trees, and fearfully the pursuers stumbled and blundered; but he infected them with the joy of the chase, and allowed them no peace. Darkness was daylight to him, and he never let the scent grow cold. Through the woods he led them, sometimes squirrelling into the high branches for fun, and pelting

them with acorns as they passed beneath. If ever they were for giving up, there he was, running and shouting in full view; I surmise he led them half over Wicklow. By morning, one lay wounded in the woods, shot by his fellows in mistake; and another was half drowned in the river; and a third up to his neck in bogland. The rest — heaven knows where they were.

Years afterwards the Earl came from France incognito, and visited the home of his ancestors. He was shown over the place by the caretaker of an absentee peer in London. At the top of the steps that led down into the lower garden, he glanced round to the left. "H'm," said he; was not there a statue standing there, in the old times — a famous Greek statue, the Pan of Praxiteles?"

"Ah sure, there was, your honor. It disappeared the night the young Earl escaped to France, and never a soul has heard of it since. Did ye ever hear of the chase he led the soldiers that came after him, your honor — the Earl, I mane, av coorse, and not the statue? Kilt the six of thim entirely, he did, and flung that black trait — his reverence Father Timothy I should say, that sould him to the Sassenach — into the lake, after carrying him —" (But we know all that.)

"Ah, 'twas the grand, proud young hero he was, your honor — I mane, av coorse, the wild young divvle of a rebel. . . ."

"Looted, I suppose," was the Earl's inward comment. "Poor old Luck of the House, in one of their museums or palaces now, and never a tag on you to tell where they got you!"

But Pan, brooding among the reeds, caught his thought, and chuckled. Under ten feet of Irish bog lies the statue, where he dropped it inconsequentially at the end of the chase; and where he concluded to leave it, considering that bodiless invisibility would suit him well enough for an age or two. But there is no saying you might not be hearing him pipe at any time, in the Dargle, or the Vale of Avoca, or at the Meeting of the Waters.



FOR in his passage to the next World, neither his Father, nor his Mother, nor his Wife, nor his Son, nor any of his Kinsmen will remain in his company; viture alone adheres to him. Single is each man born, single he dies; single he receives reward of his good, and single the punishment for his evil deeds. . . . When he leaves his corse like a log or a lump of clay on the ground, his kindred retire with averted faces, but his virtue accompanieth his Soul. Continually therefore and by degrees, let him collect Virtue for his guide, and he shall traverse a gloom now hard to be traversed.— *From a Brâhman Catechism.*

PRIDE: by R. Machell

NONE knows the proud man's pride better than he does: this pride is what he lives for; it is the secret glory of his life, the crown he wears, when, throned in imaginary separation, he sits supreme within the fantastic palace of illusion, that his brain has built to shield him from the crude realities of life. The world's life goes on around him and he takes a part in it, but not as one who is compelled to do so, not as one of the common sort of ordinary humanity; but rather as a thing apart, an essence, an idea, too pure for contact with the vulgar crowd, too rare and delicate to be involved in the rude struggle for the necessities of life. The things that men call necessary are to him merely those things that all superior spirits scornfully accept as part of that which is their due. The other things, for which the more ambitious eagerly compete, are his by right of his superiority, although they frequently may be withheld from him by baser men, whose greed and envy blind them to their baseness as to his magnanimity. He is magnanimous most naturally, by reason of his great superiority; he could not be otherwise; and he would scorn to blame the ignorant world for being blind to the glory of his virtue. Their ignorance and blindness are but the natural condition of their class, their isolation the penalty of Nature's preference.

All this is as the fuel for a sacrificial fire burning upon the altar of his egotism. In that temple no other worshiper has ever entered; and if the general world takes note of such a man, it is but to remark his oddity. His sense of personal superiority appears to them but as an affectation, or perhaps a symptom of incipient insanity; for they, blinded by their mediocrity, see neither crown nor throne, nor do they smell the fragrance of the sacrificial fire: they simply see the man, and think him mildly mad. They scarcely stay to mock him; for the game of greed they play is all-absorbing; the daily scheming to secure the means to enter upon other schemes is not a mere diversion: the game of life is serious, and demands an absolute devotion to the pursuit of the elusive prize, the golden apple of success.

He scorns success: he is too proud to enter into competition with inferior men for a mere pittance; he, who by right might claim such wealth as they must toil and struggle to attain.

For the same reason he has no heart to learn a trade, or even to qualify himself for a profession. Being assured of his ability to fill the highest office in the state, how can he stoop to such indignity as mere apprenticeship. Thus the success he so despises seldom stops to tempt him with her smiles; and so his shoes are often such as would not recommend a man for a position of responsibility.

There is a revelation to be found in a man's shoes, if one but give

one's mind to its interpretation. An old shoe testifies most eloquently to the peculiarities of the wearer, and this evidence is of unquestionable sincerity, being offered unwittingly and without guile. The testimony that a man's shoes bear to his character is stamped with conviction, such as few human witnesses can hope to emulate. Such testimony might be considered doubtful in a court of law, but then we know that justice is blind.

Pride of the most magnificent sort is paradoxically sensitive. It is the poorest kind of armor, resembling the old *papier-mâché* outfit of ancient noble Japanese or Chinese warriors before the introduction of artillery. It makes a very fine appearance, and was most useful in its day; but now its value rests on an aesthetic basis. The Greek and Trojan warriors seem to have had great use for pride, with which their long harangues were swelled 'almost to bursting.' Truly the times are changed, and pride is not honored quite in the same way as it was formerly. But there are strange survivals, ghosts of a scarce forgotten past, still haunted with a strange confused memory of some imaginary grandeur, that was perhaps an unattained ideal of past lives. The times are changed, but there is no lack of opportunities in life for the display of all our weaknesses in forms adapted to the age in which we live.

Pride is not always arrogant: it may be softly silent, more insidious than assertive. In such a case the manner of the man is most retiring, his voice is gentle, he stoops in his walk, and tiptoes gently, as he seeks the lowest seat or a position of too obvious obscurity. He knows the value of humility, and uses it as a self-conscious beauty might manipulate a fan, in order to attract attention to the charms the fan occasionally conceals. The softness of his manner seeks to hide the rancor of his elemental self, as treacherously sudden in its action as a cat's claws. An artificial smile may curl the lips, and the voice may purr confidently, in uttering withering sarcasm, or some allusion charged with devilish malignity. Pride is not always admirable. Sometimes the bitter humor breaks out openly, but usually it hides behind humility, as bloody war lies latent in peace treaties.

His sensitive pride, that shrinks from dishonorable acts with real aversion, unwillingly accepts equivocal expedients, by means of which he tries to escape humiliations forced upon him by his inability to provide himself with ordinary comforts, such as seem necessary to him. So petty meannesses and subterfuges are often the stepping-stones on which he delicately makes his way, hither and thither, tortuously traversing by uneasy stages the doubtful borderland that lies between respectability and social outlawry: a dismal region haunted by ghosts of greatness that was not, but that "might have been," shadows of men not strong enough

to pass through into the nether world of vice, nor to maintain their footing on the safer side. The doubtful ground is rotten here and there, its pestilent corruption half concealed by a rank bramble-growth of wild luxuriance, whose claw-like thorns catch at the threadbare garments of respectability, and wound the wretch who seeks the pitiful shelter of that social purgatory.

The pitiful host that wanders here is all made up of separate souls, self-exiled, isolated by their own egotism, deprived of human sympathy by their own self-sufficiency, which does not in any way suffice. They all believe themselves pursued by fate, or by the jealousy of men less scrupulous than themselves but stronger. They all seek shelter from the ordeals they have themselves invoked.

For what is pride but an internal declaration of superiority, that is a constant challenge to the higher powers to take notice of the aspirant to honor.

The aspirant, who has no knowledge of himself, and thinks himself superior to his fellows, asserts his faith in his superiority, even by his mental attitude. This is a challenge to the 'god within': and if his pride be strong enough to make his challenge heard, the deity within, the soul of him, takes notice; and that notice is his opportunity. Either he rises to the occasion, and from his new position issues another challenge to his own soul to lead him on along the path of power; or then and there surrenders, overwhelmed by the trials he has unwittingly invited. Shrinking before the golden opportunity, he declares to himself that fate has turned against him, and he tries to find shelter from the storm he has himself let loose about him. But there is no shelter for a man who flies from his own soul.

The pride, that raises men and ruins them, is in itself a mystery, for there is that within which is divine, though that which veils the inner truth is sheer illusion.

Truth, to the mind, is veiled in falsity, because the mind of man can only deal with the appearance; the reality is for the soul alone. Man is divine, and knows it in his soul, but in his lower mind knows neither his own divinity nor his duality; and so mistakes his inner consciousness of soul-superiority to the illusions of the outer world for an assurance of his personal superiority to his fellows, deluded like himself, and like himself in essence, divinely great.

Pride is the veil that hides the soul, and man must strip off this veil ere he can know himself and stand secure above the illusions of the lower world, master of his mind and senses, knowing his actual identity with that which rules the universe and which he once called destiny.

It is the soul of him that prompts him to assert himself, although he

may obey the impulse ignorantly and foolishly, proudly persuaded of his personal predominance and individual separateness, seeking but satisfaction for his vanity.

The storms that break upon his head are actually invited by himself, and offer him the opportunity he needs to free himself from the illusion of his separateness.

Man is his own initiator in the mysteries of life, his own redeemer from the ills he brings upon himself, being in no wise separate from the rest, but sharing in their thoughts and deeds as well as in the consequences. But this is true of Man collectively; no single personality can stand alone in self-sufficiency, because the true Self is not a personality nor an agglomeration of untold entities, but rather THAT of which all these are separate reflections, as grains of sand reflect the sunlight separately, which light is the one light of all. So from of old experience has told us "pride precedes a fall"; and we may add that pride survives innumerable falls. The lessons of experience are generally learned unwillingly, by tedious reiteration, until the disciple finds his teacher and learns to recognise his true Self outside the limits of his own egotism. By that time he is on the path that leads to true self-knowledge; his pride is already purified of its grosser elements.

Pride is a paradox — it raises men and casts them down again: the falls it presages are lessons to the learner in life's school, or they are punishments for those who can not understand the mystery of Self, who see the anger of the gods in natural law, and seek by prayer to win some favor from an imaginary deity, whose wrath they dread, not knowing the Law that orders all impartially, nor their own share in its administration.

So too, this monster Pride has in it paradoxically something of the divine, which wins the admiration of the multitude — ignorantly responsive to a beauty they cannot comprehend, and just as ignorantly blind to a deformity in which they share.

Pride is a part of our humanity and must be purified beyond all recognition in the gradual evolution of the race; for man is not merely human: his humanity is but a school in which the Soul must learn. What lies beyond might make the wildest dreams of pride seem strangely inadequate.

•

Do not ask a question unless you intend to listen to the answer and inquire into its value. Try to recollect that you are a very small affair in the world, and that the people around you do not value you at all and grieve not when you are absent. Your only greatness lies in your inner true self.

— *W. Q. Judge*

THE SCREEN OF TIME

MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

Peace Challenge---
a Solution

Madame Katherine Tingley spoke to a crowded house at the Isis Theater last night. Her audience was most sympathetic and she was several times interrupted by applause.

The subject of her talk was, 'The Power of Theosophy in its Application to the Present Needs of Humanity.' She spoke of the danger of one-sided development, and of the necessity of balance in the whole nature, physical, mental and spiritual. In part she said:

"Man must make his body, his physical house, clean and pure and strong for the soul to live in. Build in confidence your bodies, more wisely; build more understandingly; overcome appetite and passion; eliminate from your lives selfish desire; ignore self-aggrandizement; work for the advancement and benefit of your brother; keep the body clean and strong, the mind clear and pure, and unbare the soul to the light and live like gods, for that ye can do.

"The material things in life have their place, but the essential things in life are part of the soul. Every man must be his own savior.

"I feel that if the constitution of the United States were rightly interpreted and colored by the best soul-attributes of our people, we could not go to war; that the dignity of our position would be so outlined in the letter or the communication we would send that we should challenge the other nations to peace! — From the *San Diego Union*, February 12th, 1917

Madame Tingley
on Intolerance

Madame Katherine Tingley spoke last night on the subject of 'Intolerance' at the Isis Theater. A full house greeted the Theosophical leader and listened intently to her address, which follows in part:

"It would take night after night for me to recite all the different aspects of intolerance within my recollection through the study of the different periods of the world's history. And if we are to get back to the cause of it, we must admit that it was ignorance and religious egotism; it was the belief in this new doctrine that had been ingrained into the minds of the early church fathers that God was the revengeful, not the all-loving, the compassionate Deity. They were taught that the wrath of God must fall upon them if they did not follow certain prescribed forms and orthodox dogmas. . . .

"These unfortunate and misleading teachings have been attached to some of the most beautiful principles; because Theosophy teaches and Theosophists believe in the essential teachings of all religions.

"The fact that the Theosophical Society still lives, in spite of the intolerance that greeted Madame Blavatsky when she founded the Society more than forty years ago, is a proof of the virtue of the teachings and of their impregnable and unassailable quality.

"The philosophy of Theosophy cannot be disproved, and it has rarely been attacked; but the enemies of progress know that the only way to injure

it is to assail its leaders; and that has been the history of our Society from its inception. . . .

"I wish I could extend my life ten times longer, and that I were free from other duties, so that somebody else would take my place and I could preach Reincarnation from Monday morning until Saturday night; but let me assure you I would not presume to preach unless I was making my life in practice with my fellowmen of such a quality that you would believe in my earnestness, in my convictions, so that it would be through the example of my life that I would help others; and so will it be with the example of your life, in your trust in the Higher Law, in your trust in the teaching of Reincarnation, that you would leaven the home and this spirit of intolerance would be banished. No more could we cry out, as Burns did, 'Oh, the inhumanity of man to man!'

"It is this inhumanity that we must set aside, this spirit of intolerance, this failing in our duty to our fellows. So you see that Theosophy after all is a dear good friend."— From the *San Diego Union*, January 15th, 1917

Kuno Meyer
on Internationalism

Last evening at Isis Theater a large audience listened to Professor Kuno Meyer's address on 'The Future of Internationalism.' The lecture was given under the auspices of the Parliament of Peace and Universal Brotherhood, of which Katherine Tingley is Foundress-President.

Professor Meyer is noted as one of the foremost Celtic scholars, having been professor of Celtic languages and literature at the University of Liverpool, England, from 1884 to 1911. In 1903 he founded the School of Irish Learning in Dublin, of which he was Director until 1914, when he resigned. Since 1911 he has also been professor of Celtic at the University of Berlin, and in fact has devoted his whole life to pleading for the recognition of Celtic studies in their home countries, particularly Ireland and in Europe generally.

His object in coming to the United States is for the same purpose, and he has given courses on Celtic languages and literature at Columbia and John Hopkins and other universities in the U. S. A. Professor Meyer is also founder and editor of an international periodical devoted to Celtic studies, published at Halle, in Germany, to which the foremost Celtic scholars of France, England, America and Germany have regularly contributed. Professor Meyer has received honorary degrees, which he still holds, from the Universities of Wales, Oxford and St. Andrews (Scotland).

In introducing his subject, Professor Meyer said: "I believe it a most opportune and favorable time to plead the cause of internationalism. I feel persuaded that the whole world is readier to receive the message than ever."

Professor Meyer traced from the dawn of European civilization the gradual growth of the great humanizing principles of internationalism. He read extracts from the literature of Ireland, which has been his life-work, and called his listeners' attention to the treasures of the old Celtic writings. He spoke of the great humanizing features of the Middle Ages "institution of chivalry,

the right of sanctuary, the truce of God, the cessation of warfare during certain seasons, the code of knightly honor, the respect and homage paid to woman, the inviolability of ambassadors and the like. But the progress is slow and interrupted again and again by tribal, racial, dynastic, and worst of all, by religious wars, which for a time threatened to throw back civilization by centuries. . . .

"Science did not arrive at its fullest development and ripest results until it freed itself from its self-imposed limits, until the nineteenth century, when those new groups of study were born which bear the title of 'comparative'—comparative sciences, comparative literature, art, mythology, and last but not least, comparative religion."

Speaking of the disastrous excesses of the French revolution, the speaker said: "But the principle, the ideal, once recognised and proclaimed, remains as a guiding inspiration to coming generations, and those three words will ring forth as a trumpet call to the end, till at long last the vision becomes a reality: Liberty, fraternity, equality. . . .

"The last century also brought about the emancipation of slaves and serfs and broke down the barriers of religious intolerance and lastly took another great stride forward by the foundation of the religion of humanity by August Comte, and in the Theosophical Movement, inaugurated by Madame Blavatsky, continued by Mr. Judge, and on a larger scale by Madame Katherine Tingley. That it has come to stay, that its teachings, though not formally accepted by the large masses, are making themselves felt all over the world in a hundred ways, I think must be very evident to all. The very fact that the great war has once more proved the complete, disastrous failure of international relations at this time so terribly, has at last opened the eyes of the world. . . ."

Professor Meyer spoke of the opportunities in furtherance of the cause of internationalism from the standpoint of art, science, literature, and lastly from the standpoint of politics, which he declared was the most difficult to handle. But what has already happened in the uniting of individual states into the United States of America, and the German federation, he said, "may also be carried into the wider field of international relationship and a great federation may some day bind the world together."

—From the *San Diego Union*, Jan. 22, 1917.

Addresses by
Râja-Yoga Students

A large audience attended the program of music given by the students of the Râja-Yoga College and Academy of Point Loma at the Isis Theater last night. Short addresses on 'The Power of Theosophy' were read by Miss Cora Mercer and Mr. Hildor Barton, both of the College.

Miss Mercer spoke of Theosophy as 'the quintessence of power.' She said in part:

"It is the power that comes to every student through the application of its teachings, for, as Katherine Tingley has said, 'the knowledge that we are divine gives us the power to overcome all obstacles.'"

"If one is to find power in Theosophy, and by power we understand a spiritual source of light and knowledge by which we can interpret the laws that govern nature and life, one must first be a seeker of Truth. If the desire for Truth is sincere and earnest, not overshadowed by the half-truths of the brain-mind which prevent the soul from seeing its true goal, one will find an ever-increasing inspiration from the teachings of Theosophy, the power which is Truth itself, that will sustain him all through life.

"Those of us who have been blessed with the Râja-Yoga education for many happy years cannot hesitate to answer the question regarding Theosophy in the affirmative, for we have had concrete results of its power in our friend and Teacher, Madame Katherine Tingley, ever since we first saw her and shared the beautiful and simple teachings of life which she has so untiringly and unceasingly held before us."

According to Hildor Barton, "the power of Theosophy lies in its ability to exert an active, beneficent, ennobling moral influence in life. An understanding of the nature of its wonderful philosophy can come only through a devoted study of its doctrines: its power as an ethical agent becomes apparent when it is put into practice. As young students of Theosophy, and especially as having been privileged through the Râja-Yoga training to learn some of its simpler and fundamental lessons, it would seem to us that Theosophy's greatest power in life lies in that it gives to life itself a meaning.

"It teaches that man's life, far from being a mere rush and grind and jangle of outward circumstances, filled with hard, often painful, experiences and misfortunes, is the expression of a hidden, well-ordered plan, working justice, and that behind the weakness, triviality and darkness of man's lower personality, with its fluctuating desires, its dissatisfaction with present circumstances and longing for others seemingly more felicitous — that behind this there is a higher consciousness: the real man, the soul; and that having, and in essence being this soul, with its knowledge of right and wrong, man has a responsibility in ordering his life and actions to conform with its dictates."

— From the *San Diego Union*, Jan. 29th, 1917

Further Addresses
by Students

Last evening at the Isis Theater another representative musical program was given by the Râja-Yoga students from Point Loma. All the numbers were warmly applauded by the large audience. Short addresses were given by Montague Machell, Miss Emily Young and Piet Bontje, the last named being a Dutch student at the Râja-Yoga College.

Montague Machell, speaking on 'The Path of True Progress,' defined this as 'the path of life.' He said: "Where true progress ceases, death begins — the death of decay and stagnation of the heart-force in human life, the true jewel of man's humanity. The history of all true progress is the history of the conflict between the heart-forces of humanity and the forces of selfishness. You may gage the degree and worth of any civilization by the relation of these two forces in national life, and that nation alone can be called 'civilized'

in which humanity and brotherly love hold in check the forces of greed and selfishness."

Miss Emily Young's subject was 'The Power of Theosophy.' "Theosophy, the Wisdom-Religion," she declared, "was not born last century. It is not only for the present, but for all time. It has survived through the ages the persecution of the retarders of human progress. There are ever those who realize the great power of Theosophy, but they are so influenced by the lower self, that which gives expression to the evil thoughts and actions in men, that they allow the mind, that wonderful instrument, to become its slave."

'The Joy of Life' was Piet Bontje's subject. He said: "There is a great deal more joy in life than most of us suspect. Very often we insist upon looking at the dark side of things, and ignoring the brighter side; we complain that there is so much trouble in life. If we would only look for happiness instead of waiting for it to strike our eyes, we should find that there is joy to be found everywhere. As soon as we realize that we are here to learn, we begin to see how everything that happens in our lives has a definite meaning. We soon find out that there are numerous opportunities for self-improvement; it depends upon us whether we profit by them. We have to subject ourselves to a merciless self-criticism if we wish to gain self-control. But our belief in our own essential divinity is so strong that it will enable us to overcome all obstacles which the personality puts in the way of spiritual progress."

— From the *San Diego Union*, Feb. 5th, 1917

Mme. Tingley
honored by
the G. A. R.

Exceptional honors were bestowed upon Madame Katherine Tingley and Clark Thurston last night by Heintzleman Post, Grand Army of the Republic, and its chapter of the Women's Relief Corps: Madame Tingley being voted an honorary member of the Corps, and Clark Thurston being voted an honorary member of the Post. Honorary membership in the two orders is accorded to persons without military records only in exceptional cases.

Madame Tingley, head of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, and one of the world's foremost peace exponents, spoke of her girlhood days, when she watched the Union and Confederate soldiers. Her great life-work in the cause of peace and for the brotherhood of mankind was inspired during those days of war, according to her address last night.

Thurston claimed a war-record in both the army and navy, and spoke of the days when he used to pilot President Lincoln's steamer on the St. James River when Lincoln visited the battle-lines.

Resolutions of appreciation for the work of the two peace advocates were passed on motion of Department Commander Thompson. Department Chaplain W. A. Waterman moved that Madame Tingley be made an honorary member in Heintzleman Post. The motions carried unanimously, both guests accepting the honor. — From the *Evening Tribune*, March 1, 1917

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society

Founded at New York City in 1875 by H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge and others

Reorganized in 1898 by Katherine Tingley

Central Office, Point Loma, California

The Headquarters of the Society at Point Loma with the buildings and grounds, are no 'Community,' 'Settlement' or 'Colony,' but are the Central Executive Office of an international organization where the business of the same is carried on, and where the teachings of Theosophy are being demonstrated. Midway 'twixt East and West, where the rising Sun of Progress and Enlightenment shall one day stand at full meridian, the Headquarters of the Society unite the philosophic Orient with the practical West.

MEMBERSHIP

in the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society may be either at 'large' or in a local Branch. Adhesion to the principle of Universal Brotherhood is the only pre-requisite to membership. The Organization represents no particular creed; it is entirely unsectarian, and includes professors of all faiths, only exacting from each member that large toleration of the beliefs of others which he desires them to exhibit towards his own.

Applications for membership in a Branch should be addressed to the local Director; for membership 'at large' to the Membership Secretary, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California.

OBJECTS

THIS BROTHERHOOD is a part of a great and universal movement which has been active in all ages.

This Organization declares that Brotherhood is a fact in Nature. Its principal purpose is to teach Brotherhood, demonstrate that it is a fact in Nature, and make it a living power in the life of humanity.

Its subsidiary purpose is to study ancient and modern religions, science, philosophy and art; to investigate the laws of Nature and the divine powers in man.

It is a regrettable fact that many people use the name of Theosophy and of our Organization for self-interest, as also that of H. P. Blavatsky, the Foundress, and even the Society's motto, to attract attention to themselves and to gain public support. This they do in private and public speech and in publications. Without being in any way connected with the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, in many cases they permit it to be inferred that they are, thus misleading the public,

and honest inquirers are hence led away from the original truths of Theosophy.

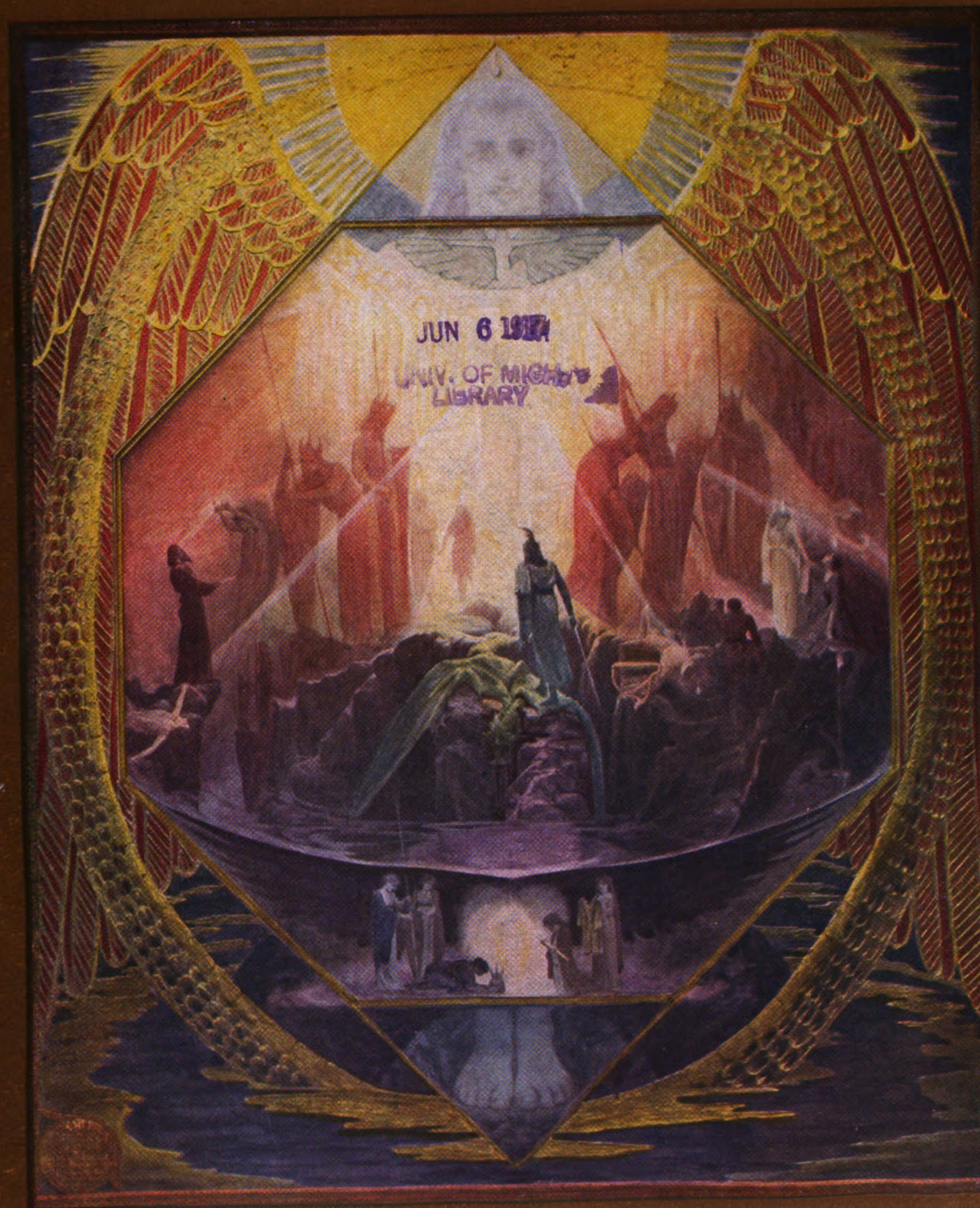
The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society welcomes to membership all who truly love their fellowmen and desire the eradication of the evils caused by the barriers of race, creed, caste, or color, which have so long impeded human progress; to all sincere lovers of truth and to all who aspire to higher and better things than the mere pleasures and interests of a worldly life and are prepared to do all in their power to make Brotherhood a living energy in the life of humanity, its various departments offer unlimited opportunities.

The whole work of the Organization is under the direction of the Leader and Official Head, Katherine Tingley, as outlined in the Constitution.

Inquirers desiring further information about Theosophy or the Theosophical Society are invited to write to

THE SECRETARY
International Theosophical Headquarters
Point Loma, California

The Theosophical Path



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POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA, U. S.

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

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THE PATH

THE illustration on the cover of this Magazine is a reproduction of the mystical and symbolical painting by Mr. R. Machell, the English artist, now a Student at the International Theosophical Headquarter, Point Loma, California. The original is in Katherine Tingley's collection at the International Theosophical Headquarters. The symbolism of this painting is described by the artist as follows:

THE PATH is the way by which the human soul must pass in its evolution to full spiritual self-consciousness. The supreme condition is suggested in this work by the great figure whose head in the upper triangle is lost in the glory of the Sun above, and whose feet are in the lower triangle in the waters of Space, symbolizing Spirit and Matter. His wings fill the middle region representing the motion or pulsation of cosmic life, while within the octagon are displayed the various planes of consciousness through which humanity must rise to attain to perfect Manhood.

At the top is a winged Isis, the Mother or Oversoul, whose wings veil the face of the Supreme from those below. There is a circle dimly seen of celestial figures who hail with joy the triumph of a new initiate, one who has reached to the heart of the Supreme. From that point he looks back with compassion upon all who are still wandering below and turns to go down again to their help as a Savior of Men. Below him is the red ring of the guardians who strike down those who have not the 'password,' symbolized by the white flame floating over the head of the purified aspirant. Two children, representing purity, pass up unchallenged. In the center of the picture is a warrior who has slain the dragon of illusion, the dragon of the lower self, and is now prepared to cross the gulf by using the body of the dragon as his bridge (for we rise on steps made of conquered weaknesses, the slain dragon of the lower nature).

On one side two women climb, one helped by the other whose robe is white and whose flame burns bright as she helps her weaker sister. Near them a man climbs from the darkness; he has money-bags hung at his belt but no flame above his head, and already the spear of a guardian of the fire is poised above him ready to strike the unworthy in his hour of triumph. Not far off is a bard whose flame is veiled by a red cloud (passion) and who lies prone, struck down by a guardian's spear; but as he lies dying, a ray from the heart of the Supreme reaches him as a promise of future triumph in a later life.

On the other side is a student of magic, following the light from a crown (ambition) held aloft by a floating figure who has led him to the edge of the precipice over which for him there is no bridge; he holds his book of ritual and thinks the light of the dazzling crown comes from the Supreme, but the chasm awaits its victim. By his side his faithful follower falls unnoticed by him, but a ray from the heart of the Supreme falls upon her also, the reward of selfless devotion, even in a bad cause.

Lower still in the underworld, a child stands beneath the wings of the foster-mother (material Nature) and receives the equipment of the Knight, symbols of the powers of the Soul, the sword of power, the spear of will, the helmet of knowledge and the coat of mail, the links of which are made of past experiences.

It is said in an ancient book: "The Path is one for all, the ways that lead thereto must vary with the pilgrim."



The Theosophical Path

An International Magazine
Unsectarian and nonpolitical

Monthly

Illustrated



Devoted to the Brotherhood of Humanity, the promulgation of Theosophy, the study of ancient & modern Ethics, Philosophy, Science and Art, and to the uplifting and purification of Home and National Life

Edited by Katherine Tingley
International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California, U.S.A.

(By 'Name' are meant the three Groups beginning with Sensation — Sensation, Perception, and the Predispositions; by 'Form' the four elements and form derivative from the four elements.)

To make this clear they give the following illustration:

"It is as if two men, the one blind from birth and the other a cripple, were desirous of going traveling. And the man blind from birth were to say to the cripple as follows: 'See here! I am able to use my legs, but I have no eyes with which to see the rough and smooth places in the road.' And the cripple were to say to the man blind from birth as follows: 'See here! I am able to use my eyes, but I have no legs with which to go forward and back.' And the man blind from birth, pleased and delighted, were to mount the cripple on his shoulders. And the cripple sitting on the shoulders of the man blind from birth were to direct him, saying: 'Leave the left and go to the right; leave the right and go to the left.'"

Here the man blind from birth is without power of his own, and weak, and cannot go of his own impulse or might. The cripple also is without power of his own, and weak, and cannot go of his own impulse or might. Yet when they mutually support one another it is not impossible for them to go.

In exactly the same way Name is without power of its own, and cannot spring up of its own might, nor perform this or that action. Form also is without power of its own, and cannot spring up of its own might, nor perform this or that action. Yet when they mutually support one another it is not impossible for them to spring up and go on.

—*Translated from the Visuddhi-Magga,*
ch. xvii, by Warren

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THE WESTEN APPROACH TO THE RÂJA-YOGA ACADEMY
INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

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If we accept the belief of a future remuneration beyond this life for suffering virtue and retribution for successful crimes, there is no system so simple and so little repugnant to our understanding, as that of metempsychosis (reincarnation). The pains and pleasures of this life are by this system considered as the recompense or the punishment of our actions in another state.

—Isaac D'Israeli

A WANDERER IN THE HALL OF LEARNING:

by H. T. Edge, M. A.



CHARACTER-STUDIES are a useful way of appealing to people, because in this case we are studying real living persons, whereas sermons are generally abstract. A character-study is illustrative, so that the reader can make all necessary applications to his own case; the sympathies are aroused and the human touch evokes an interest that abstract reflexions do not usually convey.

The life of Edgar Allan Poe is not one that can be recommended as likely to impart an exhilarating and wholesome impression to the soul; for its study brings us in contact with a morbid personality, from which we turn with relief to the contemplation of such a contrasted life and character as that of Lanier. Yet lessons may be learned from this morbid life. The difficulty experienced by writers in characterizing this remarkable and isolated personality is apparent from the perusal of any account of his life and works; and while one would shrink from any attempt to narrow down an ample subject by trying to force it into a mental pigeon-hole, the following contribution may be suggestive. It is stated in *The Voice of the Silence*, which is an English rendering, by H. P. Blavatsky, of a manual of instructions used in certain Tibetan schools of mystic students, that the pilgrim in search of wisdom must pass through three Halls, of which the first is the Hall of Ignorance, whereof we read —

It is the Hall in which thou saw'st the light, in which thou livest and shalt die.

To which the commentary adds that this is —

The phenomenal World of Senses and of terrestrial consciousness — only.

This, therefore, is the Hall in which most of us live. But the aspirant comes to the second Hall, of which we read:

The name of Hall the Second is the Hall of Learning. In it thy Soul will find the blossoms of life, but under every flower a serpent coiled. . . .

If thou wouldst cross the second safely, stop not the fragrance of its stupefying blossoms to inhale. If freed thou wouldst be from the Karmic chains, seek not for thy Guru in those Mâyâvic regions. The Wise Ones tarry not in pleasure-grounds of senses. The Wise Ones heed not the sweet-tongued voices of illusion.

(Explanatory notes: Karmic chains, chains of Karma, chains of destiny wrought by acts committed with desire. Guru, teacher. Mâyâvic, pertaining to Mâyâ or illusion.)

We also read in *Light on the Path*:

It is a truth that, as Edgar Allan Poe said, the eyes are the windows of the soul, the windows of that haunted palace in which it dwells. . . . If grief, dismay, disappointment or pleasure can shake the soul so that it loses its fixed hold on the calm spirit which inspires it, and the moisture of life breaks forth, drowning knowledge in sensation, then all is blurred, the windows are darkened, the light is useless. . . . In sensation no permanent home can be found, because change is the law of this vibratory existence.

Finally, to quote from Poe himself, *The Haunted Palace* says:

In the greenest of our valleys,
By good angels tenanted,
Once a fair and stately palace —
Radiant palace — reared its head.
In the monarch Thought's dominion —
It stood there!
Never seraph spread a pinion
Over fabric half so fair.

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,
Assailed the monarch's high estate,
(Ah, let us mourn, for never morrow
Shall dawn upon him, desolate!)
And, round about his home, the glory
That blushed and bloomed
Is but a dim-remembered story
Of the old time entombed.

Such stories as 'The Black Cat' and 'The Imp of the Perverse' show the ever-present consciousness of a dreadful shadow-side, whose actual existence is only too apparent throughout the biography; any personal intemperance that may have existed being but mere trifling symptoms of a cause which lay much deeper — lay, in fact, "in the monarch Thought's dominion." And do not the quoted passages give a convincing explanation

of this case, as also of similar cases of erratic genius? Will not many readers find an echo in the records of their own obscure interior lives?

The Karma, or destiny, of this life was evidently wrought in past lives; for the poet was born with his exquisitely sensitive nature, his keen intellect, and his estrangement from the world of men. These conditions he had made for himself beforehand. His ardent nature had pushed on beyond the confines of ordinary experience, until he found himself in that Hall of Learning, with its fair blossoms; but beneath each blossom was a serpent which uncoiled.

And what moral lessons shall we read into this life? The punishment of an avenging deity, the uncomprehended decree of an inscrutable providence, or the ruthless lottery of a blind chance? Why not see in this drama of a Soul the workings of natural law, challenged by the proud free-will of man, and dealing with that perfect equity which alone is the perfection of mercy?

Modern thought is more accustomed to recognise the workings of natural law when these manifest themselves in the physical world; hence we may illustrate the point by taking a case conceived to be analogous — the case of an opium eater. Who blames providence for the retribution which this debauchee of private pleasure brings upon himself? He is simply using his free-will to challenge a natural law; and the cause and its effect are as inseparably bound up with one another, though separated in time, as night and day. He chooses, like Aladdin, to rub the lamp and summon the powerful genie who opens to him the magic palace; and the genie becomes a tyrant, and the palace a haunted prison. He will unlock and consume in solitary bliss the juices of his life, and unerring law decrees that the spendthrift shall want. The poppy, with its evanescent bloom and maddening juice, and the rose with its thorn, are true symbols.

Intoxication, of whatever kind, whether produced by drugs or fanaticism or unwise mental or physical practices, runs through a definite and invariable cycle of stages, beginning with lofty exaltation and ending with debasement, reaction, exhaustion. It is said that he who would arouse in himself the higher vibrations must be strong enough to stand the lower. The reactionary excesses of unstable genius are not arbitrary retributive visitations, nor unfortunate chances, but simply the natural effect of an unbalanced self-development.

In this connexion it is appropriate to speak of certain contrasted schools of opinion in regard to art (literary and otherwise), as to whether the love of beauty and the love of knowledge are distinct from moral purpose or inseparable from it. Some poets and some writers, we know, have more or less impatiently sought to dissever these pursuits from all ethical coloring; while others have insisted upon the connexion.

No doubt the impatience sometimes observable in the former school can be attributed to reaction from a too puritanical attitude. Yet, taking Lanier as an example of the latter school, one could scarcely impute anything so austere and unlovely to his beautiful nature. And he says that "true art is inexorably moral," and —

unless you are suffused with truth, wisdom, goodness, and love, abandon the hope that the ages will accept you as an artist.

Then there is Wordsworth's ode to Duty, wherein, addressing Duty, he sings:

I, loving freedom, and untried;
 No sport of every random gust,
 Yet being to myself a guide,
 Too blindly have reposed my trust:
 And oft, when in my heart was heard
 Thy timely mandate, I deferred
 The task, in smoother walks to stray;
 But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Poe, is on the whole, indifferent to the ethical question in his art, although he is unfailingly pure and refined. As long as we are children, we may perhaps "trust in the genial sense of youth"; but, having aspired to a knowledge beyond the innocence of childhood, a surer guide and stay is needed. We must find strength within, and where shall we find it if not in purposes which are both lofty and impersonal?

In mythology there are monsters with the face of a goddess and the talons of a bird of prey, or with a human head and the scaly tail of a fish; and these are symbolic of a certain power in human nature, as also of corresponding powers in nature, which may be roughly described as the snares of the senses. In astrology, again, we have the Head and Tail of the Dragon, which are the north and south nodes of the Moon.

This particular dragon, once aroused from slumber, has to be mastered, if we are not to be mastered by him. In short, it is necessary to anchor our will in a center independent of sensations.

We read Poe, and others like him, because they waft us to a mystic region away from the work-a-day world; but yet such influences have the quality of an opiate, for they inspire not to noble action but to private mental indulgence. Even so, however, they may serve some people as a stepping-stone. Have we only the choice between this mystic but unprofitable region and the garish light of mundane consciousness? Nay, for there is that light which is to this mystic glamor as the sun is to the moon; and the latter is, as has been said, but Hall the Second, and there are three Halls. Let us read further in *The Voice of the Silence*.

Seek for him who is to give thee birth, in the Hall of Wisdom, the Hall which lies beyond, wherein all shadows are unknown, and where the light of truth shines with unfading glory.

This 'second birth' is the spiritual birth, which is also referred to in the conversation between Jesus and Nicodemus. Again we read:

Allow no image of the senses to get between its light and thine, that thus the twain may blend in one. Having learnt thine own Ajñāna (non-wisdom), flee from the Hall of Learning. This Hall is dangerous in its perfidious beauty, is needed but for thy probation. Beware Lanoo, lest dazzled by illusive radiance thy Soul should linger and be caught in its deceptive light. This light shines from the jewel of the Great Ensnarer, Mâyâ. The senses it bewitches, blinds the mind, and leaves the unwary an abandoned wreck.

Thus there is a higher stage, to which the other is but introductory. It is highly important to understand that we do not get beyond the weaknesses of our lower nature when we develop astral senses or psychic powers; but that, on the contrary, we increase our temptations and liabilities. The knowledge of this fact would safeguard many an unwary and fascinated explorer of mystic regions, and is much needed in these days.

Truly the world would have been in great danger but for the help of Theosophy, the champion of true progress and of harmonious human development. The quest of knowledge, in our order of civilization, is wholly unguarded, so that any discovery that is made is at the disposal of everybody, however unworthy, careless, or even criminal. Prevailing motives are not sufficiently unselfish and elevated to render the possession of such knowledge safe. Theosophy aims to save civilization from a lopsided development that would be fatal; and when we review the diseases that vex modern life, we can understand that that is no sure basis on which to build a great learning. It is the same in individual life, for few people of our civilization possess the necessary vital integrity and self-command, without which they would be thrown off their balance. Indeed we actually find that it is the unstable natures that are more likely to be attracted to psychism. Yet it was not the modern Theosophical Society which said:

Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.

Theosophy however echoes this ancient maxim; and, while holding out a limitless prospect before the aspirant to wisdom, it protects him from the dangers of that quest. It seems that the quest of truth and beauty cannot be a merely personal matter; and that he who seeks them for his own satisfaction alone, or in neglect of the larger interests of that humanity of which he is but a fragment, is destined to disappointment. Beauty is fleeting and unseizable unless it is realized in conduct; without such realization it remains fugitive and represents nothing that we can grasp.

THE MIND: by R. Machell



HERE is a most interesting statement in one of the ancient scriptures which teaches that "the mind takes on the form of that which it contemplates."

There is matter for serious consideration here, because the mind is eternally occupied in contemplation of objects, material or mental, and it is of importance to all who seek knowledge to understand the operation of their own mind.

Naturally this study must not be allowed to degenerate into a mere indulgence in egotism or self-admiration. In fact it would seem rather, that before the mind can concentrate upon a given object it must be freed from self-consciousness.

And yet this is not incompatible with the continual watchfulness the student must maintain upon the operation of the mind, if he would gain self-knowledge; without which all other knowledge is useless for the purposes of evolution. This attitude is possible because mind is not man, but merely an instrument that the Self uses for contact with the material world.

For this contact to be possible it is evident that Mind itself must be closely akin to matter; while the fact that the Self can use the mind as a means of connexion between the visible and the invisible, the objective and the subjective, the material and the spiritual conditions, shows that it is also akin to the spiritual nature of man. Thus in Theosophy we are taught to regard the mind as dual, in which sense it is roughly called the higher and lower mind. So that the higher man may watch the operation of the instrument he uses, somewhat as an investigator may watch the working of a delicate microscope or telescope while using it for direct observations.

But it is said that the mind takes on the form of that which it contemplates and this puts the mind of man and the telescope upon different planes. Also we know that the mind we use in every occupation during life is not material in the fullest sense, although it may be said that the brain is visible and tangible, in fact obviously material, because the brain of a dead man is not mind, and yet is brain; whereas no observation of the operation of the brain can demonstrate the material presence there of thought, which is itself the only evidence we have of mind.

To assert that a telescope transmits a picture of an object without being in any way affected by the nature of the object would be quite in accordance with the popular idea upon the subject, but would not be precisely scientific, because we cannot prove or demonstrate conclusively a negative proposition, nor can we pretend to know all that takes place when a telescope is used. Still we may say that the telescope has more correspondence with a man's eye than with his mind, and when we speak of the mind as an instrument of the real man we are attempting to explain

by analogy an operation familiar to all, but actually visible to none.

Nothing is more familiar to us than the operation of the mind, and nothing perhaps is so little understood, or so much misunderstood. It is however evident that the mind is capable of reflexion, that it is therefore a reflector, and as such must be regarded as an instrument, even if the instrument be partly invisible. For if the mind is mediator between material objects and immaterial mentality, it must be partly material, partly ethereal, and partly fluidic: in fact its nature must be as diverse as the universe which it interprets to the Self.

The important inference to be drawn from this ancient teaching is that Man is the master of mind, and is responsible for its condition. He must keep it clean. This is made clear in another axiom of the old Theosophy which says that "Mind is like a mirror, it gathers dust while it reflects; it needs the gentle breezes of Soul-Wisdom to brush away the dust of our illusions." This gives us the picture of the mind in its passive aspect, considered as a mere reflector, while the first-quoted teaching presents us with a concept of the method of its operation. And it is this which I think gives clearly the reason for the Self to keep the mind free from the pollution of matter, which tends to accumulate as a deposit and destroy its usefulness.

We may to some extent verify the truth of the assertion that "the mind takes on the form of that which it contemplates" by observation of our own condition at almost any time.

We know only too well that we are painfully affected by the contemplation of painful subjects; so to avoid the reproduction in our own person of the pain that the mind contemplates, we think of something else.

When the mind contemplates beauty the result upon the body is as though all its elements had been soothed and harmonized. It has been observed that when a person with artistic taste looks at a work of art in which there is balance and harmony, his breathing becomes regular, he breathes equally with both lungs, he stands balanced equally upon his feet, and his head takes a position that allows the blood to flow easily through the arteries, the heart beats evenly, and so on. All these details have been studied and recorded. In the same way it was found that the contemplation of an ill-balanced object produced in the spectator a feeling of discomfort due to an attempt of his body to adapt itself to the unbalanced form of the object of his contemplation. It was observed that there was a tendency in the body to incline to one side, to throw the weight of the body unequally upon the legs, to twist a little in conformity with the distortion of the object; the regularity of the breathing was disturbed, and so on.

--- We all know what a feeling of relief comes over the body when we stand on a hill-top and look out over a vast expanse, or when we enter a stately

building. How natural it is at such times to draw a deep breath, to throw back the shoulders, to stand squarely on both feet and to look up, unconsciously betraying the body's response to the harmony and balance of that which the mind contemplates. The explanation of this physical response to mental suggestion may be found in the mediatory nature of mind, which while reflecting immaterial qualities also assumes the physical form of the material object and, being both material and ethereal, being not limited to a locality in the body, but being diffused through all its parts, attempts to impress upon the body the actual form that it is reproducing in itself in acting as a living mirror. The mind seems to be actually diffused through every atom of a healthy organism, because in health all parts of the organism respond to appropriate mental vibrations. The power of the body to thus respond is the measure of its efficiency and even of its vitality.

In the same way it may be said that the measure of the mind's virility is its ability to respond to the most subtle and refined vibrations of the spiritual world, which permeates the material, as the mind permeates the body.

When once we are able to adopt this point of view, we find that many difficult problems connected with our changing moods and emotions become intelligible. We also see how much we are ourselves responsible for our own limitations. A very solid reason for self-control presents itself; and we find a foundation for a rational optimism in the assurance of our own power to control the operations of the mind. For through the mind come all our troubles; even physical pain being so largely influenced by imagination as to be actually convertible into an agreeable sensation.

But most important of all is the conviction that such knowledge brings of our responsibility in the matter of criticism. If we are personally thus responsive to the qualities of all that our mind contemplates, then the surest way to reproduce an evil is to think about it. The most rapid mode of degeneration is the constant meditation upon the faults of others. It must give pause to the most malicious critic to become aware of the fact that his criticism is stamping upon himself, momentarily at least, an image of the deformity he criticizes.

Those two quotations above referred to contain in themselves a firm foundation for moral philosophy, without which morality becomes a dead thing of rules and customs, powerless to serve us in times of trial, though it may do well enough in ordinary circumstances.

Those who would go forward must understand themselves; and that which is to be their principal means of gaining knowledge — the mind — is what calls for the most diligent study, since it is that which controls the body, and that which responds to the Soul. "Guard well thy thoughts!" — for "the mind takes on the form of that which it contemplates."



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**A CORNER OF ONE OF THE GARDENS AT THE
INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA**



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**A GLIMPSE OF ONE OF THE GARDENS
INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA**



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A HILLSIDE CARPETED WITH SPRING FLOWERS
INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA



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ANOTHER HILLSIDE, INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

THE THREE BASES OF POETRY: A STUDY OF ENGLISH VERSE: by Kenneth Morris

PART ONE — VISION

CHAPTER IV — THE THIRD CYCLE

THINGS move quietly towards some great end, and attract little notice or comment. Here a drifting straw caught and hurried; there a trailing weed; it is nothing; — but pass yonder bluff, and you shall hear the roaring of the majestic waters. Little unnoted events fall light as the leaves of late September; but could we read their meanings, we should know to foretell the rise and fall of empires. The grand happenings precipitate quickly enough when the time comes for them. History has its few critical decades, in which almost everything of importance befalls. Shelley was born, Keats was born, and the *Lyrical Ballads* of Coleridge and Wordsworth were published, all in the seventeen-nineties. Poetry, returning, had called her train to return with her.

It was to be a cycle that should carry vision beyond all old high-tide marks. Not that the advance was dependent on the stature of the souls who profited by it: the nineteenth century bore no such giants as Shakespeare and Milton. But the faculties of the race had grown, and lesser men saw more wonderfully. Nature had lost opacity. Wordsworth was more conscious of wonder than Milton; Shakespeare had sighted no such magical shores as did Keats. Albeit, these of the new age were but mortal men with very mortal foibles; while those elder bards were of a standing almost incomprehensible to our common clay. Compare them: — here a Wordsworth, humorless, pedantic, prosy and somewhat meagre; a Keats swept with passions he had not learned to understand; there a serene mirror of a Shakespeare, so impersonal that all the Pantheons might imprint their wisdom on the stuff of his brain; a God's victorious Warrior of a Milton, all the days of whose life were given (against odds) to sacred and valiant living, that the Pantheons might get from him at last their meet sacred and valiant song. In a sense these two are complementary: the negative and positive of a Deific Soulhood: as if the divinest Self of England had achieved expressing almost the whole of itself through two poet personalities — contemporaries for a short while; for Milton was just over seven when Shakespeare died. Such a dual avatar, one would suppose, could come but once in the history of a nation. Yet the fruits of vision were unripe for them, and fell as prizes to their successors.

Wordsworth and Coleridge were the van-leaders in the new poetic cycle; — in reality Wordsworth only, for with Coleridge there is an element that discounts the genuineness of his perceptions. Poetry, the more it is poetry, the more it is the speech of the Divine in man; and you cannot

get the Divine to speak through drug-taking. Plain morality and high purpose may be a tedious means of invocation; but there is none other. Imitations of that Delphic or Cumaean voice you may get, that shall pass current with the unwary; words you may achieve wonderful enough; often pictures of extraordinary flashing vividness; but they are words spoken out of limbos, and pictures taken from a road that leads only into night and death. Not by that way shall you come into the wholesome beautiful landscapes of the territories of the Soul. The wonder will be a little weird and eerie, as in Coleridge; or, as in Poe, altogether breathing desolation, ruin and decay. Human evolution cannot so be helped forward. To turn from the magic in Wordsworth to that we find in *Kublai Khan* or the *Ancient Mariner*, is to turn from the sunlit world and natural sweet mountain slopes to a realm of mirage and perilous stability, wherein all is ominous and prophetic of terror: women wailing for demon lovers; ancestral voices prophesying war. There is a spell, a dreadful lure in it; but beware! Whoso goes too far shall be involved in the fall of the House of Ussher at last; and he shall not truly feed upon the honeydew; he shall drink the milk of no Paradise, but the paradise of the damned. Poetry is to lead us into Nature and to the wonder that is in the heart of her; this way leads out of Nature altogether, and by no means towards the Gods. So we may leave Coleridge; as we shall pass by others in their turn who have made great names for the wonder and splendor of their verse; not without sorrow for the thwartment of their genius.

Like Cowper, Wordsworth was honest and simple; religious also, but serenely and mystically so; and it is to this we owe his ability to carry the grand revolution through. He had little power of literary self-criticism, it would appear; he walked by habit on prosy and commonplace levels; yet somewhere in him was a poet, and of the very greatest. He loved Truth, and sought her in her own sunlight and among her mountains; and for reward she gave him occasionally to soar into transcendental regions. He went to Nature, and saw beneath the common things 'Eternal Beauty wander on her way'; and set down the vision faithfully in his verse; — and then egregiously set down the common things as well, all unwitting of a difference. He saw the Gods often, but knew them not from the most mediocre of mortals; so we find in his poems an intolerable deal of Tom, Dick and Harry to one poor halfpennyworth of Apollo. Stop there! — that halfpennyworth is not to be rated in millions of pounds; it is beyond rubies and the wealth of the world! . . .

(The more's the pity, you will say, that he had not grace decently to cremate the rest. . . .)

Never before had the Greek light — a distilled serenity of atmosphere — found such steady expression in English as in some two or three of his

Sonnets: that *Composed upon Westminster Bridge* being pre-eminent. In these lines, I think, is to be found the very essence of it:

This city now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theaters and temples lie
Open unto the fields and to the sky,
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.

Dear God! the very houses seem asleep,
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

And in the one that begins —

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free,
The holy time is quiet as a nun
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
Is sinking down in his tranquility;
The gentleness of heaven is on the sea —

he passes from that, which is pure and perfect Hellenism, to

Listen, the mighty being is awake!

— which is surely pure Celticism and magic: he has hit upon the vast unhuman consciousness in the sea, and suddenly convinced us of it without argument.

He can hardly mention the stars at all without being Greek in his beauty and serenity of diction; as when he says of the maid beside the springs of Dove that she was

Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky;

or as when he 'hit off' Milton in that greatest of all his lines we have already quoted, and, please God, shall again:

Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart.

And when he hears the cuckoo (magical sound), he must strike surely the note of magic in response; it is

No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery;

— as it were the center of the consciousness in the green sunlit landscape of the island spring, or

Breaking the silence of the seas
Beyond the farthest Hebrides:

—that which makes all wonderful and living. And when he sees the daffodils — thrice magical apparition! — his note, his vision, trembles up from

the Greek to the Celtic: basing itself in the poise and clearness of the former, and swimming into the gaiety, the sparkling motion, the fairylike radiance of the latter: —

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,

— the quintessence of serenity — almost, you might say, statuesque in its cool beauty and peace —

When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze. . . .

— where the light has begun to quiver with wizard gaiety, and we are prepared for the inevitable suggestion of consciousness in Nature that follows:

A poet could not but be gay
In such a *jocund company*.

It is not his greatest work; there is rather too much self-consciousness in that couplet, I think, for the pure note of Natural Magic to sound through in its entirety — rather too much reminiscence of philosophic methods and the Wordsworthian tendency to preach; for which reason it misses the clenching daemonic force of supreme poetry. In point of style there is nothing here to equal Shakespeare's

daffodils
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty;

— but in light, in keenness of outward vision, sense of motion, vivacity and color, 'tis the Wordsworth is the better.

The new cycle reached its culmination in 1819, the wonder year of English nature-poetry, in which Keats reached the perfection of his powers. In that year came his *Ode to a Grecian Urn*, with these lines for the high-water of English attainment in the Greek serenity:

What little town by river or sea-shore,
Or mountain-built with quiet citadel,
Is emptied of its folk this pious morn?

— and his *Ode to a Nightingale*, with this loveliest thing we have in the wizard mode:

the same that oftentimes hath
Charmed magic casements opening on the foam
Of perilous seas in fairylands forlorn —

lines that remain the touchstone and sweet criterion of this quality: the

Ultima Thule, it would appear, of poetic discovery: fulfilment, complete and satisfying, of a promise the elder poets only hinted at. And as if this were not enough, he threw in *La Belle Dame sans Merci*, of all English ballads (or Scottish either) the one most soaked through with Natural Magic; and the stately calm splendiddness of *Hyperion*; and the medieval glow and witchcraft of *The Eve of Saint Agnes*: — pieces unexcelled, both these latter, in sure, delicate and exquisite artistry.

One can hardly guess what vision would have come to, had Keats, who possessed it so wonderfully, lived to grow old and developed with the years. Perhaps he would have written poetry for Gods rather than for men; perhaps, like the enchanter in the tale, he would have laid spells on the mountains and the winds and the stars. For this boy of twenty-four had broken into realms — aye, and had trodden them lordlily — into which neither of those two archangels of song, Shakespeare and Milton, had ventured before him; that were quite unknown to Wordsworth and unattainable by Shelley; and into which Tennyson himself — for whom, as for all future nature-poets, Keats had blazed the great new trail into Fairyland — even Tennyson, great master of his art as he was, and supreme self-critic, hardly was to penetrate so deeply. Poetry now had forced her way into the world; and proposed to kindle, of this one frail personality, a beacon of unearthly splendor: such a fire of loveliness as had not burned in England until then. But 'twas a proximity that only a serene impersonalism or a God's Warriorhood might endure; and this Keats was Icarus, who flew too near the sun. Came a wild passion of love; came consumption; and the grave in Rome with the sad personal epitaph that time delights to belie. Only two years after the wonder year.

Then in 1820 Shelley, then twenty-seven, came into full bloom. As a poet, he is by no means to be compared to Keats. He was too conscious altogether: too much a thinker and philosopher, concerned with preaching the views of his mind, to allow the great Artist, the Soul, fully to speak through him its resonant and comfortable words. That is to say, he confounded poetry too much with philosophy; he might have written three parts of his work in prose and no objection raised. Yet he did achieve twice at least, adding something in verse to the slender aristocracy of perfection. His *Hymn of Pan* is a piece of Hellenism, lovely and lyrical; through which, too, I think, a little wind from the Hills of Magic blows and wanders:

Liquid Peneus was flowing,
And all dark Tempe lay
In Pelion's shadow, outgrowing
The light of the dying day,
SPEEDED by my sweet pipings.

—This Hellenism, you see: this fragrant light of Greece: is no cold and and marble thing merely. The white statue against a black background, which I imagine is what is commonly called up before the mind's eye when we hear talk of the Greek spirit in art, whispers only of the chasteness, the poise of its beauty; to realize its full significance, you have to apply that chasteness, that exquisite poise, to the sunlight and the mountains and the blue Aegean sky; to

Tempe and the dales of Arcady;

to

The wind in the reeds and the rushes,
The bees in the bells of thyme,
The birds in the myrtle bushes,
The cicale above in the lime;

— to the fountain Arethuse; to liquid Peneus, and the shadow of Pelion in the vale. Shelley here has used the Greek note, as Wordsworth and Keats did; though he has made it wonderfully warm and living, whereas Keats, in his supreme example, left it lovelily frozen and still; and he has used it with a sun-soaked richness of scent and color such as Wordsworth never knew. And if we compare the lines just quoted with Shakespeare's *I know a bank*,— a passage very like it in feeling and matter — I think we must own that in point of vision there has been a marvelous growth.

We noted the presence of a certain skyish quality in *L'Allegro*: an empyreal magic which, appearing in a few lines, serves to lift and inspire the whole poem: to make it airy, buoyant, perfect. No harm to recall the lines in which it occurs. Milton speaks, you will remember, of hearing —

the cock with lively din
Scatter the rear of darkness thin;

and the lark that

Singing, startles the dull night
From his watchtower in the skies;

and of the sun beginning his state

Robed in flames and amber light;

— thereby giving us a feeling, not only of the immensity of the skies, but of their being, in some vague way, the seat of the vast elemental activities: pageantries and warfares of which we get only a hint, a whisper, of news. Now hear how far Shelley, in the few lines that are his supreme utterance in the domain of nature-poetry, has gained in definite sky-consciousness over his so much greater predecessor. 'Higher still, and higher,' he sings to his skylark,

From the earth thou springest,
Like a cloud of fire

The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest—

— and we are no longer merely conscious of the sky, or even only looking up into it; but out in it and free, soaring upon song, feeling that anything may happen, and prepared for the sky-magic that is to come. And come it does with:

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou *dost float and run*. . . .

—There . . . it is the full flood of delirious wonder: to be rightly called vertiginous lyricism, or by any other most extravagant term. True, there is no hint of the pageantries and warfares — the special prerogative of the Poet of the War in Heaven — but . . . there is no going farther, in that direction, than “in the golden lightning of the sunken sun . . . thou dost float and run.”

He lingers for a moment in altitudes scarcely less dizzy with —

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;

then descends, *more suo*, if slowly, into what one may be allowed to call *brainmindizing*. But having written those lines, Shelley donned immortality. They are to be treasured, like Keats' *Magic Casements*, among the crown-jewel of nature-poetry; they are magical utterances, spells as potent as any enchanter used of old. That which Milton, himself a pioneer, just suggests half consciously, Shelley here revels in with whole-souled ecstasy. And it is not merely that he caught the sunset and evening sky in a net woven of a few little words. You might set down all that the eyes can see of flash and color, glow and softness, and be miles and miles from getting this. He gave — and herein lies the secret of it — a core and sentient center to his flamey heavens: sent the lark up into them, and went himself on her song and wings; again it is that our human consciousness is floated out into the boundless consciousness. Poetry, the Magician, has spoken her words of power, and we are transformed.

Would Shelley have grown from this? One does not know. He had caught the philosophizing habit over young; and it is one that is apt to grow with the years, drying away the springs of lyricism. Would Keats himself have grown? One was speculating on that just now; but again, after all, one does not know. His case was different from Shelley's; it was not the brain-mind that troubled him. But I am thinking that perhaps the great Daemon, Poetry — the urge behind all the poets of the day — knew what it was doing when it allowed its servant Keats to take flight. Perhaps it saw that racial vision had attained a climax, and must

recede: that things, during that cycle, could be brought to no outpost nearer the Wonder-Light in the Heart of Things than those magic casements opening on the foam of fairyland. And so it dismissed him, that he might cross the perilous seas once more, and beyond them abide at peace for an age or two, in the Fountain of Wonder, the rainbow-shadowy fountain of poetry on the other side of death — there to fortify himself with new and still more glowing mysteries, that he should reveal here in literary cycles to be. Wordsworth was falling away at that time, or preparing to; and the one hope of the age was Tennyson, though he was hardly yet in sight, except of Poetry and the Gods. A boy of ten in the wonder year, he was not yet twenty-four when he wrote *The Lady of Shalott*: he was within fourteen years still of the crest of the cycle. It is, perhaps, on the whole, the finest poem of nature-vision in the language; because in not one single line is its high perfection relaxed. The three notes or modes are present, almost throughout: it is all faithful; and bathed in a clear light, eclectic, finished, artistic: and much of it is at least suggestive of magic. It is a more perfect work of art than either the *Ode to a Nightingale* or *La Belle Dame sans Merci*: as if an older and more expert hand had written it. But it contains no such radiantly lovely flashes of vision; nowhere at all does it carry our sight over the perilous seas into fairylands forlorn. A knowledge of form greater, perhaps, than that of any of his predecessors, enabled Tennyson here to make the utmost use of a vision less free, less spiritually imaginative than Keats', possibly than Shelley's. The cycle of magic had ebbed a little, in those fourteen years — while the knowledge of form had grown. Is it the Racial Soul that creates or arranges for these things? Are they spoken through, rather than by, the individual poets?

Tennyson's aftergrowth, in respect to vision, was not on the whole towards the heights. Only once did he surpass *The Lady of Shalott*: in the *Morte D'Arthur*: and then only in snatches, not in the finished excellence of the whole. He clung too closely to the ground, as a rule; was too exact, minute and painstaking to see, as you may say, supernaturally. His main significance was in other things than vision; though in that, too, he was great. Often the wonderful tone or uplift in his lines would deceive us into thinking the vision in them greater than it is: to calling it Greek or Celtic, when it is no more than exact. There are poems splendidly suffused with the Hellenic atmosphere; though I think that his very painstaking exactitude stands between him and supreme triumph even here. One hardly finds for example, in *Oenone*, such perfect Hellenism as in the *Ode to a Grecian Urn* or the *Hymn of Pan*. Not that he is not constantly artistic; he is, and in a very high degree. But it is an artistry that presents its pictures in detail, not generally leaving you to guess and feel the

greater part of them; so we miss the luminosity of the Greek, as well as the magic of the Celtic note. Perhaps he saw too much — outwardly. As if the Spirit of the Age (much given to peering through a microscope) had taken hold on his perceptions, as it had largely on his thought. The greatest art reveals most by suggestion. Its business is to awake imagination and the slumbering faculties of the soul; not to dose the brain-mind with philosophies, nor to lull the senses with sweet things. It calls out to the inert creator in us: *Rise you, and do your part*; and by magic, gets its command obeyed.

I think the vision of the race was ebbing from the beginning of the eighteen-twenties; but the ebb was not swift or sudden. *The Lady of Shalott* came in the early thirties; the *Morte D'Arthur*, in which Tennyson reached his highest peaks, not until the forties. In this is wonder upon wonder, vision wholly magical; high and potent calls to the imagination are here, and immense revelations in a pregnant phrase or line. There is nothing in the earlier poem, or elsewhere in his work, to compare to such passages as this:

The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him. . . .
And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,
A broken chancel with a broken cross,
That stood on a dark strait of barren land.
On one side lay the Ocean, and on one
Lay a great water, and the moon was full.

—A landscape wildly beautiful: the Ocean, and the great water, and the full moon: but it is that timeworn relic of ancient and forgotten humanity — the broken chancel with the broken cross — that makes it magical. A ghost's touch is on our inward selves, and slumbering racial memories quiver into half awakening; since there, in that wild loneliness, we come so startlingly on the works of consciousness akin to our own, but forgotten, unknown and unknowable. — Or this:

Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,
Old knights, and over them the sea-wind sang
Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam.

— In which the same magic is wrought, and by the same means; or this most wonderful of all:

The great brand
Made lightnings in the splendor of the moon

So flashed and fell the brand Excalibur;
But, ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
And caught him by the hilt, and brandished him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere. . . .

— in which the Great Mystery actually obtrudes itself visibly before our eyes: reaches up out of that lone water: and the picture is pregnant with a sense of unwhisperable things — of destinies immemorial, high and solemn tragedies whose echoings stop not upon the hither borders of humanity, but run in through world behind world of Gods and Fairies and the Masters of the Arcana. Here you may contrast two modes, if you will: Thetis wins from Hephaestus armor for her son Achilles; this Thetis and Hephaestus we call Gods, but they are creatures with parts and passions like ourselves; we can understand them very well, and fathom all their motives. Unknown worlds, prophetic and mysterious, would provide a Sword Unconquerable for Arthur; and here you shall see no wheels and cogs of passion working, none of the cheapness of personality; but

an arm
Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
Holding the sword.

It is the reticence and impersonality that make the wonder of it; the assurance of a superior and mysterious consciousness that is left unguessed at because unguessable.

Thus twice the young Tennyson, turning for inspiration to the wonderland of Welsh romance, struck the highest notes in vision; he was to seek in the same sources again and again, after another decade or so had passed; but to find, or to reproduce, nothing like this. And even here, in the *Morte D'Arthur*, in a sense, a certain deterioration is to be noted. The vision never flagged in *The Lady of Shalott*; here you cannot depend on it. There, all was pure poetry; here there is much that is not — much that is rather of the brain-mind than of the Soul and imagination. Sir Bedivere's arguments with himself over the throwing of Excalibur, for example; and still more, and certainly, Arthur's last speech from the barge, with its command that Bedivere should pray for his soul; an idea that has no place whatever in the fairylands forlorn. —About twenty years separated the *Morte D'Arthur* from the next written of the Idylls; and one has but to compare them to know that vision had receded, and how very far.

It was not until towards the end of the century that it showed signs of rising again; with such lines as Stevenson's

Yet shall your ragged moor receive
The incomparable pomp of eve;

or these from Watson's magnificent sonnet:

— and over me
The everlasting taciturnity,
The immense, inhospitable, inhuman night
Glittering magnificently unperturbed.

Or the wonder-work of the poets that arose in Ireland in those days; some of whom are song-rich still, and some, alas, dead or the equivalent. Latterly one has heard more than is comfortable of singers in love with the sordid and hideous, or of the grotesque; they may be heralds of another dark age and night time of poetry. But criticism sees the better for a certain perspective of time; and we need go no farther than Tennyson.

There will be other cycles, ascents and descents; and always, ultimately we shall advance. The great evolution will go forward when English has gone the way of Sanskrit, Latin and Greek. Poetry, whose true vision is never of a mirage, but a real insight in towards the Heart of Things and the inmost beauty of the Sanctuary, will reveal more and more of that beauty to our gaze, as we become capable of perceiving it. Beauty is not a fashion of the eye, as cynics suppose; it would be there were there no eye to behold it, and most of it is unbeheld by any eye. It is the impress of the Spirit on matter; it comes of the great Inbreathing; it is the light kindled when the Divine Essence takes hold upon the clay, and first molds it into form, then fuses it to transparency, and shines perfectly through. That is why the path of the poet must lie in the light: why, when the beginning has been in a faithful, but optimistic and upward-tending vision, the beauty of things seen must become with every succeeding cycle more diaphanous; and the faithful becomes artistic, and the artistic grows lit with wizardry from within. Philosophy tells you that there is a light at the heart of Nature; philosophy gives you a botanist's description of a rose to delight your senses withal; but poetry is in some sort a mirror, wherein we may see reflected some traces at least of the lovely outline, the wonderful color, of the 'Rose of all roses,' the 'Rose upon the Rood of Time.' As this note of Natural Magic grows and strengthens, it hints to us more and more insistently that there is a

Secret Presence through creation's veins
Running quicksilverlike;

— a wizard consciousness that peers at us over mountain and forest horizons; that ponders in the desert and rollicks on the sea; that broods in shadowy places and haunts the abodes of ancient trees: a quickening, daedal, lonely Enchanter: universal, quiet, omnipresent: a Laughter unseen and unheard. From the nineties, and from one of the Irishmen — A. E.— comes this:

About me, in the thick wood netted,
The wizard glow looks humanwise;
And over the tree-tops barred and fretted,
Ponders with strange old eyes;

— which says exactly what poetry is always trying to say. The Spirit is

here, here, here; God walks in all gardens, and whoso will may talk with God. But you must put dogma away first; you must forget the God you have heard and read about, and to whom the litanies are sung, or you shall not find this Other; this companionable Aloneness, this unsilenceable Quietude. "This is the Real, this the True; That thou art!" says the Upanishad; and again: "He who knows this, knows the Brahman,"—the All. He who knows, look you; not guesses dimly and occasionally; who is everlastingly haunted by it — not who can formulate it philosophically in a phrase or dissertation; who dwells with it face to face, and is soaked through with its essence; not who sees it pass, as Moses saw the Lord on Mount Sinai; or hears its voice, once or so in a lifetime, out of the Burning Bush of visible things. This much — and this much only — some of these nature-poets have achieved; they are, in their degree, the teachers and pioneers of the race. We shall follow them onward and up towards Eternal Beauty; we shall feed commonly upon their honeydew and milk of Paradise. We shall see the light of Deity shining lovelily in the flowers, and know the mountains pregnant with Verigod. The mountains — aye, and our own hearts too.



THE RELEASE OF DEATH

From the Ancient Egyptian

DEATH is before me today

Like the recovery of a sick man,
Like the going forth into a garden after sickness.

Death is before me today

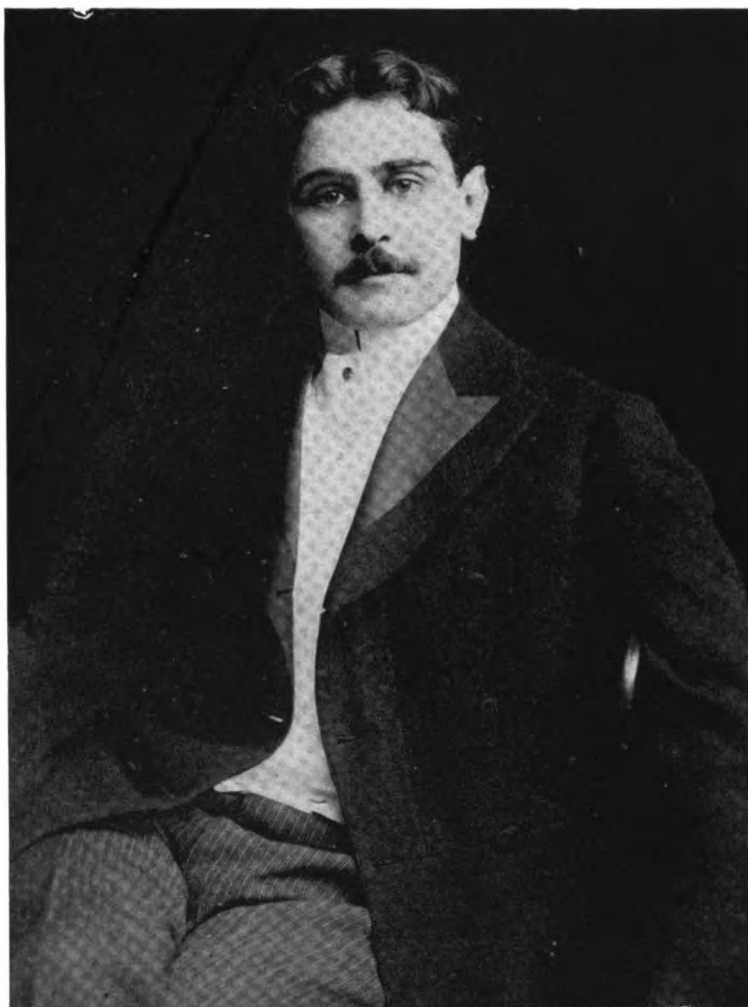
Like the odor of myrrh,
Like sitting under the sail on a windy day.

Death is before me today

Like the course of a freshet,
Like the return of a man from the war-galley to his home.

Death is before me today

As a man longs to see his house
When he has spent years in captivity.



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ERNEST WISE KEYSER, NOTED AMERICAN SCULPTOR



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

'OPHELIA'



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

'SIR GALAHAD'



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

'MAN AND HIS CONSCIENCE'



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

GLENN H. CURTIS AVIATION TROPHY



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

'MEMORY'



Lomalind Photo. & Engraving Dept.

MEMORIAL TABLET TO PETER F. COLLIER



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

BAS-RELIEF OF TWO SISTERS

ERNEST W. KEYSER: AN AMERICAN ARTIST

by Carolus

THE American school of sculpture has risen to a prominent position in the world of art; it is even possible that it is now the leading national school, though, while Rodin retains his active powers in France, the balance may still incline in that direction. St. Gaudens has passed away, but Barnard, Loreda Taft, Manship, McMonnies, and other strong men are working in the fullness of their powers; such as these would be distinguished at any period.

Ernest W. Keyser, of Baltimore, but now living in New York City, is a worthy representative of the younger generation of American sculptors, and he has already attained substantial and gratifying recognition at home and abroad. He is an artist with marked originality, with ideas of his own which his great skill in modeling enables him to express boldly and effectively. At the age of eighteen he went to New York and worked for two years under St. Gaudens. Under the advice of that great sculptor he then went to Paris and studied for four years at 'Julien's' under Dampit and Puesch. His work immediately attracted attention and was regularly accepted for exhibition at the Salon. The marble bust of *Ophelia*, illustrated herewith, was executed at this time and was immediately purchased by a Parisian art collector. Mr. Keyser has been called upon to make several replicas of this beautiful and pathetic work. In 1898 Mr. Keyser returned to New York in order to execute a number of commissions, principally of memorial tablets, busts and reliefs. A few years later he started for Europe again, where he spent three years in further study in the galleries of Italy and France, and in original work. During this period he entered a competition for the Harper Memorial at Ottawa, Canada, and received the commission. The monument was erected by public subscription in Ottawa to commemorate the heroism of Henry A. Harper, a brilliant and very popular young journalist, who plunged into the ice-covered waters of the Ottawa river in a desperate attempt to rescue a girl who had fallen through the ice. Both lost their lives. The people of Ottawa were greatly moved by the tragedy, and the figure of Sir Galahad was chosen as a fitting subject for the memorial. At the unveiling ceremony Earl Grey said:

I congratulate the sculptor on the skill with which this statue of Sir Galahad indicates those qualities of energy, fearlessness and service of which young Harper was the incarnation; and I hope that this statue may be only the first of a set of noble companions which, in the course of time, will make this street the Via Sacra of the Capital.

As will be seen from the illustration, the figure of the the hero who cried, "If I lose myself, I find myself," is modeled on vigorous lines, and is full of action, without a trace of exaggeration. The sword is ready to use for defense of right, but the impression conveyed is that Sir Galahad

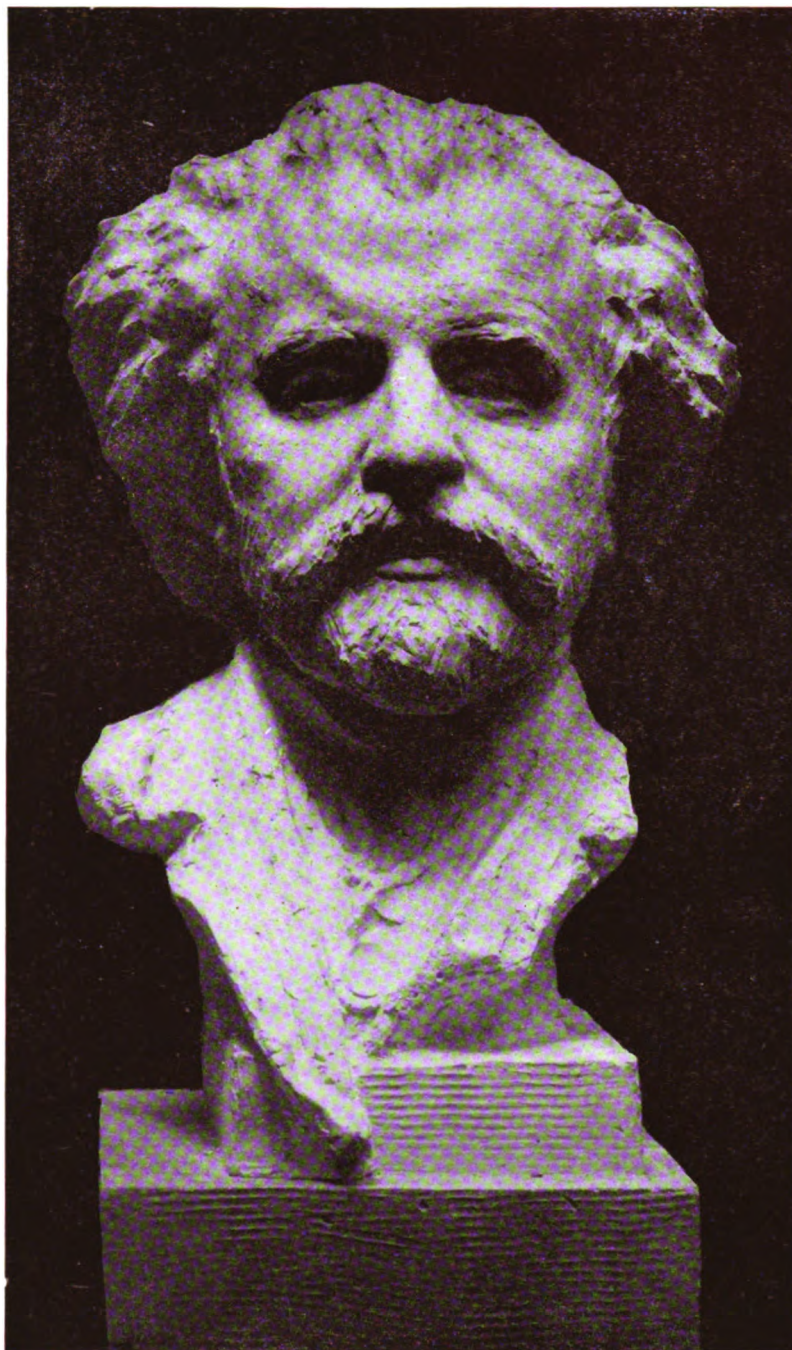
trusts rather in the spiritual than the material weapon; illuminated by the mystic vision of the Holy Grail, he has wisdom and strength beyond that of man.

A small replica of this monumental figure was shown at an exhibition of Mr. Keyser's works lately held at the Folsom Galleries, New York. The sculptor has frequently chosen subjects which deal with the permanent values of life. When in Paris he began a heroic-sized group of *The Soul struggling against the Weaknesses of the Flesh*, and *Man and his Conscience* is a very impressive and original treatment of a fine subject. The student of Theosophy would be tempted to re-name this interesting work, and to call it 'The Personal and the Immortal Man,' the latter, the man "for whom the hour will never strike" (H. P. Blavatsky) being represented by the half-hidden face faintly coming into view under the veil. Even in the 'Aviation Trophy' awarded to Glenn H. Curtis by the Aero Club, the subject is treated in an unusual way, symbolic and expressive of more than the mere physical conquest of the air. There is a suggestion in the sweeping lines of the composition of the possibility of mankind rising above the attraction of earthly desires to fly straight to the empyrean. In place of the conventional aeroplane as the chief object in the design, a youthful figure, crowned with laurel and with hand closing upon a seagull in flight, springs lightly from a globe; the Force of Gravity as a male figure falls conquered beneath him, and a female figure represents the contrary winds, also surmounted. The suggestion of movement and wind is well carried out in this delightful work.

Another fine work of imagination is *Memory*, a bronze door to a Columbarium at Baltimore, the principal feature of which is a figure with bandaged eyes and a wing-like glory. The memorial tablet to Peter F. Collier, the publisher, is very classical in feeling and an excellent example of restraint.

