

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

Edited by Katherine Tingley



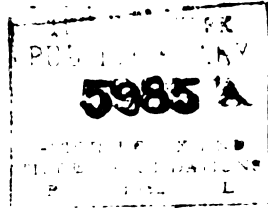
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The Theosophical Path

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Monthly



Nonpolitical
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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.

Said the king: "Bhante Nâgasena, what is the reason that men are not all alike, but some long-lived and some short-lived, some healthy and some sickly, some handsome and some ugly, some powerful and some weak, some rich and some poor, some of high degree and some of low degree, some wise and some foolish?"

Said the elder: "Your majesty, why are not trees all alike, but some sour, some salt, some bitter, some pungent, some astringent, some sweet?"

"I suppose, bhante, because of a difference in the seed?"

"In exactly the same way, your majesty, it is through a difference in their karma that men are not all alike, but some long-lived and some short-lived, some healthy and some sickly, some handsome and some ugly, some powerful and some weak, some rich and some poor, some of high degree and some of low degree, some wise and some foolish. Moreover, your majesty, The Blessed One has said as follows: 'All beings, O youth, have karma as their portion; they are heirs of their karma; they are sprung from their karma; their karma is their kinsman; their karma is their refuge; karma allots beings to meanness or greatness.'"

"You are an able man, bhante Nâgasena."

— *Translated by Warren from the
'Milindapañha,' a Buddhist scripture*

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WHITE BLOSSOMS, LOMALAND

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

VOL. XIX, NO. 1

JULY 1920

*"His good deeds and his wickedness,
Whate'er a man does while here;
'Tis this that he can call his own,
This with him take as he goes hence.
This is what follows after him,
And like a shadow ne'er departs.*

*"Let all, then, noble deeds perform,
A treasure-store for future weal;
For merit gained this life within,
Will yield a blessing in the next."*

—Translated by Warren from the
Samyutta-Nikāya, a Buddhist scripture

The writings of H. P. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge contain so much that is applicable to present-day problems that I feel sure the members of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society and other readers of THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH will be glad of the opportunity of benefiting by their wise teachings. I trust soon to meet my readers through these pages again.

KATHERINE TINGLEY, *Editor*

THEOSOPHICAL KEYNOTES: THE NEW CYCLE*

H. P. BLAVATSKY



HE principal aim of our organization, which we are laboring to make a real Brotherhood, is expressed in the motto of the Theosophical Society, "There is no religion higher than truth." As an impersonal Society we must be ready to seize the truth wherever we find it, without permitting ourselves more partiality for one belief than for another. This leads directly to a logical conclusion. If we acclaim and receive with open arms all sincere truth-seekers, there can be no place in our ranks for the bigot, the sectarian, or the hypocrite, enclosed in Chinese Walls of dogma, each stone bearing the words 'No admission.' What place indeed could such fanatics occupy

*Extracts from an article published in the first number of *Révue Théosophique* (Paris), 1889.

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in them, fanatics whose religions forbid all inquiry and do not admit any argument as possible, when the mother idea, the very root of the beautiful plant we call Theosophy, is known as — absolute and unfettered liberty to investigate all the mysteries of nature, human or divine!

With this exception the Society invites everyone to participate in its activities and discoveries. Whoever feels his heart beat in unison with the great heart of humanity; whoever feels his interests are one with those of every being poorer and less fortunate than himself; every man or woman who is ready to hold out a helping hand to the suffering; whoever understands the true meaning of the word 'egotism'; is a Theosophist by birth and by right. He can always be sure of finding sympathetic souls among us. . . .

We have already said elsewhere, that "Born in the United States the Theosophical Society was constituted on the model of its mother country. That, as we know, has omitted the name of God from its Constitution, for fear, said the fathers of the Republic, that the word might one day become the pretext for a state religion: for they desired to grant absolute equality to all religions under the laws, so that each form would support the State, which in its turn would protect them all. The Theosophical Society was founded on that excellent model . . . [and] provided all remain united in the tie of Solidarity or Brotherhood, our Society can truly call itself a 'Republic of Conscience.' "

Though absolutely free to pursue whatever intellectual occupations please him the best, each member of our Society must, however, furnish some reason for belonging thereto, which amounts to saying that each member must bear his part, small though it be, of mental or other labor for the benefit of all. *If one does not work for others one has no right to be called a Theosophist.* All must strive for human freedom of thought, for the elimination of selfish and sectarian superstitions, and for the discovery of all the truths that are within the comprehension of the human mind. That object cannot be attained more certainly than by the cultivation of unity in intellectual labors. No honest worker, no earnest seeker can remain empty-handed; and there is hardly a man or woman, busy as they may think themselves, incapable of laying their tribute, moral or pecuniary, on the altar of truth. The duty of the presidents of the sections and of branches will be henceforth to watch that there are no drones in the Theosophical beehive who do nothing but buzz.

In the present condition of the Theosophical history it is easy to understand the object of a Review exclusively devoted to the propagation of our ideas. We wish to open therein new intellectual horizons, to follow unexplored routes leading to the amelioration of humanity; to

THE NEW CYCLE

offer a word of consolation to all the disinherited of the earth, whether they suffer from the starvation of soul or from the lack of physical necessities. We invite all large-hearted persons who desire to respond to this appeal to join with us in this humanitarian work. Each co-worker, whether a member of the Society or simply a sympathizer, can help. We are face to face with all the glorious possibilities of the future. This is again the hour of the great cyclic return of the tide of mystical thought in Europe. On every side we are surrounded by the ocean of the universal science,— the science of Life Eternal — bearing on its waves the forgotten and submerged treasures of generations now passed away, treasures still unknown to the modern civilized races. The strong current which rises from the submarine abysses, from the depths where lie the prehistoric learning and arts swallowed up with the antediluvian giants — demi-gods, though with but little of mortality — that current strikes us in the face and murmurs: “That which has been exists again; that which has been forgotten, buried for aeons in the depths of the Jurassic strata, may reappear to view once again. Prepare yourselves.”

Happy are those who understand the language of the elements. But where are *they* going, for whom the word ‘element’ has no other meaning than that given to it by physics or materialistic chemistry? Will it be towards well-known shores that the surge of the great waters will bear them, when they have lost their footing in the deluge which is approaching? Will it be towards the peaks of a new Ararat that they will find themselves carried, towards the heights of light and sunshine, where there is a ledge on which to place the feet in safety, or perchance is it a fathomless abyss that will swallow them up as soon as they try to struggle against the irresistible billows of an unknown element?

. . . The strife will be terrible in any case between brutal materialism and blind fanaticism on the one hand, and philosophy and mysticism on the other; — mysticism, that veil of more or less translucency which hides the eternal Truth.

But it is not materialism that will get the upper hand. Every fanatic whose ideas isolate him from the universal axiom that “There is no religion higher than Truth” will see himself by that very fact rejected, like an unworthy stone, from the archway called Universal Brotherhood.



“The unwritten laws Divine that know no change!
They are not of today nor yesterday,
But live forever, nor can man assign
When first they sprang to being.”— SOPHOCLES

THE END OF THE WORLD FROM A THEOSOPHICAL VIEWPOINT

C. J. RYAN



THE panic that seized upon thousands of superstitious persons last December in connexion with the preposterous rumor that the end of the world would come on the 17th, was not the first of such scares, but it was significant of the unrest and lack of mental balance so noticeable since the great war. The world-wide outburst of crime, and the extraordinary spread of psychic practices which threaten (and often result in) grave mental disturbance, are also symptoms of the loss of self-control in the nations.

The notion that the world was approaching its final catastrophe has prevailed in the Christian world at various times. The most extensive and overwhelming collective hallucination of this kind took place about the year 1000, when great social disturbance was caused by the preaching that the end of the first millennium after Christ must mean the destruction of everything. Thousands parted with their goods at nominal prices and there was great suffering, except among the skeptics who profited hugely by the folly or simplicity of the credulous. When nothing unusual happened, it was announced that a respite had been granted and that the real crash would come later. This prophecy caused further alarm, but as it also came to nothing such scares went out of fashion for a while; however the misinterpretation of Biblical teachings has always kept alive the impression that the earth has a very short life before it. In recent times the alarmist prophecies of the notorious Dr. Cumming about 1871, and of Baxter some years later, created considerable excitement. Cumming aroused ridicule by taking a house on a long lease at the moment he was announcing that his calculations proved the almost immediate destruction of the earth. A mysterious character called Mother Shipton, alleged to have lived during the Middle Ages, was credited with the statement that the end of the world would take place in 1881. Great excitement was aroused among the simple in England, and a large crowd assembled on a high hill to get a good view of the proceedings; they went away greatly disappointed. About sixty or seventy years ago the Millerites caused great excitement in this country by a similar frenzy.

The recent scare appealed to many because of the apparently scientific foundations upon which it was reared; certainly, the majority of the planets were more or less in a line about the middle of December,

THE END OF THE WORLD

but a little examination into astronomical records brings out the fact that as recently as September, 1901, all the planets except Neptune were in line, yet nothing untoward happened to the earth, and the official record for the month reported that there were no spots at all on the sun.

Astronomy gives no definite information about the destruction of planets. We have never witnessed the end of one, though it is only reasonable to suppose that everything that has a beginning will have an end when its usefulness is over. The moon is a worn-out world, but its energies have not perished; they have been transferred to another condition. The Temporary Stars we occasionally see blaze out from almost invisibility into great brilliance, and then slowly fade away, have been supposed to be the last flicker of some perishing sun going out like a candle, or even a catastrophe of enormous magnitude as the result of a collision between two celestial bodies; but our information is not sufficient to allow any definite conclusion, for the known facts can be interpreted in several ways.

For many years it has been popular in scientific circles to lament rather sentimentally over the alleged rapid cooling of the sun and the approach of the period when the earth would be a frozen mass, a dismal cemetery of dead hopes, uselessly spinning round a cold, dark sun; but the newer school has ceased to worry (though many less-informed writers continue to publish pessimistic references), for geological and other evidences have been discovered which make it practically certain that the sun's energies were much the same hundreds of millions of years ago as they are today, and no valid reason has been advanced to show that they are likely to weaken for long ages — for periods lengthy enough to give humanity all the time it needs for evolution into what perfection is possible in this material plane before passing onward into higher conditions.

The irrational fear of the world coming to an end suddenly in the full vigor of its life is a relic of Medieval ignorance, and is quite contrary to the ancient belief in the reign of law, of the divine governance in which, to quote a Theosophical writer in the New Testament, there is "no variableness, neither shadow of turning." Some modern thinkers have partially declared the reign of law; we say partially, because you must study the Theosophical teachings to find justice between man and man, and man and nature, placed in the forefront of wisdom. The principle of divine justice is outraged and made ridiculous by the suggestion that the end of the world could possibly arrive when it is so imperfect, and when mankind has hardly begun to decipher the A B C of the mysteries of his higher nature. Think of the millions of years in which the earth

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has been preparing for intelligent, thinking beings; of the ages when the fishes, the reptiles, even perhaps the plants, were the highest forms of life: at last man, "made in the image of God," appears — quite recently in comparison with the age of the earth — and begins painfully to crawl up the course of evolution, a course marked by enormous cycles of rise and fall, until he reaches the present state of so-called civilization, which we know well enough is far from being a true civilization. The curious notion that the end of the world could arrive — under *any* conception of Divine Law — when man, the crown of evolution, is, in the expressive if familiar term of the eminent preacher, the Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, only "half-baked"; when man has hardly learned the alphabet of the language in which the glorious book of nature, open before him, is written; when he has hardly begun to make the feeblest study of the mysteries and marvels of his own divine nature, — this curious idea is an example of the limitations of outlook which confine the mind.

The study of Theosophy and the practice of it illuminates and widens the mind in ways that nothing else can do, for it shows us how to bring the light of the soul into action. The sense of eternal Law, which is Mercy too, becomes irresistible. We have been taught, by those who have misinterpreted the ancient Hebrew scriptures, that the Divine Law can be evaded, that the wise saying, "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap," can be juggled with; but Theosophy declares that there is no escape from the consequences of any action, and that the sooner we realize the overwhelming majesty of law the better for our peace of mind. How very uncomfortable those who repudiate the law of justice or karma in spiritual matters would feel if the laws of *material* life were changeable to please some individual preferences: if water could be occasionally persuaded to run up hill, even for a good purpose perhaps! There would be no certainty in anything; we should never be sure what would happen next, and life would become a nightmare.

What do we mean by declaring that Theosophy is the only definite teaching which presents in its fulness the principle of absolute justice between man and man, and man and Nature, and thereby lifts our conception of the Divine government of the universe onto a higher level than is accepted by all but a few? Time will not permit me to give more than one illustration of justice and law according to Theosophy, and so I have chosen Reincarnation or the re-embodiment of the unseen spirit of life in material form as sufficient to prove that Theosophy teaches the reign of law more forcefully and more significantly than any other system, whether religious or scientific, before the western world today.

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There are two commonly-accepted theories of human life prevailing today. One is the materialistic one which prevails very widely and which is easily shown to be very popular — by merely looking around at the conditions of life,— and this is, that we are simply more intelligent animals, governed by heredity modified by environment, our whole make-up explained by chemico-physical laws, and that death extinguishes us like a candle-flame. The rival theory is, that an immaterial soul was put into the body at birth, created for the purpose, and that after a life of a few minutes or a hundred years it leaves the earth for ever to spend eternity in heaven or elsewhere! Neither of these views can stand before the searchlight of law and justice. As it is probable that those who come to these meetings are not convinced materialists, we may, to save time, confine ourselves to the consideration of the single earth-life followed by an eternity of spiritual existence. In this theory — enforced by the churches, though the Founder of Christianity is reported in the New Testament never to have discountenanced the prevailing belief in Reincarnation, and to have even taught it himself when the question was definitely asked in the case of John the Baptist — in this theory, the one-life theory, we are asked to believe that children born either into the most miserable conditions or into the most fortunate have no share in choosing their fate, but have to put up with what comes to them fortuitously, without any apparent reason. Chronic ill-health, an inherited tendency to waywardness, a mind innately unable to rise from degraded conditions, poverty, criminal surroundings, on the one hand; on the other, birth into an honorable family with desirable conditions, good health, an active intelligence, a good moral character, and so forth. If a perfectly new soul, specially created “fresh from the mint of God,” as somebody says, not deserving punishment for any previous acts, is plunged into body, brain, and environment of the degraded kind, what kind of law or justice is that which ordains that it shall suffer eternal penalties for the acts and thoughts of a single lifetime so heavily handicapped, or how can even human, imperfect, justice utterly condemn such a one for being an ‘undesirable citizen’? And, on the other hand, what extraordinary merit has the spoiled child of Fortune in leading a reasonable life, and why should he be supposed to have laid enduring foundations for a happy eternity in one short life in which he was protected by the so-called accident of birth from the inevitable failure of his brother? There is plenty of Theosophical literature dealing with the problems which are solved by the application of the general principle of Reincarnation, but the simple illustration just given is enough to draw your attention to the lawlessness of the one-life theory, and the justice and mercy of the true state of things. The Reincarnation of the human soul

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is governed by the law of Karma, which means that the conditions of your life are the just recompense of your acts and thoughts in former lives, and that the seeds you are sowing today will produce harvests of those particular varieties and not of some whose seeds you have neglected to plant. We cannot pick figs from thistles or grapes from thorns.

Reincarnation means that there is an immortal soul in man which learns by experience gained in many lifetimes on earth. One life does not begin to exhaust the possibilities of learning. In the intervals between earth-lives the soul withdraws into a condition invisible to us, where it rests and enjoys the fruition of the spiritual development it has made on earth. When it reincarnates it takes up the thread of life where it left off, and proceeds on its evolution. The causes set in motion bring forward their natural and lawful effects. Madame Katherine Tingley, the Leader of the Theosophical Movement, says:

"But when one studies Madame Blavatsky's wonderful book, *The Key to Theosophy*, and especially her two great works, *The Secret Doctrine* and *Isis Unveiled*, and her other writings, one will see that she opens up a vista that is very wonderful in the spiritual sense; that she lifts the veil on the future of man and outlines to him, in such a logical way that one cannot get away from it, the fact of his possibilities in the line of spiritual attainment. She shows that a human being must have a larger field than one earth-life to work out its soul-fulfilment; and hence it returns again and again, through schools of experience, until it attains a state of perfection. . . . What is this mystery of death? How can it be explained? What is the meaning of life after all? Theosophy is optimistic, and we all know we cannot have too many optimistic ideas now; it shows most clearly that the soul in seeking its goal moves to other conditions, and here we Theosophists define death as rebirth. The body, when it ceases to be useful and is worn out, drops away from the soul, . . . the soul according to Theosophy, goes into a state of rest through rebirth into another world, and there, through the essential power of its divine nature, works on a line of self-improvement — self-evolution — in a condition that belongs to that state; and then, when ready, it returns and is reborn on earth, that it may continue the path it began ages ago."

Reincarnation is the pivot upon which the teachings of Theosophy regarding man and his destiny turn, for it is the natural and logical explanation of the mystery of evolution. It shows that something permanent — a spiritual ego — evolves through all the changes of time and place. Science has deliberately ignored the soul-life in its researches and speculations, and has tried to explain everything, including man's constitution and heredity, in complete disregard of the spiritual causes. A public opinion has been created adverse to the natural and reasonable belief in the pre-existence of the immortal principle in man — an impenetrable fog, through which the sunshine of common sense and truth can hardly pass, but there are signs that the fog is lifting. Still, it is yet pretty thick, and the mental atmosphere of ignorance in regard to Reincarnation is on a par with that which for centuries obscured the facts of astronomy. The ancients knew that the earth was round and that it moved, just as they knew of Reincarnation and other facts about

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the nature of man of which the popular learning of our time is ignorant.

Reincarnation is, however, being discussed and recognised far more widely than was formerly the case. An editorial writer of an article which appeared in many newspapers some time ago, made a well-reasoned appeal for Reincarnation, from which I will quote a few interesting points. In considering the difficulty in getting evidence for immortality, he says there is:

"Not much, alas! Probably because we are still so undeveloped that it would be, for many reasons, unsafe to let us know how great a future is before us."

Well, if so, this is our own fault, and is capable of remedy. After criticizing the threadbare argument of materialism, that the idea of the soul as a real thing is the outcome of the dreams of primitive savages, and after pointing out the significant fact that no great mind has ever advanced a single conclusive argument against immortality, he begins to reason on quite Theosophical lines:

"This earth would make a very good heaven — properly improved and managed. Why should we not come back here again and again, taking varying human forms, doing our duty well or badly each time according to our start in life, and finally enjoying perfect terrestrial happiness here as a finished race of immortal beings — immortal in the sense of being indestructible and of possessing the gift of perpetual reincarnation?"

Theosophy, however, does not stop here; its philosophy of Reincarnation is built on larger and more spiritual lines. The Higher Self, which is the real immortal man, is passing through only part of his experience in physical matter. Having gradually descended from more spiritual planes through conditions of less and less ethereal substance until it reached the present density, we have again to return to the primeval source, enriched by experience in many lives and illuminated by the recollection of what has been passed through. The writer just quoted speaks thus of the loss of the memory of past lives, which is always brought up in criticism of Reincarnation:

"But it is possible to be in too much of a hurry. Let us suppose that as yet we are not sufficiently developed to carry from one existence to another the memory of former existences. Suppose the time is to come when we shall suddenly advance as far beyond this intellectual stage as this stage of intellect is beyond that of the Bushman. Is it not conceivable that we may suddenly be enabled to recall all former existences and to remember all the various happenings of our former lives? . . . We may not have reached a stage enabling us to grasp continuous reincarnation."

Again Theosophy would say, That is our own fault; the memory of former lives is preserved in the picture-galleries of the astral light, but our brains are so clogged with wrong habits of living that the keys will not turn in the locks which open the doors. In regard to the memory loss, let us think for a moment of a fact which has recently been positively

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established by recognised processes of science, *i. e.*, that within the region of mind exists an enormous stock of memories, as well as obscured faculties or powers, lying below the common level of consciousness. These are capable of being drawn out under special conditions. In certain dream states, under the partial influence of anaesthetics, or in the moments following the apparently drowning man's struggle for breath, the mysterious depths of the mind are sometimes sounded with startling results. The proved existence of the enormous extent of our memory, in which every event of life is recorded in minute detail, and of other hidden faculties, shows that we are much more than we believe, and that the utilization of these obscured powers will immensely enlarge the sphere of our activities and of our responsibilities. As the personal brain-mind holds the comprehensive memory of the events of this life, so the higher and immortal Ego holds the key to the records of past incarnations. The study of the principles of Reincarnation and Karma does not lead away from the practical concerns of life; on the contrary, it is the first step to a proper understanding of the meaning of life and of the reality of human brotherhood, and therefore to wisdom in dealing with men and women, and to the true kind of education of children which will bring out the soul and suppress the animal. Think out Reincarnation in the light it throws upon the inequalities of birth, of character, of position in life, and upon the problems of heredity. Reflect upon its illumination of the ancient teaching of all the Saviors of humanity — that what you sow that shall you reap, and what you are reaping is what you have prepared for yourself.

Now, to return to the End of the World and what it means to us. Will it come in our time? What did Jesus mean by saying some should not taste of death till they saw the kingdom of God come with power and the Son in glory? This saying is frequently brought up by critics to disprove the prophetic knowledge of Jesus or to throw discredit upon the Gospels, for it has always been taught that this refers to the end of the world. But the whole thing turns on the meaning of the "kingdom of God" and the "Son in glory," and it seems very simply explained if we study the New Testament in the light of Theosophy, remembering that Jesus and his true followers were only re-stating the teachings of the Ancient Wisdom that, as Augustine says, have never been absent from the beginning of the world. In the plainest possible language Jesus said: "The kingdom of God cometh not with observation: Neither shall they say, Lo here! or lo there! for behold, the kingdom of God is within you." (*Luke xvii, 20-21*) And, "My kingdom is not of this world." (*John xviii, 36*) What could be plainer? And in regard to the coming of the Son, could words speak more convincingly than those of Paul, "My

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little children, of whom I travail in birth again until Christ be formed in you"? (*Gal.* iv, 19) That is straight Theosophy, and makes the meaning of the End of the World perfectly clear.

To be sure, the End of the World will come to each of us in another sense when we reach the close of this incarnation, but that will only be the closing of our eyes for a night's rest; they will open again to a new day. Unless we have taken the kingdom of heaven "with violence," we shall find ourselves going through the same old grind. And yet human life, properly understood, is a thousand times richer than we dream while we are shut in by our lower personal desires and imaginings. We had ~~some gleams~~ of a brighter and more beautiful life when we were children, for then the sense of personality was not so strongly accentuated; we were nearer nature. The Wise Teacher who said: "Except ye become as little children ye can in no wise enter into the Kingdom of Heaven," knew that to the child the world is not drab and monotonous; but something happens, and the wonder "fades into the light of common day." (Wordsworth) When we can keep hold of the simplicity and naturalness of the child-state throughout our lives, we shall have found that the End of the World has come, and that a new world of infinitely greater value is taking the place of what we mistakenly believed to be reality.

Those who have heard Madame Katherine Tingley speak or who have read her addresses must have been struck by the apparent simplicity of her message, by the frequency with which she urges us to awaken to the fact of the divinity of man. This is the Lost Word which we must find. It includes everything of permanent value, and it must be sought through the practice of brotherhood. The Christian scripture says: "We know that we have passed from death unto life because we love the brethren." Till we can truly say that our judgments on matters personal, social, industrial and international can stand the test of correspondence with the principle of brotherhood, we are still in the lower state of evolution and are not truly alive. The strength of the principle of brotherhood arises from the fact that we all share in the divine life, whether we know it or not.

In some of the ancient sacred books the curious statement is made that few men are alive in the true sense of the word. Curious it may be, but, if we follow it up, we shall find that is important to us. When once the realization comes, even for a moment of time, that there is a possibility for us — yes, for each one who wills it — to enter into a life far more real and splendid than the state in which we are immersed, no longer can we be satisfied to mark time and put off the Great Adventure to some vague unknown future. And when the Path leading to the real life is entered, it is found to demand no extremes, no weird practices,

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no departure from our simple duties and our natural ties and wholesome enjoyments, but those who have experienced even the foretaste of knowledge of the Central Self from which illumination comes, say that the end of the Unreal World has indeed come for them. Ancient allegories tell how man fell from a state of light and peace into darkness and strife. He was driven from a Garden of Paradise, abandoned the Golden Age, and death came into the world. But there is also the promise of redemption, and the great Teachers have always tried to remind fallen man that he may find the illumination again, find truth and beauty in life, if he will only search with all his heart, through the practice of universal brotherhood. Do unto others as you would they should do unto you, is the oldest teaching in the world for gaining liberation. Jesus only repeated the gospel of the ages.

One of the most important activities of the Theosophical Movement is the establishment of centers of education where children and youth can be trained on lines which will preserve their natural simplicity of heart and help them to find the real joy of life, while fitting them for the duties and responsibilities they will have to face in the world. 'Give us something practical,' is the cry today. The Râja-Yoga System of Education, in which the Theosophical principles of spiritual development are applied to daily life, has been fully tested in its twenty years of activity at Point Loma and elsewhere, and those who have graduated after a complete course are now examples of well-rounded characters — earnest, active, and desirable citizens, very much alive. I will close with a few inspiring words by Madame Katherine Tingley, the Leader of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society:

"Oh! that every atom in my being were a thousand-pointed star to help men to see the divine everywhere, to know their limitless power, to feel while in the body the exhaustless Joy of Real Life, to wake and live instead of dreaming the heavy dreams of this living death, to know themselves as at once part of and directors of Universal Law. This is your birthright of Wisdom and the hour of attainment is *now* if you will. Tarry no longer in the delusion of the 'Hall of Learning.' Feel, Know, and Do."



"The Kabala, repeating the time-honored revelations of the once universal history of our globe and the evolution of its races, has presented it under the legendary form of the various records which have formed the Bible."

— H. P. BLAVATSKY: *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 235

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KEENNT MORRIS



NUMBER of curious things are to be noted about that familiar creature, Man. He is not the simple proposition he appears: there are depths. You cannot reform him by Act of Congress, or save his soul with tracts. No doubt for countless thousands of years he has been using copybooks; yet all the wisdom of their page-headings has so far failed to make him noticeably wise. He is capable of shaming the angels with his sublimity, and of shaming the tiger and the pig with his cruelty and filthiness. More; one may find the same man doing both in the same half hour. — One day in the week he believes that you ought to love your enemies and do good to them that hate you; six (or seven) days in the week he busies himself, commonly, in showing the world just in what peculiar fashion he thinks this text should be interpreted. Heaven is within him, and hell is within him; and also within him, you may say, is Berkeley Square,—where the celebrated Tomlinson gave up the ghost. Bottom was right when he said that man is a patched fool; Hamlet was right in comparing him with gods and angels.

Sometimes, out of the long dreary sordidness of his miserable history, immortal deeds flare up from him like white beacons in the night. They are indications of possibilities that lie within him; we cannot sum him up, or understand what he is, without taking them into account.

He is a thinking animal; and what passes through his mind, he will put down with a pen (or its equivalent) on paper (or something that serves the same purpose). This has been so in all ages: the story of the human mind, its experiments, guesses, and adventures, goes on being recorded incessantly. One uses the word *mind* in the largest sense: for the whole sphere of our conscious selves. The inward non-physical part of us is continually being reflected in written words; and 'literature' is the glass in which we may see mirrored all in us that is unseen by the physical eye. In it we can very conveniently examine and dissect the stuff of which humanity is made: just as astronomers can best examine the nebulae and the far stars in photographs taken through a telescope.

It is an infinite world that is revealed: one to give us pause and set us thinking. Here is a daily newspaper: what of the inner humanity can we read in it? — Common day, and the trivialities of the most

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outward levels of our mental being. Stuff like the waves on a shore, in a place especially where there are many cross-currents and fumbings of ineffectual tides. The little waves run in; they rise as if they had some great business to perform; you may watch them, and find yourself watching a long time, your eyes so held by the motion and hurry that you do not realize that you are watching nothing,— a great pother and nothing at the end of it; — that nothing is being done; that you and the waves are both wasting your foolish time. Motion, hurry, bluster, fumbling, fuss, *Nothing!* and then over and over again: Motion, hurry, bluster, fumbling, fuss, *Nothing!* So we may read here: So-and-so is spending a vacation somewhere; Mrs. Such-and-such is giving a garden party; A has been born; B and C have been married; D and E divorced; F has died; — *Nothing!* Elections,— this party winning, that party losing; — *Nothing!* — War declared, battles fought, victories won,— *Nothing!* Ants scampering about on the anthill; lifting a grain,— huge exertion,— lugging it three inches,— dropping it,— and about face, and scampering off elsewhere; — *Nothing!* — These are the common reaches of human 'thought' and activity.

But is this a faithful and complete picture of Man? Does it show you all there is of him? No: on the same pages you can read of fearful crimes and abuses; to tell you, if you think at all, that we are living on the brink of a horrid precipice; that we are skirting ghastly quicksands, and every now and then one of us— and it may be you or I, or someone near and dear to us,— sinking in. The newspapers, rightly considered, are reading frightening enough.

But is that all? Have we yet got a true picture of the inner worlds? — No; for we can go to our bookshelves, and take down our *Hamlets*, our *Les Misérables*,— we can turn to our last chapter in *Ecclesiastes*, or to our *Upanishads*,— and read there lines breathless with grandeur, tremendous with the pressure of the Unutterable; — not the stumblings and futilities of the little shorewaves, but the vast calm and profundities of the sea, or the immense ocean-riding billows that break the ships and astound the heavens; — and all this, too, is a reflexion of what is within Man: all this is mirrored from the Human Soul.

The petty motives of common life; the small cheateries of business; the little shams of society; the meannesses and trumpery hypocrisies, faltering motives, or sordid and determined greeds; the animalities cloaked with respectability; the mediocrity sneaking and shouldering towards its own coveted successes; the wickedness in high places and low places; — everything that makes the angels blush and the fiends chuckle and snigger: — all these things are Man, and elements of which he is compounded. O God, you say, he is a crawling worm too contemptible

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for any self-respecting Almighty to bother to exterminate him, — and therefore he continues to exist!

The grand deeds of the heroes; the flaming strictures of the prophets; the loftiest visions of the poets; the long self-sacrifice of unknown and humble people; — the funeral-pyre of Joan; the Cross on Calvary; Caucasus, and the Titan chained there; a Buddha, with heart large enough to inwrap in its burning compassion all sentient existence; a Confucius, with infinite courage pitting his ideal of a regenerated humanity against the world and the times and years on years of inevitable piteous failure: — nobility to shame any gods or archangels we can imagine; sublimity more wonderful than that of a night of stars: — all these things are Man, and some of the elements of which he is compounded. Ah, you say, he is a God, sacred and sublime; bow down, Cherubim and Seraphim! you say; dethrone yourselves, you that sit crowned in the Pantheons; you cannot hope to rival Man!

It is all true; and shows us how enormous is the scope of human nature: what infinity of possibilities lies within it, what unimaginable heights there are to climb. The poles of good and evil are within Man. He creates Gods out of the stuff of his imagination; and he is able to do so, because God or Infinite Goodness is part of him, a factor in his being. He imagines desperate hells; because within his own consciousness he can find the stuff of which hells are made. Have you ever stopped to think that nothing ever imagined of God or devil, heaven or hell, could possibly have been imagined unless it had been a quality lying within the scope of human nature? Human imagination cannot travel beyond the limits of human being. If we soar in thought to the Heaven of heavens: if we conceive this Earth of ours peopled with a divine race, a humanity made perfect; each individual endowed with godlike wisdom, with universal compassion,— absolute power of the will, and absolute forgetfulness of self: we are only able to do so because within ourselves lie all these things as potentialities. Somewhere in our hidden natures they are actual; and we could uncover them. There is no conceivable sublimity or exaltation that is outside the possibility of human attainment. Man could not imagine, could not conceive of it, if the seeds, the rudiments of it were not within the vast and scope of his own being.

For example: take a man — and you need not hunt through the streets with a lighted lantern to find him — whose whole consciousness has become thoroughly sordid; who is for self, frankly and always. Confront him with noble actions and disinterested living, and the first questions he will ask will be: "What is their game?" "What are they trying to get out of it?" For him, all men and all behavior are necessarily sordid. He cannot believe in, because he cannot conceive of, disinterestedness.

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He is shown some great effort for human weal, and knows quite well that it must be a money-making scheme, or a cloak for indulgence, or something of the kind; and generally goes to work to 'expose' it: — attacks it in the law-courts, or in the press, or by private slander. Within his own consciousness there is nothing noble or clean; he has never opened up the decent sides of his own being,— they are fields which he has never entered, or into which he has quite forgotten the way: he cannot imagine nobility in himself, and cannot see it when it appears in other people. For him, the great crucified Saviors will always be hypocrites embarked on the quest of notoriety; an H. P. Blavatsky, exchanging fame, fortune, and comfort for unlimited persecution and obloquy, will always have made the exchange for some such mean motive as would actuate himself.

Again: you cannot explain the difference between two colors to a man born color-blind: if he has it not in him to know pink from blue, all the eloquence and art in the world will never be able to teach him. So this is quite axiomatic: we can only see, only imagine, what lies within us to see and imagine; and the fact that we can — that some men can — imagine gods and demigods and beings perfect in wisdom, in compassion and courage, selfless and passionless,— is proof that the potentiality of such perfection lies within the limits of our human nature. Human nature, as we know it, is a field in which the seeds of it are lying latent, and in which they might be made to grow. Nothing can come out of the consciousness of any man, but what is within the sphere of Man's being.

Out of the consciousness of Man immortal deeds and sayings have come; and therefore, in Man inheres a certain quality of immortality. Like begets like: there is a mortal part of us, which produces the mortal things; and a part that is immortal, from which come the immortal things. The newspapers reflect the one, the Upanishads reflect the other. Here are Mrs. So-and-so's social activities, Mr. Such-and-such's petty cheateries; here are the wisdom and compassion of a Buddha: these make no ripple in Time; those illumine the world for twenty-five hundred years. Out of Man are the ephemeralitys that pass and are forgotten; out of Man the grandeurs that are immortal and endure. So there is a part of us that dies and is done with; and a part of us that cannot die: a part more lasting than the mountains, and a part that fades as quickly as the mown grass-blade in summer.

What do we mean by 'immortal,' — an 'immortal part'? — Something not subject to change and decay, outside the sovereignty of death, owing no allegiance to fate and time. There is that in Man; it is a part of human nature. So then this is what human nature is: half immortal, august, divine,— half ephemeral, trivial and contemptible. Unless you

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can prove that you are not human, you share in it; from which we may argue this startling truth: somewhere hidden within your being, yet developable, yet revealable, is genius greater than Shakespeare's, greater than Napoleon's; all the highest qualities are there, of all the bright Beacon-Men who have lighted with the grandeur of their lives and thought the dark history of mankind.

But — there is infinite baseness too, the possibility of it. If you could find today one man utterly fallen, completely cruel, possessed by all the legion of the vices,— unless you could prove that that man was not and never had been human, was not born of human parents, but a sudden and frightful phenomenon in the world; — he would be proof that the potentiality of all evil inhered in human nature. In most of us undeveloped, but quite within the bounds of possibility to be developed sometime: — so in those who have never faced, never searched into or made an effort to conquer their own natures. In others again, active not far below the surface, and with the better side of the man facing them in a life-and-death struggle; — still in others, in some few, rooted out, conquered, and no longer even the remotest peril. But in all cases, something inherent in human nature, a part of the heirloom of incarnate Man.

The depths are within us; the peaks are within us. We cannot reach the one, until we have conquered and transmuted the other.

Not long ago I talked with a man who had just been talking with a thief. There was a great deal of human nature in that thief: of the divine side of it, as well as the other. He was perhaps nearer the divine than ninety-nine per cent. of the most respectable citizens you should find in church of a Sunday evening. He said he had been in jail a number of times, and thought it likely he would be a number of times again. Because his will was as weak as water; and when he saw anything he wanted, the chances were that he would take it. But each time there was something that resisted; which something he was cultivating, and proposed to cultivate; because he believed it to be his real self. He was out of jail when my friend saw him. He said that, while in prison, he had come across Theosophical magazines and read them. "You needn't think," he said in effect, "that I am here to cadge help or sympathy from you Theosophists now. When Madame Tingley gave me the knowledge of Reincarnation, she gave me the biggest help I ever had or wanted to have: she gave me something to keep me hoping and fighting through life. Before that I was a thief hopelessly and forever; now,— I shall stick to it and make good."

That man realized, because he was in the struggle and waging the great war, that it might take a long time for him to overcome a weak

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will and an old habit, and make an upstanding man of himself. The majority of us never have this fact — of the long time needed — brought home to them; because they have not yet roused up the demon-self in them to fight for its life. Nevertheless that demon-self is there; — and hence it comes that no family is secure against the ravages of tragedy. Tragedies are always occurring, and striking at the lives and hearts of the most conventionally fortified. As a rule we will not see the gulf below; and then, as if in revenge, it suddenly opens to swallow a son of ours, or a daughter; and those who found life very comfortable before, and walked very easily, go gray-haired and bowed down, after, until they die.

But look now at the other pole of life: the Buddhas, Confuciuses, Platos, Nazarenes. They too were human. That they contacted, the divinest of them, the lower side of human nature within themselves, is assured us in the legends told of them, in stories of temptations beneath the Bo-tree, or in the wilderness. As they represent a far finality in human evolution, those legends of their lives are symbolic, in part, of the whole story of the human soul. If they had been created perfect, immune from all human weakness and the huge possibilities of human sin, there would be nothing whatever to admire in them; their lives would be quite valueless to us others. They would not be our grand examples and helpers; they would be advertisements of the huge injustice of things, that can make one man, through no merit of his own, perfect and sinless, and another, through no fault of his own, destined to bear the whole sorrow of an utterly evil nature. We must reject that view; because it is false, and because it is utterly immoral and bad for us to believe. Bad, — because a distorted, sidelong, neck-twisted belief, likely to put the stamp of distortedness on, and twist the neck of, the mind that is nourished on it. We must take the sane plain view that within the nature of these great saints and sages of the world there had been, sometime, potentially, all the evil that is in human nature; that their greatness consisted in the fact that they had fought and conquered it; — that the difference between them and us lies in their having discovered the highest peaks of human nature within themselves, and battled their way to those peaks, and achieved dwelling on them habitually; — whereas we are content to potter about in the middle and trivial spheres of our being. But the peaks are necessarily within us too, and we might reach them.

You laugh at that; and very wisely. What! you say; we shall die within the next seventy years or so; and were we to put the most tremendous pressure on ourselves, and do our very utmost, minute by minute, it would take us thousands of years (we know ourselves too well!) to

REINCARNATION

attain such genius, such loftiness of motive and character. — That is, probably, very true; but then, it took those others thousands of years to attain it. It took them many lives of the hardest kind of hard work.

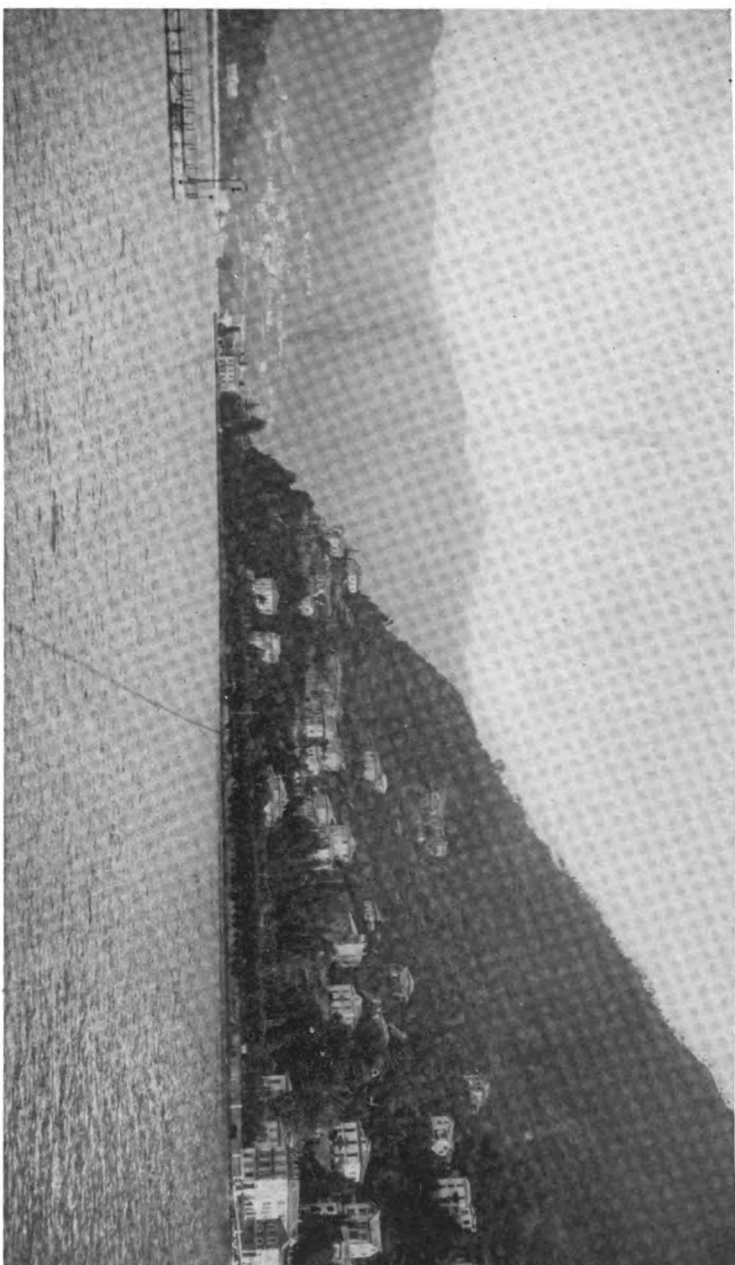
There is a theory of life, half noble, half faulty, that was much worked up by Browning in his day: it is that all these highest possibilities are indeed within us; but that, do what we-will, we can never make them actual 'here below' as they say; that man is bound to be, howsoever he may strive upward, a very imperfect creature while he remains on this earth and embodied; but that death will admit him into another world or phase of existence, heaven, in which the noblest part of him will become actual and develop indefinitely: that he who was mere John Smith here, with his soul (a 'star apart') covered over and dimmed almost to obscurity by the petty faults and conventional smallnesses of his John-Smithery, so to call it, will blossom out there *tout de suite* into something like Christhood or Buddhahood; not so much changing his nature, however, as sloughing off the lower, and evolving the higher part of it *ad lib*. The idea was an attempt to graft evolution on the old Christian dogmas, and to show man to be an evolving being, after a fashion, in the spiritual sense. But it is disproved by this: the Christs and Buddhas, the men whose highest potentialities have been made actual, have appeared *in this world*, born as we were born, wearing the flesh as we wear it, and dying as we die. They were blossoms of this human tree; and they were put forth, as natural science and common sense would lead you to expect, precisely where this human tree grows,— in this particular planet called Earth, in this particular solar system. That theory of Browning's is all very well; he saw that Justice demanded something, that Evolution demanded something, which the teachings current in his day did not supply; and out of the nobility of his nature he attempted to supply it; but he missed the significance of the lives of the World-Saviors. Because Saviors there have been: Perfect Men, and not one only Perfect Man. If there had been but one, we could invent a special theory to account for him, and say he was the only-begotten Son of God, a being of another order than ourselves,— and, as I said, an advertisement of the devilish injustice of things. When we knew nothing to speak of about human history — and even in Browning's day it was very easy to blink one's eyes to most of it; — when history was narrowed down for us into the little story of one corner of the globe — Palestine, Greece, Rome, and then Medieval and Modern Europe,— we might hold such theories. But the horizon has broadened, and we are to see men rise in the old ages of China, of India, of Persia, of ancient Mexico, from whom the same kind of words came, and the same kind of actions; about whom the same super-human light shone, as shone about the Nazarene. Their lives show us

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what human stuff may be wrought into; their words were all directed to showing us how to do it.

How could they have become what they were, unless they had had many lives in which to work up to it? Reincarnation supplies the only possible solution of the riddle of life. Between a John Smith and a Buddha there is a distance as great as that which separates Sirius from San Diego; — and yet it is no gulf unspannable; both are within the vast universe called Man, and every step of the way between them has to be traversed. From that star to this city, light, they say, takes so many centuries to travel; from this mediocrity to that divine humanity — is it possible to journey in the three score years and ten of one lifetime?

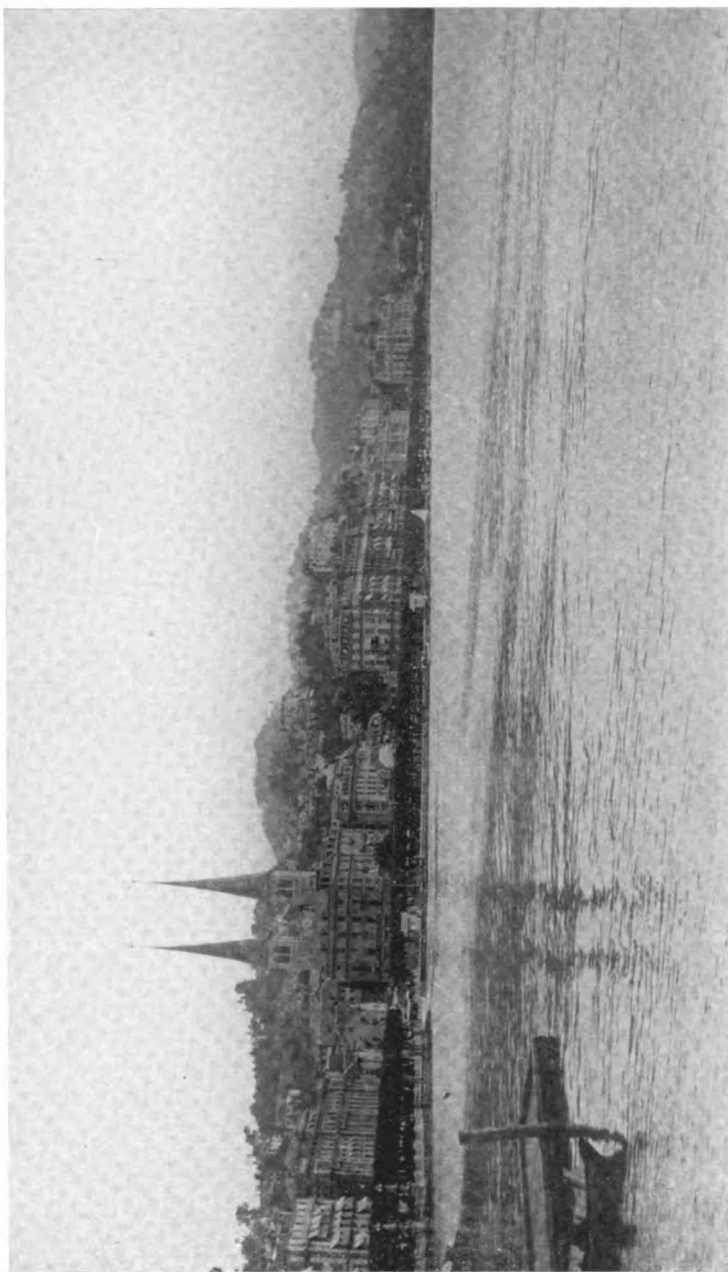
It is perhaps unnecessary to argue that this is the path that has to be traveled: that this is the purpose for which man exists. Can you suggest any other? The chief end of man, says the old Westminster Confession, is to glorify God; and if you consider that glorifying God does not mean singing indifferent hymns or metrical Psalms on the Sabbath, but manifesting, in the flesh and to the world, the glory of God, — why, then the Westminster Confession's dictum is adequate enough, I should say, and exact. The tree exists to produce its fruit; the soul of man exists to come to its fruition in perfect life. All nature is there to tell us that evolution is the method of the Scheme of Things. We find implanted in us, and ineradicable, the thirst for happiness. As we grow, this happiness we so long for comes to wear different guises. At the lowest there are the animal pleasures; but they pall and bring bitterness close in their train. We conceive then that happiness means fame or wealth or social standing; but presently the unsatisfying nature of these is seen. Then it seems to us that happiness lies in working for others, in helping the race; and by this time we are on the right track certainly; though at first it appears there is so little we can do. But the way opens up as we go; the selfish nature, which is our limitation and the bar that keeps us from our goal, falls off from us little by little; and we enter, little by little, upon greater fulness of joy. Joy is the opening up of our own unknown and higher being, the discovering within us of new powers and insight. The thirst for happiness is the driving force of evolution: it will not leave us in peace until we have attained command of all our possibilities. Life after life it brings us back to Earth, to pursue phantoms until we see that the phantoms can never give us what we desire. Divine in our inmost and ultimate nature, we are the Stars of Morning that sang together, the Sons of God who shouted for joy, — in the beginning, when we went forth upon the quest, upon the great adventure for whose sake these universes are. We have forgotten our



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ON LAKE LUCERNE, SWITZERLAND

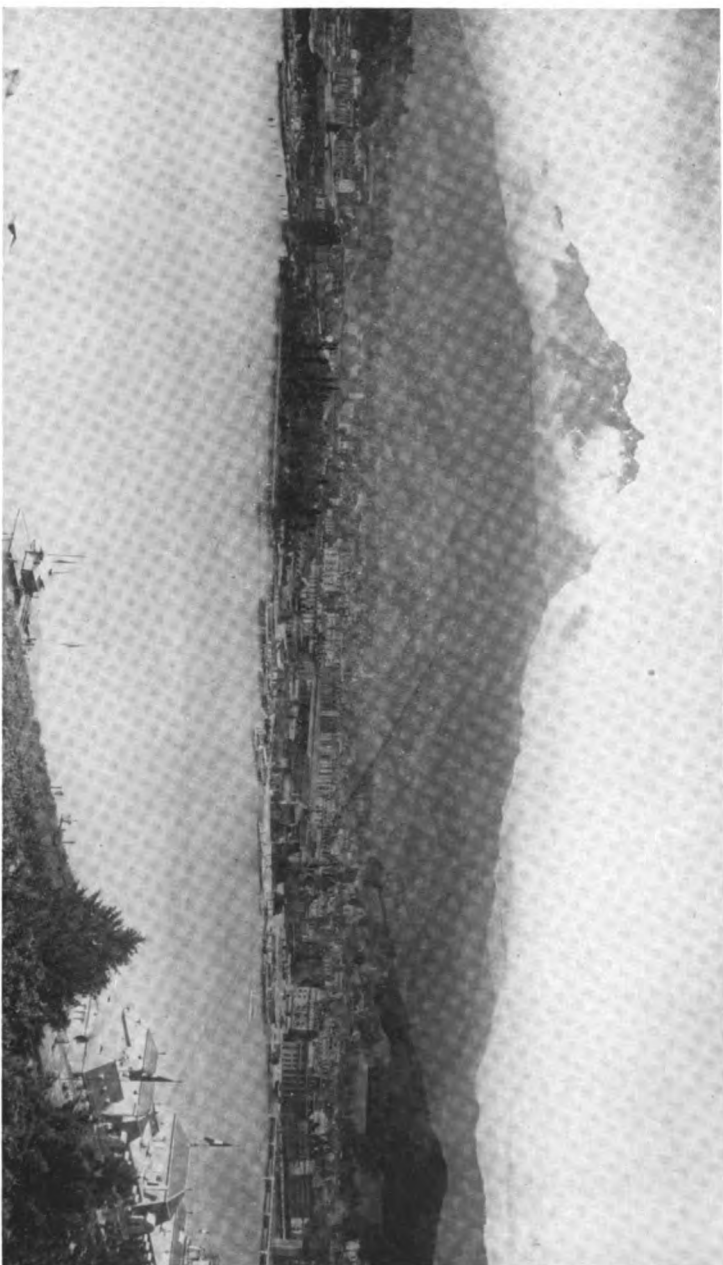
It is surrounded by lofty mountains and is noted for its magnificent scenery. This neighborhood is world-famous because of its association with the legendary history of William Tell.



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

LUCERNE, CAPITAL OF THE CANTON OF LUCERNE

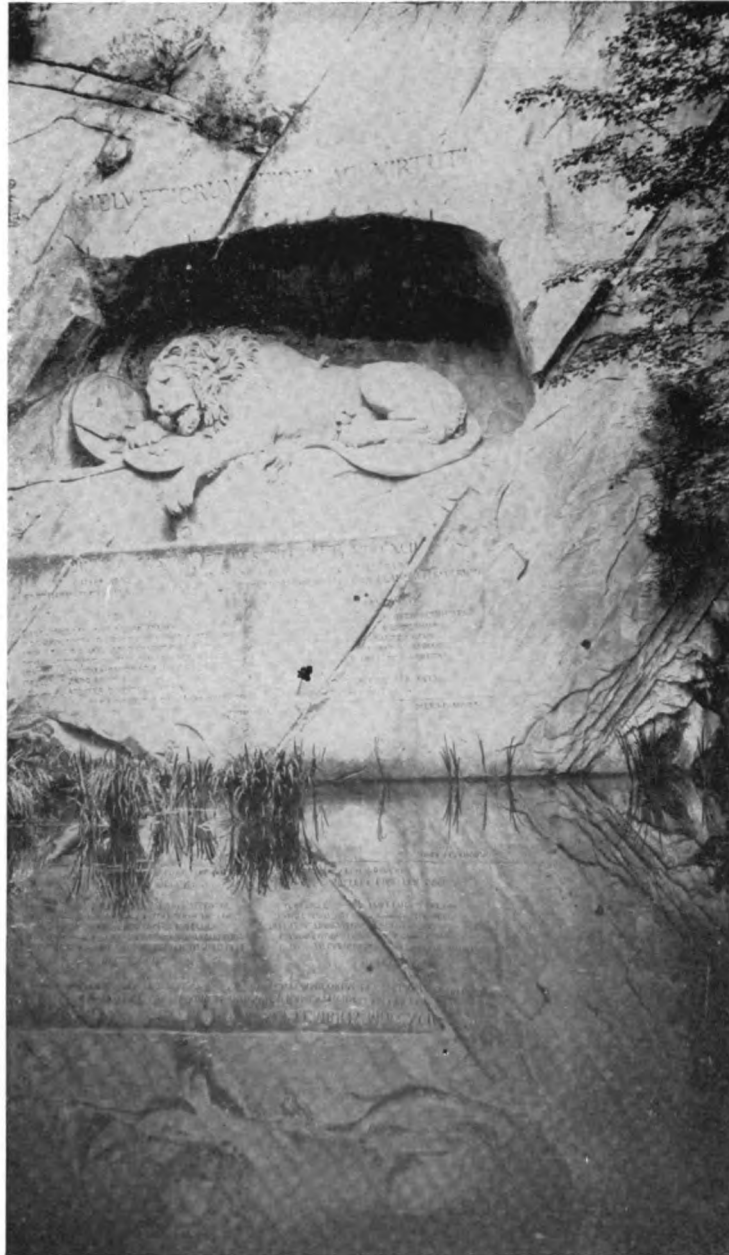
Situated on Lake Lucerne at an elevation of 1,435 feet above sea-level, this city is a popular tourist resort.



MT. PILATUS, SWITZERLAND

A much-frequented tourist resort seven miles south-southwest of Lucerne; highest peak, 6998 feet.

Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

THE LION OF LUCERNE

Sculptured by Thorwaldsen in commemoration of the heroism and devotion of the Swiss Guards of Louis XVI. The colossal figure of the crouching lion, transfixd and dying but still defending the lilied shield of France, is carved in the face of an upright, vine-clad rock in a park at Lucerne.

ADUMBRATIONS

divinity and birthright; and yet the reminiscence of it remains and haunts us: it is this thirst for happiness which leads us on. When we have conquered all the chaos and hell within us; when we have attained the full wisdom, the selfless compassion, the mightiness proper to our divine origin and destiny;— then we shall have captured the happiness we pursue. This Earth, where we are embodied in the flesh, and confronted with the necessity of mastering it; where we are wrapped round with these foggish human minds, this sense of separateness, this selfishness,— and egged on by the thirst for happiness to transcend all these limitations: this Earth is the field of our agelong adventure. Consider that there is a divine economy in the Scheme of Things: which uses a man-bearing planet for all it is worth, and provides it as a school for souls, which none shall leave until he has learnt all the lessons taught there. Re-incarnation makes what seemed cruel chaos, a beautiful cosmos of law.

ADUMBRATIONS

KENNETH MORRIS

OVER the sea-rim, Day like a ghost in flight
Flickering dims, and the hushed forms of the trees
Wake into warlock life on the brink of Night.

It is a deeper self than the daylight sees
Dusk reveals in them: thought nor speech nor dream,
But an ancient darkness mute with mysteries.

Those two pines by the pathway yonder seem
Mysteriously important gestures, thrown
From worlds where still the brands of the Pantheons gleam.

Over the path with its ruts and footprints strown,
I know not now what giant wars roll by,
Arthurian, portent-laden, not to be known. . . .

And I think in my heart, and I know not well, not I,
If the world that by light of the day-sun shone so clear
Be more than a flickering phantasm,— now so nigh
The antique and vaster Worlds of the Soul appear.

*International Theosophical Headquarters,
Point Loma, California*

WHAT IS THEOSOPHY?

R. MACHELL



HE student of Theosophy is continually met by the very natural and reasonable inquiry, 'What is Theosophy?' and those who ask the question invariably seem to expect a precise and definite answer to all their own personal doubts and difficulties, of which the Theosophist is naturally not fully informed. So the answer is seldom satisfactory. For while a sincere student of Theosophy may know what the subject means to him, he cannot know what lies behind the inquiry, which sounds so simple.

And yet every genuine student of Theosophy must be most anxious to answer the question, even if it be only to satisfy his own mind. He may know that in finding Theosophy he has found an open door that has allowed him to escape from a prison-house of pessimism out to an open land, where the sun shines and the air is fresh and free: but to say so is no answer to the persistent query, 'What is Theosophy?' He may feel that he has gained a new point of view, from which to judge the whole problem of life, and he may feel confident that the knowledge of the existence of Theosophy would end the pessimism of any earnest investigator. But to make such declaration would seem like an evasion of the apparently simple and straightforward question that meets us at every turn.

The word 'Theosophy' is composed of two Greek words, *θεός* and *σοφία*, which may be interpreted in various ways: for it is quite open to question whether our words 'God' and 'wisdom' are sufficient or equivalent to the two Greek words; and when they are combined, the possibility of misunderstanding increases. 'God-wisdom' is not explanatory, for the word 'God' may be taken to mean a god, one of many, or God the supreme intelligence of the universe; it may mean a great soul supreme in the spiritual world, an entity, even a personality; or it may be regarded as a pure abstraction incapable of definition. And the word 'wisdom' is also capable of widely different interpretations.

Certainly, to tell an inquirer that Theosophy is divine wisdom, will be to convey an idea of ridiculous arrogance on the part of the student of Theosophy, who will seem to be claiming for himself god-like wisdom. And yet the name is a good one dating back to the time of the Greek philosophers, who, by their interminable discussions, at least familiarized the public of their day with the use of such terms, even if their

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lucubrations served more to confuse the subject than to enlighten the general public.

Of course an earnest inquirer will soon find out for himself what Theosophy is; at least he will find out what it means to him: but before entering upon a serious consideration of a subject, any person is likely to ask what it is, before deciding to examine it for himself. And, as a vague or an unsatisfactory answer may serve to discourage further inquiry or more serious study, it is well to try to formulate in one's own mind some simple answer to the question. Indeed, I think that a true student will be trying to do this all the time.

When one has read one's first handbook on any subject, one is apt to feel that one knows all about it; and it is at this elementary stage that the most misleading as well as the most positive explanations are generally offered: for a little knowledge makes a man bold; much study makes him cautious.

Then another consideration comes to check the too ready answer, that words have widely different meanings to different minds; and that the simplest form of words may be the most confusing. To people who are not sure whether Theosophy is a new food or a new religion, a diet or a cult, it may be sufficient to say that it is the whole philosophy of life: but to those who are aware that there are many religions in the world, each claiming to be a sufficient and inclusive philosophy of life, the answer will not be very helpful. And yet assuredly Theosophy is just that: for it is the fundamental philosophy of life, from which spring all religions and all philosophies, all arts and sciences, all systems of society and all civilizations, together with the vital energizing principle that transforms all these, and in time transmutes their outer bodies, eternally renewing and rejuvenating the form that man's mind invents for the expression of the yearning and the aspiration of his soul.

Does that seem too big a claim to make? Not if the one who makes it is careful to realize that Theosophy itself is not to be contained in any mind, being identical with that from which all separate minds emanate.

A man may be an honest devotee of Truth, but if he believes that he himself knows truth, or even that he knows the whole truth of anything, then he is but a fool. For this reason no true Theosophist would try to bind men's minds by any creed or final formula. An earnest student of Theosophy will guard against dogmatic utterances; and in doing this he may appear uncertain and doubtful, where in reality he is simply trying to avoid forcing his own conviction on another mind that should be encouraged rather to find its own formulas, and to convince itself by its own study and experience. Therefore we must declare

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that Theosophy is unsectarian; and though all the great religions of the world may have sprung from various aspects of Theosophy, yet that great parent of all philosophies, religions, and sciences is not itself a religion; for it has no creed.

In founding the Theosophical Society, in 1875, Madame Blavatsky gave it the subtitle of Universal Brotherhood; and membership in the Society involved acceptance of this great ideal. When the third Leader of the Theosophical Movement, Katherine Tingley, took control of the Organization, she formulated a constitution for the Universal Brotherhood, in which it was declared that one of the objects of the Organization was to "demonstrate that Brotherhood is a fact in nature"; and acceptance of this ideal is a prerequisite to membership in the Society today.

But the acceptance of an ideal is not the same as the enforcement of a creed, for tolerance of the beliefs of others is also a principle in this constitution: and it is always necessary to remember that Theosophy itself is one thing and a Theosophical society is another. The latter must necessarily have rules and regulations for the conduct of its business; and one of the rules of the Theosophical Society has always been that members "shall show the same tolerance for the beliefs of others which they expect for their own."

Theosophy being, as its name implies, divine wisdom, is necessarily beyond the scope and limitations of a creed. The Theosophist is always open to more light from the source of wisdom, and must never look upon any declaration of belief as a final formula. He is a learner, a student, and not a dogmatist. He is told that the path of wisdom lies through his own heart to the heart of the Universe. And, while he may accept as his Teacher a human being whom he knows or believes to be more spiritually evolved than himself, yet that Teacher is regarded as one who having traveled the path is able to act as guide to other and less experienced travelers who are in search of the light of divine wisdom. Theosophists recognise spiritual teachers, and aspire to the attainment of the same wisdom, which they regard as a mark of a more highly evolved human being. They look upon all mankind as potentially divine, and conceive of evolution as a process of growth towards perfection; in the course of which spiritual enlightenment comes to the human intellect and endows it gradually with true wisdom, which is acquired by means of experience aided by instruction. This growth or evolution is considered as an unfoldment of inner possibilities latent in all.

Thus, while the Theosophist may have a deep respect for his Teacher, he does not mistake a human personality for the Supreme wisdom; and while he highly values the teachings he may receive, he will have no desire to encase them in rigid forms and thus turn them into a creed.

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That this has been done in past ages is proved by the existence of sectarian religions today; and that it will be attempted in the future is to be expected from past experience. But the true Theosophist will ever regard creeds and formulas as no more than sign-posts on the road, to be studied perhaps by those who have lost their way, who have not kept the light burning in the heart, and who consequently are in spiritual darkness.

I have seen sign-posts that fell into decay and became illegible; others that had been removed; others that survived long after the path had been abandoned or diverted; others again I have seen preserved as curiosities in museums. And they always make me think of the creeds and dogmas of the churches.

A sign-post is useless to those who are in the dark. What the student wants is light, and Theosophy teaches him to find the light in his own heart. His teachers may give him advice as to how he may find that light, which in most people is obscured by prejudice and ignorance. But if he attempts to guide his steps by the light of any other, he will not get far along the path. A man must do his own growing: he must eat his own food and digest it too. There are many things that a man must do for himself, and traveling along the path of wisdom is one of them.

A flock of sheep will jump over an imaginary barrier if the leader jumps and the barrier be then removed. Cattle will follow their leader and make a tortuous path, having faith in the wisdom of the head of the herd: and human beings act like animals in many ways, being as yet little more than potential humanity. But one who even desires to know what Theosophy is, is already at least approaching the human state, and has developed a certain degree of individual responsibility that differentiates him from the mass who have not yet begun to think for themselves.

As soon as a man begins to wake up from his age-long dream of mere existence, he has to think for himself. Then he wants to know things. And he begins to ask questions, believing that if his questions are honestly answered he will gain the knowledge he desires. That seems reasonable; and yet it is no more reasonable than to suppose that the sight of a dinner will suffice to feed a hungry man. If the man does not eat his food he will die of starvation. And if a man does not assimilate his mental food he will remain ignorant, for all his store of acquired information.

So the man who asks 'What is Theosophy?' must not expect that any answer he may receive will do more than help to put him on the path that will lead him to self-knowledge if he will follow it. He will have to do his own thinking, and his own reading, and his own living;

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for thinking and reading alone will not suffice for the gaining of wisdom. He must apply his information and instruction to his own life before it can become knowledge to him.

The reason for this becomes apparent to one who accepts the teachings of Theosophy as to the nature and constitution of man: for he will there learn that man, who seems separate from the universe in which he lives, is actually a manifestation of the same laws and the same forces as those that produce that universe: and that all the laws of nature can be, and indeed must be, studied in himself as well as in the world around him; for brotherhood, which is a fact in nature, is but the outer expression of the inward identity of essence of himself and all creatures and the universe that they inhabit.

When first this great idea of human possibilities breaks on the mind, a man may shrink from the vastness of the prospect and think doubtfully of his small personality as a mere mockery of such a revelation. This kind of self-contempt was fostered by many religious orders which sought to separate spirit and matter, debasing man for the greater glory of God — a misconception of humility that is disastrous in its application, and which is really a perversion of a partial truth.

But if the inquirer recovers from this relapse into pessimism and should decide to follow up his first inquiry with a little serious study of the subject, he will promptly encounter the doctrine of continued existence, with its natural corollary of reincarnation or continuous rebirth on earth, insuring a continuity of experience without which all individual progress might seem impossible.

This doctrine of reincarnation presents itself in many ways to many minds. Some grasp it eagerly, as so reasonable and so convincing a solution of innumerable problems, that there is difficulty in understanding how it could have been dispensed with for so long. Others resent it bitterly, as an attack upon their supposed right to enter upon an eternity of bliss, once that this earth-life shall have become unbearable through misunderstanding of its opportunities and through misuse of its experiences. Others again are fascinated with the prospect it affords of endless progress, of evolution, and of perfectibility: but they are not able to accept it on its own merits, and on their own judgment; they want proof, regardless of the impossibility of proving such a theory in any ordinary sense of the word 'proof.' They may see no other theory that will begin to explain the apparent injustice of life, and they may long to be able to believe that reincarnation is a fact, but they ask repeatedly, 'If it be so, why do we not remember our past lives?' A question that should need no more answer than a little reflexion would supply: for memory must necessarily be seriously interfered with by the loss of one body and the

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acquiring of another, with all that must intervene. Seeing that we generally have no memory to speak of concerning the events that occurred to us in infancy, how can we expect to remember events that happened before the birth of that infant body?

But, though the doctrine of reincarnation seems almost essential to an understanding of man's place in nature, and the purpose of existence, together with the evolution of the race and the position of the individual in the scheme of evolution; yet acceptance of the teaching is not obligatory. There are plenty of people whose minds are so constituted that they seem able to accept doctrines that are entirely unreasonable and even self-contradictory, while another mind must be able to see a good reason for every step in the path of progress. So while reincarnation seems to many a most vital feature of Theosophic teachings, yet it is not to be regarded as a dogma, but rather as a stepping-stone to knowledge.

The mind is so strangely constituted that different individuals are able to reach similar conclusions by entirely different mental paths. Some can pass lightly over unbridged gaps of thought and so reach true conclusions; while others seem unable to look beyond the next step. So it is useless to dogmatize and to imagine that all must accept the doctrines of Karma and Reincarnation, which may seem so essential to some of us. To some it is sufficient to know that the real self of man is pure spirit, that all souls are one in essence; that all material existence is illusory; and that the really vital fact in life is the brotherhood of Being with all that it implies. To others the brotherhood of man seems to depend upon a succession of well-reasoned theories, each of which must be separately established by proof as well as argument before it can be finally accepted.

To some minds no form of thought can appear as a final formula of truth; and still less can a form of words or a creed be accepted as anything more than a temporary expedient, a stepping-stone, to be used and left behind as soon as stepped upon. To others each step must be final, each new formula for expression of truth must be absolute.

To such minds conscious progress is impossible and undesired; it is even, to them, unthinkable; because each step to them is final. The continuity of life, to them, is entirely unconscious, or subconscious. Evolution, progress, expansion of consciousness, all such ideas are meaningless to these people, who look for truth to be revealed suddenly, miraculously, in some complete and final form; after which there remains an infinity of bliss. Such minds must dogmatize, until the light breaks in and shows the distant heights.

The student of Theosophy does not dogmatize; but a Theosophic

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teacher may speak positively, and may formulate very definite teachings for the use of disciples who have not yet learned to stand on their own feet. The teachings of Theosophy in themselves preclude the formulation of dogmas as finalities; for, if the spirit of man is an emanation from the Supreme Spirit of man's universe, then it must follow that the personal mind of man is liable to receive light, through the individual soul, from the supreme source of all. It follows that such illumination must adapt itself to the mentality through which it passes, and must be modified in its final expression by the character of the man's personality. That is to say, each man will have to interpret the internal revelation according to his personal state of development.

So long as he is content to have his thinking done for him he must remain outside the pale of true humanity, one of the mass of beings with human forms and with human possibilities, but with the human quality still latent. Such are the unthinking masses, who may be wealthy and able to make a show of superficial knowledge, but who are not individualized by the awakening of the soul within.

Many people mistake selfishness for individuality. Selfishness is the survival of an animal instinct intensified by contact with a human mind in a human body. Individuality is a recognition by the mind of the superior dominating consciousness of the soul and of the essential unity of the individual soul with the Supreme.

Selfishness is not eliminated by intellectual development; far from it. There are too many evidences of the contrary. Nor is individuality born of 'head-learning': rather is it the fruit of soul-wisdom, which may exist where there is little or no intellectuality of the usual kind. For wisdom is a quality of the soul, and it may be found in people who are relatively ignorant as far as ordinary education is concerned. So Theosophy may appeal in very different ways to different minds, and may be studied and pursued by many different methods. All of which goes to make it hard to answer the simple question, 'What is Theosophy?'

When Madame Blavatsky first tried to call attention to the existence of the ancient philosophy known as the Secret Doctrine, she gave credit for all that she wrote on the subject to her Teachers, who were at that time often alluded to as "the Brothers"; for they seemed to her like the elder brothers of humanity. She spoke of them with reverence and affection, as men who had traveled far on the path of wisdom and true knowledge, and whose lives were devoted to the helping of humanity. She said she was their messenger, and that her task was to awaken the so-called civilized world to the existence of Theosophy, or that sacred science, the Wisdom-Religion, which she also called the "Secret Doctrine," and from which all sciences and all religions have come down.

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She was at once met with demands for evidence of the existence of these Teachers, and for proofs of their superior wisdom, and she endeavored to meet these demands in various ways.

The result of her efforts was to attract to herself numbers of followers, who at once recognised the truth of her mission and of her teachings. Also there flocked around her a swarm of intellectual adventurers, who were eager for the acquirement of strange knowledge, and for the acquisition of occult powers. Besides these followers she attracted a host of enemies, who made it their business to defeat her object, and to discredit her in the eyes of the public, while vigorously denying the existence of her Teachers and the reality of their knowledge.

Generous and trusting as she was, her indignation was deeply stirred by the insults to those Teachers, for whom she had so true a veneration and such deep gratitude. She thought to convince the world of their reality by evidences that were rejected as trickery, and by assertions that were declared falsehoods. But a few devoted followers remained unshaken in their devotion to the Teachers, whose disciple she claimed to be.