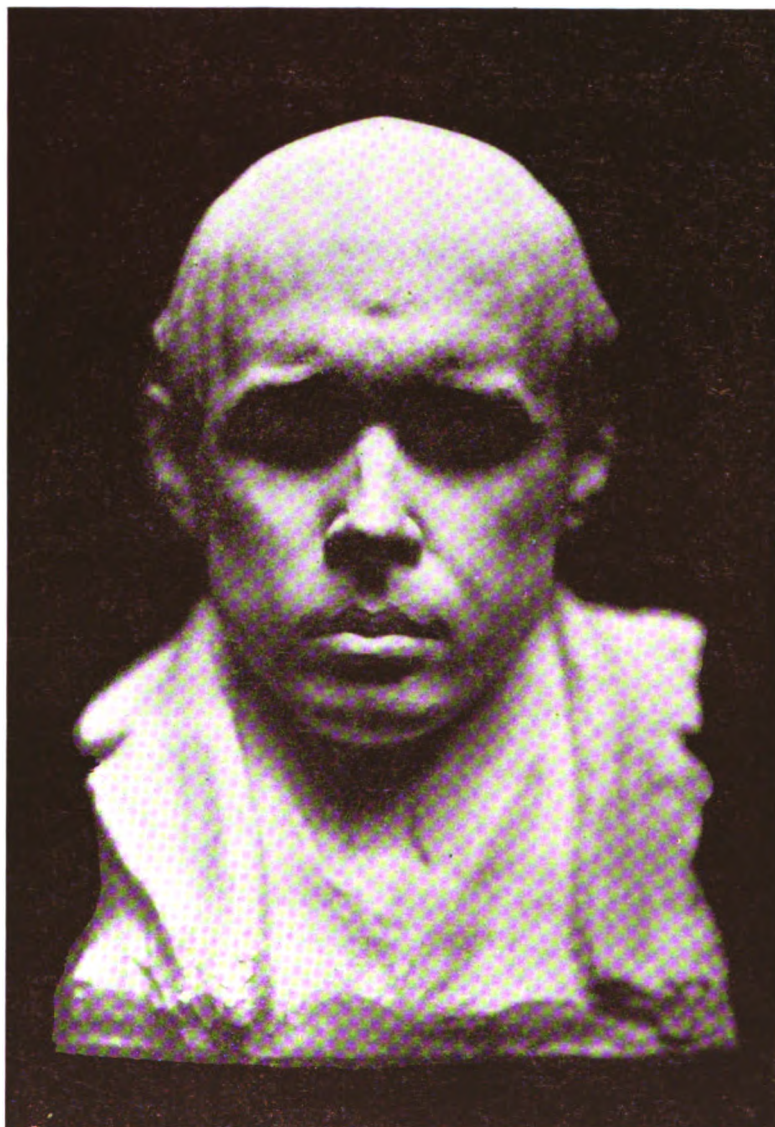
The illustrations from Mr. Keyser's portraits of Sigismund Stojowski, the pianist and composer, Pablo Casals, the 'cellist, and the two girls, give an excellent idea of his ability in this line.

WHILE Basilides, founder of one of the most philosophical Gnostic systems, claimed he had all his doctrines from Matthew and from Peter through Glaucus, Irenaeus reviled him, Tertullian stormed at him, and the Church fathers had not sufficient words of obloquy against the 'heretic.' And yet on the authority of Jerome himself, who describes with indignation what he had found in the *only genuine Hebrew copy* of the gospel of Matthew which he got from the Nazarenes, the statement of Basilides becomes more than credible, and if accepted would solve a great and perplexing problem. His twenty-four volumes of *Interpretation of the Gospels* were, as Eusebius tells us, burnt. Useless to say that these gospels were not our *present* gospels. Thus, truth was ever crushed.— H. P. Blavatsky



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**PORTRAIT-BUST OF SIGISMOND STOJOWSKI
PIANIST AND COMPOSER**



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept

PORTRAIT-BUST OF PABLO CASALS, 'CELLIST

NOTES ON ANCIENT EGYPT: by C. J. Ryan

PART TWO

THE Egyptians were essentially an artistic people; they took great pride in their works of art, and the social position of the artist-craftsman was respectable; the architect was the most highly esteemed. During the Old Empire, the high priest of Memphis was called the 'Chief Leader of the Artists,' and, as the principal ecclesiastic of the god Ptah — one of the personifications of the Creative power of Divinity — his duties included the guardianship of the creative arts. Throughout the whole course of Egypt's long career art remained an integral part of the life of the people, and Egyptian art, notwithstanding its great art. The difference between the styles of the Old Empire and the Ptolemaic is less than between medieval and modern architecture. The fact that the styles of Egyptian architecture separated centuries apart is less significant than the fact that the styles of Egyptian architecture remained essentially the same for thousands of years. The difference between the styles of Egyptian architecture is less than the difference between the styles of medieval and modern architecture. The fact that the styles of Egyptian architecture remained essentially the same for thousands of years is more significant than the fact that the styles of Egyptian architecture separated centuries apart.



COLONNADE IN THE TEMPLE OF LUXOR

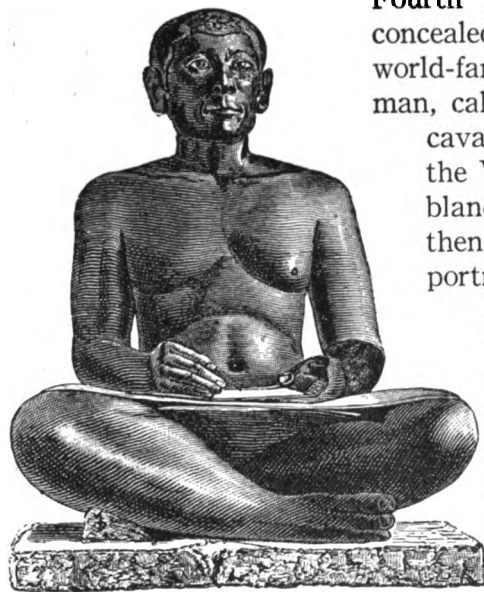
ty — his duties guardianship of Throughout the Egypt's long career art remained an integral part of the life of the people, and Egyptian art, notwithstanding its great art. The difference between the styles of the Old Empire and the Ptolemaic is less than between medieval and modern architecture. The fact that the styles of Egyptian architecture separated centuries apart is less significant than the fact that the styles of Egyptian architecture remained essentially the same for thousands of years. The difference between the styles of Egyptian architecture is less than the difference between the styles of medieval and modern architecture. The fact that the styles of Egyptian architecture remained essentially the same for thousands of years is more significant than the fact that the styles of Egyptian architecture separated centuries apart.

What is left of Egyptian art on a large scale consists chiefly of buildings, carvings and paintings devoted to religious or funereal purposes. In style the artists were mostly confined to set forms and governed by strict conventions, but "in architecture, as in sculpture and painting, side by side with the stiff and conventional style, a more living art was developed, which shook itself free from the dogma of tradition; unfortunately it is almost unknown to us, as it was exclusively employed in private buildings which have long since disappeared."* Little or no really bad art has been preserved, and the Egyptians seem to have had reasons, though obscure, for their curious conven-

* *Life in Ancient Egypt*, Erman.

tions. These included, in reliefs and pictures, the artificial postures of certain of the human figures, the absence of front-faces and the calm expression of the profiles even under excitement, the neglect of perspective, the absence of light and shade in painting, the 'hieratic' position in full-length figure sculpture, and other peculiarities. From the occasional abandonment of some of these in favor of naturalism it seems to be proved that the artists were perfectly aware that they were conventions.

If it were not for the furnishings and decorations of the tombs many departments of Egyptian life and some of the best art would be unknown. For instance, the greatest portrait-sculptures of all — those of the early



STATUE OF A SCRIBE, LOUVRE
From the Fifth Dynasty

Fourth and Fifth Dynasties — were found concealed in tombs. Among these are the world-famed wooden statue of an unknown man, called by the native workmen who excavated it the Sheik-el-Beled (Mayor of the Village), because of its strong resemblance to the local functionary living then. There are also the marvelous portrait-statues of Prince Ra-hetep and Princess Nefert, and many others who lived about six thousand years ago. Crystal and metal are inlaid into the eyes of some of these, and they are so lifelike that when the tombs were first opened the Arabs thought they were Jinn, supernatural beings, guarding treasures. To protect themselves from the spirits, the Arabs have mutilated more than one priceless statue. At the period we are considering, the stiff, conven-

tional treatment, commonly associated in our minds with Egyptian sculpture, was not adopted in funerary statues; a bold realism was aimed for. Though some are imperfect in a few technical details, these figures have an extraordinary, almost magical power of impressing the spectator that they are symbols of the soul; they are spiritually as well as physically realistic.

It may be that these portrait statues were publicly exhibited during the lifetime of the sitter, but they were rarely, if ever, intended to be seen by human eye after being set in their concealed place in the tomb. Yet it was important that they should be as lifelike as possible; they must not be conventionalized in the manner of those that were exposed publicly in honor of kings or high officers of state, or of those that formed integral portions

of the architectural design of many temples. At first sight this seems a curious thing, but it is explained when we learn of the Egyptian belief in a semi-material image or duplicate of the human body — an 'astral



PRINCE RA-HETEP AND PRINCESS NEFERT;
FOURTH OR FIFTH DYNASTY

body' of some sort. This Double, which existed before birth and lasted after death, was called the *Ka*, and its preservation was necessary for the comfort and, it would almost seem, for the very existence of the ordinary *personality* of the deceased for a while after death. The chief seat of the vitality of the *Ka* was the mummy itself, but this was liable to accidents. In such cases a statue was the best thing to fall back upon; hence the necessity of the greatest realism, so that the unfortunate *Ka* should not find the artificial bodily supporter a misfit! More than one *Ka* statue is frequently found, as an extra measure of precaution.

But if everything else

was destroyed, there still remained a last resource in the pictures upon the walls of the tomb. This is the accepted explanation of the multitude of *Ka* statues and the innumerable representations of the deceased painted on walls in his familiar surroundings; all hermetically sealed from intrusion. Pictures of the life of the people are found in the Etruscan tombs, and an explanation different from the above has been advanced to explain them. It is suggested that they represent the happy future life on earth of the soul of the deceased when reincarnated after the long sojourn in the subjective world. It is not unlikely that the Egyptian desire to preserve the

Ka has some more pregnant meaning than that mentioned above, for our archaeologists, trained in modern methods of thought, naturally find it difficult to enter into the mental attitude of a race so far removed from us in time as the ancient Egyptians. The Egyptians certainly did not believe the *Ka* to be the immortal Ego; that had a very different



GRAECO-EGYPTIAN PORTRAITS FROM MUMMY-CASES: FAYÛM

experience to undergo. The whole subject is obscure and full of pitfalls, particularly for those who approach it from a commonplace, materialistic standpoint, and are not prepared to acknowledge that the ancient Egyptians possessed a knowledge of the inner forces of life which has almost disappeared in a civilization principally concerned with external phenomena. A modern trace of the ancient belief in the *Ka* is found in Upper Egypt, where the people often put a vessel of water on a grave to quench the thirst of the departed.

In the latest days of Egypt, under the Ptolemies, painted portraits of quite modern appearance were placed with the mummies in the Fayûm:

the materials used were encaustic or tempera; they were executed by Graeco-Egyptian craftsmen in natural tints and with realistic shadows in a very different style from the earlier, flat-toned profiles. One has been discovered enclosed in a frame; probably it was hung on the wall of a house before being placed in the mummy-case.

The Egyptians were a good-humored people, and many amusing caricatures have been found. One famous one represents a lady improving her complexion, and others depict battles between armed and drilled cats and rats, and games of chess in which the players are donkeys, etc. Notwithstanding the attention the Egyptians gave to religious and other-worldly matters, it would be a great error to imagine they lived in funereal gloom "sitting around on ruins meditating on the vanity of all things."

Egyptian architecture in comparison with other antique styles may fairly be called ascetic or spiritual. The Greek, which followed it as the next sublime expression of the potentialities of the human soul, is the more graceful demonstration of truth through pure beauty, and the Roman, the latest, although strong and vigorous, is certainly the most material and luxurious. To a degree this orderly flow of the building impulse was repeated in a measure in the Christian cycle: the Gothic, with its ascetic tendencies, followed by the classic beauty of the Renaissance, declined into the extravagances of the Rococo. At the present time we are in an inter-regnum, fishing vainly for inspiration. Will reinforced concrete suggest a new, natural and effective style?

The Egyptians depended largely upon the impression produced by great size and weight. In this way they obtained repose and dignity, and any heaviness was relieved by the charm of decorative color, an essential part of everything they touched. They were masters of flat color, and even the most vivid hues were skilfully used by their designers. The brilliantly painted decorations of the dim halls and corridors in the temples took away the sense of gloom, while leaving the grandeur undiminished. The Greeks followed the example of their Egyptian masters and painted their temples, and the Saracenic architects made strong color an integral part of their compositions; even the medieval Gothic buildings were brilliant with painting or mosaic, at least within, as recent discoveries have proved. Modern designers have lost the ability to use color in architecture with the skill of former ages.

An interesting topic in the study of ancient art and philosophy is that of Egypt's influence upon Greek and thereby upon all subsequent culture. That the Greeks were acquainted with Egypt and Nubia as early as B. C. 600 is proved by the archaic Greek inscriptions carved upon the Colossi of Rameses the Great at Abu-Simbel, in the reign of Psammetik II. There has been much difference of opinion on the degree in which Greece

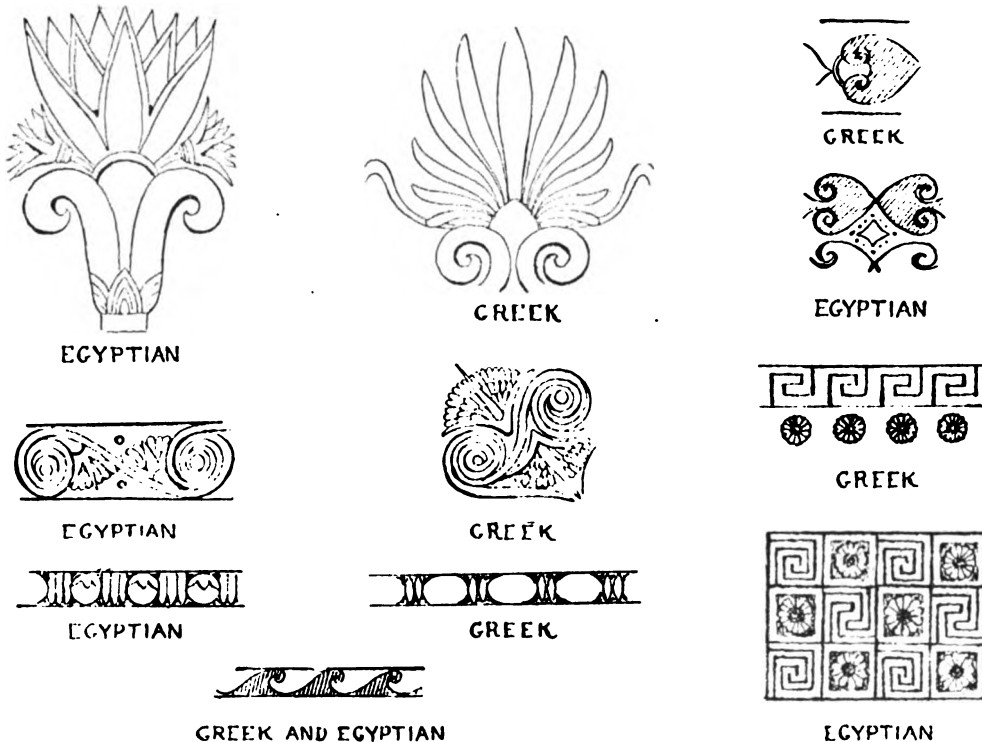


TEMPLE OF EDFU, LOOKING TOWARDS THE PYLONS

was influenced by Egypt. It is undoubtedly true that historic Greece derived a few art motifs from the prehistoric Aegean civilization, such as the Doric frieze with triglyphs, but this in no way militates against a powerful influence from Egypt, either directly or through the Aegean and Mesopotamia. If, as H. P. Blavatsky tells us, Egyptian civilization was in an advanced state thousands of years before the so-called Pyramid Age, it seems only reasonable that it should have strongly affected all the surrounding nations. In the case of the Greek Doric column we have no reason to believe it was derived from the Aegean column, inverted in

appearance with its smaller end down, but in Egypt shafts closely resembling the Doric and with round or square capitals had been in constant use for centuries before the earliest known Doric in Greece. They are found at Karnak, Deir-el-Baharí, Beni-Hassán and Kalabshe. They were thick and short, like the pillars of the early temple of Corinth.

Among the supreme refinements of Greek architecture we find subtle curves and other modifications of apparently straight lines, and certain irregularities in the spacing of parts, all evidently intentional. It used to be taught that these were all designed for the purpose of correcting



GREEK AND EGYPTIAN ORNAMENTAL DECORATION, SHOWING SIMILARITIES

optical illusions, but a newer and better hypothesis suggests that most of them were devices to give the sparkle and movement of life to an otherwise rigidly mechanical structure. The Greeks followed the example of the Egyptians in this, for similar artifices have been found at Medinet Habu and elsewhere. The columns of the great Hypostyle Hall at Karnak are slightly irregular in spacing — just sufficiently so to take away the monotony without attracting attention to the means employed. As Dr. Sirén says,* the influence of the Egyptian temple upon the Greek is

*THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH, October 1912

unmistakable. Some of the single-celled Egyptian temples (the Mam-misi) are almost identical in design with the simpler Greek forms.

It is not easy to deny the Egyptian influence in decorative art. The lotus plant so extensively used was not only an admirable motif for design but it had a profound meaning in symbolism. We find ornamental



COLONNADE IN THE MORTUARY TEMPLE OF MEDINET-HABU
NEAR THEBES

forms derived from it, such as the anthemion, widely distributed in western Asia and eastern Europe. The fret, the Mycenaean 'heart-leaf,' the astragal, the rosette and other patterns formerly supposed to be essentially Greek are all found in earlier Egypt. The palm-leaf capitals at Philae somewhat resemble the Greek Corinthian of the Temple of the Winds, and the rich floriated capitals of Kom Ombo are very like the fully-developed Corinthian. In the Minoan paintings of the human figure with flat feet, twisted shoulders and profile faces, and in the archaic Greek figure sculptures which stand in the conventional Egyptian 'hieratic' position, the traces of Egypt are unmistakable. In so-called primitive races away from the Mediterranean, we do not find anything like so many points of resemblance between their artistic conventions and those of Egypt. These conventions,



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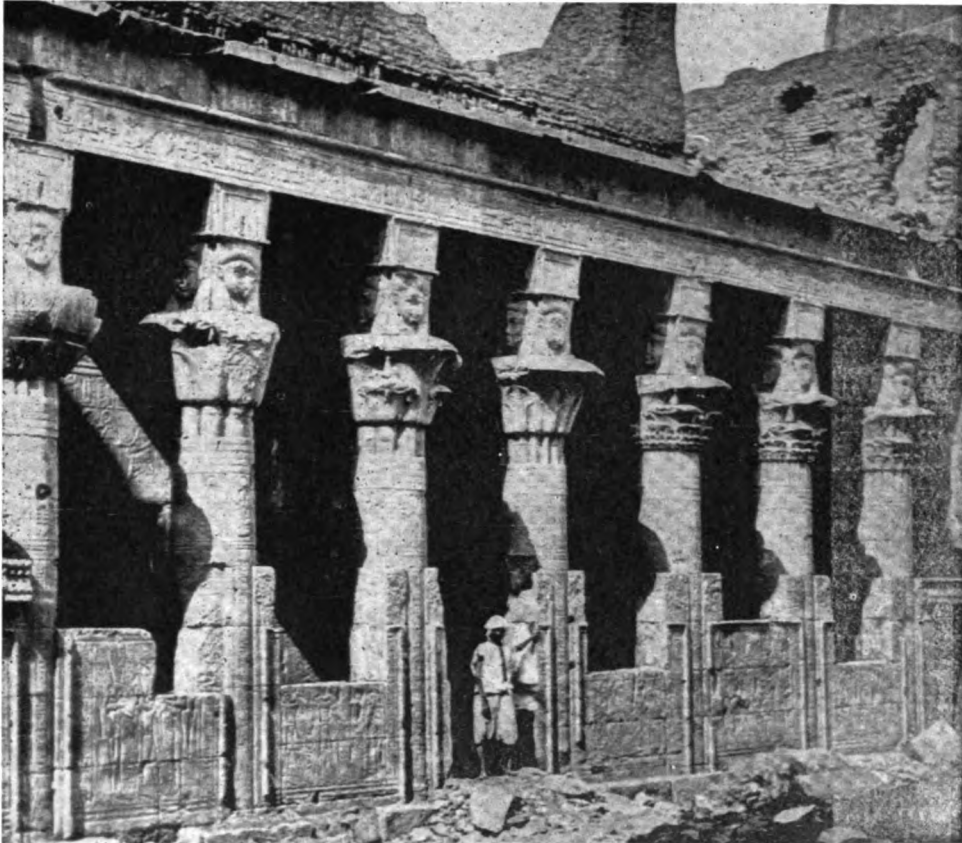
PORTRAIT OF RAMESES THE GREAT ON HIS MUMMY-CASE



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

'PROTO-DORIC' PILLARS FROM THE ROCK-CUT TEMPLE OF KALABSHE, NUBIA

in fact, are *not* necessarily the ones that beginners would fall into. In the very earliest known carvings in Europe — the human figures from the Quaternary caverns in the Dordogne, France, — the attitudes are not abnormally twisted, nor conventionalized, but are clumsy attempts at realism. Nor are Egyptian conventions found in the Far East.



COLONNADE AT THE TEMPLE OF PHILAE
THE CAPITALS SOMEWHAT RESEMBLE THE GREEK AND ROMAN CORINTHIAN

The Greeks having no such long sacerdotal tradition behind them as the Egyptians, soon dropped the formal poses of the archaic type and developed into a perfection which transcended even the naturalistic portrait sculpture of the Fifth Dynasty.

The principle of the round arch was well known to the Egyptians, though like the Greeks, they preferred the flat lintel. A leading architectural principle common to both peoples was stability. The upper parts of their buildings rested firmly upon the lower; no part was balanced in unstable

equilibrium; no buttresses or thickening of walls was necessary to prevent roofs or arches collapsing by their outward thrust. Compare this fundamental principle of permanence with its dignity, with the unstable feeling produced by even the finest ecclesiastical Gothic of the Middle Ages. Beautiful and fanciful though it be, a Gothic cathedral of the fourteenth century is a fragile structure of conflicting stresses, the roofs and



EGYPTIAN PAPYRUS CAPITALS
From the Temple of Esneh

pointed arches trying to push out the walls, which the buttresses and flying buttresses reinforce by their counter-resistance. The calmness and repose so characteristic of Egyptian and Greek religious architecture could not exist under such uncertain conditions.

The Egyptian climate compelled certain principles to be adopted that are not so desirable in the Gothic style of the grayer northern regions. In the blazing, southern

sunshine, large, simple masses and flat planes are more effective than the spires and pinnacles and intricacies of fretted detail which give interest to buildings illuminated by the subdued and diffused light of more foggy latitudes. The Moslems in Egypt instinctively followed the same principle in their Mosque architecture; they delighted in large and simple features, well proportioned, with here and there a concentration of rich and elaborate detail.

As Egyptian art was an integral part of the life of the people, the architecture was not always ponderous and solemn, but was modified into lightness and gaiety for domestic and other familiar uses. In sculpture when realism was demanded it appeared, as in the *Ka* statues in the tombs, but when not specifically needed, as in the reliefs and statues in the temples, conventional forms were largely adopted. It would be a mistake to imagine that the conventionalized carvings were indifferently executed or that their peculiarities arose from incapacity. Maspero says:

The peculiar properties of the bas-reliefs are soon revealed to anyone who examines them with close attention, and he then almost despairs of reproducing them adequately by any ordinary means. The line which encircles the bodies with so precise a contour is not stiff and inflexible in its whole length as it appears at a first glance, but it undulates, swells out and tapers off and sinks down to the structure of the limbs it bounds and the action that animates them. The flat parts it defines contain not only a summary definition of the anatomy and of the flesh surfaces, but the place of the muscles

is marked by such minute excrescences and hollows that we marvel how the ancient sculptor could produce them with the rude tools at his disposal. It required the suppleness of the white limestone of Tourah to enable them to work in a relief some ten-thousandth of an inch high, a thing that modern pen, pencil or brush is impotent to transcribe exactly on paper.

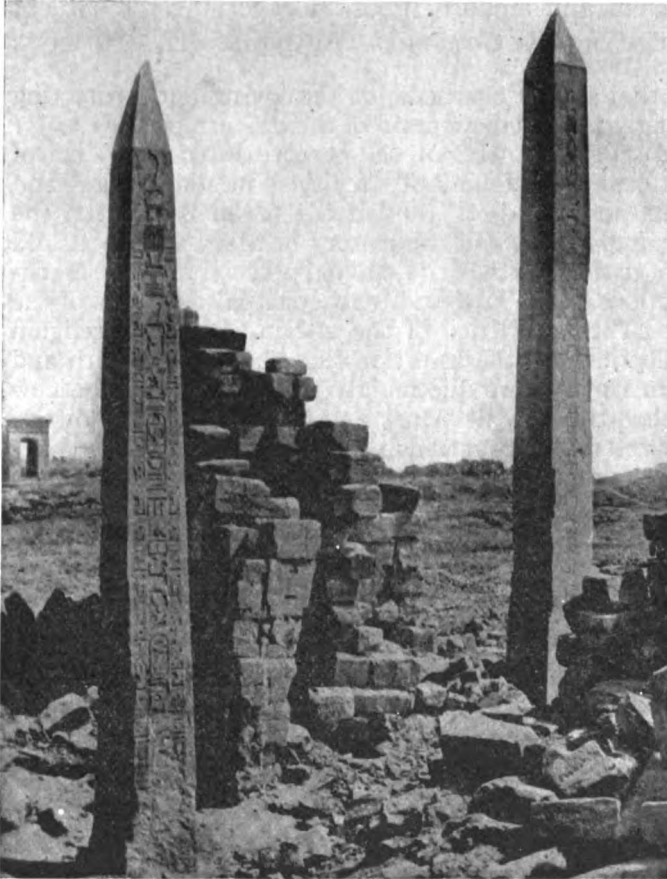
The two chief styles of Egyptian relief carving are shown in the accompanying cuts. In the wall-picture of Isis nursing the Child, from Abydos, the plain, bold reliefs resemble in the method of cutting, the ordinary principle adopted in ancient and modern times. Concerning the subject of this picture, Dr. Budge, in *The Gods of the Egyptians* (II, 220) says:

There is little doubt that in her character of the loving and protecting mother she appealed strongly to the imagination of the Eastern peoples. . . . and that the pictures and sculptures wherein she is represented in the act of suckling her child Horus formed the foundation for the Christian figures and paintings of the Madonna and Child . . . and if the parallels between the theological history of Isis and Horus and the history of Mary and the Child be considered, it is difficult to see how they could avoid perceiving in the teachings of Christianity reflections of the best and most spiritual doctrines of the Egyptian religion. . . . The knowledge of the ancient Egyptian religion which we now possess fully justifies the assertion that the rapid growth and progress of Christianity in Egypt were due mainly to the fact that the new religion, which was preached there by St. Mark and his immediate followers, in its essentials so closely resembled that which was the outcome of the worship of Osiris, Isis and Horus, that popular opposition was entirely disarmed.

The second, less costly and elaborate style, the intaglio, in which the figures are nearly flat, and only distinguished in outline by a deep groove, was introduced by Rameses II about 1200 B. C., but finally a return was made to the older and more effective method. The Egyptian artist made no attempt at perspective as we understand it; he represented nature in the Oriental way, and, accustomed as we are to our photographic style, the Egyptian compositions are confusing. The distant objects are placed above, or, as in rows of figures, slightly in advance of the nearer ones, and the most important persons are usually made larger than the rest, irrespective of distance. The decorative effect, in composition of masses or colors, is always good. The hieroglyphs, quaintly picturesque in their forms, gave the artists unusual opportunities, and, like the Arabic inscriptions on the Moslem mosques of a later date, were utilized to add to the beauty of the decorative scheme.

The large figures in low relief on the outside walls of Egyptian temples are very striking, and colossal statues were used as architectural features more frequently and boldly than we find elsewhere. Unfortunately the only remaining specimens of the most gigantic of these architectural statues, the Colossi of the Plain of Thebes, have lost the backing of the

great temple to which they were attached, so that we cannot judge of the full majesty of the design. The rock-cut temples of Abu-Simbel in Nubia, impressive though they be, only give a partial idea of the combination of gigantic figures with architecture, because the main part of the building is concealed within the hill. It is clear, however, that the Egyptians showed better judgment than the Greeks in the use of architectural figures; their statues did not support any superincumbent weight, but stood or sat in



TWO OBELISKS AT KARNAK

front of the wall; they never gave the spectator the idea that they must be getting tired or that they might soon be crushed by the pressure above — an impression conveyed by the Greek caryatids or telamones upon which the superstructure directly rests.

The hieroglyphic inscriptions on temple walls are not the only remains of Egyptian literature. Books were widely read. In the scanty relics that have survived the ages we find religious rituals, treatises on magic, state papers, books of travel, medical, astronomical and mathematical works, fairy stories and ro-

mances, poems and love-songs. No regular historical work has yet been found, but there are several poetical accounts of famous campaigns and victories. Rameses the Great was never tired of representing his victory over the Hittites in Syria in hieroglyph and bas-relief. The enemy cut him off from the main part of his army and it was only by his own personal valor that he saved the day and so kept the northern frontier of Egypt



THE COLOSSI OF RAMESES THE GREAT
IN FRONT OF THE GREAT ROCK TEMPLE AT ABU SIMBEL

from invasion. After peace was made he gave the Hittite king his daughter in marriage and a treaty was made and adhered to. It shows the high state of humanity of the conflicting peoples, and is a remarkable example of international law more than three thousand years ago. It arranged for the return home of prisoners of war and civilians who had been held by either government. The humanity of the Egyptians in war is shown in the pictures wherein they are seen saving and resuscitating their drowning foes. Rameses II is erroneously branded by some as a bloodthirsty conqueror; as a matter of fact, after making his northern frontier safe, he settled down for the remaining forty-six years of his life in peace and devoted his energies to government and architecture.

An interesting side-light into ancient Egyptian life is contained in the unique temple of Queen Hatshepsut at Deir-el-Bahari. The wall-pictures represent the main incidents in the maritime expedition that great ruler sent to Punt in eastern Africa near the entrance to the Red Sea. Punt, now usually (and perhaps wrongly) called Somaliland, was an incense country, and Egypt greatly needed pure incense, undefiled by the hands of vulgar

traders, to honor Amen-Ra and the other gods in fitting manner. The expedition left and returned to Thebes in several large ships, and it is an unsettled problem how it reached the Red Sea. It cannot have circumnavigated Africa, * and the only apparent way is by some canal joining the Nile and the Red Sea. Such a canal was certainly in existence a little later than the reign of Hatshepsu, and has been attributed to Seti I, but with very little reason; it is well within the bounds of probability that the energetic queen built it to open the trade route to Punt; such a feat would be quite in accord with her enterprising character.



THE RAMESSEUM, MORTUARY TEMPLE, NEAR THEBES

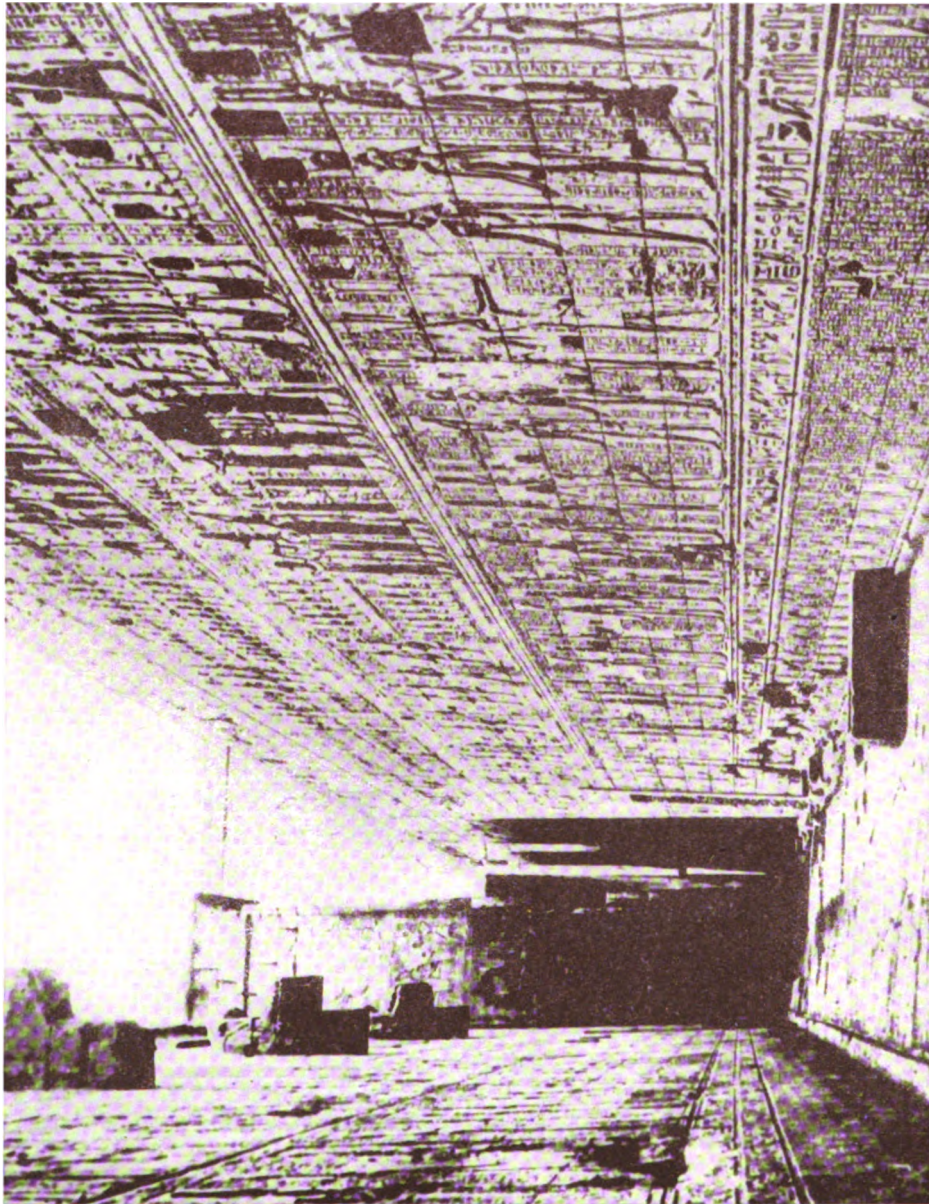
On reaching Punt a river was ascended and the expedition landed from boats. In one picture we see the leading ships furling their sails while the rest still come on. In another the Egyptians have landed and are bartering with the native chief. The commander displays fifteen bracelets, two golden collars, eleven strings of glass beads, poniards, battle-axes, and other treasures. The natives — who are not negroes — ask with amazement: "How did you reach this unknown country? Have you descended from the sky?" A bargain is finally made and clinched at a sumptuous banquet. A later picture shows the Egyptians loading their vessels with great stores of incense, elephants' tusks, gold, ebony, myrrh, cassia, leopards, baboons, apes, greyhounds, oxen, even a giraffe; slaves, and best of all, thirty-one incense trees carefully packed to protect the roots. In

* Nine hundred years later an Egyptian expedition actually sent by King Nekau performed the daring feat of circumnavigating the continent.



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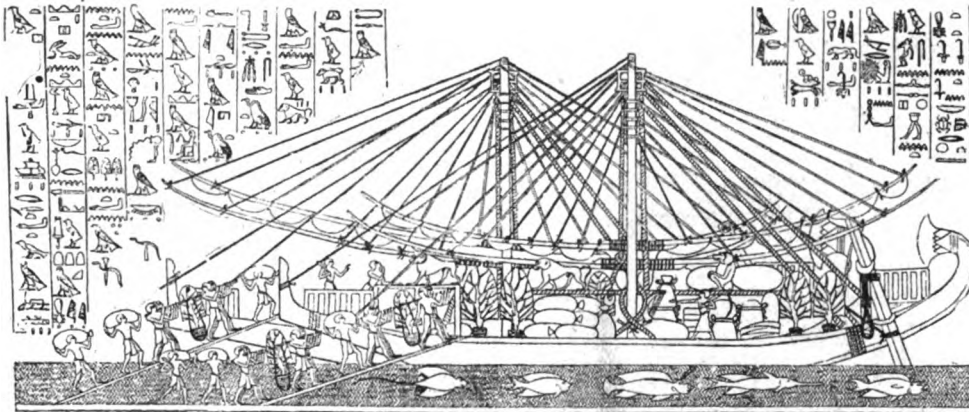
**RAISED RELIEF CARVING OF ISIS NURSING A CHILD
FROM THE TEMPLE OF ABYDOS**



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

WALLS OF THE TEMPLE OF EDFU, DECORATED WITH RELIEF INTAGLIOS

the hieroglyphs we read scraps of conversation between the men. One says: "Do not throw so much weight on my shoulder," and his comrade retorts that he is a lazy fellow. The whole story is amazingly modern. A great festival was held when the ships safely arrived at Thebes. The incense trees were planted at Deir-el-Bahari and grew well, and the Queen gave most of the perfumes to the great temple of Amen-Ra at Thebes,



SHIPS OF QUEEN HATSHEPSET'S NAVAL EXPEDITION TO PUNT

though she reserved some for herself. In the British Museum is preserved the magnificent throne of Hatshepset; it is not interesting alone for its extreme beauty, but on account of its material — a rare red wood which is believed to have come from Punt.

A great development in navigation took place soon after Hatshepset's time, and it may be rather a surprise to many to learn that Egypt was fighting naval battles in huge warships a thousand years before King Alfred of England gathered the primitive nucleus of the British fleet. Ptolemy Philopater possessed a ship four hundred and twenty feet long. It was rowed by four thousand sailors, and had several banks of oars; four hundred others worked the sails, and it carried three thousand soldiers. The royal *dahabiyeh*, three hundred and thirty feet long, was elaborately fitted and had state-rooms of considerable size. Another vessel contained, in addition to the ordinary cabins, large bath-rooms, a library, and an astronomical observatory. From its eight towers machines could hurl stones weighing three hundred pounds, and arrows eighteen feet long.

In the region of romance a number of Egyptian stories of great antiquity have lately been found which resemble popular tales current still, such as Cinderella, and some of the tales from the Arabian Nights. One story of the Twelfth Dynasty partly resembles Sindbad the Sailor. The hero is wrecked upon a fairy island of incense and delights where he meets

a talking serpent, a friendly beast who turns out to be the magician king of the island. After various adventures on the island, which ultimately vanishes, the Egyptian Sindbad returns safely to Egypt with many treasures. This tale is said to have an inner meaning. It symbolizes the voyage of the soul after death to the happy Otherworld, its meeting with the purified and wise, and its return to earth-life.



TEMPLE OF KOM OMBO

'The Two Brothers' is another curious fairy tale with a distinct philosophical meaning. The first part treats in a simple and touching manner of life in a farm. The character of the younger brother, Bata, a lovable youth, is charmingly drawn. A leading incident reminds us of the Bible story of Joseph and Potiphar's wife. The latter part is obviously mystical; it brings in the reincarnation of the hero in an unusual manner, but which is found in some Irish legends — another hint of the connexion between ancient Egypt and western Europe, now well established.

Two volumes of curiously interesting Egyptian tales, published by Dr. Petrie, and another by Professor Maspero, containing true as well as fictional stories, are to be found in the public libraries.

As no serious, consecutive history of Egypt by any native historian has been discovered, it is with great difficulty that even an approximate record of the reigns of the Pharaohs has been constructed in modern times. The two schools of Egyptian archaeology differ greatly about the

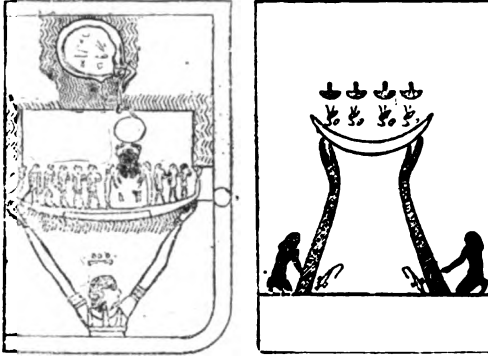
dates preceding B. C. 1500. The uncertainty chiefly arises from the Egyptian method of reckoning one of the fundamental cycles of time. This started on a certain day when the star Sothis (Sirius), 'the home of Isis,' first appeared in the eastern sky at dawn after being hidden behind the sun. Owing to the ignoring of the extra day in leap-year, the nominal date on which this beautiful celestial phenomenon took place annually did not remain long the same. It recurred, however, on the same nominal day of the Egyptian year after 1460 years, which therefore constituted a Sothiac Cycle. Events were dated as having occurred in such a year of such a Sothiac Cycle. As the successive Sothiac Cycles were not separately distinguished by the Egyptians, there is confusion about early dates which cannot be checked by independent records. This should always be borne in mind when we hear positive statements about the age of the Great Pyramid and the early Empire.

The Egyptians, in common with other nations, far and near, believed in a primitive Golden Age when Divine Beings ruled, followed by declining periods of Demi-gods and ordinary human kings. The length of the reigns gradually diminished from thousands of years to normal human periods at the beginning of the historical age. According to Plato, the Egyptians knew of the destruction of Atlantis by water, and in the tomb of Seti I there is a written account of the destruction of mankind in a deluge of blood, which strongly reminds us of the deluge of the blood of the giant Emer, out of which the new earth emerged, in Scandinavian mythology. These legends may be allegorical in detail, but they stand for actual events. The reigns of the Gods and Heroes refer to the earlier races of mankind, less material perhaps, from which evolved the purely human through stages or steps downward into greater materiality, out of which we have ultimately to rise. In tracing this illuminating and fundamental principle of the descent into matter, a Theosophical concept strongly accentuated in Egyptian, Greek, Chinese, Indian and other philosophies, we may find some profitable suggestions, with a practical bearing upon our own lives.

Though we have no complete Egyptian works on their philosophy, enough scattered material exists to enable the leading features to be distinguished. We must use the comparative method in the light of Theosophy, which unlocks the more or less Secret Teaching or Doctrine of antiquity, partly revealed under the popular forms of religion, partly concealed either intentionally or by the fabrications of inferior minds.

One of the widest generalizations of the Secret Doctrine is that of evolutionary progress through emanation and reabsorption. One after another, the great Life-Cycles proceed from their spiritual origin 'downwards' through gradual stages of materialization into the objective and

material, and then take the upward curve again to a higher level, rich with experience, and so forth in eternal progress. Smaller cycles are contained within the greater. Here are two singular diagrams which illustrate the principle of emanation in the universe and in man. The first from the tomb of Seti I, and reproduced by Dr. Budge in his learned work, *The Gods of the Egyptians*, is the 'Creation.' The zigzag groundwork is dark green, and represents the mystical 'Waters of Space,'—'Chaos'—the container of all the potentialities of existence, from which all proceeds. Thales of Miletus, called the founder of Greek philosophy, studied in Egypt and adopted the teaching that the primeval 'Water' is the substratum of the universe, placing it earlier than the active

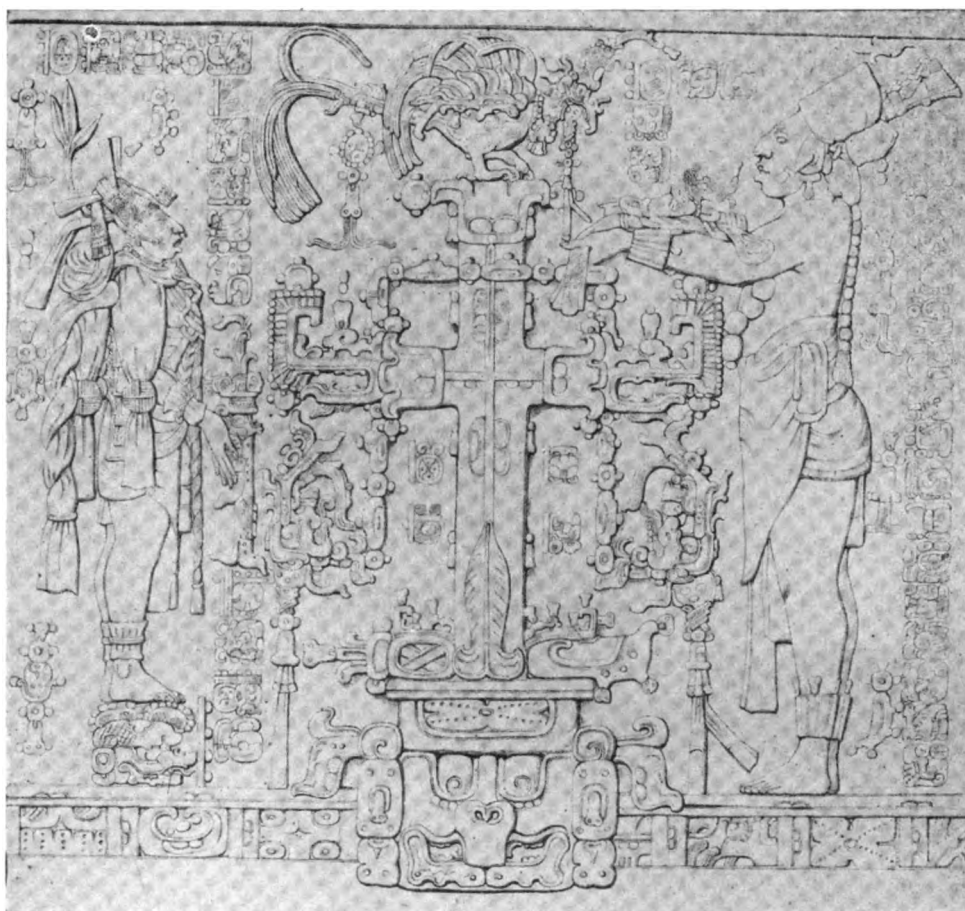


TWO HIEROGLYPHS: THE 'CREATION'
AND THE 'SEVEN PRINCIPLES OF MAN'

principle 'Fire.' From what Thales learned in Egypt later Greek philosophers developed their systems. In the diagram, the god Nu, holding up the Solar Boat, is a personification of the celestial Waters. The body of Osiris is bent into a circle, inclosing a White Space, symbolic of the Divine Unity; his body may also be taken as forming the border of the Underworld, *Tuat*, the inner kingdom of forces. Notice the inverted position of Osiris. Descending still more in evolution is a goddess, Nut, springing from the head of Osiris, and also inverted. She touches the Solar Disk, Ra, the Egg with the seeds of life associated with the Scarabaeus Beetle of Khepera, the symbol of ever-renewing life and reincarnation. Many other indications can be found in this remarkable diagram, such as the Circle, the Square, and the Triangle, in significant arrangement. The Triangle—the arms of Nu—is inverted. The Solar Boat or Ark with the ten fructifying gods is also of great interest to students of universal symbolism. The picture may also be taken to represent the apparent passage of the sun across the skies—perhaps its real journey through space. We know by the texts* that in very early times the Egyptians knew of the rotation of the Earth and its movement in space.

The hieroglyph to the right is another symbolic representation of evolution or emanation from the spiritual to the physical; it stands for the complex nature of man. It is taken from an article on 'The Wisdom of

* See Chabas, *Zeitschrift für Aegypt. Sprache*, 1864; and Leiblin, *Transactions of the Provincial Congress of French Orientalists*, I Bulletins, Vol. II.



ALTAR WITH CROSS AND SACRED QUETZAL BIRD, PALENQUE, MEXICO

the Egyptians,' in the *Sphinx*, of Munich (1883), by Franz Lambert. The article deals with the Egyptian and Kabalistic teachings about the 'Seven Principles of Man,' and is referred to with high approval by H. P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine*, where she recommends the study of the facts given.*

The diagram represents what has been called, in a misleading fashion, 'The Seven Souls of Man, according to the Egyptians.' Several lists of these 'souls' have been recorded and discussed by archaeologists without much result, but if attention had been paid to the similar divisions of the principles of man recorded in other philosophies, the meaning would have been clear, for the comparative method is the key to many mysteries. The separate symbols in the diagram represent the components of man's nature, the permanent, reincarnating part, and the temporary emanation.

* *The Secret Doctrine*, Volume II, page 633.

The Egyptians fully believed in the reincarnation of the immortal spirit of man in successive lives on earth, with intervals of rest in Devachan or 'paradise.' But there have been misinterpretations of the real teachings. For instance, as Lambert says:

A passage in Herodotus undoubtedly speaks of migration of souls in the sense that the soul of the deceased undertakes a journey through animal forms, entering anew into the human form at the end of 3000 years. But this certainly contains a misunderstanding. [Herodotus was occasionally misled by his native guides and sometimes deliberately concealed what he was told by higher authorities, as he himself says.] Thus it is related in Stobaeus that the Egyptian doctrine was that the soul accomplishes this evolution through animal forms *before* entering the human body for the first time; and



LUXOR FROM THE NILE

in the book of Hermes Trismegistos the contrary is also stated and repeated, *i. e.*, that the human soul *cannot* enter the body of an unreasoning animal, and that a divine law protects the human soul from such an outrage. In the same way the Twelve Metamorphoses into animals and plants must not be taken literally, but in their symbolic relation to the twelve hours of the day and of the night, as has been shown by Dr. Brugsch. . . .

Let death touch a being dear to some educated man quite modern and scientifically full-grown; he believes that a chemical process has begun to destroy the body and that all the physical manifestations that belong to the body are for ever annihilated. An intimate conviction may perhaps arise in him that there is another meeting; an unknown feeling may actually begin to speak softly to him like some antique legend, half-faded, of a survival after death; but he must dismiss that consolation in the spirit of resignation

because it is not 'scientifically demonstrated' up to date; and as for the innate conviction, that is easily explained by a nervous relaxation or a reflex action from the grief that has been aroused.

Quite different was the intuition that the peoples who lived at the edge of prehistoric times formed of death, races which had not been inoculated with teachings like ours. At that time a simple faith spoke, which observed, and from these observations drew conclusions whose correctness was directed by the natural healthy intuition.

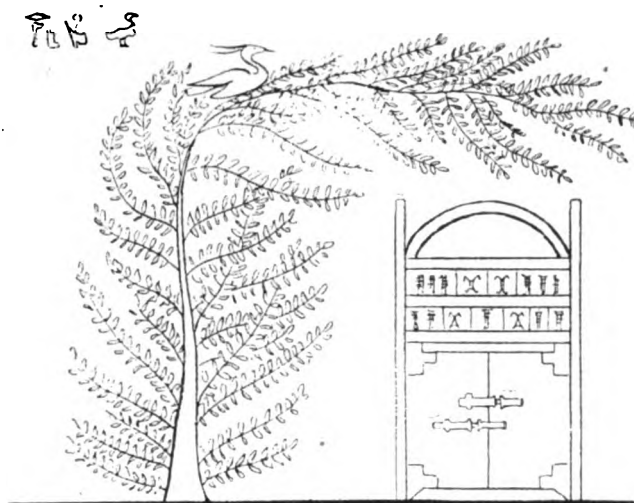
According to the ancient Egyptian Theosophy, death is not the destruction of man, nor is it even the flight of the individual soul from a corruptible body straight to eternal salvation in Osiris, or to eternal punishment. It is the more or less temporary separation or dispersion of the elements, some of which will reunite in the Beyond and will return to earth to take up another body. As H. P. Blavatsky says: "Every time the immortal Ego reincarnates it becomes, as a total, a compound unit of matter and spirit which together act in seven planes of being and consciousness."

The hieroglyph to the right is divided into two parts. The four lower consist of *Khat*, the two human figures: the Body; *Bas*, the non-descript fish-like objects: the Life-principle; *Ka*, the two arms: the organizing or formative principle; and *Ab*, the crescent: the middle principle. The upper part has two visible subdivisions: *Ba*, the four birds *inverted*: the Higher Manas of Theosophical terminology; and *Khaibit*, the four swarms *inverted*, the Buddhi principle of Theosophy. These two principles belong to the Higher Spiritual Triad; in this diagram the third and highest member of the upper group is not shown: its place is left suggestively blank. In another figure it is shown — a plain circle, *Khu*, the supreme illumination. These seven constitute the so-called 'seven souls,' a misnomer. In some texts two other principles are mentioned. One stands for the *name* of the person; the other is obscure.

The ingenious device of the inversion of the two upper hieroglyphs reveals the great principle of the Emanation or Evolution downwards of the higher into the lower manifestation in the case of Man. The Circle of the Overshadowing Divinity cannot, of course, be inverted, nor is it necessary that it should, for it permeates everything.

The central object, *Ab*, the crescent, is very important; it is the link between the higher and the lower, and belongs, in a measure, to each. The word *Ab* means 'heart,' and in the Judgment Scene from the *Book of the Dead* it is seen as a heart or heart-shaped vase being weighed in the presence of Osiris. It seems to represent the *personal* intelligence, the feeling and emotions of man and to stand in close relationship with the divine. It may be more than this. Of the four lower principles, the *Ka*, symbolized

by the arms and hands (*i. e.*, the constructive members), is that which the Egyptians tried to preserve by taking care of the mummified corpse, and by providing artificial bodies in the form of statues and paintings. It is



THE 'BENNU,' OR EGYPTIAN PHOENIX, SEATED IN THE TREE OF MANY LIVES, WITH THE TOMB BELOW

The inscription reads 'Soul of Osiris.'

the formative astral mold or model around which the material body is built, and it is not immediately destroyed with the death of the body. It is probably analogous to the *manes* of the Romans. One of the reasons for the great endeavor the Egyptians made to preserve it safely within the tomb was to prevent the undesirable consequences to the living of having it around loose. In

common with other antique peoples they understood that the lower principles, unpurified, did not enter the 'Fields of Aalu (Aanru)'—the Elysian Fields—and the semi-conscious *Ka*, left behind when the freed soul disentangled itself, was a danger to the living unless restrained. The 'manes' or astral remains which haunted the neighborhood of abandoned tombs, were, as Professor Maspero says:

Excellent tools in the hands of the sorcerers, especially the souls of suicides, of murdered persons and criminals, of all who died a violent death before their time, and who had to live near their bodies till the period destined for their earthly life was accomplished.

Mr. Weigall, late Inspector of Antiquities for Upper Egypt to the Egyptian Government, in the *Treasury of Ancient Egypt*, writes of many extraordinary stories brought to his notice by Egyptian gentlemen of the highest position and modern education (in our sense of the word) which support the claim that traces of the ancient knowledge of Egypt which was called magic are still to be found by those who know where to search, and that there are still living men in Egypt possessing unusual powers. He gives accounts of recent occurrences closely resembling certain strange



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SMALLER TEMPLE (OF HATHOR) WITH COLOSSI, AT ABU SIMBEL



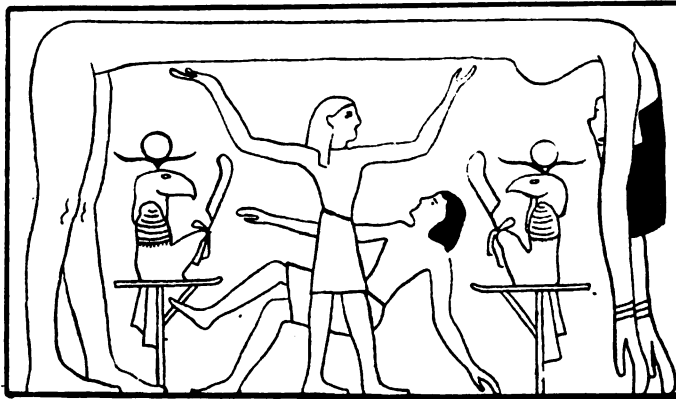
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PORTRAIT OF QUEEN AAHMES, MOTHER OF QUEEN HATSHEPSET

incidents spoken of by H. P. Blavatsky in *Isis Unveiled*. Upon the subject of the *Ka*-soul of executed criminals and the annoyance they can give, Mr. Weigall says: "At Luxor lately, the ghost of a well-known robber persecuted his widow to such an extent that she finally went mad. A remarkable parallel to this, dating from Pharaonic days, may be mentioned here. It is the letter of a haunted widower to his dead wife, in which he asks why she persecutes him, since he was always kind to her during her life, nursed her during illnesses and never grieved her heart."

Modern materialistic psychology has fallen into the error of thinking that suicides and executed criminals are annihilated by death, and have no further influence for evil upon the minds of the weak and impressionable. The Egyptians knew better, and took what they believed to be adequate means of precaution.

An interesting survival of the Egyptian form of the doctrine of the complex nature of man has been found among the intelligent African Ekoi



THE 'DUAL NATURE,' FROM THE TOMB OF
HER-UR, PRIEST OF AMEN

tribe; even the word 'Ka' can be recognized in the Ekoi word *Kra*, which signifies the same thing.*

Some modern schools of psychology, from observation of the weird phenomena of so-called 'multiple personality,' during which rapid changes of character occur — loss of

memory and loss of identity—have almost gone to the extreme of doubting a central co-ordinating Ego in man; but the Egyptians never lost sight of the permanent, immortal Ego, nor confused it with the superficial manifestations of the lower nature. A frequent Egyptian symbol of the Higher Self—the Osiris or Christos principle—was a bird, the 'Phoenix' or *Bennu*, which when old was reputed to rejuvenate itself by passing through fire. In one picture we see it sitting in the Tree of Lives, the branches of which stand for separate incarnations. At the side is the Tomb of Osiris, the whole undeniably referring to the descent of the divine spirit

* *In the Shadow of the Bush*, by Amaury Talbot.

into the sepulcher of material life. The inscription above reads "Soul of Osiris."* Lambert writes:

The separate personalities into which the ultimate essence incarnates have been likened to a necklace of pearls, through which the Higher Self passes as the string which unites them. More beautiful is the Egyptian comparison of a tree whose trunk is rooted in the earth and which lifts itself towards the Divine Sun and produces branches, leaves and fruits. This emblem of the Tree of Life finds many representations among the Egyptians, Babylonians and Assyrians.

The Bird, as an emblem of the Divine Spirit, is found in many regions, even in ancient America, where the Quetzal bird is seen surmounting the Cross in the altar tablets at Palenque. The Morning Star, Venus or Lucifer, is the planet of the *Osiris-Bennu*.

Our last illustration, taken from the mummy-case of Aroeris-Ao, priest of Amen, shows the dual nature of man in the most elementary form. The standing figure, colored blue, aspires toward the goddess of the heavens, *Nut*; another form of *Nu*, the Primeval Waters of Space. This design is almost identical with others which show the sky-goddess being held away from or above the earth-god (the recumbent *Seb*) by *Shu*, the intermediate link in the Triad, but in this figure the characteristic attributes of the gods are absent.

In the two papers, of which this is the second, an effort has been made to present a few points, selected from a rich field, to support the assertion that the civilization of ancient Egypt was a mighty development of human intelligence. As H. P. Blavatsky says in *Isis Unveiled*:

Let us honestly confess, at once, that we really know little about these ancient nations, and that so far as purely hypothetical speculations go, unless we study in the same direction as the ancient priests did, we have as little chance in the future.

The School of Antiquity has been founded, in part, for such study, the first step in which is the abandonment of the limited conceptions of the knowledge and wisdom of the ancients and the recognition that the Egyptians and their contemporaries did not live in the 'childhood of the race,' but were the heirs to ancestral wisdom that came to them from periods compared with which that of the Pharaohs is but yesterday, and from lands that are submerged beneath the ocean waves.

* *Life in Ancient Egypt*, Erman.

FRIENDS OR ENEMIES IN THE FUTURE:

by Eusebio Urban (William Q. Judge)

THE fundamental doctrines of Theosophy are of no value unless they are applied to daily life. To the extent to which this application goes they become living truths, quite different from intellectual expressions of doctrine. The mere intellectual grasp may result in spiritual pride, while the living doctrine becomes an entity through the mystic power of the human soul. Many great minds have dwelt on this. Saint Paul wrote:

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and though I have faith so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

The Voice of the Silence, expressing the views of the highest schools of occultism, asks us to step out of the sunlight into the shade so as to make more room for others, and declares that those whom we help in this life will help us in our next one.

Buttresses to these are the doctrines of Karma and Reincarnation. The first shows that we must reap what we sow, and the second that we come back in the company of those with whom we lived and acted in other lives. St. Paul was in complete accord with all other occultists, and his expressions above given must be viewed in the light Theosophy throws on all similar writings. Contrasted with charity, which is love of our fellows, are all the possible virtues and acquirements. These are all nothing if charity be absent. Why? Because they die with the death of the uncharitable person; their value is naught, and that being is reborn without friend and without capacity.

This is of the highest importance to the earnest Theosophist, who may be making the mistake of obtaining intellectual benefits but remains uncharitable. The fact that we are now working in the Theosophical movement means that we did so in other lives, must do so again, and, still more important, that those who are now with us will be reincarnated in our company on our next rebirth.

Shall those whom we now know or whom we are destined to know before this life ends be our friends or enemies, our aiders or obstructors, in that coming life? And what will make them hostile or friendly to us then? Not what we shall say or do to and for them in the future life. For no man becomes your friend in a present life by reason of present acts alone. He was your friend, or you his, before in a previous life. Your present acts but revive the old friendship, renew the ancient obligation.

Was he your enemy before, he will be now, even though you do him service now, for these tendencies last always more than three lives. They will be more and still more our aids if we increase the bond of friendship of today by charity. Their tendency to enmity will be one-third lessened in every life if we persist in kindness, in love, in charity now. And that charity is not a gift of money, but charitable thought for every weakness, to every failure.

Our future friends or enemies, then, are those who are with us and to be with us in the present. If they are those who now seem inimical, we make a grave mistake and only put off the day of reconciliation three more lives if we allow ourselves today to be deficient in charity for them. We are annoyed and hindered by those who actively oppose as well as others whose mere looks, temperament, and unconscious action fret and disturb us. Our code of justice to ourselves, often but petty personality, incites us to rebuke them, to criticise, to attack. It is a mistake for us to so act. Could we but glance ahead to next life, we would see these for whom we now have but scant charity crossing the plain of that life with ourselves and ever in our way, always hiding the light from us. But change our present attitude, and that new life to come would show these bores and partial enemies and obstructors helping us, aiding our every effort. For Karma may give them then greater opportunities than ourselves and better capacity.

Is any Theosophist who reflects on this so foolish as to continue now, if he has the power to alter himself, a course that will breed a crop of thorns for his next life's reaping? We should continue our charity and kindnesses to our friends whom it is easy to wish to help, but for those whom we naturally dislike, who are our bores now, we ought to take especial pains to aid and carefully toward them cultivate a feeling of love and charity. This adds interest to our Karmic investment. The opposite course, as surely as sun rises and water runs down hill, strikes interest from the account and enters a heavy item on the wrong side of life's ledger.

And especially should the whole Theosophical organization act on lines laid down by St. Paul and *The Voice of the Silence*. For Karmic tendency is an unswerving law. It compels us to go on in this movement of thought and doctrine; it will bring back to reincarnation all in it now. Sentiment cannot move the law one inch; and though that emotion might seek to rid us of the presence of these men and women we presently do not fancy or approve — and there are many such in our ranks for everyone — the law will place us again in company with friendly tendency increased or hostile feeling diminished, just as we now create the one or prevent the other.

What will you have? In the future life — enemies or friends?

Tried in the Balance

CHAPTER I

HERE was a knock at the studio door. This was unusual; for visitors seldom climbed so far unless they were sure of a welcome when they reached the top of the interminable stairs. It is no more a misuse of language to speak of reaching the top of an interminable flight of stairs than it is to couple the idea of stairs with that of flight; why not speak of a crawl of stairs? No! that staircase was interminable; for when you had reached the top there was the memory of the climb, and that was enough to carry on to the occasion of the next ascent. Then when a visitor did come to the studio he was usually of the kind that walked in unannounced, or kicked the door if it happened to be shut, and perhaps accompanied the kick with an expletive. But this was a polite knock unaccompanied by vocal appeal. It was pathetic in its bald simplicity, it spoke of a nature free from assumption or unfamiliar with the manners of bohemia.

The artist was too much surprised to answer, and found himself almost unconsciously making frantic efforts to hide the remains of a rude meal, by the simple device of laying his palette on the fragments that littered the chair beside him. Then he snatched a coat from a nail in the wall, passed his hand over his hair, and stepped to the door just as the visitor timidly knocked again.

He opened and saw a pair of big brown eyes looking up at him intently as a dog looks: they were deep and earnest; their gaze thrilled him strangely, so that he almost forgot his wonder in a peculiar sense of recognition.

He smiled, and said "Come in," with an unusual gentleness.

She came in, and he shut the door.

She looked about her, and he looked at her, in silence. He waited for her to speak, though he was not conscious of waiting, only he wondered; and at last she looked at him and said: "I thought you might want a model, so I called."

Want a model, indeed! Oh yes, he wanted a model badly, but he wanted even more the means to pay for one. No models ever came to call on him now; they all knew there was no money in his pocket even to pay the rent with any degree of punctuality. The concierge was not malicious, but was inordinately communicative, and thought it a duty to warn the unwary against the wiles of the impecunious. So it was no wonder that the interminable staircase seldom creaked to the tread of a model.

By R. Machell. (With pen-and-ink drawings by the author.)

The artist saw at once that this was no ordinary visitor, and his wonder deepened. He made no effort to hide it, but asked: "Who are you?"

She repeated, "I thought you might want a model: so I called."

"Sit down, won't you?" he said, offering the chair he had been using and pushing the other out of the way.

She sat down silently, and looked at him as if in wonder at his making no answer to her offer.

He was embarrassed by those steady eyes. They were not like any he had seen before. She was of another world. A model? He had known many, but never one like this.

"Are you a model?" he asked.

"I will sit for you if you have need of me," she answered.

"But I cannot pay models now — that's why I can't finish my picture."

"I know," she said simply. "That is why I came."

He opened his eyes in amazement, and almost gasped.

"You knew? How could you know? Who are you?"

She smiled and answered naturally enough, as if there was nothing in the least unusual in the situation.

"My father spoke of you, and Monsieur Talbot told us you were in trouble with your picture, which he said was really a great work; then I heard you wanted a model, and I thought I might help you, as I have sat so much for my father. He is an illustrator, and I sit for all his figures: old men and babies, and even animals sometimes. I think I know how to take a pose and hold it too, so that if I am at all like what you want I am sure I can help you, and I should like to do it. I can't paint myself, and the next best thing is to help someone who can."

"But your father?"

"He does not want me just now, and I can spare a few hours on several days a week, if that is any use."

Martin Delaney stood up and shook himself as if he expected to wake up and find that he had been dreaming; but the dream did not vanish; it sat there and looked at him smiling calmly. To save him from his evident embarrassment, she asked:

"Is that the picture? May I see it. I won't criticise or make suggestions."

There was a big canvas on an easel turned towards the wall. The artist promptly caught hold of it and turned it round so that it faced the girl.

"Yes, that is the picture, and you can see for yourself that Talbot was right when he said I was in trouble with it."

He looked at her eagerly to see what impression it made on her, and grew restless as she sat silently absorbed in the great work that seemed to her to be crying out for birth. It had been evoked from the realm of great

dreams or past realities, from the spritual record of antiquity, and was halted, as it were, at the threshold of pictorial existence; like a thought that seeks expression in words and haunts the fevered brain with the incessance of its demand for birth into the world of human creations. But the creator stood there impotent to accomplish the creation, and she had come to help him; the glory of the work filled her with enthusiasm.

She did not praise or criticize, but her deep eyes glowed, and there was a thrill in her voice as she said:

"Well, will you let me help?"

"You will?"

"That is what I came for."

The sun flashed through the clouds and filled the studio with a glamor that made the unfinished picture seem palpitant with life.

"You will help me?" he said slowly, as if he could not quite grasp the truth of this wildly improbable proposition. He knew one or two models who would have helped him out if he had asked them, but this he could not do, even if their help would have been what he needed, for he had his own code of honor, and also a pride that was most sensitive. Besides, the difficulty was beyond the reach of such help as they could give and their assistance was beyond the range of his ability to pay for in any legitimate fashion; and any other payment or substitute for such was unthinkable to him. Some of his friends thought he was too hard on women generally in his unconcealed contempt for those that were the associates of his brother artists. But there were one or two of the women themselves who read his character differently, and thought that he was too high-flown in his idealism for such a world as theirs, and perhaps half regretted that his little world was so far beyond their reach.

The picture was boldly laid out, and even carried to some degree of completion, but the female figure and that of what looked like an apparition were hardly so much as indicated. The girl said:

"If you have any materials for the dress and will show me a sketch, I can soon put it together, or pin it up, so that you could get an idea how it would look; and perhaps you could get on with the head, if you think you could use me for it."

She went over to the model-stand and took up a pose as near to that of the sketch on the canvas as she could, while he stood looking at her with an intensity that made all speech unnecessary. She understood, and began to enter into the feeling of the woman she was to impersonate. A word escaped him—"Good!" He picked up a large sketchbook and a pencil. The girl threw herself wholly into the situation, as she conceived it from her short study of the painting; and felt herself the Queen of Egypt surrounded by the hierarchy of the temple, witnessing the initiation of the

Great Caesar into the sacred mysteries. The Queen herself appeared to be the real hierophant; while the ruler of the Roman Empire bowed before her as to his spiritual superior.

The artist sketched rapidly, and the light faded as the day died, but the glow lingered on the face of the great Queen, and the place was full of mystery.

At length he closed the book and said simply: "Thank you."

Slowly the great Queen vanished, and the girl stepped down from the dais. Picking up a piece of old oriental embroidery that lay there, she examined it critically and said: "This might do, but it is hardly the thing, is it?"

"No," he answered, "but I can borrow a costume that would do for a start, if you will not mind wearing it. I think it will be clean."

She laughed frankly.

"Yes; that is the trouble with borrowed costumes. That is why I generally make up things myself for my father. I will bring something along next time. I think I know what you want. I will come, no, not tomorrow, but next day in the morning at eight, if that will do, and stay till noon. How will that be?"

"I don't know how to thank you. I never dreamed — yes, though — I did dream that Cleopatra herself came to me and told me to paint this picture, and promised to help me if I would do my part. I thought it was only a dream — I had not faith enough — and yet —"

He looked at her; and she said, quite seriously: "They do not forget their promises: good-bye for the present."

She moved towards the door. Martin Delaney quickly went before her to open it and bowed her out with a politeness that was more like reverence and awe. It seemed to him the Great Queen passed from the temple, and he bowed before her as she passed.

Next day the studio underwent such a cleaning as it had not experienced for months, and the door was kept shut with the spring latch, which was usually considered unnecessary. Latterly visitors had been so rare that there was no need to fear intrusion; but something had happened. Once more the studio had become a temple, and there must be no desecration of the mysteries. Usually it was enough to turn the picture to the wall in order to change the atmosphere from that of a holy place to that suited to the temperament of an ordinary bohemian. The completely profane person naturally never came near the threshold of the sanctum, for the artist was as yet quite unknown; nobody knew of his existence and his aspirations, nor cared to inquire as to his work.

But something extraordinary had happened, and the ordinary bohemian now appeared to the tenant of the neglected studio as utterly pro-

fane. Henceforth he might try the door in vain. The very staircase seemed sanctified, and that was going far: that staircase was a terror; the lower degrees were polished regularly, and were dangerously slippery; but as you went higher it grew darker; consequently the steps were not polished at all, though they were occasionally swept; the dust was violently moved around and part of it removed, but the condition of the last flight was unknown, for those who used it never gave it a thought. But on this occasion that upper stage was actually cleaned and dusted, for it formed the pronaos of the temple, although it was not so stated in the lease. Promptly at eight o'clock there was a knock at the door and the artist hurried to open it.

The brown eyes had a more decided look, and there was a certain dignity about the girl that had not been noticeable when she made her first appearance there. There was no timidity now in the glance, but a quiet concentration, that at once affected Martin Delaney with a sense of actuality. He was ready to start before, but now he felt as if he were losing time in not being already at work.

Most visitors spent a short time cursing the stairs and regaining breath after reaching the top: but the girl before him seemed to be entirely oblivious of everything but the work in hand.

She was wearing a long cloak and a shawl over her head, and carried a marketing basket, just like other women of the neighborhood when they went for their morning purchases. But when the cloak was removed, there stood the Queen: the market basket contained sandals and a head-dress. The whole costume was but an extemporized affair, but it was so perfectly adapted to its purpose, that the painter clapped his hands with the delight of a child. It was so intelligent, so suggestive of magnificence, and yet so utterly simple that it was a work of genius. Evidently she understood exactly what an artist wants in a costume, and had not troubled with details. And it was not the kind of thing a theatrical costumer would have devised, nor was it the apology for a dress that some painters would use as a means of displaying the greatest amount of nudity. It was regal, and it had a suggestion of sacerdotalism in its folds.

She spoke of nothing but the work in hand and in the fewest words.

At once the atmosphere of the temple seemed to pervade the studio and grew more living as the hours flew by. Hours? They were but moments to the artist, who had set up a panel on an easel and was concentrating his whole energy upon the attempt to complete an oil sketch of the figure in the one sitting, knowing well the value of a study, done in the right mood, never to be retouched or corrected, but to be religiously preserved as a reference, or rather as a means of recalling a vision.

From time to time she rested, but never left the stand nor broke the tension of the 'atmosphere' created; so that the artist did not lose the inspiration, and could keep up the fire of his enthusiasm till the clock told them it was noon. Then the model sat down on the edge of the dais, slowly moving her limbs to recover the circulation and get rid of the cramp that a model has to endure as a part of the day's work.

The artist did not disturb her, but set his sketch in front of the large canvas and tried to see the figure in the picture; and as he looked at the canvas he smiled triumphantly. It lived, it awoke to life. The miracle was already accomplished.

He could not contain himself, and called her to come and look. She rose a little stiffly, but straightened up and smiled at his enthusiasm with a kind of calm assurance. She had taken his measure at the first visit, and knew that he was capable of something great; she expected him to rise to the occasion, and the sketch showed he had done so. She stood looking from the sketch to the big canvas, until she too saw the figure in its place and she was satisfied. "Yes, that is it," she said. "It will be a great picture. I am glad I came in time." "I had almost lost hope,"

he answered. "At first I felt as if nothing could stop me, and the picture would be finished in no time. Then there was a week or two of fog, and it seemed as if I could not find the way through the cold dull air into the atmosphere of Egypt. The door was shut; and so I turned the picture to the wall, and went out sketching street scenes and bits of actual modernity; and every now and then I tried to take it up again. But then I could not get a model for the Queen. I hunted all the public places, hung about the theaters and the 'Bois,' hoping to see some type I might remember. I made notes and sketches and burned them



all. She never came again to me in dreams. I came at last to think that I had been 'tried and found wanting.' Then I began to think I had offended her by trying to paint the picture before I was fit for it. You see it is not a conventional treatment of the characters, but a kind of revelation of the truth. I know it is true as I saw it, and at the time I understood it. But then I am not an initiate in those mysteries, and perhaps the guardians of the temple saw me prying into their sacred ceremonies and closed the door. Does that sound unreasonable?"

"No. I understand."

"Yes, of course you understand, or else how could you be here? Now the veils are drawn aside again, and I too understand. Now the message will be given to the world. She has been slandered for all these ages; but the day will come when she will be known as one of the great ones of the world; and then perhaps will come a revelation of the ancient wisdom, that she tried to teach the Caesars in the height of their temporal power and the depth of their spiritual ignorance. She the Queen of Egypt, the lamp of the world! And they have made of her a wanton. Oh! the infamy of history: that tissue of lies woven around the tombs of the great unrecognised who tried to save the world from barbarism —"

He broke off suddenly, aware of having spoken his most secret thoughts to one who had not asked for such a confidence. He became self-conscious and began to thank his model rather clumsily.

She seemed to feel that it was over and she must be gone. He helped her to put on her cloak and she, glancing at the clock, gave him her hand and said:

"I must be off. — Tomorrow at the same time? Yes, very well — good-bye."

And she was gone.

The darkness of the staircase closed upon her and she vanished into the underworld of daily life. Her father's flat was in the same courtyard, but up another staircase, so that she could reach her rooms without passing the lodge of the inquisitive concierge, which was at the foot of the staircase that gave access to the front part of the building. This arrangement was a standing grievance to Mme. Joubel, the *de facto* concierge: her husband was actually the incumbent of that office, and was *de jure* the responsible tyrant of the house, but no one questioned the authority of his usurping spouse. She had in vain pointed out to the proprietor that she could not properly protect his interests so long as she was unable to see who passed up and down the several staircases of the old group of houses which faced on the Rue Baroche, and which stretched back almost to the square behind. It was one of the rabbit-warren style of houses that have been now largely cleared away. It thus happened that the artist and his

Cleopatra had never met, though they had lived so near: and even now he did not know her name. He could have called to see his old friend Talbot, but he shrank from the thought of making inquiries about his good angel. It seemed to him something so marvelous that she should have come to save his picture, something mysterious and altogether beyond the range of ordinary experience, and yet so simple, so inevitable, now it had happened, that indeed he had no need to know her name. He knew far more than that, more almost than he dared to admit to himself. For now again the veils were drawn aside, and what he knew was known to him by right of direct perception of the truth itself; it needed no support from human testimony. He would not seek to know the name she went by here. He knew her as she was; he was content.

(To be continued)

MYTHOLOGY: by H. T. Edge, M. A.

IT will be proper to introduce this paper by a brief outline of its scope and purpose. We shall devote ourselves this evening to a consideration of the subject of mythology in general, leaving the ground open for a subsequent treatment, should the occasion prove favorable, of particular myths considered in greater detail. Mythology has been dealt with at great length by a multitude of learned scholars; and we can scarcely expect to enter adequately or at any length into the innumerable ramifications and details of our vast subject. Nevertheless, we shall be able to present something better than a mere popular summary of the matter; for we shall be able to throw upon it the light of Theosophy; and, by adducing the invaluable information given by H. P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine*, to make clear many points which have proved a great puzzle to those who have sought to unravel the problem by the light of conventional theories. In the light of current theories of history, anthropology and evolution, it has been extremely difficult to explain satisfactorily the existence of myths, their peculiar character, their universal diffusion, and their singular uniformity wherever found; indeed we may say it has been impossible to give an adequate explanation of these things in the light of current theories. The facts which scientific diligence has accumulated do not square with the theories which scientific ingenuity has formulated. But we shall be able to show that, in the light of Theosophy, with its views of history and anthropology and evolution, the myths not only become explicable but they fit themselves harmonious-

ly into the general scheme, and elucidate, instead of contradicting, the doctrines concerning human history which Theosophy propounds.

The word 'myth' is derived from a Greek word signifying primarily a story, but secondarily a particular kind of story — namely, a poetic or legendary tale, as opposed to a formal historical account. Myths are legends of cosmogony, and of gods and heroes. The ordinary view, of course, has been that these tales are purely imaginary and fanciful; and so deeply has this view become graven upon the mind that the word 'myth' has thereby acquired another meaning, and is commonly used as equivalent to a falsehood. This tertiary meaning has again become reflected upon the original meaning, and causes us involuntarily to regard myths as falsehoods; a tendency of which we must beware, as it constitutes a prepossession fatal to the necessary openness of mind wherewith the subject should be approached.

To bring our topic more clearly before the eye, it is advisable to pass from the abstract and general to the concrete and particular, by adducing a few examples of myths. We may begin with what are probably the most familiar instances — the myths of ancient Greece and Rome, so well known to us from our schoolbooks and from constant allusions in literature. For instance, there are the twelve members of the celestial council, the six major gods: Zeus or Jupiter, Poseidon or Neptune, Apollo or Phoebus, etc., and the six corresponding goddesses, Hera or Juno, Aphrodite or Venus, etc. Besides these, the Olympian Twelve, were a vast number of lesser deities and cosmic powers, such as Hades, king of the nether world; Iris, the rainbow; Nemesis, the goddess of retribution; Aeolus, god of the winds; the nine Muses, the three Fates, etc. To each of these divinities attaches a wealth of legend descriptive of their doings and adventures. Thus Hercules performs his twelve labors, Prometheus brings fire from heaven to mortals, or Phaethon drives the chariot of the Sun God and brings disaster to the world. It is needless to take time illustrating details familiar to all our memories. But classical myths are but humble members of a very large family; for wherever we turn, wherever humanity dwells or has dwelt, we shall find myths — myths of the creation of the world, myths of the gods and heroes. We have the myths of ancient Hindûstân, China, Assyria, Egypt, Scandinavia, Australia, the Maoris of New Zealand, the Red Men of the Americas, the Bushmen of South Africa, the numerous inhabitants of Polynesia — to mention only a few. While, nearer home, we can point to the figurative narratives in the earlier part of the Hebrew-Christian Scriptures, to such legends as that of King Arthur and the Holy Grail, and even to certain nursery rhymes and fairy-tales — which scholarship has proved to be common to many widely-removed nationalities. Their origin, or derivation, is an interesting question.

Having thus roughly classified myths by nationality and geography, we may then classify them according to their subject; distinguishing, for example, myths of the creation of the world, myths of the great gods, myths of the weather and meteorological phenomena, myths of the origin of fire, myths of earth, air and water, and so forth; the whole tending once more to indicate the ample range of the subject. To bring the matter before the eye, and thus make subsequent remarks clearer, let us take one or two myths in detail. The Masai, a people of East Africa, have the following Creation story. In the beginning the earth was a barren desert, in which there lived a dragon. Then God came down from heaven and fought against the dragon and vanquished it. Where God slew the beast there grew a Paradise, luxuriant with the richest vegetation. Then God created by his word, sun, moon, stars, plants, and animals, and lastly the first human couple. He commanded the couple not to eat the fruit of a certain tree; but they ate it, the woman being tempted by the serpent, which had three heads and was thereafter condemned to live in holes in the ground. The pair were driven out of Paradise by the Morning Star, who thereafter stood guardian at the gate. After this, the human race multiplied, until the first murder was committed, when there came a flood, and Tumbainot was commanded to build a wooden chest and betake himself into it with his belongings and animals of every kind.

Among the Ainus of Japan we find that God sends the water-wagtail to separate the water from the land. The deity then carves out the hills with mattocks, and when he has finished, throws away the mattocks, which become demons. God takes mud and molds the human form, putting a willow-twigg in his back for a spine. Then God has to leave his work and go back to heaven. So he calls the Otter and gives him instructions as to how man is to be finished, telling the Otter to give these instructions to a second god who will presently come to give life to the model. But the Otter forgets, and so the second god bungles the task and leaves man imperfect.