The efforts of her enemies to destroy the new revelation of the ancient truths pursued her to the end of her life, but in no way checked her efforts to fulfil her mission. She worked unceasingly, producing monumental literary works: which stand today as mountains of treasure, from which all may dig wealth of science and philosophy as well as of history and psychology.

As this mass of Theosophic literature increased, the study of the doctrines of Theosophy became possible to all, through efforts of her followers and disciples to spread the teachings and to simplify the abstruse treatises in which those teachings were conveyed.

As some of the Teachers of Madame Blavatsky were of Eastern race, and as their teachings came from the source from which sprang the oldest language known to us, so at first many Sanskrit words and oriental terms were used, for which English equivalents were not available. A new vocabulary was needed, and it has been gradually evolved: so that at present it is possible to present some aspects of Theosophy in plain language — that is to say, in language that may be easily understood if not altogether familiar. And students of Theosophy are constantly endeavoring to make the teachings simpler in their expression. But all such efforts are necessarily liable to create difficulties as well as to remove them.

Try to explain any simple thing to a mixed audience, and then get some of them to say just what they have understood of it, and you will stand aghast at the result of your efforts. All teachers may know this;

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though I think many are so self-satisfied that they refuse to see the fact that human minds are infinitely diverse and infinitely varied: so that the clearest explanation will result in some confusion and in some misunderstanding.

Therefore the effort of a Theosophic Teacher will vary continually in the manner of presenting the teaching. And the Teacher may possibly appear to be giving no instruction at all, when actively engaged in making for the students an atmosphere in which the soul of the inquirer may expand under the influence of the divine light that shines from the spirit within.

Inquirers into Theosophy are those who no longer are content to follow a beaten track that seems to lead back to the place from which it started. They have begun to think for themselves: and they must go on as they have started. They must study Theosophy for themselves: and they must find the path in themselves. Following the inward path they will find that they are nearing the central heart of all humanity, and so are coming closer to their fellows by sympathy with the inner self of all. From this inward inspiration will spring the only real love of humanity that will stand the test of actual experience. This awakening of the true heart is the beginning of true wisdom, which is Theosophy.

MALTA, OR MELITA

F. J. DICK, M. INST. C. E.

ECENT archaeological discoveries in Malta add new interest not only to its varied history, but likewise to the archaeology of the Mediterranean basin and Europe in general, touched upon in H. P. Blavatsky's great works, *The Secret Doctrine* and *Isis Unveiled*. We have only space to take up briefly a few points.

Gigantia, in Gozo, was excavated in 1827; Hagar Kim and Mnaidra in 1840. Hal Saflieni was accidentally discovered in 1902, and the work of excavation was begun in 1906. Tarxien was found in 1913. The two latter are among the most remarkable neolithic structures yet unearthed, as the illustrations accompanying an article in *The National Geographic Magazine* for May clearly show. Further discoveries may follow, for other subterranean chambers exist, judging by the hollow sound of some of the floors.

The age or ages of these temples may be a moot question, but one

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is tempted to inquire how it came to pass that the serpents' pit at Hal Saflieni resembles a similar structure in ancient Peru. As to the neolithic period, inferences regarding it — particularly in connexion with the antiquity of man — have been mainly confined to its traces

"*in Europe*, a few portions only of which were barely rising from the waters in the days of the highest Atlantean civilizations. There were rude savages and highly civilized people then, as there are now. If, 50,000 years hence, pygmy Bushmen are exhumed from some African cavern together with far earlier pygmy elephants, such as were found in the cave deposits of Malta by Milne-Edwards, will that be a reason to maintain that in our age all men and all elephants were pygmies? . . . 'Seek for the remains of thy forefathers in the high places. The vales have grown into mountains and the mountains have crumbled to the bottom of the seas.' . . . Fourth Race mankind, thinned after the last cataclysm by two-thirds of its population, instead of settling on the new continents and islands that *reappeared* while their predecessors formed the floors of new Oceans — deserted that which is now Europe and parts of Asia and Africa for the summits of gigantic mountains, the seas that surrounded some of the latter having since 'retreated' and made room for the table-lands of Central Asia."

— Cf. *The Secret Doctrine*, II, pp. 709-30

The name of Malta — *Melita* — is said to be from the Greek word for honey. But as these crypts were at one time, if not originally, devoted to a variant of the Persian-Chaldaeo-Mithraic Mysteries, primarily based upon the hypostatic Tetrad or Arba-il — Anu, Bel, Hoa, united in the Virgin-goddess Mylitta — the latter word may be the more probable original.

The carved outlines of horned bulls on the plate found in Hal Saflieni, and in the 'bull sanctuary' at Tarxien, belong to archaic symbolism.

"The bull *Nandi*, the *vâhana* of Siva, and the most sacred emblem of this god, is reproduced in the Egyptian Apis, and in the bull created by Ormazd and killed by Ahriman. The religion of Zoroaster, entirely based upon the 'secret doctrine,' is found held by the people of Eritene (in Bactria); it was the religion of the Persians when they conquered the Assyrians. From thence it is easy to trace the introduction of this emblem of LIFE, represented by the Bull, in every religious system. The college of the Magians had accepted it with the change of dynasty; Daniel is described as a Rabbi, the chief of the Babylonian astrologers and Magi; therefore we see the Assyrian little bulls and the attributes of Siva reappearing under a hardly modified form in the cherubs of the Talmudistic Jews, as we have traced the bull Apis in the sphinxes or cherubs of the Mosaic Ark; and as we find it several thousand years later in the company of one of the Christian evangelists, Luke." — *Isis Unveiled*, II, pp. 235-6

But as always happens, pure symbolism became externalized in all ages by the unthinking populace; and whenever we find practices associated with cruelty, whether to animals or human beings, it may be inferred that religion — brotherhood — has been replaced by mere sacerdotalism. There nevertheless remains the possibility that some of these Maltese temples were at one time or another employed for the lofty purposes of the ancient Wisdom-Religion.

"The ever unknowable and incognisable *Kârana* alone, the *Causeless Cause* of all causes, should have its shrine and altar on the holy and ever untrodden ground of our heart — invisible, intangible, unmentioned, save through 'the still small voice' of our spiritual consciousness.

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Those who worship before it, ought to do so in the silence and the sanctified solitude of their Souls; making their spirit the sole mediator between them and the *Universal Spirit*, their good actions the only priests, and their sinful intentions the only visible and objective sacrificial victims to the *Presence*.”— *The Secret Doctrine*, I, p. 280

For instance, we read of the true and original Knights Templar that:

“For long centuries these had remained unknown and unsuspected. Holding their meetings once every *thirteen* years at Malta, and their Grand Master advising the European brothers of the place of *rendezvous* but a few hours in advance, these representatives of the once mightiest and most glorious body of Knights assembled on the fixed day, from various points of the earth. . . . Founded in 1118 by the Knights Hugh de Payens and Geoffrey de St.-Omer, nominally for the protection of the pilgrims, its real aim was the restoration of the primitive secret worship. The true version of the history of Jesus and of early Christianity was imparted to Hugh de Payens by the Grand-Pontiff of the Order of the Temple (of the Nazarene or Johannite sect), one named Theocletes, after which it was learned by some Knights in Palestine from the higher and more intellectual members of the St. John sect, who were initiated into its mysteries. Freedom of intellectual thought and the restoration of one and universal religion was their secret object. Sworn to the vow of obedience, poverty and chastity, they were at first the true Knights of John the Baptist, crying in the wilderness and living on wild honey and locusts. Such is the tradition and the true kabalistic version. It is a mistake to state that the Order only later became anti-Catholic. It was so from the beginning, and the red cross on the white mantle . . . had the same significance as with the initiates in every other country.”— *Isis Unveiled*, II, pp. 385, 382

As to the circle and surrounding dots on a pillar at Tarxien, the explanation may be found in the following:

“In the pre-Christian Mithraic Mysteries the candidate who fearlessly overcame the ‘*twelve* Tortures,’ which preceded the final initiation, received a small round cake or wafer of unleavened bread, symbolizing, in one of its meanings, the solar disk and shown as the heavenly bread or ‘manna,’ and having figures traced on it. . . . The *seven* rules or mysteries were then delivered to the ‘newly-born’—represented in the *Revelation* as the seven seals which are opened in order (see ch. v, vi). There can be no doubt that the Seer of Patmos referred to this ceremony.”— *Isis Unveiled*, II, pp. 351-2

Many Masons probably know that in the Mithraic ceremonies a preliminary scene of death was simulated by the neophyte. But the following is not so well known:

“When Maximus, the Ephesian, initiated the Emperor Julian into the Mithraic Mysteries, he pronounced as the usual formula of the rite, the following: ‘By this blood, I wash thee from thy sins. The Word of the Highest has entered unto thee, and His Spirit henceforth will rest upon the NEWLY-BORN, the now-begotten of the Highest God. . . . Thou art the son of Mithra.’”— *Isis Unveiled*, II, p. 566

It may be noted here that the word ‘blood’ had an inner meaning, representing the basis of physical life, called in the East *prāna*—the life-principle.

In the article referred to, allusion is made to a small hole in the wall connecting with an inner sanctuary at Hagar Kim, and a similar arrangement occurs at more than one place in Hal Saffieni, as well as a screen or curtain in front of an impressively designed recess at the latter place.

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These things recall a notable statement found in a Graeco-Demotic MS. of the first century,

"and most probably one of the few which miraculously escaped the Christian vandalism of the second and third centuries, when all such precious manuscripts were burned as magical, [wherein] we find . . . one of the principal heroes of the manuscript, who is constantly referred to as 'the Judæan Illuminator' or Initiate, is made to communicate but with his *Palar*; the latter being written in Chaldaic characters. Once the latter word is coupled with the name *Shimeon*. Several times the 'Illuminator,' who rarely breaks his contemplative solitude, is shown inhabiting a *Krupte* (cave) and teaching the multitudes of eager scholars standing outside, not orally, but through this *Palar*. The latter receives the words of wisdom by applying his ear to a circular hole in a partition which conceals the teacher from the listeners, and then conveys them, with explanations and glosses, to the crowd. This with a slight change was the method used by Pythagoras, who, as we know, never allowed his neophytes to see him during the years of probation, but instructed them from behind a curtain in his cave."

— *Isis Unveiled*, II, p. 93

This may throw a side-light on the purposes of the sound magnification and reflexion which characterize one of the remarkable chambers in Hal Saflieni.

"The great hierophant of the ancient Mysteries never allowed the candidates to see or hear him personally. He was the *deus ex machinâ*, the presiding but invisible Deity, uttering his will and instructions through a second party; and 2000 years later we discover that the Dalai-Lamas of Tibet had been following for centuries the same traditional program during the most important religious mysteries of lamaism. If Jesus knew the secret meaning of the title bestowed by him on Simon, then he must have been initiated, otherwise he could not have learned it; and if he was an initiate of either the Pythagorean Essenes, the Chaldaean Magi, or the Egyptian Priests, then the doctrine taught by him was but a portion of the 'Secret Doctrine' taught by the Pagan hierophants to the few select adepts admitted within the sacred adyta."— *Ibid*.

It has been stated in the encyclopaedias that tradition still points out in Malta the grottos of Calypso. Thanks to H. P. Blavatsky, Homer will be read understandingly before the twentieth century closes. Let us cite an item on this point:

"The myth of Atlas is an allegory easily understood. Atlas is the old continents of Lemuria and Atlantis, combined and personified in one symbol. The poets attribute to Atlas, as to Proteus, a superior wisdom and a universal knowledge, and especially *a thorough acquaintance with the depths of the ocean*: because both continents bore races instructed by *divine* masters, and because both were transferred to the bottom of the seas, where they now slumber until their next reappearance above the waters. Atlas is the son of an ocean nymph, and his daughter is Calypso — 'the watery deep': Atlantis has been submerged beneath the waters of the ocean, and its progeny is now sleeping its eternal sleep on the ocean floors. The *Odyssey* makes of him the guardian and the 'sustainer' of the huge pillars that separate the heavens from the earth. He is their 'supporter.' And as both Lemuria, destroyed by submarine fires, and Atlantis, submerged by the waves, perished in the ocean deeps, Atlas is said to have been compelled to leave the surface of the earth, and join his brother Iapetos in the depths of Tartaros. . . . Atlas is Atlantis which supports the new continents and their horizons on its 'shoulders.'"

— *The Secret Doctrine*, II, pp. 762-3

Altogether the discoveries in Malta suggest many lines of investigation.

THE MAN AND THE MASK

H. TRAVERS, M. A.



IN the story 'Markheim,' by R. L. Stevenson, occurs the following passage, where the hero, a man who has gone from bad to worse and has just committed his first murder, is communing with a mysterious visitor.

" 'Know me!' cried Markheim. 'Who can do so? My life is but a travesty and slander on myself. I have lived to belie my nature. All men do; all men are better than this disguise that grows about and stifles them. You see each dragged away by life, like one whom bravos have seized and muffled in a cloak. If they had their own control — if you could see their faces, they would be altogether different, they would shine out for heroes and saints!' "

What is the disguise that grows about a man and stifles him, if not the *personality* that he has created about his Soul — about his real Self — during his incarnate life? Life, we are told, is play-acting; the very word 'personality' is derived from *persona*, which means first a mask worn by players, secondly a part played by an actor, and thirdly the character which anyone sustains in the world. But, if the personality is the character sustained by a man in life, who is the man — he who sustains the character? He must be the real Self; and, in the case of the great majority of people in this age, he remains in the background, hidden beneath his mask and beneath the weight of clothing which he has put on in order to play his part.

The *duality of human nature*, an everlasting problem, and one that has been made clear by Theosophy, is here beautifully illustrated.

This outer shell of our nature, this mask of personal character, this house in which our Self dwells, is meant for our instrument and obedient servant. It can become our master and tyrant.

People cavil at fate and destiny, and wonder how and why they are so bound and make such a failure of their lives. Here we see the reason; we can trace the gradual process from its beginning. And, in looking back to that beginning, we at once think of the persons who influenced our earliest and tenderest years: what a responsibility was theirs! How much we were at their mercy! And did they understand these truths about the duality of human nature? Did they strive to guard the freedom of our Soul and to prevent this vampire-tyrant of selfish personality from growing up around it and throttling it? Perhaps they were ignorant and heedless of this sacred duty; perhaps, in their folly and weakness, they even pampered and fostered the foe. They held, it may be, before our young eyes, a fond and fanciful ideal of what they wanted us to be,

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thus creating a fictitious part for us to play, a false ideal for us to live up to. They yielded to our desires and pampered our self-love, requiring only a decent semblance of good behavior; so that we soon learned to wear a decent mask in their presence, and to take off the muddy boots of our character in their drawing-room.

All through life, from the earliest beginnings of responsibility (and how early those are!) we are confronted each moment with two roads, a right and a left; and we may acquire the *habit* of choosing the left every time. What wonder then if we find ourselves ever verging more and more widely to the left. What wonder that the man in the story, always choosing pleasure before duty, went gradually from innocent indulgence to the culminating point of murder for money.

Between the responsible self-conscious Man and his environment there is continual action and reaction. Pessimists say that we are at the mercy of environment. This is what they *say*; and we all know the fable of the fox who, having lost his tail in a trap, tried to persuade all the other foxes to discard their tails. If I found myself a failure in life, what a temptation it would be to me to save my vanity by trying to persuade myself and others that it could not be helped! It was destiny; hence the blame is on destiny, not on Me! And, if I found my pride vexed by the example of one who had stood where I had fallen, what a wicked delight I would take in striving to prove that that one was in reality as bad as I, that he was a hypocrite, that his success was unstable and only temporary!

Those that seek to persuade themselves and us that we are helpless victims of circumstances are foxes that have lost their tails. If we keep the center of our being weak and negative, the electric currents (as it were) will flow in from the outside; but if we make ourself positive, the current will flow the other way.

The great truths that give the key to the problems of life are found to be unexpectedly simple — provokingly simple, we might say; for people are apt to feel irritated when told of them, like Naaman when he was told to bathe in the Jordan for the cure of his leprosy. That irritation also comes from the fact that, when the real cure is proposed, the little devil in us takes alarm, because it feels that its empire is now threatened in earnest. Hence people often decline to adopt these simple remedies. They are like a patient who would rather take bottles of medicine than leave off some favorite food: his little devil knows that it has nothing to fear from the medicine, but it dreads the homelier treatment.

And so the problem of how to run our life is subject to just such a simple remedy, just such a homely and unwelcome remedy. It is a question of being able to resist minute temptations, tiny attractions,

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that come to us every moment. It is these little failures that make things so hard when the big trials come.

Turn again to the initial quotation: "I have lived to belie my nature. All men do." Is this too pessimistic? Can no man ever express his real Self, and must every man be dragged away by the currents of life? What are the facts? That some men are dragged away more than others; not all men fall from petty dishonesty to theft, from theft to burglary, and from burglary to murder. Hence the question is one of degree. Our lives may belie our real nature, but they may belie it *more or less*. The very man in the above story does actually repent and reform: he refuses to escape and reap the fruits of his crime, and he gives himself up to justice.

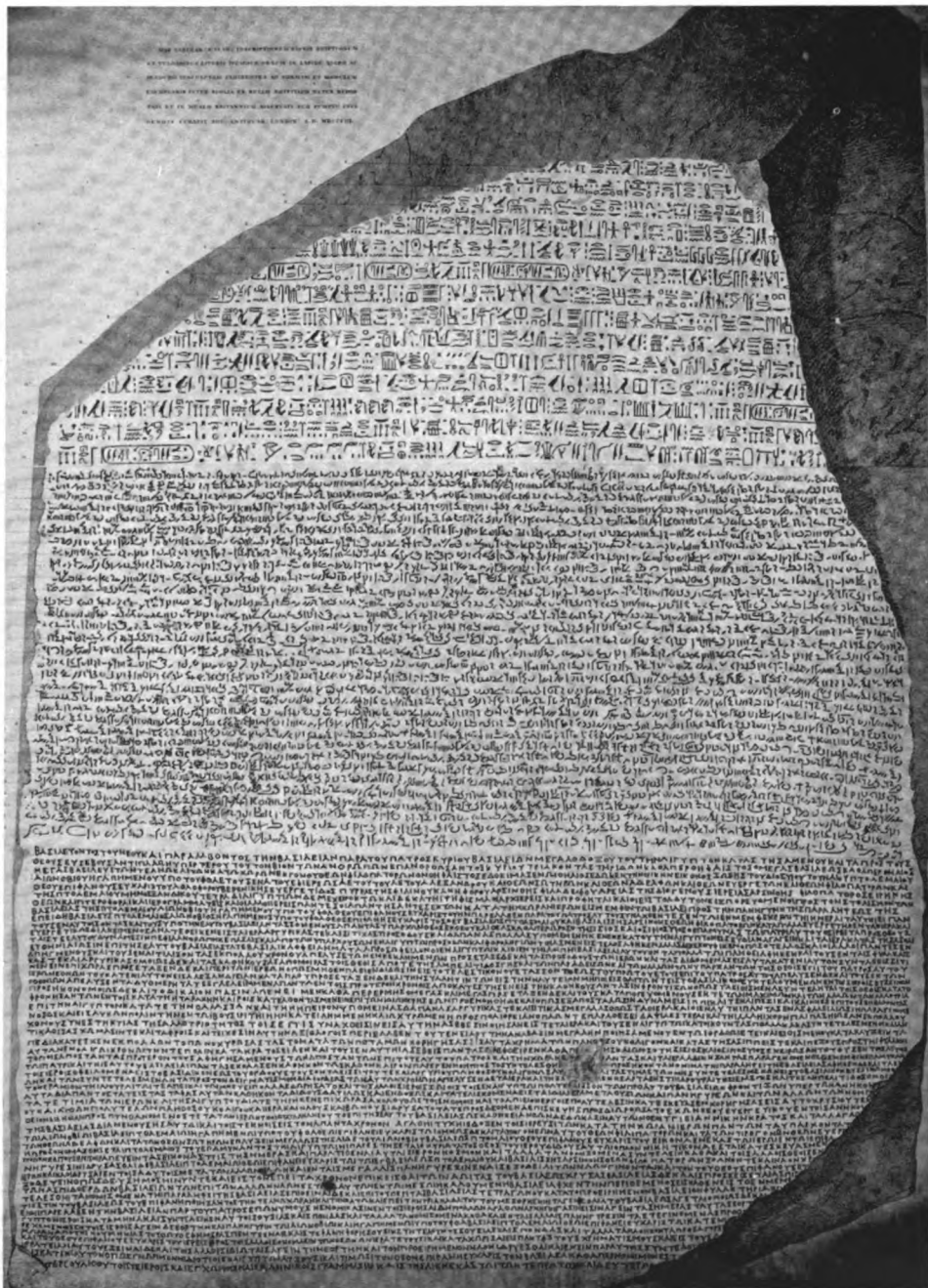
In this story, as in the same author's celebrated 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,' the important points are (1) the distinction between the Real and the fictitious self, (2) the terrible danger that the fictitious self, by constant feeding, may gain power enough to dethrone the real Self from the empire of body and mind. These two points we should do well to keep ever before us.

The first requisite, then, is *discrimination*, that we may distinguish the real Self from "this disguise that grows about and stifles" us. This is best done by action: we must follow duty, not desire. Thus alone can we purify our motives and be sure that the real Self is acting and not the man of desire. Life gives us plenty of chances to choose between duty and desire; it rests with us which we will choose in each case. Thus we shall strengthen either the real man or the fictitious man, according to our choice.

The Theosophical teachings were given to help us follow the path of duty, not to feed our desires. The former path means liberation and mastery over life; the latter means servitude and failure. Yet there are those who seek to make Theosophy minister to ambition and the desire for personal attainments; these are those who have failed to understand Theosophy, or who are propagating bogus Theosophy for their own ends.

A drama depicting the horrors and failures of human life would be incomplete did it not also show, or at least foreshadow, man's inherent power to save himself. This he does through his faith and trust in that divine fount which is the center of his being. He thus summons to his aid a power which is superior to the attractions and snares of circumstance. Circumstance; and what is circumstance after all, if not a word for our own weak desires? The power of circumstances lies not in themselves but in our reaction to them. To rise superior to circumstance is to rise superior to our own weakness.

Self-respect, then, is another requirement; self-respect, which eschews alike vanity and despondency. Vanity and self-abasement are twin evils



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THE ROSETTA STONE

In the British Museum



Londond Photo & Engraving Dept.

PTOLEMY V. SUBJECT OF THE ROSETTA STONE

ARSINOË III, MOTHER OF PTOLEMY V

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that succeed and reproduce each other; in neither is strength or constancy. Self-respect esteems not what is personal but what is impersonal; it means confidence in the efficacy of right motive and in the law of eternal justice (Karma); and this is quite a different thing from vainglory.

Let us then not keep our real Self as a mere vain regret, but let it shine forth in our conduct, so that it may save us from being dragged down to despair by 'this disguise that grows up around us.'

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A Chapter of Egyptian History

P. A. MALPAS

THE scene is in Egypt in the fall of 332 'B. C.' After a national 'day' of glory, so long and so great that modern history is still afraid to look at it with unveiled eyes, the age-old Kingdom of the Nile was speeding towards the twilight of its days. The Persian domination was cordially hated from the Delta to the Pyramids and their taxes were a burden hard to be borne, rich though the country was from the bounty of the Nile and the precious trade with India. Either at this time or at some approximate historical period, the wise Indian rulers had decreed that Egypt should send only one merchant ship yearly to their ports. The Egyptians met the law by building a ship of such remarkable size and capacity that its cargo of precious Indian gems and spices and other wares was worth the burden of a fleet of argosies. There was a ship, which perhaps never left the Nile, with a complement of 4000 rowers and 4000 crew; double-prowed and double-sterned, the oars rose in twenty banks above the broad decks that spanned the two keels. She was built at a later date, but now the Persian yoke proved such an incubus that the splendid enterprise of a race that could do these things was stifled, and sentiment more than interest made the Persians odious, and those bearing gifts from the Queen of the Nile to the Empire of the East.

The Persians exploited but did not properly protect Egypt. Military incursions had done the country much damage and made the people apprehensive of Persian inability to prevent future attacks. Piratical enterprises had also alarmed them and caused much loss.

When, therefore, the young Macedonian conqueror, Alexander the Great, entered the harbor of Pelusium, he was welcomed as a deliverer rather than as a new oppressor, though he could, and did, levy the same

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taxes as the Persians. The intruder not only met no opposition, but his progress up the Nile to Memphis was a triumphal advance.

Alexander acted with sense. Making no attempt to wound the religious susceptibilities of the Egyptians or to attack their particular form of the religion of humanity, he accepted recognition at the hands of the priesthood as a son of Ammon and therefore a legitimate King of Egypt. Sonchis of Saïs declared to Solon that, before the memory of Greek history began, the Greeks were a mighty nation allied to the Egyptians by peculiarly close religious ties. All they now did was to recognise within the Macedonian form the kindred Egyptian soul and to treat Alexander as an exiled prince coming into his own kingdom. His divinity was acknowledged, and he respected and honored the religion of his new country, receiving certain degrees of initiation in their temples, such as suited his standing.

The new conqueror founded a new capital on the Mediterranean, and called it after himself, Alexandria, destined later to be famous for its glorious Theosophical School and infamous for the persecutions of the martyrs of that school, culminating in the savage attack on Hypatia, when Cyril's Christians scraped the flesh from her bones with oyster shells in church at Easter-time. He had stolen the church plate, and now he was responsible for robbing the Neo-Platonic School of Philosophy of its brightest gem. But all that was in the later karma of the city of Alexander.

Alexander died in 323 B. C., some nine years later. There was no question as to who would succeed to the throne of Egypt. Ptolemy had fought his way to the front from being an obscure military officer, and had attained the highest and most trusted position in the army, besides being a favored and familiar friend of the mighty Alexander. He demanded and obtained Egypt as his share in the Empire, thus founding the dynasty of the Ptolemies.

The next scene is a hundred and twenty years later. The ancient glory of the spiritual kings was fast fading in a dull red light and the court was about as corrupt as it could well be. Ptolemy IV had not much character to recommend him, and the character of his associates, especially the favorite minister Agathocles, was abominable. One star shone unsullied over the court, Queen Arsinoë III. Her childhood had been so beset with thorns and suffering that there was something noble about her, which was more than could be said for any others at the court. The people looked to her for a possible restoration some day of a semblance of morality and justice in high places, when maids, wives, and widows might once again feel safe from the attentions of the dissolute satellites

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of Agathocles and the circle of which he was the mainspring. There was another, the great soldier Tlepolemus, whom they counted upon for relief, but he was not at the time in Alexandria.

Then the Fourth Ptolemy died — which was hardly surprising, considering the way he lived.

Agathocles immediately consulted with his equally infamous sister Agathocleia, and they concealed the royal death until their plans should be ready. She had been the evil genius of Ptolemy IV, and now she became her brother's tool and instigator. The excellent Arsinoë was murdered as a matter of course, and the murderer was given a colonial governorship to get him out of the way. Then having the young Ptolemy V, her son and the new king, in their power, together with the royal treasury, Agathocles and his vile sister laid their cards on the table. They announced that the King Ptolemy IV was dead and that they had become the guardians of the little five-year-old son, whose baby brow was too tender to bear the heavy weight of the double crown of Upper and Lower Egypt. So far the matter seemed sufficiently straightforward, but when it was announced that Arsinoë also was dead, the wrath of the people knew no bounds. It had been calculated that with Tlepolemus out of the city, there would be no leader to carry the Alexandrian mob to extremes and that their possible resentment could be propitiated. As for the Macedonian guards, it was easy to pay them for their loyalty.

Both calculations went wrong. The mob was so exasperated that they spontaneously broke out into a violent sedition, and on an appeal being made to the Macedonians, the latter proved hostile. Was it not obvious that if a Macedonian king or queen could be murdered, the lives of all Macedonians were unsafe under the self-appointed regent? The soldiers resisted all bribes and handed Agathocles and his sister and all his relatives over to the mob, who tore them to pieces.

The third century B. C. was drawing to its close when the boy-king began his reign. Sosibius was the next to obtain possession of the child's person, but as soon as Tlepolemus returned to the city he naturally and as of right assumed the administration of affairs. He was a first-class soldier and very popular, and was pre-eminently the man for the position, with the exception that he was not a statesman in any sense of the word. He was just a soldier to whom a good javelin-throw or a shrewd sword-thrust were of greater importance than all the wearisome routine of government. He would as likely as not have preferred to settle all differences by letting the rival disputants fight it out on the drill-ground while he acted as umpire. Devoted to athletics and the arts of war by day, he spent his evenings in convivial banquets. As a result the affairs of the kingdom naturally fell quickly into the utmost disorder and chaos.

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What rulers had been more friendly towards Egypt than Philip of Macedon and Antiochus III of Syria while Ptolemy IV was on the throne? What more natural than that now they had to deal with a little boy in his place, his baby son, they should conspire together to dispossess him and divide his kingdom between them? Political friendships are unstable things, and selfish opportunities are a severe test of sincerity. Antiochus invaded Coele-Syria and Philip reduced the Cyclades and the Egyptian cities in Thrace without so much as a by-your-leave or a thank-you.

Fortunately there were wise men in Egypt and one of the wisest, Aristomenes, became the adviser of the young King. The Egyptian generals were doing their best, but the aspect of affairs was somewhat critical. Skopas, the Aetolian general sent out by the Egyptians, dislodged Antiochus from Coele-Syria at the great battle of Panion in 198 B. C. when Ptolemy was about twelve or thirteen years of age and had reigned six or seven years.

Philip was countered by the Rhodians and Attalus of Pergamon, who gave his fleet such a rough handling that further attempts against Egypt were paralysed.

The ministers had appealed to Rome. They sent an embassy offering to place Egypt under Roman protection. The senate accepted the proposition and sent an embassy to Egypt consisting of C. Claudius Nero, M. Aemilius Lepidus, and Publius Sempronius Tuditanus, to take charge of affairs. Lepidus seems to have assumed the title of Guardian of Ptolemy.

The Romans crushed the power of Philip at Cynoscephalae in 197 B. C., and they stopped Antiochus from making further advances against Egypt.

Antiochus was wily enough to save appearances by declaring that the war against Egypt was finished, and assured the Romans that not only had he no designs on the country but had arranged to betroth his daughter Cleopatra to the young King Ptolemy, with a promised dowry of half the revenue of Coele-Syria. The marriage actually took place in 193 B. C., some six years later.

Those seven years at the close of the third century and the opening of the second 'B. C.' had been full of bitter trouble and anxiety for Egypt. But the wise minister Aristomenes had, by the Roman intervention, brought his young sovereign out of all other foreign difficulties. In the natural course the King would have come of age, legally, at fourteen, but it appears that he was at least provisionally crowned before that, and his majority was perhaps anticipated in a similar manner to that which obtains in some countries at the present day.

When the great Aristomenes died, there died with him the good genius

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of the King. Ptolemy V went downhill, and when his wise minister was no longer with him his life produced nothing of interest or importance. He became harsh and unjust, and when he died in the twenty-ninth year of his age and the twenty-fourth of his reign, the old fire of the closing years of the previous century and the beginning of the new seems to have been almost forgotten. He died unregretted.

But that was later. And the great decree of the priests of Egypt, which they had promulgated in celebration of the happy issue out of all their country's afflictions in the spring of 196 B. C., still bore witness in the temples to the deeds that had been done in his name, while standing as a monument of the first commemoration of the coronation of the young Ptolemy. Perhaps its most fitting description would be that it was so promulgated as marking the age when he would in the ordinary course of law attain his majority.

The story next concerns Napoleon and his conquest of Egypt at the very end of the eighteenth century 'A. D.' As in the case of Alexander, the circumstances were not auspicious. The glory had departed from the public eye to the hidden recesses of the rocks and subterranean crypts. Egypt seemed a dead country and a dying nation, superficially, at any rate.

The English were attacking the French, who in the course of their defense found it necessary to repair the earthwork known under the name of the Bastion de St.-Julien. The superintendent of the work was an artillery officer named Bussard who either possessed some imagination, or by one of those curious 'accidents' that occasionally happen, made a discovery whose results have been far-reaching. In the progress of the work there came to hand a block of black syenitic basalt with some sort of inscription upon its surface. The point that thrust itself upon the officer's attention was that the inscription was in three sections, one hieroglyphic, that strange unknown language (if it was a language), another unrecognised script, and the third Greek.

The flash of intuition suggested that if all three inscriptions should prove to be the same in different languages, of which the Greek was known, there might be a key to the profound mystery of the hieroglyphics and the soul of old Egypt. It was the possible gate to a new world.

The block of stone was carefully packed, in preparation for its removal to Paris. But before this could take place the French signed the Capitulation of Alexandria. By this instrument it was specified in the sixteenth article that all curiosities were to be given up to the captors, the English. The stone had been found at Rashid or Rosetta, and the French claimed that this Rosetta Stone, as it is still called, was not public property

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and a curiosity to which the clause in the capitulation could be applied. It was private property in the possession of a French General, possessing the curiously archaic Egyptian name of Menou. The ways of soldiers are not the ways of delicate negotiation, and Lord Hutchinson clinched his arguments by sending General Turner with a devil-cart and a detachment of artillerymen to the residence of General Menou with orders to bring the stone to the British headquarters without further discussion. This was done.

The dispute had not lessened the interest in the stone, and General Turner, being "determined to share its fate," embarked with it in the frigate '*Égyptienne*.' After a prosperous voyage, the ship arrived at Portsmouth in February, 1802, just two years short of a couple of millenniums since the lettering on it was carved, as subsequent research showed. In March of the same year the stone was placed in the Antiquarian Society's Rooms, where it remained some time before being deposited in the British Museum.

In April, 1802, a month later, the Rev. Stephen Weston presented a translation of the Greek to the Antiquarian Society, and in July the Society ordered four plaster casts to be made and sent to the British Universities, while engravings of the Greek were distributed. A French translation appeared shortly afterwards from the pen of 'citizen du Theil' of the Institut National of Paris. When Napoleon was in Egypt he took a body of learned men with him for the study of such historical monuments as were available. They took the greatest interest in the stone, as did Bonaparte himself, and two Frenchmen, Marcel and Galland, were brought from France to make copies of the inscription, which these lithographers did by rolling it up with printing ink and so taking impressions on paper. Two of these impressions were taken by General Dagua to Paris, and he gave them into the care of du Theil. The latter announced that the stone was a "monument of the gratitude of some priests of Alexandria, or some neighboring place, towards Ptolemy Epiphanes."

So far, progress was satisfactory. But there remained the other two inscriptions, or versions of the same inscription, as deeply wrapped in mystery as ever. It was known that one was the hieroglyphic writing of the temples and the other was the cursive hand derived from the hieroglyphic and much used at the time of the Ptolemies, called the Demotic, or popular character. It is also called the enchorial.

Students were quite alive to the fact that here was a probable key to the vast mass of Egyptian literature which was as little understood as is the Mexican today. If a relation could be established between the Greek and the other two, what a world might not be opened to the longing

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eyes of the world of scholarship! What a burning of the midnight oil was there among those ambitious of the honor of being the first to decipher the footprints of a dead world recorded on the Rosetta Stone!

Silvestre de Sacy and Åkerblad were the first to publish studies of the Demotic text, basing their conclusions upon the theory that the cartouche or oval in the Hieroglyphic and its equivalent in the Demotic contained royal names. They made out several names and even a few other words, but the first investigators were terribly handicapped by the groundless assertion on the part of some scholars that the hieroglyphics were not phonetic. Being in the form of pictures it was supposed the meaning would be related to the picture rather than to any possible sound assigned to the picture. Yet it is the fact that the English alphabet is a series of conventionalized pictures representing sounds, a circumstance probably unknown to them. And indeed, in their origin in the dim Atlantean (?) past, many of the Egyptian hieroglyphics were taken to represent the sound of the initial letter of the name of the object they pictured.

So we have these European savants poring with towed heads over the meaning of the keystone to the arch through which entrance was to be sought to the realm of ancient Egyptian literature. It was Dr. Thomas Young who was the first to grasp the fact that the figures represented sounds, and to utilize it in his decipherings. In 1818 he prepared an article for the *Encyclopedia Britannica* which gave several correct interpretations of signs. He proved that the theory of the oval or cartouche containing royal names was correct, and on the Rosetta Stone deciphered the name of Ptolemy, and on another monument that of Berenice. About the same time Bankes deciphered the name of Cleopatra on an obelisk he had discovered at Philae. Small results for twenty years' work perhaps, but for twenty centuries there had been no results at all, and these three drops of rain were the precursors of the hurricane that has since deluged us with the life of Egypt and proved that our civilization is not necessarily advanced in the things that the wise men of old regarded as essentials, while they despised the things we think most valuable.