These are Creation myths. The first is very like the one in the Jewish bible. If it be asked, Whence did the Masai obtain it, we may retort with the query, Whence came the Bible story? We know now that the Bible stories existed in the Mesopotamian basin among peoples that dwelt there long before those to which the Bible refers. We know, too, that very similar stories of creation, with Edens, forbidden fruits, floods and arks, are to be found among the tribes of Red Men on this continent. It is clear, then, that the common source of these stories is very far back in human history. But of this more anon. The other story quoted contains a reference to the dual creation of man, which we must notice here briefly in passing. Man was first created by one god, and then finished by another

who imparted to him animation. To this we shall find many analogies among the myths of the creation of man. It refers to the universal doctrine that man is a twofold being, and that his nature was not complete until the natural evolution from the lower kingdoms had been supplemented by the communication to him of the higher intelligence, which gave him full self-consciousness and made him a potential god.

Let us now turn to the explanations generally given of myths. They are based on current theories of human history. These theories regard man as having evolved upwards from savagery to civilization in a single upward line of ascent; so that the world is supposed at one time to have been occupied exclusively by savages, and to have become at successive subsequent times the home of more and more civilized peoples, culminating with the civilizations of today. The problem is to fit the facts onto this theory. Theosophy says the theory is wrong, and that that is why the facts will not fit. Theosophy supplies the real teachings as to history and evolution, and these are found to be agreeable to the facts about myths. There you have our position in a nutshell.

According to usual ideas, then, the myths were *invented* by the savages, and it has even been solemnly said that the human race has passed through a period of *madness*, during which it elaborated the myths. The poor bewildered savage, it is supposed, found himself not merely confronted with a wonderful world, but also consumed with an itching desire to explain that wonderful world; and for this purpose he invented the myths. And it is further supposed that, as man is constituted in much the same way everywhere, and is surrounded by much the same natural phenomena, he naturally has invented much the same myths everywhere. Such is the accepted theory in broad outline; the inquisitive are invited to fill in the details by reference to the authorities, among whom I would particularly mention the late Andrew Lang, who has contributed a very good article on the subject to the ninth edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. The very reasonable objection has, it is true, been made that men living in a primitive condition do not usually trouble themselves about the origin of things, but take them for granted as they find them; and it may be added that even we ourselves did not worry as to the laws of gravitation, though compassed about with their workings day and night, until that more or less mythical apple is said to have struck the pate of Sir Isaac Newton as he sat under his tree. Again, to maintain that the savages invented the myths, we must attribute to those simple people a power of invention and imagination that would be truly marvelous in any people, let alone primitive uneducated barbarians. Finally, it is really too much to suppose that people of every age and clime would invent precisely the same myths, sometimes down to minute details, such as the double creation, the tree

and forbidden fruit, the flood and ark, and even the birds sent out from the ark. Yet such uniformity does really exist, as can be seen from a study of comparative mythology. (See, for instance, Daniel Brinton's *Myths of the New World*.)

Agreeably to this absurd explanation the myth of Prometheus, the god who steals fire from heaven and brings it down in a hollow stick to help mortals, has been supposed to have been derived from the art of making fire by rubbing two pieces of wood together; and to support this theory, a philological theory has been devised, to the effect that the name 'Prometheus' is derived from the Sanskrit Pramantha, which means a stick for making fire. Let us quote from Lang's article:

Man's craving to know 'the reason why' is already 'among rude savages an intellectual appetite.' . . . How does he try to satisfy this craving? Mr. Taylor replies, "When the attention of a man in the myth-making state of intellect is drawn to any phenomenon or custom which has to him no obvious reason, he invents and tells a story to account for it." . . .

We have now shown how savages come to have a mythological way of trying to satisfy the early scientific curiosity, their way of realizing the world in which they move. But they frame their stories, necessarily and naturally, in harmony with their general theory of things, with what we may call 'savage metaphysics.' Now early man, as Mr. Müller says, "not only did not think as we think, but did not think as we suppose he ought to have thought." The chief distinction between his mode of conceiving the world and ours is his vast extension of the theory of personality. . . . To civilized man, only human beings seem personal. . . .

In short, Lang says that the savage personifies everything, attributing personality to the winds and making the sun a person, and so forth. The name given to this habit is 'animism'—the habit of endowing inanimate things with life. But is it not we, the civilized people, who have *depersonalized* things? We deal in abstractions; we speak of force and energy and matter and tendencies and evolution—all abstractions. But mankind will never accept a universe created and maintained by abstractions. There must be living intelligences at work in the universe. The savage was nearer the truth than we; he saw that orderly works must be the outcome of intelligent beings.

The point to which I wish specially to direct your attention is that these difficulties vanish when we accept the Theosophical view of human origins and history. It will be seen that the difficulties have arisen almost entirely from an attempt to square the observed facts as to myths with certain theories held by modern scholars as to humanity; and it is the conviction of Theosophical students that these theories as to humanity are wrong, wherefore it is not difficult to understand that there should be a conflict between the theories and the facts.

The scholars seem to have matters wrong end first, or hind before, and to have frequently made the familiar mistake of putting the cart before the horse. For what are the peoples generally called 'savages'? I would suggest that they are the decayed remnants of former civilized nations, and that the curious and often unintelligible myths which they preserve are the faint memories of the religious and cosmogonical teachings of their highly cultured but remote ancestors. The confused and degenerated form which so many of these savage myths and customs and rites and ceremonials display is simply the consequence of the gradual degeneration of the people from a state of high culture and civilization to one of simple tribal life. Their myths are decayed memories. But many of the scholars look at the matter from quite an opposite viewpoint. To them the savage is a primitive man on his way upwards towards civilization; and instead of regarding his myths as being the decayed memories of former culture, these scholars regard the myths as being the *origin and beginning* of culture. This is in accordance with the familiar evolutionary theories of today, which seek to trace everything from the simple to the complex. Our present highly elaborate religions are supposed to be evolved from the crude notions which the so-called primitive man is imagined to have held. According to these scholars, then, the myths are simply the crude attempts of the savages to explain the mystery of life and the phenomena of nature. According to Theosophy, the myths are all that the savage remembers of a former culture embracing both religion and science. According to the above-mentioned scholars, the more refined and elaborate myths of such people as the Greeks are the evolutionary product of the crude myths of the savages; but according to Theosophy it is the other way about. It is important to keep this distinction in mind.

The various kinds of explanations that have been given of myths include that of Euhemerus, who held that they were history in disguise, and that the gods were once men. Other explanations are classified as the physical, the ethical, the religious. The myths may have been moral teachings conveyed by symbols and fables, say some critics. Some Christian writers have regarded the myths as a distorted form of an original pure divine revelation, whose pure form is to be found in the Jewish bible. A brief examination of the science of mythology suffices to show that the theories are numerous. But among them we must not forget to mention the famous 'solar myth' theory, which holds such a favorite place among the speculative explanations of myths. According to this, the myths are representative of natural phenomena, especially of those phenomena that depend on the apparent movements of the sun — namely, the recurrence of dawn and darkness, the alternation of the seasons, with the death of the year in winter and its rebirth in spring. Hence the name 'solar' myths,

although the term includes myths that are similarly supposed to celebrate the movements of other celestial bodies: and if the name is taken in a narrower sense, it may be supplemented by such terms as 'lunar' myths, referring to the moon; sidereal myths, referring to the stars; and so on. For an instance, take the labors of Hercules: Hercules is supposed to represent the sun, and his twelve labors are the passage of the sun through the twelve signs of the zodiac. Or again, take the case of the twin-brothers Castor and Pollux, who, according to this theory, are supposed to represent night and day, which alternate with one another just as the twin-brothers were said to spend their time alternately in the upper air and in the underworld. These are examples of what are called solar myths. On this theory, the late eminent scholar and poet, Gerald Massey, who is quoted with approval by H. P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine*, makes the following ironical comments:

They [the solar-myth people] conceive the early man in their own likeness, and look upon him as perversely prone to self-mystification, or, as Fontenelle has it, "subject to beholding things that are not there." They have misrepresented primitive or archaic man as having been idiotically misled from the first by an active but untutored imagination into believing all sorts of fallacies, which were directly and constantly contradicted by his own daily experience; a fool of fancy in the midst of those grim realities that were grinding his experience into him. . . . The origin and meaning of mythology has been missed altogether by these solarites and weather-mongers! Mythology was a primitive mode of thinking the early thought. . . . Mythology is the repository of man's most ancient science. . . . When the Egyptians portrayed the moon as a cat, they were not ignorant enough to suppose that the moon was a cat; not did their wandering fancies see any likeness in the moon to a cat; nor was a cat-myth any mere expansion of verbal metaphor; nor had they any intention of making puzzles and riddles. . . . They had observed the simple fact that the cat saw in the dark, and that her eyes became full-orbed and grew most luminous by night. The moon was the seer by night in heaven, and the cat was its equivalent on earth; and so the familiar cat was adopted as a representative, a natural sign, a living pictograph of the lunar orb.— Vol. I, page 304

Yet it is quite obvious that many of the myths do have an astronomical significance. What, then, is the real state of the case? It is that this astronomical meaning is only one out of many different meanings. This, in short, is what is called the *astronomical key* to the myth in question; but it has other keys as well. A myth represents what scientific people would call a generalization; that is, a general principle applicable to a variety of special cases. For example, a certain myth may be intended to represent rebirth, regeneration. In that case, it represents the rebirth of the day after night, or of the year after winter, and it depicts the rebirth of the immortal soul of man after the death of the body, or the rebirth of races

that have been before, or the spiritual rebirth of a candidate for wisdom after his mystic death, or the return of great geological and chronological cycles; in short, rebirth in any and every form; and therefore the symbol is susceptible of as many different interpretations, each scholar laying hold of perhaps only one of these meanings and holding forth a dogmatic opinion on that. The myth of the Twelve Labors of Hercules does correspond with the cycle of the sun through twelve solar mansions, yet with much more besides; and it may be said that this passage of the sun is itself a symbol, the labors of Hercules and the path of the sun thus being parallel symbols of one and the same general truth. One key of this myth is that of the labors or trials which have to be undergone by all men in the course of that probation which leads them eventually to wisdom and self-mastery. We find precisely the same idea represented in those innumerable stories of heroes fighting with dragons in order to win fair ladies, or having tasks imposed upon them by tyrants in order that they may win a golden fleece. It is the eternal drama of the human Soul in its great quest for wisdom — a thing far more worthy, surely, of celebration than the mere celestial phenomena of the sun and seasons. And again let us ask whether such a momentous allegory is to be attributed to the superstitions of a primitive man, or whether it is not far more likely that this so-called primitive man inherited the myth from his cultured ancestry. It has, as said above, been seriously supposed by some writers on mythology that the human race passes through a period of madness in the course of its evolution, and that in this period of madness it invents myths. If so, one can only say with Polonius: "Though this be madness, yet there is method in't."

Now, to make another important point, let us see what H. P. Blavatsky, presenting the Theosophical point of view, says on this head. She states that every myth and symbol has *seven* keys, and that it is necessary to turn every one of these keys before the whole mystery is unlocked. So the various theorists are sharing these seven keys among them, and each one has hold of the truth by one of its seven ends. Myths are indeed historical, but not *merely* historical; though they are symbolic of moral truths, that is not their sole function; they embody facts in natural science, it is true; but they embody much more besides.

H. P. Blavatsky says that she is one of those who believe that —

No mythological story, no traditional event in the folklore of a people has ever been, at any time, pure fiction, but that every one of such narratives has an actual historical lining to it.—Vol. I, page 303

Again —

The point to which even the most truth-loving and truth-searching Orientalists . . . seem to remain blind, is the fact that every symbol in papy-

rus or *olla* is a many-faced diamond, each of whose facets not merely bears several interpretations, but relates likewise to several sciences. This is instanced in the just-quoted interpretation of the moon symbolized by the cat — an example of sidereo-terrestrial imagery; the moon bearing many other meanings besides this with other nations. (I. 305)

A learned Mason is quoted as saying that —

All esoteric societies have made use of emblems and symbols, such as the Pythagorean Society, the Eleusinian, the Hermetic Brethren of Egypt, the Rosicrucians and the Freemasons. Many of these emblems it is not proper to divulge to the general eye, and a very minute difference may make the emblem or symbol differ widely in its meaning. The magical sigilla, being founded on certain principles of numbers, partake of this character, and although monstrous and ridiculous in the eyes of the uninstructed, convey a whole body of doctrine to those who have been trained to recognise them. (I, 306)

And again —

The religious and esoteric history of every nation was imbedded in symbols; it was never expressed in so many words. All the thoughts and emotions, all the learning and knowledge, revealed and acquired, of the early races, found their pictorial expression in allegory and parable. (I, 307)

Again the author speaks of

A language and system of science imparted to the early mankind by a more advanced *mankind*, so much higher as to be *divine* in the sight of that infant humanity. . . . These strange records lie imbedded in the 'Mystery language' of the prehistoric ages, the language now called SYMBOLISM. (I, 309)

These quotations conduct us to the close of this introductory paper. The summary just given of the science of mythology is of course inadequate, as must necessarily be the case in view of the limits of time and space that we have imposed on ourselves. But, as it has not been our purpose to give an exhaustive treatment, we have merely reminded ourselves of the salient points, and have assumed a wider acquaintance with the subject, either already in our minds or at least available by reference to standard works in our libraries. Hence the above may be deemed sufficient for our main purpose, which is to introduce the Theosophical point of view, and to suggest lines of inquiry for those who are sufficiently interested.

In mythology and symbology we find ourselves at the portals of a very mighty science — that archaic science variously known as the Secret Doctrine, the Wisdom-Religion and the Arcane Science. It is this that forms the main thesis of H. P. Blavatsky's work above quoted. Human civilization is very ancient and must be counted in millions of years. Race has succeeded race, and great empires and cultures have risen and fallen, time out of mind, as the geological ages have succeeded one another. Knowledge is preserved to mankind by transmission and handing down of

the light from race to race. Always we shall find ancient peoples speaking reverently of their Instructors and of gods and heroes who founded their race and taught to their descendants the arts and sciences and the sacred knowledge concerning the creation and ordering of the universe and the nature and life of man. These sacred teachings were expressed in symbol and allegory, for they deal with general truths and laws so vast in their scope that verbal and literal language is inadequate to cope with them. Moreover the literal recital of events connected with this great knowledge was purposely eschewed, in order to prevent its abuse. Hence the teachings were given in special schools of the Mysteries, and only to duly prepared candidates. To the public the teachings were given in allegorical form, or enacted as dramas — which fact may be discerned as the true origin of the drama.

It is by a careful study and comparison of the myths of various peoples that we arrive at a knowledge of what is essential in them, and are able to pick out the kernel of vital meaning from all the incidental circumstantial details. We see that Prometheus is not a mere poetical account of the making of fire by friction, but an allegory of the communication of the divine influence to man, and also a historical memoir of the early races of humanity on this globe, at the time when certain unintelligent races acquired the power of self-consciousness and unlimited possibility of development towards the supreme knowledge. We learn that the heavenly twins, Castor and Pollux, are not merely two stars in the Zodiac, but stand for the two halves of the human mind, one of which is mortal and terrestrial, and the other immortal and celestial; while the heavenly brother sacrifices himself in order to dwell with his twin-brother on earth and help him. Thus we learn not only the archaic history of humanity, but also we understand mysteries connected with our own nature. In H. P. Blavatsky's *The Secret Doctrine* the myths are gone into exhaustively and elaborately, and it is clear that the author had an immense treasury upon which to draw for her enormous erudition and knowledge. The ancient science embraced every possible department of human knowledge, and the myths and symbols are interpreted astronomically, numerically, geometrically, physiologically, historically, ethically, etc. To comprehend the whole scheme is the work of an indefinite progress in knowledge. The world has to understand that this vast and luminous knowledge did actually exist in antiquity and that it is destined to be revived, that it may live with us again. Hence the importance at this time that the work of the School of Antiquity should contribute its share to the diffusion of this understanding. In subsequent addresses it is expected that particular myths may be dealt with separately and in greater detail, and that thus the general remarks made in this preliminary paper may receive illustration and amplification.



VIVISECTION: by Joseph H. Fussell

IN the present session of the California Legislature there has been presented in the Assembly a bill, No. 798, called the Prendergast Bill, which provides for the sale of unclaimed animals in the public pounds to medical colleges and laboratories for the purposes of vivisection and animal experimentation. Mme. Katherine Tingley and the Men's and Women's Theosophical Humanitarian Leagues, and the members of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society generally throughout California, also the State and other Humane Societies, and the two Anti-Vivisection Societies of Northern and Southern California, have actively opposed the passage of the above-named bill. Petitions were circulated against the passage of the bill, and many thousands of names secured.

Madame Tingley, finding that an opportunity would be given to her to speak at the final hearing of the bill in committee (the Medical and Dental Committee, to which the bill had been referred) made a short visit to Sacramento for that purpose, and owing to her absence from the International Headquarters at Point Loma, she was unable to fulfil her promise made in response to the request of the Editor of the *La Jolla Journal* to reply to Prof. F. B. Sumner of the Biological Station at La Jolla, (a few miles north of San Diego), and she therefore asked the undersigned to undertake this.

Owing to limitations of space, it was impossible to answer in detail all the points taken up by Professor Sumner, and I therefore confined myself to what I considered to be the main line of argument. A full discussion of the whole vivisection will be made in a pamphlet on the subject, to be issued shortly.

(Signed) J. H. FUSSELL

April 20, 1917.

BIOLOGISTS URGE PRENDERGAST BILL

From the *La Jolla Journal*, March 23d, 1917

ADVOCATES of the Prendergast Bill who would introduce into the Legislature a provision for the vivisection of animals for experimental purposes, gathered at the Community House Tuesday evening and listened to an address by Prof. F. B. Sumner, of the Biological Station. The biologists and medical fraternity request that the address be printed in the *JOURNAL* as a whole. It will be answered in next week's issue by Madame Katherine Tingley, Foun-dress-Directress of the Woman's International Theosophical League, of Point Loma, who is opposed to vivisection.

By F. B. SUMNER

DOES it not seem a bit ludicrous that we, who are just entering upon a sanguinary war, in which thousands of our best citizens will be ruthlessly slaughtered or maimed, should be so exercised over the fate of a few hundred

stray cats and dogs? It is this same lack of sense of proportion which characterizes the anti-vivisection movement everywhere. The sensitive soul shudders at the whines or groans of a half-conscious cur in the laboratory, and is deaf and blind to the untold agonies of countless men, women and children, many of whom can be relieved through a very moderate sacrifice of animal life.

Indeed, if the Prendergast Bill were the only point at issue, if we were concerned merely with the disposition of a few unclaimed animals at the public pounds, none of us would have taken this occasion to call a meeting for public discussion of the matter. But the question is really a much broader one than that. The Prendergast Bill is simply an incident in a nation-wide struggle for scientific freedom. The rank and file of the anti-vivisection sympathizers we credit with genuine motives of humanity. They are simply victims of deception or of over-wrought imagination. But the leaders, or many of them, are persons who are indifferent or hostile to scientific progress, the enemies of biology and the enemies of modern scientific medicine. Let me tell you, it is no mere accident that the most active local agitators on this question are a group of persons who profess a scorn for the lower orders of knowledge, achieved through the eyes and ears and brain, and one of whose cardinal doctrines is the transmigration of souls from human beings to animals. And it is against the Prendergast Bill an argument based upon the venerable superstition of prenatal impressions, a belief which modern biology has long since discarded as unsupported by evidence.

It is my part in the present discussion to say a few words on the relation of biology to the so-called vivisection question. It is hardly necessary here for me to define biology. It is the science of life. Not Life, spelled with a capital letter and surrounded by seven mystic veils, but life in the sense of the phenomena displayed by the living things about us, with which we are familiar. LIVING THINGS, mind you, not dead ones. Much can be learned, it is true, by going out with a collecting-bottle and popping specimens into alcohol. Even more can be learned by taking these dead specimens and cutting them up and studying them with our microscopes. But still we see nothing of life. Life is activity, Life is doing things; and we can only see them while they are doing.

Now, we poor, earth-born biologists are unable to go into a trance and see through the mysteries of existence without any use of our normal faculties. And we do not have recourse to the sacred literature of India or Persia. We are bound down to the time-honored, clumsy methods by which humanity has in the past climbed from savagery to a certain level of civilization — the use of the senses, supplemented by the use of the reason.

The word 'vivisection' is an epithet, intended to prejudice the case against us. Biology, like physics and chemistry, has become experimental. We place animals and plants under exactly known conditions, and subject them to particular influences, to note the effects of these. The great majority of these experiments involve no pain to the living being concerned, and the great majority involve no cutting of living tissues.

In one class of experiments, selected animals are mated, and the character of the offspring is observed. Here we have nothing different from what is done on an immense scale by the commercial stockbreeder. Or, animals are fed with special foods, commonly not harmful, or subjected to changed con-

ditions of temperature or light. Their behavior in the presence of various objects or sensations is noted. Thus a great mass of impressive knowledge is being acquired relative to the properties of living beings. Other cases demand slight incisions, amputations, injections, inoculations, and the like. These, for the most part, are carried out upon low forms of life whose sentiency is doubtless feeble. Commonly they may be assumed to be painless, though in some cases discomfort or sickness may result.

Finally, we have those cases to which the name vivisection may be truly applied. It is these that furnish the basis for the widespread agitation on the subject. I have tried to point out, however, that they cannot be considered apart from animal experimentation generally. If we are to understand the workings of the human and animal body, we can scarcely ignore what occurs within its interior, since here the most important organ systems are located. Do those who get their information from the illustrations and printed pages of the text-books on anatomy and physiology realize the actual sources of this information? Do they even imagine the years of unremitting toil on the part of hundreds of observers and experimenters who have gradually built up the very incomplete science of physiology as we know it today? Every little detail of the organic process, the secretion of the salivary glands, or the flow of blood through the capillaries, has been the theme of scores or hundreds of printed articles by highly trained experts. We possess no mental faculty or intuition by which we can think these questions out in our own heads. We must have recourse to the interior of animals, yes, of LIVING animals. For one to assert that experiments on living animals has led to no useful knowledge is so amazing a perversion of the truth that one is hardly called upon to refute it before a group of intelligent people. 'Authorities'—so-called—are cited in support of this assertion. There are persons—some of them outside the walls of asylums—who still assert that the world is flat. To call such crack-brained individuals 'authorities,' and to say that scientists differ on this important point in geography would hardly be a fair statement of the case.

To cite but two instances out of hundreds in refuting this assertion we need mention only the centuries-old discovery of the circulation of the blood by Harvey, and the more modern discovery of the diphtheria antitoxin. Either of these achievements would have been utterly impossible without cutting into the bodies of living animals. But I must dissent from the point of view which would emphasize, to the exclusion of all else, the advantages of animal experimentation to medicine. Greater, possibly, even than these is to be rated the higher understanding of nature and of man's place in nature which biology has gradually brought us. To make the world a more interesting place to live in is, I believe, as high an achievement as the prolongation of life itself.

There are those, perhaps, who may accept these latter propositions, but who will none the less be disposed to retort: Yes, but even these great treasures of knowledge should not be purchased at the price of animal suffering.

This is a large subject and one which cannot be answered in a few words. But certain lines of reply may be indicated.

(1) The amount of suffering has been grossly exaggerated. The assertions of the anti-vivisectionists have been refuted over and over again by men of the highest standing. The professional agitators have not hesitated to make use of garbled quotations and of false or misleading statements. One prominent

English anti-vivisectionist was convicted a few years ago of criminal libel against a prominent physiologist. Many of their illustrations of cruelty are drawn from the work of Magendie, Claude Bernard, Brown-Sequard, Mantegazza and others long since dead. Some of these men lived before the days of surgical anaesthesia. (Reference to pictures of animals tied in 'instruments of torture,' etc.)

(2) Contrary to the flat assertions of the propagandists is the fact, well known to any biologist or physician of experience, that anaesthetics are almost invariably administered in such operations. Doctor Whipple, head of the Hooper Medical Foundation in San Francisco, states that he has never seen a case of experimentation upon an animal in which anaesthetics were not used. He admits, however, that such procedure may rarely be necessary.

(3) While we may allow the existence of occasional wanton cruelty to an even greater extent than biologists will commonly admit, we do not for a moment concede that this fact would justify the suppression or serious restriction of experimentation upon living animals. As well might we argue against permitting the use of saddle-horses, from the brutality of an individual rider. As well might we legislate against milking, butchering, or even the keeping of domestic pets.

(4) Who, we may ask, is this group of brutes and fiends upon whom your vials of wrath are poured forth? Who are these men with pointed beards and Mephistophelian countenances who gloat with diabolical glee at the writhings of their victims? Men like our own Professor Ritter, prominent and honored physicians and scientists, members of university faculties in this and every other state. From a lifelong association with this particular group of persons in several of our chief centers of scientific research I can say with full deliberation that I do not know of a more moral or a more humane class of men and women. If we count in our ranks a few cruel or callous natures, it is not because of any brutalizing influences of our scientific studies. No profession is free from its black sheep.

(5) Why do the anti-vivisectionists single out this particular class of alleged cruelties as deserving the execration of mankind? Why are they not moved by the barbarities inherent in stock-raising and slaughtering as practised at present, or by the castration of adult or half-grown animals to render them more fit as food or as pets? Are anaesthetics given here? Ask any cattle-raiser or horse breeder, and he will laugh you to scorn. No, these sensitive parts are torn out by methods that would justify some of the most lurid language of the opponents of science. Have you ever raised your voices against the shooting of highly-organized birds and mammals as sport? — the tearing of flesh, the breaking of legs and wings, the lingering death from starvation? Do you wear furs, and if so, do you realize that nearly all of these animals are caught in sharp-toothed traps which mangle the limbs of their victims and hold them — perhaps throughout the length of a cold winter's night, to die of slow torture? If you really want sobs, we can give you something to sob at, and all this without departing from the facts.

If anyone will start a serious movement to forbid the shooting of wild animals, except in very exceptional cases, to suppress the use of steel traps in the capture of fur-bearing animals, and to enforce the use of anaesthetics during castration or other cruel operations upon domestic animals, I think I may say

for the majority of biologists we will get out and fight with you side by side. But do not single out for your attacks the few and dubious cases of cruelty which arise in the course of our struggle to increase our knowledge of life.

It must be admitted that we biologists are, to no little extent, responsible for the suspicion with which we are regarded by certain elements of the community. It is charged that we work in secret, and that this veil of secrecy is the covering for a multitude of crimes. We may reasonably smile at the latter aspect of the charge, but it might be well to consider for a moment whether the first count in the indictment has not a considerable measure of truth. Are we not working in too much secrecy? Should we not, to a larger degree, take the public into our confidence?

There are reasons in every community why more effort should be made in this direction. But here in California, especially, where we have direct legislation through the initiative and referendum, we need to keep the public informed of our activities for our own sake, even more than for that of the public. If the electorate is led to believe that we students of nature are fiends of cruelty, it is high time that we should step into the arena and refute the charge. Otherwise, we may find ourselves legislated out of existence.

But the demand that surgical work upon animals should be open to inspection by irresponsible persons — whether or not they represent 'humane' societies — is not a fair one. Such work upon animals should be shielded from intruders for the same reasons as apply to human surgery. The work would suffer. Moreover, an untrained person especially, one of an emotional nature, is not qualified to be a dispassionate witness at such an operation. The peculiar guttural sounds resulting from the inhalation of ether will be reported as the "stifled groans of the victims." The first sight of blood at an operation causes some persons to faint.

But personally I welcome intelligent inquirers at the laboratory, and am quite ready to discuss and describe my work, even such of it as may be referred to as 'vivisectional.' To convince you of my sincerity in this matter, rather than to exploit my own scientific activities, I will say a few words regarding this side of my present studies. I am trying to throw some light on the time-honored problem of the inheritance of acquired characters, a question that is far from being settled yet, despite all claims to the contrary. The final solution of this group of problems is highly important for the welfare of the human race. The outcome would determine very radically our personal conduct and our social usage.

In my experiment, I am using mice as my working material. For reasons which would take too long to state, I adopt the plan of crippling one or the other hind leg, either by amputation, or by cutting the sciatic nerve. These operations are all performed under the influence of ether. In our laboratory we even administer ether when we come to make the various identification marks on the ears and toes corresponding to the brands set on cattle. (Parenthetically I may ask how many stock-raisers administer ether when they apply a red-hot iron to the skins of their victims. I will also ask how many of the anti-vivisectionists have raised any protest at this barbarous practice.)

To return to the operated mice. A few minutes after their recovery from ether, they are running actively around the cage. A few days later the wounds have healed and the mice are very slightly interfered with by the treatment

they have received. These operations have been performed on several hundred mice, and upon several successive generations.

The offspring of such operated animals, before being subjected to any surgical treatment themselves, are tied upon a frame, in a manner calculated to give little discomfort, and are tested in a special apparatus to determine the comparative strength of the pull of the two hind legs. The work has not been in progress long, so that only seventy-five animals have been so tested. Unfortunately, I have not yet gone far enough to obtain decisive results in respect to the main problem. But sufficient has been done to give me considerable encouragement and determine me to see the thing through to the finish one way or the other. When I have reached a decisive conclusion, or have shown the futility of my method for reaching such a conclusion, I shall report upon these experiments in full. Before closing, I wish to read you extracts from the remarks of a few persons in whose opinion you may be more disposed to have more confidence than in mine. They are taken from a little volume entitled *Animal Experimentation*, published by Little, Brown and Company, of Boston, in 1902, and containing brief statements of the views of thirty prominent citizens of Massachusetts in various professions. Another valuable work to be consulted by those who seriously wish to know the truth in this matter is one by Dr. W. W. Keen, entitled *Animal Experimentation and Medical Progress*, published by Houghton, Mifflin and Company in 1914. (Also recent address of Dr. Whipple.)

HOT REPLY TO SUMNER

From the *La Jolla Journal*, March 30th, 1917

By JOSEPH H. FUSSELL

Secretary, Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society

I QUESTION sometimes if vivisection and animal experimentation do not blunt the reasoning faculty and obscure the sense of proportion and of the fitness of things. I say this for the reason that so many articles defending vivisection contain 'arguments' (?) that have nothing to do with the case. "If you have a weak case, abuse the opposing attorney"; and it is a common psychological trick, if you cannot meet an argument squarely, to seek to divert the attention to side-issues or to issues entirely foreign to the one under discussion.

Vivisectionists however claim to be scientific, and as Professor F. B. Sumner of the Biological Station, in the *La Jolla Journal* of March 23d, declares the Prendergast Bill to be but "an incident in the struggle for scientific freedom," he cannot object to our viewing any statement that he makes from a strictly scientific standpoint.

Now science above all things seeks the truth, and will have nothing whatever to do with misrepresentation or falsehood. Further, a true scientist will not seek to befog the issue by introducing arguments which are not pertinent. Yet is not this what Professor Sumner does in his first paragraph, and also in paragraph 5, in which he refers to stock-raising, shooting of birds and animals, the castration of adult or half-grown animals, the shooting of highly organized birds and mammals as sport, the trapping of animals for their fur, etc.?

He asks, why are not protests made against these. Is he ignorant, or does he wilfully ignore the fact that in practically every state of the U. S. A. there are Humane Societies which voice a continuous protest against all forms of cruelty to animals? Is Professor Sumner's object in introducing these other issues, to turn the attention of the public from that of vivisection and animal experimentation? To call attention to another evil is no argument against the consideration of the one before us.

Still more beside the question, and utterly reprehensible from a scientific standpoint, is Professor Sumner's attempt to befog the issue by referring to a "group of persons who profess a scorn for the lower orders of knowledge achieved through the eyes and ears and brain, and one of whose cardinal doctrines is the transmigration of souls from human beings to animals." He declares that it is not mere accident that the most "active local agitators" on this question form a group of people who make such professions.

Will Professor Sumner kindly state to whom he refers, or is he too modest to do so? Some ignorant people think that Theosophy teaches "the transmigration of souls from human beings to animals"; but it is only the ignorant or those who feel it to their interest wilfully to misrepresent Theosophists who will say so.

Professor Sumner then declares, "we [*i. e.* vivisectionists, I suppose] do not have recourse to the sacred literature of India or Persia." Surely the loss is theirs, for if they knew even a little of this ancient literature, as well as that of Egypt and China, and the teachings of Jesus, Buddha, Zoroaster and the other great teachers of the past, their life would be vastly enriched; it would mean so much more to them; they would become imbued with the principles of kindness, mercy, and humane treatment of all living things; they might even learn something of the responsibility of humanity to the other kingdoms of nature. If a little more attention were paid to the wisdom of the ancients, modern science would, I venture to say, find many of its problems solved, and would find also that vivisection and animal experimentation are not the way of true knowledge.

Is it because Professor Sumner's case is so weak, that he introduces these extraneous matters?

Now, like nearly every other pro-vivisectionist, Professor Sumner endeavors to impress upon the public that there is no cruelty in vivisection and animal experimentation, and very little suffering on the part of the animal. Regarding animal experimentation "by injection, inoculation and the like" he says this for the most part is carried out "upon low forms of life whose sentiency is doubtless feeble." He does not know that their sentiency is feeble; he is merely guessing when he says "doubtless." He says further, "commonly they may be assumed to be painless though in some cases discomfort or sickness may result." The reader will be able to judge from what follows whether the case has been fairly and squarely presented by Professor Sumner.

Is it because he wishes to discount any records of cruelty that he says "no profession is free from its black sheep"? Would he apply this term to Professors Gotch and Horsley, whose experiments are reported in the "Croonian Lecture," (1891), from which we quote? Photographs of actual experiments are given, which were made upon 120 cats and monkeys. No more fiendish

torture could be imagined than is here depicted. The following is the report of one experiment:

"The back of the cat was opened and the muscles cut away, exposing the back-bone. This was cut into by fine bone-cutters and the spinal cord lifted out, the back-bone being held by special contrivances. The cord was then divided longitudinally, and electrical registering apparatus affixed. It was afterwards totally severed, and appliances applied throwing electrical currents into different branches. The final results as summarized seemed to be doubtful 'without further experiment.' The authors frequently refer to numerous other authors who have made similar experiments, some of them under curare alone, and some without the use of any anaesthetic to lull the terrible pain." For the information of my readers it should be stated that curare is a drug which paralyses the voluntary motor nerves but not the sensory, so that while unable to move, the poor dumb animal suffers all the pangs of torture. It is the most fiendish, devilish drug known.

But Professor Sumner declares that "anaesthetics are almost invariably administered," and he may object that Gotch and Horsley's experiments were performed twenty-six years ago. So let us come down to more recent times. One of the assistants in Dr. Flexner's laboratory in New York, in answer to a question put by a fellow-physician as to whether anaesthetics were used, said: Usually, unless we wish to study symptomatic effects, in which case we would require the animal consciousness.

In inoculation experiments, animals cannot be kept under anaesthetics, seeing that such experiments extend often over weeks and sometimes over months. Let me give an instance, taken from an account of Professor Koch's experiments in connection with sleeping-sickness, published in the *Journal of Pathology*, March, 1906:

"Dog No. 1 became a veritable skeleton and blind. It was found dead three weeks after inoculation. Dogs Nos. 2 and 3 showed signs of wasting, the head became swelled and dropsical, also the forelegs and paws; blindness ensued in both eyes; and two days before its death it refused food and seemed very thirsty. It was found dead nearly a month after inoculation. Dog No. 4 suffered anaemia, emaciation and drowsiness. The animal became a living skeleton, with drooping head, sightless eyes and every bone standing out on its emaciated body."

Is Professor Koch also a 'black sheep'?

Allan N. Benson, in an article, 'The Common-Sense of Vivisection,' states that he was informed by Dr. Flexner himself, in regard to inoculation experiments, that "there is only a quick prick with the needle and little or no pain." Did he tell the whole truth? What of the after-effects? In 1909 in Great Britain alone, 82,389 inoculation experiments were performed. How many in the rest of Europe, and how many in America?

Shortly before the war broke out, in a German scientific journal, *Umschau*, was published an account of experiments subjecting rabbits to long exposure to radium, by London, a Russian physiologist. Is he also a 'black sheep'? I quote from the account:

"For the first two weeks of the exposure no result was noticed. Then red spots appeared on the animals' ears and elsewhere. Several weeks after the red spots, which had become bald, ulcerated. The ulcers remained and became

worse and worse during many months. The rabbits' hind legs became paralysed until at last they could only drag themselves about on their bellies by movements of their forelegs. The retina was destroyed and the eyes closed with a thick secretion."

But vivisectionists would have the public believe there is no cruelty, practically no suffering, merely a little discomfort. They would have us believe that animals do not suffer acutely. Read the evidence of William Pritchard, M. R. C. V. S., F. C. S., late Professor of Anatomy at the Royal Veterinary College, given before the Royal Commission on Vivisection in London. He stated that he had performed some thousands of operations on horses and dogs, but had never been able to detect any difference in sensation between them and the human subject. The following is a question put to him and his answer:

"And you think as regards the mere physical sensation of pain, it would be equal to that in a human being?" "Yes, I have never seen anything to lead me to think otherwise."

In the last analysis, the sole argument for the practice of vivisection and animal experimentation is that the end justifies the means. Let us see what have been the results that have accrued from animal experimentation in the following cases: first, in regard to what is now one of the greatest scourges of modern civilization, tuberculosis; and second, in regard to the most terrible of all diseases, cancer. In each of these cases it has been declared again and again by vivisectionists that only through animal experimentation can a cure be found for these and other diseases. In other words, the advocates of vivisection and animal experimentation lay claim to absolute knowledge and presume to set limits to human possibility and research. We have only, however, to turn to facts as presented in official records, to see the absurdity of such statements.

For instance, Trudeau, of whom it was said that he, better than any man in America, was qualified to speak authoritatively on the subject, declared: "Everything that we know today of the etiology of tuberculosis, everything that has a direct bearing on the prevention and control of the disease, we owe to animal experimentation." Trudeau doubtless had a right to speak for himself, but as regards the knowledge of other equally reputable physicians, his statement is absolutely false.

But Trudeau himself, shortly before he died, wrote to Dr. E. S. Bulloch, Physician in Chief of the New Mexico College Sanitarium:

"After thirty years of active tuberculosis work, I am convinced that there is no such thing as a real immunity in tuberculosis, nor possible of attainment; and if I had my life to live over again, I would devote it to the search for some chemical substance that would kill the tubercle bacillus without undue injury to the affected organism." Regarding which statement Dr. Bulloch says:

"If this brief but pregnant statement turns out to be a fact, as well as an opinion, it practically discards, as regards tuberculosis, all the bacteriological delving of the past thirty years."

And in spite of countless vivisectional experiments and the sacrifice of hundreds of thousands of animals in attempts to prove its efficiency, tuberculin was definitely acknowledged to be a failure at the International Congress in London in 1913; and the British Medical Journal, after a review of the

evidence, was constrained to admit that the treatment of any individual case with tuberculin was "a leap in the dark."

In regard to cancer, another absolute statement was made by N. Manthei Howe in the *New Age Magazine*. He says, "Animal experiments are absolutely essential if we expect to find a remedy for cancer." But let me call the attention of my readers to that "colossal failure," as it has been called, the Imperial Research Cancer Fund of England, subscribed to by a credulous public to the amount of a million dollars, and in connection with which "tens of thousands of defenseless animals have annually been immolated on the altar of so-called science"—to quote from Dr. Robert Bell, President of the Medical Reform Union. He asks: "What has been the outcome of all this cruelty? Nothing of the least value to medical science, either in regard to pathology or the treatment of disease. Indeed, any advancement that has been made in these respects has been accomplished by those who have discarded vivisection in any shape or form."

So also Dr. Adelaide Brown, chairman of the Public Health Committee of San Francisco, in her defense of the Prendergast Bill, recently declared that "animal experimentation is the basis for any possible advancement in saving or prolonging human life." Dr. Brown also declares that "diphtheria has been changed from a human scourge to a disease controllable and comparatively easily handled with antitoxin." But in the *New York Globe*, July 21th, 1916, Alfred S. McCann says:

"A special inquiry by the Department of Health has shown that the discovery and widespread use of diphtheria antitoxin since 1907 has not materially reduced either the prevalence of the disease or the percentage of deaths. June 12th, 1916, the *New York World* published Health Department statistics revealing the failure of diphtheria antitoxin to do the work which the laity has been led to believe it is accomplishing."

In the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, October 28th, 1916, is the following:

"The Bureau of Health of the State of Pennsylvania, in its annual report for 1914, states that during the last ten years the case death-rate of diphtheria has not changed more than one per cent, notwithstanding the use of antitoxin."

And in the *Journal of the A. M. A.*, May 13th, 1916, we find a German authority quoted as saying: "It is possible that the question of immunity to diphtheria, which seemed to have been settled, will have to be taken up and studied anew." In fact, the stress laid upon the value of animal experimentation as an aid in combatting diphtheria absolutely falls to the ground when we compare it with the other infectious diseases which at present draw upon no such aid. In other words, the appalling sacrifice of animals, with its attendant cruelty and suffering, has availed naught in these three dread diseases; it has not even the excuse of that saying of questionable morality, "the end justifies the means." Is it any wonder that an enlightened public is protesting against further animal experimentation?

Whither is vivisection tending? According to Professor Sumner, the question at issue concerns only a few hundred stray cats or dogs. This may be true of the Prendergast Bill, and it may also be true that the present effort is simply an 'incident.' But there is a principle involved, and it is well that the public should be informed of what is not only a possibility but an actuality;

and I do not quote from any layman or any 'black sheep' but from a physician who stands high in the profession. The following is a statement by Dr. Herbert Snow, an English surgeon and cancer specialist of the front rank:

"Vivisection is useless in cancer research. I have found it entirely so. *In the last analysis the final experiment must be performed on man, no matter how many tests have been previously practised on living animals. For this very reason so-called human vivisection is secretly practised in hospitals on an extensive scale. So as a matter of fact, in spite of wide-spread experimentation on animals, we should not escape from the attempts of surgeons to practise upon us.*"

Please note that Dr. Snow declares that human vivisection is practiced on an extensive scale. Professor Slosson, while professor of chemistry in the University of Wyoming, 1895, declared that "a human life is nothing compared with a new fact in science." And it is reported that Professor H. A. Gehring, of the Michigan Agricultural College, at the beginning of the year, 1917, in this age of 'enlightenment,' announced his intention to introduce a measure in the Michigan Legislature that will provide for the vivisection of prisoners.

If these statements of Dr. Snow and others be false, *viz.*: that human vivisection is secretly practised in hospitals on an extensive scale, they should be so proven *conclusively*; not by a mere denial, but in such a way that the whole world may know. If not so proven, they must stand; and they will stand *until an intelligent public takes such means as shall make not only human vivisection but animal vivisection and experimentation impossible.*

Professor Koch, the discoverer of the tuberculosis bacillus, declares that "an experiment on an animal gives no certain indication of the result of the same experiment on a human being," taking the same position as Dr. Snow. And the public should know these facts, for unless they take a stand, and not only prevent the passage of such a bill as the Prendergast Bill, but make impossible the practice of vivisection and animal experimentation, they will have to face, and are already facing, the inevitable result: human vivisection and human experimentation; and what guarantee have you that the vivisectioners will not experiment on your wife or child or on yourself?

Let me quote here Mme. Tingley's words, and ask: Do we want a vivisectioner by the bedside of the sick? Do we not want, more than anything else, that the consciousness of the physician should be the highest order, incapable of the slightest prompting from below? And this not only on general grounds, but because it is from the higher nature that come those flashes of genius and intuition which may mean perhaps the salvation of an apparently hopeless case of sickness.

The fact is that vivisectioners and animal experimenters dare not take the public into their confidence, and that their defense — for they acknowledge that they are on defense by the publishing of 'Defense Research Pamphlets' — is but a partial and garbled statement. They further seek to convey the idea that anti-vivisectionists are anti-progressive and incompetent to express an opinion; yet some of the most eminent physicians of the present day are absolutely opposed to vivisection. These latter, in their high ideals of the profession and of their responsibility, are turning their attention more and more to the prevention of disease; and in fact, not only abroad but in this country, it is being more and more acknowledged that the greatest factor in

the reduction of the number of cases of the diseases of typhoid, typhus, yellow fever and malaria is sanitation, isolation, hygienic measures generally. Even Professor Elie Metchnikoff of the Pasteur Institute, Paris, declares that "to diminish the spread of tuberculosis, of typhoid fever, of dysentery, of cholera, and of many other diseases, *it is necessary only* to follow the rules of scientific hygiene, without waiting for specific remedies." (*Nature of Man*, p. 213) And Sir B. W. Richardson in *Biological Experimentation*, p. 125, says: "I could put all the answers (to the question: How to prevent disease?) into one word: cleanliness." And again he says: "Purity of life is all-sufficient to remove what disease exists."

The case against vivisection rests on the ground that the evidence furnished by vivisectionists themselves, in reports published in the standard medical journals, proves that in innumerable cases extreme cruelty is practised, and has to be practised in order to get the results desired; and that the results, even if as claimed, do not in any way justify this infliction of cruelty. The sole basis on which the vivisectionists make their claims is that the end justifies the means. I contend that the means employed are immoral, unworthy of the true dignity of manhood, degrading to those who employ them, blunting their finer sensibilities, and having a psychological influence upon the race that will have to be met even in this generation, tending as it does to the degradation of character. Vivisection and animal experimentation are a violation of nature and natural law. Health will never be attained by such means, but only by acting in conformity with natural law.

In conclusion, let me quote the words of Mme. Katherine Tingley: "I think that we should be slow in condemning those who are even today earnestly engaged in vivisection, for the reason that while we may condemn the action, many of those same men may in other lines of their profession have accomplished a great deal of good; but the fact is that they are confronted by something which they cannot understand, and that in their *materia medica* the great secret is lacking, the key to which is a recognition of the essential divinity of man and the interdependence of man and the kingdoms of nature."

'COME-BACK' AT THEOSOPHISTS

From the *La Jolla Journal*, April 6th, 1917

BY PROF. F. B. SUMNER, Scripps Institution, La Jolla, Cal.

WHEN the Secretary of a 'Universal Brotherhood' so far forgets himself as to administer a good old-fashioned scolding to an erring fellow-mortal, is it quite fair that he should add a question mark when he speaks of the 'arguments' (?) which have so roused his ire? The anti-vivisection movement is never lacking in its comic aspects, but it is not these that I care to dwell on at present. For the matter is a very serious one, as we attempted to show in our recent discussion at the Community House. Indeed, it is only a realization of its seriousness that leads me to take any notice of the article in last week's *Journal*. The confident tone of that article and the pretense from authoritative sources gave the statement a certain plausibility to deceive an uninformed reader.

It is not my intention here to reply to Mr. Fussell's entire argument, nor is it my purpose to keep up a newspaper controversy with him. If the Pendergast Bill is passed, as we have reason to hope, and if it is held up by a referendum petition, as seems equally probable, I shall not shirk my duty in explaining the issue to the public. It is much to be regretted that no report was made in the *Journal* of any of the addresses delivered at the Community House except my own. Strong arguments were ably presented by Messrs. Voorhees and Crandall, and by Dr. Parker. In accordance with previous agreement, my own statement represented only one aspect of the discussion. For that reason I scarcely touched upon the achievements of experimental medicine, this field being covered by Dr. Parker. I did, however, offer what I believe to be sufficient evidence for the necessity of animal experimentation for an understanding of the living world. And it is significant that the Theosophical Society's secretary makes no reply whatever to this line of argument. It is perhaps because he regards knowledge gained by the 'brain-mind' as distinctly a minor matter in the life of man.

In fact, the irate Secretary indicates exactly where the shoe pinches, in the quotation from Mrs. Tingley, with which he concludes the article. After graciously granting that we 'vivisectors' may not be wholly bad, the Point Loma leader remarks: "The fact is that they are confronted by something which they cannot understand, and that in their *materia medica* the great secret is lacking, the key to which is a recognition of the essential divinity of man and the interdependence of man and the kingdoms of nature." It is the same old sneer against '*materia medica*' which for years, in various forms, has opposed vaccination, public health ordinances, and the advancement of medical knowledge.

We will gladly leave the savants of Point Loma to expound the different between 'transmigration and reincarnation.' What is really pertinent to the present discussion is their avowed hostility to the basic principles of modern medicine.

And now for some of the Secretary's specific arguments. I cannot consider them all.

(1) Tuberculin is admitted by the medical profession to have a quite restricted application as a *remedy*, though even as a remedy its importance is not negligible. Its chief importance, however, is as a *diagnostic test*. Presumably every reader of this article has heard of 'tuberculin tested' cattle. Many cities and states require that consumers of milk shall be safe-guarded against infection by means of this test. As regards its use in human subjects, Dr. H. P. Elsner (*Monographic Medicine*, Vol. VI, 1916, p. 239) says: "The subcutaneous injection of tuberculin remains the very best method in use today for the detection of hidden tubercle deposit in the body." Tuberculin, needless to say, is an outcome of animal experimentation.

(2) The case for diphtheria antitoxin is established to the satisfaction of practically all students of scientific medicine. That dissenting opinions may be cited does not prove that the case is really still open. A typical expression of existing medical opinion is the following from Dr. Wilbur A. Sawyer, director of the Hygienic Laboratory of the California State Board of Health: "The introduction of diphtheria antitoxin into general use in 1894 was followed in the next few years by a rapid decline in the mortality from the dis-

ease. The number of deaths from diphtheria decreased by from 50 to 75 per cent." This antitoxin is prepared by inoculating horses.

(3) In the short space available, I can discuss the allegations of cruelty only in a very general way. By searching the literature of medicine and physiology with a fine-toothed comb, by carefully selecting painful and disgusting details and neglecting to report any others, and by presenting these, without their context and suitably loaded with adjectives, quite a thrilling chamber of horrors may be exposed to our view. But anyone in the least familiar with present conditions in experimental biology knows that this painful and repulsive aspect characterizes a very small proportion of our work. Yet the 'Universal Brotherhood' would suppress 'animal vivisection' in general. A vastly greater proportion of suffering and wanton cruelty characterizes most of the commercial pursuits which deal with animals. The anti-vivisectionist strains at a gnat and swallows a camel.

Finally, I wish you to consider why it was that Dr. Alexis Carrell, experimentalist of the Rockefeller Institute (one of the chief 'vivisection hells' of the world) was chosen for an important hospital post in France during the present war. It was owing to the surgical knowledge and skill which he had acquired in 'vivisectioning' animals!

FUSSELL ANSWERS SUMNER

From the *La Jolla Journal*, April 13th, 1917

BY JOSEPH H. FUSSELL

FIRST, my thanks to the Editor for having courteously placed at my disposal one column of the *La Jolla Journal* in which to reply to Professor Sumner's article of April 6th.

Is Professor Sumner again seeking to befog the issue by the introduction of irrelevant matters? What, for instance, has the difference between 'transmigration and reincarnation' to do with the question of vivisection? And who are the "savants of Point Loma" who have "avowed hostility to the basic principles of modern medicine"? Innuendo is not argument, and I challenge Professor Sumner to give the names of these 'savants' and prove such avowal. As a gentle hint, let me suggest that he consult a dictionary as to the difference between 'methods' and 'basic principles.' As to the "comic aspects" which Professor Sumner speaks of, for may part I am willing to leave these to the public to discover — or to Professor Sumner, if he wishes.

Regarding his reference to Mme. Katherine Tingley's words quoted in my previous article, and in part again quoted by Professor Sumner, while I hold that these need no defense, I deny absolutely that they contain directly or by implication any 'sneer' which Professor Sumner claims to see in them. In fact, in that quotation, even standing alone, and more clearly in her whole speech from which it is quoted, Mme. Tingley showed her appreciation of the problems with which physicians are confronted, and further gave credit for sincerity of purpose even to vivisectionists who are really seeking to solve these problems, though she condemns their methods. Is Professor Sumner justified in calling this "the same old sneer"? Does he claim that the secret of '*materia medica*' has been found? Does he think it lies in serum therapy? Why, then, the so often heralded new serums, so many of which a few months

later have to be placed in the category of failure? Of course it is but natural that Professor Sumner and other pro-vivisections should call attention to those serums which they claim are successes, but to be absolutely just to the public, should they not also state how many serums once heralded as successes have later proved to be failures?

Professor Sumner speaks of "the pretense which was made of citing facts from authoritative sources." Wherein lay the "pretense"? If what I cited were not *facts*, and the sources not *authoritative*, it surely should not be a difficult matter to prove this. But until proof is given I think that, in the eyes of the intelligent public, at least, they will stand.

Referring to Professor Sumner's numbered paragraphs:

(1) Regarding tuberculin as a remedy, does Professor Sumner seriously put his opinion against that of the International Medical Congress in London in 1913? But, he says, "its chief importance, however, is a *diagnostic test*," and cites (or does he make a pretense of citing?) Dr. Ellsworth's words (1916): "The subcutaneous injection of tuberculin remains the very best method in use today for the detection of hidden tubercle deposit in the body." Is Professor Sumner aware of the more recently expressed opinion of S. Adolphus Knopf, M. D., Professor of Medicine, Department of Phthisiotherapy, at the New York Post-Graduate Medical School and Hospital, published in the *Medical Record*, Jan. 6th, 1917, as follows: "May I frankly state my personal opinion on this delicate subject? Namely, that *I thoroughly disapprove of the classic tuberculin test hypodermically administered*. I consider the reaction even in the mentally normal individual as *an undesirable phenomenon* and *not without danger!*" And other equally prominent physicians disapprove of *other methods* of administering the tuberculin test.

(2) Professor Sumner may deny that the case for diphtheria antitoxin is "really still open," referring us back to reports of 1894 and a few years later. But the New York Health Department statistics (1916) and the Pennsylvania Board of Health Report (1914) show it to be very much open. I refer the reader to my previous statement, and will give further proofs later.

(5) Regarding cruelty, the cases cited by me are typical. I flatly deny that they were obtained as insinuated by Professor Sumner. They show extreme cruelty and were chosen for that reason; nor can any adjectives of mine add to the picture, though they may help to express my opinion. If the context of my citations in any way mitigates the picture, let Professor Sumner quote the context. However, he virtually acknowledges this cruelty when he says: "This painful and repulsive aspect characterizes a very small proportion of our work." But there is overwhelming evidence that it characterizes a *very large proportion*, and the vivisector's greatest difficulty lies in persuading the public that it is otherwise. They are thoroughly on the defensive—they neither state all the facts, nor, as I said before, dare they do so.

Try again, Professor Sumner; but, with all due respect to your scientific attainments, if it were not that I seek to stem this tide of cruelty, by helping to put the case squarely before the public, I would not answer you.

THE SCREEN OF TIME

MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

Isis Theater Meetings

Up to within the last few Sundays, Madame Katherine Tingley has been speaking to large audiences at Isis Theater every Sunday evening, and her subjects have been of a character to hold her listeners deeply interested and most appreciative. Among the subjects treated have been, 'Theosophy Simply Stated,' 'Crime, its Causes and its Remedies,' 'The Spirit of Easter,' and 'America's Part in the Present Crisis.'

Madame Tingley is making strenuous efforts to establish a hospital for the proper treatment of drug-sufferers. Her experiences of many years in dealing with the unfortunates of this class, as well as criminals and others, have given her an opportunity to introduce a course of treatment, with the aid of physicians, that will tend to lessen this drug menace, which breaks down the moral character of its victims and holds them helpless in the grip of poverty and suffering.

A Musical Treat

Although on the edge of the world, Lomaland students sometimes enjoy musical treats equal to the best in any city, in the beautiful Isis Theater, San Diego. One such was the Melba concert of March 8th last, the numbers of which proved a source of delight to the music-lovers in the crowded auditorium. The introductory item was contributed by Mr. Rex Dunn, conductor of the Râja-Yoga International Orchestra in Lomaland, who had been honored with an invitation from Mme. Melba to play. It was an *Adagio* of his own composition. Mme. Melba was in excellent voice and her rendering of Bishop's 'Lo here the gentle lark' with flute and piano accompaniment was perfection. Mr. Dunn followed with another of his compositions, *From Russia*, which the program stated had been dedicated by him to H. P. Blavatsky. Mme. Melba gave the 'Jewel Song' from Faust, Arditi's waltz, a *Chanson Triste* by Dupare, and 'Addio Bohème' by Puccini, while among the encores was the *Mattinata* of Tosti, something that lingers in memory like the fragrance of a flower.

Reincarnation in Modern Literature

Another believer in Reincarnation, among modern authors, is David Grayson, whose charming nature-stories must be a delight to all lovers of nature. In 'Great Possessions,' now running in the *American Magazine*, he writes (February 1917):

No, I have not gone far upon this pleasant road, but neither am I in any great hurry; for there yet remains much time in this and my future lives to conquer the secrets of the earth. I plan to devote at least one entire life to science, and may find I need several!

ART

The Jarves Collection of paintings in Yale University is perhaps the most important assemblage of Italian paintings in the United States. The University Press has recently issued an entirely new catalog of them, prepared by Osvald Sirén, Professor of the History of Art in the University of Stockholm. From the February number of *Art and Archaeology*, which reviewed this work, we cull the following:

Professor Sirén's catalog is a work of the greatest importance in the history of art in America. It is a matter of great gratification to every American student of art that when the University authorities woke to the fact that a new catalog was necessary they decided to make one which would be not only a catalog but a monumental piece of scholarship as well. They could have found no abler scholar for the task than Professor Sirén.

As a result the catalog will not only be of great use to the layman, but will have to be studied carefully by the expert. Every painting of importance in the collection is handsomely reproduced and accompanied by a full text, including a brief biography of the artist and an excellent bibliography. The encyclopaedic information of the author, as well as his extraordinary visual memory, has enabled him to call attention to hundreds of works in European and American collections which throw light on the paintings at Yale.

Professor Sirén, as is well known, has been from early boyhood one of the most active exponents of Theosophy in Sweden.

ARCHAEOLOGY AND ANTHROPOLOGY

New Mexico In the southwestern corner of New Mexico, namely, the Peloncillo and Animas district of the Chiricahua forest, have been found, according to the newspapers, remains of a highly civilized prehistoric race, who built great dams and irrigated desert land. Picture-writing which showed the pre-Tertiary dinosaurs and the Eocene four-toed horse was also found, written on a kind of papyrus, and likewise on cave-walls. As we doubt the ability of the latter quadruped to execute such reproductions of either himself or any of his predecessors, perhaps we must suppose that the later dam-builders and irrigators included among their numbers skilled palaeontologists.

Florida About Christmas time the State geologist of Florida reported the discovery of Pleistocene human remains intermingled with those of the Pleistocene mastodon, saber-tooth tiger, and other extinct animals. Further details as to the size and general character of the human remains will be awaited with interest, seeing that the moderns are unwilling to admit that anthropology, including the discovery of *actual giant-skeletons*, was a science in the days of Herodotus, Diodorus, Siculus, Pliny, Philostratus, etc. Yet there were pygmies too, in the remote times when giants strode around.

Turkestan and Kashmir Probably we shall soon hear of some of the results of Sir Aurel Stein's research work in the East. In July 1915 — after having 180 cases of antiques forwarded to Kashmir from Kashgar — he started a long journey across the Pamirs and through the mountain tracks north of the Oxus. After completing his exploration in Russian territory he was to proceed to northeastern Persia. The Archaeological material is intended to be housed in the Delhi museum. Speaking of Kashmir — on the banks of the Jhelum on the road to Kashmir, there is a commodious rest-room within the base of a living chinar tree! The atmosphere in Kashmir is said to be so pure and clear that no other place in the world compares with it for solar observatory work.

Australia A Swedish scientist who recently spent two years among the Australian aborigines appealed to the Royal Society for their preservation in their natural state, and wrote that these aborigines belonged to one of the oldest and most interesting races. In the near future they will have disappeared. Only on Mornington Island in Queensland do the natives still live untouched by white civilization. While giving credit to the mission work, he claimed that, no matter how honest the intention may be, there is no escaping the results which have accrued elsewhere; and he queried, Is it too much to ask that the aborigines be allowed to live in this one spot the simple life of their forefathers *without deterioration?*

MUSIC

Among the American Indians The Bureau of American Ethnology under the Smithsonian Institute, after some years of investigation, finds that music is a key to much of the ethnology (!) of these people, and especially to all that is sacred. The 'Grand Medicine' of the Chippewas teaches that long life is coincident with goodness, and that all evil inevitably reacts on the offender; in other words, that Karma is one of the morally beneficent laws of Nature, as Theosophy has ever taught in all ages. Among other things, this 'Grand Medicine' teaches that membership therein exempts none from consequences of sin. Lying, stealing, and the use of alcoholic beverages are forbidden. Apparently these benighted subjects of ethnological microscopy possess no scape-goat road to the higher life. But in this respect are they not, like the ancient Peruvians, better equipped in sound practical ethics than were their conquerors?

They have what are called 'dream-songs.' In reference to this the Bureau says that to these Indians 'the supernatural is real.' Super-natural is certainly a strange word, and one that might advantageously be eliminated from dictionaries and encyclopaedias. Surely nothing on any plane of Nature can ever be super-natural; nor does super-*normal* form an antithesis to either the real, or even the practical.

BOOK AND MAGAZINE REVIEWS

Ajunta Cave Frescoes What no doubt forms a valuable contribution to the history of art is a work on the frescoes in the caves of Ajunta* (or Ajanta), if one may judge from the following notes thereon culled from the *Hindustan Review* (Allahabad) of January, 1917.

**Ajanta Cave Frescos*: Reproductions in color and monochrome, after copies by Lady Herringham, etc.: India Society, London, and University Press, Oxford.

The art of Ajanta expresses with inspiration and conviction the Bodhisattva ideal of Mahâyâna, and is concerned with the former lives of the Buddha, the Jâtaka stories, and this embraces the entire range of natural experience. Mr. Rothenstein writes, "On the hundred walls and pillars of these rock-carved temples a vast drama moves before our eyes, played by princes and sages and heroes, by men and women of every condition, against a marvelously varied scene, among forests and gardens, in courts and cities, on wide plains and in deep jungles, while above the messengers of heaven move swiftly across the sky. From all these emanates a great joy in the surpassing radiance of the face of the world, in the physical nobility of men and women, in the strength and grace of animals, and in the loveliness and purity of birds and flowers; and woven into the fabric of material beauty we see the ordered pattern of the spiritual realities of the universe."

Lady Herrington says, "The painting has a kind of emphatic, passionate force, a marked technical skill very difficult to suggest in copies done in a slighter medium. The seated and fleeting poses especially are of great interest. Their *knowledge* of the types and positions, gestures and beauties of hands is amazing." And Miss Larcher, who assisted, says, "In the temple known as Cave I is an unspeakably wonderful figure of a Bodhisattva, holding a lotus in his hand."

Den Teosofiska
Vägen:
Stockholm

The January number opens with a short essay, 'Man, Mirror of the Universe,' wherein are sketched some notable things resulting from the discovery, a century and a half ago by the West, that incredible literary treasures were locked up in the East; and from the later exposition of much in the same, when the right time came, by H. P. Blavatsky. Most valuable and timely is the reprint of an address, given by William Q. Judge in San Francisco, April 1894, entitled 'Points of Agreement in All Religions.' Surely this is what the world is more than ever in need of — points of agreement, mutual respect, understanding and toleration. "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers ('pagans' and 'heathens?'), for thereby some have entertained angels unawares." Another article, 'Thoughts on Karma,' by H. P. Blavatsky, is likewise a welcome feature. 'War, Peace and Theosophy,' 'A Philosophy of Life,' 'Studies in Evolution,' 'The Hindrance of Desire,' and other items make up, with the illustrations, a very readable issue.

El Sendero
Teosófico:
Point Loma, Cal.

'The Doctrine of Karma,' beginning the January number, covers a wide field, indicated by the sub-heads: 'A Great Generalization' (more vital to man than any reached so far by *modern* science), 'The Mechanism of Karma,' 'Karma and Heredity,' 'Objections to Karma,' etc. A dozen fine pictures — each a work of art — follow, of interiors in the residence of Madame Tingley. Then comes an artistic setting of extracts from a little book called *A Nosegay of Everlastings from Katherine Tingley's Garden of Helpful Thoughts*. Those herein given were called forth by an episode in Sweden that accentuated the need for such thoughts in the world.

Of absorbing artistic and historic interest is the finely illustrated disquisition on Vittoria Colonna, Marchesa d'Avalos, friend of Titian, Tintoretto, Giorgione and Michelangelo. 'The Avatar' is poetic allegory of a kind to engender meditation on the Self within the outer personality. 'The Gift of Antiquity to Art' is embellished with reproductions of some of the best examples of Persian, Egyptian and Greek art.

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society

Founded at New York City in 1875 by H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge and others
Reorganized in 1898 by Katherine Tingley
Central Office, Point Loma, California

The Headquarters of the Society at Point Loma with the buildings and grounds, are no 'Community,' 'Settlement' or 'Colony,' but are the Central Executive Office of an international organization where the business of the same is carried on, and where the teachings of Theosophy are being demonstrated. Midway 'twixt East and West, where the rising Sun of Progress and Enlightenment shall one day stand at full meridian, the Headquarters of the Society unite the philosophic Orient with the practical West.

MEMBERSHIP

in the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society may be either at 'large' or in a local Branch. Adhesion to the principle of Universal Brotherhood is the only pre-requisite to membership. The Organization represents no particular creed; it is entirely unsectarian, and includes professors of all faiths, only exacting from each member that large toleration of the beliefs of others which he desires them to exhibit towards his own.

Applications for membership in a Branch should be addressed to the local Director; for membership 'at large' to the Membership Secretary, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California.

OBJECTS

THIS BROTHERHOOD is a part of a great and universal movement which has been active in all ages.

This Organization declares that Brotherhood is a fact in Nature. Its principal purpose is to teach Brotherhood, demonstrate that it is a fact in Nature, and make it a living power in the life of humanity.

Its subsidiary purpose is to study ancient and modern religions, science, philosophy and art; to investigate the laws of Nature and the divine powers in man.

It is a regrettable fact that many people use the name of Theosophy and of our Organization for self-interest, as also that of H. P. Blavatsky, the Foundress, and even the Society's motto, to attract attention to themselves and to gain public support. This they do in private and public speech and in publications. Without being in any way connected with the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, in many cases they permit it to be inferred that they are, thus misleading the public,

and honest inquirers are hence led away from the original truths of Theosophy.

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society welcomes to membership all who truly love their fellowmen and desire the eradication of the evils caused by the barriers of race, creed, caste, or color, which have so long impeded human progress; to all sincere lovers of truth and to all who aspire to higher and better things than the mere pleasures and interests of a worldly life and are prepared to do all in their power to make Brotherhood a living energy in the life of humanity, its various departments offer unlimited opportunities.

The whole work of the Organization is under the direction of the Leader and Official Head, Katherine Tingley, as outlined in the Constitution.

Inquirers desiring further information about Theosophy or the Theosophical Society are invited to write to

THE SECRETARY
International Theosophical Headquarters
Point Loma, California

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POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

THE PATH

THE illustration on the cover of this Magazine is a reproduction of the mystical and symbolical painting by Mr. R. Machell, the English artist, now a Student at the International Theosophical Headquarter, Point Loma, California. The original is in Katherine Tingley's collection at the International Theosophical Headquarters. The symbolism of this painting is described by the artist as follows:

THE PATH is the way by which the human soul must pass in its evolution to full spiritual self-consciousness. The supreme condition is suggested in this work by the great figure whose head in the upper triangle is lost in the glory of the Sun above, and whose feet are in the lower triangle in the waters of Space, symbolizing Spirit and Matter. His wings fill the middle region representing the motion or pulsation of cosmic life, while within the octagon are displayed the various planes of consciousness through which humanity must rise to attain to perfect Manhood.

At the top is a winged Isis, the Mother or Oversoul, whose wings veil the face of the Supreme from those below. There is a circle dimly seen of celestial figures who hail with joy the triumph of a new initiate, one who has reached to the heart of the Supreme. From that point he looks back with compassion upon all who are still wandering below and turns to go down again to their help as a Savior of Men. Below him is the red ring of the guardians who strike down those who have not the 'password,' symbolized by the white flame floating over the head of the purified aspirant. Two children, representing purity, pass up unchallenged. In the center of the picture is a warrior who has slain the dragon of illusion, the dragon of the lower self, and is now prepared to cross the gulf by using the body of the dragon as his bridge (for we rise on steps made of conquered weaknesses, the slain dragon of the lower nature).

On one side two women climb, one helped by the other whose robe is white and whose flame burns bright as she helps her weaker sister. Near them a man climbs from the darkness; he has money-bags hung at his belt but no flame above his head, and already the spear of a guardian of the fire is poised above him ready to strike the unworthy in his hour of triumph. Not far off is a bard whose flame is veiled by a red cloud (passion) and who lies prone, struck down by a guardian's spear; but as he lies dying, a ray from the heart of the Supreme reaches him as a promise of future triumph in a later life.

On the other side is a student of magic, following the light from a crown (ambition) held aloft by a floating figure who has led him to the edge of the precipice over which for him there is no bridge; he holds his book of ritual and thinks the light of the dazzling crown comes from the Supreme, but the chasm awaits its victim. By his side his faithful follower falls unnoticed by him, but a ray from the heart of the Supreme falls upon her also, the reward of selfless devotion, even in a bad cause.

Lower still in the underworld, a child stands beneath the wings of the foster-mother (material Nature) and receives the equipment of the Knight, symbols of the powers of the Soul, the sword of power, the spear of will, the helmet of knowledge and the coat of mail, the links of which are made of past experiences.

It is said in an ancient book: "The Path is one for all, the ways that lead thereto must vary with the pilgrim."



The Theosophical Path

An International Magazine

Unsectarian and nonpolitical

Monthly

Illustrated



Devoted to the Brotherhood of Humanity, the promulgation of Theosophy, the study of ancient & modern Ethies, Philosophy, Science and Art, and to the uplifting and purification of Home and National Life

Edited by Katherine Tingley
International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California, U.S.A.

No religion can prove by *practical* scientific demonstration that there is such a thing as one *personal* God; while the esoteric philosophy or rather *Theosophy* of Gautama Buddha and Śankarâchârya *prove* and give means to every man to ascertain the undeniable presence of a living God in man himself, whether one believes in or calls his divine indweller Avalokiteśvara, Buddha, Brahma, Krishna, Jehovah, Bhagavân, Ahura-mazda, Christ, or by whatever name — there is no such God outside of himself. The former — the one ideal outsider — can never be demonstrated — the latter, under whatever appellation, may always be found present if a man does not extinguish within himself the capacity to perceive the divine presence and to hear the 'voice' of that only manifested deity, the murmurings of the eternal Vâch, called by the Northern and Chinese Buddhist, Avalokiteśvara and Kwan-Shin-yi, and by the Christians, *Logos*.

— H. P. Blavatsky, in *The Theosophist*, Vol. IV, page 275

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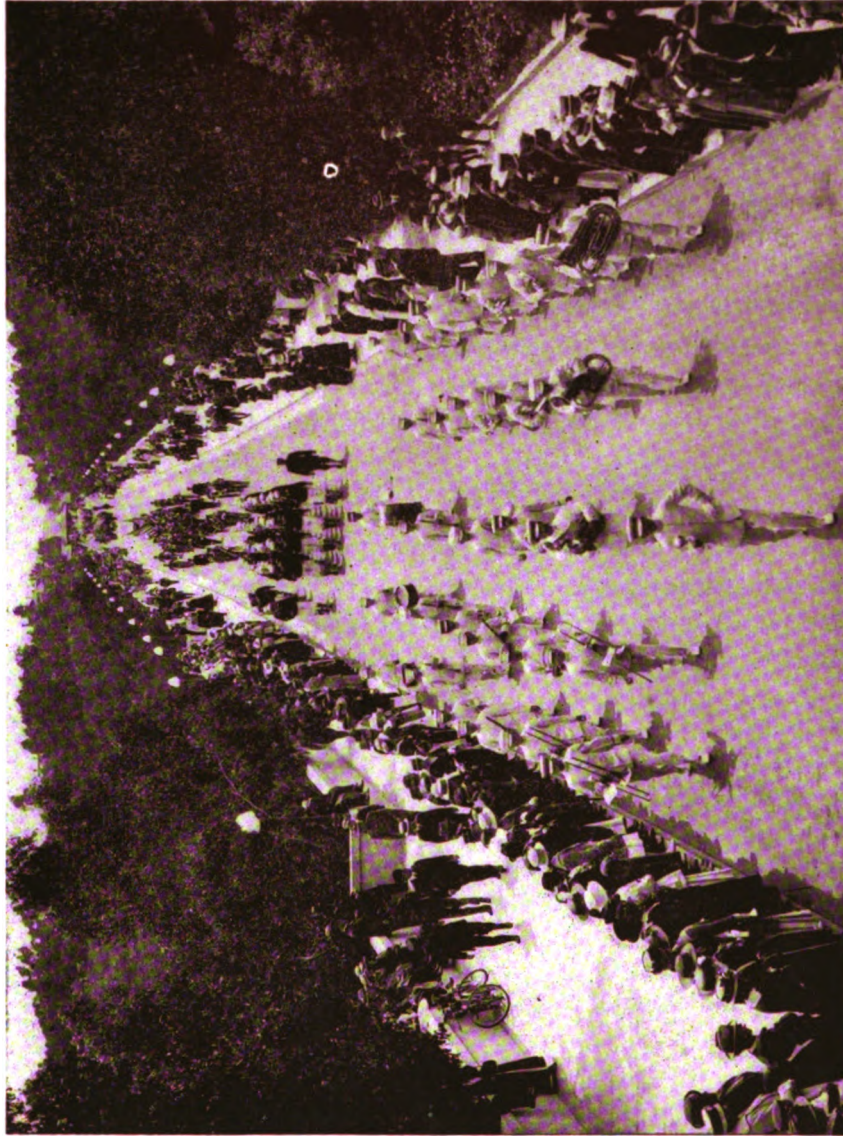
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Lansland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

THE RĀJA-YOGA COLLEGE BAND, FROM THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA, TAKING PART IN THE MEMORIAL PARADE ON MAY 30TH, IN SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

The Rāja-Yoga College Band, which is here shown in the foreground, is followed in this photograph by U. S. marines, and other bodies. The procession is crossing the beautiful 'Puente Cabrillo' leading into the former Exposition grounds.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

VOL. XII

MAY, 1917

NO. 5

THEOSOPHY claims to be both Religion and Science, for Theosophy is the essence of both.

Theosophy reconciles all religions, sects, and nations under a common system of ethics.

Theosophy is religion itself — Religion in the true and only correct sense.

Theosophy is synonymous with everlasting truth. — *H. P. Blavatsky*

WHAT THEOSOPHY IS: by H. T. Edge, M. A.



THE question, "What is Theosophy?" is often asked, but cannot be fully answered in a definition. Nevertheless there are ways of presenting a reasonably definite idea of the meaning and scope of Theosophy; above all, it is important to correct errors and remove misconceptions arising from inadequate presentations of Theosophy by those who have not mastered its meaning, and from sundry travesties by people who have sought to exploit it for their own private purposes, and lastly from hostile and intentional misrepresentation. Yet we must guard against any possible tendency to narrow down Theosophy by a cut-and-dried dogmatic formula; we must resist all attempts to speed Theosophy down that path that has so often been followed by religion, when, the vital energy having waned, formulated creeds begin to appear. Theosophy must be kept as universal and unsectarian as it has always been; nor must its shoreless ocean be circumscribed by any ironbound rocks of dogma.

But these requirements can be fulfilled by simply confining ourselves to the task of examining the original teachings of H. P. Blavatsky, the Foundress of the Theosophical Society and the originator of the modern revival of those ancient and universal truths which Theosophy embodies. And since the present 'Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society' stands firmly upon those original teachings, upholding H. P. Blavatsky and her work in every particular, the teachings and purposes of this Society cannot better be defined than by such a reference to original sources. Further, this course will serve to distinguish Theosophy and the 'Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society' from anything else with which they unwittingly might be confounded. We shall therefore select a number of quotations from H. P. Blavatsky's writings, grouping them, as far as

possible, under heads, and beginning with a broad definition of Theosophy itself.

THEOSOPHY THE KERNEL OF ALL RELIGIONS

The Wisdom-Religion was ever one and the same; and being the last word of possible human knowledge, was therefore carefully preserved.

Our endeavor has been to uncover the ruin-encumbered universal foundation of religion.

Rescue from degradation the archaic truths which are the basis of all religions.

Theosophy reveals the origin of the world's faiths and science.

The ethics of Theosophy are the essence and cream of the world's ethics.

The Theosophical Society asserts and maintains the truth common to all religions.

If the root of mankind is one, there must also be one truth which finds expression in all the various religions.

At the basis and center of all religions is the same Eternal truth.

The above quotations will show the eclectic character of Theosophy, and how it is a common ground upon which the adherents of all religions can unite. It must be observed, however, that this is not an attempt to create an artificial union between divergent sects; nor yet an endeavor to reconcile creeds by the process of eliminating all points of disagreement and thus leaving nothing but the barest and vaguest outlines as a common ground of agreement. On the contrary, Theosophy is not the 'highest common factor' (to use an arithmetical term) of religions — a factor which grows smaller as the number of religions included grows larger — but it is much more like a 'common multiple' of religions, thus including them all and being much greater than any one of them. It is, in short, the common root from which religions have grown. And Theosophy still stands forth as the champion of tolerance and the opponent of dogmatism. With its headquarters in the Golden West, long hailed as the home of freedom, but assailed (alas) by the spirit of intolerance in many forms, Theosophy remains true to freedom, opposing only evil, bigotry, selfishness. What then is the common basis of all religions? Let us refer again to the original statements of H. P. Blavatsky, where we shall find it stated that the common basis of religions is —

TRUTH, AS REVEALED TO MAN THROUGH HIS HIGHER NATURE

Not, however, to man sitting in solitary contemplation, forgetful of the world and his fellow men; but to mankind united in solidarity and true fellow-feeling. The following quotations illustrate this point.

Theosophy considers humanity as an emanation from divinity on its return path thereto.

Theosophy teaches a belief in man's eternal immortal nature.

Each must acquire wisdom by his own experience and merits.

We would have all to realize that spiritual powers exist in every man. There is one light for all, in which the whole of Humanity lives and moves.

Let once man's immortal spirit take possession of the temple of his body, and his own divine humanity will redeem him.

We assert that the divine spark in man is practically omniscient.

By returning to his original purity of nature, man can move the Gods to impart to him Divine Mysteries.

Man is a god within, but having an animal brain in his head.

Our beliefs are all founded on the immortal Individuality of man.

ALTRUISM AND PRACTICAL WORK

Theosophy is distinguished from unfruitful mystic systems or cults of solitary contemplation by two principal features — its insistence on altruism and its emphasis of practical work. As to altruism:

Charity is the scope of all Theosophical teachings, the synthesis of every virtue.

To merit the honorable title of Theosophist one must be an altruist above all, one ever ready to help equally foe or friend, to act rather than to speak, and to urge others to action while never losing an opportunity to work himself.

No Theosophist ought to be contented with an idle and frivolous life. . . . He should work for the benefit of the few who need his help, if he is unable to toil for humanity.

The Theosophical Society is a philanthropic and scientific body for the propagation of Brotherhood on practical instead of theoretical lines.

The Theosophical idea of charity means personal exertion for others.

The duty — let alone happiness — of every Theosophist is certainly to help others to carry their burden.

A true Theosophist must strive to realize his unity with the whole of humanity, a Theosophist should gain the wisdom to help others effectually, not blindly.

The first of the Theosophical duties is to do one's duty by all men.

Self-knowledge is of loving deeds the child.

It is only by close brotherly union of men's inner Selves that the reign of Justice and Equality can be inaugurated.

Step out of sunlight into shade to make more room for others.

Altruism is an integral part of self-development.

Theosophy is the quintessence of duty.

Theosophy leads to action — enforced action, instead of mere intention and talk.

The possibility of shirking individual work is not among the concepts of Theosophy.

No Theosophist has a right to remain idle on the excuse that he knows too little to teach.

To feel 'Compassion' without an adequate practical result is not Altruism.

Sow kindly acts and thou shalt reap their fruition.

The selfish devotee lives to no purpose.

SPIRITUAL KNOWLEDGE

Ethical maxims, like those of the Sermon on the Mount, are familiar enough; and to quote mere repetitions of these would be of but little help. Behind ethics, however, lies a *gnosis*, a doctrine of the invisible and spiritual potencies in man and in nature, which appeals to the understanding as well as to the heart, and reconciles heart and head in one grand Knowledge, instead of promoting a divorce between heart and head, or between religion and science. The *gnosis* that underlies the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount has been neglected; it is either lost or temporarily buried. Yet Christ, we are told, taught his elect disciples in secret about the 'Kingdom of God.' Let us take some quotations illustrating the connexion between wisdom and duty.

The duty of the Theosophical Society is to keep alive in man his spiritual intuitions.

The spiritual intuition was in much danger of dying out; many people did not know that man had any. 'Head-learning' had become the great resource. People were studying the laws of physical nature and trying to apply them without alteration to the moral world. The result was the formulation of economic and moral laws based on the analogy of the 'struggle for existence'; the wrong old doctrine of 'might makes right' was reinstated; and selfish emulation was supposed to be the condition of progress. Thus a reign of destruction was set up, and civilization doomed to perish by its own downward momentum unless checked by the enunciation of those higher laws that rule in the moral world. The existence of that 'Divine Fire' which is the especial endowment of man was forgotten, and the material fire of lust and desire was regarded as the only source of energy. The idea of the transcendence of God, said to be derived from St. Augustine's teachings, had removed the deity to an unreachable height above his universe, leaving man and nature full of darkness and sin. Since the proclamation of Theosophy, great advance has been made in the doctrine of the immanence of God, a teaching immeasurably older than Augustine; and the Deity is regarded as informing all nature. Man is God's

highest vehicle on *this* earth; and a rehabilitation of the doctrine of the Holy Ghost has familiarized us with the idea that man may so purify himself as to become a channel for divine inspiration. Spiritual intuition may therefore be claimed as an idea acceptable to the Christian world or a large part thereof; but Theosophy gives the idea a broader basis than would be afforded by the study of a single religious system. The Theosophical analysis of man's sevenfold nature gives the warrant for a firm and definite belief in man's power to enshrine in his heart a wisdom greater than that emanating from a brain stimulated by zest of animal life.

From the Theosophist must radiate those higher spiritual forces, which alone can regenerate his fellow-men.

Ordinary laws of space and time are transcended by so familiar a means as the telephone, which, equally mysterious with wires as without, closets you with your remote friend in a union mystically apart from the bustling crowds that surround you both. The illustration makes easier the understanding of spiritual communion. The late Professor Josiah Royce used to speak of the 'church invisible' compact of loyal souls united unconsciously in a common devotion to truth. These souls were in spiritual communion; but, because they were not in mental communion, they knew it not. Theosophy but enunciates in broader terms the same doctrine, when it declares that the loyal disciple is a spiritual sun that radiates higher energies through unseen channels. This is a religious doctrine, but Theosophy makes it more real and practical. It may be described as the 'Higher Psychology,' if we consider the expression 'lower psychology' as applying to all attempts to interfere consciously with the mind or body of another person. In this Higher Psychology the man sheds abroad an unconscious influence for good, arising from his own high standard of living. Most reform movements consist of people whose enthusiasm is largely intellectual and theoretical, and whose lives are not different from those of the people they propose to reform; and this is enough to account for any lack of success that they may encounter. It is always easier to fight imaginary battles with a foe at a distance; but we are apt to fail in the little battles with the foes at our own door. We may write and speak ever so valiantly against intemperance, cruelty or strife; but when the moment comes for actual deeds, we shall fail, unless we have first proved our strength by our ability to overcome these faults in ourselves. From this it is easy to see what an increase of power for good comes to the man who is sincerely engaged in the work of self-conquest.

The Theosophist knows that any failure on his part to respond to the highest within him retards not only himself but all in their progressive march.

The Theosophist must himself be a center of spiritual action.

A thought is far more potent in creating evil results than are mere deeds.

DUTY

As introduction to our next topic, let us take again the following:

Theosophy is the quintessence of duty.

It is often remarked that earnestness and faith seem to have waned in our life; that there were times when religion meant much more to men than it does now, and when men consecrated their lives to duty and conscience; and that there are peoples now living who do so. But in our day, pleasure, profit, gain, ease and self-advantage seem to be the mainspring of our efforts. The tendency is rather to make happiness the prime object, and to regard duty as subsidiary thereto; we are not so prone to look upon duty as the prime object in life, nor to set aside any prospect of happiness save that which is found in the discharge of duty. This is a wrong attitude, for we expect duty from others, and we are always ready to praise the dutifulness of others, and especially to censure their neglect of duty. As a matter of fact, people are in some respects better than their creeds; for, if we all pursued happiness irrespective of duty, the world would be uninhabitable. We actually observe the calls of duty toward one another; so Theosophy merely recognizes and interprets the fact. It does not preach any unworkable theory of personal satisfaction; it merely shows how and why duty is the mainspring of human life. That the pursuit of personal gain is the road to misery rather than to happiness — this is a fact in human life, not a doctrine invented by Theosophy. And Theosophy boldly faces the fact, without seeking to glose it over with flattering unctious. Since duty is the prime law of human life, Theosophy must recognize and uphold that law; otherwise Theosophy would be unfaithful to the truth and would have to be classed among those doctrines which are palliative and flattering to human weakness. It is written above, on the scrolls of eternal law, that man shall find his happiness in duty; and no flattering creed can change this fact. The human mind cannot find its satisfaction in pleasures, and it must seek its goal elsewhere. This is a principle recognised by all religions; indeed it is their bedrock.

Those who practise their duty towards all, and for duty's own sake, are few; and fewer still are those who *perform* that duty, remaining content with the satisfaction of their own secret consciousness.

Happiness may follow the performance of duty, but must not be the motive for it.

A REVIVAL OF ANCIENT KNOWLEDGE

As the human race has a spiritual evolution, besides an animal one, the sources of knowledge must be sought in the past. Science looks to

the past for the physical and lower mental causal relations of present humanity; and Theosophy also looks to the past for his spiritual causal relations. In all ages mankind has been an embodied divinity, nor was there ever a time when the Truth was not accessible to all whose lives were pure enough to receive it. The gods and heroes spoken of by ancient races were types of humanity that have dwelt on earth in times less materialistic than the present. Not in vain do our aspirations yearn towards a Golden Age; and if beauty, the soul of music, poetry, and the joy of youth have passed from the earth, it is only for a while. The cycle of materialism will run its course, when man finds that the spirit which is his cannot be satisfied with material possessions. Theosophy heralds the revival of what has been temporarily lost. It is modern in its outer form only; its spirit is ancient. Some of the quotations already given illustrate this.

The life-giving spirit in man is freeing itself from the dark fetters of animal life and matter.

A new energy is being liberated from the center of life.

The age of gross materialism, of soul-insanity and blindness, is swiftly passing away.

No new ethics are presented by Theosophy, as it is held that right ethics are forever the same. (William Q. Judge)

Madame Blavatsky brought to the West once more the knowledge respecting man, his nature and destiny. (William Q. Judge)

Man never was not. If not on this globe, then on some other, he was, and ever will be, in existence somewhere in the cosmos; ever perfecting, and reaching up to the image of the Heavenly Man, he is always becoming. (William Q. Judge)

THE HEART DOCTRINE

It cannot be too frequently urged that the sole purpose of Theosophy is that of regeneration for all humanity. No lesser idea will express that purpose. Its founder was selflessly devoted to that sole object, being upheld in her work and in her constant battle against persecution and misunderstanding, by the force of conviction and compassion. Her supporters were expected to embrace the same purpose, and that purpose exists in integrity today, and all Theosophists make it the guiding power of their lives to the extent of their ability. Theosophy demands continual self-sacrifice, yet it is the sacrifice of that which is unworthy in favor of that which alone is worth having.

Man is a god within, but having an animal brain in his head.

Theosophy gives to every sincere man or woman an ideal to live for.

We have never attained or even understood the powers of the human heart. The human heart has not yet fully uttered itself.

Nature gives up her innermost secrets and imparts true wisdom only to him who seeks truth for its own sake and who craves for knowledge in order to confer benefits on others, not on his own unimportant personality.

It is difficult for the worldly-minded to comprehend the motives of Theosophy; they instinctively assume the existence of interested motives. Yet there are earnest and sincere people in the world, and there is truth beneath all the shams. The Theosophical Society is a body of sincere people, and this word 'Heart Doctrine' may help to make clear the motive behind their work. The heart and poetry and joy have gone out of human life, many people think, and our civilization has become too mechanical. Attempts to revive art and beauty, and to bring music and inspiration into life, are not successful because they work from the outside. The new power must come from the inside. Inspiration proceeds from feeling and conviction; not otherwise can it be sincere; imitations will not take the place of realities.

If a new order of life is to be founded, a new center of true education, we must try not to build on insecure foundations; otherwise the disintegrating forces of modern society will frustrate our efforts. It is necessary to begin with the renovation of human character. This is the program of Theosophy, for its teachings, its methods of education, go to the root of individual character.

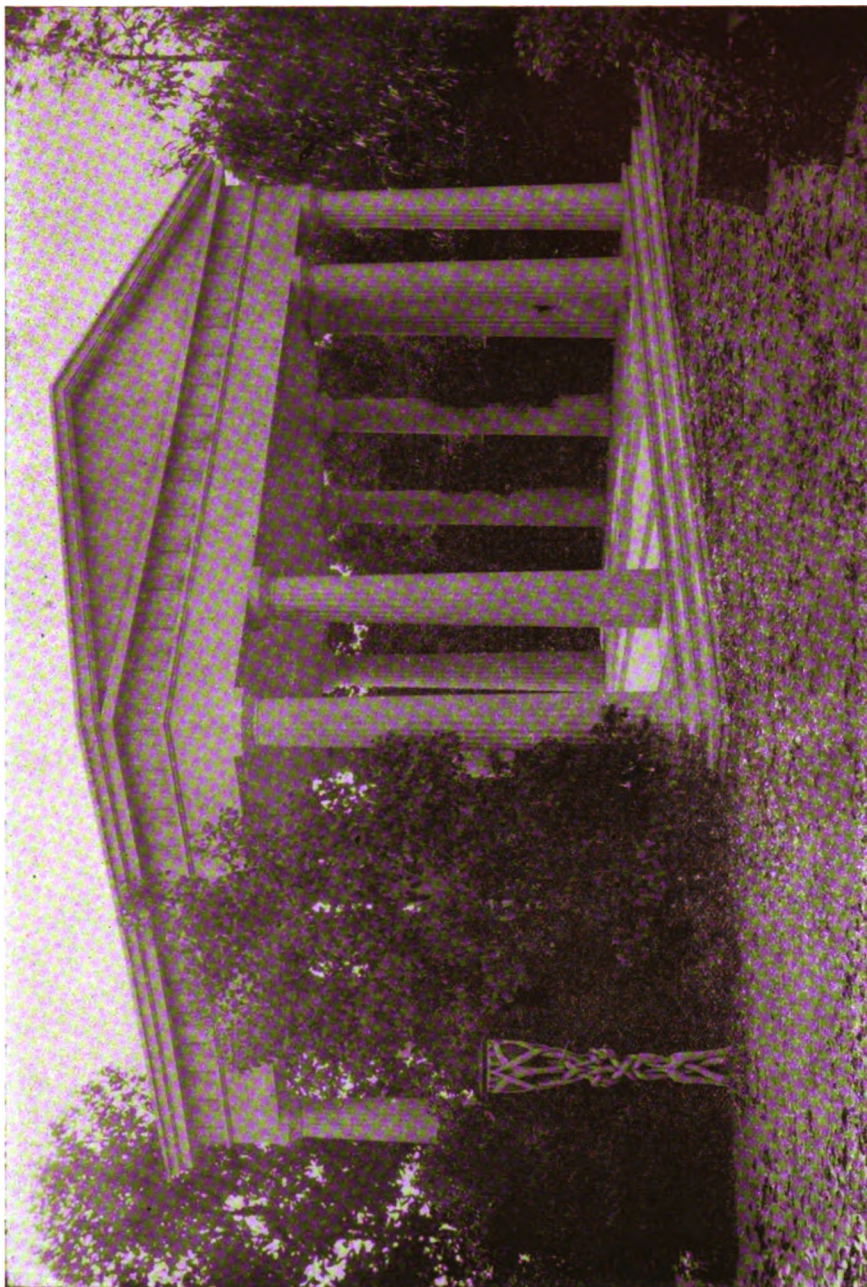
The doctrines of Theosophy call forth every hitherto dormant power for good in us.

Theosophy alone can gradually create a mankind as harmonizing and as simple-souled as Kosmos itself.

Theosophy alone can eradicate the selfishness ingrained in Western nations.

We must build up a glorious new manhood and womanhood.

The powers for good cannot save our civilization from ruining itself, unless they can be gathered together for united effort on a basis of truth. The human heart speaks its compassion for the manifold sufferings and injustices, but there is no united action, no abiding faith in the omnipotence of good. Man's marvelous intellectual powers are harnessed to the chariot of selfishness, or else wasted in fruitless schemes. The intellect, under the influence of the passions, can but hasten destruction; but the intellect enlightened by the heart is true wisdom and can save. Theosophy stands for purity, justice, compassion; of this there can be no doubt after reading H. P. Blavatsky's declarations. Thus Theosophy is a spiritual sun shining on the world, and its life-giving rays will quicken the soul of humanity, despite all the obstacles raised by selfishness and intolerance.



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**A CORNER OF THE GREEK THEATER, INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA, AFTER A RECENT PERFORMANCE OF 'AS YOU LIKE IT'**

BY STUDENTS OF THE RAJA-YOGA COLLEGE

UNDER THE PERSONAL DIRECTION OF KATHERINE TINGLEY

The classic appointments of the Theater were realistically transformed into the 'Forest of Arden'



Loma Linda Photo & Engraving Dept.

MEMBERS OF THE 'H. P. BLAVATSKY AND W. Q. JUDGE' THEOSOPHICAL CENTER
IN SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA, ON THEIR WAY TO THE PICNIC GROUNDS ON MAY 6TH
INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA



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RÂJA-YOGA STUDENTS IN ATTENDANCE AT THE PICNIC ON MAY 6TH, 1917
INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS



Lomalend Photo. & Engraving Dept.

**A BEAUTIFUL PART OF THE GROUNDS OF THE FORESTRY DEPARTMENT
OF THE RÂJA-YOGA COLLEGE, INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL
HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA**

FOUR INTERESTING DUTCH CASTLES:

by A. Goud and J. C. Onnes

THE CASTLE OF WYCHEN, PROVINCE OF GELDERLAND

THIS castle is one of the most beautiful and remarkable buildings of the kind ever erected in Gelderland, or indeed in all the Netherlands, and has a romantic history, though many details are unknown. The architect and date of building are also unknown. It is certain that on the site there stood centuries before a house or castle of very large size, whose remains still exist in the foundations discovered before the present front of the building — extensive masses of masonry more than fourteen feet thick. Some think that originally a Roman castle stood on the site, though there are no definite evidences for the assertion. The village of Wychen is mentioned as early as 1105; so the castle of this name, following the history of the origin of ancient villages and towns in the Middle Ages, must have existed much earlier.

There seems reason to suppose that the castle in its present form was built or begun thus by Herman van Bronckhorst on the ruins of the former castle in the last part of the sixteenth century; and it is certain, from several ornamentations of the building, that Princess Emilia, daughter of William the Silent, and her husband, Prince Emanuel of Portugal, who became the owners shortly afterwards (1609), did much to give it the charm it now has.

The marriage of the Prince of Portugal and Princess Emilia was a happy one; and in the history of their betrothal and further life is much that goes to show that, notwithstanding difference in religion and the difficulties placed in their way by the Netherland States and the Princess' brother Maurits, their attachment to each other was something unique.

Emanuel of Portugal, pretender to the Portuguese crown, came in 1597 to the court of Prince Maurits in The Hague as an exile fleeing from the Duke of Alva. Being a Roman Catholic and not able to name his mother, his courtship of the Princess was naturally opposed by her brother; but she defied all obstacles and contrived to have the marriage secretly contracted. The Prince of Portugal was thereupon expelled from the Netherlands by the States and sent to Wesel, where, however, she soon succeeded in joining him. Later a reconciliation with Prince Maurits took place. Emanuel even received a salaried appointment under the States, and when they returned in 1609, they took up their residence at the Castle of Wychen.

As the picture shows, the building makes a very harmonious impression. It is considered a rare type of the elegant Flemish style of the sixteenth century. One enters the almost square building, surrounded by a wide

moat, through a gate leading to a court flanked by a vaulted colonnade. At the end of the court is a large square tower, under which is the entrance to the large vestibule or portico. The ground floor contains also three large halls, and the second story has a similar grouping of rooms and several smaller apartments.

There is a much-repeated legend that the castle has as many cellars as there are months, as many rooms as weeks, as many windows as days, and as many windowpanes as there are hours, in a year; but of this only the number of cellars seems to be right.

Among curious features of the building must be mentioned the wrought iron brackets in the form of two interlaced E's and a closed S (*S fermé*) alternately, doubtless referring to the faithful union of the couple. These can be seen in the picture; there are more than eighty, some of them serving only for ornament. Further, under the cornice of the projecting front part, in eight alternately round and square niches, are wooden escutcheons with symbolical pictures and Latin inscriptions as follows:

1. A sun and sunflower surrounded by other plants.
Inscription: NON INFERIORA SECUTUS.
2. Five arrows with a serpent coiled around.
Inscription: VIS NESCIA VINCI.
3. A cornfield. Inscription: SPES ALTERAE VITAE.
4. The Phoenix amidst a fire lighted up by the sun.
Inscription: RENOVATA JUVENTUS.
5. Two joined hands coming forth from the clouds.
Inscription: DITAT SERVAT FIDES.
6. A lion resting his claw on gnawed skulls.
Inscription: CESSIT VICTORIA VICTIS.
7. A hand coming forth from the clouds, darting a lightning flash.
Inscription: QUIS CONTRA NOS.
8. A crossed scepter and pickaxe, with skull above.
Inscription: MORS SCEPTRA LIGONIBUS AEQUAT.

The castle was burnt down in 1906, but has been rebuilt in its original form by the present owner, Baroness A. W. van Andringa de Kempenaer.

(For the description, consulted, *Geldersche Kasteelen*, by H. M. Werner; *Geldersche Volksalmanak*, 1840.)

THE CASTLE OF 'BILJOEN,' NEAR ARNHEM

ERECTED by Duke Charles of Geldern about 1530 on the site of an old estate belonging to the Bishops of Utrecht. The name Biljoen is said to signify a kind of coin no longer in circulation and therefore withdrawn from commerce. It seems to refer to a joke of the Duke's over an anathema of the Utrecht bishops in 1155 and 1178, against whomsoever should

try to withdraw this estate out of the hands of the clergy — in consequence of which the clergy declared the estate 'biljoen,' or *ex commercio*.

The castle is situated in most beautiful scenery — one of the places in Holland which are renowned even in Europe for their beautiful trees (Beekhuizen, Middachten, etc.); and the grounds with their large ponds offer many points of attraction.

From the flat roof one has a magnificent view of the environs, on one side the River Yssel, winding itself through the fertile meadows with the wooded hills of the Veluwe in the background; while to the south the perspective is so large that it is only limited by the mountains of Cleve and Elten in Germany. Some of the rooms still have well-preserved and beautiful tapestries.

One of the most interesting features is the large hall above the portico. The ceiling is in the form of a dome, decorated, like the walls, with white stucco work and sculptures on a dark blue background, making a very rich and beautiful effect. They represent several architectural monuments of ancient Rome: the Pantheon, the Temple of the Sybil at Tivoli, the Obelisks, the Tiber Bridge, the Mausoleum, attributes of agriculture, etc. An Italian artist with his helpers worked three years on this hall.

ROOM IN THE TOWNHALL OF HAARLEM — FRONT HALL, ALSO CALLED HALL OF KNIGHTS

THE townhall of Haarlem belongs to the oldest houses of Holland. It is a matter of dispute whether the Earls of Holland held their court there or used the building as a pleasure seat. The architect and date of building are unknown: some maintain that William II, Earl of Holland, and for a short time King of the Romans, (1227-1256), built it,* but others assign it to one of his forefathers. It existed in 1245, and Earl Floris V, son of William II, lived there in 1291.

The hall in the picture has a ceiling of large oaken beams resting on sculptured consoles of stone. On the white walls formerly hung a series of thirty-four remarkable pictures of all the Earls and Countesses who reigned over Holland (from 922 till 1482), which are the first-known specimens of portrait-painting in Holland, and are very well preserved. Recently they have been removed to the Frans Hals Museum at Haarlem.

The picture at the back is a painting by Egenberger, representing a scene from the siege of Haarlem, 1573. A woman, Kenau Hasselaer, can be seen leading in the battle. On the ceiling hangs the jaw of a whale, brought home from Waaigat by Jan Huigen van Linschoten, a Haarlemer

* Who also caused to be built the famous Hall of Knights at The Hague, where Katherine Tingley and the Rāja-Yoga students in 1913 attended the 20th World Peace Congress.

by birth, a famous traveler and author of books on voyages of discovery in the late sixteenth century.

In the townhall is preserved a rare collection of the relics of the first specimens of printing by Lurens Jansz. Coster, whom the Dutch regard as the inventor of the printing art, and who was a contemporary of Gutenberg (1423). The windows are adorned with painted glass of the seventeenth century.

THE TOWNHALL AT FRANEKER, PROVINCE OF FRIESLAND

A BUILDING dating from the beginning of the period of freedom and prosperity — the last part of the sixteenth century.

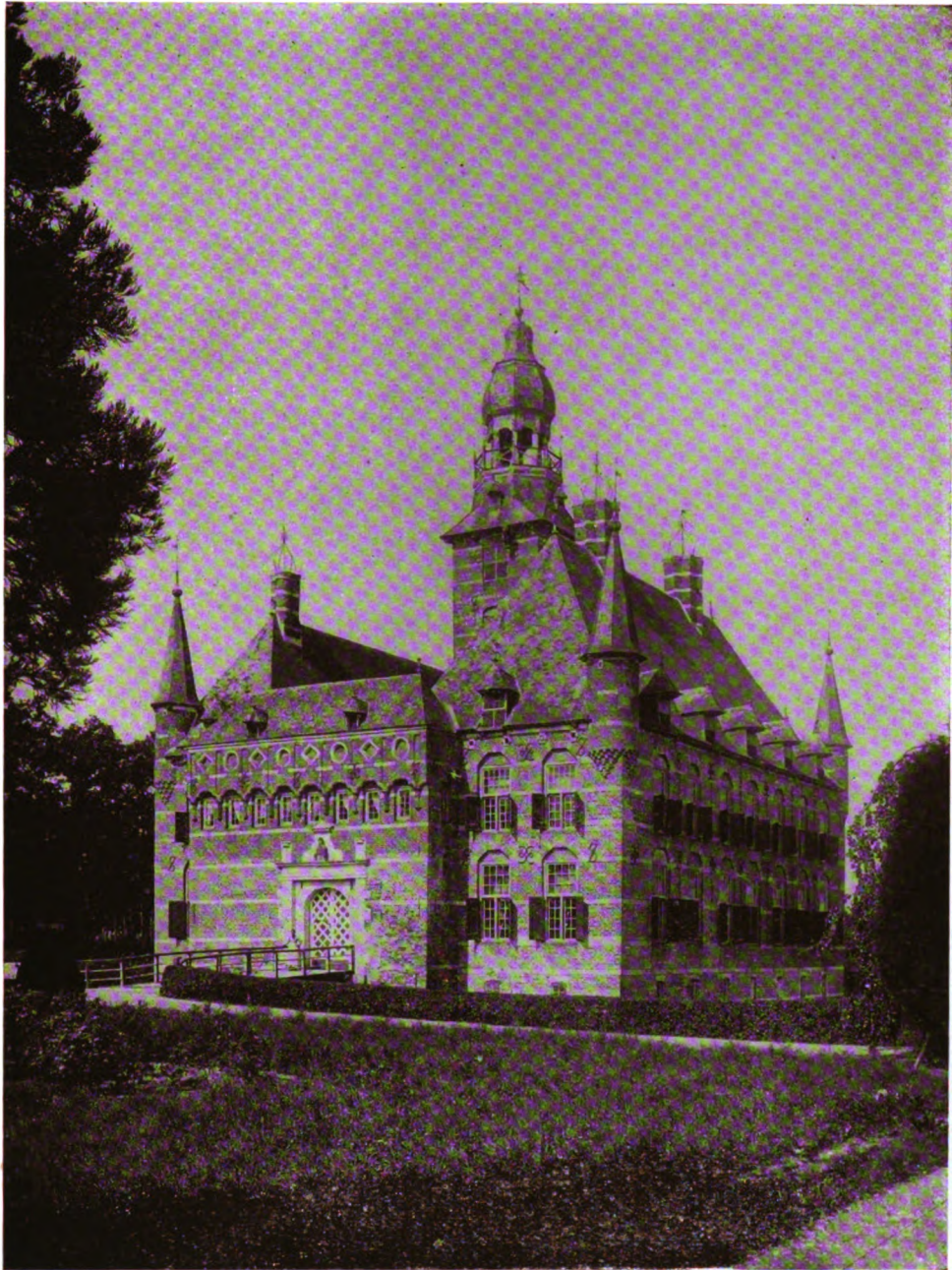
It is considered a specimen of the typical Dutch Renaissance, and the first of a number of similar efforts of the Dutch architects in the time of the rising influence of Protestantism. In the Netherlands of this time, especially in the northern part, were to be found no art-loving princes and gentry to patronize the erection of grand buildings; so these buildings acquired a democratic and intimate character which served to show the life-energy of the Dutchman. For some time foreign influences, such as Italian, French and Flemish art later on exerted, were absent; and from 1591, when the Franeker townhall was built, till about 1630 or 1640, several buildings, among them townhalls at Flushing, Venlo, Leiden, Naarden, Rotterdam and Bolsward, arose to demonstrate to later times the spirit of unalloyed Dutch architecture. The building is of red brick, interspersed with yellow-gray stones, and the lovely arches and painted shutters give a picturesque color-touch. It was in the market-place especially, with its townhall, public scales, hospitals, bridges and canals, that the Dutch building artists of the times tried to create a unity of suggestive beauty.

WE know that the best results cannot be achieved in the ordinary educational systems, where the teacher and the children are only together a few hours daily; and often there are adverse forces working in the home.

The Râja-Yoga system takes full control of the child. From night until morning and from morning until night, the child is under the influence of this system; and so the great gap between the home and the school is spanned.

This is one of the basic features in our education, and it has tended to bring parents into closer harmony with the real needs of their children, and to bring about more true happiness for both parents and children. And so the child is afforded a certain system of education that is not found elsewhere.

—*Katherine Tingley*



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THE CASTLE OF WYCHEN



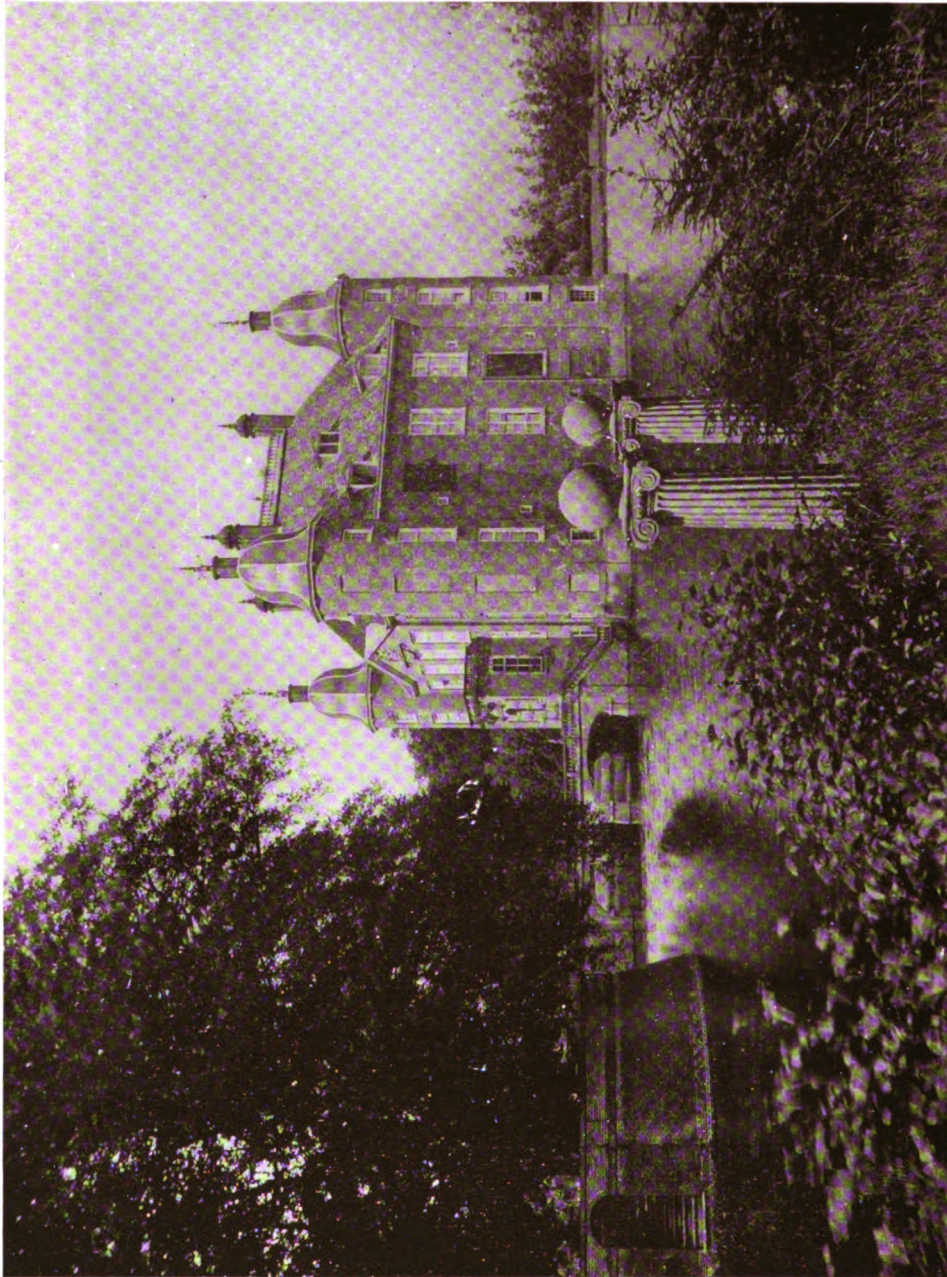
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THE TOWNHALL OF FRANEKER



Lomeland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

A ROOM IN THE TOWNHALL OF HAARLEM
Also called the 'Hall of Knights'



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

THE CASTLE OF 'BILJOEN,' VELP, NEAR ARNHEM

SCIENCE NOTES: by the Busy Bee

A CHINESE DRAGON



FEW months ago what was taken to be a remarkable fossil, or group of fossils, was discovered in a Chinese cave called Shen K'an Tzu, at the upper end of the Ichang gorge. The cave appears to have also been known as 'the dragon cave'; but what is more remarkable, it is reputed to extend for about seventeen miles, and to lead to the 'Lung Wong Tung,' or 'cave of the dragon-king.' One of the fossils, if such they are, is about seventy feet long. Two legs or paddles were discovered about fourteen feet from the head, and another pair at about fifty feet. Unless it prove to be carved work, it is thought it may be the fossil of a *Morosaurus Camperi*. But the curious tradition about a 'dragon-king' remains for solution. Portions of the supposed fossil have been forwarded to London and Tokio for expert examination. Much connected with the symbolism of the dragon, whether in China or elsewhere, will be found in *The Secret Doctrine*, by H. P. Blavatsky.

CHINA AND MEXICO

THERE is a riddle beneath the relation of China to Mexico which no savant has yet satisfactorily explained, although many learned heads have wagged over the problem. Some members of Indian tribes from communities far from the usual haunts of the immigrant Chinese look as much like Celestials as if they had just been wafted across the Pacific in a junk. There is strong evidence that this similarity is an ancient one. Many of the little stone gods which the Aztecs or pre-Aztecs worshiped have the same unmistakable slit eyes that Americans associate with the Orient. Still more remarkable, perhaps, is the ease with which the Chinese who go to Yucatan acquire the language of the native Maya Indians. The Maya civilization is much older than the Aztec — in fact, it is one of the oldest civilizations known — and the Chinese who go to Yucatan learn Maya far more easily than they learn Spanish, although Spanish among European and Anglo-Saxon people is considered one of the easiest of modern languages to learn. (Gregory Mason, in *The Outlook*; New York, January 17th, 1917)

Similarities have also been discovered between the Mayas and the Babylonians, in the prevalence of terraced pyramids in Yucatan, recalling the traditional Tower of Babel, and in other respects. But such resemblances between peoples now geographically distant have been observed in many other cases. The present distribution of continental and oceanic areas is only comparatively recent — speaking in terms of geology. The existence of Atlantis is the key to such problems.

The zodiac is found both in Asia and ancient America. It had its origin in Atlantis. When the Fourth Root-Race, which occupied Atlantis, was coming to its end and giving place to the Fifth Race, a dispersal took place. Some of the new Fifth Race people settled in Asia and some in

America. H. P. Blavatsky says that the Mayas, though certainly coeval with Plato's Atlantis, belonged to the Fifth continent, which was preceded by Atlantis and Lemuria.

The above is one instance out of very many showing how futile it is to try and explain such racial and historical problems piecemeal. The history of humanity must be studied as a whole; and it goes very far back; *civilized* humanity goes very far back. The earliest Egyptians we can trace are admitted to have been a declining civilization. The immense antiquity of civilization is one of the cardinal teachings of Theosophy, and it dovetails with the Theosophical teachings as to evolution, which are much more spacious and detailed than those of current science.

HOW JAPANESE HARVEST WHEAT

(*Transcribed from 'Pitman's Shorthand Weekly'*)

As in most of their ways, the Japanese differ in their way of harvesting wheat from that adopted here. Instead of cutting it with a scythe or reaper, they pull up the greater part of it by hand and clip off the roots with shears. The reason for this is to keep the long, golden straws from getting bruised or broken. With the Japanese who allow nothing to go to waste, the straws are almost as valuable as the grain. They first flatten them, and then after being softened, the straws are woven, either whole or split, into matting, baskets, hats and other articles.

CHARACTER FROM THE TONGUE

"Put out your tongue" is a phrase associated in most peoples' minds with doctors and is usually reminiscent of minor ailments and nasty medicines. Spoken by a glossomancist, however, the curt command takes on an altogether different significance. A glossomancist, it may be as well to explain, is a professor of glossomancy, a new science which consists in reading peoples' characters by the shape and size of their tongues. Thus, according to its votaries, the possessor of a short and broad tongue is apt to be untruthful as to words and unreliable as to deeds. A long tongue, moderately pointed, denotes frankness and a loving, trustful, affectionate disposition. When the tongue is long and broad, however, it is a sign that the owner is shallow and superficial and also a great talker. The typical woman gossip, say glossomancists, almost always shows this shape of tongue. The small, round tongue, plump, and in shape like an oyster, denotes mediocre abilities and a nature that is commonplace and colorless. A short narrow tongue goes with a nature that is at once quick-tempered and yet affectionate, strong and sudden in heat as in love. The worst is the long, narrow, sinuous kind. Its possessors are likely to be cruel, sly, vindictive and very deceitful.

THE HIGHER PSYCHOLOGY: by H. Travers, M. A.

ONE of the Objects of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society is to investigate the *spiritual* powers in man; and few will be disposed to deny that man needs the development of his spiritual powers. Spiritual powers are incomparably higher than psychic powers. Man's nature can be divided into bodily, psychic, mental and spiritual factors; but his development at present is mainly bodily and mental. He is beginning to discover that he has psychic powers; and, in his ignorance, he mistakes them for spiritual powers. But psychic powers can be developed by the selfish and passionate man, and used for his own undoing and that of other people; whereas spiritual powers can only be used to the extent that the user is pure and unselfish in heart.

There is a craze for psychic powers at this time, and it bodes no good to the world. Such a vogue can cause nothing but anxiety to the man who has at heart the welfare of his race. It forms but part of the butterfly life that so many people are leading today, and there is nothing great or noble or uplifting in it.

Turn to the advertisement pages of one of the 'psychic' or 'occult' (so-called) magazines. What do we find? That the motives appealed to are those of self-interest, cupidity and morbid curiosity. How to become magnetic and make other people do what you want, how to grow rich by using astrology on the stock exchange; and translations of Sanskrit works on debased ceremonial magic, advertised by means of press-notice that dilate on their licentiousness!

If this is the result of seeking psychic powers, then, "Away with psychic power!" we say. For it is clear that they cannot be safely taught except under proper conditions, and that they can never be taught openly and unrestrictedly. The signs of the times are a confirmation of all warnings ever issued by Theosophists on the subject.

How little attention we pay to our spiritual powers! What little store we set by the power of a strong and noble individuality, that sheds its bright and helpful influence on all it reaches! In our vanity we forget our dignity, and our false pride blinds us to our real greatness. Theosophy was introduced into the modern western world by H. P. Blavatsky for the sole purpose of uplifting humanity, nor has the Theosophical movement any other object. The welfare of humanity is now, as it has always been, dependent on man's recognition of his *divine* nature. The animal nature of man is what he shares in common with the animal kingdom; but that which makes him man is his divine nature. The animal nature in man is capable of doing infinite mischief, because the intellect may be prostituted to the service of the passions. It is man's destiny to overcome

his passions and propensities, and direct all his faculties to noble and serviceable ends, so that a heaven may be realized on earth.

In an age when formal religions have all they can do to take care of themselves, and so can help us but little; and when science is occupied with other matters, we are in doubt where to turn for the light and help we need. Some turn to psychism, but the more thoughtful perceive that psychism is but a foolish craze which is often mixed up with very undesirable elements. Theosophy alone offers the solution, affords the real help. But it must be the genuine Theosophy of H. P. Blavatsky, and not any of the psychic crazes which are being purveyed under the borrowed name of Theosophy. Real Theosophy, the original Theosophy, can always be told by its teachings, which are those of H. P. Blavatsky; and real Theosophists can be told by their doings, which are sensible and helpful. It is the earnest desire of all true Theosophists to do what they can to arouse in mankind a sense of its divinity and its spiritual powers.

The word 'psychology,' at the head of this paper, suggests hypnotism; but the kind of psychology we mean is very different from hypnotism. Hypnotism is an attempt to tamper with the nervous and mental constitution of a weaker brother, and is capable of being used with evil intentions. Even when used with good intentions, it works harm, because the operator does not understand what he is doing. Moreover, any weaknesses which may lurk in his nature will be transferred to his subject. Consequently it is not safe for anyone to use this subtle and dangerous power. It has been suggested that people should be taught or cured of bad habits by hypnotism; but this does not permanently help them, because it is the will of the operator which does the work, and the will of the patient is not strengthened or brought into use at all. What we should do is to appeal to the better nature of the patient and show him how to use his own will.

Spiritual psychology — if such an expression can be used — means the gracious and uplifting influence of a noble nature upon another nature. It involves no servitude of the will, no subtle backhanded methods. We can all exercise this power to some extent, but how greatly might our power be increased if we understood more fully the potencies of our own spiritual nature!

There is a great message for woman in this. Judging by the immense influence exercised in the world by women, we can see how great would be her power to bless and uplift mankind, did she but use the powers entrusted to her. In an advertisement there is a picture of an attractive girl, with the words, 'The Magnetic Girl,' and an offer to send a book of instructions how to become magnetic and attract people. What an ideal! As though mischief enough were not already done in the world by misuse of nature's bounties by women — that they must needs learn how to ruin and destroy

lives more effectually! Contrast this with the idea of what might be done by a woman so imbued with a sense of her responsibility and the divine prerogatives of her sex that she would use every power and every charm entrusted to her in order to bless and ennoble all whom her influence might reach. This is the higher psychology.

And there is a message for men. Let them remember their own special prerogatives of Courage, Honor, Chivalry. All of these spring from the spiritual nature of man.

Can psychism, think you, overcome the fearful downward momentum of destructive forces in our midst — the alcoholism, morphinism, suicide, insanity, degenerate vices, and subtle physical decay? Or can it solve the social problems of poverty, marriage unfaithfulness, labor troubles, war, religious decay? All signs show that it can not only not stop them, but that it bids fair to make them much worse. What, then, can stop them? Only the *spiritual* powers, the spiritual powers *latent* in man, which should no longer be latent but manifest. Selfishness is the great bane to human progress. Each one of us is deluded and bound by his own self-love. We are slaves, acting in obedience to an imagined necessity for looking after our own petty interests. But how unimportant these interests are; reflect that nearly every man you meet is centered in the same delusion, seeking *his* interest, which is as petty as yours, though different. When we think of this, we may become disgusted with our personality, and ready to remove that obstacle out of the path of mankind, if only, by doing so, we could enable some poor waif to find light and peace. No — it is no use hoping to help the world, so long as we ourselves are loaded with the very fetters we are trying to unloose. Selfishness is the evil we oppose, and we must attack it in its stronghold — that is, in our own heart. Then, and only then, shall we be free to bless and to serve; then, and only then, shall we find strength given to our right hand.

It was to arouse such a spirit of strength and helpfulness that H. P. Blavatsky undertook her great work; and great was her power to influence others, because she herself had made that conquest over self. She certainly had the higher psychology. No need had she to interfere with another's free will; not even the greatest Occultist may dare do such a thing. But she could point out the way, convince people of the nobility and beauty of the path of duty, and accept them as co-workers with her in the great unselfish cause.

Hear what she says about Spiritual powers and psychic powers.

The duty of the Theosophical Society is to keep alive in man his spiritual intuition.

From the Theosophist must radiate those higher spiritual forces which alone can regenerate his fellow-men.

The Theosophist must himself be a center of spiritual action.

We would have all to realize that spiritual powers exist in every man. It is only the spiritual consciousness which survives and lives forever.

Occultism is not Magic. It is comparatively easy to learn the trick of spells and the methods of using the subtler, but still material, forces of physical nature; the powers of the animal soul in man are soon awakened; the forces which his love, his hate, his passion, can call into operation, are readily developed. But this is Black Magic — Sorcery. For it is the motive, and the motive alone, which makes any exercise of power become Black (malignant), or White (beneficent) Magic. It is impossible to employ spiritual forces if there is the slightest tinge of selfishness remaining in the operator. For, unless the intention is entirely unalloyed, the spiritual will transform itself into the psychic, act on the astral plane, and dire results may be produced by it. The powers and forces of animal nature can be used by the selfish and revengeful, as much as by the unselfish and the all-forgiving; the powers and forces of Spirit lend themselves only to the perfectly pure in heart — and this is DIVINE MAGIC. H. P. Blavatsky's book, *The Voice of the Silence*, a book of instructions for the student of Occultism, is full from cover to cover of this theme — the vital distinction between spiritual and psychic. And this distinction is inseparable from another distinction — that between unselfishness and selfishness. There is also the distinction made between Heart-Wisdom and Head-Learning. What the true Occultist has to develop is *character*.

The name of Jesus of Nazareth is still a potent spell with us, in spite of the travesties of his teachings which have often been made. But, if we do not prize that ideal, let us take any other great name whom we do prize. We can scarcely associate such great names with anything like psychism or magic. They stand for us as beacon-lights pointing the path to the highest human attainment in nobility of character. Unselfishness, the untinged desire to shed light and help around them, is the essence of their character. We cannot speak of them in the same breath with any mean or personal motive. They had the spiritual power; by it they could uplift their fellow-men.

H. P. Blavatsky points out that the West is egotistical in spirit; education is instinct with the principle of selfish emulation and strife, and each pupil is urged to learn more quickly merely in order to outstrip his fellows. Thus we grow up unfitted to grasp the spirit of true Occultism. Among other races the case has been different, and subordination of the personality has been inculcated with as much strength as we inculcate its accentuation. To quote again:

Occultism differs from magic and other secret sciences as the glorious sun does from a rushlight, as the immutable and immortal Spirit of Man — the

reflexion of the absolute, causeless, and unknowable ALL — differs from the mortal clay, the human body.

We are told in a book of instructions in practical Occultism that, "The power which the disciple shall covet is that which shall make him appear as nothing is the eyes of his fellow-men." This will appear cold and harsh to many people, no doubt, for it is a rebuke to all vainglory and 'spiritual pride.' But it will be as a cooling balm to those whose desire is simply to radiate light and help and to whom admiration is unwelcome. The maxim sums up very concisely the idea of spiritual powers, and leaves no room for misunderstanding.

It has just been said that children in the West are educated in ideas of selfish emulation, which are even recommended to them as noble principles to follow throughout life. Suppose now that they were educated to think of others first and to take more delight in the success of their fellows than in their own. In that case each man or woman would be quite different. Instead of having a highly developed selfish personality, full of fixed ideas, likes and dislikes, they would have a fellow-feeling and be naturally harmonious with each other. This does not mean that they would be characterless. On the contrary, *the more the personality is kept in check, the stronger does the individuality become.* For individuality is not the same as personality, but is much higher and nobler. Instead of being endowed with strong personal desires — usually miscalled a strong will(!) — which end by leading their possessor into thorny paths of suffering and of self-undoing, they would be endued with strong characters radiating out light and help to all. *This is the higher psychology.*

Much fuss is made today about so-called occult powers, but this name is generally given to mere glorification of the personality. This so-called occultism is a perverted egotism. But by increasing the strength of our personality, we are giving weapons to the adversary and thereby laying up for ourselves a heritage of woe in undoing our own work. Are we so enraptured with our vanity, so pleased with our self-consciousness, or so happy with our lusts, that we must needs intensify them? Study the promises made by these pretended teachers of occultism and you will see that the appeal is always to self-interest, vanity, ambition; to the powers, in short, which set man at variance with his fellows. Such are not Spiritual powers. Such powers as these cannot serve us in extremity or console us in the hour of death or bereavement. They amount to a laying-up of treasures on earth. Contrast this picture with that of the Spiritual powers in man. Each one of us is endowed with these real powers needing only recognition. By being true to our own highest ideals of Honor, Truth, Justice, Compassion, we become shining lights in the world, a blessing to ourselves and our fellow-men.

The higher psychology does not tamper with the will or judgment of another. It influences only by its noble example, its appeal. Thus the will of others is left free and they are not the puppets of a dominating will.

The teachings of Theosophy with regard to the sevenfold constitution of man will help us to understand what has been said, and will show that it is not mere ethical talk but has science at the back of it. In a book called *Psychic and Noetic Action*, H. P. Blavatsky has explained the subject from the physiological standpoint. As the title shows, the object is to distinguish between psychic action and what she terms noetic action. Psychic action proceeds from the psychic nature of man, which is not necessarily pure, not more so than is his physical nature, and may be full of passions and selfishness. Even a good man, working with admirable intentions, may wake up unsuspected latent forces which may do much harm because he does not understand and cannot control them. This force acts through the lower centers of the body and brain. But the brain is a most marvelous organ, whose real use we do not yet suspect. It has latent powers that do not ordinarily come into play. In the average man the grosser fibers of the brain are stimulated by organic forces from below; but the brain has finer fibers which cannot be made to vibrate by these coarser forces. They respond only to pure unselfish thoughts from the spiritual nature. It is evident, therefore, that there are latent powers, even in the body, which can be used by the pure and unselfish man, but can never be reached as long as the man remains selfish and passionate.

How the world is suffering from a lack of the higher psychology! Think what could be accomplished by a statesman, a preacher, an orator, an actor, or a musician, if his character corresponded with the elevation he claims for his art, instead of being just the character of an ordinary man, and perhaps not so good. For when a man speaks in public, acts a part, or performs any such public function, there goes forth from him in invisible waves an influence which depends on his own character and which affects the audience for good or ill independently of his words or music. Every thinker knows that what is needed most in the world is men and women — *men and women of character*. Every reform movement breaks down for lack of these; but with them any movement would be successful. We must try to set more value on our own individuality, instead of dressing up our supposedly precious personality; and then we may be in a position to exercise the higher psychology.



THIS is only an age of darkness to those who will not see the Light, for the Light itself has never faded and never will— *Katherine Tingley*

THE THREE BASES OF POETRY: A STUDY OF ENGLISH VERSE: by Kenneth Morris

PART TWO — MUSIC

CHAPTER I: MARLOWE, SHAKESPEARE AND MILTON — THE MARCH

MUSIC, no less than vision, is an essential of poetry; because poetry is the pressure of the Soul upon words. And the Soul lives in a world of music: breathes music for air: has it, you may say, for the blood in its veins. In very soberness, one might as well define Deity as music, as in any other manner. We are lapped in the music of the spheres; all existence is vibration, and all under Law. The harmony of the stars in their courses, that move in order, obeying Law, must also be sensible as an anthem, a symphony, a singing of Seraphim. And such harmony is in immortal souls; and these muddy vestures of decay that so closely hem us in we cannot hear it, are not merely our bodies, strictly speaking; nor yet our bodies and the passions inherent in them; but also, and even chiefly, our lower minds, that have made a law unto themselves, and play havoc with realities. The body has its natural cycles; and what are cycles but the rhythm of things? Passion also, in its proper animal world, is a matter of seasonal rise and fall; but with us, who have power to think and choose and sin, it has been made first a ministrant to our pleasures, then a tyrant that destroys. Mind and free-will blossomed on the evolutionary tree, and man was; and he used his will and mind to build for himself a world apart, wherein he should suffer jangling hideous discords of his own making, until the sorrow of them should teach him that true Music is the primal law, indeed the very being, of God. We belong of right to two worlds: the Divine and the Natural; both are swayed by music. But we have banished ourselves from both, preferring a kind of Mahound's coffin hanging between the two: a world in which godhood and animality mingle and make war; and the clash of their conflict hides from our ears the eternal harmonies. "The mind is the great slayer of the real; let the disciple slay the slayer," and at once the music of the spheres and of the Soul (which is divine) shall become audible to him; more than that, it shall be the very stuff of his life, the palpitation of his consciousness.

Poetry, pressing down from the Divine into this human world, or up from the Natural, must come on the wings of its native music; by this also it is to be known from labored imitations, and from the queer Brummagem idols the ingenious strive from time to time to palm off on us in its place. Meter may not be an essential, but music is; just for the reason that poetry is a reality out of the heart of God and the universe; and not, as you may have supposed, an arbitrary invention of man. It lays siege to our world from two sides: making us vibrate up to the grand march

and sweet strong harmonies of the Soul within and above us; or laving our being with tune out of the clear waters of elemental nature. It will have us pure and noble some day, and to that end is all its striving.

Where are we to look for the origins of English poetry-music? Again, not in the Anglo-Saxon ages, that is certain. Anglo-Saxon meter passed with the race that used it, and with whatever fashion of music it may have contained. They would have been a meter and music suitable to that age and language, one must suppose; if any attempt has been made in the later English England to revive them, it has been even less important and successful than the various attempts that have been made to write Latin hexameters in English — dismal failures always. As soon as young England found its voice in song, it sang not in the accents of its Saxon ancestor, but mainly in those of its Latin brothers or cousins beyond the Channel. Chaucer of course learned his art from French and Italian models; and one gets most music out of him (I venture to think) when one reads him Frenchly, without syllabic accent. From the tree Chaucer planted, all English poetry since, except the lyrical, has bloomed; while his contemporary Langland, who was still Saxon, is no longer read, and has had no offspring at all.

From its Latin brothers or cousins — not from their common ancestress Rome. Rome passed, and the barbarians who destroyed Rome; there was no continuous culture worth speaking of — not even in Constantinople; for what remained there was totally unfertile until transplanted into Italy in the new age. Of the mixed descendants of Romans and barbarians Nature raised up new nations in her day, which came not until after the lapse of centuries. They were new souls, in the sense that the soul of any child is new; individual, distinct from the soul of either parent; — reincarnating, as a matter of fact, from God knows when or where. So individual has been the historic England; so distinct from the land of Alfred and Harold. Consider these facts: Chaucer, the Elizabethans, Milton, and the Classicists, learned their art mainly from Italian, French or ancient classical models; — Shakespeare went for his stories to Greece and Rome, to France and Italy, to English (not Saxon) history, to Wales, Scotland and Denmark, but never to Anglo-Saxondom; — Celtic tradition formed the whole background for Spenser, and was used occasionally by Shakespeare and Milton; the Elizabethans based their whole attempt at a national tradition upon Welsh sources, and were aware of the Anglo-Saxonry only as the anti-national force, the traditional enemy; and Tennyson followed their lead in his would-be national epic. Wordsworth too, and Swinburne and William Morris, all drew at times on Geoffrey of Monmouth or the Arthurian legend. From Greece Shakespeare, Milton, Shelley, Byron, Keats, Tennyson, Swinburne and Morris all drew material

or inspiration. From Scandinavia, Morris drew much and Swinburne a little; and the latter again, very much from Italy and France. —Against all this, set a possible influence from Caedmon in *Paradise Lost* (not to be compared with the Hebrew and classical influences in it); one play and a poem or so by Tennyson, and I think something by the late Mr. Austin, based on Saxon history. Even India, if only through *The Light of Asia*, figures more importantly in English poetry than do the Anglo-Saxons. —A poverty, much given to borrowing? Not so, but a richness, containing all kinships, developable, within itself, one would rather say. Great issues depend on this. The nation itself — whatever nation it be — is a growth out of internationalism, and meant to lead into internationalism again, enriched with the plunder of centuries of national experience.

But where are we to look for the origins of English poetry-music? — In the great evolutionary impulse, the will of the World-Soul, the passage of the Crest-Wave of Evolution. *There* was that Urge looking for an exit from Moslem Spain, where the hum of its presence during five centuries had been rich literature, science, culture, refinement of life; *here* were several young semi-barbarous nations: France, Italy, England and the rest — the mixture of racial elements in each fairly advanced: ready to receive into incarnation the vanguard of human souls, now that the cyclic moment had come for a change in the scene and character of world-civilization. That was, say, in the thirteenth century. Then life was passing from the Moslemry — broken in the West by dissensions, Berbers, and Spaniards, and in the East by the Crusades and the Mongols — and pouring into Christendom. From Andalus it passed into Provence, rousing up there a rich romance and setting a thousand troubadours singing; from Provence into France, and Normandy, and England. Wherever it passed, poets, moved by the vibration of its coming, broke into song.

The first major voice among these in England spoke altogether in tones that came in on this great wind from the South. He learned his art in France, then in Italy; and, when the secret was captured, made a native English thing of it. He imprisoned the world-tones in English strings. He — Chaucer — learned abroad that there was a certain power, a magic, in a line of ten syllables: that somehow, ten syllables in a line made Aeolian harpstrings on which the winds of the spirit would play; and began molding English to such uses. Out of his fashioning grew the iambic pentameter line, to be the heirloom, presently, for all dramatists, sonnetteers, writers of epic — for whom not? — in England since.

He prepared the way for the great meter which was to be the chief vehicle for English poetry-music; he did not attain to the heights of music himself. Oh, one writes this trembling; — here too there is a small but fierce tribe! In sooth, for his age he had a marvelous ear; but not a per-

fect, even for meter — as Lowell, among others, would have us believe. And meter is not in itself music, or Pope would be among the musicians; it is merely a means of getting there, an instrument on which music can be played. Chaucer, as Matthew Arnold says, lacked the high seriousness that marks the greatest poets. He looked on the surface of life: a thing woven of the gay colors of myriads of ever-differing personalities; and found it exceedingly interesting, a matter to hold his attention during one incarnation at least. You may make rhythm and meter, but not music, out of personality; the divine Soul must strike in with its lofty ardor, before music comes — especially that epic kind of music for which Dan Chaucer paved the way. So, generally, even when one has mastered his language and given his vowels the grander value they had then, one still gets the impression that he is speaking his verse: chatting charmingly in a voice full of wit and sparkle: not singing or chanting, or declaiming grandly. All the flashing various life that he watched so keenly, and recorded with such zest and humor, yielded to his vision no inkling of the deep pattern beneath; how then should he have heard the eternal harmonies? His business was to make a vehicle for poetry; not himself to bring poetry through into the world; so it is unimportant that he, like Dryden, Pope and Byron, and like them alone among the great figures in English verse, was untouched with mysticism.¹ When he was most serious it was with a fictitious medieval religiosity; and that he might supply a full-length portrait of his Man of Law or his Nun — an animated picture, with the whole mentality written in. It was through no insistence of the Divine in him; he held up no torch to lighten the inner worlds, as it is the mission of poetry to do. None the less he must be counted among the great figures; the position he holds is epochal; since by truth of common vision he prepared the way for the vision of great seers, and by truth of meter, for master word-musicians.

Thirteen decades or so of silence followed him, and then Wyatt was singing; and shortly, Surrey his pupil. The first introduced the sonnet, the second, blank verse from the Italian; and thereby put a certain discipline on Chaucer's ten-syllabled line — making it into five clear iambs, with the English stress definitely on each alternate syllable. They left it something nearer to that which it was to become, though a stiff, inflexible and unquickened instrument still. Indeed, in fluency and flexibility they were far behind Chaucer; but it was a necessary retrogression. They were the first shoots of their cycle, Chaucer was the flower of his: the budding of the Tudor Rose, less in beauty, but more in promise, than the profuse blooming of the Plantagenet Broom. They disciplined away

1. See *Mysticism in English Literature*, by Caroline E. Spurgeon; Cambridge University Press, 1913.

Chaucer's diffuseness, gossip and roguery; tightened the strings of the national lyre; lost something that Chaucer had, in order that Marlowe might win much more. When the latter came, it was as the coming of a Prometheus: who at last, with this rhymeless iambic pentameter for fennel-stalk, brought down fire from heaven.

On his lips, it became indeed the 'mighty line.' Hot and rapid he made it; torrential; a fair rant at times; a surging, flaming rhetoric, lavish of inspiration, through which, at its best, the subtler music is also to be heard: —

There angels in their crystal armors fight
A doubtful battle with my tempted thoughts
For Egypt's freedom and the Soldan's life —
His life that so consumes Zenocrate,
Whose sorrows lay more siege unto my soul
Than all my army to Damascus' walls:
And neither Persia's sovereign, nor the Turk,
Troubled my senses with conceit of foil,
So much by much as doth Zenocrate.

—A good specimen, I think, of the greatness and imperfection of his music. In the lines that end with the name 'Zenocrate' there is a certain relief to the breathlessness, the rush of sound; one may hear a falling away of the wave, to compensate a little for its insistent gathering between. But the balance attained is not perfect; one cannot feel quite at ease. We come on all too little such compensation in Marlovian rhetoric. The ear is stunned, the breath taken away, by an almost perpetual crescendo of 'great and thundering speech.' He rode wild Pegasus wildly, but had not mastered him; he had not mastered the impetuous life-forces of the age; nor, it is likely, himself. But 'twas a Pegasus whom no one yet had dared mount, much less broken; it was a whirlwind of life he confronted: the grand overtones of the music of evolving humanity, the roar of the incoming host of souls. What he might have grown to, had he lived and all gone well with him, heaven only knows. In his early twenties he was riding this wildfire and thunderstorm of a winged steed, that had not before him been more than seen far off in the firmament. Right at the start of his career, and with no models nor predecessors to guide him, he wrote the flaming ambitions of his poethood into *Tamburlaine* in such vaulting words as these:

"And ride in triumph through Persepolis!"
Is it not brave to be a king, Techelles?
Usumcasane and Theridamas,
Is it not passing brave to be a king,
And ride in triumph through Persepolis?

and these: —

If all the pens that poets ever held
 Had fed the feeling of their master's thoughts,
 And every sweetness that inspired their hearts,
 Their minds, and muses on inspired themes:
 If all the heavenly quintessence they still
 From their immortal flowers of poesy,
 Wherein, as in a mirror, we perceive
 The highest reaches of a human wit;
 If these had made one poem's period,
 And all combined in beauty's worthiness,
 Yet should there hover in their restless heads,
 One thought, one grace, one wonder at the least,
 Which into words no virtue can digest.

The man was insatiable, untamable; the winds of poetry tossed him up among the stars. He and Shakespeare were born within a month or two of each other, Marlowe being the elder. Was it that the Gods had provided themselves with two strings to their bow, and this the preferred one — until he made the mistake to be killed in a tavern brawl at twenty-nine, whereupon their election fell wholly upon Shakespeare? Marlowe, while he was alive, was the greater musician, the more daring Promethean soul; it was not until he died that Shakespeare began to grow at all quickly. — Or was it that They sent Marlowe to breast the storm of song; to try a fall with wild Pegasus first, and tire him a little; to grapple with the great inrush of the forces, and perhaps be killed thereby, while their own Elect should have time to grow slowly into the strength requisite for mastery?

He has been lavishly accused of vices, has 'kynde Kit Marloe'; three parts of it, as Mr. Havelock Ellis says, may be set down to his heterodoxy,² which never can escape evil imputation — witness the 'gluttonous man and winebibber.' In his defense we should remember that he received much praise and love, and no condemnation, from the grave and good among his contemporaries.³ But then, your ascetic does not usually come by his death in a tavern brawl; and there is a certain headiness and riotous delight of the senses in the wine of his verse. In any case, he did a mighty work for the Gods: he made the music of English blank verse, and he

2. As to which there is a curious item in the charge brought against him by one Richard Bame, and on which he would have been proceeded against for atheism had he lived a few days longer. Among other of the 'damnable opinions' wherewith he showed his 'sorne of Gods Worde,' we read, he held —

That the Indians and many Authors of Antiquitie have assuredly written of aboue
 16 thowsande yeers agoe, where — saith Bame,
 Adam is proved to have leyved within 6 thowsande yeers.

—Which would seem to show at any rate that kynde Kit was some centuries ahead of his age. Where on earth did he get that about the Indians, at that time?

3. Such as Drayton and Chapman. See Havelock Ellis' introduction to the edition of Marlowe in the Mermaid Series; London, T. Fisher Unwin.

made it a *March*. The greatest perils are for those who set out to do the greatest work. It would not be much to wonder at if the tremendous cyclic force then entering into English life, bursting its way, so far as poetry was concerned, mainly through that one personality, were enough to unbalance his life, and let loose on him more of passion than he had strength of organism to withstand. It was well that the most balanced mind, the most equable personality that ever was given to a poet, was there waiting, and in the possession of the Soul who was to take up his work.

Even for Shakespeare it was a hard task and a perilous — this of embodying the cyclic inrush of sphere-music in English words and lines. We need not be more than careful readers to guess the tremendous struggle, the titanic warfare, that this Elect of the Ages had to wage within his own life. In him, too, the angels in their crystal armors fought a doubtful battle with his tempted thoughts, or he could never have known enough to write the grand tragedies of his years of *Sturm und Drang*. It is equally certain, however, that he and the angels triumphed: triumphed to the point where he was no longer a man as other men, but a Pen for the Pantheons.

From him this March-music comes as from a master-hand: all guided, ruled, directed; his own. One may liken it to a thousand things: to a Toledo or Damascus blade in the hands of an adept fencer; it swerves not a hair's breadth from the point he aims at; it is magnificently under control. Pegasus, we will say, threw Marlowe and killed him; beware poor Pegasus, you have a cooler head to contend with now! One that will ride you a little through horrors, out-Marlowing kynde Kit in extravagance; then turn you into the daisied fields of comedy, and in those pleasant meads exercise you until, dangerous creature that you are, you have learned that the best thing you can do is to obey. Learn then! for he is your master; all your pranks are useless here. You are to career with him through the shining spaces of the galaxies; your common journeying with him is to be along the Milky Way; — you, who have been accustomed only to the region between the clouds and the moon. What? — you winged thing of wind and fire — you are all loving obedience now? You go curvetting and caracoling by Orion and the Pleiades, but instantaneous now to the adored hand upon your bridle. . . .

He was essentially a Light-Bringer, was Shakespeare; and his March-music is in itself a thing of light. It moves along bright and gleaming; goes springingly upon the toes, flashing in sunlight as it advances. Here is the normal beat of it, after he had come into the heritage of his power:

Now, sir, young Fortinbras,
Of unimprovéd mettle hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway here and there

Sharped up a list of landless resolute,
 For food and diet, to some enterprise
 That hath a stomach in't:—

— a swift, clear rhetoric; a quick march, ensouled with dignity and manly virtue; an aristocratic, fine-gentlemanly, rapid movement of words. Supreme *Hamlet* is full of this; has it for norm, and varies from it to great rapidity in such a breathless passage as this:

Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
 That I will speak to thee: I'll call thee Hamlet,
 King, father, royal Dane: O! answer me;
 Let me not burst in ignorance, but tell
 Why thy canonized bones, hearsed in death,
 Have burst their cerements; why the sepulchre,
 Wherein we saw thee quietly inurned,
 Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws
 To cast thee up again. What may this mean,
 That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel
 Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
 Making night hideous, and we fools of nature
 So horridly to shake our disposition
 With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?

— or to heightened slowness and majesty in such lines as:

Or that the Everlasting had not fixed
 His canon 'gainst self-slaughter;

or

But this eternal blazon must not be
 To ears of flesh and blood.

Where Marlowe dealt in the dark crimsons and purples of sound, Shakespeare dealt in the yellow-golds and sky-blues; it is a clear spirit that we sense always behind the tramp of his march. Rapidity, clearness, dignity, are the main characteristics; his ten syllables in a line may go on forever, and never weary the ear, they march so quickly, so gaily. Contrast the ease of reading aloud this:

Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
 with Marlowe's

If all the pens that poets ever held,
 and one comes at once on the secret of Shakespeare's superiority: it lies in the perfect balance of his waves of sound, the infusion of light into them; the ordered, but unobtrusive, disposition of the periods; the suiting of all to the needs of the human ear and breath. Marlowe had swept on with the tempest, and 'tis grand to sweep with him, but bewildering; Shakespeare dominates the tempest and tunes it to a music that uplifts.

But he could carry that line also, when he would, half way to other modes of music than this marching mode — as in this:

I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows:

in which, for the five iambics, we have a spondee, an iambic and an amphibrachys, a spondee, and a long syllable: no known meter, but most perfect music: a line that does not march, but sings; that is almost past the power of scansion in feet, but none the less of a music as natural, sweet and obvious, as sunshine or rain. That is the very essence of a quality in lyric music that we shall deal with presently; a music-mode that we may call the *Lill*. And there is a third mode, which neither declaims like the March nor sings, but intones; hear him in this pass from declamation into intonation:

And never, since the middle summer's spring,

(— in which the sound marches, purely and simply)

Met we on hill, in dale, forest or mead,

(wherein the march has acquired a lyrical break or catch)

By pavéd fountain, or by rushy brook,

(the same, but muted to an air of serene still-life)

Or by the beachéd margent of the sea,

— where the sound heaps up like a gathering wave, and falls away slowly into infinity, with far echoings of tone.

It is in *Macbeth* that he reaches his grandest heights in music; there, perhaps, are to be found the most terrifically grand lines in the language; but we shall need them in speaking of Style, and will not quote them here. But there are these, in which the horror and majesty of the situation bring the march to the highest point it can attain, swelling it with tone as in the Intonation:

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine.

He uses the same method here as in the last quotation, only on a plane of mournful solemn intensity, much heightened. The first line is pure march, but slowed down to funereal grandeur; in the second, the march-music is broken, imperfect: the effect of the caesura is to throw things out, and forewarn the ear portentously of the mighty thing that is to come. The sound of the third has the motion of the onriding shore-wave: the heaping up of swelling sound; the pause; the sad crash and falling away; listen, and you shall hear them all. It is a form of music that seems to

belong to the secret laws of God. I do not think he ever reached grander, or so grand, heights in music — except in three other lines from the same scene. Marlowe never came near it.

Marlowe, Shakespeare, and then Milton; and it was Milton who carried this evolution to its topmost. He stands to Shakespeare, in music, almost as Shakespeare stands to Marlowe. He climbed the mountain slowly; it was *Paradise Lost* before he was wielding thunder from the peaks. Yet almost at every step he was perfection.⁴ Milton always marches; but he marches in nearly as many ways as a poet can. *L'Allegro* is a lilt-march, tripping it 'on the light fantastic toe.' *Il Penseroso* is basically the same, but muted and minuet-like, with occasional hushings and deepenings towards intonation where the thrill of the poetry intensifies. Contrast

And to the stack or the barndoor,
Stoutly struts his dames before,

from the first, with

To behold the wandering moon,

from the second, and one hears the difference at once. These poems show us Milton at the nearest he could come to melody. They are not melody, but they partake of many of its qualities: the lightness and brightness in *L'Allegro*, the richness in *Il Penseroso*. The lilt proper must have the definite structural basis of a tune: rise and fall, correspondence between parts: rhythm that goes out and returns, goes out and returns, upon itself. In the music of these two poems — a march, if a half-dancing one — the wonder is the perfect ear that guided its making: that took a cheap meter, and kept it spinning throughout, never for a moment cheap, never less than delightful to the hearing; varied exquisitely, so that the lines never weary, but remain a joy to the right-minded through life and, it is to be hoped, after.

In *Comus* we come upon a more common quick-time march, not so different in rapidity from Shakespeare's normal time; less flexible than his, less airy; but with certain warriorlike qualities of the Soul beating throught it, prophetic of the titan music that was to be. In *Lycidas* we find elements of intonation appearing; the march is richer in tone than anything that had been written in English before. Listen to the beautiful vowels and liquids of which this is all compact:

Yet once more, O ye Laurels, and once more
Ye Myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,

4. Except in most of the poems written at school or college, some sonnets, and the regrettable translations and paraphrases of the Psalms, etc.

And with forced fingers rude
 Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
 Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear
 Compels me to disturb your season due;
 For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
 Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.

—No, you will not get the echoing, resounding loveliness of that, if you pronounce the dead man's name 'Lycidus,' as the devil prompts you to. Let that stately Greek last vowel have its proper treatment, and you shall be rewarded!

Lycidas written, and Milton's season of prose-warfare past, he did not recur to this toneful form of the march. Thenceforward his feet were to turn neither to the right hand nor to the left, but to go straight upward to Parnassus snows by the stately, warriorlike road of march-music pure and simple: blank verse: the heroic iambic pentameter without rhyme or — except occasionally — any large measure of consonance or assonance. The music was wholly to depend, or almost wholly, on the rhythm and pulsations of his own gigantic soul; and the measure for the greatness of that soul, is the greatness of the music of *Paradise Lost*.

Marlowe made the word-mob fall in, obedient to some divine right that swept in upon England, caught him in its full blast, and filled him with prophecy; he did not drill the mob, but set it, an inspired horde, to storm the heights. He dying, Shakespeare took it in hand, and put it through the paces till it had become a world-wonder: sinuous and flexible, capable of all delicate evolutions; lofty too; — by sheer dexterity and high-mindedness bound always to win. Then came this Milton, and made it into an army, not of men at all — not even of Cromwellian Ironsides — but of titans, angels and archangels,

Thrones and Imperial Powers; Offspring of Heaven,
 Ethereal Virtues.

There is nothing to be sung in *Paradise Lost*; nothing, I think, to be intoned; all is to be declaimed in the proper march or martial style; but, dear God, what infinity of superhuman music is there! He practised on the organ daily until his death; and of course, organ-music is the inevitable simile for his poetry. But who has made the organ give forth tones like this? Like the leaves of the forest his lines vary; like the sea-waves; like the faces of men, that, wrought of the combinations of a few elements, are never exactly duplicated. They change and change and sweep from one majestic form to another; they exhaust, you would say, the possibilities of variation, the subtleties of sublime beauty in sound; and recur when the ear demands it with a thunder-crash to the norm; — so that to read it is not a pleasure, but an initiation, an austere intoxication of the

soul. It is the divine Soma juice that one drinks; the atoms of one's inward being are shattered and whirled and remolded to more deific shapes. Roused by the swell and thunder, the surge and stately epic boom of it, the Soul, bewitched within this prisonhouse of personality, awakens into consciousness, feels the spells and cage-bars shattered, and looks forth; then soars up exultant; — and we are aware of the grandeur of eternal existence, the majesty of divine life, within ourselves. Listen only to the sound of this:

— For never, since created Man,
Met such imbodyed force as, named with these,
Could merit more than that small infantry
Warred on by cranes — though all the giant brood
Of Phlegra with the heroic race were joined
That fought at Thebes or Ilium, on each side
Mixed with auxiliar gods; and what resounds
In fable or romance of Uther's son,
Begirt with British and Armoric knights;
And all who since, baptized or infidel,
Jousted in Aspramont, or Montalbán,
Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisonde,
Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore
When Charlemain with all his peerage fell
By Fontarabbia.

— Never tell me that this mighty Milton was not one of the World-Teachers! No doubt he spoke little, directly, of the hidden truths; no doubt when he stooped from his bardhood to philosophize, he did it foolishly enough; but Lord, there is the whole secret doctrine of the ages in just the fall of his words, the manner of his speech. I need no better proof of the Soul of man than ten lines out of *Paradise Lost*; I find it incontestable and final, as if one were to see the splendors of the Soul in emanation out of God. Ten lines about —

Pelorus, or the shattered side
Of thundering Aetna,

or about joustings in Aspramont and Montalban — to prove the truth of Theosophy; and no room left for *if* or *were it not!* For no man could have spoken so divinely, with such stately thunderous majesty, were the innermost of man not divine, and this stately majestic teaching devoid of truth. I do not know how one can escape the conclusion; how one can, so hear the Soul speak, and yet disbelieve in the Soul.

Paradise Lost brought the march to its highest; English will never be molded, one suspects, to march-music greater than this. That is to say, as march-music pure and simple; we shall see presently how evolution

might still go forward, gaining in tone, though not in grandeur. Meanwhile, however, growth of some sort there had to be: progress upward or downward, since no static condition is possible. So Dryden and company came, clapped rhymes to each pair of iambic pentameters, and gave us what they are pleased to call the 'heroic couplet.' There is no reason why poetry, and its music, should not incarnate in this form; but having brought in the rhyme you have invited tone or melody to be present, and are to have pure march no more. You are in peril of letting the rhyme do the work that was done before by subtle modulations of stress and rhythm, and by the impetuous pride of an exalted soul. The meter is capable of this, on the lips of an intoner:

Red Rose, proud Rose, sad Rose of all my days,
Come near me while I sing the ancient ways —

which is certainly music, and of the loveliest; but of a type that Milton never imagined; while Dryden —

Never imagined any music at all, of course. Talked well and trenchantly; even went the length, in his Odes, of trying to fabricate a brain-mind substitute for singing; but, naturally, to no good purpose. It is a marvelous thing that a pair of lines of five iambs apiece can be four such different things as —

Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there,
Sharked up a list of landless resolute;—

Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore
When Charlemain with all his peerage fell;—

Of these the false Achitophel was first,
A name to all succeeding ages curst;

and—

Rose of all Roses, Rose of all the World,
You too have come where the dim tides are hurled. . .

The first is full of a bright, the second of a proud, the fourth of a sad music; the third is — Dryden. There is no uplifting pomp of sound in it, no deep sweetness; it is talk done into rhyme and meter. And if ever there was a tinkling and tinsel imitation of music, it is to be found in *Alexander's Feast* or the *Ode for Saint Cecilia's Day*. Oh, it is well done, no doubt; almost as well done as mimicry can be, when Master Brainmind, a robustious, periwig-pated fellow, dons stage crown and purple, and stalks upon the boards to play the part of King Soul.

That was, and was to be, an age that had forgotten the Soul altogether. Dryden, and afterwards Pope, its grand luminaries, were not merely non-mystics (like Chaucer and Byron); mysticism is somehow incompatible with, antipathetic to, the thought of them. And mysticism is no-

thing but awareness of the Soul, of the God within, the divine part of ourselves. Translated into terms of poetic literature, the lack of mysticism means the lack of eyes and ears for reality. There must be some sort or color of mysticism, before you can get either vision or music.

After the Restoration of the Stewarts in 1660, there remained, so to say, no soul at all in England except that old blind Samson at Gaza, Milton Agonistes, whose world had gone tumbling about him in ruin, and who so soon was himself to be silenced. Even in him we hear a waning of the grand music towards the close. After the Second Book of *Paradise Lost*, there is not often the same august rolling of the thunders; *Paradise Regained* had better never have been written; and even in *Samson Agonistes* it is less the high tide of Soul Music we hear, than

Its melancholy, long withdrawing roar . . .
Down the waste sands and shingles of the world.

✽

WHITE LOTUS DAY

BY H. T. PATTERSON

NIGHT, shoreless, measureless, unbound;
 Silence — night's harmony profound;
 Hushed heave of waters lapt in sleep;
 Infinite, voiceless, soundless sound.
 The ceaseless breath to life is stirred;
 Within the dark immense is heard,
 "Let there be Light!" An age's birth
 Begins, obedient to the Word.
 Petals of radiant white unfold
 Their roundlet rims; within, behold!
 The mighty universe in germ
 Glowing amid that heart of gold
 The Lotus-spirit fills the earth,
 Shedding its life upon the dearth;
 The golden age has dawned again,
 The dead world springs once more to birth.
 The heavy cerements of clay
 Cast off, the universal ray
 Lives in the world, an age reborn; —
 Hail, Spirit of White Lotus Day!

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RELIGION

Let us adore! O'er mountain waste and pine
Moveth some secret Presence evermore,
Whispering its grandeur in thy heart and mine;
Let us adore!

From the blue deeps where only the eagles soar
It gazes usward o'er the mountain line,
And hark! its spells are crooned along the shore. . . .

Soon will the daylight wane, and far ashine,
Its myriad eyes strewn the blue night sky o'er
Will fill the world with quietness divine;
Let us adore!



GANYMEDE

Deep shone the blue, blue skies wherethrough he sped,
The great lone spaces that the stars dropped through,
A rain of galaxies — and overhead
Deep shone the blue.

And the great bird whose plumes he nestled to
Ever and aye on through the vastness fled,
And the white stars dropped down through heaven as dew.

Then dawned a great white light above, and shed
Splendors to envelop him about, and grew,
And far below, where earth was vanished,
Deep shone the blue.



MELPOMENE

Here be all quietude. Beauty austere,
All girt around in glories midnight-hued,
Sits brooding midmost of our fortunes here;
Here be all quietude!

Goddess, whose burning ministrations sear
And purge away our dross: most mystic mood
Of Fate: most pity-laden, most severe —

Be thou revealed! Reveal in splendor clear
Time's inmost agonies, that these strivings crude
Resolved at last, and banished grief and fear,
Here be all quietude!



THE BOY OF WINANDER

He heard beside Winander Lake
The far shout of the cuckoo bird:
God's mystery blown o'er flood and brake
He heard.

The cliffs re-echoed with a word
That set the whole green world awake,
With quivering expectation stirred. . . .

He saw the daffodillies shake
In golden dance; his sight was blurred
And cleared with wonder. . . . And God spake —
He heard.



ORAL TRADITION

A tale from of old — how once in the dawn of time
We were rayed for clay in a quickening flame of gold,
And we heard the stars sweep on as a chant, as a rhyme,
As a tale from of old!

And we rode through the vast on flaming coursers foaled
Of the Steeds of Heaven, and we waged wild wars sublime
Where the floods of Heaven in foam of star-mist rolled.

And we dreamt not then that ever the years should climb
Into hoar old age, and the glory of man grow cold,
And the haughty deeds we wrought for God in the prime
Be a tale from of old!



ENDYMION

He dreamed of the Moon of old in Latmos isle,
And all his life was changed to a dream, a swoon
Wherein no peace nor beauty came, but while
He dreamed of the Moon.

For him no more the purple glory of noon,
Nor the dark green gloom of the woods wheré the nymphs
beguile
The dreaming noontide hours with a quiet tune;

But roaming earth and sea, wan mile on mile,
Till, purged of the world with her griefs and joys o'erstrewn,
Grown one with his Dream in her holiest sylvan aisle,
He dreamed of the Moon. . . .



THE MUSE OF LYRIC POETRY

With Beauty and Mirth and Passion and Delight
And Truth and Pathos — so she came to earth
Attended; and the air grew diamond bright
With beauty and mirth.

She hath a lyre whose singing strings give forth
All that is hid at heart in day and night;
She hath a song to bring new stars to birth.

And she hath spells to put all grief to flight;
There is no wound but she may heal, no dearth.
Yet in her heart are pain and passion plight
With beauty and mirth.

MYTHS OF REBIRTH: by T. Henry, M. A.

IN pursuance of the program begun in the two preceding lectures—that on Mythology in general, and that on the myth of Prometheus—we shall now further illustrate the subject of myths by considering under one head the various allegories and symbols of rebirth or regeneration; surely a topic of profound and universal interest to mankind and well worthy of being recorded in undying pictures and dramas.

Death and decay, the transitoriness of life, the passing of youth, have been perennial themes for the poets, some of whom have even held that the contemplation of death is the paramount theme of poetical inspiration. It is a relief to turn to the question of rejuvenescence. And truly, if in Nature there are emblems of death and decay, so there are as many emblems of renewal and rebirth. Yet this analogy, when applied by the poets, results too often in an anticlimax, wherein the all-too-patent and familiar fact of the passing of youth is balanced by a vague and rather speculative hope of immortality conditioned by theological dogmas. The flowers, however, which die in the fall, are reborn upon the earth where they perished, and not in some remote heaven; and we feel that the analogy has been misapplied. If the death of man corresponds with the death of the trees in winter, then to what does the birth of man correspond? Evidently these two facts in our existence—death and birth—are the twin poles that should be compared with the death and birth of vegetation.

In speaking of Reincarnation, the continual death and rebirth in Nature is usually adduced as an argument for Reincarnation; and though it is an argument, when taken in conjunction with other considerations, it is not necessarily an argument when considered by itself alone. For nobody denies that *mankind* is immortal or that human beings are continually born again into youth as fast as human beings die. The interesting question is whether it is the same human beings that are born again, whether the individuality is immortal, whether you or I will be born again. Yet we feel that, in admitting merely that mankind is reborn, without saying anything about the rebirth of the individual soul, we are not solving the question of rebirth at all, but leaving it where it was. The arguments for rebirth of the soul not being in place here, it will suffice to predicate such rebirth as a hypothesis, for the purposes of the illustrations to be drawn from the pages of symbology. There are many who consider that the very nature of the human mind necessitates our acceptance of immortality as an axiom; and they have formulated the saying: "I think; therefore I am immortal." And it is true that we encounter insuperable difficulties when we try to use our own mind for the purpose of proving that that mind is not immortal.

The postulate to be granted, for our present purposes, is as follows: that human nature is compounded of two parts, one of which is mortal, the other immortal. Man, in his present state of evolution, is not normally conscious of his immortality, because he is not normally conscious of his own divinity. He lives in his lower nature and his interests are largely centered on perishable things. Neither memory nor prevision extend beyond the limits of his personal existence. Yet he has dim intimations of immortality, though he cannot formulate them into definite images. To become conscious of immortality, we must seek out that which in us is deathless and birthless; and a day must dawn for every man when in the course of his evolution, he succeeds in transferring his consciousness from the mortal to the immortal part of his nature, and in becoming aware that he is a deathless Soul, dwelling in many successive mortal mansions.

Biologists will tell you that we are continually dying and being reborn, the process of death and renewal going on perpetually among the cells that constitute our body. Hence death and rebirth are the law of our being in the minute details. The brain with which we think is not the same brain as that with which we thought years ago; for since that time every atom in it has passed away and been replaced by new ones. Yet the mind remains the same and the memories are preserved. The mind and its memories are therefore immortal as compared with the brain; and the mind must be something apart from the brain, otherwise the mind would be changing all the time, and our personality and memories would vary from day to day and the sense of identity be lost. In just the same way the immortal Soul survives the passing of the successive personal souls, and man is a god within an animal frame.

Appropriately to the present season, we may take Easter as a symbol of rebirth. This ancient and universal festival is of course not peculiar to the Christian churches, but has been recognised and adopted by them in just the same way as it has been adopted by other religions. Our own familiar Easter contains elements that may be classified as Christian, Jewish, Roman and Scandinavian — to go no further in the analysis. The Passover is Jewish; the resurrection is Christian; the word 'Easter' is Teutonic; the Easter Egg was used by the Romans as a symbol of rebirth. When we celebrate Easter, we celebrate rebirth or resurrection: perhaps an event regarded as historical — the resurrection of Jesus; perhaps the mystic resurrection of the Christ in man after his burial in the sepulcher of animal life; perhaps the rebirth of the year in spring; perhaps the fertility of cattle or the favorable perpetuation of the human race. In any case it is regeneration that is symbolized and celebrated.

The Egg is probably the favorite emblem of rebirth, and as such is to be found everywhere. We may recall the mounds of the mysterious

Mound-Builders, to be found in parts of the United States, and often representing a serpent with an egg at his mouth. The great serpent mound of Brush Creek, Ohio, has an egg 100 feet in diameter. At Loch Nell, near Oban, in the Hebrides Islands, north of Scotland, is a serpent mound with an egg in the form of a circle of stones. Strabo mentions such dragons and serpents in India, and Ovid refers to a great serpent at Delphi. At Avebury in England and Morbihan in Brittany are serpents represented by rows of upright stones. Speaking of the egg-symbol, H. P. Blavatsky says in *The Secret Doctrine*:

The Egg was incorporated as a sacred sign in the cosmogony of every people on the Earth, and was revered both on account of its form and its inner mystery. From the earliest mental conceptions of man, it was known as that which represented most successfully the origin and secret of being. The gradual development of the imperceptible germ within the closed shell; the inward working, without any apparent outward interference of force, which from a latent *nothing* produced an active *something*, needing nought save heat; and which, having gradually evolved into a concrete, living creature, broke its shell, appearing to the outward senses of all a self-generated, and self-created being — must have been a standing miracle from the beginning. (I, 359)

Brahmâ, the first cause, is represented as a swan, which lays a golden egg, which is the universe. Not only is the fertility of the egg symbolical, but its form also; for it denotes a circle and the shape of the world and the nought, the origin of numbers. To continue the quotation —

The first manifestation of the Kosmos in the form of an egg was the most widely diffused belief of antiquity. . . . It was a symbol adopted among the Greeks, the Syrians, Persians, and Egyptians. In chp. *liv* of the Egyptian *Ritual*, Seb, the god of Time and of the Earth, is spoken of as having laid an egg, or the Universe. (*ibid.*)

With the Greeks the Orphic Egg is described by Aristophanes, and was part of the Dionysiac and other mysteries, during which the Mundane Egg was consecrated and its significance explained; . . . the belief that the universe existed in the beginning in the shape of an egg was general. (*ibid.* and 360)

In Kircher's *Oedipus Aegyptiacus* one can see, on the papyrus engraved in it, an egg floating above the mummy. This is the symbol of hope and the promise of a *second birth* for the *Osirified* dead; his Soul, after its due purification in the Amenti, will gestate in this egg of immortality, to be reborn from it into a new life on earth. (365)

Diodorus Siculus states that Osiris was born from an Egg, like Brahmâ. From Leda's Egg Apollo and Latona were born, as also Castor and Pollux, the bright Gemini. . . . The Chinese believe that their first man was born from an egg, which *Tien*, a god, dropped down from heaven to earth into the waters. (366)

As the ancient Romans did, in one of their Spring festivals, we still go on using the egg as a symbol at Easter, though it is to be feared we most of us do it blindly. Is it not strange how racial memory perpetuates such customs long after the intellect has ceased to understand them? Even the customs are an example of death and rebirth, for they are preserved in a deathlike form until the day when they can be performed once more with understanding.