The giant intellect of Egyptology now appeared on the scene in the person of the great Champollion. In his youth something had stirred him to study Coptic, which is in reality the modern form of the old Egyptian. There is a vast literature in Coptic, chiefly religious, since the Copts who survived were in great part descendants of early Egyptian converts to Christianity. This Champollion had studied until he had

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become an expert, and his knowledge of the language was invaluable in the restoration of the Egyptian. In parenthesis, it is remarkable that in the same decade containing the discovery of the Rosetta Stone, the famous Count Cagliostro was persecuted to the point of death, and one of the greatest complaints that could be made against him was that he called himself the "Great Copt," or to spell it as Goethe did in the play he wrote about him, "Kophta." This only meant that that much-maligned philosopher and freemason was a representative of the Egyptian school of philosophy. Ignorance made the title a fantastic claim of an adventurer, while in reality it was a very sober description of what he was. This then is the language, the Coptic, which Champollion used to such effect that he founded the science of Egyptian grammar and decipherment, besides giving the phonetic values of syllabic signs, and to all intents and purposes restoring the lost language of Egypt in such form that later scholars had but to exercise patience to decipher and translate the silent voice of the Ancient Land of the Nile.

The study of the method by which the name of Ptolemy on the Rosetta Stone was deciphered letter by letter is fascinating to those who are interested in such details, and the monumental works of Sir Ernest Budge, the Egyptologist of the British Museum, bring the story within the compass of the least learned minds. Five times the name is repeated, and as the name is that of a king of the Greek dynasty it follows that the Egyptian form of the name could hardly be much different in sound. Following the clue yet further, it was found that the figures in the hieroglyphic cartouches supposed to correspond to the letters of the name Ptolemaios, when applied to other cartouches gave portions of such names as Cleopatra and Alexander; the odd letters being supplied gave yet other names in other cartouches, and gradually the whole alphabet became clear. When Champollion added his knowledge to this lettering, the whole of the Egyptian language became easy to translate for those who had the patience to do it.

This is the Decree (on the Rosetta Stone) of the priests, in honor of Ptolemy V, made in 196 B. C. and deciphered in 1802 A. D., while the next hundred years were devoted to the rebuilding of the whole vast structure of the Egyptian literature out of the information supplied by the hieroglyphic and demotic portions:

"In the reign of the youthful king, who received the kingdom from his father, Lord of Diadems, greatly glorious, who has established Egypt and, pious towards the gods, is superior to his enemies; who has set right the life of men; Lord of the feasts of thirty years, like Hephaestos the great, king, like the sun, the great King, both of the Upper and Lower countries, offspring of the gods Philopatores whom Hephaestos (Ptah) approved, to whom the Sun (Ra) has given victory, the living image of Zeus (Ammon); son of the Sun, PTOLEMY, ever-living beloved of Ptah; in the ninth year when Aetus, son of Aetus, was priest of Alexander

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and of the Gods Soters, of the Gods Adelphi, of the Gods Evergetae, of the Gods Philopators and of the God Epiphanes Eucharistus; the Athlophorus of Berenice Evergetes being Pyrrha, daughter of Philinus; the priestess of Arsinoë Philadelphus being Areia daughter of Diogenes; the priestess of Arsinoë Philopator, being Irene daughter of Ptolemy; of the month Xandicus the fourth, but according to the Egyptians, the 18th of Mechir: DECREE:" —

It is interesting to note the correspondence of the Greek and Egyptian Gods, as indicated by Plato when he quotes the conversation of Solon with the priests of Saïs. The Egyptians and Athenians in archaic times were so closely related that their gods were really the same, the names being translated from one to the other without losing much of their character. Corrupt as was the everyday Egypt of the Ptolemies, there is a reminiscence of the times of old in the recognition of the God within the Sovereign. First, we are told, there were Gods that reigned over the nation as Gods, known and loved. Then they reigned in human form, assuming human bodies for convenience, but losing nothing of their unclouded divinity. Then as darker ages came they retreated, and it is to be presumed that only the purified and qualified priests were capable of recognising them and talking with them face to face. Later still, it is probable that priests merely claimed the power to recognise the Gods and used their prestige for political ends. It may have been at this stage that the Ptolemies were recognised as Gods and given god-names as above, ending in the Philopators, parents of Ptolemy V, and in himself as the god Epiphanes Eucharistus; or, on the other hand, these names may possibly represent that power which endeavored through these kings to govern Egypt as well as the degenerated condition of life would allow.

The Decree continues:

"The chief priests, prophets, and those who enter the temples for the arraying of the gods, and the feather-bearers and sacred scribes, and all the other priests who have come from the temples throughout the land to Memphis into the presence of the King for the ceremony of the reception, by Ptolemy, the everliving, beloved of Ptah, god Epiphanes Eucharistus, of the crown which he received from his father, being gathered together in the temple at Memphis on the day aforesaid, decreed:

"Since that King Ptolemy (etc.) has in many things benefited the temples and those connected with them, and all those living under his sway, that, being a god, born of a god and a goddess, like Horus the son of Isis and Osiris, who avenged his father Osiris, of a liberal disposition towards the gods, he has offered to the temples revenues both of money and provisions and has undergone great expenses in order to bring back Egypt to peace and establish the temple observances and has been generous with all his own means; of the taxes and imposts existing in Egypt, some he has entirely remitted, others he has lightened, that the people and all others might be in prosperity under his rule; he has remitted to all the crown debts which those in Egypt and the rest of his kingdom owed, being very considerable; he has released from the claims against them those shut up in prison for such debt, and those lying under accusation for a long time; also he commanded that the revenues of the temples and the contributions of provisions and money made them yearly, likewise the just portions of the gods from the vineyards and gardens and what else belonged to the gods in the time of his father, should remain upon the same basis.

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"He commanded also concerning the priests that they should give nothing more for the consecration fee than was imposed in the first year of his father's reign: he released also those sacred tribes from the yearly voyage down into Alexandria; also he ordered the recruiting of naval supplies to cease; of the contribution of fine linen cloth (byssus) made in the temples for the royal palace he remitted two-thirds; what had been neglected in former times he restored to proper order, taking care that the accustomed duties should be duly paid to the gods.

"Likewise also he apportioned justice for all, as Hermes the twice great; he ordered also that those who returned down the river from Upper Egypt, both soldiers and others who went astray from their allegiance in the days of public disturbance, should be kept in possession of their property on their return; he took care also that there should go out forces of horse and foot and ships against those invading Egypt both by sea and land, undergoing great expense both of money and corn that the temples and all that are in Egypt might be in safety. He was present also at Lycopolis in the nome of Busiris which had been taken and fortified against a siege by a very abundant supply of all kinds of munitions, seeing that for a long time rebellion had existed among those impious ones gathered there, who had done the temples and the inhabitants of Egypt much evil; and laying siege to it, he surrounded it with embankments and trenches and remarkable fortifications; the great rise which the Nile made in the eighth year, when it was accustomed to flood the plains, he restrained at many places, securing the mouths of the canals, and spending on them no small amount of money, stationing horse and foot soldiers to guard them. In a little while he took the city by storm, and all the impious ones in it he destroyed, like as Hermes and Horus the son of Isis and Osiris overpowered those who in the same parts had revolted in former times. The ringleaders also of the revolts in his father's time who had troubled the country and outraged the temples, being at Memphis, the avenger of his father and of his own royalty, all these he punished as they deserved, at the time when he went there for his performance of the rites proper for the reception of the crown; he remitted also the crown debts owed by the temples up to his eighth year, amounting to no small quantity of provisions (corn) and money, likewise the fines for the value of the byssus cloth not delivered, and of that cloth which had been delivered for the same period, the cost of replacing such as differed from the standard pattern.

"He released the temples also of the tax of the artaba for every aroura of the sacred land, and in like manner as to the jar of wine (the ceramium) for each aroura of the vineland. To Apis and Mnevis he made many gifts, as also to the other sacred animals of Egypt, having much more care for them than the kings before him, and considering in all respects what belonged to those gods; he gave bountifully and nobly what was proper for their funerals, with the dues for the support of their respective worship and shrines, with sacrifices and festivals and the other usual rites. The honors of the temples and of Egypt he has carefully kept upon the same basis, agreeably to the laws. He has adorned the temple of Apis with costly works, expending upon it gold and silver and precious stones no small amount, and has founded temples and shrines and altars. What had need of repair he restored, having the disposition of a beneficent god in matters of religion. By making special inquiry he discovered the state and position of the most honorable temples, and in return the gods have given him health, victory, power, and all other good things, the kingdom being assured to him and his children to all time. WITH GOOD FORTUNE:" —

The list of virtuous and wise deeds enumerated is wonderful for a boy of fourteen years, yet it seems fair enough if the good Aristomenes and other real patriots who had the guardianship of the King acted in his name for the welfare of the land, accepting him as the divine focus of their united efforts. Even if that divine kingship had degenerated into a mere formality from the personal point of view, the system of government echoed the ancient reality of the reign of the divine kings and was an ideal form, however imperfect the details. No other known

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system has, so far as history knows, produced a country that lasted intact and glorious for over seventy-five thousand years!

Unfortunately, Ptolemy V advanced no more in wisdom or righteousness after the death of Aristomenes, and many of the excellent measures adopted in regard to taxation and government were canceled or forgotten before he died. But the priests were honoring the King as he was before the change came for the worse, and the honors they decreed stand to the credit of the young king as he was, and not as he became. This was the purport of the final portion of the Rosetta Decree:

"It has seemed good to the priests of all the temples of the land to decree to augment greatly the honors now paid to the everliving king Ptolemy, beloved of Ptah, god Epiphanes Eucharistus, and likewise those of his ancestors, the gods Philopators and of his ancestors the gods Evergetae and of the gods Adelphi, and those of the gods Soters [Note: The latter four were the first four Ptolemies]; to erect of the everliving king Ptolemy, god Epiphanes Eucharistus, an image in each temple in the most conspicuous place, which shall be entitled, 'Ptolemy, the defender of Egypt,' near which shall stand the god to whom the temple belongs, presenting to him the emblem of victory, which arrangements will be made in the manner of the Egyptians, also for the priests to perform a service before the images three times a day, and put on the sacred dress and perform the other accustomed rites, as to the other gods in the festivals of Egypt; to establish for King Ptolemy, god Epiphanes Eucharistus, offspring of King Ptolemy and Queen Arsinoë, gods Philopators, a statue and a shrine, both gilded, in each of the temples, and to place this in the inner chamber with the other shrines, and in the great festivals in which processions of the shrines take place, for the shrine of the god Epiphanes Eucharistus, to go out with them. And that it may be distinguished both now and for future time, there shall be set upon the shrine the ten golden ornaments of the King, to which shall be affixed an asp similar to the adorning of the asp-like crowns which are upon the other shrines, but in the midst of them shall be the crown called 'schent,' which he wore when he entered the temple at Memphis, for the performance in it of the rites proper to the assumption of the crown; to place upon the platform (or square surface round the crowns) besides the aforesaid crown, ten golden phylacteries upon which shall be written: 'This is the shrine of the King who makes manifest (Epiphanes) both the Upper country and the Lower'; and since the 30th of the month Mesore on which the birthday festivities of the King are celebrated and in like manner the 17th of the month Paophi in which he received the kingdom from his father, have been named after him in the temples; since these were occasions of great blessings, a feast shall be celebrated in the temples on these days in every month, on which there shall be sacrifices and libations and the other customary festivals . . . there shall be celebrated a feast and a panegyry to the everliving beloved of Ptah, King Ptolemy, god Epiphanes Eucharistus, each year in the temples throughout the land from the first of the month of Thoth for five days, in which also they shall wear garlands, performing sacrifices and libations and the other usual honors. The priests also of the temples of the country shall be called priests of the God Epiphanes Eucharistus in addition to the names of the other gods whom they serve; that priesthood to him shall be inscribed on all their documents and on the seal-rings on their hands. It shall be lawful for private persons to celebrate the feast and set up the aforementioned shrine, having it in their houses and performing the customary rites in the feasts both monthly and yearly in order that it may be published abroad that the people of Egypt magnify and honor the god Epiphanes Eucharistus, the King, according to the law. This decree to be set up on a stele of hard stone, in sacred and enchorial writing and in Greek, and to be erected in each of the temples of the first, the second, and the third order, by the image of the everliving King."

Much of the defective portions of the lines on the stone has been supplied with almost certain accuracy from a stele discovered in 1898

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at Damanhur in the Delta, and now in the Cairo Museum, and also from the copy of a text of the Decree found on the walls of a temple at Philae. The language is a little difficult to translate into current English owing to the Egyptian method of expression, but this formal 'sermon in stone' has carried its message down through the centuries, and we are as a direct consequence learning the first chapter of the lesson that our civilization is but a repetition of things well known in past ages; much not only being regarded in some of its most vaunted details as too dangerous to make public where the purest morality is not the guiding principle in life, but actually despised as crude in comparison with other and better methods of attaining the same results.

When we have duly studied the secrets of ancient civilizations which flourished long before our age of darkness — so dark that it even wants to deny the very existence of the light — we shall find, are finding, that the horrors of vivisection are not only methods of savagery, but that those ancients possessed immensely superior methods. They knew of explosives, and rigidly kept the thing secret. What are all the so-called benefits of the use of explosives in the balance against the life of a single man sacrificed by their use? The greatest scholar Oxford ever knew, old Roger Bacon, hid his knowledge of gunpowder in a cryptogram, and it would have been better perhaps if he had concealed it altogether. There are many other things we shall find out in time that the Egyptians knew and concealed from irresponsible scholars for the sake of humanity. The Rosetta Stone and the efforts of those who have built up from it the ancient structure of the language are therefore not to be despised, though they may seem to be little more than a scholar's pastime at first sight, though they come as dim gleams of the twilight and the dark of Egypt's glory.

There is another chapter, not yet written. H. P. Blavatsky, whose writings are a storehouse of knowledge, or rather the keys to knowledge, since she could but touch upon many important subjects, suggests that many of the old writings of the temples of Egypt are as much cryptograms or codes as, say, the genealogies of Genesis. Applying the key of a geometrical figure to the hieroglyphics, certain words are revealed as being connected with one another in a secret combination. As likely as not, the modern materialist would hardly understand most such passages, even if he could read them, any more than the birds could have appreciated a sermon from St. Francis on finance or mathematics, had he chosen such a subject for his discourse to the sparrows and finches. But that does not mean that these hidden interpretations are useless — very much

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the reverse. There is no suggestion that any such interior message has been handed down the ages in the Rosetta Stone — it might be or might not. But the message of the stone may in time lead to useful discoveries, when it dawns upon a larger proportion of the leaders of thought and endeavor that not all discovery should be applied to the art of killing one's fellow man, and in the intervals of peace to the science of getting more money than the man next door,— and out of him, if possible.

KARMA AS CONSOLER

H. T. EDGE, M. A.

"With that absolute knowledge that *all* your limitations are due to Karma, past or in this life, and with a firm reliance ever now upon Karma as the only judge, . . . you can stand anything that may happen and feel serene despite the occasional despondencies which all feel, but which the light of Truth always dispels."—W. Q. JUDGE



THEOSOPHICAL teachings are nothing if not made real and serviceable to us in our path of life; and the doctrine of Karma must be made real and serviceable, else we are no better off than before we heard of it. There is always the tendency for people, when adopting a new belief, to retain their old habit of mind, and to change nothing but the mere wording of their faith. A man brought up in a particularly narrow form of sectarianism may discard all its dogmas, and yet retain unwittingly many of the traits of character which his training engendered; so that he transplants these traits into his new beliefs. Thus he may become a narrow and intolerant skeptic or a self-conscious and canting materialist. So we must beware lest, in adopting new beliefs, we are merely reclothing the household gods over our hearth; we must avoid the habit of fitting our statues with new heads every time a new emperor or a new creed appears upon the scene. Otherwise we might find ourselves using Karma as a god, to be kept out of the way in a convenient shrine on ordinary occasions, and merely brought forth in special emergencies to be prayed to on the off chance that some good might result.

Even in writing an article on the subject, one feels the necessity for steering clear of this tendency to let the thoughts run in old molds. For one gets to speaking of Karma as an article of faith, a clause in a creed. Would it not be better to regard it as an interpretation of one's own intuitive convictions? Looking back over the past, this is indeed how it seems: it seems as though the belief in Karma were innate, and the Theosophical teachers had simply interpreted to us our own thoughts,

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which had been obscured by many notions derived from all those other people who have influenced our mental growth. It is natural to believe that all life is ordered justly and unerringly. We cannot believe in chaos and chance and disorder. The only difficulty is in seeing just how the justice and order are worked out.

We feel that, with the power to ask questions, must go the power to answer them; and that, if man has the one power, he must have the other. We feel conscious of a power within ourselves that is infinite in its range and that refuses to be put off with the notion that anything lies forever beyond the range of its knowledge. Never, surely, was a more discouraging dogma uttered than that which (in various forms) tells us that we can *never* know certain things — that certain things are beyond our knowledge. If we do not now understand the workings of Karma, nor see how justice is worked out in human life, the reason for our blindness can only be that we do not yet know enough about life and about our own nature. When we know more, we shall understand better the working of Karma. Sir Walter Raleigh wrote, on the night before his execution:

“E’en such is Time; who takes in trust
Our youth, our joys, and all we have,
And pays us but with age and dust;
Who, in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days.”

Which is beautiful, but he ends with what will seem to many an anticlimax:

“But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
The Lord will raise me up, I trust.”

If this life of the mere personality, lasting seventy years, were all, should we have the power to repine over it? Should we not rather be unquestioning and content, like the sentinel quail on my fence or the lizard basking on my doorstep? There was something in that noble prisoner in the Tower which could not brook the narrow conception of human life and eternal justice; but it was not given to him at that time to soar beyond the dogmatic beliefs of his age and upbringing. Hence the anticlimax.

To understand Karma we have to recognise that this personal life is *not* all, but that we are all the time part of a far greater consciousness, of which we are but dimly aware, yet which speaks to us through our intuitions. The teachings of Theosophy interpret to our mind the intuitions of our Soul. They tell us that the *real man* is not mortal, not bounded by time and space and personality; and that, if we could realize

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what we are, what life really means, we should see the justice and order throughout the whole. But more: they tell us that we can achieve such realization — not all at once but step by step; and that the more we study and contemplate, the better we shall understand.

If a man thinks that his fate is arbitrary, he has no security for the future. But if he believes that his present fate is the logical result of his past actions, then he realizes that his present actions will determine his future fate. He begins to suspect that he has the matter in his own hands. The quotation says we can feel serene despite occasional inevitable despondence; and it is true; experience proves it. We do despond; but the fit is sooner over, for the serene mind within is waiting till the outer machinery settles down into calmer vibrations so that reason can hold sway once more.

Karma is habit on a large scale. Our actions and thoughts set up habits; and habits are children of the mind, generated out of desire and fancy, for whom we are responsible and who make demands upon us. Our present fate is a mass of habits which we have set up. We have written ourselves a record, which we must unroll.

There are those who would cavil at the doctrine of Karma, saying that it is fatalism, an unescapable fabric of never-ending cause and effect. Such objections are but the first petulant carplings of the neophyte, whose mind rises in instinctive opposition to every unfamiliar idea, be it true or false. We do not blame him, provided he is willing to study the matter further. Man has the power to steady himself amid the swirling eddies of fate. Compare the man of sense and discretion with the neurotic or the madman; and then, seeing how much freer is the former compared with the latter, infer how much freer still is the sage than the ordinary man. We can progress indefinitely in knowledge, and thus in power and freedom. Entanglement in the meshes of destiny results from the enslavement of our will to the attractions of personal desires and narrow ideals. Life has been compared to a wheel, whose circumference rotates with great and ceaseless velocity, but which becomes stiller in proportion as we approach the nave. Let us therefore seek the center of our being, where there is rest.

Science means the discovery of law and order in nature, and the attempt to understand it; but this knowledge should not be restricted to the department of visible nature. It should include the whole sphere of life, thus banishing from our dictionary such words as 'chance.' Our minds create a great deal of confusion, because they are trained to think in certain definite grooves and according to certain narrow rules of formal logic. Very often, when we stop cogitating, and the time comes for action, this doubt and this confusion disappear: our instincts are wiser than

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our heads. The mind is a faculty that lies midway between the two halves of our nature. It has been so long the playground for our fancies and desires that it presents us with a false picture of the universe and of life, a picture adapted to the wishes of the lower man. The mind should be rescued from this subserviency to the lower man and allowed to reflect the wisdom from above. Then we should have a chance of understanding the real laws of life and should learn more about Karma.


We are not neglected and ignored by fate or providence; for we have the power to bring to our aid great agencies for good. These agencies are invoked by our own aspirations; for, when we are loyal to our own best, we thereby actually create a power that will help and guide us. Thus a study of the law of Karma gives us faith in the efficacy of right action and high aspiration. It also warns us against the evil of indulging in wrong thoughts, which, however secret they may seem, are quite open and public to the all-seeing eye of Law. Such will come up sooner or late, like weed-seeds that are sown, unless they are nipped in the germ. But good seeds will also fructify under the same Law. "Let us not be weary in well-doing: for in due time we shall reap, if we faint not."

THE CREST-WAVE OF EVOLUTION

KENNETH MORRIS

*A Course of Lectures in History, Given to the Graduates' Class
in the Râja-Yoga College, Point Loma, in the College Year 1918-1919.*

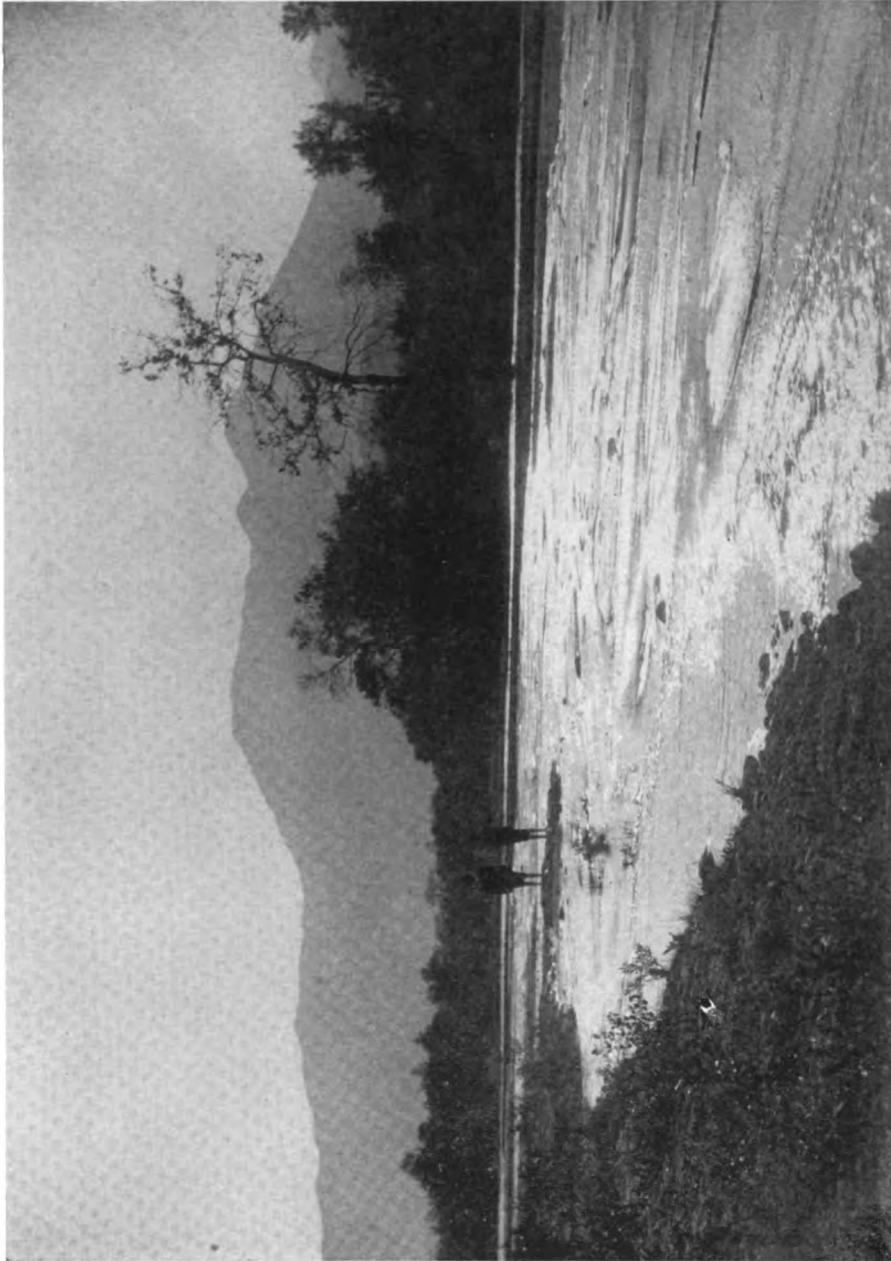
XVI — THE BEGINNINGS OF ROME

E have seen an eastward flow of cycles: which without too much Procrusteanizing may be given dates thus: — Greece, 478 to 348; Maurya India, 320 to 190; Western Han China, 194 to 63; in this current, West Asia, being then in long pralaya, is overleaped. We have also seen a tide in the other direction: it was first Persia that touched Greece to awakenment; and there is that problematical Indian period (if it existed), thirteen decades after the fall of the Mauryas, and following close upon the waning of the first glory of the Hans. So we should look for the Greek Age to kindle something westward again, sooner or later; — which of course it did. 478 to 348; 348 to 218; 218 to 88 B. C.; 88 B. C. to 42 A. D.: we shall see presently the significance of those latter dates in Roman history. Meanwhile to note this: whereas Persia woke Greece at a touch, thirteen de-



LOOKING DOWN ON THE INDIAN RESERVATION AT PALA, FROM PALA MOUNTAIN

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THE SAN LUIS REY RIVER AT PALA, CALIFORNIA; THE PALA MOUNTAINS IN THE DISTANCE

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cedes elapsed before Greece began to awake Italy. It waited to do so fully until the Crest-Wave had sunk a little at the eastern end of the world; for you may note that the year 63 B. C., in which Han Chaoti died, was the year in which Augustus was born.

With him in the same decade came most of the luminaries that made his age splendid: Virgil in 70; Horace in 65; Vipsanius Agrippa in 63; Cilnius Maecenas in what precise year we do not know. The fact is that the influx of vigorous light-bearing egos, as it decreased in China, went augmenting in Italy: which no doubt, if we could trace it, we should find to be the kind of thing that happens always. For about four generations the foremost souls due to incarnate crowd into one race or quarter of the globe; then, having exhausted the workable heredity to be found there,—*used up* that racial stream,—they must go elsewhere. There you have the *raison d'être*, probably, of the thirteen-decade period. It takes as a rule about four generations of such high life to deplete the racial heredity for the time being,—which must then be left to lie fallow. So now, America not being discovered, and there being no further eastward to go, we must jump westward the width of two continents (nearly), and (that last lecture being parenthetical as it were) come from Han Chaoti's death to Augustus' birth, from China to Rome.

But before dealing with Augustus and the Roman prime, we must get some general picture of the background out of which he and it emerged: this week and next we must give to early and to Republican Rome. And here let me say that these two lectures will be, for the most part, a very bare-faced plagiarism: summarizing facts and conclusions taken from a book called *The Grandeur that was Rome*, by Mr. J. C. Stobart, of the English Cambridge. One greatest trouble about historical study is, that it allows you to see no great trends, but hides under the record of innumerable fidgety details the real meanings of things. Mr. Stobart, with a gift of his own for taking large views, sees this clearly, and goes about to remedy it: he does not wander with you through the dark of the undergrowth, labeling bush after bush; but leads you from eminence to eminence, generalizing, and giving you to understand the broad lie of the land: he makes you see the forest in spite of the trees. As this is our purpose, too, we shall beg leave to go with him; only adding now and again such new light as Theosophical ideas throw on it; — and for the most part, to avoid a tautology of acknowledgments, or a plethora of footnotes in the PATH presently, letting this one confession of debt serve. The learning, the pictures, the marshaling of facts, are all Mr. Stobart's.

In the fifth and sixth centuries A. D., when the old manvantara was closing, Europe was flung into the Cauldron of Regeneration. Nations and fragments of nations were thrown in and tossing and seething; the

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broth of them was boiling over, and,— just as in the Story of Taliesin,— flooding the world with poison and destruction: and all that a new order of ages might in due time come into being. One result was that a miscellany of racial heterogeneities was washed up into the peninsular and island extremities of the continent. In the British Isles you had four Celtic and a Pictish remnant,— not to mention Latins galore,— pressed on by three or four sorts of Teutons. In Spain, though it was less an extremity of Europe than a highway into Africa, you had a fine assortment of odds and ends: Suevi, Vandals, Goths and what not: superimposed on a more or less homogenized collection of Iberians, Celts, Phoenicians, and Italians; — and in Italy you had Italians broken up into numberless fragments, and overrun by all manner of Lombards, Teutons, Slavs, and Huns. Welded by cyclic stress, presently first England, then Spain, and lastly Italy, became nations; in all three varying degrees of homogeneity being attained. But the next peninsula, the Balkan, has so far reached no unity at all; it remains to this day a curious museum of racial oddments, to the sorrow of European peace; and each of them represents some people strong in its day, and perhaps even cultured.

What the Balkan peninsula has been in our own time, the Apennine peninsula was after the fall of Rome, and also before the rise of Rome: a job-lot of race-fragments driven into that extremity of Europe by the alarms and excursions of empires in dissolution whose history time has hidden. The end of a manvantara, the break-up of a great civilization and the confusion that followed, made the Balkans what they are now, and Italy what she was in the Middle Ages. The end of an earlier manvantara, the break-up of older and forgotten civilizations, made Italy what she was in the sixth century B. C. Both peninsulas, by their mere physical geography, seem specially designed for the purpose.

Italy is divided into four by the Apennines, and is mostly Apennines. Everyone goes there: conquerors, lured by the *dono fatale*, and for the sake of the prizes to be gathered; the conquered, because it is the natural path of escape out of Central Europe. The way in is easy enough; it is only the way out that is difficult. The Alps slope up gently on the northern side; but sharply fall away in grand precipices on the southern. There, too, they overlook a region that would always tempt invaders: the great rich plain the Po waters: a land no refugees could well hope to hold. It has been in turn Cisalpine Gaul, the Plain of the Lombards, and the main part of Austrian Italy: thus thrice a possession of conquerors from the north. It is the first of the four divisions.

There never would be safety in it for refugees; you would not find in it a great diversity of races living apart; conquerors and conquered would quickly homogenize,— unless the conquerors had their main seat in, and

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remained in political union with, transalpine realms. Refugees would still and always have to move on, if they desired to keep their freedom. Three ways would be open to them, and three destinies, according to which way they chose. They might go down into the long strip of Adriatic coastland, where there are no natural harbors,— and remain isolated and unimportant between the mountain barrier and the sea. Those who occupied this *cul de sac* have played no great part in history: the isolated never do. — Or they might cross the Apennines and pour down into the lowlands of Etruria and Latium, where are rich lands, some harbors, and generally, fine opportunities for building up a civilization. Drawbacks also, for a defeated remnant: Etruria is not too far from Lombardy to tempt adventurers from the north, the vanguard of the conquering people; — although again, the Apennine barrier might make their hold on that middle region precarious. They might come there conquering; but would form, probably, no very permanent part of the northern empire: they would mix with the conquered, and at any weakening northward, the mixture would be likely to break away. So Austria had influence and suzerainty and various crown appanages in Tuscany; but not such settled sway as over the Lombard Plain. Then, too, this is a region that, in a time of West Asian manvantara and European pralaya, might easily tempt adventurers from the Near East.

But the main road for true refugees is the high Apennines; and this is the road most of them traveled. Their fate, taking it, would be to be pressed southward along the backbone of Italy by new waves and waves of peoples; and among the wild valleys to lose their culture, and become highlandmen, bandit tribes and raiding clans; until the first comers of them had been driven down right into the hot coastlands of the heel and toe of Italy. Great material civilizations rarely originate among mountains: outwardly because of the difficulty of communications; inwardly, I suspect, because mountain influences pull too much away from material things. Nature made the mountains, you may say, for the special purpose of regenerating effete remnants of civilizations. Sabellians and Oscans, Samnites and Volscians and Aequians and dear knows what all: — open your Roman Histories, and in each one of the host of nation-names you find there, you may probably see the relic of some kingdom once great and flourishing north or south of the Alps; — just as you can in the Serbians, Roumanians, Bulgars, Vlachs, and Albanians in the next peninsula now.

One more element is to be considered there in the far south. Our Lucanian and Bruttian and Iapygian refugees,— themselves, or some of them, naturally the oldest people in Italy, the most original inhabitants,— would find themselves, when they arrived there, very much de-civilized;

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but, because the coast is full of fine harbors, probably sooner or later in touch with settlers from abroad. It is a part that would tempt colonists of any cultured or commercial peoples that might be spreading out from Greece or the West Asian centers or elsewhere; and so it was Magna Graecia of old, and a mixing-place of Greek and old Italian blood; and so, since, has been held by Saracens, Normans, Byzantines, and Spaniards.

The result of all this diversity of racial elements would be that Italy could only difficultly attain national unity at any time; but that once such unity was attained, she would be bound to play an enormous part. No doubt again and again she has been a center of empire; it is always your ex-melting-pot that is.

Who were the earliest Italians? The earliest, at least, that we can guess at? — Once on a time the peninsula was colonized by folk who sailed in through the Straits of Gibraltar from Ruta and Daitya, those island fragments of Atlantis; and (says Madame Blavatsky) you should have found a pocket of these colonists surviving in Latium, strong enough for the most part to keep the waves of invaders to the north of them, and the refugees to the high Apennines. Another relic of them you would have found, probably, driven down into the far south; and such a relic, I understand, the Iapygians were.

One more ethnic influence,—an important one. Round about the year 1000 B. C., all Europe was in dead pralaya, while West Asia was in high manvantara: under which conditions, as I suggested just now, such parts as the Lombard Plain and Tuscany might tempt West Asians of enterprise; — as Spain and Sicily tempted the Moslems long afterwards. Supposing such a people came in: they would be, while the West Asian manvantara was in being, much more cultured and powerful than their Italian neighbors; but the waning centuries of their manvantara would coincide with the first and orient portion of the European one; so, as soon as that should begin to touch Italy, things would begin to equalize themselves; till at last, as Europe drew towards noon and West Asia towards evening, these West Asians of Etruria would go the way of the Spanish Moors. There you have the probable history of the Etruscans.

All Roman writers say they came from Lydia by sea; which statement could only have been a repetition of what the Etruscans said about themselves. The matter is much in dispute; but most likely there is no testimony better than the ancient one. Some authorities are for Lydia; some are for the Rhaetian Alps; some are for calling the Etruscans 'autochthonous,' — which I hold to be, like *Mesopotamia*, a 'blessed word.' Certainly the Gauls drove them out of Lombardy, and some of them, as refugees, up into the Rhaetian Alps,—sometime after the European manvantara began in 870. We cannot read their language,

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and do not know enough about it to connect it even with the Turanian Group; but we know enough to exclude it, perhaps, from every other known group in the Old World,—certainly from the Aryan. There is something absolutely un-Aryan (one would say) about their art, the figures on their tombs. Great finish; no primitivism; but something queer and grotesque about the faces. . . . However, you can get no racial indications from things like that. There is a state of decadence, that may come to any race,—that has perhaps in every race cycles of its own for appearing,—when artists go for their ideals and inspiration, not to the divine world of the Soul, but to vast elemental goblinish limboes in the sub-human: realms the insane are at home in, and vice-victims sometimes, and drug-victims I suppose always. Denizens of these regions, I take it, are the models for some of our cubists and futurists. . . . I seem to see the same kind of influence in these Etruscan faces. I think we should sense something sinister in a people with art-conventions like theirs; — and this accords with the popular view of antiquity, for the Etruscans had not a nice reputation.