Keeping in mind our subject — the interpretation of myths and symbols — let us consider the egg from this point of view. When we find eggs mentioned in cosmic myths, or used in symbolic ceremonials, then if we take the matter in a dead-letter sense, we are only showing our own lack of a sense of proportion — a sense of humor even. What is the metaphor behind an egg? Your books on composition and rhetoric will tell you that between an egg and a seed there is no resemblance, but there *is* an analogy; also that there is a similar analogy between the seed and the child. What is this analogy between egg, seed, and child? The analogy lies in the fact that each of these three things possesses something in common, something that does not show itself in the physical form or the chemical constitution, for all three are widely different in those respects. The point of resemblance is ultra-physical. It consists in the fact that each is a germ containing the potentiality of future development. When, therefore, the egg was used as a symbol, it was this evolutionary potency that was thus symbolized. In humanity there is of course an immortal germ, and the race is continued from generation to generation undying. Further, in accordance with the doctrines of Theosophy, which I am considering tonight, there is in *each man* an immortal germ, which is termed his individuality, in contradistinction from his personality, the latter being temporal. Hence the symbol of the seed or germ in man refers to Reincarnation — that is, to the successive appearances of the same immortal Ego or individuality, clothed in successive garbs of flesh and figuring on the stage of life's drama in successive personalities. For the essential man has often been compared to an actor playing many parts; and this analogy is continued by saying that, though the several parts are not cognisant of each other's existence, the actor who is playing the parts is aware of them all. Hence the real memory resides in the immortal part of our nature.

It will be seen that the doctrine of man's immortality, together with the fact of Reincarnation, is enshrined and preserved in these myths of rebirth; and assuredly this is a very important truth, especially for our times, when these truths have become so dim.

In speaking of the egg we also mentioned the serpent; the mounds of the Mound-Builders represented a serpent having an egg at its mouth.

The serpent is a symbol of the law of cycles. It is cycles in time that we speak of. Time is usually represented as a straight line going on indefinitely in the same direction and never returning. But actually it is a spiral, ever returning to similar phases. A spiral (or, to be more accurate, a screw or helix) is a combination of a straight line and a circle. The circle is a closed curve, ever repeating itself in the same path. But the helix goes on indefinitely, always progressing, and yet continually returning to the same phase. This is the true symbol of time. And, as time is actually traced out in space by the revolutions of the spheres, so we find that spiral curves actually mark the motions of the earth around the sun and the progress of the present moment through the days and seasons. The period of a day and night is not a closed circle; for, though every twenty-four hours brings us around the same cycle of dawn and darkness, yet each time we find ourselves a little further advanced in the progress of the year; and the sidereal day is made into the solar day by the increment of about four minutes borrowed from the year. The life-time of a man is just such a cycle as the day — it is involved in a still larger cycle, the cycle of rebirth. How many times have we made the progress from infancy to old-age? Not infrequently it seems to thoughtful persons as though their life were but as a day whose course they had run many times before. The law of cycles applies also to races; for, though the lifetime of a race is much greater than that of an individual, it is still finite and measurable. Races pass through infancy, maturity and senility; the world does not move along a single straight line. Humanity has been young many times, and old many times; that is, different races of humanity have been young and old, each in its own appointed time.

The serpent is a very prolific symbol, and stands for many things not germane to our present subject; for the present we consider him as (in the words of *The Secret Doctrine*) "the type of consecutive or serial rejuvenation, of IMMORTALITY and TIME." (I, 404). Its coiled form represents a spiral curve. Often he is represented with his tail in his mouth, to symbolize the return of cycles. Death is rebirth into a new life; the end of one cycle is the beginning of the next. The law of cycles is one of the most important Theosophical teachings; it means eternal hope, the perpetual renewal of youth. It is calculated to obviate the pessimism of some modern philosophies. Taking advantage of this law of nature, and availing ourselves of our divine-human will, it is in our power to practise this eternal renewal and to be reborn again and again from within by our own aspirations and resolve. This is the meaning of Easter. In the church ritual the somber draperies of Good Friday are cast aside for the joyous celebrations of Easter Sunday, just as we should then cast off our slough (like a serpent) and stand up in the glory of our newly-generated inner life.

Coluber. . . .
 Frigida sub terra tumidum quem bruma tegebat,
 Nunc, positis novus exuviis nitidusque juvena.

Scientific people have regarded the universe as a machine which is gradually running down like a clock and will eventually become exhausted. Yet even some scientific men have imagined the possibility of the universe winding itself up again. As a complement to their theory of the running-down of the universe, they have their theories of the formation of new worlds out of cosmic substance, such as the nebular hypothesis and other competing theories of planetary creation. Thus we have on the one side universes resolving themselves into inert matter, and on the other hand we have inert matter building itself up again into universes. This idea is quite in accord with the law of cycles as recognised by Theosophy, except that science states it in more mechanical terms. The eternal life passes through successive periods of active manifestation and of sleep. So here again we have the symbol of the serpent, the spiral curve, representing — that immutable law of Nature which is ETERNAL MOTION, cyclic and spiral, therefore progressive even in its seeming retrogression. (II, 84)

The Christian Savior, whether regarded as man or as the Logos, may be said to have saved man from eternal death by preaching anew the doctrine of the divine birth in man of that Wisdom which descends from above; but we must remember that other religions have their God-inspired Saviors and Teachers; and that a belief in the existence of such divinely-inspired Teachers or Initiates has been common to all times and climes. The doctrine is, in fact, an essential part of the Wisdom-Religion. To quote from *The Secret Doctrine*:

There is an eternal cyclic law of rebirths, and the series is headed at every new Manvantaric dawn by those who had enjoyed their rest from reincarnations in previous Kalpas for incalculable AEONS — by the highest and the earliest Nirvâṇis. It was the turn of those 'Gods' to incarnate in the present Manvantara; hence their presence on Earth, and the ensuing allegories. (II, 242)

Modern speculation often reasons in a circle by supposing first that the human race is inspired by great geniuses, and second that these great geniuses are produced merely by the casual interaction of the various elements of character present in the race itself. Humanity would soon run down if this were the case. Periodic inspiration from without is necessary. And this comes, as we see, from the reincarnating of great Souls who have been through all the experiences of terrestrial life in former cycles, and who in this cycle reincarnated and appear as inspired men, geniuses, saviors, teachers. This doctrine is a frequent subject of mytholo-

gy for what is more familiar to students of mythology than the descent of Gods into human form, generally allegorized as a union with a mortal virgin. Such myths, translated literally, may become monstrosities, and cause scholars with more learning than humor to descant on the alleged immorality of the ancient gods. But, understood better, they point to the reincarnation of great Souls in normal and natural human births. Theorists can tell us much concerning the physical processes of generation and birth; but what right have they to dogmatize on a subject of which they know so little as that of the incarnation of the Soul into the human form that is generated at birth? From this doctrine we learn that a human Soul has not merely the prospect of attaining wisdom through experiences in the cycles of rebirth, but that, after that has been accomplished, it is his destiny to incarnate yet again as a Teacher for younger races yet unborn. The allegory of the God-made man, through the power of compassion and the desire to help and redeem, is an allegory familiar to the ages, though it has often been narrowed down into theological dogmas.

The Phoenix is a mythological bird which is burned to ashes but springs up again therefrom; or, in another version, the corpse of the expiring Phoenix generates a worm from which proceeds the new young bird. In any case it is an emblem of rebirth and regeneration. That the Phoenix represents one or other of the larger cycles of time is shown by the length of years variously ascribed to the life of the bird: he is most frequently said to renew himself every 500 years; but 1461 years is the cycle named in one of the versions, and 7006 in another. Perhaps learned people may recognise these figures. But the Phoenix is recorded by the ancient historians to have actually appeared at certain stated dates, as for instance (according to Tacitus) it appeared under Sesostris, then under Amasis, again under Ptolemy III, and once more in 34 A.D. The phoenix is described by Tacitus as a symbol of the sun. It is believed by many that the sun indicates not only the day and the year, but longer cycles too. Of course we are aware of the precessional cycle of 26,000 years; but there are smaller cycles within this. If so, the continual rebirth of the Phoenix would indicate the recurrence of these solar cycles, with the changes they would bring with them. The Hindûs have the same emblem in their Garuda, and the Egyptians in the Bennu. The Hebrews have it in Onech, where the etymology is evidently the same; and the Turks in Kerkes. In all these cases it designates a racial cycle; the Turkish Kerkes lives a thousand years, after which it is consumed and reborn.

The symbol of the Ark, as used in connexion with floods, is another symbol of rebirth. It is very frequent and by no means exclusive to Christianity. For instance, H. P. Blavatsky speaks of the Chaldaean and Mosaic allegory of the Ark as among the many national versions of

the original legend given in the Hindû scriptures; and mentions the same story, as occurring in the *Vendidad* of the Mazdeans, as being another version. The following quotation is given from the *Vendidad*:

"Thither [that is, into the Ark] thou shalt bring the *seeds of men and women*, of the greatest, best, and finest kinds on this earth; thither thou shalt bring the seeds of every kind of cattle. . . all these seeds shalt thou bring, two of every kind, to be kept *inexhaustible there*, so long as those shall stay in the Ark."— *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 290-1.

Another quotation says:

The Ark, in which are preserved the germs of all living things necessary to repeople the earth, represents the survival of life, and the supremacy of spirit over matter, through the conflict of the opposing powers of nature. (*The Secret Doctrine*, II, 461, quoted from *Isis Unveiled*)

The *Popol Vuh*, the sacred book of the Quichés of Mexico, describes how the gods, irritated by man's irreverence, resolved to destroy him, and how a great flood came.

We shall find in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* a summary of deluge stories by the Rev. T. K. Cheyne, the well-known Biblical scholar. He begins with the Babylonians and quotes the version of Berosus, who relates that the god Kronos appeared to King Xisuthrus in a dream and warned him of the coming deluge. The thrice-repeated letting out of birds from the ark is mentioned and at last the ark is grounded on a mountain. Turning to Egypt, he refers to a story in an inscription of the time of Seti I, according to which Ra, the Creator, disgusted with the insolence of mankind, resolves to exterminate them. In India the myth exists in several forms; in Greece there appear to have been several flood-stories, of which the best known is of course that of Deucalion and Pyrrha. As to America we read this:

America, which abounds in cosmogonies, is naturally not deficient in deluge-stories. Mr. Catlin says that amongst 120 different tribes that he has visited in North and South and Central America, not a tribe exists that has not related to him distinct or vague traditions of such a calamity, in which one or three or eight persons were saved above the waters on the top of a high mountain.

The memory of the last deluge seems to have graven itself deeply on the mind of humanity, not only as an actual historical event, but also as a symbol of rebirth. In it we see the whole process accomplished: the destruction of the moribund accumulations — the human society that had fallen into corruption — and the preservation of that which was good, the immortal human seed, in a sacred vessel which floated on the waters of destruction and gave rise to a new human race. And so in death our

outworn personality with its memories and our decayed body are removed, but the immortal seed is borne on the waters of oblivion, thence to be reborn.


To encumber this paper with masses of erudition illustrating the myths of rebirth is not our purpose, and it will be far better to dwell upon the meaning to be extracted from the symbols. And the lesson for us here and now is one of renewed hope and joy. For the plan of the universe is the same in the greatest and in the least — this is one of the great principles of Occultism. Hence that law of rejuvenation which applies to vast cycles of racial history, applies also to the little moments that make up your life and mine. The Elixir of Life is a famous quest of the alchemists; and while I believe there probably are some potions having wonderful powers in prolonging life, it is the symbolic meaning that concerns us most at present. The Elixir of Life is that 'Vital Spark of Heavenly Flame' which dies not with the dying cells of brain and body; it is that Heaven wherein we are bidden lay up our treasure; it is those waters whereon we must cast our bread, that we may find it again after many days. It is never too late to mend. The man or woman of fifty years, whose youth is spent, can renew it by faith in this great law of the perpetual youth of the Soul, and can learn to look upon this life as but a day, rounded out by a sleep from which a glad awakening will come to a new day. Prisoner in your cell, take yourself a new lease of life and hope; bury your past in the flood-waters of oblivion and breed a new life from the untarnished seed within your heart. The ever-burning lamp of the alchemists is another symbol of perpetual life. It was hidden in a windless cave, and there doubtless it should be sought, by him who has power to still the winds that blow and ruffle the mirror of the mind. Happy is he whose light comes from within, and who is not dependent on outside sources.

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HOLD fast in silence to all that is your own, for you will need it in the fight but never, never desire to get knowledge or power for any other purpose than to give it on the altar, for thus alone can it be saved to you.—*W. Q. Judge*

IN EGYPTIAN TEMPLES: by Fred. J. Dick, M. Inst. C. E.

I — THE JUDGMENT HALL OF OSIRIS

E live in an age not altogether free from superstition, whether in science, archaeology, theology or philosophy; and indeed it almost dominates the educational systems in vogue in our universities, and hence influences prejudicially our unbrotherly civilization. One of the superstitions evident in our modern scholastic systems and their text-books is that we have caught sight of 'primitive man,' and that we are nothing but animals who have acquired a limited capacity for intellection. The ethical results of a few decades of such teaching should be sufficiently obvious now to all, and need not be dwelt upon.

For more than forty years Theosophy has once again been proclaiming the potential divinity within man, the great truths of Karma and Reincarnation, the essential solidarity of humanity, and the spiral lines of ascent and descent to which various races are subject; and has proved the fundamental relation between the spiritual aspects of man and the universe — conclusively proved these great truths to those who have earnestly studied the teachings of the three great teachers, H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley.

Yet when we turn to some of the latest recensions of Egyptian literature and history we find writers still accepting emblems and symbols literally, calling some of them primitive 'totems,' or 'fetishes,' or mistaking a phrase like "I ate my heir" in the *Book of the Dead* (as it is erroneously called) for some kind of cannibalism, instead of being, as it really is, a playful metaphoric allusion to a certain correlation of forces. Thus, in spite of the sublimity, judiciously veiled, to be found in those Egyptian texts, it happens that in English translations the wrong psychology of soulless materialism frequently obtrudes itself, notwithstanding the sincere and scholarly efforts of some of the best Egyptologists to be fair and impartial in their renderings of many mysterious passages in the *Book of the Dead*.

In a recent lecture of this series on ancient astronomy in Egypt, reference was made to the Ethiopians, and to an Eastern king, Manu-Vina, or Mena. Professor Huxley wrote, in *Macmillan's* of May 1883, that there were no peoples "who resembled the Egyptians except the Dravidian tribes of central India and the Australians; I have been long inclined to think," he wrote, "on purely physical grounds, that the latter are the lowest, and the Egyptians the highest, members of a race of mankind of great antiquity, distinct alike from Aryan and Turanian on the one side, and from Negro and Negrito, on the other."

Commenting on this, H. P. Blavatsky wrote in *The Theosophist* of September 1883,

On the exoteric authority of Herodotus, and the esoteric authority of the occult sciences we have shown in *Isis Unveiled* that the Abyssinians (though a mixed race at present) and the Egyptians were what Herodotus calls the Eastern Ethiopians who had come from Southern India and colonized Egypt and a part of Africa — most of them having inhabited Lankâ, not the present Ceylon; when the latter was part and parcel of the Indian continent, and when many more islands like Ceylon extended south and formed part of the Aryan's Lankâ of the *Râmâyana*. And though the Egyptians did not belong to the Fourth Race, yet they were Atlanteans whose islands perished still earlier than Poseidonis.

Thus the Egyptians were heirs not only to the astronomical knowledge transmitted to the Fifth Race from the highest civilizations of Atlantean times, but also to their esoteric knowledge of cosmogenesis and anthropogenesis. As has been repeatedly pointed out in Theosophical literature, while the forms and methods of instruction varied, the essential teachings of the archaic Wisdom-Religion were ever the same. The deeper teachings were imparted differently in the different Schools of the 'Secret Wisdom,' as the Babylonians called it. There were the trans-Himâlayan, the Chinese, the Egyptian, the ancient Peruvian, as well as the early European Schools. In most of them, and certainly in ancient Egypt, cosmic and human evolution was dramatized in such manner as to impress the mind with the main outlines, doubtless as a preliminary to more direct ways of ascending to what we should ordinarily in these days regard as quite superhuman knowledge. The most profound secrecy was maintained, and unlawful divulgence of the deeper mysteries of being and even of chronology was said to have been worthy of death. This, however, would lead to misconception unless we remember that it is Nature herself who furnishes the extinguisher, and not any arbitrary exercise of merely human authority, if the candidate were not worthy and well qualified.

Underlying the superstition of our time in regard to 'primitive man' is ignorance of the truth that in every great cycle of objectivized universal life and mind, there are always at the outset hierarchies of beings on a high plane of nature, heirs to all possible knowledge acquired in prior cycles, and themselves re-emanated from, though still in essence one with the Supreme. Thus all kingdoms of the Ever-Becoming, in each new great cycle, seem on the objective side (which in ancient metaphysics included mind itself) to be mainly ascending — whereas in truth they all live into and build upon that which already is. These results, however, by no means reach the physical worlds simultaneously. When certain stages are attained, higher and subtler powers enter in and control. The main outline is sketched in H. P. Blavatsky's epochal work, *The Secret Doctrine*.

The point to be noted at present is that every race had its Divine Instructors, who in varying degrees and with different methods of work

appear from time to time, and in truth are ever present within the higher soul-life of humanity — wherever the lure of sensation and unbridled selfishness has not wholly extinguished the inner flame of divinity. And lest there should still be misapprehension, we should bear in mind that such Teachers, whether in China, Egypt or Peru, were not and are not sentimentalists and dreamers, but were those who brought to man knowledge of various arts and crafts, sciences, philosophy, and above all the Science of Life, or the Art of Living.

Now it happens that the collection of writings known as '*The Book of the Dead*' is something more than "a collection of writings drawn up for the use of dead kings, nobles, priests and others." *Pert-em-Hru* has been variously rendered, 'coming forth by day,' 'coming forth into light,' etc. And as it, or portions of it, in all likelihood often became mere ritual for some, especially in later times, doubtless either of these renderings fairly covers the ground. Studied in the light of Theosophy, however, the meaning of the words *Pert-em-Hru* as a description of the subject-matter could well be amplified, because these writings shine with a light at once above and beyond all ritual, and pertain rather to the 'coming forth into the light' of conscious immortality by those who conquered themselves, and in such manner as to pervade their subsequent 'resurrections,' 'rebirths' or *reincarnations* upon earth.

Far back in 'pre-dynastic' ages these texts, or many of them, began to be written down in pyramid, mastaba or sarcophagus when it was foreseen that knowledge of the Greater Mysteries of life and death, as preserved in the Egyptian School of them, was destined to suffer gradual eclipse, and when glyph and symbol were resorted to as an aid in their preservation. Even then they were both sacred and secret for a long time, until their form was so altered and adapted as to conceal from the profane the profound meanings hidden beneath the hawks, ibises, phoenixes, etc. Thus in course of long ages an actual ritual, or rather a succession of them, belonging to different stages, became perfected; surrounded in some cases — as in the interior structure of the Great Pyramid — by the most thrilling grandeur of environment, adapted for more or less progressive orders of experience and inner poise, and also for those gradations which probably required as an aid special conditions responsive to or permeable by particular subtle forces.

In the dramas of cosmic and human evolution the Judgment Hall of Osiris was one of the stages symbolically enacted; and we are thus enabled to appreciate in some degree the thoroughly impersonal character of the experiences participated in. On the one hand the candidate or neophyte represented humanity; and on the other Osirification identified the inmost Self (Osiris) of that humanity with the supreme and ineffable source of all

life and consciousness. Thus it was not the fate in 'the other world' of the chancellor Ani, or whoever it was, which was the paramount consideration at any stage, but rather the glorious destiny of the *divine in humanity* which was ever the theme.

History shows that in all countries the human mind is prone to personify in its own ways the manifold beauty and grandeur of the manifesting powers and principles in Nature, even up to the highest conceivable. Parable, allegory, and emblematic figures — whether carved in diorite or alabaster, painted on temple walls and columns, or embodied in epic and poetic form — were natural and inevitable ways for the fire of genius to express outwardly things which otherwise might be too abstruse to be properly apprehended by the cold light of undeveloped intellect. For the intellect cannot by itself live into and realize them.

Hence arose the need for dramatic representation. It was through drama, assisted, as Katherine Tingley has said, by the grander harmonies of music, and participated in by the neophyte, that the living realities were impressed on the re-awakening higher consciousness. He had to live and move among the emblems and personifications, the trials and pitfalls, and learn how to approach and conduct himself in the presence of one or another personified deity or amid each combination of events. A vivid realization of the meanings would impinge on his higher intelligence.

And so in the Greater Mysteries of Life and Death, whether 'taken by violence,' or finally mastered after weary cycles of rebirth, one lives in a Drama where all these principles and stages have themselves to be encountered and conquered. As when, for instance, a neophyte is called upon by his own higher nature to pass the Seven Portals mentioned in the third section of *The Voice of the Silence* — a little work by H. P. Blavatsky, consisting of her recension of some extracts from an ancient Eastern collection of writings entitled *The Book of the Golden Precepts*. He must 'know the name' of each portal, to use the expressive language of the *Book of the Dead*. Which hardly means looking up the word in a pocket dictionary. But it does imply the having realized and finally transcended that particular quality in inner Nature. Then only does he 'know the name' of it; and only then can he pass beyond it. In the *Book of the Dead*, to 'know the name' of a doorway or pylon had a deep scientific, as well as metaphysical meaning; and of a sort far removed from the easy superficiality and intellectual pragmatism of modern days.

Thus the papyri associated with particular mummies often referred to experiences he or she had passed through either consciously and actually on inner planes of nature, or symbolically in temple, pyramid or crypt. In some of the former cases there may have been a seeming death of the physical for a time. The age of the individual, when referred to, was usu-

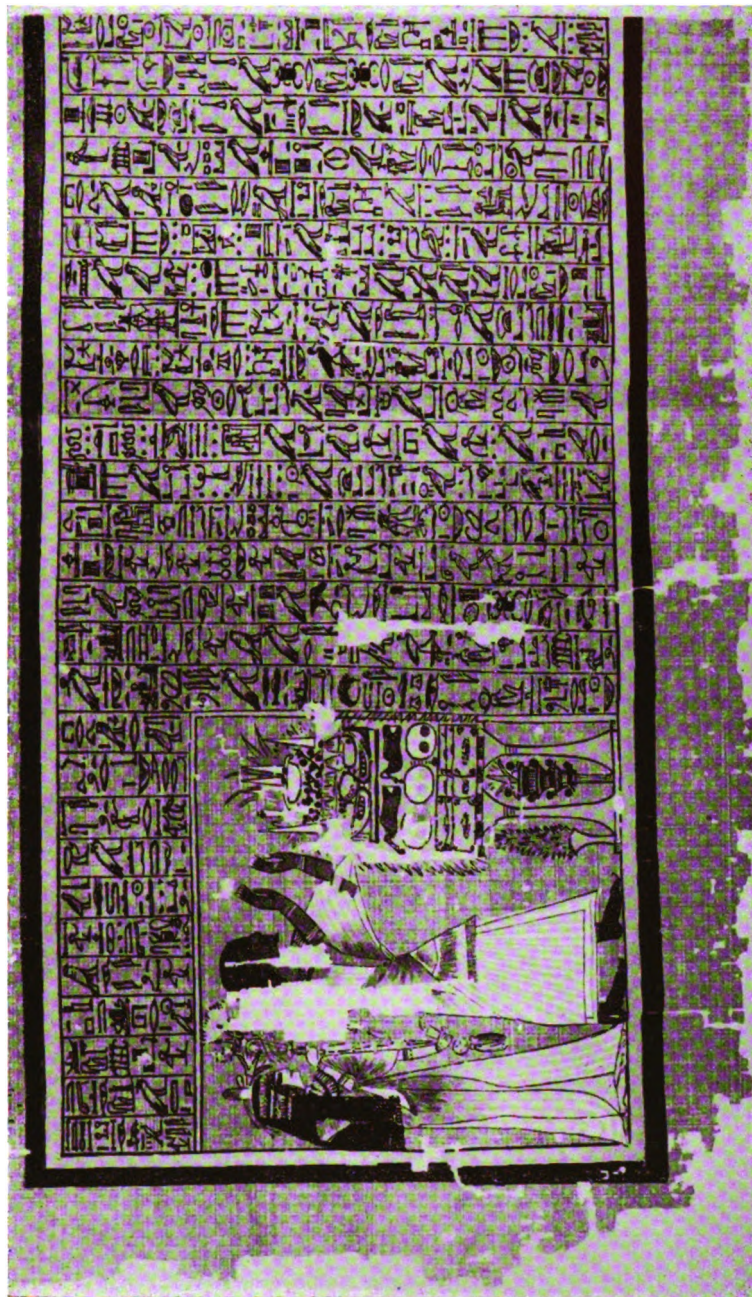
ally reckoned from the time of some important initiation, when the neophyte, no matter how exalted, was said to have been 'reborn.' Moreover the death, burial and resurrection of Osiris, which formed part of the Mysteries, had more than one significance. For it predicated both the cycles of reincarnation, and also the descent into matter and the reascent back to the purely spiritual essence of the rays which originally emanated from the Supreme. Real Osirification could only occur after numerous cycles of existences on earth. The ancient Egyptian teachers in the temples never entertained the philosophical absurdity of imagining that all problems and adjustments of right and wrong in the universe could be solved in one short life of seventy or a hundred years.

Already in the XVIIIth dynasty many of the lofty conceptions which surrounded the noble Mysteries of Antiquity were gradually beginning to be lost sight of, although Amenhetep IV (or Khu-en-Aten) made a splendid effort to restore their Theosophy among the people. Yet they remained guarded by a very few down to the time of the Persian conquest of Egypt, after which the keys began to disappear one by one, and finally to be lost — for Egypt, but not for humanity.

The early Egyptian teachers possessed the most sublime conceptions (not to mention actual knowledge) of the grandeur and beauty of the different planes of life and consciousness hidden within the universe, and of the corresponding divine possibilities concealed within man. The primeval indestructible and immortal nature of the soul — beginningless and endless — was a cardinal belief: shown, among hundreds of instances, by the inscription on the cover of the sarcophagus of Men-kau-Ra (the reputed builder of the Third Pyramid at Gizeh) now in the British Museum. It reads:

*Hail! Men-kau-Ra, living for ever, born of Heaven, conceived in
the mystery of celestial space, heir to earthly life, existing as a god—
Men-kau-Ra, living for ever.*

In regard to the gods of Egypt, the pure teachings were identical with those of the East: as when, for example, in the somewhat ecclesiastical *Bṛihadâraṇyaka-Upanishad*, in reply to repeated questions respecting the number of the gods, Yâjñavalkya replies first, thirty-three crores; then thirty-three; then six; then three; then two; then one and a half; and finally One, the last utterly transcending all human power of comprehension. It is through the emanations or radiations of the Supreme and Unnameable, or rather, through their aspects, that the human mind can alone approach the subject. Western theology, having unphilosophically rejected the idea of emanations, and replaced them with the direct conscious creations of angels and the rest out of nothing, finds itself



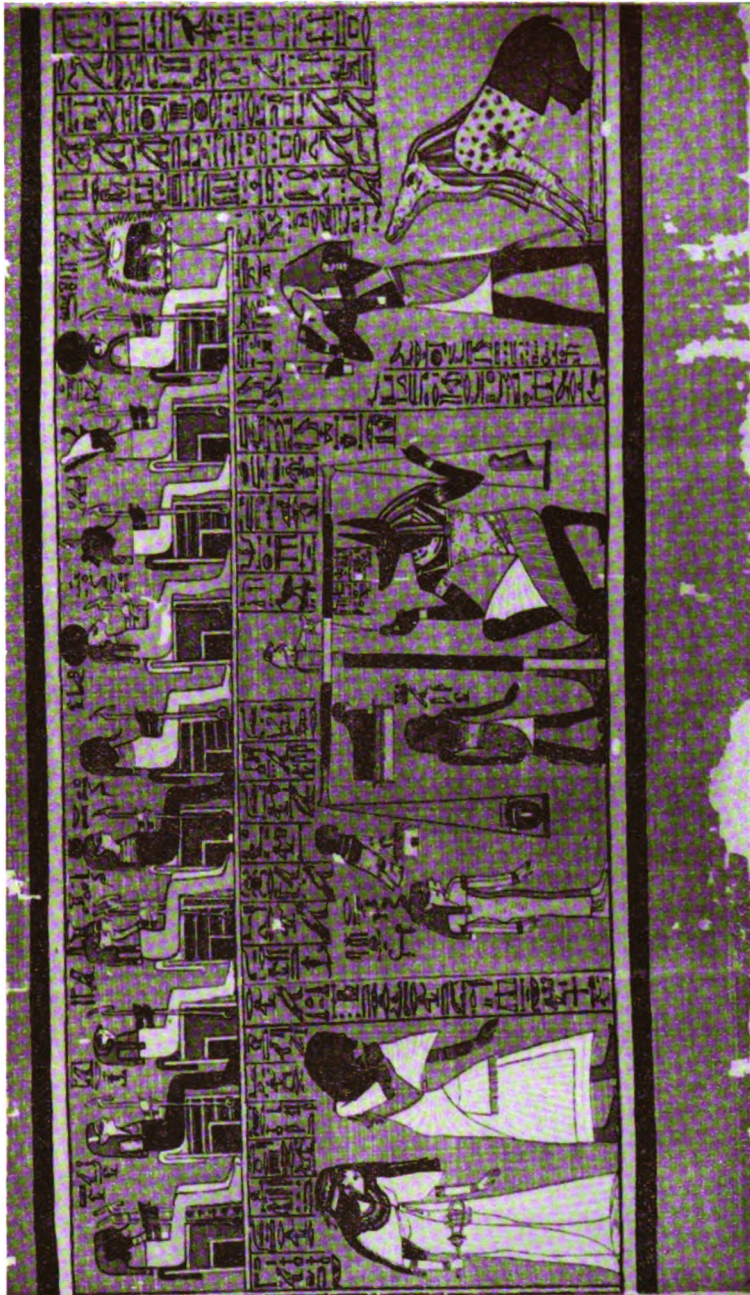
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INVOCATION TO RA, THE SPIRITUAL SUN
(Papyrus of Ani, British Museum)



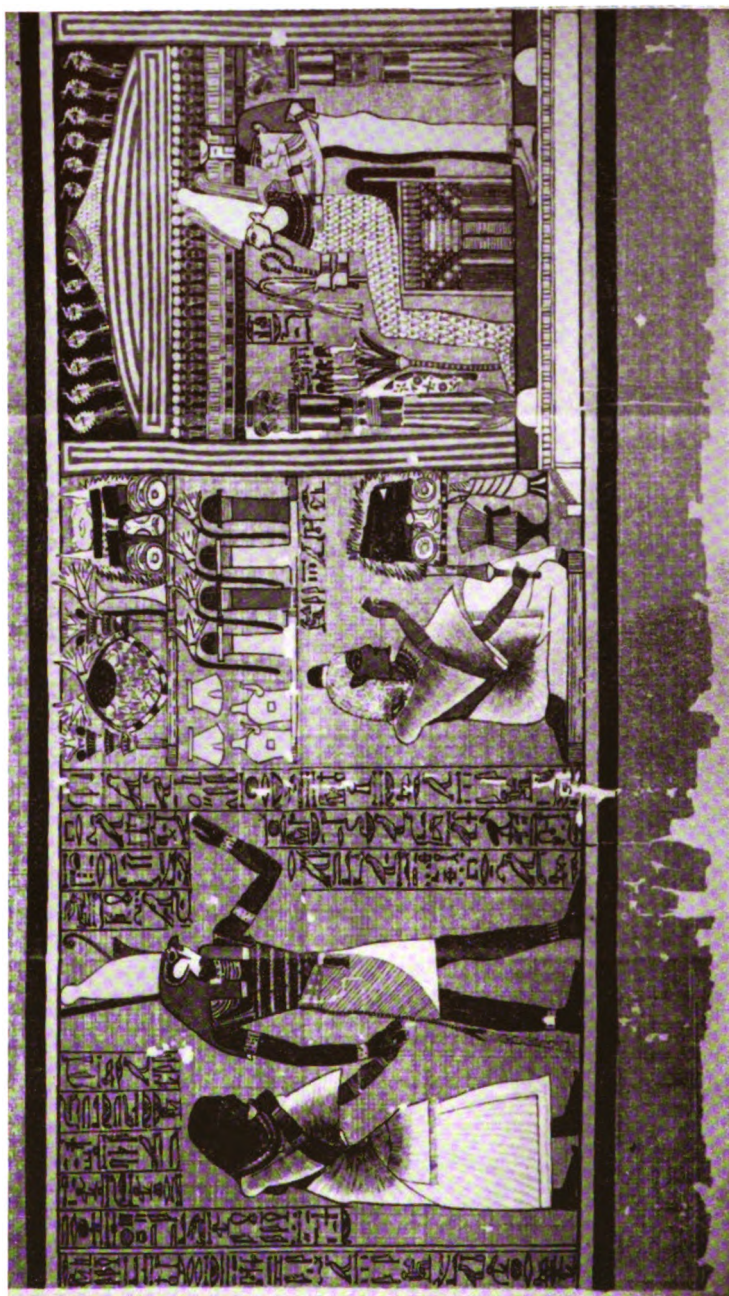
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INVOCATION TO ASAR, THE BENEFICENT
(Papyrus of Ani, British Museum)



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JUDGMENT HALL OF ASAR
(Papyrus of Ani, British Museum)



Lomeland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

JUDGMENT HALL OF ASAR (CONTINUED)
(Papyrus of Ani, British Museum)

stranded between supernaturalism and materialism. But the ancient Egyptians united to profound philosophy the keenest metaphysical perception, and much more besides. Some writers have begun to recognise this, and no longer imagine that, except for the profane, the gods of Egypt were mere personifications of various *objective* phenomena of nature. On the contrary, these phenomena were regarded as themselves but complex emblems of definite creative-emanative hierarchies — identification with which hierarchies, or even the transcending of them, lay within the scope and destiny of the human race.

Deliberate mistranslation led to the Hebrew word *Asdt* being rendered 'angels' in the Septuagint, when it really meant Emanations or Aeons, precisely as with the Gnostics. But in *Deuteronomy* (xxxiii, 2) *asdt* or *ashdt* is translated 'fiery law,' when it should be '*a fire according to the law,*' which is precisely emanation.

In short, the old teachers of Egypt knew that nothing can be *evolved*, born, or assume objective shape — be it plant, animal, or man plus his intelligent soul and Higher Ego — except it be first *involved* from different noumenal planes.

The papyrus of Ani, in the British Museum, is roughly about 3500 years old, and is perhaps the most beautiful example of the kind so far discovered. Ani was a chancellor of the revenues and endowments of the temples of Thebes and Abydos about the time of what we call the XVIIIth Dynasty. In his recent valuable work* Dr. E. A. Wallis Budge says, quoting Dr. Edouard Naville, that the most moderate estimate makes certain sections of the '*Book of the Dead*' to be contemporaneous with the foundation of the civilization which we call Egyptian in the valley of the Nile. And Dr. Budge immediately adds that "to fix a chronological limit to the arts and civilization of Egypt is absolutely impossible." From what has already been mentioned about Ceylon and Lankâ, clearly we have here an interesting problem for geology to solve.

One of the sections, for example, estimated as of unknown antiquity, is the one beginning:

I AM YESTERDAY, AND I KNOW TOMORROW. . . .

The numbering adopted for convenience of reference and comparison of the various texts — whether on pyramid, sarcophagus or papyrus — is, as Egyptologists well know, that of Dr. Lepsius as applied to the Turin papyrus. The section just referred to is numbered LXIV, and is not included in the papyrus of Ani. It was *discovered* in the reign of Hesepti (or Senti) about 6180 years ago, at Hermopolis, written *in letters of lapis-lazuli inlaid upon a block of alabaster*.

**The Book of the Dead: the Papyrus of Ani*. — London, 1913

According to the Westcar papyrus, the finder of the block was a learned man who brought to King Khufu a sage 110 years old who was able to join again to its living body an animal's head which had been cut off; who possessed power over lions; and who was acquainted with the Mysteries of Thoth. He made demonstrations of his powers before Khufu. According to Chabas, this section or 'Chapter' LXIV is "a kind of synopsis of the texts now called *The Book of the Dead*," and was twenty-four centuries ago regarded as extremely ancient, and very difficult to understand.

The hieroglyphs in a mastaba at Sakkâra, which are cut in relief, are of unknown antiquity, but are attributed to the 'first dynasty,' a convenient and elastic term. There is ample evidence to show that a number of sections of '*The Book of the Dead*,' such as the XVIIth, were in use during the earliest known dynasties, and must have belonged in reality to 'pre-dynastic' times.

The 'Pyramid Texts' prove that each section was originally a separate and independent composition, written with a specific object; and that it might find place in any order of a series of similar texts. The Pyramid Texts, being the older, represent what is known as the Heliopolitan recension. Some of the sections, as for instance those with the rubrics:

RETENTION OF THE DIVINITY WITHIN THE HEART.

ADORATION OF THE REGENERATIVE FIRE.

PERFECTING THE DIVINE FORM IN THE HEART, AND MASTERING
OF THE FIRES.

belong to what is known as Hermetic literature, although the books of Thoth-Hermes are supposed to be lost. Thoth-Hermes, as an incarnation, was 'Lord of Divine Speech.' Thoth-Hermes also stood for Kosmic Ideation, or the directing intelligence within the manifested universe.

The last section referred to is one of the most metaphysical, being said to "*make him to know how he came into being in the beginning, and to have power AMONG THE GODS.*" The intrusion of such words as 'cakes and ale' seems humorous, if not out of place, but in reality it may be but a veiled way of referring to the mode in which ethereal entities are involved in ultra-atomic vestures. H. P. Blavatsky threw some light on this in her article on the transmigrations of the life-atoms, written in 1881. One cannot withhold admiration for those who have devoted their lives to the arduous decipherment of these old texts, following in the footsteps of Young, Champollion, Lepsius and their successors. But when we become more awake to the original meanings within these old texts — which one may opine were sometimes arranged in a special way — the foundation which those workers have laid will have permitted the erection of an edifice more in accord with the original ideas.

Before coming to the scene of the Psychostasia, or Judgment Hall, we must consider what was included or signified by the term Osiris. All is Fire in its ultimate constitution, in the ancient teaching. Many aspects of fire were known, and not merely speculated about. Hence it becomes important to examine the etymology of the word corresponding to Osiris in the Egyptian tongue.

We talk of the creative fire of genius, and in the objective world we recognise at least four kinds of fire, namely, heat, flame, electricity and radio-activity. But the Spirit, beyond what our ordinary and very limited five senses perceive as manifested Nature, is the fiery BREATH in its absolute unity. Thus the primeval names of the gods are all connected with fire — from *Agni*, the Aryan, to the Jewish god who "is a consuming fire." In Sanskrit, *Ash* or *Ush* is fire or heat. In Hebrew *aza* means to illuminate, and *asha* means fire. In Irish, *Aesar* was the name of an ancient god, meaning to kindle a fire (not physical). Finally, the transliteration of the Egyptian word for 'Osiris' is precisely *Asar* (with a dot over each *a*), or *Ysyrr*, which also corresponds to the *Asura* of the Vedas.

Thus we can discern something of the meaning of the legend about Osiris, where it says that he is the son of Seb (celestial fire), and of Neith, primordial spirit-substance and infinite space. H. P. Blavatsky wrote:

This shows Osiris as the self-existent and self-created god, the first manifesting deity (our third Logos), identical with Ahura Mazda and other 'First Causes.' For as Ahura Mazda is one with, or the synthesis of, the Amshaspendas, so Osiris, the collective unit, when differentiated and personified, becomes Typhon, his brother, Isis and Nephthys his sisters, Horus his son, and his other aspects.

The four chief aspects of Osiris were — Osiris-Ptah (Light), the spiritual aspect; Osiris-Horus (Mind), the intelligent or *manasic* aspect; Osiris-Lunus, the 'Lunar' or psychic aspect; and Osiris-Typhon, the physical, material, and therefore passionate turbulent aspect. In these four aspects he symbolizes the dual Ego — the divine and the human, the cosmico-spiritual and the terrestrial.

Of the many supreme gods, this Egyptian conception is the most suggestive and the grandest, as it embraces the whole range of physical and metaphysical thought. Though his name is the 'Ineffable,' his forty-two attributes bore each one of his names, and his *seven dual* aspects completed the forty-nine (fires). Thus the god is blended in man, and the man is deified into a god.

According to the legend supposed to refer to an incarnation of Osiris, as one of the 'Saviors' or Teachers of the world, he suffered death and burial, his body being cut into *fourteen* pieces; and after three days he rose again and 'ascended into heaven.'

Among other meanings, this refers not only to the Seven Principles in man, but also to the Seven 'Days' of Creation, of which the Fourth (the

present great Round) is the lowest arc of descent: the ascent or return occupying three more of such 'Days.'

Having indicated thus briefly some of the principal meanings underlying the terms Osiris, Horus and Typhon, let us glance at the other *dramatis personae* in the allegorical Judgment Hall of Osiris, as portrayed in the Ani papyrus.

Anubis, 'son of Horus,' represented by a human figure with the head of a jackal — an animal that roams in the material darkness of night — is the psychopompic deity to whom the dead or figuratively dead were entrusted, to be led by him to Osiris. Horus, divine intelligence, has been temporarily beclouded by contact with the animal effluvia of matter, hence the symbolism. Anubis is the *aspect*, so to say, which Horus presents to the ascending entity. The real Horus is enshrined within, and therefore Anubis is a safe guide. In other words, the Higher Ego must be the guide, even though the personal mind is unable fully to grasp Its real nature, ere terrestrial illusions have begun to fade.

Towards the right, Thoth-Hermes is seen recording the result of the trial. When Hermes has the head of an ibis, as here, he is the sacred scribe of the gods; but even then he should wear the *atef* crown and the lunar disc, in allusion to the higher aspect of that subtle ethereal substance (unknown to modern science) wherein all is recorded.

Behind Thoth is Aman, or Ammit, or Amemit, an aspect of Typhon — the turbulent or demon nature — shown as part crocodile, part lion, and part hippopotamus. It stands ready to devour the one who fails. *Aman* recalls the Sanskrit word *Amanasa*, meaning 'the mindless.' For if the animal be permitted to rule, man risks loss of his divine birthright, his higher mind, conscience or real impersonal Self.

At the Weighing of the Heart the goddess Shai, representing Karma, is behind the neophyte, attended by two other goddesses, Renenit, good and ill fortune (often confounded with Karma), and Meskhenet, supposed to preside over birth into a new life on any plane of consciousness.

The central feature is the Balance, a symbol as beautiful as profound. For it penetrates through all kingdoms of Nature, even to the highest conceivable. The divine *Kumâras* who refused to incarnate in nascent humanity, had their part in preserving the balance, equally with the *Promethean* Kumâras — the 'fallen angels' who did descend in order to endow man with an immortal nature; and who took upon themselves the aeonian suffering which the act entailed.

Anubis sees to it that the pointer hangs exactly plumb, for in one scale-pan lies the Heart, and in the other the Feather, betokening divine truth. Were the Heart drawn too much earthward, the balance would be lost: materiality has too great a hold upon the soul, and there would be

danger of loss of the higher intelligence within, which is the real man, the eternal pilgrim. On the other hand, were the Heart too strongly attracted heavenward, the sacred duty of service to mankind — the great orphan — would begin to be lost sight of: a kind of spiritual selfishness would supervene, and the true purpose of reincarnation, altruistic and ennobling work among men, might fail of its end.

Let us turn to the introductory scene in the papyrus of Ani. The Ka's, or inner selves, of the neophyte and his companion stand before an altar and utter a hymn of adoration to the Supreme, Osiris-Ra — represented by Osiris attended by Isis and Nephthys. This sets the keynote of the whole, for the altar is laden with the fruits and flowers of the earth. Gratitude and devotion! One is reminded of a passage in the ninth chapter of the *Bhagavad-Gītā*, where Osiris-Krishna is made to say:

I accept and enjoy the offerings of the humble soul who in his worship with a pure heart offereth a leaf, a flower, or fruit, or water unto me.

Translations of Ani's invocation possibly fail to do it full justice.

Next we have the concluding part of the Judgment scene, wherein Horus conducts the neophyte into the presence of Osiris, who is again shown attended by, and one with, Isis and Nephthys.

Isis denotes fundamentally the same abstract and incognisable aspect of the Supreme as *Aditi* in the Vedas. She is the transcendental vehicle of infinite creative potency — the Great Mother, or personified Nature on *noumenal* planes.

Nephthys, her sister, is Isis as viewed from the *terrestrial* plane, hence she weeps for Osiris-Prometheus, whose divinity is or has been submerged in material life.

The 'four children of Horus,' as they are called, are seen issuing from a lotus in front of Osiris. Popularly they were supposed to preside over the four cardinal points. But it should be remembered that with the Egyptians all their gods were dual — the scientific reality for the Sanctuary; its double, the fabulous and mythical entity, for the masses. For instance, the older Horus was the *Idea* of the world remaining in the demi-urgic mind "born in Darkness before the creation of the world"; the second Horus was the same *Idea* going forth, becoming clothed with matter and assuming an actual existence. Thus the four 'Children of Horus' correspond to the four 'Immortals' mentioned in the *Atharva-Veda* as guardians of the 'four quarters' of the sky. They are said to be mystically connected with Karma, the Law of Retribution. So also are the forty-two Assessors in the Judgment Hall, but in a different way.

Here the neophyte is seen kneeling on one knee, forming with the limbs a figure resembling the swastika. In an order of symbolism which largely

transcends time and space, we need not assume that the whitened hair now shown on the head of Ani has aught to do with the age of the physical body. Rather it is an eloquent emblem of the sufferings we have to undergo before our divinity becomes unveiled to the inner eye — the Eye of Horus.

The CXXVth section, containing what is known as the 'Negative Confession,' belongs to the Psychostasia, and is embellished likewise with some interesting symbolism, which along with other portions of the same papyrus, will be considered in a subsequent lecture.

If it is now beginning to be possible to have glimpses of the profundity and beauty of much in the '*Book of the Dead*' and other Egyptian texts, this appears to be due to several causes. In the first place, probably the time is nearly ripe for the effort. Secondly, the works of three generations of enthusiastic Egyptologists has made it possible. And thirdly, many of the keys have been placed in our hands by the founder of the modern Theosophical Movement, H. P. Blavatsky; and also by her successors, W. Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley. Both volumes of *The Secret Doctrine* contain so much of importance regarding Egyptian religions, literature and symbolism, that having in mind the extensive works of the Egyptologists and the further discoveries which perhaps lie in the near future, there will be altogether enough material to command the attention of Theosophical archaeologists for a century. One thing is fairly certain, that as enthusiasm augments, the light thrown by Theosophy and its teachers will increase likewise, and something of the *spiritual dignity* of old Egypt will reach the world.

Meanwhile let us conclude with a brief extract from an old Greco-Egyptian *Dirge for the Dead in Life* — applicable, possibly, to such as elect to take heaven by violence. Although the words may not as yet have been deciphered on temple wall or papyrus, a representation of the symbolic 'Lake of Liquid Fire' is to be found in the papyrus of Ani.

Jump quickly into the water — mark you its cool, delicate waving; why dost thou shrink? Art thou not hot and weary? It will refresh thee.

Now the time is past. . Thou must jump. Days are passing, moments fleeting; jump thou, believe, jump.

There, come up now, and rest in this green grass.

Was it very terrible? Did the water burn thy very life?

Ah! so burned thou the life of others.

Pass, pass, pass.

KHIOS XXIII

Thou art free, see how beautiful are thy limbs.

Feel now how perfect is thy health.

Come away to the Fire-King, thy sufferings are passed.

Thou hast been tormented for a thousand and one years.

Hasten thou, no longer sorrowful wanderer, but bird of paradise. . . .

WILL THEOSOPHY EVER BE 'POPULAR'? by E.



CORRESPONDENT writes that he thinks there is great need for Theosophy in the world, but that he fears it can never expect to become popular. But what does the word 'popular' mean? The moving pictures are popular, sensational papers are popular; and locally, certain statesmen, variety artists, games, and drinks are popular. Certain forms of the Christian religion can be described as popular, but it is more than doubtful whether Theosophy emulates this kind of popularity. Or is it the aim of Theosophists — was it the purpose of the founder — to establish a society with definite easy views; or, further, having established it, to popularize it? True, a society has been founded; and it fulfils the original intention of the founder by devoting itself to the work of influencing the thought of the world by spreading a knowledge of Theosophy. Theosophy has profoundly influenced the world, and its influence has been perhaps predominantly indirect — exercised upon people who have never heard of Theosophy. For the existence of such a body of students and workers as the members of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society must have a most powerful effect upon the thought-atmosphere of the world, working through invisible channels and also through innumerable ramifications of the written and spoken word. In this way Theosophy is responsible for the rise of aspirations and movements which are not immediately traceable to it. But even speaking of the spread of Theosophy as such, we may remember the definition that —

Unfathomable in its deepest parts, it gives the greatest minds their fullest scope, yet, shallow enough at its shores, it will not overwhelm the understanding of a child. (*W. Q. Judge*)

In short, what *is* Theosophy? The word does not merely stand for the body of doctrines known by that name, but also for a way of life. It implies a reasonable and sane way of looking at life. It implies a faith in the higher nature of man, a confidence in immortality, a belief in the universal reign of law, a reverence for duty, honor, and all high ideals, an emancipation from enervating dogmas, and many other things capable of appealing to mankind of every degree. Will a faith in our own higher nature ever become popular? Will a love of purity in the home-life and equity in public life ever become popular? The correspondent's question might well be paraphrased thus.



For many times the Mind flies away from the Soul, and in that hour the Soul neither seeth nor heareth. —*The Divine Pymander*

THE CALL OF NATURE: by R. Machell

WHY do these young men smoke out here?" asked a friend of Ruskin's as they were walking in a wood one day. To which the sage replied: "I suppose it is to protect themselves from the beastly smell of the violets."

Ruskin was a great writer, and some of his sayings had wisdom in them as well as literary style. Sometimes, I think, his finer feelings were shocked by some violation of the unwritten law of the 'fitness of things,' an offense which his own personal prejudices made him unable to judge correctly, but which he knew to be wrong. The confusion in his own mind produced irritation, which found expression in some such scathing sarcasm as that just quoted.

It is probable that the smokers were entirely unconscious of the existence of violets and quite impervious to their subtle perfume. But it is also possible that the delicate aroma of the wild flowers had some effect upon them, that they were unable to understand or even to recognise. Few young men are aware of the delicacy of their own perceptions, or of their susceptibility to impressions of a finer kind, as they are ignorant of the power of suggestion and of the contagious force of example. They are played upon by a thousand forces of which they know nothing, and to which they respond ignorantly and without discrimination.

As these subtle influences are unrecognised, so the response made to them passes for independent action entirely unrelated to its immediate cause. So the desire to smoke may have been due to the disturbance of their inner senses by the penetration of the unaccustomed scent of wild flowers, with its appeal to a range of emotions, that most young men would consider unworthy of their notice, unmanly, effeminate.

The lower nature may be inclined to resent the gentle call of Nature, being accustomed to grosser and more pungent flavors; so that the effect of the ethereal perfume of the violets upon the smoker is to create a desire for some more positive sensation, and he has recourse to tobacco.

It is in this way that the lower nature perverts the higher, by misunderstanding the suggestions it receives for its own guidance. The soul of man tries continually to guide the man in his evolution, and the lower nature persistently resists this guidance, and ingeniously blinds the mind to the fact of the existence of the Soul, by adapting the suggestions of the spiritual guide to its own purposes, thus perverting the highest inspirations to the stimulation of the passions that are the life of the lower man: for Man is a complex being in spite of his intense egotism.

It is thus that the lowest men return hatred for the benefits they receive from superior natures. So that Whistler was almost justified in his bitterness, when he said that the "howl of execration was the only

homage possible from the mob to the master." — Almost, but not quite, justified, for bitterness is never justice. Truth is balance.

The scorn of Ruskin was no doubt superb, but scorn is not always wisdom; indeed I think it never fails to mingle its poison with the truth behind which it hides; and most frequently the truth itself is rendered valueless by reason of the sharp reaction generated by bitterness.

Scorn is the weapon of the weak. Tennyson somewhere says, that in the days of Arthur the knights were pledged to gentle courtesy, but to the dwarf "scorn was allowed as part of his deformity." And general observation seems to verify and justify the wisdom of this rule: for certainly we find the bitterest tongues in bodies more or less defective if not obviously deformed. And the body is often an index to the mind. Therefore beware of scorn! And when we feel it rising from the depths, let us beware of getting intoxicated with its poison-gas: intoxication of the mind means temporary asphyxiation of the soul.

It is a weapon most effectively employed by men of undoubted intellectuality, but seldom used by men of true nobility, whose consciousness of strength makes them compassionate and considerate for the weaknesses of lesser men.

There is a pungency in sarcasm that endears it to certain elements in the mind, just as the pungent flavor of tobacco finds favor with the elemental instincts common to all men, and indulged by most, though in various ways; smoking is one: perhaps sarcasm is another.

It is probable that the delicate scent of wild flowers calls to life some of the finer forces, that usually lie dormant in human nature, or that are generally overwhelmed by the tumult of harsher vibrations aroused by the passionate instincts and impulses in man. It is possible that the soul of Nature does call to the soul of Man by all that she has of beauty and of grace.

What happens then depends upon the evolution or the education of the individual.

Most young men are so badly educated that they are not aware of the existence in themselves of all sorts of possibilities, both for good and evil; they do not know what is happening to them, when their own soul turns in its sleep and tries to wake. They feel a longing for something undefined; they have never learned the power of silence, or the peace of meditation, or the refreshment of the mind that comes from contemplation of high ideas. They feel a craving, and they stifle it with a drug: for the ordinary young man has learned to satisfy every desire as soon as it arises, or to deaden it by a drug, if satisfaction is not possible. Self-control is not a fundamental factor in modern education; it is at best an incident. Self-indulgence is the rule more or less openly followed; and indulgence

becomes abuse; for it is in itself misuse of function; though this is hardly as yet recognised even by the more advanced educators. There is a great deal of nonsense talked about the superman. The object of such talk seems to be to keep the ideal standard of manhood down to a level that will not inconvenience the average man. This is done by calling the true man a superman. The trick is simple, but effective. The fact is that humanity has fallen; as all old tradition tells; and has not yet realized its fall. The average man is now subhuman, in that he is not aware of his own divinity as man, in that he doubts the existence of his soul, which is his real self, and in that he regards the powers that are actually within his own nature as attributes of some imaginary being, whom he calls a superman.

So when his soul stirs within him, he thinks it is his liver and takes a pill, or a drink, or a smoke, or finds someone to talk to, till the disturbance is over and he is again normal; that is, until his soul is silenced, and shut off from contact with his mind.

That there is a terrible lack in modern education is beginning to be recognised; and educators are looking for a remedy. In this they are like the young men troubled with the perfume of the violets; and unfortunately they act too often in a similar manner.

There are new systems of education being introduced now, that not only lower the standard of discipline, but substitute for it a deliberate policy of indulgence or abuse. This crime against the soul is being practised probably in ignorance; but it is a crime and a tragedy, none the less. It is a deliberate revolt against the course of evolution, and it is an attempt to establish a sub-human standard of morality in the name of freedom and of a return to Nature.

Those two words, Freedom and Nature, are indeed among the most badly used of all, and the cause of this misuse is ignorance, that might be remedied by right education in childhood. It is primary education that is needed. It is the foundations of character that are defective, for the present system is based on ignorance of the essentials of character. The old cut-and-dried rules and traditions of discipline have been dropped, discarded and discredited; yet they had in them some remnants of true discipline. The revolt against the old system has not carried us over into a new method, but seems to be revealing its limitations by endeavoring to set up revolt as a system in itself, with the attractive title of Freedom, and with the motto 'Back to Nature.'

Did Man but study Nature he would know that the rule of Nature is discipline absolute. Violation of Nature's laws meets with retribution of the most pitiless kind. Anarchy is purely human, for it is not possible to rebel against the law of Nature unless one is in some degree conscious

of a higher law. The higher Law is absolute, and the Law of Nature is immutable; but Man, awaking to consciousness as man, falls into confusion between the two, and tries to establish for himself a kind of inter-regnum, which is anarchy, a species of nightmare, or half-waking dream, which he calls Freedom.

Humanity is in this state of awakening and, like a child, it needs a teacher, and has not yet fully recognised the fact; it is still playing truant from the school of evolution, and running about, chasing this one and that, who is chosen to play the part of leader, but who is not even supposed to know where to lead the players. So the game of 'Catch me' is played, just as the game of education is played in the scholastic world.

Yet all the while the old Wisdom is not lost, and the old Teachers are not out of reach; Theosophy, the Wisdom-Religion is still accessible, and the source of all true knowledge, the Soul, is eternal.

Humanity has forgotten its own Soul, and when Nature puts forth her flowers to bear witness to the beauty and fragrance of her Soul, men light their pipes, and whistle ragtime. If that were all, it would be a comedy, but there is a vast tragedy in which we all are involved, and it is War. Nature appealed to man with offers of the wealth she has accumulated by aeons of unremitting labor, and man shows his gratitude by tearing his fellows to pieces, and drenching the fields with blood, in order to destroy what he cannot get for himself, or which having got he cannot use rightly.

Nature offers prosperity and joy of life; Man responds with greed of gold, or of power — with tyranny and oppression. Nature gives; Man grasps, and hoards, and scatters, but does not give.

Yet Man is Divine, if he did but awaken to his divinity. He is not only a child of Nature, but he is also as a God to her, when he becomes Self-Conscious: when he is Master of himself: when he knows his own complex nature, and can discriminate between the higher and the lower.

And this is no far-away dream: this self-mastery can be begun in the cradle, and be carried to a high point in the elementary school; so that youth shall face life as a god in comparison with the average youth of today. There is nothing extravagant in the prospect; there is nothing unnatural in the system; but the results of right education will make a future generation look back on this age as an age of barbarism. The 'Golden Age' may still be far away, but the blackness of the modern 'Dark Ages' will be passed, and though the superman will still be an ideal, the man of the new age will look back on the best of us as little more than savages.

Is it not time to awake to the fact that Râja-Yoga, the true science of education, is once more established on the earth, and that the dark ages may be left behind, if man will?

DAFFODIL: by Evan Gregson Mortimer



FIERY princes of the Empyrean rode daily to the palace of King Nuivray to woo the Lady Daffodil, fairest of all the princesses of Heaven. On splendid steeds they came — the Chieftains of the Twelve Houses, with beautiful banners borne before them, flaming along the Milky Way. Came the Knight of the Dawn, golden-armored and cloaked in scarlet; the Prince of Noon, panoplied in shining sapphire, and the pennon of his lance a blue meteor trailing; Evening, an enchanter out of the west of heaven, wrapped about in flame robes of shell-pink and shell-blue; Night, a dark emperor of mysterious sovereignty and power. Many sultans came also, and paynim princes and sublimities; Aldebaran with the topaz-hilted scimitar, who is leader of all the armies of the firmament; white-turbaned Fomalhaut; Alpheratz and Achernar, Algol and Algenib and Alderamin. Came the great poets of the sky: the Pleiades, ever beautiful and young; and the knightly-hearted brothers of Orion, who guard the Marches of Space. Came our Lord Mârttanda himself, gloriously singing and flaming in his car of flame.

No language could tell the sweetness and beauty of the Lady Daffodil. The Pleiades knew well that with all their gift of song they could not declare it, nor the thousandth part of it: how, then, try to describe the aura of light about her head, citron-hued and saffron-hued, that shone more tenderly and beneficently yellow than the breastplate of the Knight of Dawn, or the golden crown of Aldebaran? How describe the gentle, magical wisdom of her, versed in exquisite wizardry, understanding the antique transformations and transmigrations of things; or her profound unquenchable gaiety, that kept merriment alive among the stars, even on the day of the rebellion of hell? Not that you must think of her as meekly girlish, nor suppose her occupations merely such as spinning and embroidery, or playing upon zither or citole. She too had led armies through the mountains beyond Orion; and if she bore no sword herself, nor charged in scythed car, it was still her druid incantations upon the peak, they said, that cleared the passes of invading hell. I will say that her presence was a

light to heal sorrow, to shame away and exorcise evil; that an atmosphere breathed about her, quickening, spiritual and delicate, but very robust too, and with power to awaken souls. In the sapphire halls and galleries of the king's palace: in the gardens where gentian and larkspur and forgetmenot bloom: when she passed a rumor of delight ran trembling after and before her; the little asterisms that nested in the trees broke into trilling and warbling of joy. *Beautiful, beautiful, beautiful!* they sang; and *Delight, delight, delight, delight!*

Now it befell that King Nuivray held court in Heaven at Eastertime, and all the suitors were present; it was thought that whoever should win most glory now, whether in the jousts of arms or in the contests of song, would have the hand of the Lady Daffodil for his prize. Splendidly they were enthroned on thrones most splendid; not one of them but belonged to the great winged and flaming hierarchies; not one but was embodied in essential flame; and there was mirth there, and high emulation; and even though rivalry, pleasant companionship and comradesly love.

In the midst of the feasting one came into the hall, at whose coming all turned to look at him; and they shuddered, and there was a moment's silence beneath the turquoise towers. He was one that should have been young, but was decrepit; that should have been handsome, but for the marks of vice on his face; that should have been noble of form and limb, but for evil living. From his eyes two haunting demons looked forth: the one, fear or horror; the other, shameless boldness. Because his words were so insolent as he called for a high throne among the gods, Rigel and Mintaka and Alnilam and Betelgueux, the archers of Orion, reached for their bows; our Lord Mârttanda grasped his sword of flame; Aldebaran arose drawing his scimitar: such rudeness was not to be tolerated there, in the very presence of the yellow-haired Lady of Heaven. They waited but a sign of permission from her —

But she, rising from the throne at her father's side, came down the hall, and stood before the stranger, all graciously shining. He framed, I think, some ribaldry in his mind; looked up at her, and faltered; then, bowing low, took her hand and kissed it very humbly, after the manner of a loyal knight of Heaven.

"Please you, Sir, to declare to us your name and rank?" said she.

"I am the Spirit of the Earth," he answered.

The Lords of the Firmament looked down at him very pitifully; then hung their heads in sorrow; for he was the outcast, the scapegrace, the traitor of Heaven; he alone had broken the Infinite Law; he alone hobnobbed with and gave shelter to the hellions whom they, obeying the Eternal Will, fought eternally and drove back and back over the brink of the universe.

"A place and a royal robe for the Lord Spirit of the Earth!" cried the Lady Daffodil.

Then they strove to forget him, and the feasting went forward.

This one told of his imperial state; this of his high adventures; this of conquests won afar; this of the prowess of his bow, this of the daring and keen edge of his sword. Not boastingly they spoke, nor with any mood of self-exaltation; their words, like their deeds were all a ceremonial of sacrifice, and worship paid to the Lonely Unknown. At the end King Nui-vray turned to his daughter: "Wilt thou not make thy choice now?" he said.

"Not yet," she answered; "there is still one knight that has neither spoken nor sung. Lord Spirit of the Earth," she said, turning to that unlovely one, "tell you now your story."

Again the Princes of the Empyrean hung their heads, guessing they were to hear shame and sorrow. But the Spirit of the Earth rose and spoke. "Braggart knights," he said, "I am greater than all of you! I alone do what I please; worship myself, sin, and enjoy a million pleasures. You — who shall compare you with me? You go on your courses obedient, and are the slaves of Law; my law is my own will; my pleasures I choose for myself; in my realm was planted the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil, and I ate of the fruit of the tree, and am wise — I am wise.

"Which of you is equal to me? Is it you, Lord Mârttanda? All your splendor is squandered abroad; and as much as I desire of it, falls upon me, and is mine to enjoy soft hours of it, and to turn away from it when I will; — but who are ministers unto you, or who hath given you a gift at any time? Is it ye, Knights of the Dawn and the Noon and the Evening? All your beauty is for me, for me! Is it ye, O Poets of the Pleiades, who sing the songs it was ordained you should sing? Are ye not wearied yet of your singing? For me only is your music pleasant; because I listen when I will; and when I will, heed it no more, but turn to softer and more thrilling pleasures of my own."

Here he laughed, and his laughter was a bitter wind fleeting through Heaven.

"Ye wage your wars in space, as it was predestined ye should wage them: ye obey the Law in your warfare, going forth and returning according to a will that is not your own. Ye are light, and know not darkness: in a shadowless monotony of splendor ye go forward to a destiny wherein there is no prospect of change. What to you, O Lord Mârttanda, is your splendid effulgence, that may not wax nor wane? What to you are your songs, O Pleiades? — they contain no grandeur of tragedy, no sweet savor of sadness, no fire of passion — neither hate nor love — to give them life and power. Your glory and your music are a weariness to

you; and a weariness, O Orion, is your watchful charge. That which ye are, ye shall be forever, O ye that know not the sweetness of sin!

"But I — what care I for the glory of your wars, since I have power to raise up wars within myself? Since my children come, millions against millions, and burn and ravish and slaughter; since my lands grow fruitful soaked with blood, and my seas are the abode of sudden treacherous slaughter, and even in my skies rides Death!

"What are your tame delights, that I should envy them, since I go out after strange loves, and riot in strange sins, and take my fill of gorgeous pleasures of my own devising, and —"

He faltered, dropped his head, and covered his eyes with his hands, and groaned.

"O Lords of the Firmament, help me!" he cried. "You that have given me the light I pollute; you that of old endowed me with fire and soul; you that are unfallen; that are not haunted by demons; that are not torn, as I am torn; nor degraded, as I am degraded! You whose souls are unsullied and unstained, a boon from you! Help from you! Come down into my house, some great warrior of you, that I be not destroyed by mine own misdoings! One of you, beautiful Pleiades, come down and sing my miserable children into peace! You, Lord Mârttanda, come down, and drive away with your brightness the hellions that scourge and devour me! Sovereign Aldebaran, let the terrible edge of your scimeter cleave away the loathsome hosts of my sins!

"For behold, I am of your race, and am fallen; my soul, that once was divine and knightly, is passing away from me and ebbing into oblivion; sin and death and sorrow are my companions; I am Hell; I am Hell!"

He fell on his knees suppliant, and with bent head and arms outstretched, implored them, weeping.

"What can I do for thee, brother?" said our Lord Mârttanda. "I send thee my beautiful beams, and they come back to me an offense; they breed carrion and pestilence in thee, of the millions that are slain in thy wars. If I came nearer to thee, thou wouldst perish."

"Alas, what can we do for thee, poor brother?" said the Pleiades. "We have sung for thee, and of our singing thy poets have learned to sing; and with this sacred knowledge they have made war-songs and lust-songs and terrible songs of hate. What can we do for thee?"

"We keep watch upon the Marches against monstrous invasion from the deep," said Rigel and Betelgueux. "But thou — hast thou not brought in demons, and made vain our watching? We can do nothing for thee; would that we could!"

"I can do nothing for thee" — said the Grand Seigneur Aldebaran — "I that am Lord of War, and Leader of the Hosts of the Gods. For it

was ordained of old that Light should break battle on Darkness, and that this my War in Heaven should be. But thou hast stolen the secret of conflict from me, that was made thus to be a lovely thing; and hast made it base, abhorrent and bloody; thou hast not followed me to the eternal field in the ranks of thy brethren; but thou hast used the engine of God for thine own delight and destruction. Because of this, if I came nearer to thee, thy wars would destroy thee utterly. Thy children would riot down into madness and mutual slaughter, until none was left of them."

So one by one the princes spoke. They could do nothing for the Spirit of the Earth. He had eaten the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil; his fate had been in his own hands, and he had elected to make it damnation.

Then King Nuivray, being their host, rose from his throne to pronounce their judgment on him. "Thou camest here with insolence on thy lips," said he, "and made boast in Heaven of thy foulness, polluting the beauty of the empyrean fields. Go forth: thy sins have damned thee; there is no hope for thee. There is none in Heaven that will go with thee, nor one that might save thee if he went."

"Yes, there is one!" cried the Lady Daffodil. As she spoke, the turquoise towers were filled with sudden light and loveliness, such as none had beheld in them until then. "Yes, there is one," she said. "Poor spirit of the Earth, thou art to hope; I will go with thee."

The Lord Mårttanda veiled his face in sorrow. The Pleiades wept in silence, and thenceforth for seven ages there was sadness in their song. "Not so!" cried Sultan Aldebaran; "thou art to shine and flame upon our ensigns; for thy sake we are to sweep triumphant over the ramparts of hell —"

But the Spirit of the Earth raised his head and looked at her, and a wild hope rose in his eyes; and then forlorn but altogether noble despair.

"No," he said, "come not thou! Where hideous sin is, is no place for thee. Thou couldst not live in my dwellingplace; envious Death, that stalks there day and night, would shoot at thee at once desiring thy beauty for himself. I have no power against Death; I could not shield thee from his arrows. O Beautiful beyond all the beauty of Heaven, come not thou! Rather will I go forth alone, and perish utterly."

"My father," she said, very calmly; "I invoke the truth from thee. I will hear destiny speak through thy lips. Can I, going with him, save the Spirit of the Earth?"

They all rose in their places, to hear destiny speak through the king.

"Thou canst not save him," said he. "There is no god in Heaven that can save him. He hath eaten of the fruit of the Tree, and none can save him but himself. Yet, if you wert to go, there would be hope for him;

and possessing hope, at the last he might come to save himself. But in the kingdom of Death, thou too wouldst die."

"Speak," she said; "what means this *to die*?"

"To lose thyself, thy being," said the king. "To become a very little and powerless thing. To be without thought, or knowledge, or foresight, or memory."

"I will go with the Spirit of the Earth," she said.



In the morning they rode forth together, and she talked to him by the way, uttering gentle and druid wisdom very potent in its magic; so that he remembered all the hopes he had in his young time, and all the beauty of his youthful dreams. Visions of beautiful victories rose before him; inspired and strengthened by her shining companionship, he would purge his house of evil utterly; then ride out under the banners of Aldebaran, and worship God in high deeds along the borders of space. And he loved her without thought of self: not as a man loves a woman, but as a poet may love a dream or a star; he vowed to himself that he would worship her forever, and shield her from Death's arrows with his own body. So once more, as she rode with him through the blue empyrean,

he was the Knight of Heaven going forth: he knew himself for a god.

They came into the kingdom of the Knight of Evening, and looked down, and she beheld the mountains of the Earth empurpled far below, with lakes golden and roseate under the sunset, and valleys that seemed the abodes of quiet peace. "But thy realm is altogether lovely!" said she.

"Thou hast not seen the dwellings of men," he answered.

They rode on and down, and passed beneath the borders of the empire of Night.

"What ails thee, Lady?" said he, trembling.

"I grow a little faint," she said. "There is one here —"

"Ha, Earth, my gossip, what new light o' love hast thou brought with thee?"

"Back, thou Death!" cried the Spirit of the Earth, leaping forward to take the arrow, if he might, in his own breast. But Death laughed at him as he shot, and went on his way jeering.

"Never heed thou this, to be cast down by it," she whispered. "Bury me in the loveliest of thy valleys; find thou a grassy mound whereon there are stones of the Druids, and bury me beneath the grass there; tomorrow I shall put forth a sign that I am with thee always, and that thou art always to hope. So I bid thee no farewell. . . ."

He bore her body down into the loveliest of his valleys, and digged her a grave upon the mound, and watched beside the grave until morning. And at dawn he found a flower blooming above the grave, lovelier than all the blossoms of his native Heaven. He bent down, and reverently kissed the yellow delight and glory of its bloom; and lo, it had language for him, and whispered: "While I bloom thou shalt not perish; when thou seest me, thou art to think that beauty and hope still remain to thee; I am thy sign and assurance, that thou shalt yet be among the greatest of the Princes of Heaven."

And that morning the Druids found daffodils blooming about the sacred circle. "Heaven hath won some sweeping victory over hell," they said.



HEROIC STUDY: by Percy Leonard

The path that leadeth on is lighted by one fire — the light of daring burning in the heart.— *The Voice of the Silence*

A hero, I repeat, has this first distinction, which indeed we may call first and last, the Alpha and Omega of his whole heroism, that he looks through the shows of things into *things*.— *Thomas Carlyle*

THAT students stand in need of concentration, penetration and imaginative power is obvious to all; but that heroic courage is required in a career apparently so unadventurous, is not so clear. And yet as every pathway leads us onward in advance of where we stand, so pressing forward into the unknown the student feels the need of just those qualities required by those who venture into dreary solitudes untrodden by the foot of man.

To undertake original research of any kind is to commence an arduous enterprise; although it is an easy thing to profit by the labors of these pioneers; in fact the vast majority of so-called students are like those who sit beside a cheerful fire at home and read of explorations in the frozen north. In the study of history, for example, little more is needed than a retentive memory to enable one to master the leading dates, the lists of dynasties, and the conjectured causes underlying national affairs. But those who venture on original research must press their way amidst the darkness of Antiquity, groping from point to point on the precarious foothold which the scanty records of the past afford. They have to leap the intervening gaps by intuition's aid alone, and clear a space of habitable ground among the wreckage of an era long gone by. This surely is a venture fit for none but men of an heroic mold.

Such student-heroes set themselves to learn the art of living in a bygone century; it follows, therefore, that success in such attempts must be in strict proportion to their power to cut themselves adrift from their fast moorings in contemporary life, and risk their bark on those dark waters which can bear them to the sunless caverns where the recorded memories of all past eras still survive.

So long as we confine our interest to contemporary life we play our parts with other actors whose companionship imparts a pleasing sense of our importance and intensifies that vivid sense of personality which is the very breath of life to ordinary men. But as we say farewell to these familiar friends and travel backwards all alone to study scenes long passed away, we seem to mingle with a vast and shadowy throng who act as if entirely unaware of our existence. To be the object of contempt is very trying to one's self-esteem, but to associate with those who treat us as the faint preparatory sketches of posterity still waiting to be born, is disconcerting in a high degree. Those who are lacking in the fortitude to bear

the slight are likely to avenge themselves upon the men of former days by disputing their inclusion in the brotherhood of man, and regarding them as unsubstantial shadows, although to the eye of Omniscience they are just as real as we are who play our parts and strut upon the temporary, sunlit stage that hangs between the darkness of the vanished past and the unlighted vistas of futurity.

Above the gateway that admits us to the path of Knowledge are inscribed the words: "Stand ready to abandon all that thou hast learned." A man's stock of opinions is often reckoned as his most valued possession. It represents the product of his thought and observation on surrounding life, and has become almost a part of him, and its discussion and defense foster and feed that sense of separated life so dear to those who cannot rise above the personality. Now once we start upon a voyage of true research all our opinions are staked upon the hazard. In studying history, biology, archaeology, or geology, we risk the loss of many a belief on which we have relied for solace and support since we began to think, and multitudes there are who linger on the shore and fear to put to sea lest they should lose their precious cargo.

A mind intent on personal affairs is useless as an instrument of study, for we can never comprehend a subject which exists outside ourselves; and in order to blend the mind with what we study, it must be disengaged from its revolutions around its own axis. To project the mind into the unknown is impossible while it is centered upon the personality, and to lose consciousness of self in perfect concentration of the whole mentality upon a point external to ourselves, is to possess the germ of that supreme forgetfulness of self which is the chief essential of true heroism.

To the limited, self-centered mind a new truth is not only unwelcome but positively repulsive; its appeal for recognition is resented not only because our mental boundary must be enlarged for its admission, but also because its acceptance may involve us in disturbing changes in life and conduct. Moreover the recognition of a new truth is tantamount to a confession of our ignorance hitherto in not being already possessed of it. The cold dislike of unfamiliar truths is extended also to those who embrace them, and is shown in the charges of inconsistency leveled against those whose mental boundaries enlarge with every passing year. But stubbornly to cling to the beliefs of childhood is not consistency, but rather stagnation of mind, for surely true consistency is shown by never-failing search and in a readiness to welcome light from whatsoever source it comes.

The Theosophical student may be defined as one who studies life by the light of Theosophy, and more especially the hidden mysteries within himself which range between the shrine of the indwelling god and the inferno of the lower self, where the blind passions which we share with

brutes, enkindled by imagination's fire and raised to vulpine cunning by their association with the human mind, rage with insatiate fury under their restraint and never give us rest.

To live in harmony with our divine companion requires forgetfulness of self and even self-destruction of a kind, and to explore the lower deeps that we may understand in order to control, needs confidence and courage and is only possible to those whose gaze is fixed upon the pathway in advance and who never look behind.

The honest investigation of any department of Nature is apt to be disconcerting to those whose ideas of law and order are derived from our fallible human legislation administered by men accessible to threats, moved by entreaty, and swayed by misplaced sentiment. We find ourselves confronted by inexorable law pursuing its adjustments with an utter disregard of our entreaty and despair; so all-embracing and impersonal that those who spend their lives in study of its mighty sweep of operation are delivered from the petty bonds of self and are distinguished by a greater breadth of view, a surer mental poise, a larger magnanimity, than those possess whose interests lie among the machinations and intrigues of social life.

Once entered on the path of serious study we have started on a journey with no end, for knowledge in a universe of progress has no limit and the territory of fact can never be occupied. Even to set out for an indefinitely distant goal requires a certain degree of courage; but to undertake a journey with no conceivable termination demands a heroism of high order. But while the idea of eternal progress is a little disconcerting at the first consideration, can we not derive comfort from the thought that every height attained is the starting-place for a still loftier peak; that every inch of ground acquired may be the base for operations still more grand; that every power mastered is a step towards a higher efficiency; all insight into Nature's laws the means for a still deeper understanding?

Man is not a completed production like a great cathedral which is no sooner capped by the last stone than it begins, however slowly, its long course of disintegration leading to final ruin. Nor is he like a noble tree which, while it rears its towering column to the sky and spreads its massive boughs abroad, approaches every moment its inevitable end.

Man is in essence a creative potency, a conscious guide, a willing helper of the cosmic powers. He seeks no final goal, no lasting place of rest; but with heroic courage and the might of a resistless god, he fronts futurity and the unknown and feels the stirring of diviner powers and views the dawn of grander hopes with every breath he draws.

TRIED IN THE BALANCE: by R. Machell

(With illustrations by the author)

CHAPTER TWO



EXT day she came again, and he made a life-size study in oil of the head alone. It was masterly and full of expression. When she saw it she smiled contentedly. Her judgment was right: she knew he would not fail. He too was pleased with the morning's work and felt that the 'Cleopatra' was saved. There was nearly a month before the date for sending in to the 'Salon,' and now he knew his picture would be ready in time. A month is not long, and yet under certain circumstances it may prove too long. For instance, a man cannot last a month without food; or again a landlord's patience may be exhausted in less than a month when the rent is already considerably overdue. It is easy to see that a month may be a very long time to wait for that allowance which has been already anticipated; and yet the time seemed short for all he meant to do to make his great work worthy of her whose promise had called it forth, and whose fulfilment of the promise now made it possible to accomplish the miracle of re-creation.

So he thought when next day a note came saying that his model had been called away to nurse her father, who had gone down to Grez with a couple of friends for a few days for a rest, and had taken cold, which had become serious and kept him in bed. There was no means of knowing how long she might be away, nor whether she would be able to sit for him again on her return. But he was still full of enthusiasm, and determined to go ahead with what he had. Surely his memory and imagination would help him out. He must try. But in a day or two his supplies were exhausted, and he was face to face with actual want.

His father made him an allowance, which for five years had been enough for all his needs, but which, according to the understanding between them, was then reduced by one-half, and was to stop altogether in two years more. His father had no sympathy with art, and felt that his son had rather disgraced the family by choosing such a life; he refused to call it a profession. So that it was useless to look for help from him, and, as yet, young Martin had not discovered any means of making a regular income by his art. His friend Talbot would no doubt help him at a pinch, but he was loath to go borrowing from him; and in a state of uncomfortable indecision he was sauntering down the street debating what to do in this emergency, when he was hailed by a remarkably well-dressed man of about

his own age, who expressed the greatest delight at meeting him, and insisted on having him for guest then and there. Martin was not in a state to refuse an invitation to *déjeuner* at a first-class restaurant, and accepted gladly enough.

Frank Chalmers was an old schoolmate, a man of good family but small means, who had done well at Cambridge, and who had a taste for art. But after a few years study he had seen that the career of an artist was not likely to provide him with the means to enjoy life in the way that seemed to him most desirable. He decided that an assured income was necessary to his peace of mind, and so he attached himself to a publishing house, and learned the business of art-dealing and publishing. At present he was managing the London branch of a French house and was in Paris on one of his periodical visits. He showed great interest in his friend's work and insisted on visiting the studio; but before going up there he asked Martin to come along with him to look at some pictures in a private collection that was for sale. He said he wanted his opinion about some of the canvases. There was a Fromentin in particular to which he drew Martin's attention, saying that he had a client who wanted that picture but who would not pay the price.

When they were in the studio and Martin was showing some of his sketches, Frank Chalmers suddenly had an idea and said:

"By Jove! old man, your work reminds me of Fromentin's style. You could paint like him if you wanted to."

Martin laughed. "Oh yes, I know that, but I am not an imitator. I happen to see things that way."

"Of course, I know," rejoined the dealer. "But now if you would try to paint something like that picture we were looking at just now, I believe I could sell it for a good price. Why not try it. I don't mean a copy of course, but something in the same style, so that I could offer it to my client while he is still hankering after that Fromentin. I am certain I could sell it. Look here. If you will undertake to paint me something in that style, you know, the same arrangement and composition, but not of course the same subject — not the same title or anything of that sort — an original picture, you know: well, I will give you ten pounds down and twenty pounds when it is finished if it is satisfactory. Of course it will be. I know that. I see what you can do. What do you say?"