The probability appears to be that they became a nation in their Italian home in the tenth or eleventh century B. C.; were at first war-like, and spread their power considerably, holding Tuscany, Umbria, Latium, with Lombardy until the Gauls dispossessed them, and presently Corsica under a treaty with Carthage that gave the Carthaginians Sardinia as a *quid pro quo*. Tuscany, perhaps, would have been the original colony; when Lombardy was lost, it was the central seat of their power; there the native population became either quite merged in them, or remained as plebeians; Umbria and Latium they possessed and ruled as suzerains. The Tuscan lands are rich, and the *Rasenna*, as they called themselves, made money by exporting the produce of their fields and forests; also crude metals brought in from the north-west,—for Etruria was the clearing-house for the trade between Gaul and the lands beyond, and the eastern Mediterranean. From Egypt, Carthage, and Asia, they imported in exchange luxuries and objects of art; until in time the old terror of their name,—as pirates, not unconnected with something of fame for black magic: one finds it as early as in Hesiod, and again in the *Medea* of Euripides,—gave place to an equally ill repute for luxurious living and sensuality. We know that in war it was a poor thing to put your trust in Etruscan alliances.

According to their own account of it, they were destined to endure as a distinct people for about nine centuries; which is probably what they did. Their power was at its height about 600 B. C. As they began to decline, certain small Italian cities that had been part of their empire broke away and freed themselves; particularly in Latium, where lived the descendants

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of those old-time colonists from Ruta and Daitya,—priding themselves still on their ancient descent, and holding themselves Patricians or nobles, with a serf population of conquered Italians to look down upon. Or, of course, it may have been *vice versa*: that the Atlanteans were the older stock, nearer the soil, and Plebeians; and that the Patricians were later conquerors lured or driven down from Central Europe.

At any rate, as their empire diminished, Etruria stood like some alien civilized Granada in the midst of surrounding medieval barbarism; for Italy, in 500 B. C., was simply medieval. Up in the mountains were war-like highlanders: each tribe with its central stronghold,—like Beneventum in Samnium, which you could hardly call a city, I suppose: it was rather a place of refuge for times when refuge was needed, than a group of homes to live in; in general, the mountains gave enough sense of security, and you might live normally in your scattered farms. — But down in the lowlands you needed something more definitely city-like: at once a group of homes and a common fortress. So Latium and Campania were strewn with little towns by river and sea-shore, or hill-top built with more or less peaceful citadel; each holding the lands it could watch, or that its citizen armies could turn out quickly to defend. Each was always at war or in league with most of the others; but material civilization had not receded so far as among the mountaineers. The latter raided them perpetually, so they had to be tough and abstemious and watchful; and then again they raided the mountaineers to get their own back, (with reasonable interest); and lastly, lest like Hotspur they should find such quiet life a plague, and want work, it was always their prerogative, and generally their pleasure, to go to war with each other. — A hard, poor life, in which to be and do right was to keep in fit condition for the raidings and excursions and alarms: ethics amounted to about that much; art or culture, you may say, there was none. Their civilization was what we know as Balkanic, with perpetual Balkanic eruptions, so to speak. Their conception of life did not admit of the absence of at least one good summer campaign. Mr. Stobart neatly puts it to this effect: no man is content to live ambitionless on a bare pittance and the necessities; he must see some prospect, some margin, as well; and for these folk, now that they had freed themselves from the Etruscans, the necessities were from their petty agriculture, the margin was to be looked for in war.

Among these cities was one on the Tiber, about sixteen miles up from the mouth. It had had a great past under kings of its own, before the Etruscan conquest; very likely had wielded wide empire in its day. A tradition of high destiny hung about it, and was ingrained in the consciousness of its citizens; and I believe that this is always what remains

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of ancient greatness when time, cataclysms, and disasters have wiped all actual memories thereof away. But now, say in 500 B. C., we are to think of it as a little peasant community in an age and land where there was no such wide distinction between peasant and bandit. It had for its totem, crest, symbol, what you will, very appropriately, a she-wolf. . . .

Art or culture, I said, there was none; — and yet, too, we might pride ourselves on certain great possessions to be called (stretching it a little), *in that line*; which had been left to us by our erstwhile Etruscan lords, or executed for us by Etruscan artists with their tongues in their cheeks and sides quietly shaking. — Ha, you men of Praeneste! you men of Tibur! sing small, will you? *We* have our grand Jupiter on the Capitoline, resplendent in vermilion paint; what say you to that? Paid for him, too, (a surmise, this!) with cattle raided from your fields, my friends!

Everything handsome about us, you see; but not for this must you accuse us of the levity of culture. We might patronize; we did not dabble. — One seems to hear from those early ages, echoes of tones familiar now. Ours is the good old roast beef and common sense of — I mean, the grand old *gravitas* of Rome. What! you must have a Jupiter to worship, mustn't you? No sound As-by-Parliament-Established — Religion of Numa Pompilius, sir, and the world would go to the dogs! And, of course, vermilion paint. It wears well, and is a good bloody color with no levity about it; besides, can be seen a long way off, — whereby it serves to keep you rascals stirred up with jealousy, or should. So: we have our vermilion Jupiter and think of ourselves very highly indeed.

Yes; but there is a basis for our boasting, too; — which boasting, after all, is mainly a mental state: we aim to be taciturn in our speech, and to proclaim our superiority with sound thumps, rather than like wretched Greeks with poetry and philosophy and such. We do possess, and love, — at the very least we aim at, — the thing we call *gravitas*; and — there are points to admire in it. The legends are full of revelation; and what they reveal are the ideals of Rome. Stern discipline; a rigid sense of duty to the state; unlimited sacrifice of the individual to it; stoic endurance in the men; strictest chastity in the women: — there were many and great qualities. Something had come down from of old, or had been acquired in adversity: a saving health for this nation. War was the regular annual business; all the male population of military age took part in it; and military age did not end too early. It was an order that tended to leave no room in the world but for the fittest, physically and morally, if not mentally. There was discipline, and again and always discipline: *paterfamilias* king in his household, with power of life and death over his children. It was a régime that gave little chance

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for loose living. A sterile and ugly régime, nevertheless; and, later, they fell victims to its shortcomings. Vice, that wrecks every civilization in its turn, depend upon it had wrecked one here: that one of which we get faint reminiscences in the stories of the Roman kings. Then these barren and severe conditions ensued, and vice was (comparatively speaking) cleaned out.

What were the inner sources of this people's strength? What light from the Spirit shone among them? Of the Sacred Mysteries, what could subsist in such a community? — Well; the Mysteries had, by this time, as we have seen, very far declined. Pythagoras had made his effort in this very Italy; he died in the first years of the fifth century, soon after the expulsion of the kings, according to the received chronology; — in reality, long before there is dependable history of Rome at all. There had been an Italian Golden Age, when Saturn reigned and the Mysteries ruled human life. There were reminiscences of a long past splendor; and an atmosphere about them, I think, more mellow and peace-lapped than anything in Hesiod or Homer. I suppose that from some calmer, firmer, and more benignant Roman Empire manvantaras back, when the Mysteries were in their flower and Theosophy guided the relations of men and nations, some thin stream of that divine knowledge flowed down into the pralaya: that an echo lingered,— at Cumae, perhaps, where the Sibyl was,— or somewhere among the Oscan or Sabine mountains. Certainly nothing remained, regnant and recognised in the cities, to suggest a repugnance to the summer campaigns, or that other nations had their rights. Yet there was something to make life sweeter than it might have been.

They said that of old there had been a King in Rome who was a Messenger of the Gods and link between earth and Heaven; and that it was he had founded their religion. Was Numa Pompilius a real person? — By no means, says modern criticism. I will quote you Mr. Stobart:—

“The Seven Kings of Rome are for the most part mere names which have been fitted by rationalizing historians, presumably Greek, with inventions appropriate to them. Romulus is simply the patron hero of Rome called by her name. Numa, the second, whose name suggests *numen*, was the blameless Sabine who originated most of the old Roman cults, and received a complete biography largely borrowed from that invented for Solon.”

— He calls attention, too, to the fact that Tarquin the Proud is made a typical Greek Tyrant, and is said to have been driven out of Rome in 510, — the very year in which that other typical Greek Tyrant, Hippias, was driven out of Athens; — so that on the whole it is not a view for easy unthinking rejection. But Madame Blavatsky left a good maxim on these matters: that tradition will tell you more truth than what goes for history will; and she is quite positive that there is much more truth

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in the tales about the kings than in what comes down about the early Republic. Only you must interpret the traditions; you must understand them. Let us go about, and see if we can arrive at something.

Before the influx of the Crest-Wave began, Rome was a very petty provincial affair, without any place at all in the great sweep of world-story. Her annals are about as important as those of Samnium of old, of which we know nothing; or those, say, of Andorra now, about which we care less. Our school histories commonly end at the Battle of Actium; which is the place where Roman history becomes universal and important: a point wisely made and strongly insisted on by Mr. Stobart. It shows how thoroughly we lack any true sense of what history is and is for. We are so wrapped up in politics that our vision of the motions of the Human Spirit is obscured. There were lots of politics in Republican Rome, and you may say none in the Empire; so we make for the pettiness that obsesses us, and ignore the greatness whose effects are felt yet. Rome played at politics: old-time conqueror-race Patricians against old-time conquered-race Plebeians: till the two were merged into one and she grew tired of the game. She played at war until her little raidings and conquests had carried her out of the sphere of provincial politics, and she stood on the brink of the great world. Then the influx of important souls began; she entered into history, presently threw up politics forever, and performed, so far as it was in her to do so, her mission in the world. What does History care for the election results in some village in Montenegro? Or for the passage of the Licinian Rogations, or the high exploits of Terentilius Harsa?

Yet, too, we must get a view of this people in *pralaya*, that we may understand better the workings of the Human Spirit in its fulness. But we must see the forest, and not lose sight and sense of it while botanizing over individual trees. We must forget the interminable details of wars and politics that amount to nothing; that so we may apprehend the form, features, color, of this aspect of humanity.

Here is a mighty river: the practical uses of mankind are mainly concerned with it as far up as it may be navigable; or at most, as far up as it may be turning mills and watering the fields of agriculture. There may be regions beyond whence poets and mythologists may bring great treasures for the Human Spirit; but do you do well to treat such treasures as plug material for exchange and barter? They call for another kind of treatment. The sober science of history may be said to start where the nations become navigable, and begin to affect the world. You can sail your ships up the River Rome to about the beginning of the third century B. C., when she began to emerge from Italian provincialism and to have relations with foreign peoples: Pyrrhus came over to fight her in 280.

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What is told of the century before may be true or not; as a general picture it is probably true enough, and only as a general picture does it matter; its details are supremely unimportant. The river here is pouring through the gorges, or shallowly meandering the meads. It is watering Farmer Balbus's fields; Grazier Ahenobarbus's cows drink at it; idle Dolabella angles in its quiet reaches; there are bloody tribal affrays yearly at its fords. It is important, certainly, to Balbus and Dolabella, and the men slain in the forays; — but to us others —.

And then at 390 there are falls and dangerous rapids; you will get no ships beyond these. The Gauls poured down and swept away everything; the records were burnt; and Rome, such as it was, had to be re-founded. Here is a main break with the past; something like Ts'in Shi Hwangti's Book-burning: and it serves to make doubly uncertain all that went before. Go further now, and you must take to the wild unmapped hills. There are no fields beyond this; the kine keep to the lush lowland meadows; rod and line must be left behind,— and angler too, unless he is prepared for stiff climbing, and no marketable recompense. Nor yet, perhaps, for some time, much in things unmarketable: I will not say there is any great beauty of scenery in these rather stubborn and arid hills.

As to the fourth century, then (or from 280 to 390) — we need not care much which of Ahenobarbus's cows was brindled, or which had the crumpled horn, or which broke off the coltsfoot bloom with lazy ruthless hoof. As to the fifth,— we need not try to row the quinquereemes of history beyond that Gaulish waterfall. We need not bother with the weight Dolabella claims for the trout he says he caught up there: that trout has been cooked and eaten these twenty-three hundred years. Away beyond, in the high mountains, there may be pools haunted by the nymphs; you cannot sail up to them, that is certain; but there may be ways round. . . .

Here, still in the foot-hills, is a pool that does look, if not *nymphatic*, at least a little fishy, as they say: the story of Rome's dealings with Lars Porsenna. It even looks as if something historical might be caught in it. The Roman historians have been obviously camouflaging: they do not want you to examine this too closely. Remember that all these things came down by memory, among a people exceedingly proud, and that had been used to rely on records,— which records had been burnt by the Gauls. Turn to your English History, and you shall probably look in vain in it for any reference to the Battle of Patay; you shall certainly find Agincourt noised and trumpeted *ad lib*. Now battles are never decisive; they never make history; the very best of them might just as well not have been fought. But at Patay the forces which made it inevitable France should be a nation struck down into the physical plane

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and made themselves manifest: as far as that plane is concerned, the centuries of French history flow from the battlefield of Patay. But what made trumpery Agincourt was only the fierce will of a cruel, ambitious fighting king; and what flowed from it was a few decades of war and misery. That by way of illustration how history is envisaged and taught; depend upon it, by every people: it is not peculiar to this one or that. — Well then, the fish we are at liberty to catch in this particular Roman pool is, a period during which Rome was part of the Etruscan Empire.

The fact is generally accepted, I believe; and is, of course, the proposition we started from. How long the period was, we cannot say. The Tarquins were from Tarquinii in Etruria: perhaps a line of Etruscan governors. The gentleman from Clusium who swore by the Nine Gods was either a king who brought back a rebellious Rome to temporary submission, or the last Etruscan monarch in whose empire it was included. But here is the point: whether fifty or five hundred years long — and perhaps more likely the former than the latter — this period of foreign rule was long enough to make a big break in the national tradition, and to throw all preceding events out of perspective.

At the risk of *longueurs* — and other things — let me take an illustration from scenes I know. I have heard peasants in Wales talking about events before the conquest; — people who have never learnt Welsh history out of books, and have nothing to go on but local legends; — and placing the old unhappy far-off things and battles long ago at “over a hundred years back, I shouldn’t wonder.” It is the way of tradition to foreshorten things like that. Nothing much has happened in Wales since those ancient battles with the English; so the six or seven centuries of English rule are dismissed as “over a hundred years.” Rome under the Etruscans, like Wales under the English, would have had no history of her own: there would have been nothing to impress itself on the race-memory. Such times fade out easily: they seem to have been very short, or are forgotten altogether. But this same Welsh peasant, who thus forgets and foreshortens recent history, always remembers that there were kings of Wales once. Perhaps, if he were put to it to write a history, with no books to guide him, he would name you as many as seven of them, and supply each with more or less true stories. In reality, of course, there were eight centuries of Welsh kings; and before them, the Roman occupation, — which he also remembers, but very vaguely; and before that, he has the strongest impression that there were ages of wide sovereignty and splendor. The kings he would name, naturally, are the ones that made the most mark. — I think the Romans, in constructing or making Greeks construct for them their ancient history, did very much the same

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kind of thing. They remembered the names of seven kings, with tales about them, and built on those. These were the kings who had stood out and stood for most; and the Romans remembered what they stood for. So here I think we get real history; whereas in the stories of republican days we may see the efforts of great families to provide themselves with a great past. But I doubt we could take anything *au pied de la lettre*; or that it would profit us to do so if we could. Here is a pointer: we have seen how in India a long age of Kshattriya supremacy preceded the supremacy of the Brahmins. Now observe Kshattriya Romulus followed by Brahmin Numa.

I do not see why Madame Blavatsky should have so strongly insisted on the truth of the story of the Roman Kings unless there were more in it than mere pralactic historicity. Unless it were of bigger value, that is, than Andorran or Montenegrin annals. Rome, after the Etruscan domination, was a meanly built little city; but there were remains from pre-Etruscan times greater than anything built under the Republic. Rome is a fine modern capital now; but there were times, in the age of Papal rule, when it was a miserable depopulated village of great ruins, with wolves prowling nightly through the weed-grown streets. Yet even then the tradition of *Roma Caput Mundi* reigned among the wretched inhabitants,—witness Rienzi: it was the one thing, besides the ruins, to tell of ancient greatness. Some such feeling, borne down out of a forgotten past, impelled Republican Rome on the path of conquest. It was not even a tradition, at that time; but the essence of a tradition that remained as a sense of high destinies.

Who, then, was Romulus? — Some king's son from Ruta or Daitya, who came in his lordly Atlantean ships, and builded a city on the Tiber? Very likely. That would be, at the very least, as far back as nine or ten thousand B. C.; which is contemptibly modern, when you think of the hundred and sixty thousand years of our present sub-race. The thing that is in the back of my mind is, that Rome is probably as old as that sub-race, or nearly so; but wild horses should not drag from me a statement of it. Rome, London, Paris,—all and any of them, for that matter. — But a hundred and sixty thousand or ten thousand, no man's name could survive so long, I think, as a peg on which to hang actual history. It would pass, long before the ten millenniums were over, into legend; and become that of a God or demigod,—whose cult, also, would need reviving, in time, by some new avatar. Now (as remarked before) humanity has a profound instinct for avatars; and also (as you would expect) for Reincarnation. The sixth-century Britons were reminded by one of their chieftains of some mighty king or God of prehistory; the two got mixed, and the mixture came down as the Arthur of the

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legend. This is what I mean by 'reviving the cult.' Now then, who was Romulus? — Some near or remote descendant of heroic refugees from fallen Troy, who rebuilt Rome or re-established its sovereignty? — Very likely, again; — I mean, very likely both that and the king's son from Ruta or Daitya. And lastly, very likely some tough little peasant-bandit restorer, not so long before the Etruscan conquest, whom the people came to mix up with mightier figures half forgotten. . . .

We see his history, as the Romans did, through the lens of a tough little peasant-bandit city: through the lens of a pralaya, which makes pralayic all objects seen. It is like the Irish peasant-girl who has seen the palace of the king of the fairies; she describes you something akin to the greatest magnificence she knows,— which happens to be the house of the local *squireen*. Now the Etruscan domination, as we have noted, could probably not have begun before 1000 B. C.: at which time, to go by our hypothesis as to the length and recurrence of the cycles, Europe was in dead pralaya, and had been since 1480. So that, possibly, you would have had between 1480 and 1000 a Rome in pralaya, but independent — like Andorra now, or Montenegro. The stories we get about the seven kings would fit such a time admirably. They tell of pralayic provincials; and Rome, during that second half of the second millennium B. C., would have been just that.

But again, if the seven kings had been just that and nothing more, I cannot see why H. P. Blavatsky should have laid such stress on the essential truth of their stories. She is particular, too, about the Arthurian legend: saying that it is at once symbolic and actually historical,— which latter, as concerns the sixth-century Arthur, it is not and she would not have considered it to be: no Briton prince of that time went conquering through Europe. So there must be some further value to the tales of the Roman kings; else why are they so much better than the Republican annals? Why? — unless all history except the invented kind or the distorted-by-pride-or-politics kind *is* symbolic; and unless we could read in these stories the record, not merely of some pre-Etruscan pralayic centuries, but of great ages of the past and of the natural unfoldment of the Human Spirit in history through long millenniums? Evolution is upon a pattern; understand the drift of any given thousand years in such a way that you could reduce it to a symbol, and probably you have the key to all the past.

So I imagine there would be seven interpretations to these kings, as to all other symbols. Romulus may represent a Kshattriya, and Numa a Brahmin domination in the early ages of the sub-race. Actual men, there may yet be mirrored in them the history — shall we say of the whole sub-race? Or Root-race? Or the whole natural order of

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human evolution? It is business for imaginative meditation,— which is creative or truth-finding meditation. But now let us try, diffidently, to search out the last, the historic, pre-Etruscan Numa.

If you examined the Mohammedan East, now in these days of its mid-pralaya and disruption: Turkey especially, or Egypt: you should find constantly the tradition of Men lifted by holiness and wisdom and power above the levels of common humanity: Unseen Guardians of the race,— a Great Lodge or Order of them. In Christendom, in its manvantara, you find no trace of this knowledge; but it may surprise you to know that it is so common among the Moslems, that according to the Turkish popular belief, there is always a White Adept somewhere within the mosque of St. Sophia,— hidden under a disguise none would be likely to penetrate. There are hundreds of stories. The common thought is that representatives of this Lodge, or their disciples, often appear; are not so far away from the world of men; may be teaching, quite obscurely, or dropping casual seeds of the Secret Wisdom, in the next village. Well; I imagine pralayaic conditions may allow benign spiritual influences to be at work, sometimes, nearer the surface of life than in manvantara. The brain-mind is less universally dominant; there is not the same dense atmosphere of materialism. You get on the one hand a franker play of the passions, and no curbs imposed either by a sound police system or a national conscience: in pralaya time there is no national conscience, or, I think, national consciousness,— no feeling of collective entity, of being a nation,— at all; perhaps no public opinion. As it is with a man when he sleeps: the soul is not there: there is nothing in that body that feels then 'I am I'; nothing (normally) that can control the disordered dreams. . . . Hence, in the sleeping nation, the massacres, race-wars, mob-murders, and so on; which, we should remember, affect parts, not the whole, of the race. But on the other hand that very absence of brain-mind rule may imply Buddhic influences at work in quiet places; and one cannot tell what unknown graciousnesses may be happening, that our manvantaric livelinesses and commercialism quite forbid. . . . Believe me, if we understood the laws of history, we should waste a deal less time and sanity in yelling condemnations. . . .

Italy then was something like Turkey is now. Déar knows whom you might chance on, if you watched with anointed eyes . . . in St. Sophia . . . or among the Sabine hills. Somewhere or other, as I said just now, reminiscences of the Mysteries would have survived. I picture an old wise man, one of the guardians of those traditions, coming down from the mountains, somewhere between 1500 and 1000 B. C., to the little city on the Tiber; touching something in the hearts of the people there, and becoming,— why not? — their king. For I guess that this one

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was not so different from a hundred little cities you should have found strewn over Italy not so long ago. The ground they covered,— and this is still true,— would not be much larger than the Academy Garden; their streets but six or seven feet across. Their people were a tough, stern, robberish set; but with a side, too, to which saintliness (in a high sense) could make quick appeal. Intellectual culture they had none; the brain-mind was the last thing you should look for (in ancient Rome at least); — and just because it was dormant, one who knew how to go about it could take hold upon the Buddhic side. That was perhaps what this Numa Pompilius achieved doing. There would be nothing extraordinary in it. The same thing may be going on in lots of little cities today, in pralayic regions: news of the kind does not emerge. We have a way of dividing time into *ancient* and *modern*; and think the one forever past, the other forever to endure. It is quite silly. There are plenty of places now where it is 753 B. C.; as no doubt there were plenty then where it was pompous 1919. — Can anyone tell me, by the bye, what year it happens to be in Europe now?

How much Numa may have given his Romans, who can say? Most of it may have worn away, before historic times, under the stress of centuries of summer campaigns. But something he did ingrain into their being; and it lasted, because not incompatible with the life they knew. It was the element that kept that life from complete vulgarity and decay.

You have to strip away all Greekism from your conceptions, before you can tell what it was. The Greek conquest was the one Rome did not survive. Conquered Greece overflowed her, and washed her out: changed her traditions, her religion, the whole color of her life. If Greece had not stepped in, myth-making and euhemerizing, who would have saved the day at Lake Regillus? *Not* the Great Twin Brothers from lordly Lacedaemon, be sure. Who then? Some queer uncouth Italian nature-spirit gods? One shakes one's head in doubt: the Romans did not personalize their deities like the Greeks. Cato gives the ritual to be used at cutting down a grove; says he:—"This is the proper Roman way to cut down a grove. Sacrifice with a pig for a peace-offering. This is the verbal formula: 'Whether thou art a god or a goddess to whom that grove is sacred,'"— and so on. Their gods were mostly like that: potentialities in the unseen, with whom good relations must be kept by strict observance of an elaborate ritual. There were no stories about them; they did not marry and have families like the good folk at Olympus.

Which is perhaps a sign of this: that Numa's was a religion, the teaching of a (minor) Teacher who came long after the Mysteries had disappeared. Because in the Mysteries, cosmogenesis was taught through dramas which were symbolic representations of its events and processes;

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and out of these dramas grew the stories about the gods. But when the real spiritual teaching has ceased to flow through the Mysteries, and the stories are accepted literally, and there is nothing else to maintain the inner life of the people,—a Teacher of some kind must come to state things in plainer terms. This, I take it, is what happened here; and the very worn-outness of conditions that this implies, implies also tremendous cultural and imperial activities in forgotten times. I imagine Italy, then, at two or three thousand B. C., was playing a part as much greater outwardly than Greece was, as her part now is greater than Greece's, and has been during recent centuries.

This, then, is what Numa's religion did for Rome: — it peopled the woods and fields and hills with these impersonal divinities; it peopled the moments of the day with them: so that nothing in space or time, no near familiar thing or duty, was material wholly, or pertained to this world alone; — there was another side to it, connected with the unseen and the gods. There were Great Gods in the Pantheon; but your early Roman had no wide-traveling imagination; and they seemed to him remote and uncongenial rather,— and quickly took on Greekishness when the Greek influence began. Minerva, vaguely imagined, assumed soon the attributes of the very concretely imagined Pallas; and so on. But he had nearer and Numaish divinities much more a part of his life,— which indeed largely consisted of rituals in their honor. There were Lares and Penates and Manes, who made his home a kind of temple, and the earth a kind of altar; there were deities presiding over all homely things and occasions: formless impersonal deities: presences to be felt and remembered, not clothed imaginatively with features and myths: — Cuba, who gave the new-born child its first breath; Anna Perenna of the recurring year; hosts of agricultural gods without much definition, and the unseen genii of wood, field, and mountain. Everything, even each individual man, had a god-side: there was something in it or him greater, more subtle, more enduring, than the personality or outward show. — To the folk-lorist, of course, it is all 'primitive Mediterranean' religion or superstition; but the inner worlds are wonderful and vast, if you begin to have the smallest inkling of an understanding of them. I think we may recognise in all this the hand of a wise old Pompilius from the Sabine hills, at work to keep the life of his Romans, peasant-bandits as they were, clean in the main and sound. Yes, there were gross elements: among the many recurring festivals, some were gross and saturnalian enough. The Romans kept near Nature, in which are both animal and cleansing forces; but the high old *gravitas* was the virtue they loved. And supposing Numa established their religion, it does not follow that he established what there came to be of grossness in it.

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They kept near Nature: very near the land, and the Earth Breath, and the Earth Divinities, and the Italian soil,— and that southern laya center and gateway into the inner world which, I am persuaded, is in Italy. There are many didactic poems in world-literature,— poems dealing with the operations of agriculture; — and they are mostly as dull as you would expect, with that for their subject; but one of them, and one only, is undying poetry. That one is the Roman one. Its author was a Celt, and his models were Greek; and he was rather a patient imitative artist than greatly original and creative; — but he wrote for Rome, and with the Italian soil and weather for his inspiration; and their forces pouring through him made his didactics poetry, and poetry they remain after nineteen centuries. Nothing of the kind comes from Greece. As if whenever you broke the Italian soil, a voice sang up to you from it: *Once Saturn reigned in Italy!*

It is this that brings Cincinnatus back to his cabbage-field from the wars and politics, as to something sacred, a fountain at which life may be renewed. Plug souls; no poetry in them; — but the Earth Breath cleanses and heals and satisfies them. In place of a literature, they have wild unpoetical chants to their Mavors to raise as they go into battle; for art and culture, they have that bright vermilion Jove: nothing from the Spirit to comfort them in these! But put the ex-dictator to hoe his turnips, and he is in a dumb sort of way in communication at once with the Spirit and all deepest sources of comfort. — What is Samnite gold to me, when I have my own radishes to toast,— sacred things out of my own sacred soil? The Italian sun shines down on me, and warms more than my physicality and limbs. See, I strike my hoe into Italy, and the sacred essences of Earth our Mother flow up to me, and quiet my mind from anxious and wasting thought, and fill me with calmness and vigor and Italy, and her old quaint immemorial gods!

Not that the Roman had any conception, patriotically speaking, about Italy; it was simply the soil he was after,— which happened to be Italian. Not for him, in the very slightest, Filicaia's or Mazzini's dream! Good practical soul, what would he have done with dreaming? — But he had his feet on the ground, and was soaked through, willy nilly, with its forces; he lived in touch with realities, with the seasons and the days and nights,— how we do forget those great, simple, life-giving, cleansing things! — and his mind was molded to what he owed to the soil, to the realities, to *Dea Roma*; — and Duty became a great thing in his life. Out of all this comes something that makes this narrow little cultureless bandit city almost sympathetic to us,— and very largely indeed admirable.

They knew how to keep their heads. There were those two races among them,— races or orders; — and a mort of politics between the

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two. Greek cities, in like manner but generally less radically divided, knew no method but for one side to be perpetually banishing the other, turn and turn about, and wholesale; but these spare, tough Romans effect compromise after compromise, till Patricians and Plebs are molten down into one common type. They are not very brilliant, even at their native game of war: given a good general, their enemies are pretty sure to trounce them. Pyrrhus, a fine tactician but no great strategist, does so several times; — and then they reply to his offers of peace, that they make no peace with enemies still camped on Italian soil. — Comes next a real master-strategist, Hannibal; and senate and people, time after time, are forced (like Balbus in the poem)

“With a frankness that I’m sure will charm ye
To own it is all over with the army.”

He wipes them out in a most satisfactory and workmanlike manner. Their leading citizens, *ipso facto* their generals (amateur soldiers always cabbage-hoers at heart) afford him a good deal of amusement; as if you should send out the mayor of Jonesville, Arkansaw, against a Foch or a Hindenburg. One of them, a fool of a fellow, blunders into a booby-trap and loses the army which is almost the sole hope of Rome; and comes home, utterly defeated,—to be gravely thanked by the Senate for not committing suicide after his defeat: “for not despairing of the Republic.” Ah, there is real Great Stuff in that; they are admirable peasant-bandits after all! Most people would have straight court-martialed and beheaded the man; as England hanged poor Admiral Byng *pour encourager les autres*. And all the while they have been having the sublime impudence to keep an army in Spain conquering there. How to account for this unsubduability? Well; there is Numa’s teaching; and what you might call a latent habit of *Caput-Mundi-ship*: imperial seeds in the soil.

There is that indestructible god-side to everything: especially, behind and above this city on the seven hills, there is divine eternal ROME. So, after the Gaulish conquest, they rejected proffered and more desirable Etruscan sites, and came back and provided *Dea Roma* with a new outward being: the imperial seeds, molds of empire, were on the Seven Hills, not at Veii. So, when this still greater peril of Hannibal so nearly submerged them, they took final victory for granted,—could conceive of no other possibility,—and placidly went forward while being whipped in Italy with the adventure in Spain. There was one thing they could not imagine: ultimate defeat. It was a kind of stupidity with them. They *were* a stupid people. You might thrash them; you might give them their full deserts (which were bad), and fairly batter them to bits; all the world might think them dead; dozens of doctors might write

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death-certificates; you might have Rome confined and nailed down, and be riding gaily to the funeral; — but you could not convince *her* she was dead; and at the very graveside, sure enough, the 'pesky critter' (as they say) would be bursting open the coffin lid; would finish the ceremony with you for the corpse, and then ride home smiling to enjoy her triumph, thank God for his mercies,— and get back to her hoe and her cabbages as quickly as might be.

It is this that to my mind makes it philosophically certain that she had had a vast antiquity as the seat of empire; I mean, before the Etruscan domination. *Dea Roma*,— the Idea of Rome,— was an astral mold almost cast in higher than astral stuff: it was so firmly fixed, so unalterably there, that I cannot imagine a few centuries of peasant-bandits building it,— unimaginative tough creatures at the best. No; it was a heritage; it was built in thousands of years, and founded upon forgotten facts. There was something in the ideal world, the deposit of long ages of thinking and imagining. How, pray, are nations brought into being? By men thinking and willing and imagining them into being. Such men create an astral matrix; with walls faint and vague at first, but ever growing stronger as more and more men reinforce them with new thought and will and imagination. But in Rome we see from the first the astral mold so strong that the strongest party feelings, the differences of a conqueror and a conquered race, are shaped by it into compromise after compromise. And then, too, an instinct among those peasant-bandits for empire: an instinct that few European peoples have possessed: that it took the English, for example, a much longer time to learn than it took the Romans. For let us note that even in those early days it was not such a bad thing to come under Roman sway; if you took it quietly, and were misled by no patriotic notions. That is, as a rule. Unmagnanimous always to men, Rome was not without justice, and even at times something quite like magnanimity, to cities and nations. She was no Athens, to exploit her subject peoples ruthlessly with never a troubling thought as to their rights. She had learned compromise and horse sense in her politics at home: if her citizens owed her a duty, she assumed a responsibility towards them. It took her time to learn that; but she learned it. She went conquering on the same principle. Her plebeians had won their rights; in other towns, mostly, the plebeians had not. Roman dominion meant usually a betterment of the conditions of the plebs in the towns annexed, and their entering in varying degrees upon the rights the plebs had won at Rome. She went forward taking things as they came, and making what arrangements seemed most feasible in each case. She made no plans in advance; but muddled through like an Englishman. She had no Greek or French turn for thinking things

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out beforehand; her empire grew, in the main, like the British, upon a subconscious impulse to expand. She conquered Italy because she was strong: much stronger inwardly in spirit than outwardly in arms; and because (I do but repeat what Mr. Stobart says: the whole picture really is his) what should she do with her summer holidays, unless go on a campaign? — and because while she had still citizens without land to hoe cabbages in, she must look about and provide them with that prime necessity. All of which amounts to saying that she began with a habit of empire-winning, — which must have been created in the past. On her toughness the spirited Gaul broke as a wave, and fell away. On her narrow unmagnanimity the chivalrous mountain Samnite bore down, and like foam vanished. She had none of the spiritual possibilities of the Gaul; but the Crest-Wave was coming, and the future was with Italy. She had none of the high-souled chivalry of the Samnite; but she was the heart of Italy, and the point from which Italy must expand. She was hard, tough, and based on the soil; and that soil, as it happened, the laya center, — a sort of fire-fountain from within and the unseen. You stood on the Seven Hills, and let heaven and hell conspire together, you *could not* be defeated. Gauls, Samnites, Latins, — all that ever attacked her, — were but taking a house-cloth to dry up a running spring. The Crest-Wave was coming to Italy; whose vital forces, all centrifugal before, must now be made to turn and flow towards the center. That was Rome; and as they would not flow to her of their own good will, out she must go and gather them in. Long afterwards, when the Caesars and Augusti of the West left her for Milan and Ravenna, it was because the Crest-Wave was departing, the forces turning centrifugal, and Italy breaking to pieces; long afterwards again, in the eighteen-seventies, when the Crest-Wave was returning, Italy must flow in centripetally to Rome; no Turin, no Florence would do.

So, by 264 B. C., she had conquered Italy. Then, still land-hungry, she stepped over into Sicily, invited by certain rascals in Messina, and light-heartedly challenged the Mistress of the Western Seas. At this point the stream is leaving Balbus's fields and Ahenobarbus's cattle, and coming to the broad waters, where the ships of the world ride in.



“Do what you believe to be right, whatever people think of you. Regard equally their censure and their praise.” — PYTHAGORAS

AUTUMN LEAVES

R. MACHELL

CHAPTER V

WHEN luncheon was over and the two men were installed in the library smoking comfortably, the unpleasant subject of Mr. Charlton's marriage forced itself on their attention. To get rid of it, Appleby said:

"I suppose you know what that man Charlton came about?" The vicar nodded assent, and Appleby continued:

"I like the man, and really it seems a very natural thing for Mrs. Mathers to want to establish herself in such a way as to be able to give her daughter a fair chance of making a respectable marriage. She herself is not exactly a young woman now, and at his age it is not unreasonable to be looking for companionship in his declining years; he has been her trustee so long, that really the scheme is a most rational arrangement, which it seems a pity to disturb by raising questions of conscience, with which after all, I think, we are not seriously concerned."

He paused, but the vicar said nothing, so he went on: "They want me to be present at the ceremony and stand sponsor for the respectability of the contractants. You may laugh as I do at the idea of my guaranteeing anyone's respectability. But it seems they have few friends in the country who are in a position to make even as good a pretense to social standing as I. I have the advantage, you see, of being an unknown quantity. Well, anyway I agreed. Think of it — agreed to attend a wedding."

Suddenly he jumped up as if a new idea had struck him. "Why, I may have to give the bride away . . . I! . . . I had not thought of that."

His expression was one of horror, which the good parson supposed to be assumed humorously, and at which he smiled good-naturedly. But Appleby was far from joking. He had so conscientiously endeavored to forget the incidents of his early life that he had not realized how this marriage could in any direct way affect him in his present position of detachment from the past. He had told himself so often that all links were broken, and that he was free from responsibility in regard to the woman who had wronged him, that at last he had come to believe it in part if not altogether. Now he was face to face with a situation that tested the reality of this detachment, and he was forced to realize that the chain of destiny is not to be broken so, for its links are forged from

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thoughts and feelings, acts and words, each one a cause and an effect, and the whole chain is that which we call life.

He was shocked to find that his liberation was not complete, and that he was not wholly separated from the passionate youth who broke his heart for an adventuress, although he had grown up into a cynic, who could look coldly and indifferently now on all other women.

Seeing that his friend was not in fun, the little parson looked serious and said:

"There is a good deal in what you say. I must confess that I was very much embarrassed to justify my position to Mr. Charlton. I really do not know what he can have thought of me. I could not explain things to him, for of course he knows nothing of the divorce."

"Well, why explain it to anyone? Why make a mountain of a mole-hill? I have promised to go to the wedding at Easterby, and I cannot break my word. You must see us through. It will be quite a quiet affair. You will not be compromised in any way. In fact, if you think of it, you may put yourself in a very uncomfortable position by declining to officiate. After all, if the woman wants to make a fresh start, why make it hard for her? Why not let her forget the past, if she can? And even if she must remember, there is no reason why other people should dig up old scandals and set the gossip-mongers talking; that is not work for a man with a heart in him. I think you ought to give her another chance. She has not injured you and no one else accuses her of anything so far as I have heard. What are we men to cast the first stone at her?"

Appleby spoke with more feeling than he had yet displayed, and the little clergyman was deeply moved. His heart was bigger than his mind, and his inherent love of humanity was stronger than his theological prejudices, or even than his reverence for conventional propriety. He was carried away by his feelings and yielded weakly at first, then with more confidence as he found his footing on new ground.

"God forbid," he exclaimed earnestly, "that I should be the first to cast a stone at this poor woman. I really had not looked at it in that light before. I had no wish to judge or condemn a fellow-pilgrim who has been perhaps more sinned against than sinning. I am ashamed to think that you should see farther into the hearts of men and women than I, who am a minister of God. I sometimes think I could have been a better man if I had not been a clergyman. 'Nearer the church, farther from God,' is an old saying. Sometimes I fear that there is truth in it. You think then that I should allow them to be married at Easterby and should officiate myself?"

"I think so," said Appleby with quiet conviction.

"Well, well, I suppose it must be so. After all nobody need know

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about the divorce, since she was married again afterwards and passes as a widow, whether that last marriage was sanctioned by the church or not. No one need know."

Charles Appleby smiled to himself at this unconscious tribute to the dread deity Respectability whose hierarch is called Public Opinion; but he indorsed the decision, saying:

"Exactly! She is a widow legally, and if she confided to you any details of her private history, it must have been somewhat in the nature of a confession that as a clergyman you would naturally hold sacred."

"Of course, of course!" agreed the little parson, delighted to have his friend's approval. "Well, well. I suppose then that I ought to call at Framley to explain my change of opinion. That will be embarrassing."

"Oh no. Mrs. Mathers is a woman of the world. She will not make you feel uncomfortable, quite the reverse. I think that you will be very well received."

"Do you think so? Well, well. I will try to find time to call there tomorrow, or in the course of the week, perhaps." And the little man beamed with satisfaction at his own benevolence as well as at the prospect of a friendly visit to a charming woman whose hospitality was so well supported by her cook.

Mr. Mason's reception at Framley Chase more than justified his friend's prediction; and, as Mr. Charlton had returned to London, the reverend gentleman in the largeness of his heart thought it would be considerate to repeat his visit in a few days in order to cheer his charming hostess in her solitude.

Appleby tried vainly to dismiss the matter from his mind. It worried and oppressed him with a strange sense of unreality that haunted him and made these fated associates of his dark days appear like specters from some other world, that had obtained a sort of artificial life by fastening upon him and feeding on his vitality. He could not shake them off: indeed he almost doubted if he wished to do so; they were so closely interwoven with his life, that it was like self-mutilation to cut them out of his heart. He began to understand that hate can bind as well as love, better perhaps, because unwillingly. He thought he was growing superstitious and decided to go away for a change after the wedding.

But the date chosen for the marriage had to be postponed on account of the delicate condition of Marie, who had developed an alarming weakness of the lungs, which caused her mother great anxiety. The girl was at a high-class boarding-school and was well cared for, but her mother insisted on bringing her home to be nursed at Framley. Mr. Charlton remained in London; and Mr. Mason resumed his regular calls at the Grange with a clear conscience, and with an added interest in the woman

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who showed herself a most devoted mother as well as a charming hostess. Marie too interested him. She liked the little parson and made fun of his weaknesses so good-naturedly that he enjoyed it, although he feared that he was compromising the dignity of 'the cloth' by tolerating such familiarities. She joked about her mother's "young man," as she christened Mr. Charlton, but bore him no ill-will for coming between her mother and herself. She took life as it came, prepared to enjoy it to the full. The doctor's warnings seemed ridiculous to her and she disregarded them, nor did she pay more heed to her mother's entreaties, but just went her own way laughing and making the old house seem wonderfully home-like to the woman who had known so little of that kind of happiness in her stormy life.

The vicar of Easterby became a frequent visitor and Mrs. Mathers seemed anxious that he should understand her past life (to some extent). She told him how she had met Mr. Charlton and had mistaken him at first sight for his dead brother John whom she had known under another name in California. It was where her husband died, in Brussels, where they lived.

She had occasion to visit her late husband's London lawyers, one of whom, a retired partner, had been appointed executor to her husband's will. When she entered the lawyer's office she was staggered to see her father's old friend Withington sitting there smiling serenely and bowing as he was introduced to her as Mr. James Charlton, her late husband's executor. Explanations followed, and then she learned that her father's friend was a twin-brother who had died in New Orleans, when he, James Charlton, was on a visit to him there. So he was able to satisfy his client that he was no ghost but a duly qualified executor. She hinted that the brothers, though so much alike in some ways, were men of very different characters, and that this Mr. James Charlton was a man of absolute honor and reliability, as well as a splendid man of business, who had done her the greatest services in the management of her affairs. She spoke a good deal of what she had suffered from her late husband's dissolute habits, and made no further reference to the divorce. She realized that it had been a mistake to mention it at all, though at the time it had appeared to her as a wise precaution forestalling any possible indiscretion on the part of Appleby. She had not realized that in England a divorce is a disgrace, nor had she dreamed that anyone would look upon it as an impediment to remarriage. It was not so in California, where divorce was general and frequent, and, amongst her acquaintances at least, was thought of merely as a legal and appropriate preliminary to a new matrimonial experiment. It was now too late to remedy the mistake, but she hoped that by making a

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confidant of the clergyman she would effectually close his lips so far as the world at large was concerned: as to his friend Charles Appleby, he was at liberty to tell him what he pleased. She had to fortify her rather dubious position, and she made use of Mr. Mason to the best of her ability. She had developed a perfect passion for respectability for Marie's sake. The girl was everything to her. That was the reason for this marriage. Her late husband's name and reputation did not constitute a passport to respectable society, though it was better than her own had been. But now all that was soon to be buried beneath a matrimonial tombstone of unquestionable respectability.

Such was the plan, but Fate takes little heed of human plans. She had settled everything without consulting those invisible authorities, the Fates. And they, bound by the law of their own being, which is the law of life, ordained things otherwise.

The news of it came when the lawyer who had succeeded James Charlton as head of the firm arrived at Framley and announced the sudden and altogether unexpected death of their late partner, who was so shortly to have become the husband of Mrs. Mathers. The cause of death was failure of the heart, precipitated doubtless by anxiety on account of his financial difficulties. The lawyer tried to soften the news as much as possible, but he was forced to explain that the estate of Mrs. Mathers was practically bankrupt, and Mr. Charlton's own income, which was merely a life-annuity, ceased with his death. He excused himself from making a more complete statement at the moment, as he was bound to communicate immediately with Mr. Charles Appleby, for whom he was charged by the deceased with a letter that he had promised to deliver personally.

The news of Mr. Charlton's death was naturally a surprise to Appleby, as there had been no visible warning of such an event, but the mode of its announcement puzzled him entirely. The lawyer who brought the letter said that he had promised Mr. Charlton to deliver it along with sundry deeds and documents personally to Mr. Charles Appleby, or failing that, to destroy it unopened. Having discharged this duty he now proposed to return to London by the next train; but was persuaded by his host to stay the night, in order to discuss matters after a perusal of the rather lengthy letter and examination of the numerous inclosures that accompanied it.

A glance at the contents of the bulky envelope showed Charles Appleby that he was expected to take charge of the residue of the late Mr. Mathers' estate and to administer it on behalf of the widow. But it was the letter itself that excited his curiosity, for it was signed "Withington."

Written in anticipation of his death, it was a confession as frank and

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free as one would naturally expect from such a man as the late James Charlton, but it bore the signature of an unprincipled rascal, or of one who had played that part as if it were natural to him.

It was not an apology; there was no disguise about it; it contained no plea for a lenient judgment. It was a plain statement of facts, an honest record of a dishonest life: and in that it differed from much so-called history. It was a remarkable document, that could only have been written by a remarkable man, or by a lunatic. The name of Beatrice recurred continually, in fact the whole story related to her.

Her father had been the writer's dearest friend, and the girl had been the pride of both of them. They had persuaded themselves that it was for her they schemed and plotted, and gambled, and swindled, not for the fun of 'the game.'

It was Withington who had persuaded the girl to marry the ingenuous youth, who was so passionately in love with her as to overlook her antecedents and surroundings, and to endow her with imaginary virtues, that, if there, were certainly dormant at that time.

It was Withington who had persuaded his brother James Charlton the lawyer to take the voyage to New Orleans for his health, hoping to engage him in a mining scheme, that was to make all their fortunes. But when his brother died in the hotel, at which Withington had engaged a suite of rooms for both of them, he saw his chance to step into his brother's shoes; and did so, taking his place so easily that no one thought of questioning his identity. He did it whole-heartedly, as one might say; for he admired his brother James, and had always felt that he could have been like him if he had started right. So he decided to become actually James Charlton in fact as well as in appearance.

This change of personality was more than a reformation of his own character, it was a transformation, or perhaps rather a reversion to original type. He was in many ways so like his brother, that it seemed to him he had nothing to do but to forget all that had happened since he first left home and fancy himself James instead of John. In doing this he almost succeeded in deceiving himself as well as others.

The man Withington was dead and buried, and James Charlton returned to London with his health restored so thoroughly that he refused to let his former doctor examine or even visit him. He retired from business, sold his partnership to the firm for a life-annuity, upon which he lived a secluded life in comfort and tranquillity, absorbed in literature, which had always been his hobby, and persuaded himself that he was indeed the man he seemed to be.

But fate found him out. He could not quite forget the past; and when he found himself appointed executor to the will of a former friend

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of the real James Charlton, and learned that the widow was his old friend's daughter and his own protégée of former days, he accepted the call of destiny, and took up the task of straightening out the tangle of affairs left by the late Mr. Mathers. This executorship appeared to him as a trust imposed on him not by the dead husband, of whom he knew nothing, but by his old friend the father of the girl they both had loved, and spoiled, and launched upon the world without moral ballast, and with no chart of the rocks and channels other than what she herself had drawn from her own experiences.

Having been educated in the law, he understood his work; but when he began to deal with investments, and loans and mortgages, the gambling mania again got hold of him, and, as of old, it was his love of his old friend's daughter that was his excuse for speculating wildly and disastrously with funds intrusted to him for investment. His speculations were ruinous; but though the capital rapidly diminished the income paid into her account remained the same. For it was a principle with him that Beatrice must not suffer. His own annuity was ample for the purpose, and he reduced his own expenditure to the minimum to pay her regular allowance, which she took to be an income derived from safely invested capital.

It was he who had persuaded her to go to Framley, hoping that Appleby would again fall under the charm he had yielded to before. For he thought that if Beatrice were thus provided for and a good home secured for Marie, he could die easy, trusting that Beatrice would forgive his manifold transgressions as an executor and trustee in recognition of his good intentions and his life-long devotion to her worst interests.

But that scheme failed: and then he thought that if he married her himself they could perhaps together manage to secure a rich husband for Marie, who was an attractive girl. It was his plan to induce Charles Appleby to indorse the marriage by his presence, in order to silence him more effectually and to make him in some sort their ally; for, as the writer of the letter rather naïvely expressed it, he felt that they were entitled from old association to regard him as 'one of the family,' who could be counted on to do 'the right thing' when called upon.

But Fate holds cards that no man's ingenuity can beat: and this fact was ultimately forced upon his recognition by the doctor, who warned him that he had but a very short time to live.

Then he decided to play his last card. It was this letter, in which he appealed to Appleby to take up the task he had himself so badly bungled, to undertake the administration of what remained of Mrs. Mathers' estate, a rough account of which accompanied the letter.

Last of all came a defense of the woman he had loved as if she were

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his own child. It was not an apology for her, nor an appeal for mercy: but rather a demand for justice. He told the story of her life and represented her as always superior to her education, even at her worst, as rising above the conditions that surrounded her. He claimed from Appleby, whom she had wronged, reparation of wrongs done to her unwittingly by the two men who loved her best, her father and himself. What more, he asked, could be expected from a woman reared in such circumstances by two such men? "Her heart is generous and strong," he pleaded, "give her another chance, and let her see her daughter safe from the dangers of the road that she has been forced to travel."

Such was the gist of this unusual appeal from a man who, if judged by ordinary standards, would have been hardly entitled to a hearing, but who knew the man he wrote to, and whose confidence was justified by the event: for Appleby took up the task without a moment's hesitation. It never occurred to him that he could do otherwise. But the lawyer, who knew something of the circumstances, marveled; for he had no eyes to see the web of destiny in which his clients were immeshed.

SONNET

H. T. PATTERSON

"Quoth the Teacher:

*"The Paths are two; the great Perfections three; six are the Virtues
that transform the body into the Tree of Knowledge."*

THERE is a maze, a garden, in which grows —
Say antique tales of medieval lore —
The paradigm of flowers, a perfect rose.
Knights chivalresque and pure, in days of yore,
Sought for that garden, wandered in the maze,
To win therein that paradigm and gain
The wondrous prize, the theme of those old lays.
Some knights, ignoring danger, did not deign
To seek anterior knowledge, so were lost
Upon a path which led them to the goal
Of selfishness supreme. A few, though, crossed
Abyss, morass, quicksand, and treach'rous shoal,
For they had changed the body to a tree
From which the Soul the two-fold path could see.

*International Theosophical Headquarters,
Point Loma, California*



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KATHERINE TINGLEY'S INDIAN FRIEND, SALVADORA VALENZUELA, WITH HER
OLD MOTHER, DAUGHTER AND DAUGHTER'S CHILDREN, REPRESENTING
FOUR GENERATIONS; PALA, CALIFORNIA



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

SALVADORA, WITH HER MOTHER AND LITTLE GRANDCHILD



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

A PALA INDIAN MATRON



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

POINT LOMA STUDENTS WHO ACCOMPANIED KATHERINE TINGLEY ON HER RECENT
VISIT TO THE INDIAN RESERVATION AT PALA, CALIFORNIA
AT EXTREME LEFT, MR. W. H. CRANE, OF PALA



F. J. Dick, *Editor*

MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

KATHERINE TINGLEY'S VISIT TO THE PALA INDIANS

WITHIN the last few years Katherine Tingley and her workers have had several opportunities of visiting the Indian reservations in Arizona and California, but she has been unable to avail herself of these. Recently however, through her acquaintance with Mr. W. H. Crane, of Pala, California, owner of the remarkable lithia-mica mine, whose guest she was, she had an opportunity of visiting the Indian reservation of that name.

The Indians on this reservation were formerly situated at Warner's Hot Springs, which was their tribal home. From this home they were evicted to make room for white settlers. Although to the younger Indians the change meant very little, to the elders it was a very hard blow and many of them waned rapidly in their new home. Through the acquaintance with Mr. Crane and by the courtesy of the Government Agent, Mr. Hoffman, Mme. Tingley and her party of students and workers were able to spend a few days on the Reservation itself.

The party was entertained at the house of Sra. Salvadora Valenzuela, a splendid and picturesque type of robust Indian womanhood, a teacher of lace-making and domestic sciences in the Indian school, a splendid house-wife and a most beautiful character, known to the Indians affectionately as Salvadora. There are four generations living of Salvadora's family: Salvadora, her mother, her daughter and her grandchildren. Salvadora is a refined, genial, and charming character. Although not of the oldest of the Indians, she has always clung very closely and affectionately to the old music of her people, which long ago had many meanings the white man was unable to value and hence led the Indians to believe it had no use. This fidelity to their own music seems to have given them an appreciation of all music, for when the students from the Râja-Yoga College would get together and hold their musicales at Salvadora's house, the children would flock around the door and listen with the utmost intentness. It is possible that the candy and good things which Mme. Tingley dispensed to them again and again were an incentive whose value should not be ignored, but in any case it was very pleasant to see the perfect composure and confidence of the children. In spite of all that their parents and grandparents had suffered at the hands

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of the white man, it was clear that they had not had the spirit of hatred of the white man instilled into their natures. Indeed, the whole keynote of the life on this reservation seemed to be peace, kindness and goodwill. All here are gentle and quiet, from the men, women and children, to the horses and cows that have the run of the grassy lanes, and have a neighborly way of stopping at one's garden-gate to pass the time of day and crop a little of the grass and dandelions that abound here. Strife is rare here and voices are seldom raised to the angry and strident pitch so often heard among the white man.

The principal event of this visit was a concert given by the Râja-Yoga Students for the Indians of Pala in the school-house building. At the opening of the program Mme. Tingley addressed the Indians in a few well-chosen words. She spoke of her travels in all parts of the world and of her interest in the native races of different lands, the Samoans, the Maories, the Egyptians, and the Indians, all of whom have a great past and traditions which should be preserved and studied. She expressed her deep regard for the Indian beliefs and customs, and encouraged them to keep alive their language.

The interest and absolute attention of her audience during this address was most striking, and after the concert several Indians were heard to remark that while they could not understand the words that the white lady said, yet they felt in their hearts her goodwill and sympathy. The musical program which followed comprised trios for harp, violin and 'cello, violin solos, 'cello solos, numbers by the String Quartet, and chorus selections. Through all of these the Indians sat with the most rapt attention, drinking in every note, and manifesting the greatest pleasure and enthusiasm at each number. At the close of the program Mr. Hoffman, the Government Agent, who is deeply interested in his Indians and has their welfare very much at heart, rose and thanked Mme. Tingley and her party for the beautiful program, and expressed his hope that Pala might know and hear more of such music and such words. As the Indians passed out, bags of candy, put up by the Râja-Yoga children at Point Loma, were distributed to the little Indian children, while the men received bags of tobacco. It was an interesting evening, and the enjoyment of the Indians made the occasion a most gratifying experience.

Pala is a spot of great charm and beauty. Situated in a luxuriant valley on the banks of the San Luis Rey River, with the mountains rising on all sides, the scenic effects are varied and wonderful. During the first day of this visit, these mountains were concealed from view by heavy mantles of cloud which later melted partially away and left them standing wreathed with white wisps of cloud. These finally melted also and the mountains stood out magnificently against a clear blue sky. Throughout the river-valley vegetation is plentiful, and great sycamores, live oaks, cottonwoods, and eucalyptus grow along the banks, spreading their grateful shade over the highway which runs through the Reservation. Over the little Indian houses run masses of climbing roses, and from the sycamores trail the bright green grape-vines, while here and there are to be seen dark masses of mistletoe.

To visit this reservation is a unique and wholesome experience. It is

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like stepping out of the rush of today into the meditative fulness of some past age. For him who has sympathy and a sense of the inwardness of things, Pala is full of traditions and memories. If the mild submission of these few Indians to their lot strikes a note of pathos and regret at first, closer acquaintance with the people causes one to wonder whether, after all, in their meager and lowly existence, they have not an inner life from which they draw sustenance, consolation, and, for the present at least, the power to endure, such as few white men know anything of. Unquestionably the Indian character holds depths and secrets as yet rarely sounded, and could they be induced by sympathy and just treatment to give expression to the best of their interior nature, our modern civilization would receive something which it would be greatly to its profit to accept.

It is the hope of those who had the pleasure of accompanying Mme. Tingley on this visit to Pala, that they may see and know more of these Indians, and that the day may come when the first sole heirs to the great Americas may sound their own particular note in the national life of the new race which is now being built up on this continent.

M. M.

SUNDAY SERVICES IN ISIS THEATER

MME. KATHERINE TINGLEY spoke on May 16th upon 'Present-Day Crime and Unrest — the Menacing Aftermath of War.' She said in part:

"This is an unpleasant subject, but I could not conscientiously come here and speak to you upon spiritual laws and the power of Theosophy without feeling that I was neglecting a serious duty in not calling your attention to the new phases of crime that we are meeting all along the way and that are largely part of the aftermath of the war. We have habituated ourselves to look upon the man who is arrested and condemned as out of our atmosphere, our thoughts. He is tried, condemned, goes to prison, and then he is forgotten. In our criticism, our half-study and our half-faith, we slip along in our grooves and ruts of selfish effort and leave our brothers behind; our fellow-men are separated from us, and with each year the separation is growing wider and wider. It appears to me a duty to call the attention of the public mind to the fact that many of these serious mistakes, made especially by the youth, are due to their lack of knowledge of the laws governing human life. The great sorrow to me is that the right remedies are not applied; yet how can they be when our best, our most humane law-makers have no knowledge of any law but the common law? We cannot but be affected by this psychology of disintegration because under the Divine Laws we are not separate even from those who frighten us with their brutality and their mistakes. Brotherhood is a fact in nature, and we cannot get away from this fact. We are bound by a bond that cannot be broken, for it exists on inner planes, in soul-fellowship and

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in the realities of life. If we are ever to reach a point of understanding in respect to the problems of crime and unrest, we shall have to accept the idea that life is conscience. The only Satan that Theosophists recognise is the Satan within themselves, the lower nature, but how to handle it is the problem. There must be knowledge, discernment, spiritual energy, and spiritual will before man can find the key that will open the door to the mysteries of his nature, or before he can step upon even the first rung of the ladder of self-control."

Mrs. Estelle Hanson, a resident of the International Theosophical Headquarters for the past twenty years, whose four daughters were the first pupils in the Râja-Yoga School when it was opened in 1901, spoke on May 23rd upon 'The Duality of Human Nature from the Standpoint of a Mother.'

Vital Importance of Ancient Teaching about Human Duality She said in part: "The inevitable dualism that bisects nature' does not stop at man but includes every human being from the highest to the lowest, and yet how rarely do we take into account this important factor in human evolution. It is true that at funerals we speak of the body celestial and the body terrestrial, of being sown in the natural body and raised in the spiritual body, but how many, and particularly how many mothers, apply this great truth of the duality of human nature to the problems and mysteries of daily life? From the dawn of history, teachers, philosophers and inspired men of all nations have preached the same doctrines, in different languages and by differing methods, to suit the people and the age; yet the message itself has been ever the same: that man is a pilgrim on this earth, that his mission is to climb upwards to perfection by the purification of his life, that his evolution is and must be self-directed, and that he has a higher and a lower nature. So that Theosophy in its message to the world is bringing nothing new, but is simply repeating, emphasizing and putting into plainer language the world-old teaching of the duality of human nature.

"No mother or teacher can hope to understand fully the difficulties in a child's life unless she recognises this duality, though this does not mean, of course, that the contrasts between the higher and the lower side are as pronounced as those of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. Yet in greater or lesser degree every child and every human being gives evidence of this double existence day after day as the higher and lower impulses come and go, and this teaching explains the contrasts that baffle our best psychologists, physicians, scientists, and reformers. To the mother this teaching gives a key that will unlock many closed doors, and together with the equally wonderful teachings of Karma and Reincarnation she is equipped to guide her child to self-mastery, which is the goal of true education."

'The Fear of Death and the Hope of Life' was the subject of an address by R. Machell on May 30th. Preceding the address, J. H. Fussell, Secretary of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, spoke briefly upon the meaning of Memorial Day, saying, in part:

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Source of the Common Fear of Death

"Memorial Day is a day of tender recollections not only for the nation's honored dead but for those who have passed away in our immediate families. But with all the sadness, these recollections bring comfort and the light of spiritual peace to those who view life rightly, even though they accept the one-life theory of human existence. In the Theosophical teaching of Reincarnation, however, there is special hope and comfort, for it holds the blessed assurance that under the Law of Divine Justice we shall meet on earth again."

Mr. Machell said, in part:

"It is probable that in all ages men have feared death and yet have protested against the imputation. Men speak perhaps scornfully of death, as if they had no fear of it; but still they count it a courageous act to brave its terrors. If there is no fear to overcome, where is the courage in the deed? The explanation of the fear of death is to be found in the generally-accepted idea that death ends life: a natural supposition, certainly, to a mind wholly concerned with affairs of the body and that does not recognise its own spiritual essence and origin. But this common error of the unspiritual mind is not shared by those who are convinced that life is continuous."

"Fear is the creative power of imagination distorted by moral disease. It creates terrors and monsters, and the greatest monster of its creation is the bogey called 'death.' The monstrosity is man-made: the reality is no terror. It is but the passing through an open door, the entering upon a new day of life. The only death that man need fear is soul-death. The death of the body is as certain as the death of any tree or plant: a change of domicile for the soul, which may sometimes occur inopportunately, but which has nothing in it to inspire fear. Life and consciousness are co-eternal. Death is but a doorway in the house of life, and in that house are many mansions."

A POLICE INSPECTOR ON CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

IN 1890 H. P. Blavatsky wrote regarding the death penalty:

"Practically, since the juryman has, or ought to have, a 'heart,' the law neglects an important factor in the problem, for if it punishes murder with death, the juryman, in deciding for a verdict of guilty, of necessity becomes an accessory in a fresh murder. But the 'heart' of the people is beginning to protest against this 'eye for an eye' code and is refusing to render evil for evil. Capital punishment is nothing but a relic of barbarity. So that we are of opinion that this feeling should be fostered by open protest on every occasion."

Such views we now find echoed by former Chief Inspector, William B. Watts, of the Boston Police Department, in an interview reported in *The Boston Traveler*, March 22, 1920, as follows:

"I just feel that the death penalty is brutal and barbaric. I believe it to be no preventive of murder. It is something that a civilized people should rid themselves of as they have other means of protecting society just as well."

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society

Founded in 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

An International Magazine

Unsectarian
Monthly



Nonpolitical
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.

Archytas the Pythagorean defined time to be the universal interval of the nature of the universe, in consequence of surveying the continuity in the productive principles of that nature, and their departure into division. Others still more ancient defined time to be, as the name manifests, *a certain dance of intellect*; but others defined it to be the periods of soul; others, the natural receptacle of these periods; and others, orderly circulations; all which (says Iamblichus, from whom this information is derived) the Pythagoric sect comprehends. Both Archytas also and Aristotle appear to have admitted time to be *a continued and indivisible flux of nows*.

. . . Time is defined by Aristotle, to be *the number of motion according to prior and posterior*, which accords with Plato's definition of it in the *Timaeus*, viz., *that it is an eternal image flowing according to number*. For this shows that time subsists according to number which has the relation of an image, and exists according to the order of motion, *i. e.*, according to prior and posterior. In short, time is properly the measure of motion according to the flux of being, which is the peculiarity of *generation*, or *becoming to be*.

—Thomas Taylor, Notes on pages 203 and 195 in his translation of Plotinus' *On Eternity and Time*

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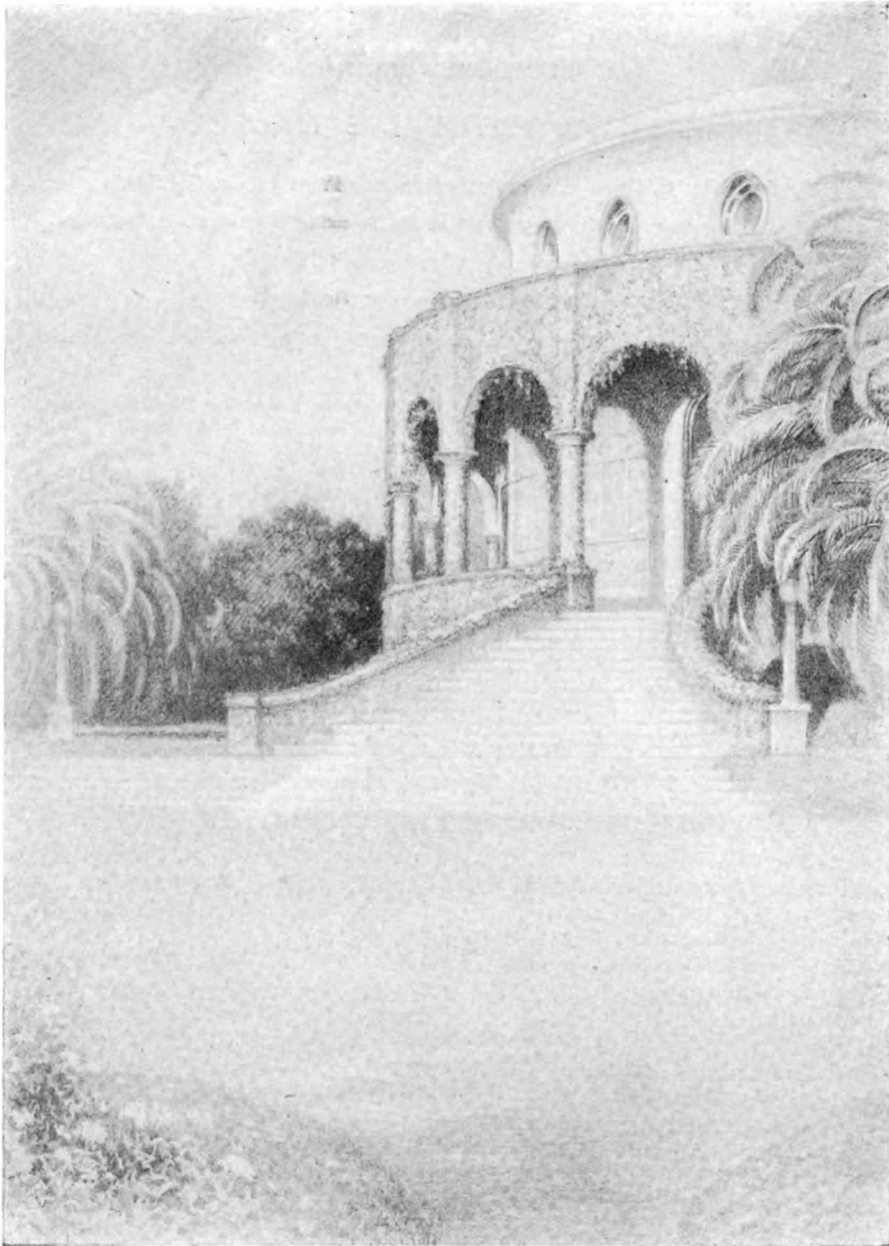
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TEMPLE OF PEACE, LOMALAND

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

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"Now karma is fourfold:

That which bears fruit in the present existence;

That which bears fruit in rebirth;

That which bears fruit at no fixed time; and

By-gone karma."—Translated from *Visuddhi-Magga*, xix (a Buddhist scripture), by Warren

The writings of H. P. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge contain so much that is applicable to present-day problems that I feel sure the members of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society and other readers of THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH will be glad of the opportunity of benefiting by their wise teachings. I trust soon to meet my readers through these pages again.

KATHERINE TINGLEY, *Editor*

THEOSOPHICAL KEYNOTES: THE NEW CYCLE*

H. P. BLAVATSKY



UT whether the man of today be a fanatic, a skeptic or a mystic, he must be well convinced that it is useless for him to struggle against the two moral forces at large now engaged in the supreme contest. He is at the mercy of these two adversaries and there is no intermediary capable of protecting him. It is but a question of choice, whether to let himself be carried along on the wave of the mystical evolution, or to struggle against this moral and psychic reaction and so find himself engulfed in the maelstrom of the rising tide. The whole world, at this time, with its centers of high intelligence and humane culture, its political, artistic, literary and commercial life, is in a turmoil; everything is shaking and crumbling in its movement towards reform. It is useless to shut the eyes, it is useless to hope that anyone can remain neutral between the two contending forces; the choice is whether to be crushed between them or to become united with one or the other. The man who imagines he has freedom, but who,

*Concluded from the July issue.

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nevertheless, remains plunged in that seething caldron of selfish pleasure-seeking, gives the lie in the face of his divine Ego, a lie so terrible that it will stifle that Higher Self for a long series of future incarnations. All you who hesitate in the path of Theosophy and the occult sciences, you who trembling on the golden threshold of truth — the only one within your grasp, for all the others have failed you one after the other — look straight in the face the great Reality which is offered you. It is only to mystics that these words are addressed, for them alone have they any importance; for those who have already made their choice they are vain and useless. But you students of Occultism and Theosophy, you well know that a word, old as the world though new to you, has been declared at the beginning of this cycle. You well know that a note has just been struck which has never yet been heard by mankind of the present era, and that a new thought is revealed, ripened by the forces of evolution. This thought differs from everything that has been produced in the nineteenth century; it is identical, however, with the thought that has been the dominant tone and key-note of each century, especially the last — absolute freedom of thought for humanity.

Why try to strangle and suppress what cannot be destroyed? Why hesitate when there is no choice between allowing yourselves to be raised on the crest of the spiritual wave to the very heavens beyond the stars and the universes, or to be engulfed in the yawning abyss of an ocean of matter? Vain are your efforts to sound the unfathomable, to reach the ultimate of this wonderful Matter so glorified in our century; for its roots grow in the Spirit and in the Absolute; they do not exist, yet they *are* eternally. This constant union with flesh, blood and bones, the illusion of differentiated matter, does nothing but blind you. And the more you penetrate into the region of the impalpable atoms of chemistry the more you will be convinced that they only exist in your imagination. Do you truly expect to find in material life every reality and every truth of existence? But Death is at everyone's door, waiting to shut it upon a beloved soul that escapes from its prison, upon the soul which alone has made the body a reality; how then can it be that eternal Love should associate itself absolutely with ever-changing and ever-disappearing matter?

But you are perhaps indifferent to all such things; how then can you say that affection and the souls of those you love concern you at all, since you do not believe in the very existence of such souls? It must be so. You have made your choice; you have entered upon that path which crosses nothing but the barren deserts of matter. You are self-condemned to wander there and to pass through a long series of similar lives. You will have to be contented henceforth with deliriums and fevers in place

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of spiritual experiences, with passion instead of love, with the husk instead of the fruit.

But you, friends and readers, you who aspire to something more than the life of the squirrel everlastingly turning the same wheel; you who are not content with the seething of the caldron whose turmoil results in nothing; you who do not take the deaf echoes of the dead past for the divine voice of truth; prepare yourselves for a future of which you have hardly dared to dream unless you have at least taken the first few steps on the way. For you have chosen a path, although rough and thorny at the start, that soon widens out and leads you to the divine truth. You are free to doubt while you are still at the beginning of the way, you are free to decline to accept on hearsay what is taught respecting the source and the cause of Truth, but you are always able to hear what its voice is telling you, and you can always study the effects of the creative force coming from the depths of the unknown. The arid land upon which the present generation of men is moving at the close of this age of spiritual dearth and of purely material satisfaction, has need of a divine symbol, of a rainbow of hope to rise above its horizon. For of all the past centuries our Nineteenth has been the most criminal. It is criminal in its frightful selfishness, in its skepticism which grimaces at the very idea of anything beyond the material; in its idiotic indifference to all that does not pertain to personal egotism — more than any of previous centuries of ignorant barbarism or intellectual darkness. Our century must be saved from itself before its last hour strikes. This is the moment for all those to act who see the sterility and folly of an existence blinded by materialism and ferociously indifferent to the fate of one's neighbor; now is the time for them to devote all their energies, all their courage to the great intellectual reform. This reform can only be accomplished by Theosophy we say, by the Occultism of the Wisdom of the Orient. The paths that lead to it are many; but the Wisdom is one. Artistic souls foresee it, those who suffer dream of it, the pure in heart know it. Those who work for others cannot remain blinded to its reality, though they may not recognise it by name. Only light and empty minds, egotistical and vain drones, confused by their own buzzing will remain ignorant of the supreme ideal. They will continue to exist until life becomes a grievous burden to them.