Martin Delaney was uneasy. Yet why not take the offer? It came just at a critical moment. It would be like ingratitude to stand on his dignity now and refuse to paint this picture because another man had painted one like it, and because his own style happened to be like the other man's. Ten pounds down, and nothing in his pocket; and yet . . . When, after escorting his visitor as far as the boulevard, Martin returned

to the studio, two crisp Bank of England five-pound notes filled the 'aching void' of his pocket, and enabled him to face his concierge with his old easy geniality, which had become somewhat strained of late. The rent was modest enough, but Martin had begun to learn that a very small debt can cause a very big discomfort when there is no ostensible means of settlement.

It was not a difficult matter for him to paint the kind of picture that Frank Chalmers wanted, for he was indeed one of the most rapid and facile of painters in the style that came naturally to him. Such work, however, did not satisfy his ideal, and nothing but the lack of the necessities of life would have induced him to paint a picture which might be considered as an imitation of another man's style. As to the possibility of his work being passed off for that of a man whose name was already famous, that never entered his head. Still there was something about the business that made him glad when it was finished.

His Cleopatra was far advanced, but he was not satisfied with the Queen's head, fine though it was. His training had made him depend too much on the model. He did not dare to rely on memory and imagination, and had no control over his inner vision. Indeed the training of the schools and the influence of the age conspired together to stifle intuition, and to destroy the self-reliance so necessary to one who would be a creator and a revealer of the mysteries of life. Such work demands vision and memory, while the academic training of the day tended to make the student dependent upon his model; and while it qualified him to reproduce faithfully what he saw externally, and what he conceived intellectually, it paralysed the higher qualities of the imagination.

Martin Delaney could paint brilliantly and draw faultlessly, but without Nature to refer to he felt helpless. So when it came to painting the Queen of Egypt as he conceived her, the semi-divine initiate, the hierophant, he was as much at a loss, as was Leonardo himself when painting his 'Last Supper' to find models suitable for Jesus and for Barabbas. Perhaps Leonardo suffered for his devotion to science and to material Nature, which had such a fascination for his inquiring mind. Anyway Martin Delaney fretted for his model and the month was now drawing to a close.

He sat looking at the picture, trying to call up the dream again, and to see something that his memory had not recorded. He thought it was some apparition evoked by the ceremony, which would be only visible to the initiated seers, but of which he had caught a glimpse in the dream-picture, and so felt entitled to put into his painting. But when he tried to realize the vision, it eluded him. He had nothing in his own experience to which he could relate it; nor had he any philosophy by means of which he might

create a suitable substitute for the actual apparition. The religion of his family supplied no material for the imagination to feed upon, and he had long ago discarded it without trying to find anything better. Art had seemed sufficient hitherto. But now he was involved in a work that in itself was an initiation into unknown mysteries; and his natural mysticism was struggling for expression. His education had been purely materialistic, and his surroundings since he came to Paris to study art had been wholly artistic and bohemian, while his inner nature was spiritual, intuitive, and mystic. The result was a conflict in mind and character, resulting in strange moods and contradictory humors, over which he had little, if any, control. As he sat brooding there his mind wandered continually, although a part of it was all the time more or less intent on the scene in the temple, but it was only a scene now. He tried to make it real, but only to become more conscious of the painting as a picture. He could not recall the 'atmosphere,' and the vision escaped him utterly. He tried to think it out, and failed. He was in despair, and turned his back on the canvas, looking out of a small window on to the tops of houses lower down the hill with the city stretched away beyond. As he gazed out of the little opening his eyes became dim and the light seemed to focus itself into a star with a purple heart, and in that inner shrine he saw a face with two deep brown eyes that fixed their gaze on him and held him. He had no wish to free himself, and yet he felt a great strain on all his faculties, as if his mind were stretching itself to the limit of endurance. Yet he himself was glad beyond the power of language to express his exaltation. He felt as if once more the messenger of the Great Queen stood at the entrance to the temple calling him to attend the sacred ceremony; now he would see and understand, and would remember. But a mist came, and a veil obscured the eyes; the star was blurred, and the veil hung like a semi-transparent curtain before the little window. There were characters upon it which he tried to decipher; but as he examined it more closely it changed into something that distinctly suggested a Bank of England five-pound note, such as he had received from Chalmers. The vision was gone: and his mind was mocking him with this sardonic travesty of vision. And yet perhaps there was a certain fitness in it. He fancied he could read, in this rude intrusion of a vulgar commonplace into his high-flown dream, a warning that the uninitiated might find themselves excluded from the sacred mysteries by such unconsidered trifles as the want of the mere necessities of life.

It seemed as if he were reproved for that transaction, and he resented the imputation which his own imagination put upon a very simple piece of business. He was not mercenary, his conscience was quite clear on that score, and yet those banknotes seemed to trouble him.

He turned the picture to the wall, and went out to the restaurant he generally patronized, decided to forget the whole thing in the society of congenial spirits, who were not spiritual, nor were they in any real sense congenial, but were merely familiar substitutes for the ideal companionship his soul desired. They would at least provide distraction. They did. And yet he was no sooner back in the studio than his thoughts returned to the topic of the big brown eyes. They haunted his imagination, seeming to stir some old memories of other lives, when Egypt was more than a dream, and the great Queen a living presence. At last he decided to go down to Grez to find out for himself whether he could hope for more sittings from his model. He knew that he could count on some sort of accommodation at one or other of the small hotels, and so he did not delay or send word of his coming. He had often made such visits to those haunts of art.

Leaving his baggage at the station, he shouldered his knapsack and easel and tramped to the village, arriving at Laurent's just in time for dinner.

While greeting the guests who were assembling he looked eagerly for the brown eyes, but in vain; he did not dare to ask about the girl, who was so strangely linked with his inner life, and who was yet such a stranger to him socially.

Laurent's hotel was frequented by artists, and informal manners were rather the rule there. So that a sudden arrival was no surprise. Delaney was well known, and welcome, even if the house was full, as it seemed to be now. The company was apparently unchanged since his last visit; though individually they were more or less strangers to him. There is a certain family likeness that prevails in Bohemia, and that makes an artist feel at home in any company of the kind that Martin found gathered at the old inn. The garden was the same, the river was unchanged, the dinner was almost identical, but the faces seemed uninteresting to him. The other hotel, Chevignon's, was more generally frequented by unmarried men with manners even more free and easy, and was not likely to have been selected by Monsieur Martel (the father of the girl with the big brown eyes). Martin concluded that they were lodged in some house in the village. One of the men whom he knew asked for news of all the comrades in Paris, and then proceeded to inform him, *sotto voce*, of the history of those present. The record was romantic, to say the least, and might have been considered scandalous in any other society; but it did not seem overdrawn to one familiar with the 'point of view' from which life was regarded in artistic circles, of the kind in which these men moved. Martin was bored, but his attention awoke when his companion said:

"We expected to have a funeral here last week; but it came to nothing. Martel, you know, the man who does all those rotten drawings for maga-

zines and cheap books. Clever fellow — makes a good thing of it too; ought to have made a name if he had stuck to art. Well, he came down here with a cold, made it worse sketching in the rain, and came near dying; but they pulled him through. His daughter is with him — a queer girl; they say she is mad ; looks it; queer eyes — uncanny. Know her? She might interest you. I know you are romantic. What are you doing for the Salon? Something queer, I bet. Cleopatra? Oh, ah, yes. I know, Antony and Cleopatra: barge on the Nile, slaves, fans, oriental business, fine subject. Too deep for me, though. I am doing a thing here in the churchyard: young widow at a grave — sentimental, you know; got a good model, just the thing. I'll show it you; you'll like it; it's not half bad. Mansfield there is the only man here who is any good, and he says it ought to make a hit. I want to have your opinion. He is gone on Clara Martel — wanted her to sit to him; but she refused. Queer girl; has a lover, probably, who would be jealous. Come and see my picture; it is out here in Mansfield's studio. We call it a studio out of politeness, you know."

"Where is Martel lodging?" asked Delaney.

"Over at Goujon's, up the street; you ought to go and give him a call."

"I think I will; he must be lonely."

"Oh, I don't know about that; he is awfully fond of that girl, and seems to like being alone — at least he does not encourage visitors. He is a bit queer himself — in the family, I suppose; they say he reads all sorts of deep books; knows languages, and all that—a kind of savant; might get on with you, perhaps. But he makes me uncomfortable; and as to the girl — to tell the truth, she scares me."

This was said with an air of confidence, as though he were revealing the inmost depths of his soul. The soul of François Lubin contained no secret chambers: its inmost depths were open to the most casual observer; and Delaney thought he could understand how Monsieur Martel would feel with such a visitor in his sick-room.

Martin had to be lodged out in the village, as the rooms in the hotel were all occupied, and he was not sorry. He was debating as to how he might best introduce himself to the sick man, when he met the girl coming down the street. He had paused to look in at the blacksmith's forge, where he had painted many sketches and one good-sized canvas. Looking around, he met her face to face. He flushed uncomfortably, as if caught in an equivocal position. Why? He could not tell. But the girl was completely at her ease, and greeted him as if it were the most natural place in the world for them to meet, as indeed it was; but Martin was not in a well-balanced frame of mind. He did not understand his own condition nor the experiences of the last few weeks. His moods carried him from

one extreme to another, and he was powerless to control them, or to explain them. He was at the mercy of each in turn. He was a mystic, full of deep reverence and with a perfect faith in the reality of his dreams or visions; for just so long as that mood lasted; then he became emotional, even sentimental, though he preferred to call it poetical; and again he

would fall into pessimism and skepticism, in which last mood he could laugh at the most ribald joke, and join in the mockery of all things mystical or serious, except his own visions and inner life and experience. These he always most carefully guarded and kept hidden from the knowledge of his friends. He never blasphemed against his own ideals. Even in his most sardonic moods he never ut-



tered a word of doubt as to the sacred mysteries of Egypt, nor did he harbor a thought that could do dishonor to the Queen. But for all else, when the mood took him, he had the most scathing scorn, and counted himself the most emancipated free-thinker of them all. His code of honor was high and inflexible, so far as he knew; but he was not equipped with

the moral qualities that are the only guarantee for the practical application of high principles in daily life. He was entirely undisciplined, and did not know the meaning of the words Self-control. On the contrary, it was fashionable among those who considered themselves the elect in art to deify their moods, and to foster them as manifestations of that entirely holy thing, the 'artistic temperament.' Under this euphemistic title all the weaknesses of the personality took shelter, and found honor, which should have been reserved for that rare flower of human evolution which we call vaguely 'genius.' The elect never suspected the sincerity of their own moods, knowing nothing of the duality of human nature and the deceptive power of egotism. All their moods were manifestations of genius, and consequently all their acts, words and thoughts were equally inspired by the loftiest motives, and were not to be judged by the standards of ordinary morality. A dangerous doctrine, one that has smoothed the downhill path of countless decadents, and blinded them to their own degeneracy.

He had come down to Grez on an impulse which he did not understand and which he had not tried to analyse. Now that he found himself once more in presence of the girl, who had lifted him out of the depths of despondency on one occasion, he expected to experience a similar rejuvenation of spirit. But a perverse sense of irritation took possession of his mind. She had deserted him at a critical juncture when his artistic career hung in the balance. So he told himself. And yet she appeared as calm and unconcerned as if she had never made him dependent on her assistance; nor had promised to help him to complete the great work. He held her responsible for the promise he had received in his dream; because she had come unasked to redeem that promise. He had accepted her help as men do accept the help of the Gods: that is to say, as a right which in itself constitutes a claim to further help and greater favors. Only the 'beloved of the Gods' understand that their favor is a challenge to a man to rise and claim kinship with the divine, by faith in his own divinity and by deeds worthy of a god.

The big brown eyes were fixed upon him questioningly, but no question was uttered. She said:

"I was sorry to have to leave town so hurriedly, but my father was dangerously ill and needed me."

Martin was ashamed, and eagerly seized the opportunity to be magnanimous:

"I am so glad to hear he is better. I felt quite anxious about you down here, and wanted to know how things were going. So I came down for a day or two, as I could do no more at the picture without you."

"How have you got on?" she asked sympathetically.

"Oh well, I think it is pretty good — the principal figure, but I was bothered about the apparition, you know, the vision, or symbolic figure. I could not get that right and wanted your help. I thought you would tell me what it ought to be; but finally I just left it out."

The girl smiled contentedly, and nodded as if in assent.

"You think I did right?" he questioned eagerly.

"Yes. I wanted you to leave that out. It seemed to me to be unnecessary; in fact I could not feel that it was really a part of the picture. You will be glad when you see it again. Yes, I think you did well to leave the scene to tell its own tale. Won't you come in and see my father? I am sure he will be glad to meet you."

"Oh, thank you, I should like to come if you are sure it will not bore him to see a stranger."

"A stranger? Oh, he knows all about you, and was quite interested in your Cleopatra. She is one of his ideal women."

Martin was somehow quite unprepared to find that the girl had told her father of her visits to his studio, though it now seemed the natural thing to do. Indeed it seemed so natural that he was almost convinced that he knew it all along and was only waiting for an opportunity to make the acquaintance an accomplished fact.

(To be continued)



THERE is but one Eternal Truth, one universal, infinite and changeless spirit of Love, Truth and Wisdom; impersonal, therefore bearing a different name in every nation; one light for all, in which the whole Humanity lives and moves, and has its being. Like the spectrum in optics giving multicolored and various rays, which are yet caused by one and the same sun, so theologized and sacerdotal systems are many. But the universal religion *can only be one* if we accept the real primitive meaning of the root of the word. We Theosophists so accept it; and therefore say we are all brothers — by the laws of nature, of birth, of death, as also by the laws of our utter helplessness from birth to death in this world of sorrow and deceptive illusions. Let us then love, help and mutually defend each other against the spirit of deception; and while holding to that which each of us accepts as his ideal of truth and unity — *i. e.*, to the religion which suits each of us best — let us unite to form a practical nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity without distinction of race, creed or color.—*H. P. Blavatsky*

THE SCREEN OF TIME MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

Isis Theater Meetings: point' was the subject of an address given before a large audience last evening at the Isis Theater by Joseph H. Fussell, Secretary of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society.

According to him, the three main keynotes of all life, forming as it were the major chord of life, were the idea of God, the idea of man, and the meaning and purpose of life; or, in other words, religion, philosophy and science. Every age, he said, had its keynote or keynotes, and these were based upon the three main keynotes just enumerated. Referring to the past, he spoke particularly of the birth and history of the United States. He held, however, that Walt Whitman was right when he said that something was lacking, and that the soul of man never will be satisfied merely with worldly prosperity and material progress. According to this writer, "the crowning growth of the United States is to be spiritual and heroic."

The speaker then traced another line of progress, declaring that the discoveries in the literature of the Orient were of equally vast import as the discovery of the New World by Columbus. He referred to Madame Blavatsky as the great interpreter of the past, and held that all the past was being focused in the present.

The keynote of the future, Mr. Fussell declared to be, firstly, a new conception of the spiritual life, a realization of man's essential divinity, a recognition of the fact that the truth has been variously expressed in all ages, and that every nation and every age has had its divine teachers. It is this and the recognition of the essential divinity of man that gives the basis of Universal Brotherhood.

Secondly, the recognition that all life is governed by law which rules as unerringly in the realm of the mind and intellect, and in the realm of morals, as it does in the world of matter; that man is not only heir of the ages, but that he himself has come down through the ages; in other words, the teaching of Reincarnation.

Thirdly, that science, true science, cannot be divorced from morality; that the knowledge which is sought for on an intellectual basis alone is not complete knowledge. It must be related to life and conduct.

In conclusion, he quoted the following from Mme. Katherine Tingley: "We need the awakening touch of the Christos spirit, to arouse us from the dead, so to speak, that we may have light and illumination. . . . But we shall never reach that point of discernment until we have found within ourselves the power to eliminate from the mind anything and everything that obscures the light or blocks the way." —*San Diego Union*, April 16th, 1917

The Soul's Opportunities
Dr. Herbert Coryn, formerly of London, England, and one of Madame Blavatsky's pupils, now a member of the literary staff at the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma, spoke on 'The Soul's Opportunities,' at the Isis Theater last night. He said in part:

"It would seem that we cannot get anywhere in philosophy, any understanding of ourselves or the universe, if we suppose we began to be when we were born in this life and either cease to be or get away forever into a heavenly nowhere when we die. We must think of ourselves as ever-reincarnating souls if we are to understand our natures, our past and our future, if even we would alter the texture of our bodies.

"A beginningless and endless thread of life — that is the way each should think of himself. That thought is already one of the soul's opportunities. Our spiritual opportunities and our spiritual disabilities all come from the way we think of ourselves as, upon what we accept ourselves as."

—From the *San Diego Union*, April 30th, 1917

The Future

Professor C. J. Ryan spoke on 'The Brightness of the Future beyond the Clouds of the Present' at the Isis Theater last night.

Speaking of the clouds, he said: "Ask the educators if they are satisfied with the results of their efforts; ask the jurists what they think of the picture of family life presented in the courts; ask the social workers what they can tell about the prevalence and consequences of vice, of drink or drugs, etc.

"The confusion, the pain and unrest of the world today has been slowly built up by the selfishness, greed, immorality and the general unbrotherliness of many past ages."

He quoted from a recent local editorial: "Has the world been thinking evil to a larger degree than it has thought good?" And he quoted from a *Scientific American* editorial: "Science is the most inhuman of man's works. . . . The old fierce instincts still rule . . . but we must have faith and patience . . . a permanent world-peace will never be possible until a very large portion of mankind has undergone a spiritual change."

He then asked: "Why are students of Theosophy so hopeful about the future, so sure that the dark shadows which appal us will pass sooner than we sometimes dare to hope? While for ages men have been looking for help outside themselves, hypnotizing themselves with the idea that they were born in sin, etc., and building systems founded upon this depressing principle, Theosophical teaching is that the stream of living fire is within. Now, this fact — that every man has the divine fire at the base of his nature, however contradictory the surface appearances may be — gives an absolutely unshakable foundation for the belief in universal brotherhood and a perfect confidence that the dark clouds will pass. Theosophy simply repeats the old, old story in a form that is suitable to this age."

—From the *San Diego Union*, May 7th, 1917

RECENTLY an evening performance of Shakespeare's *As You Like It* was given in the open-air Greek Theater in Lomaland, to a select party of invited guests from San Diego. As it was the first time this particular play had been presented in the Greek Theater, the setting was of unusual interest, and both as to scenery and lighting, as well as in every other way, it proved to be an ideal performance by the students of the Râja-Yoga College and Academy.

ATLANTIS AND SCIENCE

A recent paper of the National Academy of Sciences has a few comments upon the lecture of Professor Pierre Termier, delivered in 1912 before the Oceanographic Institute of Paris, relative to the existence of Plato's Atlantis. Apart from the conditions under which lava may become partly crystalline, the main points of criticism are: That if a large area including the Azores had been rapidly submerged, there ought to be some traces of elevated sea-terraces on Atlantic coast-lines, because Plato's 'Atlantis' must have disappeared not more than 10,000 years ago. That the Talbot (220 feet), Wicomico (100 feet) and Sunderland (40 feet) terraces are far older than this. That the Azores are volcanic islands of later Cenozoic times. That the region of the Canary and Cape Verde groups is the more probable one of Plato's island. That the Azores are not the remains of large continental masses, for they are not composed of rocks seen on the continents. And that many geologists now hold that Africa and South America, although perhaps not actually joined, were once nearly so by large island groups in Tertiary times.

Now Plato's island (Poseidonis) was but a *small fragment* of the fourth continental system; and while the foregoing criticism as to the terrace effect of the rapid subsidence of an immense area including the Azores would be reasonable, it happens to be inapplicable to the actual case. If the Egyptian who spoke to Solon about the Greeks charging them with immaturity and with possessing no historical knowledge of importance, meant anything, he meant that the Egyptians did have the records, and the Greeks none; which negative garment has been transferred to the shoulders of modern speculators. Furthermore, he meant that such records were sacred and confined to the sanctuaries.

And if it be remembered that according to the old records there were, prior to the existing order of things, four successive and distinct continental systems, three of which had disappeared, it may also be evident that there must be far more powerful agencies at work in molding and remolding the planet than any such passive theories as 'isostasy' and 'orogenic' action or the like could ever hope to explain. Let us not forget that the constantly changing 'residual' we call terrestrial magnetism remains an unsolved mystery to this day.

A few citations from *The Secret Doctrine*, by H. P. Blavatsky, founder of the modern Theosophical movement, may throw some light on the subject, although a study of the whole two volumes is advisable for those who wish to gain a proper perspective, and much fuller information than here given:

As Plato had been initiated, and no initiate had the right to divulge and declare all he knew, posterity got only hints. Aiming more to instruct as a moralist than as a geographer, ethnologist or historian, the Greek philosopher merged the history of Atlantis, which covered several million years, into one event which he located on one comparatively small island 3000 stadia long by 2000 wide (or about 350 miles by 200, which is about the size of Ireland); whereas the priests spoke of Atlantis as a continent vast as "all Asia and Libya" put together. It was not he who invented the narrative, at any rate, since Homer, who preceded him by many centuries, also speaks of the Atlantes (who are our Atlanteans) and of their island in his *Odyssey*. The Atlantes and the Atlantides of mythology are based upon the Atlantes and the Atlantides of history. Both Sanchoniathon and Diodorus have preserved the histories of these heroes and heroines, however much these accounts may have become mixed up with the mythical element. (II, 760)

It has become customary to take the statements of the Greek writers as referring to Poseidonis only, but that this is incorrect is evident from the incompatibility of the various statements as to the size, etc., of 'Atlantis.'

Thus in the *Timaios* and *Kritias*, Plato says that the plain surrounding the city was itself surrounded by mountain chains. . . . And the plain was smooth and level, and of an oblong shape, lying north and south. . . . They surrounded the plain by an enormous canal or dike, 101 feet deep, 606 feet broad, and 1250 miles in length.

Now in other places the entire size of the island of Poseidonis is given about the same as that assigned here to the "plain around the city" alone. Obviously one set of statements refers to the great continent, and the other to its last remnant — Plato's island. (II, 767-8)

The cataclysm which destroyed the huge continent of which Australia is the largest relic, was due to a series of subterranean convulsions and the breaking asunder of the ocean floors. That which put an end to its successor — the fourth continent — was brought on by successive disturbances in the axial rotation. It began during the earliest Tertiary periods, and, continuing for long ages, carried away successively the last vestiges of Atlantis, with the exception, perhaps, of Ceylon and a small portion of what is now Africa. It changed the face of the globe, and no memory of its flourishing continents and isles, of its civilizations and sciences, remained in the annals of history, save in the Sacred Records of the East.

Hence, Modern Science denies Atlantis and its existence. It even denies any violent shiftings of the Earth's axis, and would attribute the reason for the change of climates to other causes. But this question is still an open one. (II, 314)

It would be impossible, in view of the limited space at our disposal, to go any further into the description of the Atlanteans, in whom the whole East believes as much as we believe in the ancient Egyptians, but whose existence the majority of the Western Scientists deny, as they have denied, before this, many a truth, from the existence of Homer down to that of the carrier pigeon. The civilization of the Atlanteans was greater even than that of the Egyptians. It was their degenerate descendants, the nation of Plato's Atlantis, who built the first Pyramids in the country, and that certainly before the advent of the 'Eastern Aethiopians,' as Herodotus calls the Egyptians. This may be well inferred, from the statement made by Ammianus Marcellinus, who says of the Pyramids that "there are also subterranean passages and winding retreats, which, it is said, men skilful in the ancient mysteries, by means of which they divined the coming of a flood, constructed in different places lest the memory of all their sacred ceremonies should be lost."

These men who "divined the coming of floods" were not Egyptians, who never had any, except the periodical rising of the Nile. Who were they? The last remnants of the Atlanteans, we maintain. . . . (II, 429)

Fossils found on the Eastern coast of South America have now been proved to belong to the Jurassic formations, and are nearly identical with the Jurassic fossils of Western Europe and Northern Africa. The geological structure of both coasts is almost identical.

But why, also, is there so marked a similarity between the fauna of the — now — isolated Atlantic islands? Why did the specimens of Brazilian fauna dredged up by Sir C. Wyville Thompson resemble those of Western Europe? Why does a resemblance exist between many of the West African and West Indian animal groups? (II, 791-2)

Commenting upon the investigations in the neighborhood of the Azores made with the *Dolphin* and others, one reads in the *Scientific American* of July 28th, 1877:

The inequalities, the mountains and valleys of the surface (of the elevated submarine ridge) could never have been produced in accordance with any known laws for the deposition of sediment, nor by submarine elevation; but, on the contrary, must have been carved by agencies acting above the water level.

Today the words of Donnelly remain as true as when written, in his *Atlantis: the Antediluvian World*:

We are but beginning to understand the past; one hundred years ago the world knew nothing of Pompeii or Herculaneum; nothing of the lingual tie that binds together the 'Indo-European' nations; nothing of the signification of the vast volumes of inscriptions upon the tombs and temples of Egypt; nothing of the meaning of the arrow-headed inscriptions of Babylon; nothing of the marvelous civilizations revealed in the remains of Yucatan, Mexico, and Peru. We are on the threshold.

WILD-FLOWERS IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

THE flowery season, at its best in April and May, reveals the endless variety of wild flowers covering the plains and foothills of Southern California. From *Nature and Science on the Pacific Coast* we cull a short description of them. The scene is one over which poets thrill and botanists despair. For this is the home of the California poppy (of which some claim that there are more than a hundred species), and of the cream cups, and Phacelias, and Godetias, and Baerias, and tidy-tips, and a thousand other beautiful but, to the botanist, perplexing groups of closely related species.

It is in Southern California and along the borders of the Great Central Valley that the greatest profusion of flowers is seen. One reason for this is the absence of sod-forming grasses, the annuals thus being permitted to occupy the whole area whenever moisture and temperature conditions are favorable.

The botanist will be impressed with the preponderance of Composites, indicating perhaps the close relation with the Mexican flora. *Baeria chrysostoma* grows in such abundance that it is known as gold-fields. *B. coronaria* is equally plentiful in some parts of San Diego County and both species furnish excellent material for the study of variation as related to environment. *Layia*, *Coreopsis*, *Chaenactis*, and (at San Diego) *Pentachaeta* are other abundant Composite genera. Because of the large and showy cup-shaped flowers, the various species of *Calochortus* (mariposa lily), a characteristic western genus, are easily found, especially along the foothills. Another lilaceous group, the Brodiaeas, which grow from edible corms and bear umbels of unusually bluish flowers, inhabit clay soils. The rare Matilija poppy, well known for its magnificent white flowers, is best seen in the Ojai Valley, Ventura County, and in Santiago Canyon, Orange County; but it also occurs in masses in Temescal Wash, southeast of Corona, and in San Diego County.

Near San Diego is a highly interesting mountain region, dominated by Cuyamaca Peak, considerable areas of which extend well into the yellow pine belt. El Campo, forty miles east of San Diego, is in the midst of a chaparral flora of exceptional interest, since desert and Mexican elements are much in evidence. Annual flowering plants are abundant in springtime, filling in all spaces left vacant by the shrubs, which are themselves often brilliant with the blood-red flowers of a climbing Lathyrus.

Among the shrubs are *Viguiera lacinata* and *Encelia farinosa*, both yellow-flowered Composites, the scrub oak (*Quercus dumosa*), many species of *Ceanothus*, *Arctostaphylos* and *Artemisia*, as well as other elements. Of economic as well as biologic interest are two shrubby species of *Salvia*: *S. apiana*, the white sage, and *S. mellifera*, known as black sage. Both of these are important bee plants, as is also an abundant shrubby *Eriogonum* (*E. fasciculatum*). The Spanish bayonet (*Yucca whipplei*) grows on nearly all the lower mountains, where its creamy white panicles far overtop the surrounding vegetation, giving to the landscape a unique and pleasing aspect. The flora of the State embrace more than 2500 species. There are a hundred varieties of the eucalyptus, and many kinds of oaks, maples, alders, sycamores, cotton-woods, aspens, madroños, etc.; while in the mountain canyons are the California palms (*Washingtonia*).

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society

Founded at New York City in 1875 by H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge and others
Reorganized in 1898 by Katherine Tingley
Central Office, Point Loma, California

The Headquarters of the Society at Point Loma with the buildings and grounds, are no 'Community,' 'Settlement' or 'Colony,' but are the Central Executive Office of an international organization where the business of the same is carried on, and where the teachings of Theosophy are being demonstrated. Midway 'twixt East and West, where the rising Sun of Progress and Enlightenment shall one day stand at full meridian, the Headquarters of the Society unite the philosophic Orient with the practical West.

MEMBERSHIP

in the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society may be either at 'large' or in a local Branch. Adhesion to the principle of Universal Brotherhood is the only pre-requisite to membership. The Organization represents no particular creed; it is entirely unsectarian, and includes professors of all faiths, only exacting from each member that large toleration of the beliefs of others which he desires them to exhibit towards his own.

Applications for membership in a Branch should be addressed to the local Director; for membership 'at large' to the Membership Secretary, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California.

OBJECTS

THIS BROTHERHOOD is a part of a great and universal movement which has been active in all ages.

This Organization declares that Brotherhood is a fact in Nature. Its principal purpose is to teach Brotherhood, demonstrate that it is a fact in Nature, and make it a living power in the life of humanity.

Its subsidiary purpose is to study ancient and modern religions, science, philosophy and art; to investigate the laws of Nature and the divine powers in man.

It is a regrettable fact that many people use the name of Theosophy and of our Organization for self-interest, as also that of H. P. Blavatsky, the Foundress, and even the Society's motto, to attract attention to themselves and to gain public support. This they do in private and public speech and in publications. Without being in any way connected with the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, in many cases they permit it to be inferred that they are, thus misleading the public,

and honest inquirers are hence led away from the original truths of Theosophy.

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society welcomes to membership all who truly love their fellowmen and desire the eradication of the evils caused by the barriers of race, creed, caste, or color, which have so long impeded human progress; to all sincere lovers of truth and to all who aspire to higher and better things than the mere pleasures and interests of a worldly life and are prepared to do all in their power to make Brotherhood a living energy in the life of humanity, its various departments offer unlimited opportunities.

The whole work of the Organization is under the direction of the Leader and Official Head, Katherine Tingley, as outlined in the Constitution.

Inquirers desiring further information about Theosophy or the Theosophical Society are invited to write to

THE SECRETARY
International Theosophical Headquarters
Point Loma, California

The Theosophical Path



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POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

THE PATH

THE illustration on the cover of this Magazine is a reproduction of the mystical and symbolical painting by Mr. R. Machell, the English artist, now a Student at the International Theosophical Headquarter, Point Loma, California. The original is in Katherine Tingley's collection at the International Theosophical Headquarters. The symbolism of this painting is described by the artist as follows:

THE PATH is the way by which the human soul must pass in its evolution to full spiritual self-consciousness. The supreme condition is suggested in this work by the great figure whose head in the upper triangle is lost in the glory of the Sun above, and whose feet are in the lower triangle in the waters of Space, symbolizing Spirit and Matter. His wings fill the middle region representing the motion or pulsation of cosmic life, while within the octagon are displayed the various planes of consciousness through which humanity must rise to attain to perfect Manhood.

At the top is a winged Isis, the Mother or Oversoul, whose wings veil the face of the Supreme from those below. There is a circle dimly seen of celestial figures who hail with joy the triumph of a new initiate, one who has reached to the heart of the Supreme. From that point he looks back with compassion upon all who are still wandering below and turns to go down again to their help as a Savior of Men. Below him is the red ring of the guardians who strike down those who have not the 'password,' symbolized by the white flame floating over the head of the purified aspirant. Two children, representing purity, pass up unchallenged. In the center of the picture is a warrior who has slain the dragon of illusion, the dragon of the lower self, and is now prepared to cross the gulf by using the body of the dragon as his bridge (for we rise on steps made of conquered weaknesses, the slain dragon of the lower nature).

On one side two women climb, one helped by the other whose robe is white and whose flame burns bright as she helps her weaker sister. Near them a man climbs from the darkness; he has money-bags hung at his belt but no flame above his head, and already the spear of a guardian of the fire is poised above him ready to strike the unworthy in his hour of triumph. Not far off is a bard whose flame is veiled by a red cloud (passion) and who lies prone, struck down by a guardian's spear; but as he lies dying, a ray from the heart of the Supreme reaches him as a promise of future triumph in a later life.

On the other side is a student of magic, following the light from a crown (ambition) held aloft by a floating figure who has led him to the edge of the precipice over which for him there is no bridge; he holds his book of ritual and thinks the light of the dazzling crown comes from the Supreme, but the chasm awaits its victim. By his side his faithful follower falls unnoticed by him, but a ray from the heart of the Supreme falls upon her also, the reward of selfless devotion, even in a bad cause.

Lower still in the underworld, a child stands beneath the wings of the foster-mother (material Nature) and receives the equipment of the Knight, symbols of the powers of the Soul, the sword of power, the spear of will, the helmet of knowledge and the coat of mail, the links of which are made of past experiences.

It is said in an ancient book: "The Path is one for all, the ways that lead thereto must vary with the pilgrim."



The Theosophical Path

An International Magazine
Unsectarian and nonpolitical

Monthly

Illustrated



Devoted to the Brotherhood of Humanity, the promulgation of Theosophy, the study of ancient & modern Ethies, Philosophy, Science and Art, and to the uplifting and purification of Home and National Life

Edited by Katherine Tingley
International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California, U.S.A.

THE Ashárians, the followers of Abu'l Hasan al Ashári, who was first a Mótazalite, and the scholar of Abu Ali al Jobbâi, but disagreeing from his master in opinion as to God's being bound (as the Mótazalites assert) to do always that which is best or most expedient, left him, and set up a new sect of himself. The occasion of this difference was the putting a case concerning three brothers, the first of whom lived in obedience to God, the second in rebellion against him, and the third died an infant. Al Jobbâi being asked what he thought would become of them, answered, that the first would be rewarded in paradise, the second punished in hell, and the third neither rewarded nor punished; but what, objected al Ashári, if the third say, O Lord, if thou hadst given me longer life, that I might have entered paradise with my believing brother, it would have been better for me; to which al Jobbâi replied, that God would answer, I knew that if thou hadst lived longer, thou wouldst have been a wicked person, and therefore cast into hell. Then, retorted al Ashári, the second will say, O Lord, why didst thou not take me away while I was an infant, as thou didst my brother, that I might not have deserved to be punished for my sins, nor be cast into hell? To which al Jobbâi could return no other answer, than that God prolonged his life to give him an opportunity of obtaining the highest degree of perfection, which was best for him; but al Ashári demanding further, why he did not for the same reason grant the other a longer life, to whom it would have been equally advantageous; al Jobbâi was so put to it, that he asked whether the devil possessed him? No, says al Ashári, but the master's ass will not pass the bridge; *i. e.*, he is posed.

George Sale's *Preliminary Discourse* (Sect. viii, p. 117),
to his translation of Al Qur'ân.

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Point Loma, California

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THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

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WHAT has been contemptuously termed Paganism, was ancient wisdom replete with Deity; and Judaism and its offspring, Christianity and Islamism, derived whatever inspiration they contained from this ethnic parent. Pre-Vedic Brāhmanism and Buddhism are the double source from which all religions sprang.— *H. P. Blavatsky*

THE ORIGIN OF MAN: by H. T. Edge, M. A.



THE question of man's origin is important because it is inseparable from the question of his present and of his future. According as we form our beliefs as to our origin, so shall we form our conceptions of our present status and of our future possibilities. It is essential that this question be considered from the most practical and common-sense point of view, and that all mere speculation and arbitrary statements be avoided. And this is all the more necessary because there are before the world today so many statements that are dogmatic or merely speculative, and which therefore cannot exercise a good influence on man's character and conduct.

With regard to theology, it may be taken for granted that an intelligent and progressive audience feels profound dissatisfaction with the help that these sources are able to offer. Beyond the bare affirmation that man was created by God, and for inscrutable reasons of his own, we are left in the dark, our questions all unanswered. True, this answer does acknowledge the spiritual nature of man, and is thus far to be preferred to those theories which do not acknowledge the spiritual nature. Yet the answer is far too brief and oracular and needs supplementing with detail. Many advanced theologians feel this, and are endeavoring to satisfy the need; for which we must congratulate them. But on the whole, people who earnestly desire more light must turn to another quarter in search of it. It has always been the aim of Theosophy to assist people to interpret their own religions, so that they may find in them more light than they can find in the conventional renderings. If religions were studied in this way, doubtless we should not be left so much in the dark as to these vital questions!

Turning to modern science, we find that, while so many of its votaries are men of excellent understanding and enlightenment, anxious only to find the truth by faithful adherence to the principles of true science, yet there does exist within the fold of science a spirit of dogmatism that can scarcely be considered any better than the old forms of theological dogmatism. We have, placed before us, certain doctrines as to the supposed evolution of man, which, to say the least, are highly speculative and illogical; and yet these are often treated as though they were ascertained and indisputable facts. A sculptor has carved a series of statues intended to represent man in various stages of evolution, from the ape-man upwards; and needless to say, as these are merely made from odd bones, they are for the most part pure works of imagination. This method of teaching is hypnotism — teaching by suggestion. It is surely important that such suggestions as this should be counteracted by even more powerful suggestions of the spiritual nature of man.

It is evident that we cannot, within the limits of a paper, go into the fallacies of the biological theory of evolution, a question that would require the length of a treatise. The time must be used in a more constructive policy. But one essential feature of the biological theory must be mentioned. It fails utterly to account for man's characteristic intelligence. Even though the physical descent of man as described by the theorists should be true — which is far from being the case — still, instead of explaining the mystery of man's nature, it only makes that mystery greater than ever. We feel that, if man did indeed spring from the ape, or any other animal, that animal must either have been a God or have had a God behind him; and we may well fall down in awe-struck worship before the aforesaid statue of the pithecoïd man by the Belgian sculptor. Thus the theory does not explain the facts of life in which we are most interested; and though it may for a time beguile our reason, it can never still our doubts. The mysterious human intelligence, with its limitless horizon, the magic faculty of self-development and introspection which man possesses, his conscience, his very power to frame theories about himself — all these are facts and have to be explained. Hence Theosophy, in explaining them, may justifiably claim to be more practical and reasonable than theories which either dogmatize or vainly speculate.

Modern evolutionists have always erred in neglecting to take account of the necessarily twofold character of evolution. In order that there may be growth or evolution, it is essential that two factors shall co-operate; there must be first a form which is growing or evolving, and secondly a spirit or force which, by its action on the form, is causing it to grow or evolve. To imagine a form or organism as growing by itself is to treat the matter illogically. Yet this is what the evolutionists have endeavored

to do, and curious are the conclusions to which they have been driven in the attempt. Every power and potency has been loaded on to the molecule or vital speck, which is represented to us as a veritable god. We are asked to suppose that there exists latent in the atom or the protoplasm all the potencies which eventually result in that marvelous being known as man. If this is true, then the atom is indeed almighty god. But not a few evolutionists see the necessities of the case, among whom must be numbered the late Professor Alfred Russel Wallace, one of the two fathers of modern evolution, who used his last years in boldly proclaiming the doctrine of spiritual potencies behind natural evolution.

Everything in the universe is a manifestation of the universal life; and it is not consistent to say that some of the matter in the universe is dead and some alive. Even the stone, metal, or jewel, has its spark of mineral life which causes it to grow and assume various and beautiful forms. Chemists find mysterious properties in every substance, and these they attribute to forces which they call by such names as 'attraction,' 'affinity,' and the like — names which do not explain, but merely leave the question open. Theosophy reasserts the ancient teaching that there is life everywhere — life and intelligence. It is this universal life and intelligence that causes evolution. We see it in various forms and grades; in the mineral, in the plant, in the animal, in man; and what reason is there to suppose that its manifestations are limited to those which our gross senses can perceive? It is this universal life that is evolving and growing, and the various living organisms which we see are its various garments and tenements. In the animal there is a soul; not a soul such as we speak of in man, but an animal soul, an intelligent entity that is much further back in evolution than we are, but which is nevertheless learning and advancing. This is spoken of in Theosophy as the animal Monad. The phrase is used in connexion with, and in contradistinction to, the vegetable monads and the mineral monads. The universal life becomes differentiated into countless monads, of various orders according to the several kingdoms of nature. The whole scheme is of course boundless in its vastness, and it is not to be expected that more than a few hints and outlines should be given here. But if these serve to stimulate further and more intimate study, the object will have been achieved.

We have to regard an animal, then, as primarily a living soul, and secondarily an organism. The monad or soul inhabits the organism, and uses it as a means of contact with the earth and a vehicle for the manifestation of animal life. This little soul is acquiring experience and growing. Evolution is caused by the progress of the monad, which may inhabit higher and higher forms in the same kingdom of nature. This gives the explanation why the forms of animal life remain so constant and so little

changed during such vast periods of time, when, according to the requirements of the biological theories, they ought to change gradually by imperceptible links within far shorter periods.

We have touched thus briefly on the question of evolution in general; leaving many points unexplained, merely for the purpose of leading up to the main topic — the evolution of man. And here comes in the most important point of all.

The scale of natural evolution which evolved the plant from the mineral and the animal from the plant, is *not of itself capable* of evolving man from the animal. Between the highest animal and the lowest man there is a vast and unbridgeable chasm. The peculiar human self-reflective mind cannot be 'evolved' from the animal mind; it is a thing apart; it is either there or not there; it cannot be partly there; it cannot be gradually formed by the recognised evolutionary forces.

This characteristic human intelligence was imparted specially to man at a certain point in his life-history. And here it is advisable to return to religion and to consider the account given in the opening chapters of the Jewish Bible about the creation of man.

In the book of *Genesis* there are two accounts of the creation of man: one in chapter I, the other in chapter II. These two accounts have puzzled theologians considerably; but in truth they are complementary, one to the other. In the second account the Lord God forms man out of the dust of the ground and makes him a "living soul." The word 'living soul' is very important here; for in the Hebrew it is the word *nephesh*, which means an *animal soul*, and is so rendered by the commentators. This, therefore, was the first creation of man, whereby he was made a perfect animal. But so far he was 'mindless' and had not man's peculiar prerogative of an independent intelligence and free will. Now turn to the other account. Here we find that the Elohim — that is, spiritual beings, but translated in the ordinary version of the Bible as 'God' — said: "Let us make man in our image." This was the second creation, whereby man was endowed with the divine intelligence and became as a God, knowing good and evil.

This account, though somewhat confused in the *Genesis* version, is in agreement with the symbolic records of the world's sacred scriptures and mythologies in general. The proof of this fact would require a treatise, so we must be content at the present moment with referring the inquirer to H. P. Blavatsky's *The Secret Doctrine* and to other Theosophical writings on the subject. The point is that all are agreed as to the twofold creation of man.

The narrative of the Garden of Eden further illustrates the point. For there we find that man, who is at first sinless and irresponsible, is

offered a choice; being at once forbidden and tempted to partake of a certain fruit. He elects to taste of the fruit, and the result is that he *becomes as a god and his eyes are opened*. This, then, is a symbolic record of the endowing of mindless man with the divine gift of mind.

The ancient teachings record that natural evolution had produced a very highly evolved organism, fit to become a man, but not yet endowed with the human mind. This organism was so far the most perfect vehicle for the manifestation of the universal life. But the divine spark was not able to manifest itself fully therein, because an intermediate principle was needed. This intermediate principle is the human mind. Thus the human mind is the connecting link between the divine and the natural; and man is the complete epitome of the universe.

Man had to be endowed with mind; and this could only come about through the self-sacrifice of beings who already possessed that which they had to impart. These beings gave to the mindless man a ray from their own intelligence, and man became as a god, knowing good and evil. They are mentioned in the Biblical account as the Elohim, who created man in their own image; and in Theosophical nomenclature they are called *Mānasaputras*, or Sons of Mind. They were human beings belonging to a previous cycle of evolution — human beings who, having passed through all the stages of their evolution, had become perfected.

This account of the double creation of man is in accordance with the general sense of the wisdom of the ages, as recorded in symbols and allegories of all nations and times. It is not only supported by all this consensus of testimony, but it is consistent with the actual facts in human nature as we see them today. And it forms part and parcel of the general body of Theosophical teachings, which are consistent at every point. More details and evidence will be found in Theosophical writings, but for the present we must be content to touch merely the principle features.

Archaeology is proving that civilization is very ancient and also that it is recurrent; for we find that races existed in the far past which had a culture very like ours and superior to that of other races which followed them. This shows that civilization moves in waves, and that culture has its continual ebbs and flows. The more our researches probe backwards into the past, the less evidence do we find for all of the current theories of biological evolution, and the greatest support do we find for the views here presented. The vanished continent of Atlantis, whose former existence and subsequent submergence is now largely admitted by science, was the scene of a whole humanity of races that flourished long before our present assortment of races came upon earth. Their knowledge and culture were great, and some of it they passed on to the next great Root-Race — the Fifth — our own. It is advisable at this point to say a few words about

the scale of human races, which has been compared to a tree with branches, twigs and leaves. There are in this Great Cycle or Round of human evolution on this Earth, seven great Root-Races, each lasting millions of years. We are in the Fifth of these Root-Races. Each Root-Race is divided into seven sub-races; and we are in the fifth sub-race of the Fifth Root-Race. This means that the Fourth Root-Race, which has been called the Atlantean, had passed through all its seven sub-races, and had therefore attained a higher level in its cycle than we have as yet reached in our cycle. The first three sub-races in every Root-Race are on a descending curve from spirituality towards materialism, the fourth is the lowest of the seven, and the three remaining sub-races are on an ascending curve. The materialism of our present civilization is due to the fact that our Fifth Root-Race is so near the bottom of its cycle; but it has already begun the reascent.

Now let us consider the bearing of all this on the past history of mankind. It means that there have been on earth in the far past, races which had attained higher than we have. They were higher in one sense, and yet in another they were not, because they were not so far advanced on the path of evolution. The analogy of a helical or screw-like curve will convey the meaning. Progress along such a curve is made by a series of ups and downs, and we are at present lower than the highest of the Atlanteans, but further along the path. Another analogy is that of the year and its seasons. We are, as it were, in the winter season of our great year; and some of our progenitors, though belonging to an earlier year, had passed through their spring and summer.

Another historical point is this: Our present fifth *sub-race* was preceded by the earlier sub-races of our own Fifth *Root-Race*. The earliest of these sub-races constituted the golden age of our *Root-Race* and were greater in true knowledge and culture than we are. They were the heirs of the last sub-race of the Atlanteans and had inherited their wisdom. And here we come to still another point.

A portion of the Atlantean race went wrong and followed the path of darkness and iniquity instead of that of light and wisdom. They became powerful sorcerers and black magicians. Gigantic in stature, dark and swarthy in complexion, these had sought to overthrow the kingdom of light established by the White Magicians of Atlantis, and to set up instead a kingdom of darkness. They were defeated and fled to the ends of the earth. The end of the Fourth Root-Race and the beginning of the Fifth were marked by a profound change in the distribution of land and water; old continents went down beneath the sea and new ones gradually came up and became habitable. These new continents were the scene of renewed struggles between the pioneers of the Fifth Root-Race and the descendants of the Atlantean sorcerers. All this is recorded in tradition as the war

between the Gods and the Titans, between Heaven and earth, and so forth. Again the forces of light were triumphant and the defeated sorcerers fled to the outskirts and hidden places of the lands, where their descendants gradually disintegrated and deteriorated and have given rise to the numerous and varied races which we find today in the interior of Africa and other places.

It will be understood that all this is but the hastiest summary, and that the present occasion does not admit of the adducing of the abundant evidences which would be forthcoming had we more time at our disposal. We must pass on to consider its bearing on the main point at issue. We have much to learn from our forgotten ancestors; much of the wisdom at our disposal is in the form of a heritage yet to be inherited. A son is in advance of his father, in time, and may acquire greater knowledge than was his sire's; but yet, if he is wise, he will profit by his father's wisdom and experience. We have to realize that people before us have thought long and deeply over the problems of life and arrived at knowledge which as yet is not ours.

But most important of all, we have to recognise that divine element in us, if only to counteract the unwholesome effects of too much concentration of attention on our animal nature. Man *has* an animal nature and animal passions, it is true; and they exist in him in intensified form by reason of his mind. But he has also the heaven-given intelligence and will whereby to master them. In man a continual struggle goes on for the possession of the mind; and the passional nature would fain break away from its lord, whose governance restrains it, and would steal away and appropriate for its own a portion of that priceless gift of mind; so that the man would become a soul-less black magician, like Margrave in Bulwer-Lytton's story. Our whole nature bears witness to our divine origin. The denial thereof is surely a mortal sin; the repudiation and casting-off of one's divinity is probably the unpardonable sin against the Holy Ghost.

The whole salvation of human society depends on recognition of man's essential divinity. For selfishness and indifference are the destructive forces. What is life? It is not an affair of the personality, for what can mere personality count in the great human destiny? It is essential that each man learn, sooner or later, that he cannot live for himself and that life is something far greater and more sublime than this. We are all one by reason of our common divinity; to live selfishly is to run counter to the law of our nature.

The *facts* known to science cannot possibly run counter to the Theosophical views as to the origin of man; for Theosophy does not dogmatize or speculate, but simply gives an explanation of the facts. Hence the facts

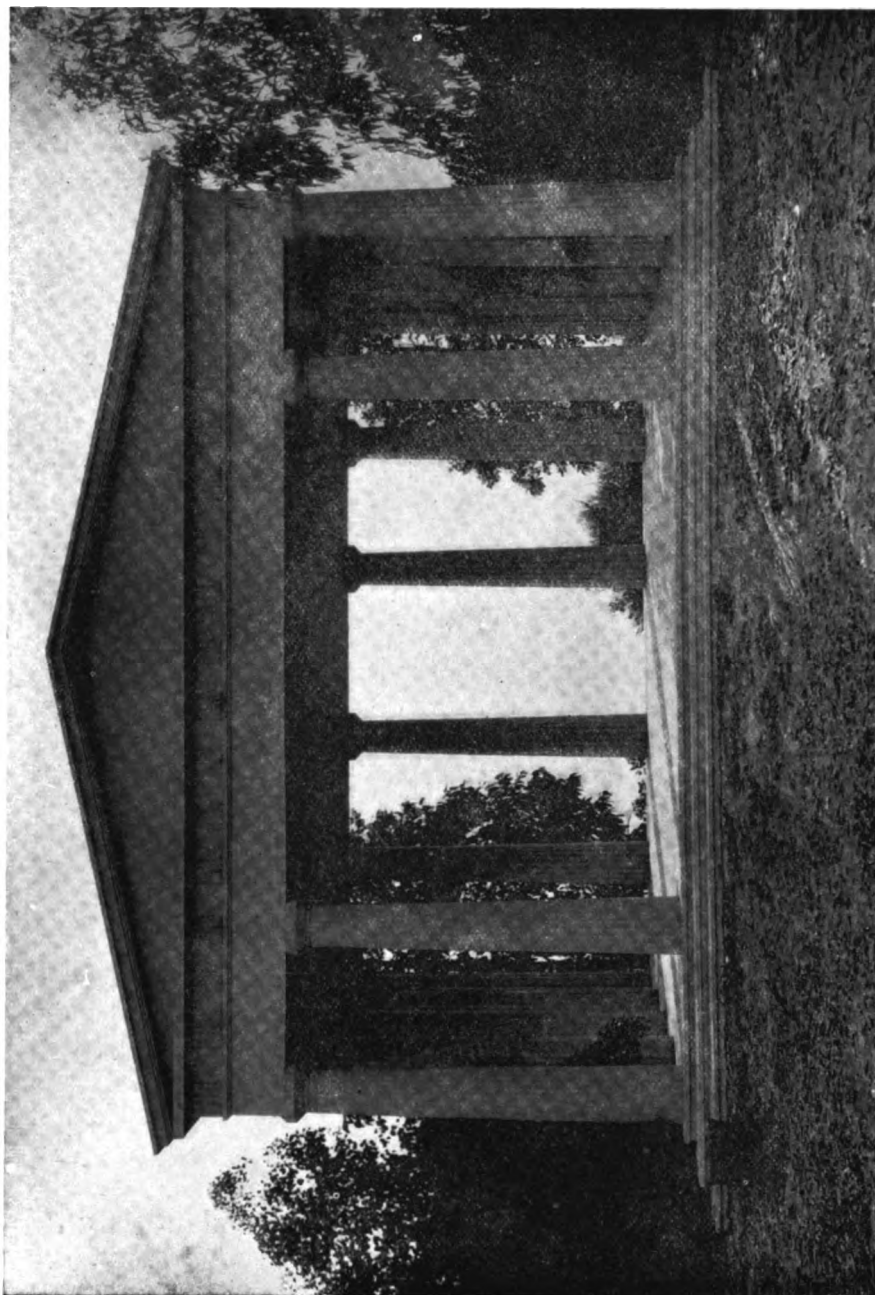
of science, so long as they are facts and nothing else, must be treated with respect; for, if properly studied, they can but confirm the Theosophical teachings and will be found to fit duly into their places in the scheme. It is only the theories and speculations of enthusiasts that are sometimes wrong and may be objected to. Now man has an animal nature; but he has also a divine nature; and both of these factors are represented in his mind, his conduct, and even his physiological constitution. If his thinking mind is entirely under the domination of his animal organs, which act on the coarser fibers of the brain through the sympathetic nervous system, then man may indeed be no more than a thinking animal. But if, recognising and aspiring to the divine nature within him, he attunes his mind to ideals that are above the animal proclivities, to thoughts that are impersonal and not selfish — then he is more than any animal could possibly become, however highly evolved. It is not possible to explain man's self-conscious reflective mind on any purely physiological hypothesis. For this kind of mind is peculiarly human and not found in the animals. Self-consciousness proceeds, as H. P. Blavatsky says, from the SELF.

Let all those who seek to deny man's responsibility for his actions, by arguing that his mind is under the sole dominion of physiological forces and external circumstances, understand that their arguments apply only to the animal side of man's nature and leave out of account altogether the independent self-conscious mind and will.

In order to explain satisfactorily the existence of our own most marvelous self-reflective mind, we must postulate for it an origin akin to its nature. The source of the human mind is the Universal Mind. How a spark of this Mind came to enter into and be allied with the perfected animal nature in man is another question, which we have briefly considered above. The main point is that it is even more important to study the other lines of evolution which have contributed to make up man, than to study the biological descent which links him with the lower creation.

Quest.— If Buddhism existed in India anterior to Gautama and was in all likelihood tolerated, if not practised, by the Rishis of old, what was it that made it intolerable to the people of the country *after* the coming of Gautama and Śankarāchārya?

Ans.— Simple truth — which never can hope to win the day when in conflict with theology — the selfish concoction of priests interested in the preservation of superstition and ignorance among the masses. Śankarāchārya was more prudent than Gautama Buddha, but preached in substance the same truths as did all the other Great Souls.— *H. P. Blavatsky*



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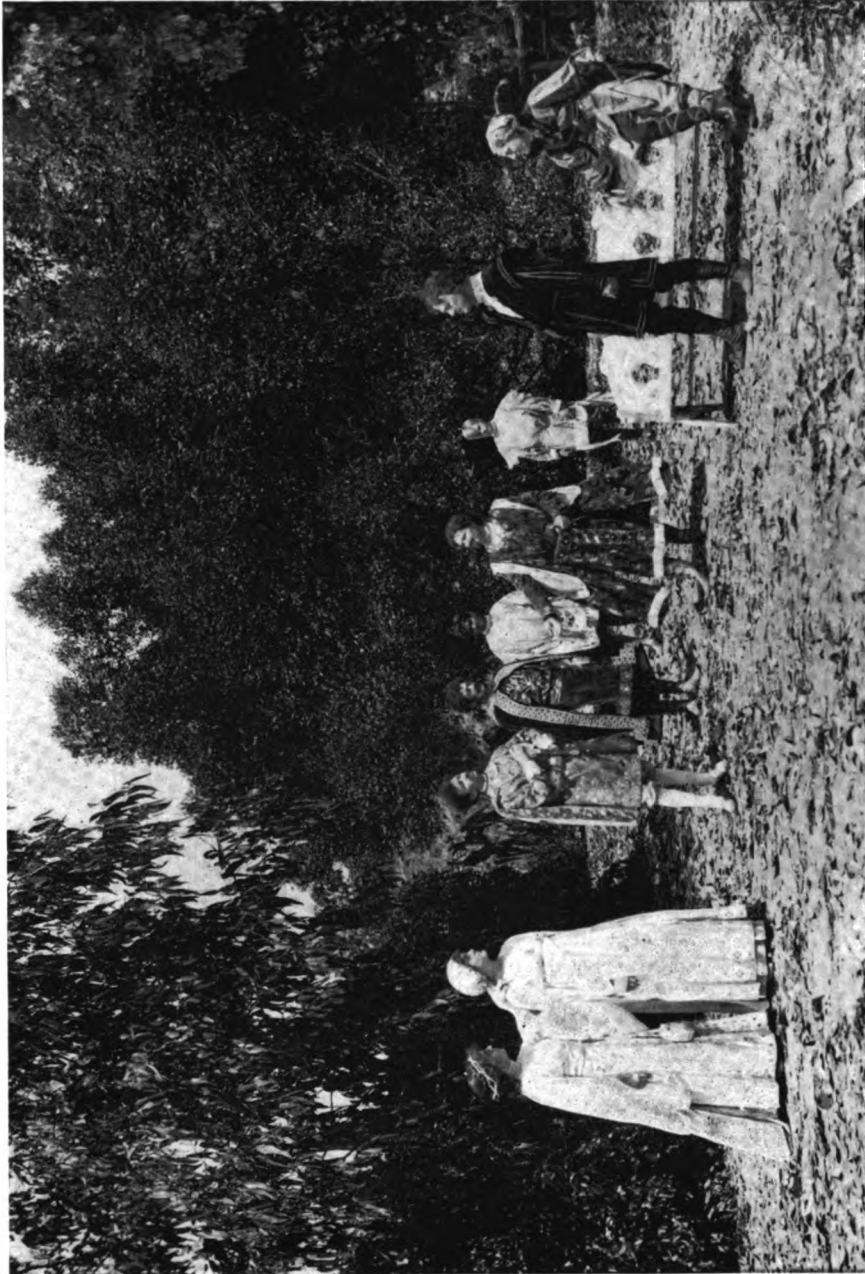
THIS AND THE FOLLOWING ILLUSTRATION SHOW A PART OF THE GREEK THEATER, INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA, AS CHANGED TO REPRESENT A PART OF THE FOREST OF ARDEN DURING A RECENT RENDERING OF 'AS YOU LIKE IT'

BY STUDENTS OF THE RÂJA-YOGA COLLEGE AND ACADEMY



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THE SAME SUBJECT AS IN THE PRECEDING ILLUSTRATION



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**BEFORE THE WRESTLING MATCH: CELIA, ROSALIND, DUKE FREDERICK, COURTIER
ORLANDO AND TOUCHSTONE**

Duke Frederick: "In pity of the challenger's youth I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated;
Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him."



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ADAM, ORLANDO, OLIVER

***Adam:* "Sweet masters, be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord."**

THOUGHTS ON MUSIC: by Daniel de Lange*

PART II



MUSIC must be considered as a language. And if this axiom is true — as I believe it is — musical art ought to be treated and cultivated in an entirely different way from that heretofore followed.

Music is a language. This being so, we have to examine the following questions:

- I. What place does language occupy in human life?
- II. What is the aim of any language, whatever its form may be?
- III. In what phase of universal life can this special language (music) be of use, or be considered as a necessary expression of the thoughts and feelings of humanity?

IV. If music is a language, how ought we to cultivate and to use it?

More questions could be asked, but the answering of these four furnishes an opportunity to elucidate the ideas which the subject suggests.

The first question does not need an extended answer unless we wish to penetrate into its deeper meaning. We do not wish to do so, because our aim is to treat of music as a language, not of language in itself. It will be sufficient to say:

A language is the vehicle by which we convey our thoughts and feelings to others. This being the case, the question is: What is the best vehicle of expression for mankind at any given period of its development? Answering this question, one might say that people always intuitively choose that vehicle which is most suitable for the expression of their thoughts and feelings in any period. Thus, in remote ages it is seen that languages are full of mysterious expressions and symbols, awaking the imagination of the reader, who himself has to complete and to fill out in his mind the idea suggested to him by these mysterious expressions. Later on, when materialism took more and more hold of man's mind, words replaced the suggestions of ideas; so that language became more and more a reproduction of thoughts that have only to do with material things. The tendency is towards materialization even of the highest ideals. Among the authors of the present day, some (for example, Maeterlinck) try to re-enter the realms of spirituality. In reading the works of such poets we have the impression that for them, words are not fully sufficient to express the feeling they wish to suggest. In all these efforts we find the same underlying principle, *viz.*, that man uses one or another kind of language to give form to the thoughts and feelings which are the propelling forces of his inner life. Viewed from this standpoint it appears as if any special kind

*Founder and ex-Director of the Conservatory of Music, Amsterdam, Holland, and now one of the Directors of the Isis Conservatory of Music, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California.

of language (words, sounds, forms or colors) is in itself a representation of the degree of development and refinement which its users possess. A child, a youth, an adult, or an old man, use different vehicles for expressing themselves. And mankind as a whole does the same. Is it possible to admit that a Russian serf, a Zulu, a workman from one of our great cities, a politician, or a scholar, use the same vehicle to convey their thoughts and feelings to others? Nor can we admit that people six thousand years or more ago used language in precisely the same way as people do nowadays. And if this is true, we must also believe that in periods later in time than our own, man will express himself in some other way than that in which we do now.

Now, let us see what difference exists between language as it was used in earlier times by civilized nations, and language as used by the nations of today.

It would be of no use for our purpose to enter into a detailed examination of this question; we only wish to answer it in a general way, *viz.*, that in that earlier epoch language was almost always used as a means of giving an image or a suggestion of what was in the mind of the user, rather than for giving a detailed and elaborate definition of an idea. It might have been possible at that time to use images instead of words; while nowadays an image could not possibly convey the precise and definite idea to our mind.

Nevertheless, even in the present time we can still find examples not only of images used as language, but also of sounds so used. When in the Alps we hear the herdsmen sing their calls to one another, we know that they all understand the meanings of them, although no words are used; these calls are sounds, not words. This leads us to the second question.

The true aim of a language is to furnish to mankind the form or vehicle which he needs to express the refinement of his soul and intelligence at that special epoch.

We can imagine that in previous races man did not use speech in the same way that we do. Before being clothed in skin, *i. e.*, before the fall into matter, he did not need words, because they represent only a material form, evident enough when one tries to express through them an abstract or spiritual idea. The beings belonging to previous races may have expressed themselves in musical sounds. Even nowadays when our spirits are clothed in matter, we are still able to attach many kinds of ideas, as clear and precise in their way as those expressed in other kinds of languages, to feelings expressed in sounds; the only difference is that the former cannot be translated into those languages without losing a great deal of their exactness and intensity. We all have had opportunities almost numberless to experience and to realize, consciously or unconsciously, the truth

of the above statement; as when hearing masterpieces of musical art.

But only a few may have noticed that the highest level of expression in musical language can only be reached when the composer himself is also the performer. Not long ago we had an opportunity to realize this at Point Loma. The famous composer-pianist, Percy Grainger, was Madame Katherine Tingley's guest here at the Headquarters. After a concert, which was given in honor of this distinguished guest, he sat down at the piano and spoke to all of us in his very own language. After having paid tribute to the greatest of all masters or teachers on the musical plane, Johann Sebastian Bach, by playing one of the latter's most striking fugues, he spoke for about an hour and a half in his own language, telling us of the beauty and truth which are living powers in his heart, as they are in ours, but which never could have been told to us by anyone who was a stranger to us as we were to him. But the musical language of the Rāja-Yoga Chorus and Orchestra had revealed to Mr. Grainger — as his language had revealed to us — that not only were we not strangers to one another, but that from the very first moment we spiritually were and are brothers. No words could have expressed to us with such intensity what were the feelings in our hearts. Mr. Grainger left the Theosophical Headquarters as our brother; he had been initiated into the secrets of the higher life; and to us he had revealed the beauty, the inspiration, and the aspiration of his own heart-life.

No one of us, however, and still less Percy Grainger himself, could have expressed this feeling in a material form.

This brings us naturally to the third question of our theme: In what phase of universal life can this special language (music) be of use or be considered as necessary for the expression of the thoughts and feelings of humanity?

Surely the different arts (poetry, painting, architecture, sculpture and music) are but different expressions of the higher life, the real life of man. Therefore it seems evident that the more man conquers his lower nature and frees himself from material impediments, the more he needs an immaterial form for the expression of that higher, that real life. If we think of the expressions the Gods may use to communicate their suggestions to the human mind, we cannot believe that they can do this without using symbols, such as images, figures or sounds. If not given in such form man would not be able to understand those suggestions. We must go even a step further, and realize that man must reach a considerable degree of spiritual development before he is able to understand those suggestions. Without preparatory training and spiritual development the images would be considered nonsense, the figures mere material forms, and the sounds mere noises. There is no easy path to comprehension.

Leaving aside these images and figures, because we wish to treat only of music, notwithstanding that music is closely related to these other means of expression, our answer to the third question must be:

Musical language can only be of use, and be considered as necessary for the expression of man's thoughts and feelings, after humanity has reached such a high degree of spiritual development that figures or words for expressing materialistic needs have become superfluous.

Indeed, true music, even at the present time, is an expression of the spiritual part of man's being. Although there are composers who describe to us in detail (as in program music) the subject they wish to express in sounds, nevertheless their music is only a true artistic expression if their sounds suggest something to our souls that is quite independent of the description they give. For example, when Richard Strauss notes, in his *Sinfonia Domestica*, that the uncles and aunts of the newborn child find that it is like father and mother, we smile and pass on; but in the 'Lullaby,' or the 'Love-Dream' of the same work our souls are inspired by the beauty of the sounds which give us an insight into life on another plane.

We know that musical art is now in a period of evolution. It is as if this art were preparing for the time which humanity is expecting. A glance at musical history shows us, that, while in remote ages the musicians themselves — even the performers — were the composers of the works they performed, gradually a separation took place, so that in later epochs composers and performers formed two different castes. Everyone knows that at a certain epoch of history, the composers had to submit to the whims of the *virtuosi*, especially of singers. That time has passed; gradually people are beginning to realize that in musical art, as in poetry, a noticeable difference exists between the producer (composer) and the reproducer (*virtuoso*). The former is the real artist; he is the interpreter of the ideations of the Gods; the latter is but an instrument, more or less suitable for reproducing the sounds of the language of the Gods.

Now, if we consider the *virtuosi* as instruments, it is evident that it is not they who are the true representatives of art. In former times they were considered merely as musical performers who carried out the ideas of the master-musician. We refer to the Troubadours and their assistants. Although nowadays the reproducers are in entirely different circumstances, and although we admit that there are true artists among them, yet we deny that in the future *virtuosi* can be the promoters of the divine ideas that are concealed behind the sounds of the masterpieces of musical art. Without doubt there will always be people who possess a greater facility in the use of musical language than others; this, however, is the same in every other kind of language, why should we therefore make any difference between them? Perhaps later we shall have an op-

portunity to work out this idea, but here it would be out of place, the question being rather *in what phase of universal life is the musical language of use*. After what has already been said, it is evident that only the self-creating artist can be taken into consideration for our purpose. It is also evident that a person can only interpret his ideas and feelings when they become so strong that he cannot refrain from uttering them. That is the point; as soon as spiritual life in man becomes so intense that he cannot help uttering it, unconsciously, or so to say, in spite of himself, musical art — because of its close relationship with the purest, most immaterial forms of expression, — will furnish him with means to communicate his feelings to others. It is only after having purified the body, the soul and the mind, so that spirit can manifest itself by means of the human instrument, that music as a language can be used and understood. Unless our souls are entirely free from any materialistic feeling, our spiritual eyes will not be able to see clearly the figures formed by the vibrations produced by this divine art; and to understand their significance.

Meditating on music in this way, we shall be disposed to agree with the following statements: that musical art is only in the beginning of its development; that its significance will only be fully disclosed to a race spiritually more advanced than ours, a race which will have discarded all materialism, and which will recognise that the only true reality is spiritual life. In such an epoch everyone will be able not only to express his feelings in his own melodies, but also to understand the underlying thoughts and feelings of the melodies of everybody else.

But at such an epoch musical culture will necessarily be quite different from what it is today. Instead of training a sort of musical parrots, who imitate with more or less success what they have heard from others, we must find a means to develop . . . ?

Here we come to the fourth question, the answering of which is surely the most difficult part of the problem. Why? Because no one of us is capable of foretelling with exactness what such a spiritually more advanced race will need. One thing only seems self-evident, *viz.*, that such a race will demand a *spiritual* musical development, not a *technical* one. For, then it would be ludicrous to express oneself by taking a sonata of Beethoven or a fugue of Bach from the bookcase, and putting it on a piano, and playing the whole or part of it.

Suppose a friend calls upon me; and, instead of extending a hearty welcome to him in words, even the simplest, I go to my bookcase and take a volume of one of the greatest poets and read to him some noble thought from this great and brilliant author. Do you think that my friend would have faith in such a welcome? If he is polite, he will say nothing, but if he is a true friend, he will point out that he is waiting for my welcome,

that he has nothing to do with that stranger who placed himself between myself and him. So the question, how to cultivate and how to use musical language, might be answered in the following way:

Musical training must take place without the help of any instrument.

Musical language must be used only for expressing one's own feelings.

Perhaps the meaning of the above will not be obvious, viewed from the present standpoint of musical development; and also because in music as well as in the life of humanity as a whole, separateness is now the watch-word. For the right understanding of these two statements we have to examine the spiritual development of man; and to realize what he is able to do, if his personality has been trained in such a way that his individuality can use his personality as an instrument. In such a case man would be an entirely different being. He would possess qualities entirely different from those we meet with in the average man; and consequently he would know how to use the possibilities which life offers to everyone, but which the average man does not yet know how to use. Even nowadays we meet from time to time with persons in whom these qualities have been developed to such a degree that by right of nature they belong to a higher plane. This place was not assigned to them by anyone; they did not take it themselves; and yet everyone acknowledges it as theirs; they hold it as a result of their former lives. Why? Because such persons, invested with mighty spiritual power, are what they are "simply because they are what they are"! Everyone knows of such individualities, either from life or by reading of them.

In general, such persons are not appreciated by their contemporaries; on the contrary, they are persecuted. In the present age this is quite natural. How could it be otherwise? Everyone who meets with such a person knows, consciously or unconsciously, that this man or woman is capable of looking right through the physical envelope into his heart; that he, or she, can scrutinize that heart and lay bare the motives of a man's whole life. If the motives are pure, if they are a direct emanation of the godlike spirit within, there will be a great joy in the hearts of both, because they keenly feel that once more brotherly unity has manifested itself; the most beautiful fact in nature has shown itself once more to be a reality in human life.

But alas! not often does the 'pure in heart' encounter such a sister-soul. More often it will meet with hideousness and wickedness instead of beauty and love. In such a case the godlike spirit of the one — knowing all and therefore forgiving all, and full of compassion — will look on that poor, erring, and ignorant heart with great pity, and it will try to extirpate the feelings of evil therefrom, so that it may again be able to grow and thus see the beauty and grandeur of truth in the universe. But the poor,

erring, and ignorant heart never will admit this; it believes that the pure and spiritual being is trying to dominate him by his mighty power, and the desire awakes in his mind to throw off the yoke, to persecute the light that he recognises in that lofty soul, notwithstanding the fact that he feels in his innermost being — perhaps dimly — that this light is the only real truth. The more powerful this recognition is in his mind, the more bitter will be the persecution.

Is it necessary for lofty-minded individuals, as we have tried to show, to use ordinary language? The intonation of the voice, a look, are sufficient to communicate the feelings of the heart. And even nowadays the meaning of a sound can be understood by those whose hearts are pure, whose minds are free from materialistic thoughts, and who have learned the musical language. For each tone in music, brought into its natural relationship with a fundamental sound, represents a definite idea of growth, decay, or continuity. Surely this language cannot be used to express material, physical, or even mental ideas, but with this exception it is suitable for the expression of any feeling one can think of.

In order to use it in such a way, we have to cultivate:

I. . Our faculty of hearing, till we can distinguish the slightest differences of pitch and of intonation;

II. Our faculty of noticing the correlative vibrations, till we can distinguish which harmonic correlations are sympathetic and which are antipathetic;

III. From this knowledge must be deduced the laws governing the combinations required for the expression of love or hatred, sympathy or antipathy, strength or weakness, joy or sorrow, and so on.

A new system will be the result of this way of viewing musical art. In this system some old rules will persist, but many will be abolished; for everything depends upon the way in which we employ the powers of nature. And so in musical language every combination of sounds is possible if only it is used in the right way.

In the last paragraph we spoke of harmonious combinations only; no word was said of melody. Yet, as everyone knows, melody is in truth the great factor in music. So we have to speak of it. Now, I can assure you that I have not yet found a work on musical theory in which the author teaches the pupil how to compose his *own* melody. We find examples of the most beautiful melodies everywhere; in them the great composers show us in what way they have expressed their feelings in *their own* melodies. Perhaps some general rules may be deduced from these; but, *except the splendid examples*, it is of no use making rules for the composition of melodies; each man must search and try until he has found *his own* theory for composing *his own melody*. He must find out his own path.

It is impossible to *teach* spiritual life to man; it is only possible to awaken it in his mind. Thus melody, as being the spiritual life in music, can only be awakened, it cannot be taught. He who does not possess it will never realize what the significance of music is.

But there is no doubt that everyone has melody within himself; nor is there any doubt that everyone possesses the divine, the Spiritual Spark.

GOOD-BYE

BY KENNETH MORRIS

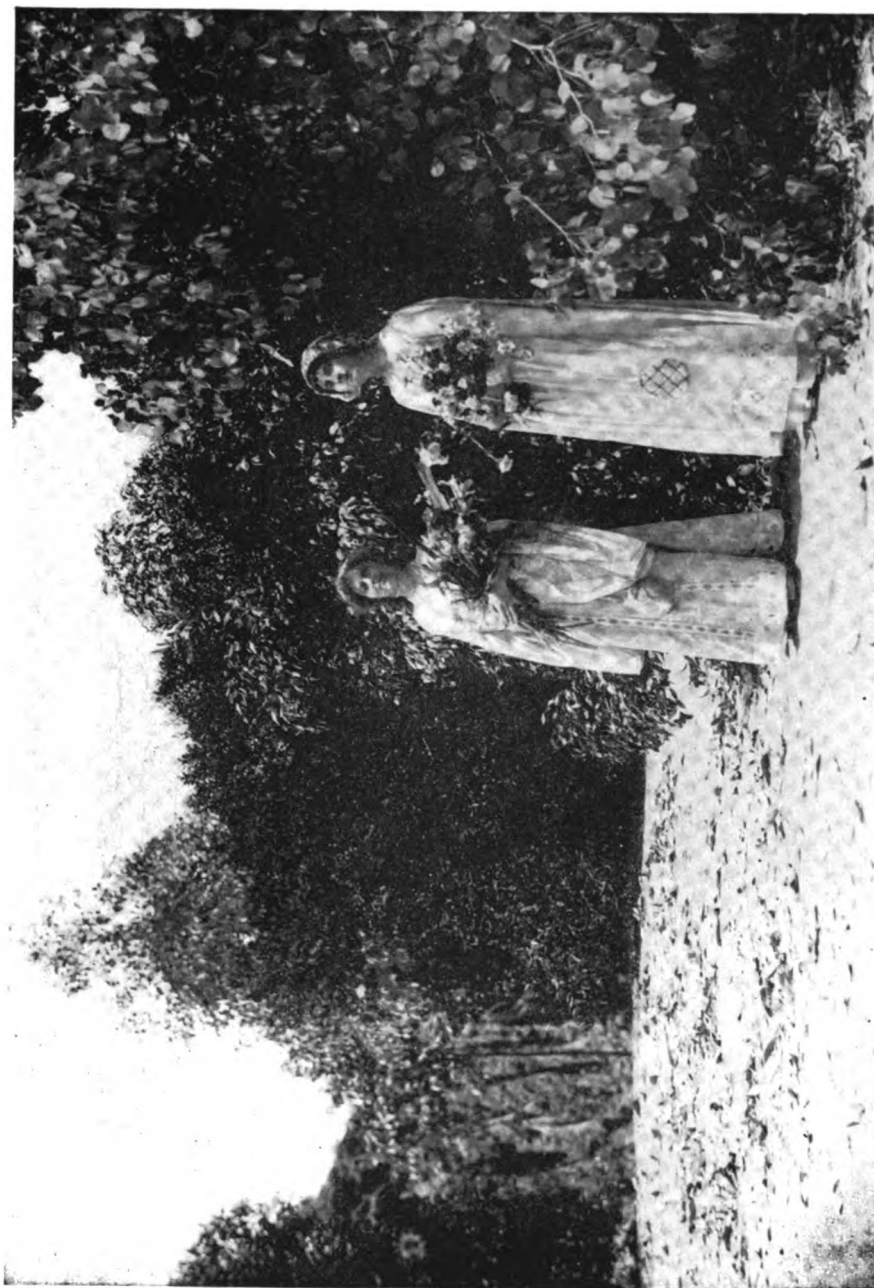
Welsh Air — *Gorhoffedd Owen Cyfeiliog*

NOW that your dumb soul flames forth into singing,
 Now that your dim star glows sunbright and strong,
 Take you the silence that's bardic and ringing,
 Bathe you in God's lonely fountain of song!
 Lay by the clay that o'ershrouded your splendor;
 Song-rich and gay, take the dawn-light at last,
 As flame leaping forth, or as swan-wings to wend o'er
 The seas that no keel but the Spirit's hath passed.

Lay by Earth's sadness; forgo without scorning
 Earth's sights that grow now too gross for your eyes;
 Go you, and dwell where the tulips of morning,
 Carmine and golden, bloom forth o'er the skies.
 Have you your part in the blue bloom of noon days;
 Merge you your heart in the Heart of the Sun;
 We shall feel you aglow in the glow of the June days;
 Beauty and glory and you shall be one.

All that we lose of you — all that — we need not;
 Not from our souls is your dearness withdrawn;
 Though that that dies in you, grieves in us, heed not!
 We shall get news of you, Bright One, at dawn.
 Dawn of your laughter-lit courage shall fashion
 Mirth on the mountains and pomp in the sky;
 Twilight shall brood on your heart-deep compassion,
 Night shall go trailing your heart's peace on high.

International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California



Lomeland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

CELIA AND ROSALIND



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

IN THE FOREST OF ARDEN, "UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE"

Duke: "Sweet are the uses of adversity."



Lansford Photo. & Engraving Dept.

CELIA, TOUCHSTONE, ROSALIND
Rosalind: "O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits!"



Lansland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

CORIN, ROSALIND, CELIA, TOUCHSTONE
Rosalind: "Here comes my sister reading; stand aside."



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

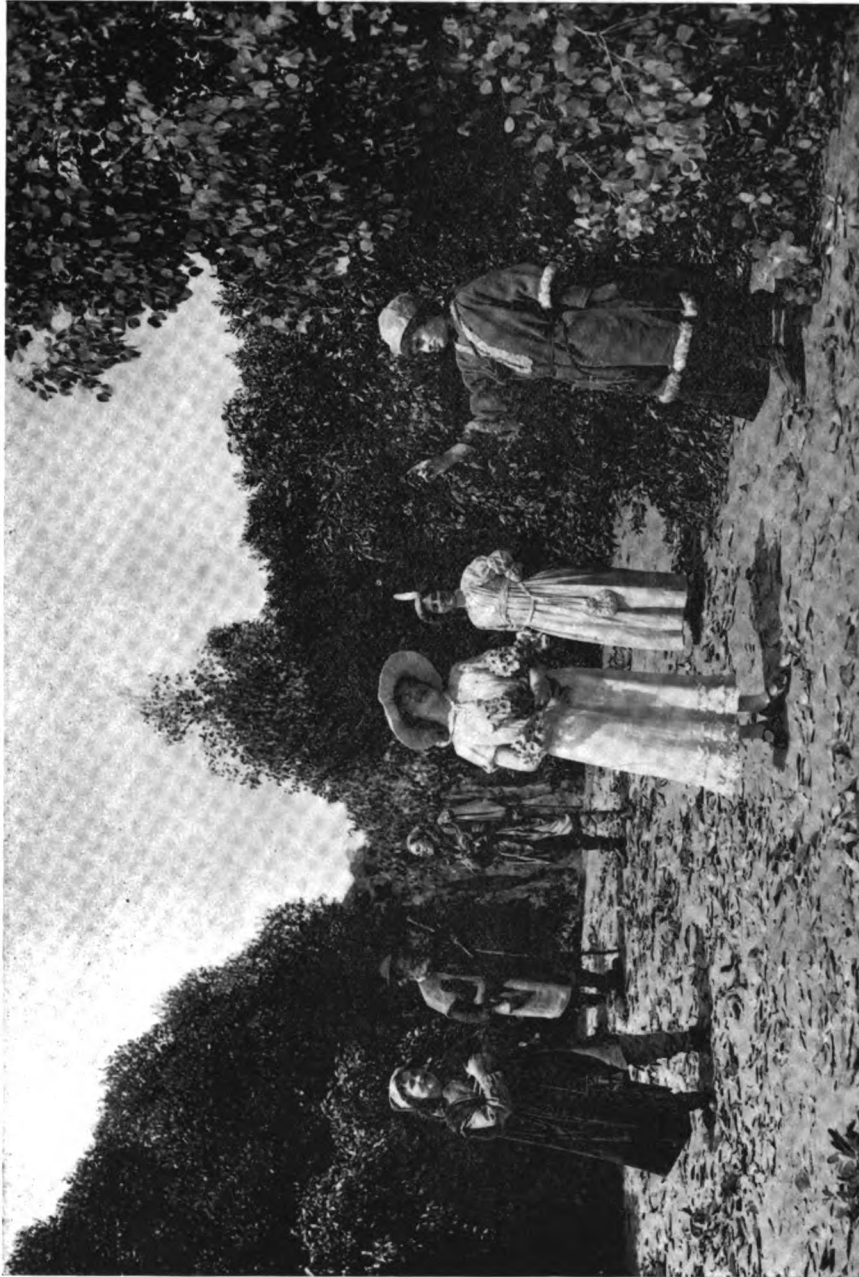
ROSALIND, ORLANDO, JACQUES

***Jacques:* "Nay then, God be wi' you, an you speak in blank verse!"**



Lensland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

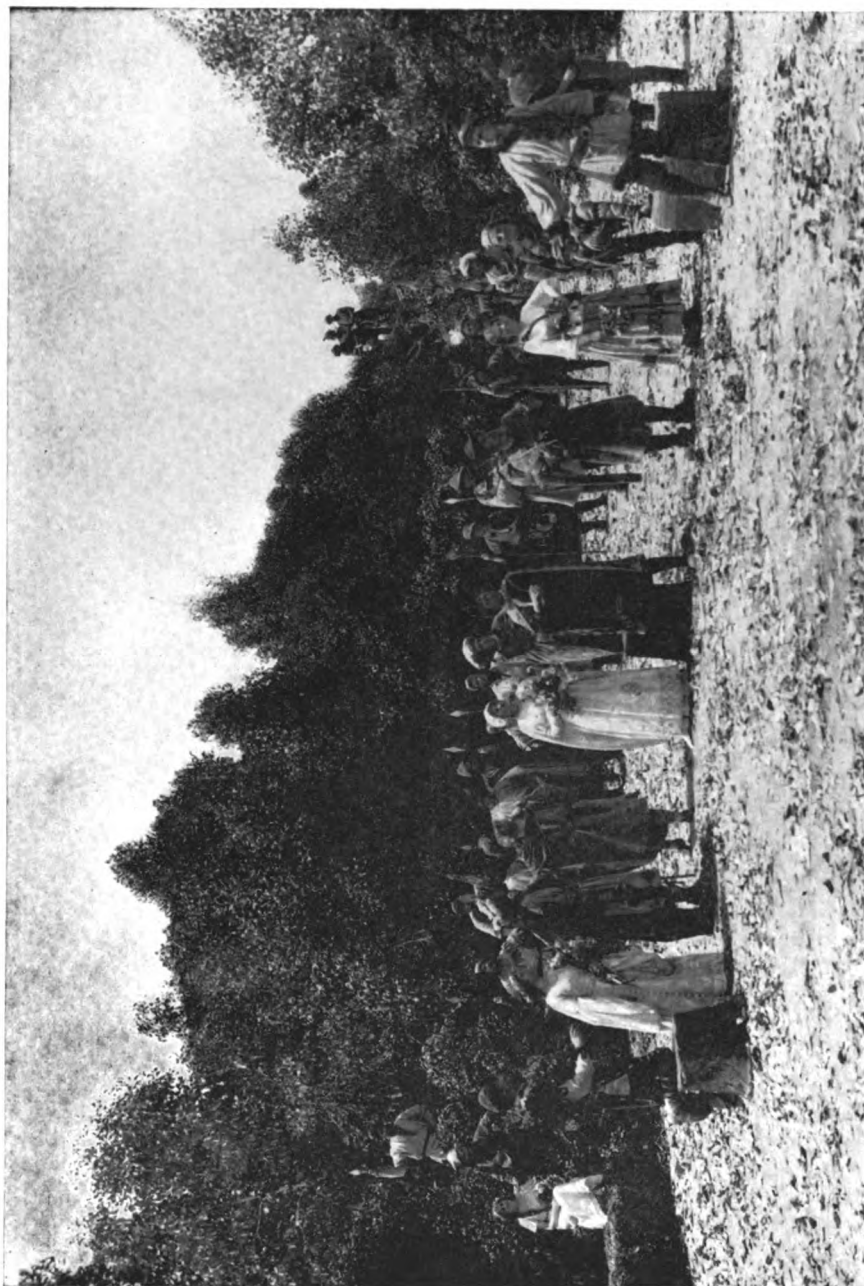
WILLIAM, AUDREY, TOUCHSTONE
Touchstone: "Come, sweet Audrey!"