This is to be distinctly remembered however: These pages are not written for the masses. They are neither an appeal for reforms, nor an effort to win over to our views the fortunate in life; they are addressed solely to those who are constitutionally able to comprehend them, to those who suffer, to those who hunger and thirst after some Reality in this world of Chinese Shadows. And why should they not show themselves courageous enough to leave their world of trifling occupations,

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their pleasures above all and their personal interests, at least as far as those interests do not form part of their duty to their families or others? No one is so busy or so poor that he cannot create a noble ideal and follow it. Why then hesitate in breaking a path towards this ideal, through all obstacles; over every stumbling-block, every petty hindrance of social life, in order to march straight forward until the goal is reached?

Those who would make this effort would soon find that the "strait gate" and the "thorny path" lead to the broad valleys of the limitless horizons, to that state where there is no more death, because they have regained their divinity. But the truth is that the first conditions necessary to reach it are a disinterestedness, an absolute impersonality, a boundless devotion to the interests of others, and a complete indifference to the world and its opinions. The motive must be absolutely pure in order to make the first steps on that ideal path; — not an unworthy thought must turn the eyes from the end in view, not one doubt must shackle the feet. There do exist men and women thoroughly qualified for this whose only aim is to dwell under the aegis of their divine nature. Let them, at least, take courage to live the life and not conceal it from the eyes of others! The opinion of no other person should be taken as superior to the voice of conscience. Let that conscience, developed to its highest degree, guide us in the control of all the ordinary acts of life. As to the conduct of our inner life, we must concentrate the entire attention on the ideal we have proposed to ourselves, and look straight ahead without paying the slightest attention to the mud upon our feet. . . .

Those who can make this supreme effort are the true Theosophists.

MUSIC THE SOUL OF ART

R. MACHELL

HEN one thinks how universally music is accepted and appreciated as an art or as a science, it seems a little strange to find it defined as "a succession of pleasing sounds." The intense delight that large numbers of people derive from music, would alone seem to suggest a deeper source and origin than is indicated in the dictionary definition. But when we consider the lofty aims and far-reaching claims of musicians and music-lovers, the aspirations expressed, and the purposes to which it is applied, we might expect to find music described as a religious ritual, or as a magical ceremonial, designed to invoke spiritual powers or to transmute human emotions into godlike

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inspirations. All this and more is covered in the dictionary definition by some such bald formula as "a succession of pleasing sounds."

The power of music to express every variety of human emotion is well known, and its power to arouse sympathetic states in the hearers as well as in the performers is a fact that is counted on with certainty; and yet music is no more than "a succession of pleasing sounds." This certainly seems an inadequate definition; for it barely indicates one of the concomitants of a musical performance, and one that may not be at all essential to the art.

Why should there not be color-music as well as sound-music? And for that matter why not form-music, or scent-music?

Is the sense of hearing the only one that will respond sympathetically to the charm of rhythm and harmonious arrangement? Surely not. The plastic arts are evidence to the contrary: particularly in their application to what is commonly called 'decoration.'

This term decoration is, however, a misleading one, for it suggests the use of color and form as an embellishment, rather than as a means of evoking those higher emotions that good music appeals to. Yet there is no inherent superiority in sound over sight to warrant the limitation of music to the one sense of hearing. Why not sight-music?

It may be answered that the word art covers the whole ground, but it covers such a wide ground as to be almost useless; but of course there are similar elements in all the arts, and the principal of these is rhythm.

Rhythm in its simplest form might be described as the dominating principle in a series or succession of vibrations. Succession of vibrations does not necessarily imply rhythm; but succession of vibrations is a means of expressing rhythm: just as a succession of pleasing sounds may or may not express music, but is always present in sound-music.

When one considers closely the remarkable correspondence that exists between sounds and colors, one sees that it is as easy to arrange a color-scale as a sound-scale. It is just as impossible to establish a definite scale which shall be anything more than an arbitrary definition of limits for the range of each tone in color, as in sound. And such scales may be made to correspond exactly.

It is easy to construct an instrument that will produce the color-scale as accurately as will any instrument for the making of sound. In fact a color-organ was long ago perfected, and it was shown that ordinary music, composed for a sound-organ or a piano, could be played on the color-organ; and the color-music, thrown upon a screen as rays and flashes of colored light, was found to produce corresponding impressions on those who could appreciate color as keenly as some appreciate sound.

It is no new idea so far as that goes, but there are thoughts that

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spring from it that are worth considering. The one that most impresses me is the enormous importance of rhythm in all music of any kind, and in all art.

Musicians may claim the monopoly of the word 'music' for their art of sound-vibrations, on the ground that the other arts have long since ceased to make music, and have fallen into mere representation of objects, or into depiction of events, or into other modes of appeal to the reason and intellect. Painting and sculpture in the western world can hardly show any great achievement along any other line. The music may be there, but it has generally been crowded out of its proper place by the desire to instruct, or to amuse, by an appeal to the intellect (by which term I mean the lower or brain-mind).

In architecture we may look for form-music and we may find it in the great religious edifices, particularly in the Chinese pagodas where the entire structure existed as a harmonic utterance and hardly could be regarded as serving any practical purpose, or as existing for any other purpose than as a thing of beauty, expressing in its rhythmic forms a song of praise to the Soul of the Universe. Such a structure was in itself an act of devotion pure and simple: that is to say it was music.

In some degree this may be true of many other temples and monuments: but too often the idea of practical utility has outweighed the spiritual aspiration and strangled it. In others the music was perhaps not of the highest kind, the appeal being made to the sensuous nature by a harmony of form calculated to please or excite emotions of a lower order.

We know that there is music of a popular kind that is powerful in its emotional appeal, but which is not spiritual, in the best sense of the term. It may intoxicate rather than elevate: that is to say, it may stimulate the wholly sensuous side of man's nature, or it may free him from the domination of the animal, and raise him to a consciousness of his own divinity.

It is evident that, judged by such standards, the word 'music' has been very generally misapplied to the great mass of art. Artists have tried to free the word 'art' from the associations that have degraded it; but unfortunately their efforts have scarcely gone beyond the formal recognition of conventional morality, which is but the fringe of the subject, important as it is; it stands to art much in the same relation as sanitary science stands to architecture, or as orthography to literature, not as a virtue, but as a simple necessity. A solid foundation is necessary for a great edifice; but the architect having established his foundation builds upwards into regions unapproachable by the foundations, which lie buried out of sight. Sound morality is like a sound foundation to a

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building, it is a necessity; that is all. It cannot guarantee a great super-structure, but it can support it. Morality cannot create great art; but without it art will fall into quick decay. The vital principle in art is rhythm.

Music is vastly more than "a succession of pleasing sounds," it is rhythm, as understood by the mystic or the true artist, and rhythm is a spiritual principle, a living force, or rather a life-giving force. It is creative, it creates the work of art.

But rhythm is not limited to vibrations perceptible by one sense alone. Rhythm pervades the universe, it is the soul of things, the great creative principle itself, that dominates vibration on all planes of existence. Rhythm is not made, it is the maker. The great artist translates the rhythm of his own soul into terms of art, and thus ensouls his work.

There were great creative artists in the past, in India and Persia and other Eastern lands, who understood color-music, and used their knowledge to create great works of pure decorative design on which were based the arts of carpet-weaving and embroidery that became traditional in races that have survived into our own time, and have preserved the formulas of the tradition for thousands of years after the creative impulse had passed on to create other forms of art in other lands. Today the carpets are manufactured solely as commercial goods: as works of art they are but records of a traditional art long since defunct.

The great musicians of the western world have given us an art of pure tone-music based on rhythm and expressive of pure spiritual aspirations; but color-music is still a dormant art in western civilization. Form-music existed for a while in architecture; but it has become traditional; and a great (?) architect today designs his buildings in some traditional style: displaying his skill in adaptation of antique formulas to modern requirements, entirely ignoring that first article of Hsieh Ho's canon, 'spiritual rhythm.' Our sculptors too are dominated by tradition.

True, the traditions are fast breaking up, and civilization is in a state of active disintegration. At such a time it is perhaps unreasonable to look for great art; or to expect a new art to appear, until the new age of spiritual reconstruction has set in and a new spiritual impulse has flashed forth from the World-Soul, to start a new civilization on the earth. But it may be that this has already happened. The times are great with possibilities; and Theosophy, the world's light-bringer, "Lucifer the bright morning star," is risen and the signs of dawn are visible behind the clouds. A new rhythm thrills the earth; and a new age will bring new arts to birth: or we may wake to a new understanding of old mysteries, and find in our own hearts the rhythm that gives birth to that mysterious music, which is life.

MY FALL FROM THE HOUSE OF THE PROFESSOR

EDGAR P. ALLAN

[NOTE.— It is perhaps advisable to premise that the following *jeu d'esprit* is written in no captious spirit of criticism of a great man and his great work, in no ignorant folly gibing at what it cannot understand. On the contrary, the genius and achievements of Professor Einstein are appreciated to the extent of the writer's ability; but this does not prevent him from seizing an irresistible occasion for airing his wit at the expense of popular misconceptions; and wit is a quality which, be it remembered, is always inseparable from good-nature.]



I CANNOT, for my soul, remember how, when, or even precisely where, I first became acquainted with the very remarkable train of ideas associated with the immortal name of Professor Zweiglas; but the idea, once born in my mind, continued there to grow until it gradually drove out every other thought, and finally usurped entire possession of my being. Thus therefore was it — thus only *could* it have been — that upon the close of a long and dreary day in the December of some immemorial year, I found myself before the gloomy portals of Siebenbrunnengasse 11, Düsseldorf-am-Elbe, Germany. Consigning my horse to the care of a menial, I inquired of the Mädchen who answered my summons, whether her master was within.

"He is *here*, high-well-born," was the reply;" but I cannot say whether he is *now*."

Disregarding a speech which *must* have been due to an inadequate acquaintance with grammar, I was about to press further my inquiries, when our colloquy was interrupted by the appearance of one whose bearing removed all shadow of doubt that she could be other than the Lady Zweiglas, spouse of the celebrated personage who was the object of my journey.

"Pray be indulgent to my servant," she said; "she is the only one we have been able to keep since the Professor took to interfering with the co-ordinates of space and time. I will answer your questions to the best of my ability, but I fear that, in doing so, I shall be obliged to strain the German language as much as your patience. You ask whether Professor Zweiglas is in now; I can only reply that he was in his laboratory tomorrow; but yesterday he expects to go to Neudorf to visit a brother Professor; so I really cannot say when he is here — I mean, where he is now. But you shall see for yourself."

In a turmoil of the soul — in a revolution of the entire threshold of consciousness — which I shall not presume to pen in mere words, I

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followed my stately guide through many lengthy corridors and tangled staircases, until finally, many hours before daybreak, we found ourselves before the threshold of the moody master of the manse. A touch upon a spring, given however in a particular manner, revealed a secret door in the arras, and we beheld an apartment whose vast length was hopelessly lost in the viewless distance, and whose oaken ceiling towered aloft to the stars of heaven. But the most jealous scrutiny failed utterly to disclose the whereabouts, or even the actual presence, of its sublime denizen. And here it is necessary that I should endeavor to portray certain very remarkable and *bizarre* features that characterized, not so much the furnishing, as the very *wasness* (if I may so speak) of the chamber wherein we found ourselves; though I fear that mere words will not avail more than to foreshadow the awful reality. The floor upon which we trod was not valsparrred or carpeted, but clothed with what could have been nothing else than ordinary wall-paper; while my hostess pulled my arm just in time to prevent me from stepping upon a picture in a glazed frame, which was nailed to the floor by a wire. But before I could fathom the meaning of this unwonted spectacle, my eye was seized by a sight not less remarkable; for the wall near which we stood was seen to be covered with polished boards, while at its foot lay a disordered heap of rugs, chairs, and other articles such as are customarily found scattered over the floor of an apartment.

While I was still wondering at the incomprehensible fancy of a man who could thus paper his floor and lay floor-boards on his walls, my gaze chanced to wander upwards towards the ceiling. I fear I shall never be able to convey what I then saw. In a vista of infinite space, I seemed to see a dusty road, and on it a traveler on horseback. Looking on his face, I saw with amaze that the face was my own.

I had already far more than three-parts made up my mind to go home and spend many long and pleasant months in meditating on the essence of this awful problem, when I was recalled to myself by a voice, which came as from a vast distance, yet penetrated to the most intimate recesses of my sensorium.

"Stand when you are, at your peril," it said; "while I endeavor, as far as may be to one of the common herd, to explain the state of affairs. There are two theories of relativity, the ordinary theory and the extraordinary theory. The first was discovered long ago, and merely upsets our calculations; but the second was invented by myself recently, and is a far more serious matter, as it upsets everything, from our stomachs to the furniture in our rooms. We live in a four-dimensional world; three of the dimensions are of space, one is of time. I have discovered that they are interchangeable, and further I have discovered how to

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interchange them. At this moment (so to say), I have so tilted my room that one of the three spatial dimensions is extended along the track of time, while the time-dimension takes its place along with the other two space-dimensions as a part of the room. This is why you are walking upon the walls, while you see the floor reared up perpendicularly before you; and the direction which your eyes are now taking, and which you imagine to be *up*, is really the time dimension; you are looking into the past."

I said I would be blown; and "Where are you, then?" I queried.

"Why of course I am in the third spatial dimension of the room," came the answer. "But pardon my forgetfulness of hospitality. In a few moments I shall be with you — or, to speak more correctly, in a few yards I shall be contemporaneous with you. Excuse the more than vagueness of my language, but indeed it is hard even for such an one as myself to say precisely whether I am in space or time. My colleague, Professor Mühlenrad, is at work on a new grammar, adapted to my invention of relativity, in which the adverbs of place and time are to be made interchangeable; and when that is published we shall the more readily be able to converse. In the meantime I will beg you to seat yourself as well as you can upon the wall in front of you."

With that, I complied as well as I was able with his request, and almost immediately a convulsion took place, on recovering from which I found myself sitting on the floor amid a cloud of dust raised by the shifting furniture, while Professor Zweiglas (whose fair partner had taken an opportunity to escape), dropped before me from the ceiling where he appeared to have been hanging.

I greeted the great man with all the enthusiasm of which my nature is so well known to be capable. But to my surprise, though I saw his lips move, no voice was audible. Perceiving from my gestures that I did not hear him, the Professor rose and began to run towards me with great velocity, but, greatly to my astonishment, without seeming to get any nearer. After perhaps two minutes of this exercise, he seated himself and now spoke in audible tones.

"Again," said he, "I have to ask your pardon. I had forgotten that here in Seven-Pump-Court the theory of relativity is a practical affair, not a mere lip-theory. The fact is that, when I first began to speak, I was much further off from you than you were from me; so that, while I could hear your voice, you could not hear mine. This will seem strange to you, I know; but you must bear in mind that our ordinary conceptions of distance are based upon the imaginary concept of an extended space, upon which we mark out in imagination certain distances. Now, since I have discovered that this space *is* purely imaginary, and does not in

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fact exist, why, you see, there is no sure way of telling how far off two bodies may be from one another. The distance from you to me is purely relative to yourself; while the distance from me to you is relative to myself alone."

"You are pardoned," said I; "and in return I must ask your indulgence if, at first, I experience a difficulty in following you when I do not feel quite certain where you are — or where I am, for that matter. But pray tell me how you managed to approach me by running so fast and so long across a floor which at most was only a few feet in extent."

"My motion was relative to you alone, and not to the floor. Hence I got nearer to you, while relatively to the floor I was standing still. You may remember that Jules Verne makes some travelers set out in a projectile from the earth to the moon. All very well; they would doubtless have continued to recede from the earth, but they would never have got any nearer to the moon."

"And why, pray?" said I.

"Because they had no motion relative to the moon, but only relative to the earth," said the Professor, with the glee of a man who has just triumphantly solved a conundrum.

"But what about the ether?" I replied.

"What indeed!" was the reply. "That's the question. Michelsen and Morley proved that the ether, though not precisely non-existent, was so very nearly so as to be tantamount to negligibility. They showed that a ray of light, when it passes from a lamp to a mirror, does not climb its way along the ether, but simply *goes* from one body to the other. In the same way I came to you without climbing along the floor."

"Then, if there is no ether, what do you suppose occupies interplanetary space?"

"Emptiness, my dear Sir, simply emptiness. If you and I were alone in interplanetary space, would it make any difference whether we were close together or a thousand miles apart? There would be nothing between us in either case. Could we even have any motion relatively to each other?"


The Professor, in his enthusiasm, had been flourishing his arms, and now brought one of them inadvertently and heavily down upon some apparatus on his table. The result was violent and unexpected. The room vibrated and shook like a ship in a storm; giddiness seized my very soul. After a painful and protracted experience which I can only compare to the sensation of falling out of bed and waking up on the floor, I found myself lying ignominiously in what I am forced to surmise is the year 2020 A. D. and from which I have since vainly been endeavoring to get back. For, alas! there will be no Professor Zweiglas to help me in those

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days. And it is only now, as from the repose of my own study, I pen (or should I say, "I *shall* pen"?) these memorable words, that I realize — that I comprehend — how utter and how headlong was then my fall through that accursed time-dimension which the professor's inadvertence had thus tilted into the perpendicular co-ordinate down which I fell.

RIGHT AND WRONG

H. T. EDGE, M. A.

NE has sometimes heard ingenious sophists try to argue away the difference between good and evil, saying that these are conventional distinctions, devoid of real validity; and on these occasions one cannot help suspecting that there lurks in the background of the sophist's mind a desire to palliate certain actual or contemplated shortcomings, and to place himself upon that pinnacle of vantage whereon these commonplace distinctions merge into an untrammelled and superior wisdom. It would be gratifying to take one of these plausible reasoners at his word, and to set before him on his breakfast table a bad egg, in order to see whether he would recognise any distinction between it and his customary and expected good egg; or whether, with the courage of his declarations, he would manfully and stoically ingurgitate the fragrant morsel, so repugnant to the common herd, a matter of such sublime indifference to his own spacious and refined taste.

Could we plumb with the searching eye of imagination to the ultimate profundities of existence, we might perchance attain some sublime realm where good and evil would merge undistinguished in an absolute reality, and sink to the mere attributes of an inferior world. But, when the question of conduct arises, it might be as well to adjust our views to the plane on which we are acting, and to confine our ignoring of the distinction between good and evil to those times when we happen to be functioning on planes of the highest and most sublime abstraction. In this way we may avoid getting things sadly mixed. Now it happens that the world wherein we are privileged to act and to speak is of an extremely mundane character, quite riddled with commonplace distinctions such as that between good and evil; and we cannot take a step in any direction without having to recognise and allow for them.

Not all the abstract geometry in the world will enable you to put your right-hand glove on your left hand, without turning matters hope-

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lessly inside out; which shows that, practically speaking, right is not left, a distinction that is not abolished by our inability to explain its nature. Also it makes a considerable difference, when we propose to ourselves as travelers a particular destination, whether we take an eastbound or a westbound car to arrive at it; and this in spite of the fact that either car would take us there, provided the track ran straight on for a distance of some twenty-five thousand miles. Doubtless extremes meet, but only when they are so very extreme as to constitute a negligibly rare case; and in the ordinary business of life extremes generally point in quite opposite directions. It is scarcely within the limits of practical politics that our philosopher should be confronted with two eggs, respectively so good and so bad that all distinction between them should be obliterated in one common quintessential sublimity.

Another suspicion that intrudes upon our reflexions as we contemplate such lucubrations is that the orator, in upsetting our own standard of good and evil, would nevertheless reserve a standard of his own; nor is it altogether unreasonable to infer that his very remarks imply a pretty good sense of what is right and fitting and what is not.

If good and evil do eventually merge into one, it is proper to inquire at what point they do so, and at what points they are still distinct and divergent. On the material plane it is clear that up is not down; and, without going into a discussion as elaborate as it is unnecessary, we can say at once that duality qualifies every plane to which we can reach in action or in contemplation, being indeed an essential component of thought itself. Hence, wherever our consciousness can reach, we find this distinction between right and wrong; not a *mere* interchangeable duality, like a mathematical line, but a pair of polar opposites, like the ends of a magnet.

The reality of good and evil, as regards all planes whereon we can act, has to be admitted. The question as to the source of this duality is interesting speculatively, and useful practically in so far as it helps us in our conduct. There are many ways of defining the nature of this distinction, but for any immediate purpose, such as that of this paper, it is necessary to choose and to observe limits. We choose that definition which applies equally well to good and evil as to health and disease — the definition which regards good and health as a state of unity or wholeness, and evil and disease as a state of diversity and breaking-up into conflicting parts.

As to health and disease, it has often been shown that health is a normal and original condition, wherein the organism acts as a unit and there is no conflict; whereas disease sets in when a conflict arises between the several parts or functions of the organism. The extreme limit of this

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process is death, decay, dissolution, when the unifying principle has altogether surceased and the one life is resolved into a million microbes.

Taking this illustration of physical health and disease, and applying it to the question of conduct, there occurs to the mind the word 'integrity'; a word whose primary meaning, both in Latin and English, is 'wholeness,' 'soundness'; and whose secondary meaning of 'honesty' shows the connexion between the notions of uprightness and unity. Our instinct, as organized beings, is to preserve our integrity, to be a unit; and to prevent whatever impairs this wholeness — to prevent all tendencies to disintegration and internal strife.

Now the average individual is anything but a unit; he is usually the victim of many conflicting and changing forces, all emanating from some part of his own nature. This makes the struggle of existence. It was said of the evil principle in man that its name was 'Legion: for we are many' (see New Testament); and this is a very apt description. The evil spirits tend to tear their victim in pieces. Hence for us good consists in unity and wholeness.

Regarding mankind as a whole, it is evident that the conflict of personal wills constitutes a source of evil and contradicts the principle of wholeness. And any individual human being who has reached a point in his evolution where he begins to be conscious of something in him higher than his personal self, feels this conflict between the interests of the personality and those of the whole. This again makes the struggle of existence.

In the present age it is probable that the numerically larger part of mankind have not attained a point in their evolution where this sense of strife between the higher and lower nature is acute; but such is not the case with others. And all men, in the course of their evolution, must at some time reach the point where they are preparing to leave one kind of life and enter upon another. They are ready to graduate, as it were, into a higher grade; they have sounded their nature, by thought and by experience of life, to a deeper level; they have aroused within themselves a more urgent demand.

In truth, the longer we live (throughout the cycle of rebirth), the more strongly do we develop the various sides of our nature, until we find ourselves beset by a crowd of proclivities which are more or less incompatible with one another. In extreme cases this may take the form of a double life, like the Jekyll and Hyde of Stevenson; but it is oftener experienced in a less dramatic, if equally poignant form. It is then that the man feels that, for him, evil consists in the attempt to follow multifarious desires, and that good consists in whatever can restore to him the sense of unity or enable him to act with *integrity*.

At this point we pause a moment to state that it is only after writing

RIGHT AND WRONG

the above that we chance to come across the following in a current magazine. The similarity is striking and shows how Theosophy is in touch with up-to-date thought.

"The secret of sanity is devotion to the infinite and ideal. . . . Dissociation — disintegration of personality — makes for insanity. If we would be sane, then, we must take the opposite path, the path of self-integration, the path which leads to wholeness of spirit, to inward harmony. If inward harmony is to be achieved, the whole personality must assert its supremacy over each of the subordinate centers, and so prevent the hypertrophy of any of these, as well as the outgrowth of morbid sub-centers. . . . By the whole personality we mean, not the actual average man, the 'finished and finite clod,' but the 'light that lighteth every man,' the ideal or universal self. The ideal self asserts its supremacy by becoming the goal of an eternal process of growth, the end of an endless quest. So long as that quest continues, so long as the soul continues to grow, so long as the man lives in the infinite, the subordinate centers of his being will fulfil their several functions in obedience to the will of the self-evolving, self-revealing whole, and therefore in perfect harmony with one another. This is sanity, in the fullest sense of the word, the sanity of organic wholeness, of immortal youth."

— EDMOND HOLMES, 'The Psychology of Sanity, *Hibbert Journal*, April, 1920

We could not, as Theosophists, ask for a better definition of sanity, or, in accordance with the subject of the present article, for a better description of that which, for man, constitutes good as opposed to evil. To bring all parts of the nature under control of the highest — of the central power; and that central power the real Man, the higher Self; such is the definition of sanity and good. It means self-control, self-knowledge, self-mastery. Yet, as the writer sufficiently indicates, it is not a mere enlargement of the sense of personal importance that is to be sought; that would be vanity and vexation of spirit. It is a larger Self that is to be sought, so that the mere personal man may be subordinated to higher and nobler interests.

As to moral laws, it is true that the prevalence of hypocrisy and false standards may sometimes confuse and irritate us into a feeling of petulant rebellion against codes and maxims. But we should not permit ourselves to be so shaken from our cool judgment by these feelings as to think for a moment that there *is* no moral law for humanity; or to imagine that Nature, because we may have failed to interpret her ways aright, knows no laws of right and wrong. We know well by experience that we cannot so juggle with the laws of health; neither can we afford to trifle with or ignore the laws of right conduct. For, so surely as man is a living being, a denizen of a cosmos ruled by laws, so surely must he either adapt himself to the exigencies of his nature and to his surroundings or suffer severely in the fruitless attempt to run counter to them.

Right and good, therefore, for me consist in the knowledge of those laws that are inherent in my nature, and in the resolve to conform my conduct to their requirements.

The expression 'unwritten law' is sometimes met with, but usually

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in connexion with cases where people desire to give loose rein to some violent feeling which the laws of the state restrain. But what of the unwritten laws of right conduct? Such laws cannot be drafted into any political code; yet what political code would wish to abrogate them? The eye of governmental authority is not far-reaching, nor does even the keener vision of public opinion penetrate the seclusion which the secret sinner can erect around himself. But, once we assume the attitude of knowledge and responsibility, we proclaim ourselves to be ever in the sight of a Law that oversees our most private thoughts. And this for the reason that every thought is an *act*, a seed scattered openly to the wind, and destined to yield us some day a harvest in accordance with its quality.

We may not be able to define the ultimate laws of the universe, but we all know very well when we perform a mean and selfish act, and when we master the low impulse in obedience to a wiser and nobler motive. Therefore it rests with us whether we will continue to go on all fours like a beast that follows its scent, or stand erect and upright like a being endowed with the divine privilege of discernment. This is a thing that is independent of all creeds. It is the acknowledgment of our own higher nature and its immutable laws.

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"If we are but mind, or the slaves of mind, we can never attain real knowledge, because the incessant panorama of objects eternally modifies that mind which is uncontrolled by the soul, always preventing real knowledge from being acquired. But as the soul is held to be superior to mind, it has the power to grasp and hold the latter, if we but use the will to aid it in the work, and then only the real end and purpose of mind is brought about. . . . The will and mind are only servants for the soul's use, but so long as we are wrapped up in material life and do not admit that the real knower and only experiencer is the soul, just so long do these servants remain usurpers of the soul's sovereignty. Hence it is stated in old Hindû works that 'the Soul is the friend of Self and also its enemy'; and that a man should 'raise the self by the Self.' . . . The will is a colorless power, to which no quality of goodness or badness is to be assigned. . . . In ordinary life it is not man's servant, but, being guided only by desire, it makes man a slave to his desires. Hence the old kabalistic maxim, 'Behind will stands desire.' "

— W. Q. JUDGE: Preface to *Patañjali's Yoga Aphorisms*



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**VIEWS OF THE LOMALAND GARDENS,
INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS,
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA**

The dome of the Temple of Peace in the distance.



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

GOLDFISH POOL IN THE LOTUS HOME GROUNDS



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

DOME OF THE TEMPLE OF PEACE
FROM ONE OF THE GARDENS



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LILY POND IN ONE OF THE 'NATURE GARDENS'

THE SEARCH FOR WISDOM

C. J. RYAN

"Knowledge and Wisdom, far from being one,
Have oftentimes no connexion. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men,
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own;
Knowledge, a rude unprofitable mass,
The mere materials with which wisdom builds,
Till smoothed and squared, and fitted into place,
Does but encumber what it seems t'enrich.
Knowledge is proud that he has learn'd so much,
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more."— *Couper*



TRANSITION is the characteristic of the age. All around us there is an accentuation of change in the political, the religious, and the scientific worlds. Religious dogmas are being so greatly modified that the creed-makers would not recognize them; philosophies based upon scientific grounds are being rewritten in accordance with the new, revolutionary discoveries. Many things formerly considered settled are now in the melting-pot. For a while the 'Higher Criticism,' as it is called, seemed to be destroying belief in the accuracy or the importance of the Bible, but now we are told by some that the heavy pruning indulged in by the scholars has only made the spiritual meaning clearer. With this feeling a broader impression is growing that all the great world-religions contain spiritual truths expressed in forms suitable to their particular followers. From quite unexpected sources one hears that there is only one religion in reality, a religious sense arising from real inner experiences in spiritual matters, and that differences in creeds arise from local circumstances and racial or national characteristics; even climate has its influence. You may call the common and universal sense of spiritual order in the universe by any name you please; we call it Theosophy, *Âtma-Vidyâ* — ancient names meaning Divine Wisdom and used in old times in exactly the same sense in which I am using it on this Theosophical platform.

While this Theosophical atmosphere is spreading among a certain number of earnest and advanced leaders — chiefly, of course, in those religious bodies which are not shackled by the chains of tradition or authority, — an increasing number of earnest persons are becoming unsettled by the uncertainty, confusion, and discordance among their spiritual guides, especially since the war shook so many conventional habits of thought to their foundations. One cannot take up a serious

*An address delivered at Isis Theater, San Diego, California, April 25, 1920.

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magazine without feeling that we are at an extraordinary crisis in religious as well as social and political thought, and that the new forms that are slowly emerging out of the chaos will be immensely powerful in shaping social conditions. If the Christian churches are to retain — or regain — their hold upon the educated masses in the coming age, they will have to find and teach the deeper meaning of their sacred books, for the literal interpretation has broken down; even the knowledge of the simple historical facts of Christianity is disappearing. I quote from a review in the *Hibbert Journal* for January. The reviewer of a new book called *The Army and Religion* says:

"Most startling of all, probably, is the revelation of the men's relation to Christianity . . . the men's ignorance of Jesus Christ is described as 'appalling,' the facts of his life are largely unknown. . . . Of Christianity it is said that the men 'have not the foggiest notion what it is all about.'"

The last remark refers to about four-fifths of the men in the British army during the war. The reviewer also says, in speaking of the materializing growth of wealth and power since the industrial revolution of the eighteenth century, that:

"The serious thing is that not only have the churches failed to counteract the advance of this practical materialism, they have themselves been affected by it, with disastrous results to their faith and life."

The writer of the book says

"the faith that will command the future will be that which deals most adequately with the problem of evil."

Theosophy, in its insistence that the secret of obtaining true wisdom lies in the actual realization of the dual nature of man, the angel and the demon, faces and shows how to solve the problem of evil in oneself in a practical manner which meets the materialism of the age in such a way that the simplest can understand it.

Leaving, for the moment, that subject and returning to the general teachings of the Bible, including the Old and New Testaments, we declare that the key to the real meaning, the Lost Word, is to be found in Theosophy. Is this too startling a claim? Is it a strong thing to say that the safety of the Christianity of Christ in a world tired of dogmas unsupported by reason and disillusioned by the dissensions in the churches, is to be secured by the application of the Theosophical key to the interpretation of the ancient writings upon which it is based? We venture to say it is not too strong. The Theosophical interpretation is not dogmatic; it does not presume to place one religion on a pinnacle and debase the rest: but in all the world-religions it reveals the same fundamental

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verities, the healing waters of life. The simple facts of Universal Brotherhood, the higher and lower nature of man, the laws of justice and reincarnation, the existence of great spiritual Teachers little known to the world, and the rest, are in all religions, and those who wish to learn *can* learn.

Glancing at physical science, upon whose incomplete discoveries so many philosophic structures are being erected, and upon which so much of practical life and public conduct of affairs depends, we see growth, but little definite knowledge in the deeper sense. The same undecided note is sounded that we heard in the ecclesiastical ranks. Thirty years ago a leading scientist was widely applauded for saying that the main problems of science were practically solved, and little but detail remained to be worked out! The nature of matter and the origin of man — two subjects of great importance — seemed to be solved on purely materialistic lines: but who would venture such a rash statement today! The conception of matter has been entirely revolutionized by the discovery of radio-activity and the possibility of transmuting one element into another — the justification of the alchemists. Matter is now supposed to be some form of electricity, but what is electricity? Einstein's theory seems to prove that matter is an illusion. The theory that man is the direct descendant of an ape-like ancestor has been widely repudiated by high scientific authorities, and it is now generally believed that the anthropoid apes are offshoots from the human stem at some enormously early period. The true origin of man is still obscured from scientific gaze. In 1888 Madame Blavatsky, the Founder of the Theosophical Movement in this age, stated that records existed showing that the anthropoid apes were partly descended from degraded human tribes existing in the Tertiary period. She discusses the entire subject in her monumental work, *The Secret Doctrine*, and it is interesting to students of Theosophy to observe that science has lately reached conclusions similar to hers. In the same book Madame Blavatsky shows the utter inadequacy of the materialistic doctrine of the Survival of the Fittest to explain the evolution of life and the nature of man, and now we see philosophers and scientists of great eminence arising to declare that Natural Selection and the Survival of the Fittest must be abandoned as the chief cause of evolution. Take Bergson, for example, who tells us that his studies convince him that the real basis of evolution is the forward pressure of Life — inexhaustible, mighty, eternally active and omnipresent life — ever trying to bring into manifestation new forms. Natural Selection and the Survival of the Fittest take their rightful but subordinate place as agencies which sift out and remove those forms of life which can no longer endure the changing conditions. This is quite Theo-

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sophic, for it replaces a mechanical and materialistic principle by a vital and purposeful one. But although we cannot approve the materialistic trend of much that is connected with the name of Darwin, no Theosophist would willingly underrate the importance of his work; for he compelled the modern world to accept the broad principle of evolution in place of the puerile theory of special creation in six ordinary days which the literal interpretation of the Hebrew scriptures by the schoolmen of the Middle Ages had fastened upon the Christian world.

In the desire to prove the existence of something after death, some form of consciousness, by the dubious evidence of psychic phenomena, we can trace a bypath which is being mistaken by many worthy and sincere persons for the highroad to spiritual life. The sorrowing world has had its attention directed to such things in an unusual degree during the last few distressing years when millions of families have been bereaved by the war and its consequences, and many hitherto deniers of the possibilities of anything beyond the world of the five senses have had their dogmatic materialistic illusions shattered. But while occasional peeps into the bewildering obscurities of the lower psychic planes may have slightly modified the materialistic arrogance of the age, such things do not touch the real questions, the vital problems of life, to solve which we are on earth. The great problem of self-directed evolution, of the mastery of the lower nature, of making our life noble and worth something so that we may leave the world better than we found it — in short, the finding of the soul, the divinity which is the aim to strive for — is a matter of such overwhelming importance to each and all that what will happen in some future time when we leave the tired and worn-out body to refresh our souls before taking up another spell of activity in physical form, may safely be ignored till the time comes, for as the Christian Scripture says: "Who is he that will harm you, if ye be followers of that which is good?" (*Peter i*, 3-13) and the still older Oriental Scripture, the Bhagavad-Gîtâ, "For never to an evil place goeth one who doeth good." If we bring the spiritual part of us into our life as the guiding power, or as we say in Theosophy, "make brotherhood a living power in our lives," we need fear no future, for we shall be duly and truly prepared.