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

SILVIUS, CORIN, TOUCHSTONE, PHOEBE, CELIA, ROSALIND

Rosalind: "I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am falseer than vows made in wine:
Besides, I like you not."



Lomalind Photo. & Engraving Dept.

FINALE

Duke: "Stay, Jacques, stay!"

Jacques: "To see no pastime I;..... I am for other than for dancing measures."

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY: by R. Machell



T first sight one might be disposed to place Art and Archaeology in different departments of culture. The one is so obviously creative and constructive, while the other is much more analytical and retrospective. But the two are inseparable, for the simple reason that Archaeology concerns itself with the discovery, examination, appreciation, and classification of the remains of past civilizations that have flourished on the earth and disappeared in ages long gone by. And as Art is the fine flower of all civilization, it is particularly from a competent appreciation of the remains of ancient Art that we may hope to learn the true character and scope of the civilization developed by any particular nation of antiquity. This may seem to be a relatively easy task compared with the preliminary work of discovery, but in reality it demands a very high degree of artistic knowledge and feeling. It calls for technical knowledge of the arts such as drawing, engraving, painting, and decorative design, as well as of the science of symbology, and the art of historical recording, and all the various modes of writing or relating in permanent form, narratives or teachings of importance to the people.

One of the principal stumbling-blocks the archaeologist encounters in his work of appreciating and classifying specimens of ancient art, lies in their great simplicity. He finds a figure engraved on a rock with a few simple lines. The design is absolutely simple, and if the student is also somewhat simple-minded he will take the simplicity of the work to be an evidence of the ignorance of the craftsman. But if he is a true student of Art ancient and modern, foreign and domestic, theoretical and practical, then he will know that works of the most accomplished artists that have graced the periods of Art's highest manifestations are almost invariably marked by the utmost simplicity. Simplicity is the last word of Art. Crudeness and emptiness are the characteristics of the work of amateurs, beginners, the incompetent of all ages, and it is not always easy for a 'half-baked' connoisseur to discriminate between the "fullness of the seeming void and the voidness of the seeming full," (to quote an ancient work), between the simplicity of a master and that of an ignoramus.

To acquire the power to discriminate in such cases the archaeologist must qualify himself by knowledge personally acquired. He must be a student of Art in the highest sense.

There was a time when the few drawings that have come down to us of the great Masters of Art in China were regarded as 'primitive,' because of their marvelous simplicity of treatment. Today most critics are cautious in dealing in an offhand way with old Chinese works; but some seek safety in ecstasies of admiration indulged in with a delicious promiscuity, that is even more entertaining, being more amiable, than the scornful and supercilious attitude formerly in vogue amongst incompetent critics.

The wise man will 'go slow' in face of the baffling subtlety of simplicity, and will not lightly pronounce final judgment on such work.

In drawing sweeping conclusions from scanty data great blunders have been made, as when some isolated specimen or fragment is used as the basis for an opinion on the civilization of the entire globe at the time of the production of that one piece of work. Perhaps in a few thousand years when our great civilization has gone the way of all that went before, some future archaeologist will unearth some fragment of cheap pottery and accept it as a proof that the people of this age were just emerging from a state of barbarism.

Other mistakes are made by trying to fit into preconceived systems of chronology the evidences of superior culture such as made Egypt marvelous thousands of years before our own art was dreamed of. Could we but free our minds from prejudice, and judge those relics as we would judge the works of the great artists of our own days, we might learn something that would enable us to take a broader view of art and life; aye, and of religion and science too, perhaps.

One thing is certain, that the artists of the great epochs in Egyptian history met the same problems in art as those that seem new to the young enthusiast of our day; and that the old masters of antiquity went far towards finding solutions to those problems is testified to by the amazing grace and dignity of the great monuments that archaeology has revealed to us.

The way in which the ancient Egyptians used all arts harmoniously while at the same time carrying specialization to the highest point is something that we in our day can only admire, but not achieve. They had the highest kind of specialized perfection in various arts or branches of art, but they had also the supreme Art that unifies and uses all subsidiary specialities as complementary one to another in the great Unity the Master-mind conceived and carried to completion.

We know the majesty of their architecture; we know the accuracy of their scientific observations and astronomical calculations, the delicacy of measurement that enabled them to orient their buildings with an accuracy perhaps beyond our own achievements; we know the harmonious decoration of their tombs and temples, their furniture and implements; and we are familiar with the craftsmanship that made some of their historic records works of the highest decorative mastery.

But not all have studied these things carefully, and some might be surprised to find on a sarcophagus three or four thousand years old, figures of birds so exquisitely cut in hard basalt that they would bear comparison with any attempts at realistic pictorial representation of those particular birds that have been made even in our own day. Yet they are

highly decorative, and perfectly appropriate at the same time to the literary purpose they fulfil as hieroglyphs. There are some birds on one of those great sarcophaguses in the British Museum that would not be out of place in a first-class work on ornithology, so perfectly expressive are they of the essential characteristics of the birds. But the way in which knowledge and observation and artistic mastery are all made subservient to a unifying purpose makes a mere specialist feel small and very 'primitive.'

Our art students have emancipated themselves from the traditions of former generations, in which a slavish worship of classic models had cramped and fettered the free evolution of individual genius; but in their joy at finding themselves free of all restraints, it may be that they have lost sight of the fact that individual liberty may prove a serious hindrance to the evolution of art in a nation or in humanity as a whole. The individual who isolates himself cuts himself off from the stream of national or racial life; he loses his value as a vital factor in human progress, and is deprived of that invisible source of energy, that unconscious support, that one mind may find in the general aspiration of contemporaries, and in the accumulated wisdom of the past. To attain his perfect growth as an individual he must retain intact the bonds that bind him to his fellow-men, and he must not break or block the channels through which should flow the life-blood of the whole community. Isolation means disease or death.

Too often the love of liberty leads a young student to ignore the records of what has been achieved by ancient races, as well as the evidence of what is actually being attempted by his fellows in other lands. Vanity will no doubt supply him with a sense of self-sufficiency, but vanity is a poor substitute for knowledge.

The records of the past reveal the fact that all the problems known to an art student of today were met by artists thousands of years ago, and were resolved by various masters in various ways. This knowledge ought to induce an artist to look deeper into his own nature to find the path that leads ever upward and onward. Without that knowledge he may content himself with 'threshing straw' from which the grain has been extracted ages ago. Vanity and ignorance may blind an artist to the futility of such repetition, but Archaeology may set him free from his delusion.

Therefore we may declare that the association of Art and Archaeology is a good one in many respects. There can be little question that Archaeology can contribute valuable information to students of Art; and on the other hand there is very much for the archaeologist to gain from a practical course of art-training as well as from a closer and a more intelligent study of the principles of Art, and of its historical significance.

The archaeologist is continually tempted to draw conclusions from the fragments of ancient art that he discovers; and these conclusions are frequently made worthless if not ridiculous by his own ignorance of the elements of artistic presentation or representation, or of the aesthetic principles of what is called decorative design.

It is quite a common thing to find an archaeologist dogmatically asserting that a certain ancient design is 'primitive,' and that its treatment clearly demonstrates the ignorance of the designer or the incompetence of the executant: whereas an artist might see in the same specimen evidence of a highly developed sense of the decorative value of line, and a full appreciation of the aesthetic necessity for selection, discrimination and simplification, qualities so frequently revealed in ancient art, where the omission of irrelevant matter may appear to be due to the ignorance or incompetence of primitive (?) man.

Now if the student of Archaeology would enter an art school and would go through a systematic course of study, seeking to acquire the art of expression in line, both in the creation of decorative designs and appropriate ornament, and in the representation of living creatures — to serve either as historic records, allegorical instructive emblems, or as aesthetic decoration — and if he would preserve specimens of his own work from the first, and would compare these drawings with those of 'primitive' barbarians, I feel sure that he would be better able to appreciate at their true value the specimens of ancient art that it must be his task to classify and to appreciate when he enters upon his archaeological investigation.

But his study must go further if he wishes to secure a sound position of knowledge from which to judge between the simple efforts of incompetent craftsmen and the highly sophisticated simplicity of artists skilled in the manipulation of their tools, and familiar with the traditions of preceding generations, in which the art of representation had been purified of all superfluous detail and reduced to system and formula.

To reach such a position the art student must endeavor to make his own drawings examples of the simplicity that results from the judicious elimination of all that is unnecessary to the purpose of characteristic representation.

No one who has not actually attempted to express in line the essential characteristics of a living animal can have any idea of the amount of irrelevant detail that may be omitted, nor can he fully appreciate the mastery of the artist who can see the essentials and suggest them in the fewest possible lines. Let a man take a fountain-pen and a notebook and let him try to jot down in a few lines a sketch-note that shall intelligently express the flight of a particular bird, so as to show what kind of bird his drawing represents: let him sit down and sketch the motion of running water as it

falls over the rocks, or the motion of clouds so as to indicate the state of the weather; let him try in a few touches to express anger as shown in a man's face or in his gestures; let him try to reproduce the characteristic features of any living or moving thing, and then let him take hammer and chisel and engrave his sketch on the stone. Then he will be able to appreciate the masterly simplicity of the work of a great artist, and will not be in so much danger as he might otherwise be of mistaking such work for that of primitive man.

What is a primitive man? Let the art student turn to his early studies and compare them with the work of a master and let him say if he was not fully entitled at one time to be called a primitive man, if judged by his artistic efforts.

Then let him take the pen drawings of great men of his own day and compare them with the line drawings of antiquity, and he may see points of resemblance between them that will perhaps cure him of the bad habit of regarding all antiquity as primitive.

I know it is hard for a man who has not opened his mind to the Ancient Wisdom to resist the temptation to believe that all antiquity existed but as a foundation for the ultimate production of twentieth-century civilization. He must necessarily find it difficult to believe that the ancients were ever at the height of civilization that we have attained. And yet the further back we go the more we are forced to admit that there is conclusive evidence of the existence of highly developed races as far back as present investigations enable us to go. And all the time primitive man was making drawings and carvings as rude and elementary as the product of any modern amateur.

The primitive man is always with us. We carry him about with us hidden behind the outer sophisticated man of partial culture, and occasionally he puts in a word or two on his own account, which makes the man of culture seem a sophisticated imbecile perhaps.

If we accept the Theosophic teaching of the rise and fall of nations, and races, and the continual appearance or disappearance of art, science, religion and culture, as the races pass from youth to age, and as their arts blossom and decay, then we are ready to recognise traces of ancient culture that may have become merely traditional in a degraded race, but which may be a clue to the existence of a past civilization, from which the so-called 'primitive' art has been inherited. When Archaeology was asleep there was less evidence to point to this rise and fall of nations. But now that we have excavated mighty temples, and revealed the ruins of great cities in the deserts where no trace of former civilization was discernible, we know how utterly a mighty nation may disappear for centuries or millenniums and leave no record of its glory except in some oral tradition

handed down for ages by 'primitive' barbarians. And knowing this, we ought to be more ready to agree as to the probability of such destruction being part of the regular rotation of racial seasons, which recur (just as the seasons of the year come round) and bring the blossom and the fruit and then the falling of the leaf. Surely the whole trend of modern Archaeology is in the direction of a great demonstration of this periodic rise and fall of human civilizations, which seem to follow one another like waves, sweeping around the world, raising a race here or there to a great height and passing on to other lands, to be in turn followed by other waves that may be traced throughout the centuries, and round the globe.

When Archaeology awoke there was much talk of primitive man, because the western world, robbed of a great part of its traditional wisdom, had become imbued with the crass ignorance that passed for learning in the dark ages; and men of ordinary education still accepted the creation of the world as an event that had taken place a few thousand years ago; and though the date was constantly pushed back until it almost fell out of sight, its ghost still haunts the scientific mind, and stalks across the stage garbed, or ungarbed, as the period of 'primitive man.'

Sometimes I think, in listening to a scientific lecturer in evening dress referring to this poor old ghost 'primitive man' as if he were an actual historical fact, that the best evidence for the actuality of primitive man is to be found in the lecturer himself. I seem to see the ghost of an outworn superstition peeping out curiously from behind the wise man's spectacles to see if any of his kindred are awake among the audience. Then when the lecturer returns to those things of which he is qualified to speak by reason of his own study and investigation, the ghost disappears and twentieth-century civilization resumes its place.

But Archaeology is waking up out of its medieval sleep. For like the rest of human culture it has its periods of activity and its long lapses in between. Have we not records of ancient monarchs who thousands of years ago carried out extensive explorations in order to unearth records of their predecessors, who had built cities on the same site millenniums before? One such at least, Nabonidus, recorded his discovery of such a record 3250 years old on a tablet which was in turn discovered two thousand years or more later on, by a man of our generation. So Archaeology has slept and is awake again, and for that reason I would urge those who desire to equip themselves for the difficult task that they have undertaken to enter seriously upon an elementary study of drawing and decorative design: not with a view to practising the art, but in order to obtain direct knowledge of the difficulties to be overcome in making such records, or such symbols, or such decorations as they are likely to discover in buried ruins. Painting, being less durable than sculpture, is less likely to be found

in any quantity in very ancient monuments; but sculpture is everywhere, and also rock-engraving.

In this connexion one often reads of the discoverer's surprise at the excellence attained by 'primitive workmen using rude implements'; both the 'primitivity' of the man and the rudeness of his tools being usually mere guesses which are contradicted by the work itself. Now any craftsman knows that the apparent rudeness of the implement is no criterion of its efficiency.

The practical study of stone-carving also will convince a student that the excellence of the work is not to be measured by the elegance of the tools used. As a matter of fact the roughest kind of a tool may prove more useful than a highly finished implement. The best tools of all are those the man makes himself, to serve his own needs; best, that is, for his purpose. An old nail is very serviceable sometimes to an etcher, and some painters put the paint on the canvas with their fingers, or with a bit of stick, while others use ivory palette knives and pencils of the finest bristle, all which is merely a question of expediency, convenience, or maybe a fad. These things are negligible quantities. What counts in Art is Vision — the power to see the essential, the power to catch instantly, and to remember the form that expresses motion or emotion. The power to express what the mind sees is but a secondary matter, and yet an important one. Craftsmanship is essential to an artist, but vision is the supreme qualification. Craftsmanship may be learned, vision must be evolved. Not everyone who has eyes has vision in this sense; far from it. Vision is rare and must be gradually evolved, so I imagine, through many lives. The faculty is presumably latent in all human beings, but then there are so many qualities latent in a man, and such a minute proportion of his possibilities are matured, that one may be pardoned for sometimes forgetting the possibilities of our fellows in view of their more obvious probabilities. And yet this bad habit of ignoring the latent possibilities of man is answerable for a great deal of our intolerance, a most deplorable weakness that leads us into injustice in our criticisms.

A little more faith in the latent possibilities of man would free us from the tyranny of the superstition that gave rise to the idea that long ago men were degraded and that we now are quite superior to our ancestors, whereas we know by our own observation that nations and families and individuals show a remarkable capacity for deterioration; noble families fall swiftly into degradation; great races of a thousand years ago are represented today by wandering savages. What has been, may be again. Let us remember that we too may fall into such degradation; and then let us remember that like the rest we too may rise again. Then when we read the records of the past and see the origin of man further away than

it appeared before we had the little knowledge we have gained, we may refrain from dogmatizing about things beyond our ken; and even perhaps we may restrain our private speculations on the origin of things, and give some heed to the traditions that were handed down to our progenitors from countless generations of antiquity.

This common tendency of our men of science to rush into print with theories 'half-baked', and with premature guesses based on scanty information that has not been tested and sifted, and which is most probably entirely misunderstood, is due to the laudable desire to keep the public informed of the march of learning. Popular science has been often ridiculed; but the generous motive of its advocates is sufficient to excuse a multitude of inconveniences arising from popular misunderstanding of the speculative nature of theories, which the public may have accepted as proven facts.

We must not blame the scientists who yield to a popular demand for more and more sensational theories, and whose imaginations are perhaps more readily responsive to the demand of public curiosity than to the more ethereal voice of pure science. But it is certainly deplorable when the same spirit is allowed to influence the authors of scientific textbooks used in educational establishments. In these days of censorship one is tempted to regret the license given to producers of popular scientific handbooks.

The only remedy lies in the closer co-operation of the public with the men of science, and in the more conscientious efforts of the specialist to broaden his own platform by a more liberal education.

Education is the remedy for so many ills which in their origin may be traced to the defective or destructive teaching of the past, that one is bound to consider the selection of our educators as a most vital problem in the organization of society. But who can control the public platform or the press? Obviously today the control is in the hands of the public. Without public support the press must fail, and many a lecturer be reduced to silence. The public is master of the situation in a free country. But what is the public? I mean what is the active voice of the public? what is the public mind? Surely it should be the mind of the most intelligent, the voice of the most positive or the most eager for information; it should be that part of the great mass that does some thinking for itself.

Unfortunately some of the most intelligent are not willing to make their voices heard in public. There are intellectual shirkers who do not recognise their responsibilities to the race. They probably are the victims of defective education, who have not learned to look upon themselves as bound by duty to the service of their fellow-man; so they pursue their studies for the enjoyment they derive from the personal indulgence of a hobby. These men betray their trust, and have a large share of respon-

sibility for the success of those false teachers who draw dollars from the public by the sale of spurious scientific knowledge.

It seems to me to be the duty of intelligent men and women to associate themselves more actively with the efforts to instruct the public made by bodies of disinterested workers in the field of popular education. The public of our day in free and democratic countries has a duty to itself that it is far from recognising, and still farther from fulfilling.

Freedom of speech and freedom of thought must go hand in hand with a deep sense of social obligation. The bond of brotherhood must be more deeply realized if freedom is to become the blessing that its advocates believed it inevitably must prove itself to the peoples of the earth.

The science of archaeology is no mere hobby, nor is it a field of study that should be given over to the dilettanti. It is an essential factor in the education of our people. For it provides a basis on which to build a sound system of education. But it must be carried much further than it yet has gone, and it must be undertaken by men more and more highly qualified to judge, to discriminate, and to draw correct conclusions from the evidence that will be more voluminously unearthed as time develops our means and methods of investigation. In all this work the world is vitally concerned, and therefore the public has a great duty to future generations. If archaeological science is allowed to become the plaything of the dilettanti, then future generations will be deprived of the knowledge that might have been theirs if we in our day had done our duty to the State. We have a duty to the State, being a part of it; we have a duty to humanity. Knowledge is the heirloom of humanity; and it is our duty to do what lies in our power to bring knowledge to the world. This we can do, or can at least help to do, by using our own intelligence in thinking for ourselves and in supporting actively the work of those who have valuable information to impart, as well as those who are working disinterestedly to gain such knowledge.

Art has been all too often allowed to fall from her high estate and to become the mere pander of the senses, but in the works of art a nation leaves behind, there is a record of the spiritual aspirations of the people as well as an indisputable evidence of the height to which their culture had attained before time wiped them from the earth and nature hid the ruins of their fallen pride with sea or sand or forest growth or mere oblivion.

And just as Art has been degraded into the position of a mere slave of pleasure, so Archaeology has been allowed to become a hobby, the toy of the inquisitive; and serious people have perhaps held back their sympathy in consequence. But today there is a new spirit in the work, and there are workers in the field who are stirred by the touch of a noble enthusiasm in the cause of human progress. The outlook is very encouraging.

And if the public have a duty to Archaeology their obligation in regard to Art is certainly no less.

If Art has been so often merely employed to minister to the gratification of vulgar tastes and pleasures of a low order, is not the public taste responsible?

The public is responsible if it is free. Those who claim freedom as a right proclaim their own obligation to humanity. Therefore all men and women working whole-heartedly for the instruction of the public or for the uplifting of humanity are entitled to the sympathy of the public.

The future of the world is molded by the people of today, and we Theosophists assert that the people of today are those who in former lives left records of their arts and sciences in the ruined cities that they themselves, reborn in later days, shall yet discover; and the people of today are those that will in future lives reap the appropriate harvest that may spring from seed now being sown — a harvest of triumph or of shame, of progress or return to barbarism. Which shall it be? As we sow now so shall we reap. We are the ancients of the future: we are primeval man. We shall return as we have so often done in the past to reap as we have sown. Shall we not learn time's lesson and wake up from our long nightmare to the true life of Man illuminated by knowledge of his own immortality, and see the golden thread of continuity on which the beads of human history are strung? Then Archaeology will be a science of the future as it is now a science of the past. And Art will be the revelation of the Soul of a people expressed in its civilization.

The ruins of past nations testify to the destructive nature of the ideals upon which their culture based itself. The greed of gain inspired the ambitious with a lust of plunder, that in its very nature is destructive. Civilization is constructive, it is evolution; but this, that we in former lives mistook for proof of national prosperity, this plundered wealth, seized by violence and maintained by force, had in it the virus of destruction that brought ruin to the battlemented cities and annihilation to the armed nations who thought to enrich themselves by robbery.

True wealth is not won so. True civilization is built on brotherhood. The lessons that come to us from study of the past are warnings, the teacher of today is Hope. The enlightener of tomorrow is Love. Love of Humanity that must be recognised by man as the true Savior of the nations, without whose light and leading all our civilization of today must go down to destruction as have done in the past those whose remains now mutely testify upon the shelves of our museums to the ruin that lurks in false ideals of society. Truly, from Archaeology we may learn lessons that are worth while.

THEOSOPHY AND THE EDUCATIONAL PROBLEM:

by H. Travers, M. A.



O subject has more attention focused on it than education, but the field of view presents what may be called a welter of theories.

An adequate definition of what education is should come first; this most of the theorists seem to have forgotten.

People who aspire to be practical may be reminded that education does not look quite the same to the philosopher in his study as it does to the teacher with so many real live children on his hands, and so many hours of actual time during which to keep their busy minds occupied.

A point of view which is prominent just now seems to regard education as identical with vocational instruction, and proposes to exclude from the curriculum everything which, from this extremely narrow point of view, does not seem useful — that is to say, about ninety-nine per cent. of the contents of education. Those who take a wider view of education object to this scheme, saying that we do not want a world of people who are simply electricians or bankers and nothing else; we need also a few cultured people — people trained to deal with ideas. But these objectors do not go far enough. For not only would these technical specialists be ignorant of everything outside their subject, but they would not even be efficient in that. Human faculties cannot be parceled out in such a way as to enable one faculty to be developed all alone without developing the others. Try to imagine an athlete trained so as to be able to pull an oar, but with everything else excluded from his training course, with the idea that it would be useless to teach him to walk or run or breathe or do anything else but pull his oar. Fancy a musician trained to play the piano, but not allowed to cultivate himself in any other way; not only would he be an extremely uninteresting and useless person, both to others and to himself but he would be a poor pianist even.

It is a sufficiently old and well-tried maxim that the man who would excel in a specialty must have a great deal of collateral and *apparently* unnecessary knowledge; he must not only hoe his immediate patch, but must till the ground all around it. Otherwise we get the myopic microscopic faddist, who sees all details in exaggerated proportion, but fails entirely to discern the whole. His antithesis is the man of true culture, whose consummate knowledge of his particular subject is illuminated from all sides by streaming rays of many-colored lights.

It is equally true that our attainments are won very largely by indirection rather than by direct aim — at least that is how it seems to us, possibly due to a faulty analysis of our own faculties. A knowledge of the good literary use of the English tongue is usually acquired incidentally in the course of many other studies. If one tries to *teach* literary English

directly as a definite subject, difficulties begin to present themselves at once. But this may only mean that we have a wrong idea of what constitutes a direct aim; we try to butt our head into a thing, as it were, instead of approaching it warily and circumnavigating it.

The discussion as to the value of classical education is involved in these fallacies. So opposite are the points of view taken by the extremists on either side, that we may even find them each urging the same argument in support of his own case. Thus one side decries classical education because it has no obvious direct use; and the other side recommends it — precisely for that reason. And it is true that the human mind insists on studying things that have no direct obvious use, the latter fact being regarded even as a recommendation and incentive to study them. So, supposing the vocational faddists to succeed in getting their schemes adopted, then it would surely be necessary for somebody to start a school where 'unpractical' subjects could be taught; for the public would demand such an institution, nor could any means be devised for preventing our young electrical specialist from beguiling his leisure hours in writing poetry, or our expert vocationally trained accountant from indulging himself in the study of Chinese metaphysics. The question therefore arises: should all these human interests be left uncared for, while all the money is spent on teaching our youth to cultivate potatoes intensively and to labor-save in their shoe factory? As to Latin and Greek, are we to forbid people to study them, or leave them to study them for themselves as best they may?

Education evidently includes the world of ideas and the training of young people to travel safely and joyfully in that world. There should be a branch of the curriculum devoted to this.

But first, education means the cultivating of the man himself — character-training; also the cultivation of his various faculties, chief of which are his aesthetic appreciations; then his intellectual faculties have a highly important place; and last and also least, his mere ability to do technical work of some or any kind. The last is so comparatively trivial and easily acquired (provided the other matters have been duly attended to) that it does not call for excessive attention. A well-trained youth should pick up any vocation as quickly as can be desired. The main thing is that he shall have a pair of supple hands and a supple brain to guide them, and the needful industry and discipline. Much of the fuss that is made over vocational training arises from the difficulty of finding means for teaching badly trained youths to do anything at all.

It is conceded by all who have a mind to think with that a knowledge of general principles is superior to a knowledge of any special application of such principles. Thus, if I am versed in the principles of electricity, I can readily learn to manipulate any electrical apparatus; but if I know

nothing of electricity and have simply been shown how to handle a telephone, I am quite at a loss when confronted with a dynamo. In mathematics a knowledge of general principles renders me lord of all the rules of thumb, and able to make my own rules as needed; but if I have no such general knowledge, I may be only able to do one trick, like a gramophone with only one record. The question is, how far should general principles be regarded as extending? There are the general principles of chemistry and beyond them the general principles of physical science; while beyond this again come the general principles of logical reasoning from observation and intuitive axioms. Finally it is possible to include the whole of education, and life itself, under a system of general principles, whose acquisition would be a masterkey to all the locks that might try to bar our progress in any desired direction. Should we not aim to acquire and instil those general principles? Would it not be more practical to give the child the whole tree, or its seed, instead of trying to give him a few separate branches and twigs, or even leaves?

As to remedies, in education or in questions of health — to descant on the badness of the disease does not necessarily recommend the medicine. True, advertisers regard hypnotic effect rather than logic; and we actually find that, when Dr. Blank wishes to recommend his bitters, he dwells on the evils of spring colds; or when somebody has a new drink to sell, he descants on the evils arising from abuses of the old drinks. And so our educational theorists argue that, because children are often badly taught, therefore they ought to be taught in my particular way — which is what is called a *non sequitur*: it doesn't follow. The remedy may be better than the disease, or no better, or worse than the disease. This applies with much force to sundry proposals to cure immorality by rendering young people officially 'wise.' It may be true that, if we cannot prevent corruption and infection, it is advisable to use disinfectants; but it is so very much better to prevent the infection when possible, or even to expel the disease rather than try to neutralize it without removing it. If a disease is so bad that it seems to call for so dire a remedy, it is time we turned our attention to studying and removing its cause. Or shall we, because the consequences of over-indulgence are detrimental to society, devise and legalize means for obviating the detriment while continuing the indulgence? Is not the detriment our danger signal, and our penalty urging us to reform?

As to leaving children to Nature — shall we leave them altogether to Nature, or not at all, or partly; and, if partly, where shall the line be drawn? Will Nature alone care for the human child, or are his parents called on to play any part? Is the parental care of a bird in a nest part of Nature, and the parental care of a mother in a nursery not a part of Na-

ture? Can we say that a cow unwarrantably interferes with Nature when she licks her calf? Such questions are their own answers. We realize that man himself is a part of Nature, and that Nature is only a name for a multitude of activities; that the human Soul was born into the human kingdom for the purpose of human experiences.

As to allowing freedom to the natural bent of the child — again it is a question of drawing the line; for children will do things that cannot possibly be allowed; and, this being a fact, it has to be met. Further, even though a child should be so healthy that its natural instincts were all good, yet the habit of always being given its own way would paralyse its power of self-control and render it wayward and whimsical. It is evident that, in allowing freedom to one faculty, we may all the time be crippling and enchaining another, and perhaps a far more important faculty. 'Freedom' to the lower nature may mean prison for the better nature. Should we not allow freedom to the higher nature? Should we not protect the child against its natural enemies, whether these be germs or flies or poison berries or instinctual vices or fits of wilfulness and temper?

The usual application of the biological argument to the case of human beings breaks down when we consider that the difference between man and the animals is *radical*. Man is distinguished by being endowed with Mind — the self-conscious Mind, with its powers of introspection and self-improvement. What is a harmless and useful instinct in the animal becomes a vice and a disease in the man — because he puts thought into it. Every child is born the heir to millenniums of abuse of human faculties; and the atoms which the incarnating Soul takes up from its surroundings are full of propensities to evil. The task before that Soul is the controlling of that human tabernacle into which he is entering. The Man may control the animal, or the animal may control the Man, or there may be an undecided battle. The parents may or may not take part; they may assist either side in the battle. Thus we see that it may be extremely misleading to attempt to apply the case of an animal to that of a man. In one respect animals are analogous to men; in another respect they are opposite to man. Hence, without due discrimination we cannot tell offhand whether an argument from the animal tells for or against.

All the above various remarks tend to show how shaky is the basis of theory behind educational schemes.

False antitheses between discipline and freedom prevail, in consequence of a failure to understand what freedom really is. Wise people are always telling us that there can be no freedom without discipline, yet we seem to prefer to keep this as a copybook maxim rather than as a recipe for practical use. When it comes to a question of special committees in a legislature, we do not hear much about such wise maxims; anyone

bringing them up would be told he was off the point. Yet the real object of education is to enable an immortal Soul to do its work on earth; and the Soul must be allowed freedom for this purpose. And by a curious perversity, the very methods proposed in the name of 'freedom' are those that most fetter and hold down the Soul. We inveigh against the restricting of the growing nature, and yet we restrict it. We give freedom to the harmful propensities and thus imprison the better nature. To enable the lower nature to be restrained, and the Soul thereby rendered free, discipline is necessary. The confusion in this case, as elsewhere, comes from ignoring the dual nature of the human being. Man is an incarnate Soul; we could profit much by studying Plato on education.

As regards the system of education carried out by the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, it is easy to understand how great must be the difference between its results and those of other methods of education, when we consider that the dual nature of man is made the foundation of all teaching from the child's earliest years; whereas, under ordinary methods, the child grows up for the most part with no definite teachings at all on this point. There may be earnest religion of a dogmatic sort, but usually there is an indifferent and neutral attitude on the part of the parents and teachers, or even a more or less veiled skepticism. And science, as said, seems to favor the assumption that human nature is not dual, or else leaves the question aside as beyond its province.

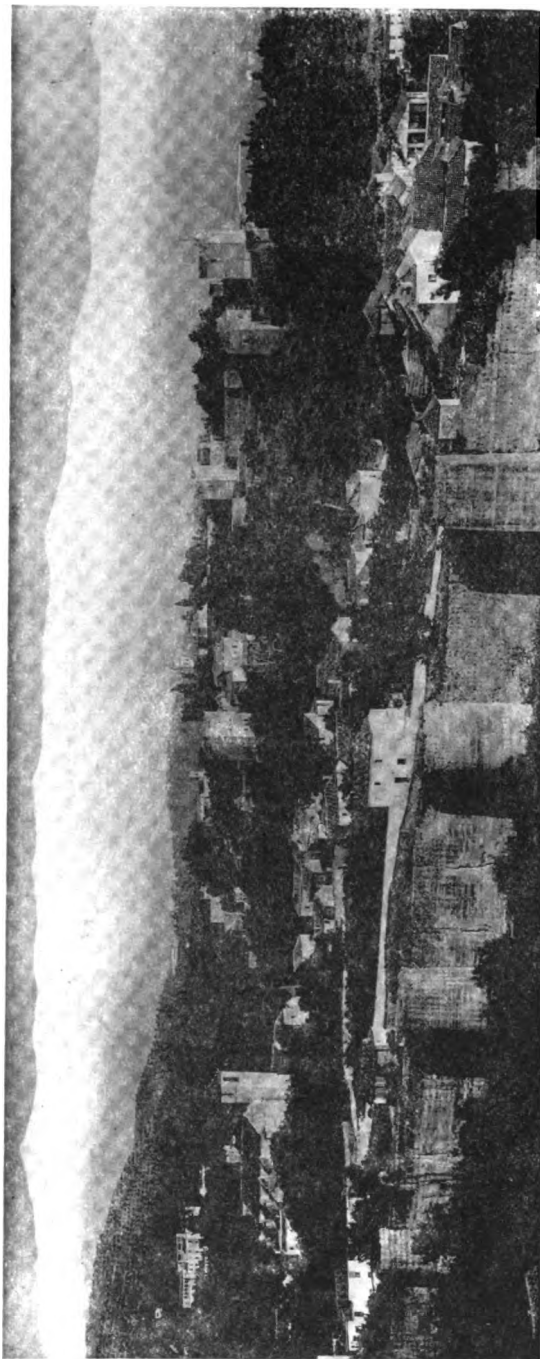
If it be said, "Would you teach Theosophy to young children?" the answer is that the teaching does not consist in the preaching of dogmas but in supplying interpretations to actual facts which the child has to deal with in the course of his daily experience. Theosophy is an interpretation of experience. Is not this method the opposite of that which often prevails? Do we not often find that the child is taught some doctrine that is not supported by his experience, that conflicts with his experience, that is hard or impossible to reconcile with his experience? The child actually has a dual nature, so this fact does not have to be preached to him as a dogma, but it is merely necessary to call his attention to the fact and to its importance and to instruct him how to act. What an immense difference must be made when a child is thus guided from his earliest years in a true and logical and practical interpretation of life's problems!

Again, it is not only what is learnt in youth that counts, but also what is not learnt; for under ordinary methods the growing person learns many things that prove serious obstacles in after years, and unwise habits of mind, body or disposition acquire a momentum hard to check, and become imbedded in the nature like thousands of tiny rootlets in a soil. We have all witnessed the painful spectacle of a contest of will between a child and its loving (or is it self-loving?) parent, ending finally in the defeat

of the parent — and in the defeat of the child's higher nature. This habit once formed grows rank, and manifests itself in after-life in a rebellious self-will that is the greatest of obstacles to all noble undertakings. Such rooted self-will may take a variety of forms and be varnished over with a thick coat of manners, but it is there. It may take such forms as the professional invalidism of a reputed saint, who thereby gets his or her way and evades unpleasant responsibilities. It may even pass into the body and take the form of an obstinate chronic disease, one of the ways in which the rebellious elements of our nature maintain their strangle-hold over the winged steed of our aspirations.

These remarks go to show that most of the dissatisfaction with educational results is assigned to wrong causes, and that no better results would accrue from an adoption of any of the various remedies proposed. If the pupils are inefficient, it is not because of the nature of their studies, but because the whole process of upbringing is wrongly based. Instead of giving way to lassitude and listlessness by supplying subjects that will arouse interest, we should remove the causes of lassitude and listlessness, and then subjects that now seem dry and useless can be studied with pleasure and profit. Much is also said of the irksomeness of school discipline; while, on the other hand, there are complaints of the lack of discipline — another instance of the confusion and variance of opinion. Discipline is necessary always and everywhere, and there will be no obstacle to its enforcement where the children understand its nature and recognise its necessity. *Self-discipline* is the real discipline; and that which is supplied by the teacher is simply the help which he, as a maturer being, is able to render to the immature natures under his care. The notion that children will all be drilled to one pattern by school discipline is a groundless fear; such monotonous uniformity arising, not from discipline, but from inertia in the character of the child. Discipline gives strength and thus forms the basis for independence in after years, when school discipline, having done its work, is no longer needed.

In short, and to sum up these remarks — let us, by proper upbringing, secure self-knowledge and self-reliance in our children, so that they shall be real persons with a real object in life; and then most of the troubles in our educational system will disappear and solve themselves, and it will not be thought necessary to experiment in any of the numerous fads proposed as cures. And the real and the only permanently satisfactory foundation for such character-building is the truths of Theosophy.



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GRANADA: PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE ALHAMBRA AND OF THE SIERRA NEVADA MOUNTAINS FROM SAN CRISTÓBAL

LINES FROM LONGFELLOW'S 'CASTLES IN SPAIN'

HOW much of my young heart, O Spain,
Went out to thee in days of yore!
What dreams romantic filled my brain,
And summoned back to life again
The Paladins of Charlemagne,
The Cid Campeador!

And there the Alhambra still recalls
Aladdin's palace of delight:
Allah'il Allah! through its halls
Whispers the fountain as it falls,
The Darro darts beneath its walls,
The hills with snow are white.

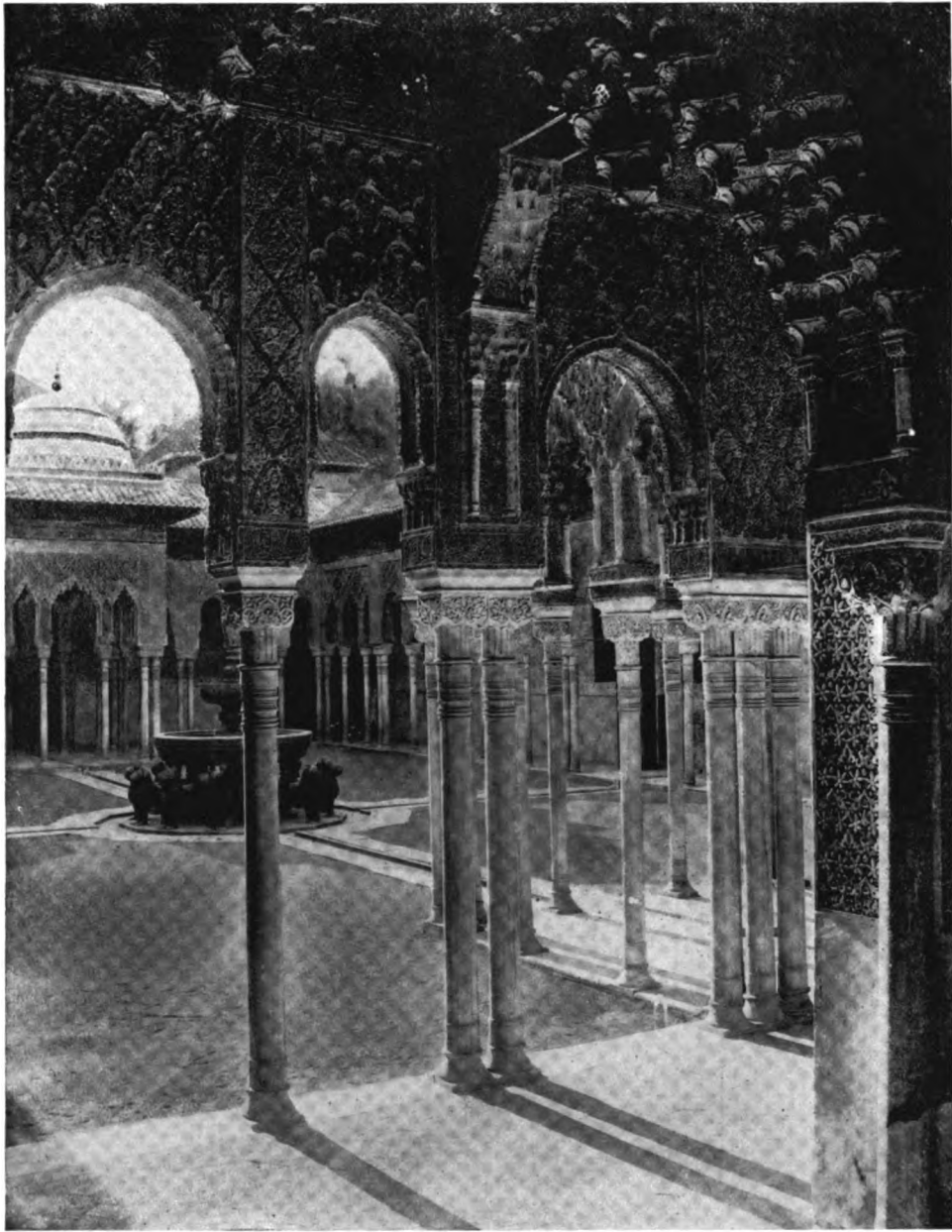
Ah yes, the hills are white with snow,
And cold with blasts that bite and freeze;
But in the happy vale below
The orange and pomegranate grow,
And wafts of air toss to and fro
The blossoming almond-trees.

The Vega cleft by the Xenil,
The fascination and allure
Of the sweet landscape chains the will;
The traveler lingers on the hill,
His parted lips are breathing still
The last sigh of the Moor.



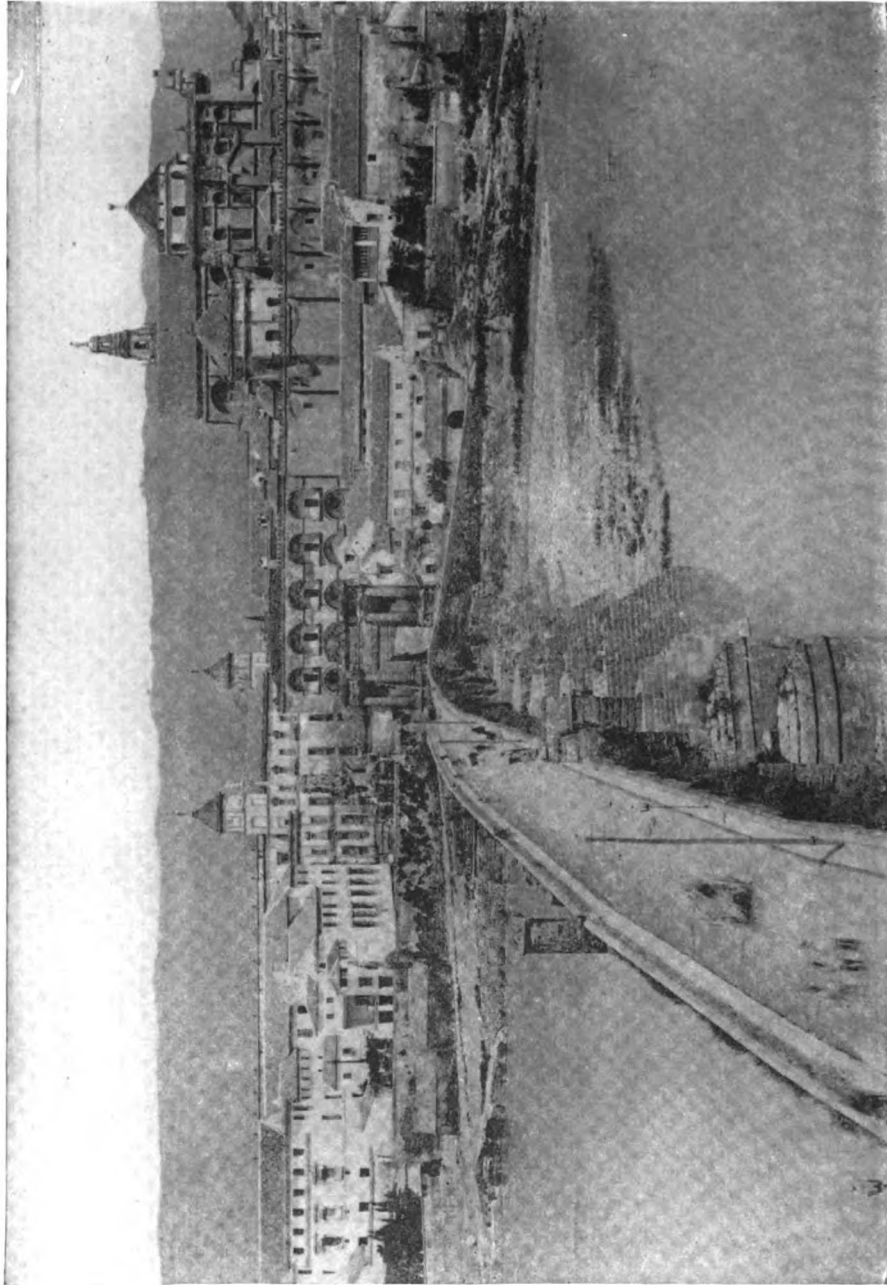
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GRANADA: THE GATE OF THE VINE



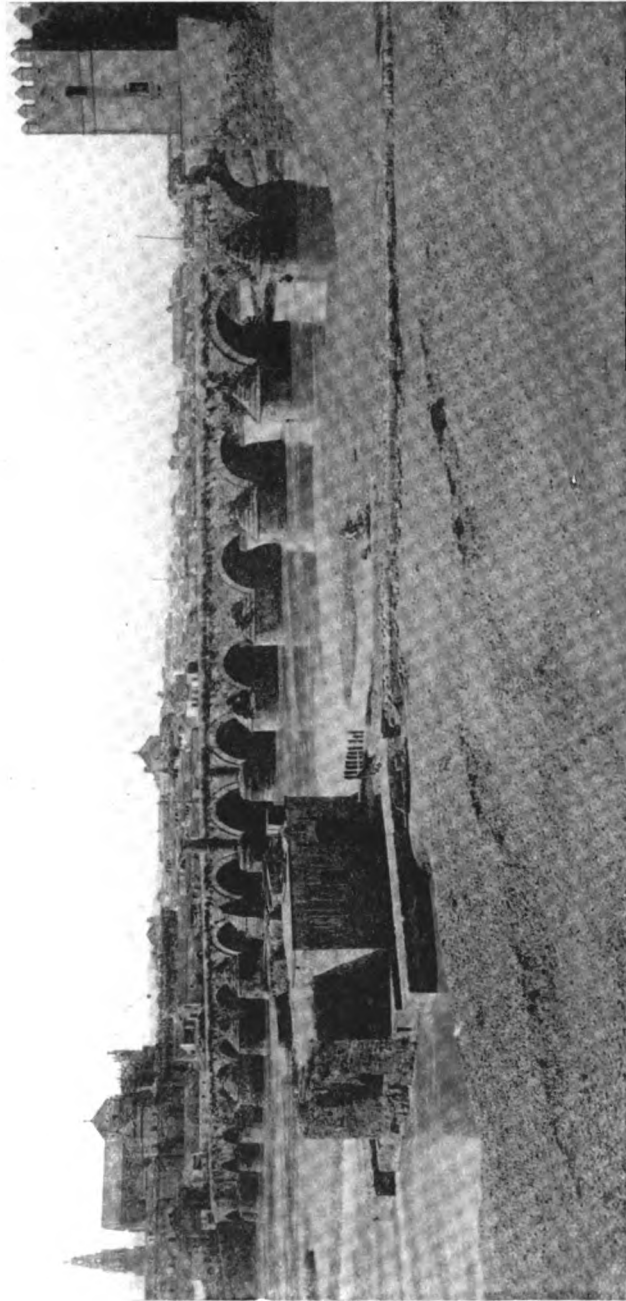
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GRANADA: THE COURT OF THE LIONS IN THE ALHAMBRA



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

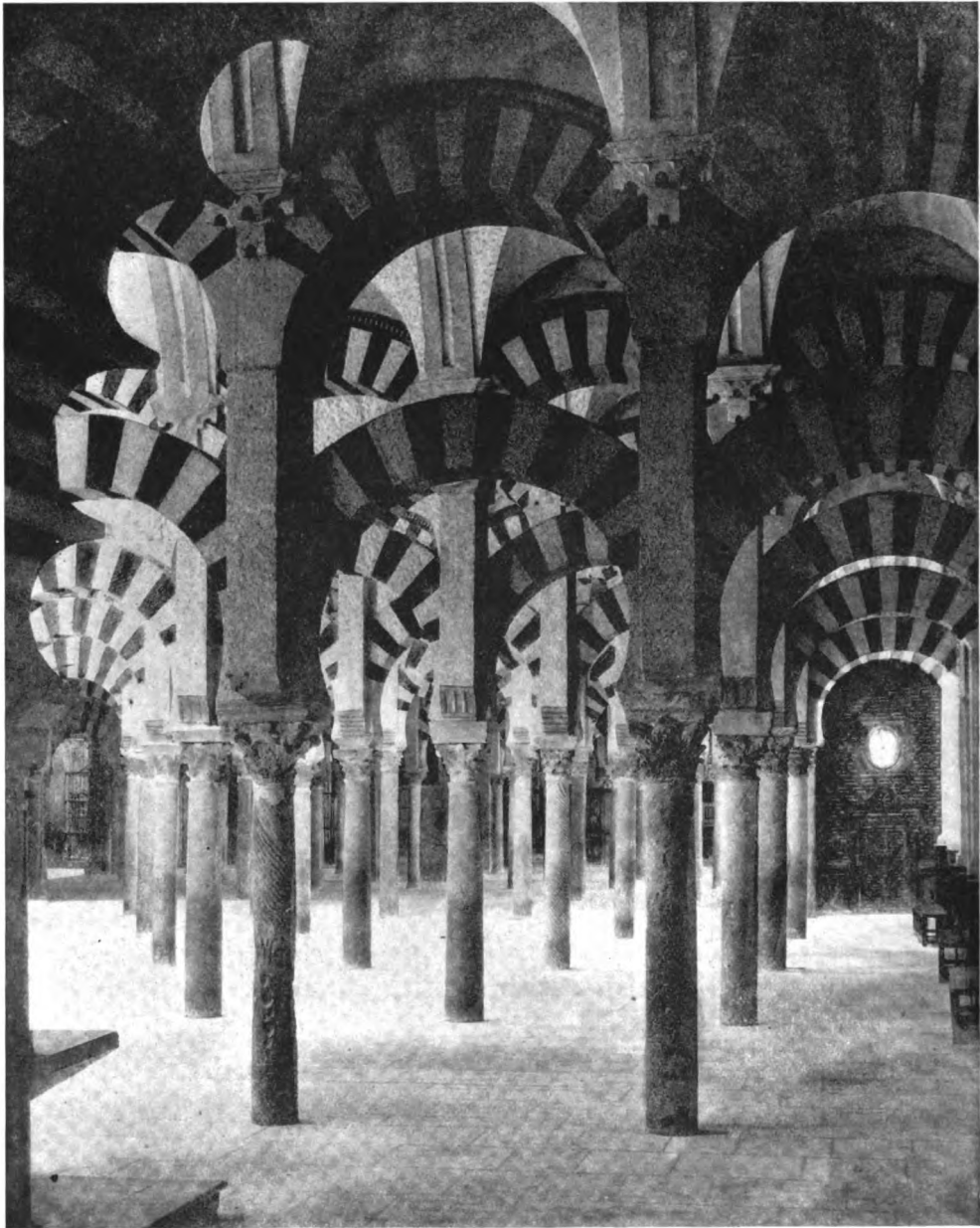
THE SAME BRIDGE AS IN THE PRECEDING ILLUSTRATION, SEEN FROM A DIFFERENT POINT



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BRIDGE OVER THE GUADALQUIVIR AT CORDOVA, SPAIN.

Ancient mill in foreground, left



Lomalend Photo. & Engraving Dept

THE MEZQUITA, CORDOVA, SPAIN

CORDOVA: by P. A. Malpas



HE rival of Bagdad and Damascus, Cordova was the glory of the Arabian West. Seven hundred years before there was a single public lamp in London, it was possible to walk for ten miles through the well-paved streets of Cordova in a straight line by the light of the public lamps. Its million inhabitants had over two hundred thousand houses and the Mosque was literally a forest of "pillars in the temple of God"—a thousand columns from every part of the Moslem world. They are there today, short columns lengthened by the addition of a capital; long columns shortened by being sunk in the ground, columns of marble, jasper, porphyry; columns that stood where they now stand when the temple was a Temple of Janus; columns that had been the pride of Rome and Carthage; never was such a gathering of sermons in stones, of symbols representing the harmony in diversity of those that uphold a temple wherein the world might worship and feel akin.

Cathedral? Yes, there is a Christian cathedral injected into the center of the great Mosque like an architectural blot in a glorious city. Charles V had never seen the Mezquita, and permitted this atrocity—symbolic, too. Even he was stricken with remorse when he came to see the vandalism.

"You have built here," he said, "what *anyone* could build *anywhere*, but in the building of it you have destroyed what can never be replaced." But vandalism had given its name to the country, for Andalusía is really Vandalusia. And today, like the Pyramids of Egypt, the Mezquita stands the witness of a former glory amid the monuments of another civilization, for Cordova is now but the place where this grand memory of Arabian greatness exists like a dream of the past and a promise of what yet may come. Where Troy stood and was denied by the nineteenth century, a former Troy had stood, perhaps denied by its ill-fated successor; and where that former Troy had been, there had been Troy upon Troy, each with its period of growth, of glory, of decay, of death, of denial of its very existence. So too, as men return, the genius of the city incarnates in flesh of stone, and where Cordova has been, Cordova will be, the gem of golden Spain.

The eternal charm of the City of the Great River, the Wady-el-Kebir, the Guadalquivir, if you will have it so, lies in the touch of nature's hand. Through every iron gate, repellent in its ironness, in spite of its curves and bends and cunning fashioning, there are glimpses of the pleasant secrets of the patio, with its palms and tropic vegetation, crotons of varied color, creepers and cactus, orange blossoms and pomegranates. If without, in the hot and dusty street, all is dry, there is poetry within the house, poetry and peace and old romance. So through the iron of a utilitarian age one may glimpse the secret soul of Spain within, which like the Sleeping Beauty will awake to its high destiny when the hour has come.

KEYNOTES OF THE FUTURE FROM A THEOSOPHICAL STANDPOINT: An address by Joseph H. Fussell

EVERY age has had its keynote; every nation has had its keynote. In fact, as we look back through the ages we shall find that every age and every nation has had not one keynote only but sometimes several, coexisting or succeeding one another.

Let me present for your consideration an analogy. All life is like a musical composition; or, at least it may be; and every great composition, as you know, is built upon a keynote; and there is running through it a *motif*. In any of the Wagnerian operas, for instance, or in Beethoven's symphonies, you will find that throughout each there runs a *motif*; you will find it occurring again and again, all through the composition.

So in the whole of life there is a great keynote; on that keynote is built the major chord, and through the whole of life there runs a *motif*. That major chord, I think, is built upon these three notes: the idea of God; the idea of man; and the meaning and purpose of life. The idea of God gives us religion; the idea of man, in his relation to Deity and to Nature, gives us philosophy; and the study of the meaning and purpose of life gives us science. These three notes, keynotes, of religion, philosophy and science, comprise we may say the great major chord of all human life. But as said, each age, each nation has had its special keynote or keynotes; each age has some special meaning; and in the totality of human existence each gives opportunity for and marks some phase or stage in human development; so too each nation has its own part to play in that development.

We have only to look back at past ages to be able to distinguish some of the distinctive characteristics of those ages and of the nations and people who lived then, just as we may note the distinguishing characteristics of nations and peoples today. Look, for instance, at the great nations of today; it is not only language that distinguishes one from another; there is a difference in temperament, in character, in habits and modes of living. Not that we should presume to say that one nation is more noble than another or has loftier ideals; — it may or may not be so in some cases — but who is wise enough to pass judgment? You remember the rebuke of the Nazarene to those who accused a certain woman of wrong doing: "Let him that is without sin among you — let him cast the first stone." And we shall see later how this leads us to one of the great, if not *the great* keynote of the Future; Universal Brotherhood.

But by way of illustration, compare the art, literature, science, philosophy, of — let us say — England, Germany, France, Italy, Spain, Russia, Scandinavia. Each of these countries has its own individuality which colors to a degree every phase of its thought and life and its every achievement. There are points of contact, similarities, but more marked are the

distinctive peculiarities. German philosophy and German music are markedly distinct from the philosophy and music of France, Italy, etc., and indeed have a character all their own. So too, in architecture, in science, in literature. Each country or nation in fact has its own keynote. So, too, each group of nations. Look for instance at India and the Orient generally, and compare these with the Occident. Now, there we get two main keynotes. In India and the Orient the keynote is religion, mysticism, spiritual philosophy. In the Occident, the western world, the keynote — at least during recent history — has been and is the practical life, the material life, the things of the physical life, in contradistinction to the things of the spiritual life which have characterized the Orient.

But if we really study the history of the Orient, if we study the history, for instance, of the people of India, or China, or Persia, we shall find that they also had a very practical life, as well; that they had periods in their long history when they reached heights of science that we have hardly touched in this modern day; and that they had their periods of expansion, of exploration, of discovery, of engineering, of building. So that it does not do to dismiss the Orient with just one word and say that it is impractical, mystical. It may perhaps, during most recent years, have seemed, from our standpoint, to have gone to sleep in a sense, but we must not judge a people only by what it seems. There may be an awakening.

Here in America we are a young people. We are only at the beginning of our career; while those old nations and peoples have lived long lives and had wonderful careers, with many keynotes in them, and they may awake again to new life, as Japan has awakened, and as China and India are awaking.

Take the keynote of Egypt. That was science, engineering, building; science that in some respects we have not surpassed today; building that is still the wonder of the world; medicine showing as deep a knowledge of man as is possessed by our most learned physicians today, and achievements in surgery as wonderful as those of the most skilful practitioners of today. They had their philosophy; also religious ideas, conceptions of Deity, as sublime, as lofty, as any that man ever had; and the same is true of India; ideas regarding Nature and Deity as lofty, as superb, as high and as true as any ideas of any of the modern peoples of this western world. You have only to study their literature; you have only to take some of the hymns of Ancient Egypt, and read the Book of the Dead, as it is called; or take the literature of India, the most ancient literature known to the world — the Vedas, the Upanishads — and you will find conceptions along religious and philosophical lines, conceptions of the spiritual life, as pure, as noble, and as sublime as any the mind of man has ever conceived, as high as anything in our modern life today.

It is here that we find one of the keynotes of the future. More and more of the leaders of thought of the present day are beginning to look back to those past ages, beginning to realize that there were keynotes struck and heights reached that have not yet been struck by us nor reached by us; and in order that we may climb higher than where we are at the present time, we must turn back first to the ancients and seek to understand their life and thought.

Take Rome: one keynote of Rome, anyone would say, was law. But this brings us to another point. Regarding everyone of the nations and races, if you would trace its keynote, you would find it had gathered something out of the past. Rome gathered much of her law from Greece and India. Among the keynotes of Greece, you would say, were art and philosophy; and Greece gathered much of her philosophy and her religion from Egypt; taking these and remaking them and refashioning them anew; taking the thought that was still older and making it her own; just the same as with anything we may take out of the past — if it is to be ours, we must transform it, make it our own, make it a part of our own life. We must go back to the ancients and try to understand their thought and their life and take that which they have to give; taking the achievements of the past and making them our own, re-setting them, re-fashioning them, and making (as every race and every nation must do) a new philosophy, a new science, and even a new religion, — that is, a new expression of Religion, a new expression of Science, a new expression of Philosophy.

If we really could look deep enough I think we should find these three great keynotes, this major chord, of Religion, Philosophy, Science, in the life of every people. Consider, for instance, the art of Greece. There was not only love of beauty but an expression of the harmony, balance, sense of proportion, which was the Greek ideal of life, and characterized all their philosophy. And so it is with everything that every one of the great races and nations has achieved. To find the meaning, the full significance of their life, it must be with reference to those three notes, the major chord of all life.

Now, how can we tell the keynotes of the future? Are they already sounding? How can we know what is the keynote of the present? The future grows out of the present, but the present is the child of the past; and so it is, if we are to understand the present, if we are to look forward into the future, we must look back first into the past. "The Past," exclaims Walt Whitman,

The Past — the dark unfathom'd retrospect!
 The teeming gulf — the sleepers and the shadows!
 The past — the infinite greatness of the past!
 For what is the present after all but a growth out of the past?

And before we look, so far as we may, into the very far past, let us glance for a moment at the immediate past of the last few centuries, the few centuries about which we have the most complete historical knowledge. Let us go back, for instance, five hundred years, just prior to the time when this great continent was discovered, or rather re-discovered. What was the keynote of that time? In England, Holland, Spain, and in a less degree in France and Portugal, but especially in the three countries England, Holland, Spain, there was a love of adventure; there was something impelling men to go out, to discover, explore. They wanted to find new lands, to traverse the unknown seas; and we know what was the result — the greatest of all, the discovery of this continent; so that we can say that among the keynotes of that particular age were discovery and exploration. There was another keynote, that of literature, so that we speak, for instance, of the Elizabethan age of literature — just as in Rome about 1500 years earlier there was the Augustan age of literature — and a keynote was struck in Drama in the sixteenth century that has sounded all through the centuries to the present time.

In one sense perhaps, the past five centuries have been more eventful than any other five centuries known to history: at least more directly so to us. There may have been others of equal significance in prehistoric times, of which we have no record; but when we consider that five hundred years ago was discovered what was really to the European nations a new world, and that since that time there has been the development of life on this new world, the development of new nations, the development of this great United States; and when we look at those five centuries from this standpoint, are we not perhaps justified in saying that they are among the most wonderful of all the centuries of history of which we have any knowledge? I do not say, among the highest, but among the most remarkable!

Then another keynote was colonization. At first only the Atlantic seaboard of North America was colonized. It was a long time before the interior of this continent was fully explored. It was traversed by daring travelers who pushed into the wilderness making wonderful voyages of discovery, but it was a long time before the continent was conquered. I am not speaking of the inhabitants, the North American Indians, but of conquest from a natural, physical standpoint. Indeed it was not until a little over a hundred years ago that the Lewis and Clark Expedition reached the shores of the Northern Pacific and so opened the way for all the marvelous development of the Pacific Coast region which began forty years later, in the '40's, when the long wagon trains of emigrants began to cross the continent. From 1842 to 1845 about a thousand emigrant wagons crossed the continent; and then a little later California was opened in '49, when the southern trails were opened and traversed by the wagons

of emigrants coming here to this wonderful new land of sunshine and gold.

And what has taken place since then? This was another world that was discovered, for this country was indeed a new world. It had been known earlier, but its wonderful resources and possibilities had not been discovered, which have made it the home of millions and for countless millions yet to come.

After the discovery of this great continent, perhaps the most significant single event was the birth of this nation and the promulgation of the Constitution of the United States — an event which stands out in history as altogether unique, as marking a new age. Is it not significant that on the reverse side of the Great Seal of the United States, which has never been officially used, is inscribed 'A New Order of Ages — the Heavens Approve' — significant, as it were, of what the destiny of this United States really is to be?

Of these later years, dating from the middle of the last century, if we were to define one of the main keynotes, could we not say it was enterprise? Enterprise in science; enterprise in industry, invention, along all lines of practical life. And if we can say of the past five hundred years that they are among the most remarkable centuries in the history of humanity, what shall we say of the past seventy-five years, not alone in the United States but in Europe, in their wonderful inventions; in their discoveries in science, in the realms of electricity and the use of steam; the uniting of all lands by railroads, by steamboats, by cables — do not the past seventy-five years mark an accentuation of progress along material lines that is without its parallel in known historical times?

Every year it has seemed that the pace in the United States has grown faster and faster; and it has occurred to many to ask: Whither are we tending? Is not something lacking? Is material progress the highest? Is it that which should occupy all our thoughts, all our energies? Let me read to you something from Walt Whitman, which touches upon this point, and which shows that forty years ago he saw this. He writes

It may be claimed, (and I admit the weight of the claim), that common and general worldly prosperity, and a populace well-to-do, and with all life's material comforts, is the main thing, and is enough. It may be argued that our republic is, in performance, really enacting today the grandest arts, poems, etc., by beating up the wilderness into fertile farms, and in her railroads, ships, machinery, etc. And it may be asked, Are not these better, indeed, for America, than any utterances even of greatest rhapsode, artist, or literatus?

I too hail those achievements with pride and joy: then answer that the soul of man will not be satisfied with such only — nay, not with such at all — be finally satisfied; and needs what (standing on these and on all things, as the feet stand on the ground) is addressed to the loftiest, to itself alone. (*Prose Works*, page 209)

In fact, the hurry and rush and incompleteness of modern life do show that something is lacking. And now I want to take your thoughts again back into the past, and try to gather up another thread of progress. Just as, beginning about five hundred years ago, there had been a reaching-out for new lands, so about 150 years ago there was a reaching-out for new knowledge. Our mariners and our voyagers and travelers were bent on discovery, seeking to know the earth; and there were others: great thinkers and scholars, explorers in another realm who also made most wonderful discoveries — the discovery of a literature that stands today as the greatest literature in the world, the literature of the Orient, and particularly the literature of India. They too made their discoveries; they too were pioneers, in a sense, just as Columbus and the other voyagers across the Atlantic were pioneers, and just as Columbus discovered, as he thought, a new world, which was really a very old world (for you must remember that on this continent there had existed races ages and ages ago, some of them as old as, or perhaps older than the races of the Orient: in Peru and in Mexico, so that it was really a rediscovery), so also the Oriental scholars made a rediscovery of the literature of the Orient. And great as has been the rediscovery of America for the material progress of humanity, equally great has been the rediscovery of the literature of the Orient for the mental and spiritual progress of humanity.

Then came an Interpreter. There have been many profound students, travelers into the realm of Oriental literature; and just as there were guides who led the way, explorers who became guides, across those vast, unknown seas and continents; just as there was the Lewis and Clark Expedition overland, which blazed a trail for countless millions to follow after them; so there have been many guides in the realms of Oriental literature. But I wish to speak of one in particular, who more than any other has made the literature of the Orient more real, more living, and has given a key to its reading; and that one was Helena Petrovna Blavatsky. It was she who pointed the way to an understanding of the Orient; it was she who took the teachings that had been given out, not alone in India, not alone in the sacred books of the Vedas and the Upanishads and the Purânas; but in the sacred books of China, the sacred writings of Egypt and of Persia; even in the ages-old traditions that were found among the old races on this continent; and she showed a thread, running through all, of the same spiritual truths; she showed that the same spiritual truths which had been taught, in degree, by one, were also taught, in degree, by the others, and were the basis of the teachings given out by the Christian Savior, Jesus of Nazareth.

Now, you see, we have come up to the present, not only on lines of material progress, we have not only the keynotes sounded down through

the ages, again and again, along material lines, but along another line; keynotes sounded again and again of the spiritual life; keynotes of religion; keynotes of the deepest philosophy — so that those three keynotes which I have called the major chord of life, sound all through the ages; and where there has been one lacking, where there has been a lack of the knowledge of true religion (and by that I do not mean true religion in the sense of one religion feeling itself separated from another, but the true religious feeling under whatever name it may appear); wherever there has been a lack of philosophy; wherever there has been ignorance of science: there you will find that life has been incomplete. And do we not indeed have to acknowledge that for many ages past, life has been incomplete?

Looking back through the centuries of history, where do we find that there have been held not only true religious ideals, not only a true philosophy of the spiritual life, but ideals and philosophy which had to do also with man's everyday life, with his conduct, with his mental development, and where there has also been the material progress, so that man could express himself on that line also? Indeed, looking back through the ages, where shall we find life in its completeness?

Now, suppose for a moment we take a glance even further back. I have said that on this great continent there must have been great races. Those races must have been great; otherwise the remains we find left of them, their buildings, their engineering achievements, in Peru, for instance, or their marvelous temples as in Yucatan, would be an inexplicable anomaly — it would be impossible for a people to leave such evidences behind them of high material civilization without their having had also some spiritual life, some high philosophy.

But we find, going far back, behind history, tradition; we find even that there are traditions in the most ancient of the Indian literature, of continents that have disappeared; and I mention this just to bring out this thought: those peoples of which we know practically nothing save through tradition, and save a few scraps of knowledge which have come down to us recording their achievements in science, we have nothing by which to measure the heights of civilization they reached. Let me give one instance: the beginnings of all our astronomy must be traced back to the ancients who lived far back of the most remote times of India or Egypt. They had a science of astronomy which has not been surpassed even today. But I refer to this merely to ask this question: Did they have the same problems that we have today — jealousies, hatreds, ambitions, selfishness? If we look back as far as we can, do we not find that humanity, no matter what may have been the expression of its life, has had practically the same problems that we have today? It has had its problems that we call religious; it has had its problems that we call philosophic, relating to the

conduct of life, and its problems relating to material life. But if so, how came it, if those long-forgotten peoples reached at all to any great heights as tradition tells they did, how came it then that they went down again?

From what we do know of past nations and past races, are we not forced to this conclusion: that a nation and a race lives its life just the same as does an individual; that a nation is born; it passes through its youth (often very turbulent); it reaches its manhood; it passes into old age; and then it dies? Some of them have died, as we might say, a natural death, having fulfilled all their years, having kept their faculties, their wisdom, to the last; some have died as a result of the excesses of their earlier years. And so we find that some nations and some races seem to have been swept off the face of the earth; of some no trace remains, while others have left us their treasures.

But they were a little nearer the primal source of things; and so we have in the most ancient traditions, the story of a golden age when the gods walked with man and were his divine teachers. Now these traditions come not from one people alone; but from practically every one of the great races of antiquity. The Greeks had their gods, who were the first teachers and rulers of man, and after them came the demi-gods, and after them came the heroes, and then afterwards they had only men to rule over them. The Egyptians had exactly the same traditions. In India you will find the same; and you will find the same in China.

Is it not most worthy of our serious attention, that all the great races of antiquity have had these same traditions; of a time when the gods walked the earth — those who were really divine, the Great Teachers, those who, as Theosophy teaches, had gained all their knowledge in earlier worlds before ever this earth was formed, and came here to teach infant humanity? It was then that was the time of the Golden Age. Look at the life of a child. That surely is the golden age of life: the time of childhood as it should be, that is, but so often is not; the time of happy, innocent childhood, the time of trust! And that was the keynote of the Golden Age; and that keynote we have lost.

And then came the time, and it has come to every race and every nation, of the acquisition of knowledge, the time of youth, the time, very often, of the turbulent passions, the time of adventure, the time of going out in search of some wonderful quest.

And after that the time of manhood: which as we know is more often than not the time of acquisition and the time of selfishness. The race has also passed through that phase; and then comes the time of old age. We have only to look around to find many examples of beautiful old age; but there are many others for whom it is a time of regrets, a time of dis-

appointments, of looking back over life and realizing that the lessons of life have not all been learned.

And so it was with many nations and many races. But along with the traditions of the Golden Age in the past there was always the tradition of a Golden Age in the future. Now, that Golden Age is still to come, will come only when man shall have attained to his full estate, his full stature, the stature of knowledge — no longer innocent, indeed he will have gone through the struggles and trials of life and perhaps stumbled and fallen many times, but will have overcome them and come out of them purified; and the Golden Age, therefore, is to be the Golden Age of spiritual knowledge and spiritual strength.

Whether Carlyle had or had not in mind the Golden Age, he gave one of its secrets in the following superbly eloquent words which he makes Teufelsdröckh say in *Sartor Resartus* (III, 8):

The Curtains of Yesterday drop down, the Curtains of Tomorrow roll up; but Yesterday and Tomorrow both are. Pierce through the Time Element, glance into the Eternal. Believe what thou findest written in the Sanctuary of Man's Soul, even as all thinkers, in all ages, have devoutly read there. Know of a truth that only the Time-shadows have perished, or are perishable; that the Real Being of whatever was and whatever is, and whatever will be, *is*, even now and forever.

Turn now to the present, to these United States. A few centuries ago witnessed the birth of what is now one of the greatest nations on earth. We have passed through our childhood, our youth: I do not know whether we have attained our manhood yet, but we have much to look forward to in the future. Have we yet struck the keynote that should be the keynote of these United States? Let me quote again from Walt Whitman: he says, speaking of his *Leaves of Grass*:

While I cannot understand it or argue it out, I fully believe in a clue and purpose in Nature, entire and several; and that invisible spiritual results, just as real and definite as the visible, eventuate all concrete life and all materialism, through Time. My book ought to emanate buoyancy and gladness legitimately enough, for it was grown out of those elements, and has been the comfort of my life since it was originally commenced.

One main genesis-motive of the 'Leaves' was my conviction (just as strong today as ever) that the crowning growth of the United States is to be spiritual and heroic.

Note that he says, "the crowning growth of the United States *is to be spiritual and heroic.*" And in order to be "spiritual and heroic" there must be not only the aspiration, not only the desire for spiritual things; there must first be a basis of fact, then a basis of philosophy, a true philosophy of life and a love of that philosophy, and there must be the deter-

mination to put that philosophy into practice. That is why I refer particularly to Madame Blavatsky as the great interpreter of the past teachings of the sages who have lived before. I refer to her particularly because she has struck the keynote of a synthetic philosophy, especially along the lines, as I have already said, of religion; and if we look at all the great religions of the world, we shall find that they taught the same fundamental doctrines. If you wish to prove this you can do so by studying the great religions of past ages. There is nothing strange about this teaching. You have only to turn to the literature of the past; you have only to take up the study of comparative religion. Why, for instance, it has been said again and again by people who have not studied, that it was Jesus who first taught the Golden Rule. You will find the Golden Rule taught ages before ever the Nazarene gave his teachings. He only repeated what had been repeated by every one of the great Saviors of the past. It was taught even by the Roman philosophers, some of them before Jesus; it was taught in Greece; it was taught in India; Buddha said "Hatred never ceases by hatred at any time; hatred ceases only by love." You will find that Confucius taught the Golden Rule in almost the same words as Jesus. Confucius stated it negatively. He said: "What you do not wish others to do to you, do not to them." But it is the same idea. It is the same Golden Rule.

And you may take almost any of the teachings that have come to us, and which so many regard as the distinctive teachings of Christianity, and I will show you parallels of them in the religions of the past. So that all along the line we can find what is coming to be recognised more and more as one of the great keynotes of the present, the keynote of toleration for the opinions of others, a keynote that gives us, on the spiritual side, a basis for Universal Brotherhood; that gives us the great keynote for the future, if we are to advance into the future, as the Great Saviors of the past would have had us advance, as Jesus himself would have us advance — for this keynote which he struck, as others before him had struck it ages earlier and again and again, is the keynote of Universal Brotherhood.

And along with that, too, there is a second keynote sounding, also coming from the past, a true philosophy of life; there must be reliance upon law. In the physical world we depend entirely upon law; all our science is based upon law. In fact, science is possible only because of law. We could not build one of our bridges, or a railroad; not one of our ships could float; not one of our ships could cross the ocean, unless we relied upon the laws of the physical world. Now in our present era, not going back to past ages, it has been only during the past generation that people have begun to realize — that is, the generality of people, for there have always been some who realized this — that law reigns just as much in the

world of mind, in the intellect, as it does in the physical world; and that it reigns just as much in the realm of morals. In fact, you have only to look to the sayings of Jesus and Paul to realize this. They stated facts, and not only facts, but they made statements of universal law. When Jesus asked the question: "Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?" and when Paul expressed the same idea in these words: "Be not deceived: God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap"; their allusions were to the existence of universal law. People have been too much in the habit of thinking of these merely as illustrations. They may be; they may be spiritual advice; but they are more. They are expressions of the law of life; and whatever happens to man, whatever he is reaping at the present time; whatever he finds in his life; whatever happens to a nation; whatever eventuality may arise — if we could trace it (but there is the difficulty!) we should find that it was the fruition of seeds sown in the far past.

Now let us go back for a moment to Walt Whitman's conviction that "the crowning growth of the United States is to be spiritual and heroic." Whether or not the United States is to achieve its destiny in this respect, if such be its destiny, in the near or far-off future, certain it is that the crowning growth of man and of humanity as a whole is to be spiritual and heroic. And I said that in order for this to be so there must first be a basis of fact, next a basis of true philosophy founded on that fact, and then the expression of that philosophy in practice.

What is the basis of fact that enables us to say that man's crowning growth is to be spiritual and heroic? Is it not that Divinity is at the heart of the Universe, and therefore in the heart of man? And hence man's destiny is to attain to Divinity itself, to be spiritual and heroic? "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you." "Be ye perfect even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect"; said Jesus the Prophet of Nazareth. And three thousand years before him, Krishna the Âryan Savior, speaking as the Divine Spirit, said: "I am the Ego which is seated in the heart of all beings."

This fact, the supreme fact of all existence, that man is essentially divine, that he is a spiritual being — this fact it is that is the basis of the declaration that man's crowning growth and the crowning growth of the United States "is to be spiritual and heroic." And further it is this fact that is the spiritual basis of Universal Brotherhood. Listen to what is said in the Yajur-Veda, one of the oldest scriptures in the world:

In him who knows that all spiritual beings are the same in kind with the Supreme Spirit, what room can there be for delusion of mind, and what room for sorrow, when he reflects on the identity of Spirit?

And one of the old Chinese Sages said, as if he knew, as doubtless he did know the Vedic teaching or its equivalent, and would base upon it the practice of Brotherhood:

Be kind and benevolent to every being, and spread peace in the world . . .
Ah, how watchful we should be over ourselves!

So we have as the first keynote, the spiritual life, and Divinity as the basis of Universal Brotherhood; and then as the second, the idea that law rules and governs all life, and must be made the conscious basis of life. This is one of the most important of all the ideas that are beginning to dawn again in the human mind today. And coupled with it there is another idea, another teaching: the idea and teaching of Reincarnation. Man must realize that he is not only the heir of all the past, but that all the past meets and focuses in him — yes, in each one, and in each nation, to the degree that each one and each nation can give it expression. And to that degree, and just so far as each one and each nation makes it possible for fuller expression, just so far is there a more complete focusing of the past, and more of the past focuses through each.

Now these, I think, are the main keynotes of the future: first a truer conception of the source and origin of all; a truer conception of Deity; a deeper religious philosophy, to bring down that philosophy more into daily life, not merely to take it as it is taken by so many who make it a matter of but one day in the week, but to make the whole of life religious. And that does not mean becoming somber, or sad, or melancholy, because true religion is not that. True religion is as full of joy as the deepest joy you have ever known; and until you get a conception of what the religious life is, until you get a conception of what spiritual life means, you do not know what real joy is; you do not know what life holds; and therefore I have placed that as one of the keynotes — as the first of the keynotes of all life.

And then the idea of man: that he is divine in essence; that he is not only heir of all the ages, but that he himself has come down through all the ages. He has forgotten much; he has lost his way often; he has lost sight of his divinity; he had to come down into matter, into the material world, in order that he might conquer the material world, and then re-ascend with a deeper knowledge of his divinity because he had conquered. And the teaching of Theosophy, the Wisdom-Religion of antiquity, is that he descended into the physical material world of his own volition; it was his desire, on the one hand for knowledge and on the other to help those who were below him. He has forgotten that, but the memory of it is still hidden in the depths of his consciousness and some day he will touch those depths and reawaken to that priceless heritage of knowledge.

So there is this idea of man, of man's essential Divinity as a Soul, of his responsibility to himself, and his responsibility to others; and out of that grows the idea of Universal Brotherhood; and that is our second keynote; and our third keynote is of the meaning and purpose of life: that all life is governed by law; that science cannot be divorced, as it is today so often divorced, from morality; that science cannot be studied, if we are to have a true science, solely from an intellectual standpoint; but that it must be studied also from the standpoint of morality; and in relation to philosophy and to religion — in relation to life.

Those, I think, are the three great keynotes of the future. Let me read you a quotation from Katherine Tingley. She says:

We need the awakening touch of the Christos Spirit, to arouse us from the dead, so to speak, that we may have light and illumination. . . . But we shall never reach that point of discernment until we have found within ourselves the power to eliminate from the mind anything and everything that obscures the light or blocks the way.

And William Q. Judge, Madame Tingley's predecessor, said:

Those of us who think knowledge can be acquired without pursuing the path of love, mistake. The soul is aware of what it requires. It demands altruism and so long as that is absent, so long will mere intellectual study lead to nothing. And in those who have deliberately called upon the Higher Self does that Self require active practice and application of the philosophy which is studied.

"What ship, puzzled at sea," asks Walt Whitman, "cons for the true reckoning?"

Or coming in to avoid the bars and follow the channel a perfect pilot needs?"

All down through the ages, Humanity has had its great Teachers, Helpers, Saviors; and of them he says:

Allons! after the Great Companions and to belong to them!

. . . journeying up and down till we make our ineffaceable mark upon time and the diverse eras,

Till we saturate time and eras, that the men and women of races, ages to come, may prove brethren and lovers as we are.

Truly, there is a path of infinite progress that still lies ahead for every one of us. And the two great keynotes of the future, if that future is to be for us a Golden Age, are the same keynotes as in the Golden Age of the past: Trust and Brotherhood; Trust in the Divine purposes of life, Trust in the Divinity that is at the heart of each; and Brotherhood for and towards all men. Only through these can man achieve his destiny.

THE UNCONQUERED RACE OF AMERICA:

by J. O. Kinnaman, A. M. PH. D.

THE darkest blot upon the pages of American history is the one placed there by unjust treatment accorded to the American Indian. The injustice done to the Red Man has no parallel in the history of the world, so far as we know; even the much and over-pitied black, who, from time immemorial, has been a "hewer of wood and a drawer of water," has been treated with undue consideration, in comparison. Six hundred thousand men died to rend asunder the shackles of slavery, two armies numbering more than two millions of men contended for more than four years over four millions of slaves; countless wealth was destroyed and wasted in an effort to bring the black to the status of a white man, and, finally, the ballot was placed in his hands, though he was more ignorant of government than his savage brother in the wilds of Africa; yet the work was pronounced completed. The injustice done to the Indian cries to Heaven for redress, cries in a voice that will not be silenced, will not be stilled, until justice is rendered, however tardy that may be. The covetous greed and unprincipled acts of the white man stand out immense, colossal, dwarfing, as it were into insignificance, all other acts of injustice ever perpetrated by him. Because of this covetousness, greed and dishonesty, thousands died, not to render secure the Red Man in the possession of his heritage, but to dispossess him of it; not to render impossible the breaking-up of happy homes, not to render him secure in the pursuit of happiness and in the possession of property, but to tear asunder those homes, to make helpless women widows, and innocent children orphans, who, creeping away like some wounded animal of the forest, hid in solitude to die.

No ballot was ever placed in his hands, nor was he ever considered a citizen of the land which he possessed as its original owner. He was not considered a citizen of the country or thought fit to be one, yet he was subject to trial for crime in the white man's court, by the white man's standard, and if found guilty, suffered the white man's penalty; all this for the sole purpose of dispossessing him of his lands.

Our children in the schoolroom have been taught that the Indian was a savage, who delighted chiefly in murder, in scalping and burning at the stake, in tortures of devilish ingenuity, in war and destruction in general. These same children, at their mothers' knees, were taught to fear and loathe the Indian, even to tremble with fear at the mere mention of the name. The writers of our history text-books have ever promulgated this notion of an 'inhuman devil,' who would rather take a white man's scalp than anything else in the world. These same texts would convey the impression, and intentionally so, that the Indian never did anything since the day the first European set foot upon American soil but to go on the

war-path against the white man. I know for an actual fact that this statement is correct, for I have questioned hundreds of school children on the subject. This sentiment was created and propagated for one purpose only, *viz.*, as an excuse, on the part of the whites, for annihilating the Indian and possessing themselves of his land. This was formerly true; it is true at the present time, as I shall later show.

We must all acknowledge that some of the worst human elements of our civilization: the restless, the ne'er-do-well, the melancholy, the criminal, always formed the vanguard of our frontier. I do not say that all men on the frontier were of questionable character, for we know better; but the majority, for some cause, would not or could not abide in their first or home settlements.



A TRAIL. TO THE HOUSE OF THE SEMINOLE

They were driven forth either by hard necessity, because they could not compete with the prevailing economic conditions, being forced to the wall as it were, or some other social cause operated to drive them forth to do unto the Indian as they had been done by.

Again, when later the Government began to make treaties with the people of the forest and plain, individual greed or aggression was not the motive force: the force was that of corporate powers. Of course that spells 'politics', and politics in the last analysis assays corruption. We need only refer the reader to the great land companies that were formed at the close of the Revolutionary

War, to substantiate our statement. The Northwest Territory is a fair example of corporate manipulation of lands belonging justly to the indigenous people.

After these corporations (or companies, as they were called) had secured their grants, then they called upon the Government to remove the



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THE LAND FOR WHICH THEY FOUGHT
(W. H. Spears, photographer)



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**CENTER OF LAST STAND AGAINST THE U. S. SOLDIERS
(W. H. Spears, photographer)**

rightful owners, peacefully if they could, otherwise if necessary, but remove them at all cost. Soldiers were sent into this territory to compel the Indians to move westward. Lives were sacrificed on both sides; to satisfy greed upon the one hand; on the other, in an attempt to ward off injustice, to protect home, wife, children and property. But the cause of the Indian was hopeless; he was fighting a losing battle and he knew it; still, the ever stalwart manhood in him demanded that he fight. Such is the story to the very last on western plain and mountain, in southern glades and swamps.

In this contest which lasted from 1622 even to the end of the century just closed, innocent lives were lost on the side of the whites, much property destroyed, suffering inflicted and endured with Spartan fortitude; yet if the sufferings of the two races were to be weighed in the balance, that of the white race would be found almost infinitesimal, while that of the Indian would stand out in relief like the Pyramids.

When the Indian was victor in a fight with the whites, it was called a massacre, but when the whites won, it was denominated 'a glorious victory,' and the commanders were honored, petted, fêted and bemedaled while the Red Man was hunted down like a wild beast through forest and dale, over plain and mountain, until brought to a stand where, with his back to the wall, he died fighting.

Let us take under consideration one or two instances. First, that of the great chief Logan. Note his last speech, a speech which neither Cicero nor Demosthenes could have equaled. This great chief was bereft of all his family by unprovoked murder on the part of an American officer, Col. Cresap, a little more than a hundred years ago.

I appeal to any white man to say if he ever entered Logan's cabin hungry, and I gave him not meat; if ever he came cold or naked, and I gave him not clothing.

During the course of the last long and bloody war, Logan remained in his tent, an advocate of peace. Nay, such was my love for the whites, that those of my country pointed at me as they passed and said, "Logan is the friend of the white man." I had even thought to have lived among you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood and unprovoked, cut off all the relations of Logan, not sparing my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any human creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many. I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country I rejoice at the beams of peace. Yet, do not harbor the thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one.

Listen to Tecumseh, the Shawnee chief, speaking to Wells, in 1807:

These lands are ours. No one has a right to remove us, because we were the first owners. The great Spirit gave this great land to his red children

He placed the whites on the other side of the big water. They were not content with their own, but came to take ours from us. They have driven us from the sea to the lakes — we can go no farther.

Again:

Father, listen! The Americans are taking our lands from us every day. They have no hearts, Father; they have no pity for us; they want to drive us beyond the setting sun.

Enemathla, chief of the Tallahasseees, in an interview with Governor Duval, had the following to say:

Do you think that I am like a bat, that hangs by its claws in a dark cave, and that I can see nothing of what is going on around me? Ever since I was a boy I have seen the white people steadily encroaching upon the Indians, and driving them from their homes and hunting-grounds. When I was a boy, the Indians still roamed undisputed over all the vast country lying between the Tennessee River and the great sea of the South, and now when there is nothing left them but their hunting-grounds in Florida, the white men covet that. I tell you plainly, if I had the power, I would tonight cut the throat of every white man, woman and child in Florida.

Listen to that grand old chief Coacoochee, in chains, and with a threat hanging over his head of being hung from the yard of the vessel upon which he was held prisoner, as he replies to General Worth, July 4th, 1842:

When I was a boy, I saw the white man afar off, and was told that he was my enemy. I could not shoot him as I would a wolf or bear, yet like those he came upon me. Horses, cattle, fields he took from me. He said he was my friend. He gave us his hand in friendship; we took it. He had a snake in the other; his tongue was forked; he lied and stung us. I asked for just a small piece of these lands, enough to plant and live upon far South — a spot where I could place the ashes of my kindred — a place where my wife and child could live. This was not granted me. Florida was my home; I love it, and to leave it is like burying my wife and child. I have thrown away the rifle and have now taken the hand of the white man, and now say, "Take care of me."

I opine that after the defeat of March, 1622, the Indians realized that they could no more turn back the tide of whites than sweep back the ocean with a canoe paddle, yet they fought to the bitter end.

The Spanish explorers came to Florida with one avowed purpose, that is, the getting of gold by fair means or foul, by robbery, by conquest, but not by mining.

When the English settlers came, the Indian must be dispossessed, that the white man might have the best. "Might made right."

When an Indian burned a settler's cabin, or took a white scalp, he was just giving vent to a righteous indignation, trying to redress his countless wrongs, his innumerable humiliations, his numberless sufferings. He was

striving with all the power at his command to restrain the whites from taking all his possessions, all his means of livelihood.

The picture drawn by most of our textbooks, also by most other writers, is not only wrong, but utterly false, and deliberately so. The Indian side of the story has never been written by himself, but by his arch-enemy, the white man. Thus was it in the case of Carthage: we get her story only from the viewpoint of Rome, her deadly enemy and destroyer. No Carthaginian ever penned his side of the story. Thus with the Indian: he is arraigned at the bar of the white man, whose interest it was to annihilate the original American.

One chief attempted to write the Indian's view of the injustice done to him by the pale-face. So strong was his arraignment of the whites that his book was nicknamed 'The Red Man's Book of Lamentation.' This chief was Pokagon, head of the Ojibwa confederation. It seems that the humiliation of the Red Man will never cease so long as there remains one lone Indian.

The Exposition at Chicago was held to commemorate the discovery of America. On Columbus Day, Pokagon, as the rightful owner of the site of Chicago, was invited to be present. He left his humble Michigan home to attend, and then was utterly ignored and forgotten by the officials in charge. The slight broke the old man's heart. He returned home to die and go to rest with his fathers.

The writer knows the Indian as he really is, and he has fundamentally NOT changed during the last four hundred years. During that time the Indian has learned several things concerning the white man, which have been 'driven home' by the rifle, among them being the fact that the pale-face has a 'forked tongue,' that he cannot be trusted to abide by his word, that the consuming fire of the white man's soul is greed. In character the Red Man is noble, honest, always fulfilling his promise; if he is your friend, he is so to the death; while, on the other hand, if he is your enemy, you know exactly what to expect. His native intelligence and comprehension are equal to, and in some respects superior to, that of the Caucasian; he possesses the stoicism of his Mongol ancestors, while, at the same time, he has a 'twist' of intellect that is beyond the comprehension of his white brother. The white man in his self-supposed or arrogant superiority, because he cannot comprehend some depths of the other's intellect, relegates it to the realms of stupidity, or something worse.

By nature the Indian is reticent and uncommunicative; but he is neither ignorant nor stupid. He feels that he never knows what purpose the white man may have in mind; therefore, he adopts a policy that does not encourage intimacy. But if his confidence can be won, the fountains of his heart open and freely flow. The writer is not speaking from legend



WILD RUBBER ENCIRCLING OAK TREE

or hearsay, but from personal experience, for he has lived with the despised Indian, eaten at his campfire, at his table, shared the hospitality of his blanket, treated his children for measles and scarlet fever, taught him hygiene, preached in his missions, helped bury his dead, lived on his reservations with the express purpose of studying him from each and every angle. So these conclusions are based upon observation and experience, not upon sentiment.

Four years before the outbreak of the French and Indian War, a dissension arose among the Creeks. The contention divided the tribe into two factions. One faction led by Secoffee, migrated to Florida, taking up their abode in the Alachua district. Here they remained at peace with their Indian and white neighbors until 1812. They took the name 'Seminoles' or 'Wanderers,' which they still proudly retain.

In 1812, their chiefs, King Payne and Billy Bowlegs, the sons of Secoffee, through the eloquence of Tecumseh, were enlisted against the Americans. It was rumored that the Seminoles were planning a raid into Georgia. Col. Newman, an American officer, led an expedition against King Payne's town, but the Indians were not taken by surprise; they

attacked the American line of march either near or on the shores of the lake now known as Newman's lake; or on the shores of what is now a prairie, but at that time was a lake more than twenty-five miles long by ten wide. Though the Indians fought valiantly under the leadership of King Payne, yet owing to his wounds they withdrew from the first attack. The Americans hastily threw up fortifications and awaited the renewal of the attack, which came at sunset, but the Indians were driven off by the superior marksmanship of the Americans.

Bowlegs, taking command, kept the Americans penned within their fortifications for eight days, then allowed them to depart. This was the first conflict between Seminoles and Americans. Immediately after this the President ordered all American troops from Spanish soil.



A YOUNG SEMINOLE

At 4 P. M., July 10th, 1821, Florida passed from the dominion of Spain to that of the United States. The Indians, in general, were not pleased with this change of government. The leading chiefs went to Pensacola to have a 'big talk' with the new governor, General Jackson. It was at this conference that the first spark was set to the fuse that was destined to cause years of war and suffering. Jackson informed them that the Creeks, who did not belong in Florida, must return to Georgia; runaway slaves must be returned to their owners; the Indians of Florida must gather on a reservation that the Government would set aside for them.

Now, gentle reader, just note that in the above the wishes of the Indians were not consulted, nor even taken into

consideration; they were offered no remuneration for the lands they were to give up; they were simply told to move to that part of the Territory which, at that time, the white man did not covet. Of course the chiefs

were in no gentle frame of mind, yet they promised to carry the 'talk' to their people.

The first steps towards putting the Indians upon a reservation were taken in 1823, when a few of the Indians met Governor Duval below St. Augustine. Two days later an agreement was reached by which the Government received all the lands of the Tallahasseees and Miccasukees for \$6000. Later, these two tribes, accompanied by the Seminoles, took up their abode in the central part of the state, in the Alachua district, thirty-eight miles south of Gainesville. Here they remained in suppressed discontent until 1832, when again the whites wanted the lands assigned to them by the Federal Government, and plans were made to remove the Indians west of the Mississippi River.

Indian representatives were sent west to view the lands and report. This report was favorable, but the mass of Indians refused to move. Thus matters stood until October 1835, though Emathla, one of the old

chiefs, continued making preparations to obey the commands of the Government. This chief was considered by the Indians themselves as their enemy and a friend of the whites.

About this time General Thompson had a meeting with the Indians to consider further their removal to the west; Miccanopy was the leading chief, and with him was Osceola. Osceola, although not at that time a chief, yet controlled the trend of the argument. Finally, Osceola, drawing his knife, stuck it into the table, exclaiming, "This is the only treaty I will ever make with the whites!" He kept his word.



A SEMINOLE FAMILY GROUP

An unusual and interesting photograph

Osceola was the son of William Powell, an Englishman, and a Creek woman. While very young he and his mother joined the Seminoles in Florida. He was born about 1804, and therefore was thirty-one or thirty-two years of age when the

Seminole War began. He was very dignified in his bearing, pleasing of countenance, frank in manner, above superstition, affectionate with wife and children, and always playing the part of a real man. After Osceola consummated his revenge upon General Thompson, he removed Emathla, the chief friendly to the whites, by a bullet, and the seven years' struggle was launched in earnest.

In this hopeless contest about two thousand warriors were engaged, while at one time there were more than nine thousand troops in the field against them. When the Indians won a fight it was called a massacre; when the soldiers won it was called a glorious victory and heralded to the world as such.

On October 31st, 1837, Osceola went to St. Augustine under a flag of truce guaranteed by General Hernández, who sent a white plume to Osceola, which meant, on the part of the whites, a desire for peace. When he arrived at the headquarters of Hernández, Osceola was taken prisoner in defiance of all accepted codes of warfare, and was finally sent to Ft. Moultrie, S. C., where he died of a broken heart. From that day to this no Florida Seminole has ever trusted a white man, and never will do so.

In the spring of 1842 a determined band of about three hundred men, women and children, escaped into the inaccessible fastness of the Everglades, where no white man could follow; the rest were deported, led by Coacochee. The band in the Everglades have never been conquered, have never signed a treaty or agreement of any kind with the United States, nor has any land ever been assigned to them. Neither has this band ever elected a chief to succeed Osceola, as they do not consider any one worthy the honor.

The tribe is divided, for part of the year, for the purpose of hunting, into two or three bands; these bands camp in the different parts of the Everglades. They convene about twice a year, at the time of the 'big hunt,' when the raid for otter takes place in the Big Cypress, and at the festival of the Green Corn Dance.

It is said that there are members of the tribe who have never beheld a white person, but this statement is doubtful; yet, the daughter of Tallahassee had not been beyond the limits of the Everglades for forty years, until March, 1915. She is over ninety years of age, and claims to have been the wife of Osceola. In spite of her advanced age she is hale, hearty and sprightly.

The tribe will not intermarry with the whites. Since they retired to their great swamp, they record only one such attempt. When they found one of their women consorting with a white man, the braves tied him to a tree, exposed naked to the mosquitos and insects of the region, and left him to die. The squaws took their seduced sister to a hummock from

whence she never returned, nor would they ever reveal the manner in which they put her to death. No man or woman has since transgressed the unwritten law of the tribe.

Their daily life is simple, well ordered, and well adapted to the environment under which they live. Their houses are not now the open sheds depicted by the U. S. Bureau of Ethnology, but their permanent dwellings are built from such material as is used by the native 'cracker' in the flat woods and hummocks. They have many of the modern cooking utensils and household necessities, among them the sewing machine. The women learn to use these, and cut and fit their dresses after a fashion, though this fashion would scarcely pass for Parisian.

The men hunt, fish and prepare roots and herbs for food, while the women attend to the household duties, sew, raise a few vegetables, chickens, a 'razor-back' or two, and so forth. Neither sex is lazy, and each does his or her share towards the support of the family group, and that of the tribe as a whole. They are entirely self-supporting and are dependent upon the white man for only a few things, and in most cases they could, with advantage, do without these articles.

There are no schools for the education of the children, and no one, child or adult, can read or write the English language. In fact, very few can even speak English. They have no desire to learn, for they deeply mistrust the white man and his purposes.

There is no mission or church among them. The Episcopalian church maintained Dr. Goddard among them for years. He labored faithfully but so far as I am able to learn, he never, in all the long years of his service, made so much as one convert.

They are not carried away by disease contracted from the white man, as some other tribes are. They are not subject to tuberculosis or syphilis. They are fine types of physical manhood and womanhood. They are, however, subject to hookworm, and almost every member of the tribe was a victim, until Dr. Goddard persuaded the majority to take the treatment. For the time being, at least, the disease was eradicated. Dr. Goddard is dead, and the Seminoles are left without a white friend resident among them. They represent the last of the original owners of the American soil who have not been conquered by the white race. What does the future hold for this sturdy remnant of a once powerful people? Just what it held for the Pequots, and other tribes that have gone on before?

THE THREE BASES OF POETRY: A STUDY OF ENGLISH VERSE: by Kenneth Morris

PART II — MUSIC

CHAPTER II — MUSIC IN BALLADRY: THE LILT

THE Great Wind that blew up into England in the thirteenth century from Spain through France and Provence: the ghost or impulse of civilization passing away from Moorish Andalus and the Moslem world generally: brought in with it the seeds of poetry and poetry-music; or perhaps merely a quickening for seeds that were in the island already. It set Chaucer singing, as we have seen; and what he began, after ages have continued. Not that it ceased to blow in the thirteenth century; its presence was felt again in Elizabethan times, when the French Pleyade influenced English lyricism; and again, of course, in the days of the Classicists. But English lyricism certainly is not wholly derived from these sources. The Great Wind from the South met presently a little wind from the north and west: the ghost of dying Celtism: which also played its part in raising music on the national strings.

During the centuries — from the fifth to the thirteenth — in which the broad daylight of civilization had been in the Islamic and Altaic lands, or from Japan through Southern Asia and North Africa to the borders of Castile, and Europe had been in midnight darkness, a twilight, the remains of a forgotten day, had been lingering among the Celts. Here are a few dates that show a curious parallelism between the Celtic and Asiatic cycles. In 410 the Roman legions were withdrawn from Britain, and the Britons or Welsh became independent; in 420 South China began to recover from the long Tartar anarchy that followed the downfall of the First (Han) Empire, and the prelude to the ages of Chinese glory set in. In 1282 Welsh independence ceased with the Edwardian Conquest; in 1280 the Mongols completed their conquest of China — a blow from which she never recovered. Between whiles China had been in two or three separate cycles absolutely the van leader of all progress in the world; and Japan and Corea had produced their greatest art and triumphs of culture. Among the Moslems, Bagdad, Cairo and Cordova had seen their great ages: had been centers of civilization comparable to Paris or London in the nineteenth century. Persian poetry and Arabian science had grown to their high culminations; Islamiyyeh had, in effect, recreated civilization in the west. And meanwhile, Irish missionaries in the seventh and eighth centuries had been teaching benighted Europe all that it could assimilate out of the great stores of real culture that had survived in their native island; and the Welsh did for Saxon Alfred something of what the Irish did for Charlemain. Both Ireland and Wales had colleges, bards

and a tradition of learning; the bards remained, the rest was obliterated by centuries of war. Life was, or became, crude enough; still there was a culture fertile in romance: of the Red Branch and Fenian Cycles in Ireland; tales of Pwyll, of the Children of Don, and of Arthur, in Wales. This much at least may be said: that for the Celtic peoples, as for the Asiatics, those centuries were fruitful and the centuries since have been rather sterile. The difference in degree between the two fruitfulnesses is another matter. In the East it was a major or world-cycle; in the Celtic West, a local and minor affair altogether — yet still, life and waking, in comparison with the sleep that has been since.

It is very easy to trace the course of the Great Wind from the South. We do know that the Moors taught the Provençals poetry, the Provençals the French, and the French the English. We do know that Chaucer has every right to be called the Father of English Verse; and that he learned first from French, and then from Italian teachers. (Italy had been awakened from Moslem Sicily, as Provence from Moslem Spain.) With lyric music — our business now — Chaucer was not much concerned; but there were lyricists before him, and they tell the same tale. A little group of lyrics, of unknown authorship, come to us from the early fourteenth century; they are English in spirit, delighting in sunshine and birdsong and blossom; but they are mainly French, and have almost forgotten Anglo-Saxonism, in form and music. Some alliteration survives, as in this:

An hendy hap ichabbe yhent,
Ichot from heuene it is me sent;
From alle wymmen mi loue is lent,
And lyht on Alysoun.*

Some alliteration survives — the new England was not born in a day — but in general where we hear most music, French principles go most to the making of it — as in this, where all depends on the French caesura:

When the nyhtegalë singes the wodes waxen grene,
Lef and gras and blosme springes in Averyl I wene;
Ant love is to myn herte gon with one spere so kene,
Nyht and day my blod hit drynkes, myn herte deth to tene.

Two centuries later this Great Wind blew in again, and brought new seeds, from the Pleyade, to fructify among the Elizabethans: of which we shall hear presently.

The Little Wind from Celtism entered by more secret ways; you cannot follow its course with any too brutal definiteness. I think it may be followed, or at least indicated roughly, in the balladry of England and Scot-

*I have seized upon a piece of good fortune; I know it is sent to me from heaven; My love is turned away from all women to light on Alysoun.

land; at any rate a little excursion into this region will serve two useful purposes, even if one rejects the idea that certain musics came into English literature from Celtdom. It will give an opportunity to make clear the nature of the Lilt and the Intonation before one begins to follow their history in England. The other question is unimportant, if not uninteresting.

Balladry — except the kind that commemorates historic events — is, as said before, a thing in which dates do not much matter. The source it springs from is the soil, which feels but little the passing of time. Your true balladist, if you can come at him, is an unlettered fellow; indeed, most likely he is no fellow at all, but a whole unlettered countryside. Knowing nothing of written poetry, he borrows from no poets; on the contrary, to a great extent it is he who mines the ore the poets mint or fashion into goldsmithry. At bottom the soil is the source of all poetry — the soil and the Soul. Shakespeare writes of Romeo at Verona, or Hamlet at Elsinore, and there is still some radical unescapable Englishism in it; he has not gone far from Elizabethan London or Stratford really. Come down to the nurses, grave-diggers and the like, and English homespun is all the wear. Bottom and his comrades, supposed Athenians, are but yokels of the Midlands; Oberon and Titania belong much more to the Welsh border than to Attica. Bottom, ass-headed, breaks into song, and 'tis an English ballad; Shakespeare must get that touch in, to link him irretrievably with his native island soil. All the poets stand somewhere between the foreign influences you can read so easily in their work, and the native balladry, ubiquitous and as it were only half articulate, whose influence is not often so easy to trace as, say, in Shakespeare himself. Hence the fairness of looking for musical origins in the ballads, regardless of the date (were it discoverable) of their composition. They record the formative influences that had been at work since the nation began. Popular education and industrialism are the only forces that seriously disturb them; and both are too recent to make a difference. Now if the Chaucerian tale is the parent of all narrative and even dramatic poetry in English since — one parent, — I think that balladry may be fairly called one parent of lyricism.

It is on the Scottish border that Celtdom has most contacted the Englishry. No doubt there is a large Scandinavian racial element in the Lowlands; it is probably dominant in the east; and no doubt there is an Anglian element also; but one might hazard it that the west is mainly Celtic — Celt-iberian would be the more accurate term. Cymric, as well as Gaelic. Strath Clyde and Cumberland were both late conquests from the Welsh; and is not Scottish folk-music a kind of link between the folk-musics of Wales and Ireland? The connexions between Wales and this region are many: memories of Arthur survive in Scottish place names; memories of the North, of Arderydd and the Woods of Celyddon, survive

in early Welsh literature. In southern Scotland Gael and Cymro and Scandinavian mixed, with Anglian for their language; and Cumberland (Cymro-land of course, which gives you a clue to pronunciations) was long debateable ground between Scot and Southron. Incessant activities, mostly of a raiding and cattle-lifting sort, but with much wandering minstrelsy as well, kept the border an open road between Celtdom and England; whereas the Welsh border was kept closed by the barrier of language; and however much Celtdom might percolate into the English Ireland of the Pale, the Irish Channel kept its influences from crossing into England. Probably no trace of Welsh or Irish folk-poetry is to be found in the folk-poetry of England; whereas there are hundreds of ballads that have an English and a Scottish form. Mr. Cecil Sharp found numbers of famous Scotch songs in Somersetshire — and rashly concluded that the Scots derived them from the men of Wessex.

When two such forms occur, the Scottish is almost always — I think we might safely omit the 'almost' — the better. Scottish balladry is as much finer than English, as English Shakespeare is greater than Scottish Burns. The Northern balladist often presents dramatic situations, tragic, swift, sudden, terrible and intense; the Southern becomes uncomfortable the moment he is asked to be anything but easy-going and jolly. The Scottish ballad is not infrequently crowded with clear light and magical vision; the English, having let you know that it takes pleasure to be in the forest and hear the birds singing, is content. And lastly, the Scottish ballad fairly often — occasionally at any rate — gives you exquisite pieces of word-music; whereas the English ballad — well —

One may mention in passing that Celtic folk-poetry, in its native Gaelic, Erse or Welsh, is characteristically musical; very much so indeed. Thus its musicality is a thing the best Lowland folk-verse shares not with its linguistic (English), but with its racial (Celtic) kin; as it shares with the latter, too, — especially with the Gaelic of Ireland and the Highlands — the fairy qualities we sometimes find in its vision. Thomas the Rhymer beheld 'a ladie brisk and bold' — the Queen of Elfland — 'come riding o'er the fernie brae':

Her skirt was of the grass-green silk,
Her mantle of the velvet fine;
At ilka tett of her horse's mane
Hung fifty silver bells and nine.

In a ballad called *Sheath and Knife*, we have this:

Ane king's dochter said to anither,
Brume blumes bonny and grows sae fair —
'We'll gae ride like sister and brither,
And we'll ne'er gae doon tae the brume nae mair.

'We'll ride down into yonder valley,
 Whare the greene green trees are budding sae gaily.
 Wi' hawke and hounde we will hunt sae rarely,
 And we'll come back in the morning early.'

And there is this, two or three times repeated, in the ballad of *Tam Lin*:

Janet has kilted her green kirtle
 A little aboon her knee,
 And she has snooded her yellow hair
 A little aboon her bree,
 And she's awa to Carterhaugh
 As fast as she can hie,

— where, of course, she had been warned of the peril of going; and where she was to meet Tam Lin, held by the fairies, and presently to rescue him from their enchantments. These give an idea of the glamor and bright delicacy of color we find in some of these Scottish ballads. Then *The Queen of Elfan's Nourice*, the merest fragment of a ballad, opens with this:

I heard a coo low, a bonnie coo low,
 And a coo low down in yonder glen.

It must not be understood that all Scottish balladry is like this; much of it is vile enough; but such loveliness is to be found occasionally, and is even not uncommon in the oldest pieces. These from which I have quoted are all soaked through with Celtic atmosphere of faerie; their music is that of the soul in elemental Nature; the human brain-mind enters not into their composition at all. One can find no formula to account for the subtle song in them; it has very little to do with scansion; much more with consonance and assonance; with a kind of subconscious magic in the relative lengths and qualities of the vowel sounds; as delicate a thing as the mysterious world they deal with. What has the lowing of a cow down in yonder glen to do with the Queens of Fairyland? Belike much; for among these Celtic peasants you could never tell what sight or sound from the natural world might come charged with intra-natural strange meanings, to awaken inner senses, and flood the common earth with unearthly beauty and music.

I heard a coo low, a bonnie coo low —

you need but read it naturally, over and over; seeking out the rhythm first, then giving the sweet long vowels their due singing tone: realizing that *coo* and *low* and the *bon-* of *bonnie* are all long or stressed syllables, but the first two in quite a different way from the third; — and you shall understand that here is something beyond the power of the human intellect to construct: that it is a breath blown out of magical worlds far more song-rich than our own; a sort of incantation, a real and definite piece of

sound-magic. The crooning wealth and softness of that spondee *coo low* three times repeated at the proper interval, and then the grave ripple of melody in *doun in yonder glen*, with its repetition of *n*'s; — this is something altogether outside of meter or scansion; and it is just this something that one means by the word 'music.'

In the *Sheath and Knife* verses we have a music a little different in kind. The melody is somewhat more marked, and the tone less so; there are subtle staccatos indicated; it ripples and minuets, but does not so hum and croon; it is more the singing flow of hidden falling runlets; less the far deep undertone of the cataract, or the steady moaning of wind among the pines. But it is magical too; only compare it with nine-tenths of the verse in the *Golden Treasury*, and you shall hear at once the vast difference. That the quality is Celtic is shown, I think, by the fact that you never get quite the same thing in English verse — that is, verse in the English language — except in the folk-poetry of Ireland, and in a few lyrics by modern Irish poets who have gone to it to learn. — And in True Thomas' verse we get a type of music still farther removed from that in *The Queen of Elfan's Nourice* — though not less perfect:

At ilka tett of her horse's mane
Hung fifty silver bells and nine.

— Here it is not an incantation; does not depend at all on the sweetness of long vowels. It is instead a lilt like a bird's song; like birdsong fashioned into tune. There is the assonance of short *i*'s in *fifty silver*, and the semi-alliteration of the *f*'s with the *v*; the consonance of *l*'s in *silver bells*; then the ending with a long diphthong *i* between the two liquid nasal *n*'s — the least cut-off letter in the alphabet, the one that most may be prolonged to the power of *n*, as I think they say in mathematics; — that most dies away vibrating.

We must remember that these ballads are not the work of any individual mind, but the collective composition of generations and countrysides. Minstrels did not make them; poetic peasants in their gatherings evolved them. As they were repeated and repeated, whatever ear was keenest to word-music would add or take away a little, or change a little; and those changes would tend to survive that were nearest to the mysterious music in Nature; because the people who made them lived near Nature and were familiar with the fairy worlds. The form of words that most reminded them of the whisperings, the wisps of tune, they were wont to hear or half-hear in the winds and waters, in the reeds and pine-tops, would come to be the most orthodox, and survive. Among us that are so woefully civilized, who cold-store our poetry in books, an oft-quoted line generally suffers deterioration on the public lips; we quote it slightly wrongly, and

the changes made spoil the music a little; but where you have peasants living close to the soil and the sky, loving Nature and her beauty and poetry, and having no books to write or read it in — the process is reversed. There is no original form, orthodox and invariable: the best form, whenever it appears, becomes orthodox as soon as the countryside shall have passed on it. The bells become fifty and nine, and not forty or seventy and nine, because correspondences of sound make that number sweeter to say and easier to remember; or better, because a more potent piece of magic is attained so. *Vox populi* is *vox deorum* in such cases, in a very literal sense. Let there be no inflaming of national passions and ambitions — which do not readily strike root in a peasantry; and let the brain-mind be unroused to too great rampancy by unnatural conditions and 'what is sometimes miscalled education'; and the Racial Soul (which is largely what is meant by the term 'Gods') does sift down and make itself heard and known through the intuitions of simple people, and needs not to wait for an individual voice specialized or sensitive enough to be poet and express it.

Meanwhile, however, we have come on two distinct types of lyrical music: one that, without any strain or stress of imagination you may say calls on you to whistle a kind of natural tune to it:

We'll' gae ride' like sis'-ter and brith'-er,
 And we'll ne'er' gae doon' tae the brume' nae mair;
 or —
 Hung fif'- ty sil'- ver bells' and nine;

—and another to which no whistling in the world could give adequate accompaniment; but if you have any ear for word-music, you find yourself crooning and crooning it over —

I heard a còo lòw, and a bonnie còo lòw—

and as you croon, mystery and tone enter to comfort your soul. The former type we may call the *Lilt*; the latter, the *Intonation*. It is with the *Lilt* we shall concern ourselves now.

You will find very little that is excellent in it in English balladry; — none at all, I suspect, of the *Intonation*. Generally speaking, the metrifaction is rudimentary and the music nil. An occasional refrain with the root of the matter in it, is there to tell us that the great forces were at work, and a tough struggle going forward to hammer the rude stuff of the language into rhythm and melody. Such a line is the familiar

Under the greenwood tree

of the Robin Hood cycle; it is good lilt, but nothing wonderful. From the north, and near the Scottish border, comes the best line I have found:

It was a knight in Scotland borne,
Follow, my love, come over the strand!
 Was taken prisoner, and left forlorne,
 Even by the good Earle of Northumberland.

There is good meter and some music in the first and third lines; vile meter, but not bad music, once you have altered the stresses to suit, in the fourth; and in the second, the refrain line, perfect meter, and music that is even wonderful. Such a refrain, with the right magic in it, once happily discovered, would become part of the stock in trade of the ballad-singers, and used on a thousand occasions in a thousand different ballads. It would aptly fit the subject matter of a whole type of them: the type that tells of an English lady lured by her Scottish lover over the strand of Solway or Tweed into Scotland; so that there would be a constant need for it, and by long use it would become tongue-worn into perfect smoothness and music. This ballad was first published in 1597, in the heyday of Shakespeare's second period; when he was writing the first part of *Henry IV*, and three and four years before he wrote *As You Like It* and *Twelfth Night* respectively; two years before *Much Ado*.^{*} It may have been very old then, and we may depend on it that the refrain line was. But seeing how very poor, on the whole, the ballad lilt was in England before his day, we are the more to wonder at Shakespeare's genius, who could strew his works with so many songs that have all the air of being folk-songs, and that yet, unlike English folk-songs as a rule, contain so often lines of perfect lilt.

The lilt is essentially the first and most apparent mode of music in poetry; it is the first thing that all balladists and lyricists aim at; — it is also the mode in which, perhaps, least perfection has been attained in English. Celtic folk-poetry is wonderfully rich in it; so, too, is old French verse. I seem to sense a French heredity in such songs of the first period as 'Philomel with melody'†, in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and 'Who is Sylvia? what is she?' in the *Two Gentlemen*; and this other strain, from the northern balladists, in the songs of the second period and after, perhaps beginning with 'Sigh no more, ladies,' in *Much Ado About Nothing*. I think, if one studies them, one hears a charm of refinement in the first, a charm of simplicity, of folk-song, in the second. French verse is one generation nearer the ancestral Moorish culture; and therefore one generation more refined, farther from the winds and the waters, less diluted

^{*}According to Dr. Furnivall's computation of the dates and order of the plays.

†To get the perfect music that is in that line, one must take away syllabic accent; then one hears fully the effect of the reversed repetition of *-lomel* in *melo-*: an effect of conscious and polished art, quite unlike the folksong effects he gets in the second period by the repetition of meaningless refrains, and in the last period by — one can only say — oneness with elemental Nature, as we shall see when we come to Autolycus' song from *A Winter's Tale*.

with other heredities. French, with its total absence of syllabic accent comes by nature more trippingly from the tongue than does the uneven English, in which stress and accent will have their way, and are not to be ignored. When the use of these is mastered, however, they give an additional music-value of their own.

Spenser when he lilt — and his best music is pure lilt — I should call a product of this French heredity. For the sake of a few pieces he is to rank among the very great musicians: with some music quite his own, and sometimes unlike anything else in the language. I do not speak of the Spenserian stanza of the *Faery Queen* — which is a Chaucerian stanza improved, and obviously of a music borne in on the Great Wind; — there is sweeter singing to be had from him. Beside the wonder of the rhyme-scheme in the *Prothalamion*, there is a ripple and flowing movement in the lines that makes them no march, but a tune; but it is a regulated ripple, calm and (in the old and better sense) *artificial*; most fitting to his silver-streaming Thames and the water-gliding of his swans, and with nothing in it of the mountain brook or wild birdsong.

With that I saw two swans of goodly hue
Come softly swimming down along the Lea;
Two fairer birds I yet did never see;
The snow which doth the top of Pindus strew,
Nor Jove himself, when he a swan would be
For love of Leda, whiter did appear;
Yet Leda was (they say) as white as he,
Yet not so white as these, nor nothing near;
So purely white they were,
That even the gentle stream, the which them bare,
Seemed foul to them, and bade his billows spare
To wet their silken feathers, lest they might
Soil their fair plumes with water not so fair,
And mar their beauties bright,
That shone as heaven's light,
Against their bridal day, which was not long:
Sweet Thames! run softly till I end my song.

His later work has in it much music like this; though here the short lines make perfection doubly perfect, and perhaps constitute this, with the *Epithalamion* — both from the wonderful fifteen-nineties — his supreme triumphs. Swinburne, who comes nearest to following him, was cast in too different a mold; and where he multiplies rhymes in the Spenserian manner, flows torrentwise, or marches majestically, and has not this smooth equitable rippling ease, so French, so balanced, so goldsmithed into exquisite gracefulness. Distinctly, here was blossom from seed blown in on the second gust of the Great Wind; and if it has never bloomed quite so lovelily again, it has not been without its influence.

Still more unusual is the music of that song of Hobbinoll's from the *Shepherd's Calendar*, of which a verse was quoted in a previous chapter. The wonder of it is, that it is really a Greek or Latin music adopted successfully in English; as if the materialization of some astral echo lingering from the days of the Roman Province, when the elegants of Bath or York or London read Horace in his and their own native tongue. One hears a reminiscence of the Sapphic lilt in it —

Pindarum quisquis studet aemulari —

though it is not Sapphic, and there is not in its whole scheme a single Sapphic line —

Pan may be proud that ever he be- got
 Such a belli- bone;
 And Syrinx re- joice that ever 'twas her lot
 To bear such a one.
 Soon as my younglings crien for the dam,
 To her will I offer a milk-white lamb;
 She is my goddess plain,
 And I her shepherd's swain,
 Albe forswonck and forswat I am.

Sapphics a-many have been written since, consciously, with the Horatian model in view; but never I think without a definitely exotic and unnatural sound to them; never do they give one the distinct sense of music one hears in this, despite its somewhat uncouthness.

But to return to the Little Wind, which in lyricism has been the greater.

Shakespeare was among the first to use the ballad lilt greatly in English; and he used it divinely when he would. His songs so often have their own natural tune innate in them; the composer does best with them, who does least in the way of tune-making. You need no written notes, to espy tune galore in that delicious nonsense of Autolycus':

When daffodils begin to peer,
 With heigh the doxy over the dale!
 Why then comes in the sweet of the year,
 For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.
 The white sheet blanching on the hedge,
 With heigh the sweet birds, O, how they sing!
 Doth set my pugging tooth on edge,
 For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.
 The lark that tirra lirra chants,
 With heigh and heigh, the thrush and the jay!
 Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
 As we lie tumbling in the hay.

Your true lilt is, in its essence and perfection, elemental and altogether removed from the things of intellect: as impersonal as birdsong or water-ripple. So, often, it will break into the happy unintelligibility of a refrain, and attain its top notes of magic there; as in the second lines of each of these verses, which might be taken as the standard of this type in English; or as in —

Converting all your sounds of woe
Into heigh nonny, nonny!

Autolycus, with all his pugging tooth, is a natural object, a piquant feature in the landscape, like his daffodils beginning to peer and his lark that *tirra lirra* chants. He is as little concerned with mere sense as these might be; the good winds blow upon him, and the good sun shines, and he responds with an excellent merry song, roguish-thievish withal, as the flowers do with scent and color and the birds with their singing. Perhaps you will call it doggerel, but it is nothing of the kind; on the contrary, it is one of Shakespeare's poetic triumphs — a triumph of the Puck, not of the Hermes side of him. For not only has it that birdie liltishness to commend it: that delightful music of stresses, half heard assonances and consonances — a mere matter of sound, says someone; forgetting that this of sound is fundamental magic, and one-third of the whole matter of poetry — but think what feeling it carries with it, what pictures it calls up. It brings you all the spaciousness and sweet smell of the out-of-doors: the sun and the winds of early summer; the merriment of song-strewn skies over Greekish-English hills and dales, and the rural life of Elizabethan England. For your Bohemia and your Sicilia are both in England: but in an England Greekish, merrie and magical, Elizabethan. Go where he will, the Master is forever still

Warbling his native woodnotes wild.

I doubt if anyone else was to warble the like of them until Chatterton. Liling was the only thing in music that Milton could not do; as one may find by comparing Autolycus' song with any of the lyrics from *Arcades* or *Comus*.

Sabrina fair,
Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy cool transparent wave;

— it was meant for Harry Lawes to provide with music; it was not twin-born and twin-souled with a music of its own, like the fifty silver bells and nine. Much nearer to liling came Suckling and Herrick, though they lacked something of the great simplicity that might come quite at it; and Lovelace — but he was too Cavalier and martial. As for the men of the

Restoration and after, they were all aeons away from it. You cannot reach this note by mental strivings; you may as little produce it by taking thought, as add a cubit that way to your stature. But before the dark age had passed, Chatterton came upon it splendidly in the minstrel's song from his *Aella*; thus: —

Black his hair as the winter night,
 White his throat as the summer snow,
 Red his cheek as the morning light;
 Cold he lies in the grave below.

The perfection of this is worth analysis, or an attempt at it. Of the sixteen stressed syllables, twelve — no less — also contain long vowels; and six, long vowels followed by liquids or nothing, and so prolongable, not cut off. Then there is that run of staccato *l*'s and *k*'s after the stressed syllables in the first three lines; each line having three staccato and one prolonged note; — while the fourth line, the fall of the wave, is all splendid vowels unconfined, a perfect flow. No letter in the verse but serves the delicate purposes of music. One may contrast the gathering up of the sound in

Black' his hair` as the winter night',
 White' his throat' as the summer snow`,
 Red' his cheek' as the morn'- ing light';

—with its prevailing sharp consonance of *l*'s relieved only by grave sounds in *hair*, *morn*, and the second half of the second line — with the continuous grave flowing away of the tone in

Cold` he lies` in the grave` below`;

— and hear that it all makes a kind of melodious pattern, a basic form in sound: something you feel not to be artificial, but in the scheme of things: part of the universal plan, like a fern-frond or a daisy, or the rise and fall of a wave. Though we may analyse them thus, such things were never built up by analysis: it is not in the mind of man to erect them brick by brick. Poe goes about to show how the brain-mind makes what he imagines to be word-music, and tells us how his much-recited *Raven* was composed. They do things that way in Brummagem, where poetry is not made, but “excellent substitutes.” For it is all mechanics, and not music in the least; and 'tis a good test for your ear and discernment, whether you hear the falsity of the music in *The Raven*.

Even the third poetic cycle has not greatly enriched us in pure lilt. In Burns and Wordsworth and Byron there is probably a good deal that comes near excellence in it; that would not be easy, at first sight, to distinguish from that. This is especially true of Burns; who probably often only misses supreme perfection — and this may seem paradoxical — be-

cause he wrote so much for music. The song that is meant to be sung to a tune already existing falls short, as a rule, of containing perfect word-tune within itself. That which should have been innate is left to be supplied by the music: the note-tune that is an elder brother, and but a poor make-shift for a word-tune born with the words. — Celtic folk-songs indeed, in Gaelic or in Welsh, very generally sing themselves to a notation woven into their own consonants and vowels; in such a way that one wonders if the note-tune is not a mere growth out of the word-tune; although indeed, as against that, one remembers that Ceiriog, the nineteenth-century station-master who wrote as many songs to Welsh airs as Burns did to Scottish, wrote more pure lilt into them than is to be found in all English literature. But then, consonance and assonance are age-old habits in the Welsh; he had a tremendous tradition behind him. And Scottish folk-songs are always near it; and 'tis from a Scottish peasant poet — the Shepherd of Ettrick — that we get one of the most delicious examples of it to be found anywhere:

Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Pour out thy matins o'er mountain and lea!

—That is the very soul of the lilt; whose music is to be blithesome and cumberless before all things.

Much farther from it than Burns was Moore. In all his facile, flowing verses, that sing so excellently (I am sure) to the Irish melodies for which he wrote them, you shall not probably find one line of true music: to which shallowness, polish and facility are deadly foes. Moore and Byron, and Browning too, with a difference, were content to explore personality; wherein music is not to be found. Then Wordsworth was something too meditative for the lilt, to be really great at it. The soul of it is in his *Daffodils* (for example), but not quite the form I think. At his best he generally marches, sometimes intones; and the same may be said of Tennyson. If Wordsworth had only forbidden himself to talk in his verse, one feels that presently he would have begun to sing, and might have done wonders lilting. For there is so often the lightness and delicacy of vision that goes with it. And lilt music must be quite light and bodiless, remember; directly the sound begins to burn and glow, you have the Intonation. One would have said that Swinburne was born to be chief exponent of it; but when he was great and memorable, he sang with a passion in his soul: songs for a worshiped Italy; songs for the Human Spirit to be unshackled in human life — in which strain one does not arrive at lilting; nor can you get it while flirting with the flesh and the devil, which he affected to do or pretended to do in his verse at other times. Yet it is he that has given

us the greatest lilt-verse we have, in this familiar one from *Atalanta in Calydon*:

When the hounds of Spring are on Winter's traces,
 The mother of months on meadow and plain,
 Fills the shadows and windy places
 With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain.
 And the brown, bright nightingale amorous
 Is half assuaged for Itylus,
 For the Thracian ships and the foreign faces,
 The tongueless vigil and all the pain.

— Here lilting is lifted right above the level of folk-song, and converted into high classicism and literary art, without losing anything. It is pure lilt: it owes everything to consonance and accent; the length of the stressed syllables varies, predominantly, not according to the tone or value of their vowels, but according to the consonantal retardation that closes them; — thus the first syllables of *tongueless and vigil* are both stressed, but how they differ in quantity! No laws of meter, rhythm or scansion can account for this perfection — this sylphlike, light, electric joy.

One more lilt from the Victorian Age must not go unquoted; this by George Macdonald:

Little Boy Blue got lost in the wood,
Sing apples and cherries, roses and honey!
 He said, I wouldn't be found if I could,
It's all so jolly and funny.

Sing apples and cherries, roses and honey! — There; that is the Lilt itself: an elemental breath, a ripple of fairyland, a sound of elfin fiddling running through human words; and —

It's all so jolly and funny!

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WHY should you inquire if my hunger has been appeased? Hunger and thirst are functions of the body: ask the condition of the mind, then, for man is not affected by the functions nor by the faculties. For your other three questions: Where I dwell? Whither I go? Whence I come? — hear this reply. Man, who is the soul, goes everywhere, and penetrates everywhere, like the ether; and is it rational to inquire where it is, or whence or whither thou goest? I am neither coming nor going, nor is my dwelling in any one place; nor art thou, thou; nor are others, others; nor am I, I. — *Vishnu-Purāna*.

TRIED IN THE BALANCE: by R. Machell

CHAPTER III



It would have been hard to guess at Monsieur Martel's nationality, for he was a natural linguist and spoke foreign languages with an unusual facility. His conversation was fascinating to a man of Martin Delaney's temperament, and the two became friends at once. The girl left the men together, and went to her room. Martin sat and listened with an attention he had never bestowed on any other man's talk; and Martel enjoyed the subtle flattery of the young man's admiration. He talked of Egypt and the mysteries, of Cleopatra and the Egyptian hierarchy. He seemed to know the inner life of the temples, and to be familiar with the atmosphere of intrigue and mystery that pervaded the life of the court at Alexandria, as well as with the mysticism of the priests, and the deep religious reverence, that lay back of all the corruption and deceit with which the ancient faith was overgrown, and which had almost obscured the spirituality of the antique traditions, that were once the glory of the temples and the inspiration of the initiate priests. He was an idealist and an enthusiast, and Martin marveled that such a man should have made so small a mark in the world. But the young painter had yet to learn that the making of a mark in the world's record requires for its accomplishment qualities, that to the 'artistic temperament' appear as somewhat vulgar and unattractive, such as industry, concentration and self-sacrifice. The biggest mark is not often made by the man who sees the farthest. The older man no longer even dreamed of making a mark in the world; he was content to read, and to enjoy the fruits of other men's discoveries.

Books were his friends, and, like some other friends, they kept him generally short of cash. Rare books excite a craving in such men that is as irresistible as a gambler's mania. To gratify this passion he was content to sink his art in mere commercial productivity of illustrations worthy of the literature they were intended to adorn. To find a listener like this young painter was a treat not to be despised, and he did justice to the occasion until his daughter came to put an end to the long talk, reminding him that he was still under her orders as nurse. Her authority was not questioned, but the visitor was made to promise another call on the following day before he was allowed to leave. The promise was duly redeemed, and most willingly; for Martin's imagination was rekindled with the fire of the ancient mysteries. Egypt had always excited his curiosity, and he

had read almost all the best works on the subject, without being able to feel that any of the authors had really touched the keynote of that wonderful civilization, which had been in its prime before the date accorded by Christian theologians to the creation of the world. Then came his dream and his determination to paint what he had seen. This work had opened his mind in a remarkable manner; for it had forced him to identify himself with the life of the time; and as he tried to do so he came to feel that the actors in that drama were human beings, not simply historical figures; that the court of Alexandria was but a fiction in comparison with the real life of the Temples and the hierarchy, who controlled and ordered the social and domestic life of one of the greatest nations of antiquity. Then too, the figure of the Queen assumed a significance that has been recognised by few if any of the modern chroniclers. He saw her as the head of the religious hierarchy, and not in name alone. He saw her working and scheming for the protection of the civilization which alone retained the secrets of the ancient wisdom; and for the independence of the land that for thousands of years had been the shrine of human science, philosophy and art, and which still held the ancient ritual and the antique mysteries, whose custody was the sole justification of the existence of the sacerdotal hierarchy. Martel had made himself the champion of the Queen, and fully intended ere he died to write a work that should completely vindicate her name and set her reputation on that pillar in the hall of Fame, to which her noble life entitled her. But the book was still as far off as it was when first conceived in his imagination. Perhaps the time was not yet ripe for such a work. Certainly he found few to sympathize with his ideas; and so the visit of this young enthusiast was an event that made him impatient to be back again where he believed he could at last begin the writing of the book. Delaney's picture should be the frontispiece, etched specially by one of his friends.

His daughter had not seen him so energetic for years; she thought that the illness must have cleared off more than the effects of the chill. His mind seemed so alert. He talked of going back to Paris in a few days. But the book was never written, and his next journey was to an unknown destination; for no sooner had Martin returned to superintend the sending of his picture to the Salon than the fine weather broke, the patient took another chill, and slipped away one morning as the day dawned; and in a week there was a new grave in the cemetery, and Clara Martel found herself alone with a memory, and a dull sense of intense loneliness.

Martin Delaney would have gone down for the funeral had he been in Paris, but he had gone to England almost as soon as his picture was off his hands. One of his sisters was to be married, and his father had written to invite Martin for the occasion, and had enclosed a check to cover his

expenses liberally. So he had gone before the news came from Grez.

Passing through London, he called in at the Art Gallery over which Frank Chalmers presided and was most cordially received. The picture had satisfied the customer, and Chalmers was anxious to repeat the experiment. He flattered the artist so delicately that it was impossible to resist the appeal, and Martin promised another work of the same order, to be painted on his return to Paris.

When he did return a few weeks later, he felt as if he had been away for years. The atmosphere of his father's house and the family associations had taken hold of him again, and for a time had simply obliterated all trace of that other life, which had been his, but which seemed like a dream when looked at from the luxurious old home, in which his childhood had been spent, yet which he had been quite satisfied to leave without the smallest pang, and which had never caused him a moment's homesickness during the years that he had spent in Paris.

His concierge had exercised her own discretion as to his correspondence, and had not forwarded the letter announcing the death of Monsieur Martel. So that his return was marked by a shock that suddenly recalled him to the actualities of life. Death was an unfamiliar incident in his experience, and it bewildered him. He went up the interminable staircase dazed with the sudden realization of life's instability. Once in the studio he was at home, in spite of the contrast it presented with the home of his childhood. This, after all, was his true home. And here he could find his bearings. He sat down with the letter in his hand and read it again.

Another envelope caught his eye, stamped with an official seal. It was his notification that his picture was accepted and that the day for inspection and varnishing was the following Monday. A bill from his frame-maker and some trade circulars were all the rest of his small correspondence.

His thoughts went naturally to Grez and to the cemetery. And then he wondered about the girl; had she come back to her father's rooms? He must find out. She would be alone, and might need help. He rose to go and ask the concierge if she had returned, then hesitated. Had he the right to force himself upon her in her trouble? Conventional propriety seemed to be reasserting a forgotten claim and thrust itself busily in between him and his obvious duty. Then he reflected that this girl had come to help him in his need without a thought of how he might misinterpret her generous impulse; and the reflexion made him ashamed.

Madame Joubel was full of lamentations when she heard the name of Martel uttered. "Ah! the poor gentleman. What a misfortune! And the poor young lady, the poor child; to be left alone in the world. But the Bon Dieu would protect her. She was young, but she had courage; and she knew how to manage. She was prudent. Oh yes! She was not.

like some. No; the young women of today were not all that could be desired. Alas! and to die like that, as you might say in a strange land. Yes! Mademoiselle had come home soon after the funeral, and Madame Talbot had been with her constantly."

So she rambled on with reflexions on the uncertainties of life, the capricious favors of the Bon Dieu, and the peculiarities of the lodgers, which, taken together with the hardness of the times generally, made life an affliction to the virtuous.

Being in doubt if he was included in this category, Delaney was careful to do nothing that might compromise the young girl or give occasion for gossip; so he expressed his sympathy, and passed on out, as if the matter really did not particularly interest him. He went to see his friend Talbot, a literary man of some ability, an Englishman who had married a French woman, a widow with some house property, which enabled her to supplement the uncertainty of her husband's income, and to maintain him in the simple affluence that suited his dilettante temperament. Talbot was not at home, and Madame regretted that she was unable to ask Delaney to come in, as she was cleaning house, and there was nowhere for a visitor to sit down. She also poured forth her lamentation on the death of the good Monsieur Martel and the sad fate of his daughter, so loving and devoted. Ah! yes, but she was intelligent and could manage her affairs. She was not a child.

Martin escaped from the stream of regrets and lamentations, and returned to the house. Passing the concierge's loge as if going up to the studio, he went on and up the next staircase to the door of Monsieur Martel's flat; rang the bell, and waited uncomfortably, afraid of being observed, and fully aware of the interpretation that the neighbors would probably put upon his visit if he were recognised. The door opened and the big brown eyes greeted him with a smile that went to his heart. She asked him to come in, and thanked him for coming. The Talbots had told her of his visit to England. He hastened to explain that he had but just returned, and had found her letter waiting for him.

"If I had been here I would have gone down to Grez at once."

"Thank you," she said. "You would have been most welcome, though they were all as kind as could be, and" . . . well . . . it was over now and she was trying to put things in order. She explained that the publishers for whom her father had done so much work had offered to help her in disposing of the books and furniture, if she decided to part with them, and to send a man to catalog them. She was going through his papers and burning letters and so on.

Martin offered his assistance, though doubtfully, feeling himself rather helpless in such matters; and she thanked him with a smile that

seemed to express a perfect understanding of the value of his offer, but which yet did not wound his vanity.

"And the Cleopatra?" she asked. "Have you heard yet?"

Martin produced the notice and was congratulated.

"I had hoped you would have been able to come to the varnishing. But perhaps you will go later."

"Oh yes," she said a little sadly. "How he would have enjoyed it. We always went together. And to think that he never saw your Cleopatra. But I am glad you told him about it, he was so happy to find someone who could appreciate her; you don't know how he enjoyed talking to you about Egypt. He said he would start his book as soon as he got back. Well, it was not to be. Someone else must do it now. I wonder how it will be done."

Her eyes darkened, and she seemed to withdraw into herself as she spoke. She turned to the bookcase and took down a pamphlet, saying:

"He mentioned this after you left, and said you ought to read it. Will you take it? and if it interests you please keep it in remembrance of him; it is about her, by a man who is not well known."

Martin thanked her and begged her to let him know if he could be of any service to her in any way at any time, and so he took his *cong  *, and the girl returned to her work feeling a little less lonely than before.

At his studio door he found a comrade of old standing, who had knocked several times, more as a protest against the closed door than with any hope of getting an answer. He was so effusively anxious to hear about the fate of Cleopatra that Martin knew he was dying to display his own invitation to attend the 'Vernissage.' So Martin inquired as to his luck in what they pretended to regard as a lottery (when they were unsuccessful). This year they both agreed that the exhibition was likely to be more interesting than usual. Neither of them alluded to the exhibition as a lottery, and Martin being in funds, invited his visitor to go out and dine with him at the familiar restaurant, which was a recognised rendezvous for all the artists in the neighborhood.

By the time he left the company the memory of his recent trip to England was as a dream of other days. Paris, the Paris of the art student, possessed him once again, and the conventions of society slumbered in the recesses of his inner consciousness, where such things take shelter, and lie hid waiting their opportunity to assert their rights and make their authority respected if only for a little while. They know that Time is like a wheel that turns even though no progress be recorded. Still the wheel goes round, and opportunities return for those that know how to wait. Old customs and old habits do know how to wait their opportunity, and can lie dormant for an astonishing period without much loss of energy.

The pamphlet proved to be a Theosophical publication, and contained two articles, one of which dealt with Cleopatra and the Egyptian religion in her day, and the other treated of Reincarnation, a doctrine which interested him, although his knowledge on the subject was very sketchy. He sat up late reading and dreaming, and wondering how his picture looked, how it was hung, and how it would be received. He was prepared to be criticized severely for his unorthodox treatment of the subject, but he felt that the picture was worthy of considerable praise as a mere decorative effect. The studio seemed empty now it was gone. It had been the focus of all his dreams and hopes and struggles for so long that its absence seemed to leave a vacancy, which called to him to fill it quickly with another creature of his imagination. The refrain of a popular ditty sprang into his mind and shocked him with its appropriateness. 'Empty is the cradle, Baby's gone.' It seemed to be suggested by some ribald elemental without a sense of reverence for art. He went to bed and dreamed of triumph at the Exhibition, where he saw himself the center of an admiring throng, and his picture decorated with the gold card that signified 'Gold Medal.' Then Clara Martel appeared and sang 'Empty is the cradle, Baby's gone,' and the crowd answered, 'Baby's gone.' He woke to find the moon shining on the blank space where the picture used to stand, and he felt as if someone were mocking him, which made him uncomfortable; for he took himself very much *au sérieux*, and could not bear to think his art might under any circumstances seem ridiculous.

He went to the Exhibition early, not because he was at all nervous, nor in any doubt as to the success of his great work, but simply (so he assured himself) because he wanted to get his picture varnished before all the ladders were monopolized. But already there was a large crowd individually filled with the same sense of complete assurance as to the effect their works were about to produce upon the crowd of exhibitors and their friends. The friends were of course even more confident than the painters.

It was rather pathetic to watch the gradual disenchantment of the throng as they scattered, each in search of his own canvas, and each becoming gradually more and more oppressed by the appalling number of imposing works they found displayed. And then the final blow, when at last the treasure was discovered, looking like a caricature of the masterpiece that had called forth the praise of friendly visitors to the studio. There it hung packed tight in a crowd of other 'masterpieces,' seeming to have shrunk to half its size, and to have lost all its vigorous beauty and significance.

Sometimes the painter passed it by, thinking that some one else had hit upon the same subject and had made an inferior imitation of his work.

Only a very few were satisfied, and they were mostly men who had tasted the bitterness of disillusion on some former occasion and who were prepared.

Martin had never yet exhibited a canvas of any pretensions, and had not hitherto been disappointed in his modest expectations, rather the contrary, in fact. His work lost nothing in an exhibition generally. But 'Cleopatra' was a great work, and by it he felt that he must stand or fall. This was a mere phrase to him; he had no thought of falling. He had some doubt indeed as to the measure of success his work would meet with, he was ready for condemnation by the critics, and for jealousy among his confrères; unconsciously he had prepared himself to find a crowd gathered about his picture discussing its merits or demerits, and he had even speculated on the probability of its occupying the center of a wall in one of the large galleries. But it was not to be seen in the swift glance with which he swept the walls of the first hall, before passing on.

The crowd streamed into the great gallery, and soon began to gather in front of some notable canvas, which seemed destined to create a stir, and which they wished to be the first to recognise. Martin did not hurry, he greeted his friends, stayed to praise their work, and to criticise and occasionally even to condemn others, all the time eagerly glancing into the next gallery to see if his picture were the center of attraction there, but it was not visible.

At length he found it, shrunk to half its size, shorn of its glory, hung in the corner of a gallery, in which it had certainly nothing to fear from rivalry, for this was without doubt one of those rooms in which the hanging committee had displayed all the 'doubtfuls,' that were not worthy of a prominent position, and did not happen to fit any empty space. The room was almost empty; people looked in, and said, "We will look at that as we come back," and passed on out of a side doorway into a larger room beyond. There was no crowd.

Martin felt sick and faint. He sauntered across the room not daring to look at his canvas till he was right opposite to it; then he set down his color-box and faced his work.

Gradually it seemed to recover its right proportion, and to some extent at least regained its brilliancy, but only in part. He braced himself against the first feeling of despair, and, as he went over it in detail, and grew accustomed to seeing it in this uncongenial society, he began to feel that it was not a failure in itself; in fact, the disappointment he had experienced was evidently due to the hanging. This is the second stage, familiar to the aged and experienced exhibitor; and one from which too many never emerge, remaining all their lives in their own imaginations, the injured victims of incompetent or biased hanging committees.

Into this mood Martin Delaney plunged headlong, and reveled in the martyr's ecstasy. He felt himself unappreciated: a condition that implied injured isolation on an exalted pinnacle of extreme merit above the level of the multitude. He tasted the bitter joy of feeling himself misunderstood, and found the flavor of the draught delicate and alluring. He stood there drinking from the cup of consolation the poisonous drug that vanity pours out for the intoxication of the soul.

Then pride returned and gave him confidence, he was no longer ashamed of his picture. He drew up a stepladder and proceeded to clean off the dust; then he varnished the great work, still without having to listen to the flow of adverse criticism for which he had prepared himself. No one seemed to notice him. At last he packed up his things, and started for a tour of inspection of the galleries, in a mood something less than tolerant towards the judgment displayed by the hangers in the arrangement of works submitted to their discretion. He found so many to sympathize with him that it became at last irritating, and he decided to cut it short by going home.

Usually he made a day of it with a group of fellow-students, and prolonged the endless discussions and criticisms of the year's work far into the night. But this year he was inclined to avoid his friends, and even refused to turn back when he met Talbot coming up the stairs as he went down. In reply to his friend's inquiry as to how they had treated him, he answered with one word: "Shelved," and a shrug of the shoulders that fully explained the situation.

Talbot looked after him as he went out and thought to himself, "Well, he must have his lesson, like the rest. I wonder how he will stand it. Poor boy."

The poor boy was not taking his lesson well. He was raging internally in spite of his affectation of indifference. He was hurt badly, and thought his career was ruined. The path of triumph he had mapped out, had led him to disgrace and ridicule: for that was what it meant to have a work like his shelved ignominiously. Those of his comrades who were jealous of his talent would be enjoying the insult that the committee had put upon him. He did not accuse the hangers seriously of jealousy, but merely of incompetence. They were all crystallized in their own way of seeing things, and could not be expected to do justice to a new treatment of a theme that had become a classic of the academic type.

The *Figaro*, which had the best written criticism of the day, and also the most exhaustive, merely mentioned his work among a number of "ambitious efforts to attract attention." And the other papers mostly ignored it altogether. None of them criticised the daring conception or seemed to be aware that it was in any way unusual. That was the climax.

He wanted to get out of Paris, to avoid the men he knew, and thought of going to the seaside. The picture he had promised to paint for Chalmers could be painted anywhere: there was no need to stay in town.

He dreaded meeting Clara Martel most of all. He knew that she



would hear all about his failure, and would pity him. That was bad enough; but if he met her, she might condole with him, and that would be intolerable. She could not be snubbed or treated as an offending comrade might be. She had a right to feel the disappointment too, for he had involved her in this ignominious and pitiful fiasco. Since the critics would not condemn him, he felt he must do that office for himself, and he did it marvelously well; he fairly wallowed in self-inflicted humiliation. He wrote a letter of apology for the poor use he had made of the help that she had given him. He confessed himself a failure, and said that evidently art was not his career; he must devote himself to portraiture, and mere commercial work; but when he got as far as that, he thought of her father, and tore up what he had written. But the writing

had relieved him, and the thought that he was near doing an unkindness to a woman who had tried to help him brought him to a healthier frame of mind. He wondered what the poor girl would do now that she was alone. His packing had been suspended when he felt the impulse to write that peevish nonsense about his future, and now he sat contemplating the confusion in an undecided state of mind, when there came a knock at the door that sent a thrill of surprise through him, for he knew at once, as it were intuitively, who it was who stood outside, and the knowledge pleased him.

There was no time to clear things up, and so he made no attempt to hide the display of clothing that lay around. The sight of her was as refreshing as a first summer day after a cold wet springtime, and his anticipated feeling of humiliation found no excuse to spoil the pleasure of her presence in the studio.

"Packing?" she asked. "I'm glad I came before you left. I wanted to tell you how Monsieur Talbot spoke of your picture. You know how moderate he is: he never says more than he means, and what he said was very interesting."

Martin had stiffened when his picture was mentioned, but now he thawed a little, and apologized for keeping her standing, found her a seat and waited for the verdict of the friendly critic, whose opinion he knew was not to be despised.

"Of course he was sorry it was not better hung; but that was not what he spoke about. He said that there was more real promise in that picture than in the whole Exhibition."

"Did he say that?" asked Martin, and was about to add something sardonic as to promise and performance, but checked himself.

"Yes, he said that and evidently meant it. I thought I must come and tell you. You have a great future before you, and I am proud to have had a little share in your first great work."

She rose to go, but Martin begged her not to hurry. He felt as if indeed the summer had come and life were all a holiday, such stimulous there was for him in her assurance of his success. Her words were like a prophecy. Again she raised him from the depths and set him on the path. There was a power about her that gave him confidence. She could transform the world with a few words. She made him feel as if he were a being of another order, a power, before which all obstacles must melt away.

"Who are you?" He broke out. "You are not like any one I ever met before. I was in despair a moment ago, and now I feel reborn. You are a great magician. I thought you were the Queen herself when first I saw you, and now I think you are a mystery. I feel so different: not because you say nice things about my work, but . . . I don't know just what it is. I feel as if you knew, and when you say I have a great future I know that it is true that I have a mission: and I will fulfil it."

She laughed quietly but happily, and said:

"Yes! you must fulfil your destiny."

Suddenly becoming serious again she added in a low voice almost to herself. "And I mine."

There was a moment of silence, and she rose slowly, almost regretfully, looked round the room, and offered him her hand, saying, "Good-bye."

THE SCREEN OF TIME MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

The Aroma
of Lomaland

It is often said that literary and vocal appeal have been so overdone in this age that they have lost a great deal of their force, and that we must look to visual, spectacular, dramatic appeals, if we wish to convey a direct and powerful impression to the minds of the people. This was illustrated by the Lomaland division of the parade which, on the occasion of the Friendship Fiesta on June 23d, passed through the principal streets of San Diego to Balboa Park and back. The Fiesta was held in celebration of the welcome extended by San Diego to his Excellency Governor Cantu, of Lower California, Mexico, whereby was symbolized the friendship between the sister republics of Mexico and the United States. Responding to an appeal from those in charge of the arrangements, Madame Tingley had consented to furnish four floats, the Râja-Yoga Band, and other features including mounted and pedestrian marchers. It was this contribution to the pageant that the *San Diego Union* next day truthfully described as the salient feature of the spectacle, and as being in itself alone well worth coming to see. The floats were large automobile trucks, which had been surmounted by platforms covered with green boughs and creepers so as entirely to conceal all structural parts and form an exquisite setting for the tableaux mounted thereon; while canopies of verdure framed them around and above.

While other reports will have dealt more fully with the details, it is pertinent here to offer a few remarks on the means by which so powerful an impression of the reality and meaning of Theosophy and the life at Lomaland was produced on the spectators. As has often been urged by Katherine Tingley, the supreme power of the dramatic art arises from the character and personality of the individuals taking part in it; for not the most skilled resources of simulation or dissimulation can avail to convey anything but the actual truth concerning the atmosphere in which the actors habitually live — the aroma of their lives, as may be said. And on this occasion the aroma of the life at Lomaland was certainly conveyed. The appeal to the finer susceptibilities of the beholders found immediate recognition and response; and not the less so by contrast with those features in a pageant which usually make their appeal rather to the more superficial appreciations.

The means by which the impression to be conveyed was thus transmuted from the invisible to the visible through the medium of consummate dramatic and scenic art, is a subject worth the attention of artists in every field of art. It is perhaps a paradox to say that art, whose very essence is imitation, has to be real and unaffected; but then the truth ever lies hid in paradox, and paradox interprets the meaning of life. Where the outward and visible form does not enshrine an equal inward and spiritual grace, then art must achieve its effects by artfulness; but artlessness easily achieves greater triumphs, wherever an inward and spiritual grace inspires the outward and visible form. And since, in Lomaland, people are consecrating their daily lives in harmonious co-operation to realize the life beautiful, their spontaneous activities suffice to call forth a result that will be beautiful without glamor, artistic yet not artificial, unaffected and sincere. The sweet happy lives of the youths and maidens of the Râja-Yoga College and Academy, manifested in a purity grounded in strength, were reflected from their faces, their bearing,

their mere presence, by means of a naturalness that dispensed with all need for assumption; and thus was brought home to the spectators an irresistible conviction of the genuineness of the work done in their midst.— H. T. E.

San Diego, beginning with the early days of the Exposition project, has been known to fame as the 'City of real parades.' Seldom, if ever, has San Diego fallen down on such an undertaking. Yesterday, in presenting the great Friendship Fiesta Pageant, San Diego lived right up to her reputation. Moreover, the 'city of real parades' came near setting a new record for excellence.

"Beyond description!"

Thousands of San Diegans and guests of San Diego who witnessed yesterday's splendid procession summed it up in those two words.

Although the procession required a full hour to pass a given point, being several miles in length, the crowds did not begin to disperse until the last marcher and vehicle had passed.

The Mexican division, headed by Governor Cantu and his staff, escorted by Mayor L. J. Wilde and other city officials, was a leading feature. The Mexican band, already dear to San Diego, was at its best and made a distinct hit with all lovers of good music. The Mexicans were rousinglly cheered.

THEOSOPHICAL FEATURE

Much credit for the success of the parade is due Madame Katherine Tingley of the Point Loma Homestead, who entered what was known as the Theosophical and Râja-Yoga division. These floats were of exquisite beauty and artistic arrangement. Not even in the days of the gorgeous Exposition pageants did floats of greater attractiveness appear. The Point Loma division would have been a spectacle of rare beauty all in itself and alone was enough to repay those who journeyed from afar to witness the parade. This division was headed by mounted representative officials of the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma. Then followed in line:

Uncle Sam and Don Mexico, the brotherhood of nations.

The Râja-Yoga College Band.

Guards of honor.

Four floats representing Theosophical symbolism, the Golden Age of Athens, famous characters in Greek history, Shakespeare and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

First float: Living pictures symbolizing principles of the Wisdom-Religion, Theosophy. (Center) The Light-Bringer and Messengers of Truth. (Right) Reincarnation — Old Age and childhood. Karma, weaving the thread of life; Justice (behind). Conscience and Knowledge. (Left-center) A child, the soul unsullied. Groups representing the Duality of Human Nature; the dark, blind-folded figure — man's lower nature, selfishness, ignorance, passion; the child (in red) — Temptation, the lower appetites; the tall figure — Man in the bondage of intellectual conceit, ambition and egotism; the figure crouching, Pessimism and despair. (To the left standing) The Higher Nature of man. (Behind) Peace, purity, trust, spirits of nature.

Second float: The Golden Age of Athens. (Center) Athena; Socrates.

(Back of Athena, right) Pericles, Aspasia, Phidias, Myrto, Spartan herald. (Ditto, left) Diotima, Crito, Euripides. Four figures representing music. (Left side of float) Persian envoys; Pharnabazus and his attendants. Flower-girls, water-carrier and others. Escorts walking, Athenian torch-bearers, archers and soldiers.

Third and fourth floats: Shakespeare and characters from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. The Athenian mechanics: Bottom, the weaver and his "crew of merry patches"—Quince, the carpenter; Snug, the joiner; Flute, the bellows-mender; Snout, the tinker; Starveling, the tailor; 'Pyramus' and 'Miss Thisbe.' Theseus, Duke of Athens, betrothed to Hippolyta, queen of the Amazons; Lysander and Hermia; Demetrius and Helena; Egeus, father of Hermia; Philostrate, master of the revels; attendants.

Shakespeare: "He was not of an age, but for all time." Oberon, King of the Fairies; Titania, Queen of the Fairies; Puck, Robin Goodfellow; Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Moth, Mustardseed, and other fairies. Bottom, 'translated' into an ass.

Followed by groups of junior boys and girls of the Râja-Yoga Academy (about one hundred) in white automobiles, carrying banners.

—From the *San Diego Union*, June 24th, 1917

On the evening preceeding the pageant, Governor Estaban Cantu and staff, officers of the U. S. and Mexican military and naval services, representatives of the governors of California, Arizona, Utah and Nevada, the Mayor and members of San Diego Council, members of the Progress Commission and of the Friendship Fiesta committee, were received by Mme. Tingley, assisted by members of the faculty of the Râja-Yoga College and Academy, and other residents. The guests then attended by invitation a public performance of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in the open-air Greek Theater, the rendering of which in some respects surpassed all previous work of the students. The auditorium was filled to its utmost capacity.

Isis Theater Meetings

In the early part of June Mme. Tingley dealt mainly with questions connected with the great influx of military and naval activity in the City of San Diego and its environs, urging that the men needed the help and respect of the citizens. On June 11, a large part of the audience consisted of newly-enlisted soldiers and sailors, to whom she spoke upon the benefits of discipline as an aid in evolving and strengthening the better side of their natures, so that they would come to love it as they loved the sunshine.

"The real discipline is moral discipline, beginning with yourself. It is to live a life of right action and nobility, to find your souls, your divinity, and to live out the fullness of your knowledge for the betterment of all the world."

Announcement was made that the Isis Theater Lecture Hall would be open every afternoon as a reading, writing and rest room for soldiers and sailors; and that on Wednesday and Saturday evenings, in the same hall, there would be home entertainments with music, games, illustrated lectures and socials, for the men of both services.

The first of these evening entertainments was given on June 13th, and there was so large an attendance that the hall has since been extended.

SOME RECENT SCIENTIFIC THEORIES

A NOTABLE lecture was recently delivered in the Michigan Academy of Science, which corroborated H. P. Blavatsky's humorous dictum that exact science was chiefly remarkable in finding itself inexact with every change of the moon. The lecturer truly said that scientists are not less fallible than others, and are subject to like limitations in prejudice, in undue reverence for authority, in regard for the scientific vogue of their time, and in other ways, such as the failure to distinguish clearly between legitimate theory within those fields where views (hypotheses) may be tested, and audacious conjectures offered under the verisimilitude of facts to explain problems whose complete solution belongs to the remote future.

He pointed out that much money and labor are invested in treatises and popular works, the income from which becomes seriously affected whenever their reliability is brought in question, and that the ultra-conservative attitude of scientists which results from such and other causes is deplorable.

Let us take a few illustrations of our own. Two years ago a leading astronomer asserted that every particle of matter attracts every other particle of matter, in accordance with the 'law' of gravitation. The same authority now writes, in a masterly discussion of Nebulae, and twice in the same paper (supplement to *Science*, May 25th, 1917), "If we *assume* that the Newtonian law of gravitation controls their rotations," etc., which looks rather like the premonition of one of the collapses of basic theory alluded to by the Michigan lecturer, and the need for which change in fundamental theory was more than hinted at in a lecture entitled 'Ancient Astronomy in Egypt,' which appeared in these pages, March, 1916.

This paper on Nebulae says — in contrast to tons of previous scientific writings — that *we are not certain how far away they are; we are not certain what they are.* Which is surely a truly scientific attitude.

Even the Michigan lecturer, however, propounds the hypothesis that *because* the Hebrews did not know some things, *therefore* all antiquity did not know them — a basic theory which a perusal of *The Secret Doctrine* ought to convince every unprejudiced mind is very far indeed from the truth.

Reverting to Egypt, a writer in *Popular Astronomy* assumed that one could not build a pyramid at Gizeh precisely on the thirtieth parallel, because of the rock formation. But has it not occurred to anyone that during 70,000 years or so the shape of the terrestrial geoid, or equipotential surface, may have undergone some change? This writer nevertheless at least saw that changes in the obliquity of the ecliptic affect the question of the age of some of the pyramids.

Meanwhile Einstein is trying to make a 'generalized relativity theory' square with electro-magnetic action, as a better way of regarding 'gravitational' attraction — leaving the loophole perhaps for 'gravitational' repulsion, a phrase which, however, seems to agitate scientists more than red rags do bulls.

Another precipice in front of scientists is the bending of light-rays when nearing living — no, must we be conventional still? — when nearing 'electro-magnetic' bodies. What if the bending vary with the natures, visible and invisible, of the rays, as well as with the accelerated or retarded motion and other things within the field where the bending occurs? Our meager lists of stellar 'parallaxes' may have a terrible fate before them yet!

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society

Founded at New York City in 1875 by H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge and others

Reorganized in 1898 by Katherine Tingley

Central Office, Point Loma, California

The Headquarters of the Society at Point Loma with the buildings and grounds, are no 'Community,' 'Settlement' or 'Colony,' but are the Central Executive Office of an international organization where the business of the same is carried on, and where the teachings of Theosophy are being demonstrated. Midway 'twixt East and West, where the rising Sun of Progress and Enlightenment shall one day stand at full meridian, the Headquarters of the Society unite the philosophic Orient with the practical West.

MEMBERSHIP

in the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society may be either at 'large' or in a local Branch. Adhesion to the principle of Universal Brotherhood is the only pre-requisite to membership. The Organization represents no particular creed; it is entirely unsectarian, and includes professors of all faiths, only exacting from each member that large toleration of the beliefs of others which he desires them to exhibit towards his own.

Applications for membership in a Branch should be addressed to the local Director; for membership 'at large' to the Membership Secretary, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California.

OBJECTS

THIS BROTHERHOOD is a part of a great and universal movement which has been active in all ages.

This Organization declares that Brotherhood is a fact in Nature. Its principal purpose is to teach Brotherhood, demonstrate that it is a fact in Nature, and make it a living power in the life of humanity.

Its subsidiary purpose is to study ancient and modern religions, science, philosophy and art; to investigate the laws of Nature and the divine powers in man.

It is a regrettable fact that many people use the name of Theosophy and of our Organization for self-interest, as also that of H. P. Blavatsky, the Foundress, and even the Society's motto, to attract attention to themselves and to gain public support. This they do in private and public speech and in publications. Without being in any way connected with the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, in many cases they permit it to be inferred that they are, thus misleading the public,

and honest inquirers are hence led away from the original truths of Theosophy.

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society welcomes to membership all who truly love their fellowmen and desire the eradication of the evils caused by the barriers of race, creed, caste, or color, which have so long impeded human progress; to all sincere lovers of truth and to all who aspire to higher and better things than the mere pleasures and interests of a worldly life and are prepared to do all in their power to make Brotherhood a living energy in the life of humanity, its various departments offer unlimited opportunities.

The whole work of the Organization is under the direction of the Leader and Official Head, Katherine Tingley, as outlined in the Constitution.

Inquirers desiring further information about Theosophy or the Theosophical Society are invited to write to

THE SECRETARY

International Theosophical Headquarters
Point Loma, California



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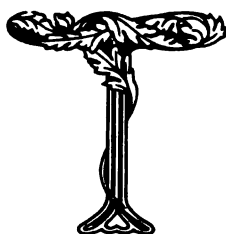
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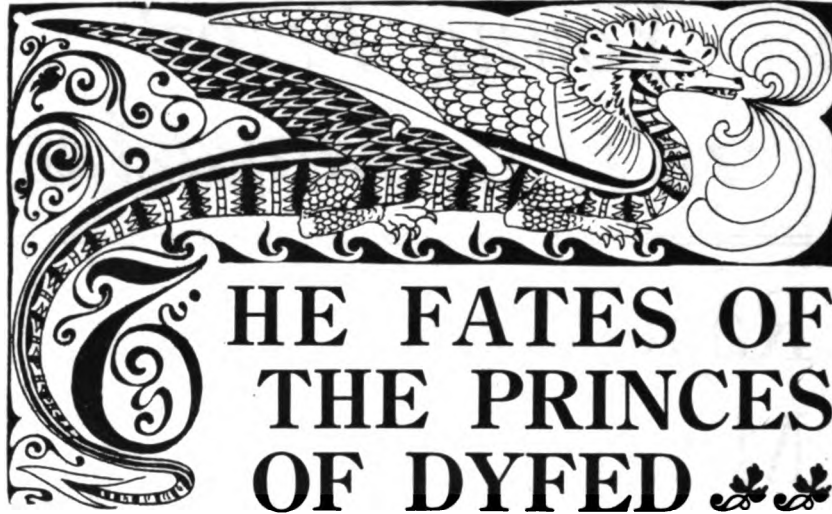
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