I was impressed by an address upon agnosticism, given a few weeks ago by a well-known literary man on a solemn occasion in which he honestly and with great feeling expressed the opinion that neither he nor anyone else, including, as he said, Christian ecclesiastics and profoundly meditative Oriental philosophers from the Himâlayas or elsewhere, knew anything at all about the mysteries of life and death. He pointed out that people were drifting from dogmatism and were being caught by every kind of doctrine, even by ouija boards; but, he said, the agnostic will

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not be disappointed, for he bows his head and says, "I don't know." He said the agnostic demands intellectual honesty, and his courage in facing the unknown is not godlessness; but he believes that any definition of the unknown is an absurdity. At the same time the speaker plainly intimated that the agnostic would like to be shown a method by which he could reasonably proceed to find knowledge which would satisfy the craving of his heart, for he said he felt the incompleteness of this earthly life; he felt there ought to be not only one more opportunity but an infinity of extensions of opportunities to repair the mistakes that mar this little life, and to fulfil the unsatisfied capacity of enjoyment.

Now this agnostic position is far more worthy of attention than the crude denial of the possibility of soul made by materialists such as the late Haeckel or by Professor Vorworn who taught a psychology class in an American University that modern experimental psychology had conclusively proved that the individual soul is no more immortal than the individual body; and, on the other hand, it is a curious reflexion upon other learned professors who assure us that they positively *know* a great deal about the future conditions after death, which appear to be painfully mundane and earthly, even though ethereal reproductions of our familiar surroundings. The high-minded agnostic, with his courage in facing the unknown without leaning upon sentimental support to which his reason cannot surrender, and his innate spirit of dignity which upholds him against intellectual or emotional temptation, and his desire to make the world (as he understands it) better and happier, challenges us to show him that Theosophy can grapple with his negations with 'sweet reasonableness' in a way impossible to other forms of religious thought. But the agnostic who has determined that there is no way to find truth, and who wraps himself in an impenetrable shell of denial, has for the time being shut himself off from the light and is a dogmatist. To such Time is the only helper. But to those who have kept open minds and are merely discouraged by the unscientific position of the creeds, and so forth, Theosophy has something to say.

Two primary things stand out in the answer a student of Theosophy would give to those who ask for definite facts or bases on which to build: these are, the duality of man's nature, and the old saying of the Delphic Oracle, repeated with such earnestness by Socrates, "Man, know thyself!" Theosophy declares boldly that when the mind is concentrated in overwhelming aspiration to reach the higher life, no matter how many mistakes are made in the effort, the light of true wisdom begins to steal in, and the duality of our nature is revealed, sometimes to our great astonishment — we hardly thought we were quite like that: this is one meaning of the expression 'self-directed evolution' so frequently urged

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upon us by Katherine Tingley.

One of the wise teachers of antiquity, Śankarâchârya, who spoke from practical experience, wrote:

"In soul-vision the wise man perceives in his heart a certain wide-extending awakening. . . . In soul-vision the wise man perceives in his heart the unfading, undying reality . . . in the hidden place of the soul this steady shining begins to shine like the dawn; then the shining shines forth like the noonday sun."

Theosophy offers no dogmatic creed, no assertions which *must* be accepted; the Theosophical Society and Universal Brotherhood Organization only demands of its members work on behalf of the highest ideal of human brotherhood. Theosophy shows the way, the line of least resistance, by which we may find wisdom and knowledge for ourselves, within ourselves. It is so simple and so old. The practice of brotherhood — "love your neighbor as yourself," and act accordingly, — self-control, and unremitting aspiration to the highest ideal. At first only a few grains of truth may come, but they are *your own*, and they are self-reproductive, and new worlds of hope, new ways of understanding, open.

In studying any branch of learning we take the text-books or the lectures on trust at the outset, thoroughly understanding that the teaching is based on the experience of those who have passed through the training upon which we have entered, and that we shall be able to test it and perhaps to add to it. It is the same with Theosophy. When you hear that Theosophy teaches this or that; that Theosophists mostly believe in reincarnation, or the law of karma — of the effect following the cause — and so forth, discrimination must be used or the mistake might be made that these are dogmatic teachings to be accepted under some penalty, or because some authority declares them. It is not so; Theosophical teachings are offered as reasonable explanations of the main facts of life and nature, and are in harmony with the essentials in the teachings of the wisest religions and philosophies. Some are self-evident at an early stage, such as the duality of our nature, the higher and the lower; and, after proper consideration, the fact that the human race is a great family, a brotherhood, however miserably it may fail to act accordingly. With these as a good start towards more knowledge, we can break our way onward, for we find that obstacles are not insurmountable.

Now I wish to clear up some points about the personality and the immortal man, "for whom the hour shall never strike," for it is here that Theosophy offers a solution to the mystery of our being which has led many agnostics to abandon their negative position, and yet which is not opposed to the spiritual interpretation of the order of nature.

The commonest mistake is to think that the ordinary, everyday

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personality is our entire self, instead of being a very small part of a larger and much more wonderful whole. It is not the personal, limited self that Theosophy refers to when speaking of the divinity of man; that would be a preposterous form of idolatry. To prove that on the moral plane man has far greater depth and strength than even he himself knows, we need look no further than the splendid displays of devotion and heroism in the most unlikely people, called forth by pressing emergencies or urgent spiritual calls. How often an apparently unpromising character will arise at a critical moment and surprise everyone by resource, high courage, and wise action! Unfortunately, as we all know, there is often a strong reaction. The routine in common habit asserts itself again, and sometimes there is even a drop. The world-wide outbreak of crime and extravagance now so noticeable and alarming is an obvious reaction from the control so many laid upon themselves during the war. But the startling outrush of the higher consciousness, in which it takes its rightful place for a moment, betrays the existence of the immortal even if it does not exhibit its permanent control. In many such cases the person so moved confesses that he cannot tell how he came to step out into a greater life; he was simply compelled to abandon his prudential calculations and to dare everything in response to a higher impulse than his petty, personal will. For those who do not know the evidence confirming the existence of a higher will than the personal, there is a considerable literature available.

The sudden arousing of the heroic spirit of self-sacrifice in persons who show nothing of the kind under ordinary conditions, but who are stirred by the danger threatening a fellow-creature, is also a testimony to the fundamental unity of the human race — universal brotherhood. Why should a prudent, practical individual risk his life to save another unless he is for the moment inspired by the greater self which feels the actual unity of all human beings in essence? It is really a proof of the imperfect evolution of most of us that we can ever commit an act which is not inspired by the diviner self — which is not brotherly.

Another suggestive demonstration of the greatness hidden behind our limited personalities, though not on the moral plane, is found in the records of those precocious mathematical geniuses, the 'calculating boys' who occasionally incarnate to perplex and astonish psychologists. These abnormal persons exhibit unexplained powers of calculation which point directly to sources of knowledge superior to and beyond the range of the ordinary processes of the mind. Think of Thomas Safford who could, at ten years of age, multiply a row of fifteen figures by a row of eighteen in about the time it takes to write them down, or 'Marvelous' Griffith who could raise a number to the sixth power in eleven seconds!

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There are other powers mentioned in scientific works on psychology which are not properly explained without accepting the theory of a higher principle in us superior to the ordinary personality which erroneously believes itself the only and real self. Religious and philosophical literature record many instances of high states of consciousness experienced by thoroughly well-balanced persons in which the relative unimportance of the lower self was clearly seen, and many illustrations could be given without touching upon disputed matters such as experiences in dreams, under anaesthetics, clairvoyance, or anything that might be objected to by the agnostic ignorant of what is known in those directions. Musical prodigies, and the recognised fact that the spirit shines more brightly in some at the very time when the physical body is disintegrating by disease and the brain is not receiving the normal, healthy stream of blood, are not explained satisfactorily on materialistic lines.

The agnostic tells us that science has demonstrated that the human personality, like any other animal, is a fleeting thing, coming into being at birth, constantly changing during life, and resolving into its elements at death. There is some foundation for this idea, derived from the study of the body, the nervous system, and the mental states; and Theosophy would say that not only is the body perishable, but that all that part of the emotional and mental which cannot assimilate harmoniously with the higher self, also perishes, though not at the same time as the death of the body. The real self is not destroyed. The higher Ego, which uses the outer vestures of the physical, mental, and emotional, in order to come in contact with terrestrial conditions, cannot perish with them, for it is a spark of the eternal flame. In the few minutes at our disposal it is impossible to go further into this important question; it is a subject in itself. But the essential point in respect to the search for wisdom is that the practical result of sincere efforts to control the lower nature and the attempt to lead the life of brotherhood, result in the light of the true self beginning to shine through the covers of the soul, precisely as the sunshine begins to stream into a neglected room when the cobwebs are brushed from the windows and the glass cleaned. After many lives of victories and sometimes defeats, the purified man becomes, in the mystic phrase, "one with the Father in heaven," heaven being, as the Bible says in several places, within.

We hear the word Occultism a good deal of late, and there must be a large proportion of inquiring minds attracted by the idea that it signifies some superior method of thought or research not to be found in the regular sources of information, religious or scientific; but it is pathetic to see what misunderstandings exist as to the true meaning of the term, and what curious will-o'-the-wisps are followed in place of the clear white

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light of the soul and common sense. Lecturers come round with addresses whose titles seductively invite the curious to learn about the development of so-called 'occult powers'; and a more or less weird literature has arisen. Now it cannot be too strongly or too often declared that real Occultism, as it is understood and discussed by the members of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, and as it has always been taught by the three leaders of the Society, Madame Blavatsky, the Founder, William Q. Judge, her successor, and Madame Katherine Tingley, is far removed from the quest of such things as crystal-gazing, palmistry, automatic writing, and astral clairvoyance. Some would-be occultists have been greatly disappointed to find that they should not expect to learn to multiply loaves and fishes, or fly around in the astral in the Theosophical studies. Nor do we publish books with titles like 'A short cut to Adeptship,' 'Initiations while you wait,' or 'Occultism without a Teacher.'

The study of true occultism might be defined as the effort to understand the constitution of man and nature in the deeper sense with the *object* of improving the condition of our fellowmen, and the first requisite is devotion to the interests of others. The first qualification is the serious and continuous effort to control the lower nature and to turn its force into pure and unselfish directions. It is clear that no one with the least glimmering of the high import of the word occultism can look upon the state of the world, arising from ignorance of the divinity of man, without an ardent desire to work until the world is awakened to its glorious possibilities, however long that may take. What would one in whom the spirit of compassion was aroused, do, if given the opportunity to work on earth today? What would he mean by occultism? Would he spend time on doubtful byways and matters which have no practical bearing upon the improvement of character, or upon conditions which actually lead to the possibility of world-improvement? Would he not meet people on simple, natural lines, giving explanations and hopes which their everyday experiences allowed them to understand? Would he not have courage to tell them that the power lay within themselves to destroy the chief causes of human suffering? What an enormous change we should see if large numbers of well-meaning persons would take the decisive step and look for the divine in the mysterious depths of their own natures, and not dwell upon the personality! Though no one can admire the great religious paintings of the supreme masters in art more than I, yet how deplorable it is that their influence, ringing down the recent centuries, has been to represent so brilliantly, so powerfully, the false notion that man is a poor, miserable creature, groveling on this ball of mud, while the divine and spiritual personages are outside of him, far

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off in some other world. A great faith is required in the transforming power of the divine principle within, a faith which soon becomes knowledge. Let us boldly distinguish between the permanent and important and the ephemeral. It is said that American manufactures have attained their success largely through the courage shown in throwing old-fashioned machinery on the scrap-heap. We are burdened with a great many bad habits and old-fashioned ideas — well enough for inferior creatures, no doubt — which hold us back; it requires courage to abandon them, but it will have to be done before we can make the next great step in evolution. Those who have made the attempt tell us they have a wonderful sense of freedom.

I think our true occultist would set about his brotherly work on lines of least resistance, and would begin by teaching the *children* how to control themselves, and how to find their better natures. He would show them and their parents how much happier they were becoming under his training. To do this he would have to possess self-control and self-knowledge. And so the basis of the new and grander civilization would be firmly laid. It is not my intention tonight to speak at length about the system of education Madame Tingley has established on this basis; the Râja-Yoga system is becoming famous. It has been in operation more than twenty years, and many of the earliest scholars are now grown-up and are living examples of its excellence. The basis of the new order of ages has been laid.

Since my last appearance a few weeks ago on this platform, I have received a letter, apparently aroused by some of my remarks, advising students of Theosophy to think less of earth-life and progress here, and more of the future, the Judgment Day, the penalties of hell and the joys of heaven. This letter cannot be from an agnostic, but it invites a few comments because it brings up some important points in Theosophy on practical lines.

Now it is undeniable that the earth is our dwelling-place for this life, and maybe for many more; Theosophists generally believe so. If we are not satisfied with it, whose fault is that but our own and our ancestors'? In the Hebrew allegory, Adam, *i. e.*, the human race, was placed in the earthly paradise to dress and to till it, but the Fall took place and everything went wrong. Nothing was said to Adam about heavenly reward or the other thing; he was simply told to mind the business entrusted to him. He disobeyed orders, failed, and ever since the race has made a sorry business of making an earthly paradise. The belief in a primeval Golden Age is widespread; also the Fall and hope of a Redemption. As we are responsible for present conditions, it is our duty to improve them, to bring back the Golden Age so that the

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divine will shall be done on earth. The Redeemer that can do this *is within*, but we have to call upon him. It is not our duty to fix our gaze upon what may happen in the remote future; it is our duty to spiritualize the present moment. In no long time the future will be the present, and our duty then will be to attend to what is straight in front of us. While there is nothing to prevent us building up pictures of a glorious future, but much to recommend it, for thought is a creative power, it would be a mistake to neglect the possibilities of today and set the heart upon a longed-for spiritual life in the future in some point of space far away from this earth of ours. It is here and now that we have the grand opportunity of finding our spiritual strength in the great conflict with material temptation. Theosophy teaches that after the dissolution of the body, and after a period of purification during which the higher self is freed from its grosser entanglements, the true Ego enters into rest and joy. Returning, once more, refreshed and strengthened, as we return daily from sleep, it takes up its work on earth again. The time will come when we shall have gained all the necessary experience in the physical, and, in the words of John in the Book of Revelation in the New Testament, we "shall go no more out." Higher spheres will be opened to us, for we shall be ready for that wonderful existence, but till then our duties are here and our energy and devotion are challenged by the inner and outer conflict.

For anyone who wishes to study Occultism from books as well as in life, a course of study in the greatest poetry would be a good beginning. The great poets have tried to bring to us who have less insight, some idea of the inner and superior illumination in which they saw man and nature. In the degree of this illumination and of the way he can express his feelings by the magical use of words, is the poet an occultist. The great poet reveals to those who are becoming aware that there is meaning and beauty all around *if they could find it*, something that lies under the hard outer skin, some of the mysteries they have overlooked. He tries his utmost to awaken us to the divine powers slumbering within. We shall not be really civilized until we can all appreciate the highest poetry; nay, we may go farther and say until we have no need for the medium of words, for we shall be able to hear the music of the spheres and the choir invisible for ourselves.

According to Theosophy, then, the road on which we travel in the search for Wisdom begins with the consideration of a few simple suggestions as to the objects for which we are here and what we are in ourselves. These suggestions are not laid down as dogmas, but we do say that if followed conscientiously they lead to their own confirmation by the opening of inner sources of knowledge which do not depend upon

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outside teachings. The success of this method of study depends upon the purity of motive, for it leads to the full realization of the higher self and the brotherhood of man. True Occultism is only occult or hidden because we have blinded ourselves to the higher laws of nature by our wrong methods of living; we have set our hearts on the gratification of the lower personality and we have no right to expect divine wisdom to descend upon us. It may take many incarnations of effort and sacrifice before the intuition is so fully developed that we can distinguish its voice with certainty from that of reasoning warped by desire. Madame Katherine Tingley has said:

"As long as the lower forces play through the chambers of the mind, the real light, the real knowledge, the true interpretation, that quality of intuition that belongs to every man and is a part of the inner life, cannot be accentuated. To a large degree I feel that we are depending too much on the outward life, we are living too much in the external, our vision and our progress are limited by our lack of knowledge of the higher law; but if we could once realize, as a Theosophist does after long study and much devotion, that the real life, the ever-growing eternal life, is within, the mind would become receptive to the higher knowledge and to that state of consciousness which is ever illumined by the inner light. . . . Many of the external and fascinating attachments of life which we love and hug so dearly, those things which we in our selfishness hold the most precious, will fade away in the course of time. But the great inner knowledge, the inner life — truth — will never desert one; for there is constantly abiding in man this inner power, this controlling Christos Spirit, which will bring home to all the very knowledge that man has instinctively sought for ages. . . . Hence I say to you: Seek the deeper meaning of life from the inmost recesses of your own nature, 'where truth abides in fullness.'"

That is indeed the greatest message which Theosophy has for us.

DUAL HUMAN NATURE

HERBERT CORYN, M. D., M. R. C. S.



HERE is an old fairy-story of a King's son who, by reason of the enchantments of an evil magician, had been deprived of all memory of his real rank and nature so that he wandered about the royal estates as a cowherd in rags. Deep within his heart he was not happy, knowing something was wrong but knowing not what. And so he was ever trying by one poor expedient and another to get himself a little happiness and meet the ever unsatisfied craving in his nature. His poor blinded memory could tell him that *something* was lacking, but the picture of *what* it could not show. From time to time the King, his father, would come and appeal to him to remember who and what he was, but by reason of the enchantment he could neither see that form nor hear that voice. Only it seemed to him in some vague way that there was a presence about him he could not understand, and

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a momentary deepening of his unrest and craving. So that these visits did but drive him the more to dull himself with his gross or transient pleasures to his uncomprehended touches of memory and unformulated aspirations. And he continued to wander, mostly alone save for a noble dog that had been his before his transformation and would not leave him.

The King had ordered that every morning at rise of sun a great horn should be blown from the battlements, thinking that if the Prince were far away and in danger of being lost he would have something to guide him in the direction of his home. And whenever the young man heard the sound of the horn coming with the first shaft of golden light from the sun, it would seem to him as if some message came with them, some summons to do or be something. For a moment he felt uplifted and happy, but as his mind could tell him nothing, his exaltation would be gone almost at once. But he never failed, wherever he was, to listen at dawn for the horn and to be still while he tried to search for the meaning of the stirring in his heart which the sound and the light aroused. And it seemed to him that from time to time he did get nearer to an understanding of something which yet eluded him.

So a long, long time, years, went by, and one glorious midsummer morning the Prince awoke feeling that something would happen to him that day, something very great that he could not define. He rose and went to the top of a knoll from which the battlements could be seen, and beyond them the increasing golden glow in the east. And the gleaming peak of the sun sprang up and the horn sounded its melody and something was suddenly lifted from his brain and thrilled his heart, and the cloud vanished from his memory and in a moment he knew what he was and all he was in his long past royal life. His rags fell from him and underneath was his golden tunic and the royal star on his breast. So he returned to the castle with his faithful dog, greeted by the rejoicings of his father and the acclamations of all those who had loved and served him in the days gone by.

This prince, you see, had memory enough of his old-time state to be dissatisfied with his present one. He knew in a vague way that the poor pleasures he was able to come at were not touching the spot. Perhaps he knew it at the time he was taking them. Or he may only have recognised that afterwards. Certainly there would have been no hope for him if he had found them thoroughly satisfactory. That would have meant that the memory of his old state and of his real nature was so vague, so deeply buried in him that it could not stir his mind at all, and that he would come at last to the term of his life without any awakening. He would never have paid any attention to the melody of the horn

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nor to the glory of the daily sunrise. Sight and hearing would have been occupied with quite other things. But the daily moment of attention and of search into himself, prompted by the gnaw of his undefined memory, became his salvation.

And there he had the better of some of us, who do not consecrate any moment of the day to search into themselves in the silence and strain of attention, do not look out for a daily moment of inner light and melody and have no sense whatever of the appeal of the King Soul. It is just the great lesson and meaning of pain and deprivation of pleasure and of disappointment to bring us up to this point of search, to sensitize us to the inner appeal, the appeal to be our rightful selves again, to come back to the Garden of Eden. The appeal does not call us to a perpetual Sunday-school. It calls us to an illuminated mental state in which every power will come to its highest.

Most of us know, though without clear recognition, that we are dual, high and low. And we know into what utter degradation the low element of our nature will carry us if we give it unrestricted license — degradation and the *extinction* of every power of body and mind. But the other: where would that take us if we gave it *its* freedom? Not, surely, just to virtuousness! The virtues would follow, would become natural, certainly. But the great result would be the coming to full bloom of every power which, by the opposite course, comes to extinction. And since the unchaining of powers brings happiness, the sunlight of joy shines naturally all along the new life which is also the old and forgotten one, the life reached by the Prince of the story at the moment of the thrill of his sunrise. It is that sunrise that we have to look out for. And of course if we never look out for it we shall never be caught and illuminated by it. Surely we should not find a few moments daily too irksome to give if we felt sure of the result. But there is *something* of the result always, from the first; just as there was with the Prince, who felt with daily increasing clearness that there was something great, he knew not what, awaiting him. So his stop-gap pleasures gradually meant less and less to him and his moment of silence and expectancy and light and melody more and more. Naturally, he kept that moment sacred and inviolable and got the slowly-coming but full reward of his persistence.

Some of those old fairy-stories are worth study, perhaps all of the older ones. They seem to have been made by wise story-tellers who were trying in their story, beneath its charm, to give out some deep fact or process in human nature. And in such stories all the characters are really one; the whole is the story of each human being. We are all of us the Prince, wandering disguised in the world, disguised to each other and to ourselves, unknowing of what we were, unknowing of our

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own greater nature from which we came and to which we can and shall return, the nature which is always appealing to us in the silence, the King-Father of the story. And the dog, symbol of faith, fidelity, loyalty, persistence, watchfulness,—quite a touch to the picture, you see. For day after day, year after year, the Prince kept faith with his moment of light and of melody and of the faint stirring of memory. So too the King's retainers; they also have their place, the powers standing ever ready to serve the higher nature.

The little story, then, has a whole philosophy of human nature, philosophy put so as to touch our imaginations and live in our memory and perhaps give us hope and confidence in our darker times when it seems impossible that we can be accomplishing anything. And if we give it to the children we shall not find that they forget it or in later years miss its significance.

There is complaint among the Churches, and fear in many quarters, that religion is fading out of the busy thought of modern life and civilization. It may be; but is not the reason very plain? Men live by *hope*, always, everywhere, hope of attainment. There must be something *more* on ahead for them to look to. What they really want, and properly want, is *more consciousness*, more life. If it is not clear to them that they can get it one way they will try another. And if there is any success, habit will fix the practice until it is very hard for them to change.

Well, from the standpoint of the lower, selfish nature there *is* some success. Money and position and ordinary pleasures do feed and arouse into activity a part — the lower part — of our natures, and though this activity — this semblance of life — fades away quickly so that the dose of whatever produced it must be repeated and mostly increased, and at last, like drugs, begins to fail altogether of its effect, we do not realize that or do not care so long as we get the immediate stimulation.

But all this is while we do not hear the voice of the King, of our own greater nature, do not respond to the call from the heights. We do not know the rest of ourselves, what is beyond this bodily personality. The sunrise is *our own* light; the melody is blown from another part of *our own* nature. Death is the opening up of and the entry into our own fuller being, and the almost unheard appeal to us is to do it now, in life, and so for the first time live fully. *That* possibility we have never been taught of, and so we try to get more fullness of life and consciousness along the only lines we know. We are the King's son, but we know only the life of the cowherd. And the joy of even one bit of resistance to an impulse of our lower nature is in reality the joy of a step towards awakening to our *real* nature, one step towards freedom from the enchantment that clouds the intelligence of us all.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

Theosophy is the retold message of our own higher natures, retold because it has been lost for so many centuries. It is the message of our dignity and strength and limitless possibilities. Why, since we do know something of the depths to which we could fall, should we not think that there must also be heights to which we can ascend? Has human nature only one pole? Religion, as Theosophy uses the word, is just this doctrine of hope, hope not alone for a far-away human perfectibility but for an awakening here and now.

Perhaps we have talked enough for the time of *eternal* life, life as a mere line stretching *on* without end. Let us get some idea of life broadening *out* and reaching *up*, life limitlessly rich and full and sunlit. *That* life will easily look after its own eternity. Spatiality, expansion, rather than mere endlessness, is what we should think of. *That*, we can begin upon now, can *do* something about; the *endlessness* is there anyhow, and is, moreover, valueless without the other, even a nuisance at last in such case. And that is one of the errors of one sort of religious thought — that it has stressed the endlessness of life rather than its expansion and spiritual enrichment and so made it look even gloomy and uninviting.

There is not much glow and beauty and hope in the word eternity. It does not pulse. There is no light and space and music in it. Let us take it for granted and think of the other things, the increasing fullness and joy. There we get something, to begin work upon at once. It is beginning to listen to the horn blown from the heights and to get the thrill of the rising sun. That is the message of Theosophy, that new life is possible for us here and now — just because this life-consciousness of ours here in the body, the life of personality, is a ray of the diviner life which is also ours, the son of the King who knows not his parentage, his upper self. And so our reincarnations, our repeated lives so full of pain and trouble, are each of them the opportunity to awaken. The word religion looks very different when we think of it as the path of awakening to joy and reality, the path out of dreams into life.

So it would seem that where the current religious teaching has been lacking in helpfulness to the world is its failure to stress this possibility of awakening, of attainment. “*Why* should I be good?” says the child to its mother. And the answer would usually be, “Because God wishes it.” The same child at its music practice might ask, “*Why* should I practise scales?” Would the child, loving music never so much, be content to go on with the scale-playing if the mother’s reply were simply, “Because your music-master wishes it?” The wise mother will make the child understand that scale-playing will lead somewhere, develop something, is no end in itself but the way to an attainment. Man is a practical creature. He cannot put his heart into any effort or work without

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the idea and hope of an achievement ahead. If the achievement of soul-awakening had been held out as a possibility all these centuries, earth would be a heaven in comparison with what it is; war would have long ago disappeared; the dollar would never have become the great social idol; and in every land, in every city, there would be men who were teaching willing hearers about the light of awakening which they had themselves attained. Such a message as that is the greatest that man can deliver to man.

The 'Prince' in our story is of course the mind. It is the mind in each of us that has to awake. It has to learn to turn away from its customary states and modes of activity and find the new one. The Prince stood silent a few moments while he waited for the sunrise and listened for the blowing of the horn. That is the function of real inner silence, to enable the mind to pass for a few moments out of its customary state into a new one, away from its customary preoccupations towards a new one, which, because new, seems at first like vacancy. Aspiration is the word that tells us most about the effort, spiritual *listening inward*. Something from the soul comes at once, a little sense of peace in brain and heart. That is the first ray of the sunrise. Over the earth it is always sunrise somewhere. At any time in the day we can take a few moments to get the touch of our fuller life. Every day the touch will become more real to us, nearer to its final and complete meaning. And then outward happenings will begin to seem less important, troubles and disappointments less keen, ordinary pleasures less worth following after so closely, frictions with others less irritating. At last, some day, real knowledge breaks upon us.

But the work, this alchemy, is a little slow, of course. If the musician took no notice of the touches of inspiration that came upon him, never stilled his thoughts and gave attention to his inner hearing, he would soon lose his creative gift altogether, perhaps even forget that he ever had it, this divinest part of him. When, in after years, reminded of it and determined to win it back, he would not find its recovery as easy as its loss. Very often he would have to invite it before it began, very faintly, to come again. That is our case. We too have, perhaps for incarnations, neglected our highest gift, taken no notice of the touches of our larger and diviner life, cut ourselves away from it by inattention almost entirely. We have lived as if it were not. Our thinkers have wrought out systems of philosophy that did not include it; our science and education take no account of it; even our religious teachings do it but the scantest of justice, sometimes ignoring it altogether or calling belief in it presumption. Our interests and activities have mostly no relation to it. So it is no wonder that the first efforts to get back to it

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do not bring us instant success and may for a while seem wholly fruitless. But it is there, and that is the first message of Theosophy. That is what Theosophy means in saying that all men are divine and that no effort to find our divinity is lost. The effect of the smallest right effort remains in our natures and even if in this life we never make another, it is present as a redemptive and guiding power for some life to come. Each effort is laying up treasure in heaven, and the Kingdom of Heaven is within, waiting. In our daily life and duties we can be living high up beyond the reach of death, and conscious of being beyond.

There is one sure sign by which a man may know he is nearing his higher nature and without which everything else finally goes for naught. If his sense of Brotherhood is not widening and deepening, he is making no real progress. And if it *is* widening and deepening, if that sunlight is permeating his nature and shining out in his thought and conduct more and more, he is on the Path, though there may for long be no other sign of his progress. If selfishness, personal self-centration, is the mark of the down-going man, the opposite must be the mark of the man moving up the heights towards the Light. Geniality, cordiality, friendliness, kindness, sympathy, pity — all these are words for different aspects of Brotherhood. They are the marks of awakening. Whitman's physician, Dr. Bucke, said that he never heard him speak critically or unkindly of any other man, and someone else said of him that the moment you came in contact with him he made you feel that he liked you. He was a man who had come awake much more than the great majority of us, and the spirit of Brotherhood pulses superbly in everything he wrote. And Beethoven, in his last and greatest symphony, where he reached perhaps the highest consciousness that music has ever expressed, made the chorus sing of the "kiss" he sent "to all the world." His inspiration had broken the limits of his personality and made him feel his unity with all humanity.


Every act or thought in the spirit of Brotherhood thins the veil between soul and mind, makes the mind and even the body more transparent to the Light of soul, the individual soul and the All-Soul, just as the opposite makes the veil thicker and blots out the Light. With every act done in the spirit of Brotherhood we have for a moment come into unison with the All-Soul, which is the sum of individual souls and also something more. For a moment we are its active instrument in its age-long work in the hearts of men, and that moment leaves its eternal trace upon our natures. One particle of the lead is henceforth gold. A man's aspiration for union with the Light, for final rending of the veil between, can only become effective in victory *if there is enough of him doing the aspiring*. And he makes it gradually enough by acts and thoughts in the spirit of Brotherhood. It is because we do not see that that we fail

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in self-redemption. There is not enough of our consciousness, of our will, at work to make our aspiration fruitful. This is a special effort of will, not like any other; and the power to make it, so that in the silence some day the sudden transmutation shall come about, is acquired only by kindly acts and words and feelings. The soul can make itself known at last to him who steadfastly works for it, and every soul, as part of the All-Soul, is charged with part of its work for humanity. "We reach the immortal path," said Gautama-Buddha, "only by continuous acts of kindness and we perfect ourselves by compassion and charity." And again: "The man who walks in this noble path . . . cultivates good will without measure among all beings. Let him remain steadfastly in this state of mind, standing and walking, awake or asleep, sick or well, living or dying; for this state of heart is the highest in the world."

BURNE-JONES

E. L. WYNN

F the true mission of art is to elevate us by opening up a vision of heavenly beauty that inspires us to nobler effort on earth, then Burne-Jones achieved this in an unusual way. It was so unusual that his art was criticized as being too far removed from ordinary life. He stepped onto a higher line of art in the use he made of the outer life to bring us to the inner, the secrets of the soul. There is a mysterious charm about his pictures which has been described as "listening to the Silences."

Sir Edward Burne-Jones was one of a group of artists who ushered a wave of romanticism into English art towards the middle of the nineteenth century. He was born of humble parents in Birmingham, the center of a manufacturing district in England. He was destined for the church and received a thorough classical education; this knowledge of the old Greek literature he turned to good account afterwards, but there was nothing in his early years to direct his mind to art.

At college he made a lasting friendship with William Morris, and these two young dedicated souls entered with joyous enthusiasm into the world of literature and art that opened before them. It was reserved to Ruskin to suggest to them their true vocation: through his works they felt the high aim of true art, to bring spiritual beauty to touch

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humanity. In the Preraphaelites they found a brotherhood in harmony with their aims; and Burne-Jones threw himself at Rossetti's feet, asking to be his pupil. From this master he gained confidence in himself, but he afterwards developed his own distinctive style and soared to a purer air than Rossetti. Burne-Jones, with William Morris, gave a new impetus to decorative art and raised the national standard of taste.

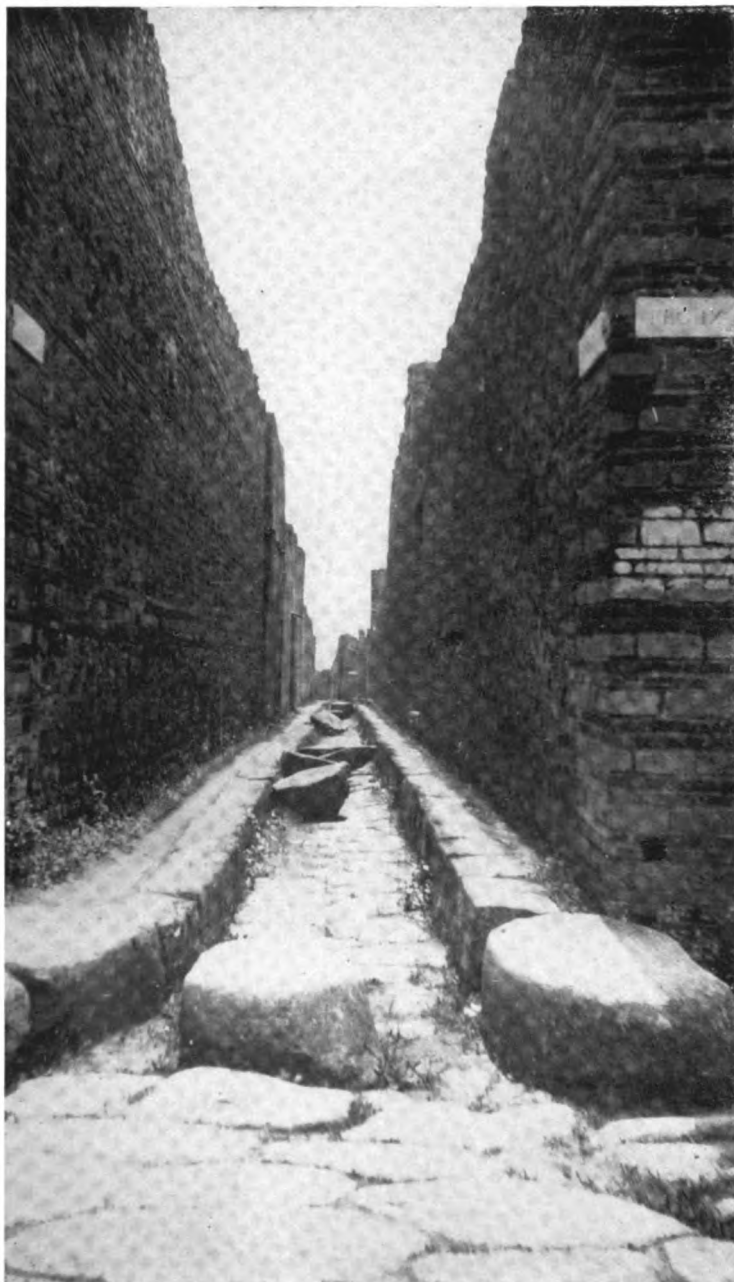
'The Wheel of Fortune' was his favorite picture. A grand figure of the goddess of Fate is slowly turning the wheel of destiny. King with scepter, or slave in chains, each rises or goes under in his turn, bound to the wheel. This picture has been used in Theosophical literature to illustrate the disciple's attitude of equanimity to all conditions which are his destiny.

The Perseus series is generally considered the finest example of his imaginative power: first the hero is equipped for his fight when Athene appears before him; then a number of pictures depict the gloom, terrors, and dangers through which he had to pass; until the final one shows Perseus and Andromeda standing with clasped hands in a garden where all is peace and serenity, the adverse powers having been vanquished. Russell Lowell considered this "the finest achievement in art of any time."

The legend of the Sleeping Beauty he used in a series called the 'Briar Rose,' from the nature-motif which runs through all the pictures: the artist takes us into this silent world through the wood, the council-room, the garden, and the palace, where only the rose still lives and grows, on and on up to the moment of the climax when the hero bursts upon the scene; then he leaves us with our imaginations stimulated to picture all that follows. Like all true symbolism it is capable of many interpretations: we can see Burne-Jones and his artist comrades as just such vigorous young heroes, who, with their goal in sight, were nothing daunted until they stirred to life the Soul in Art, which had been sleeping while conventions disguised the reign of materialism: perhaps Burne-Jones hardly realized himself *all* that his own soul was speaking to him of the deeper meaning of these wonderful pictures.

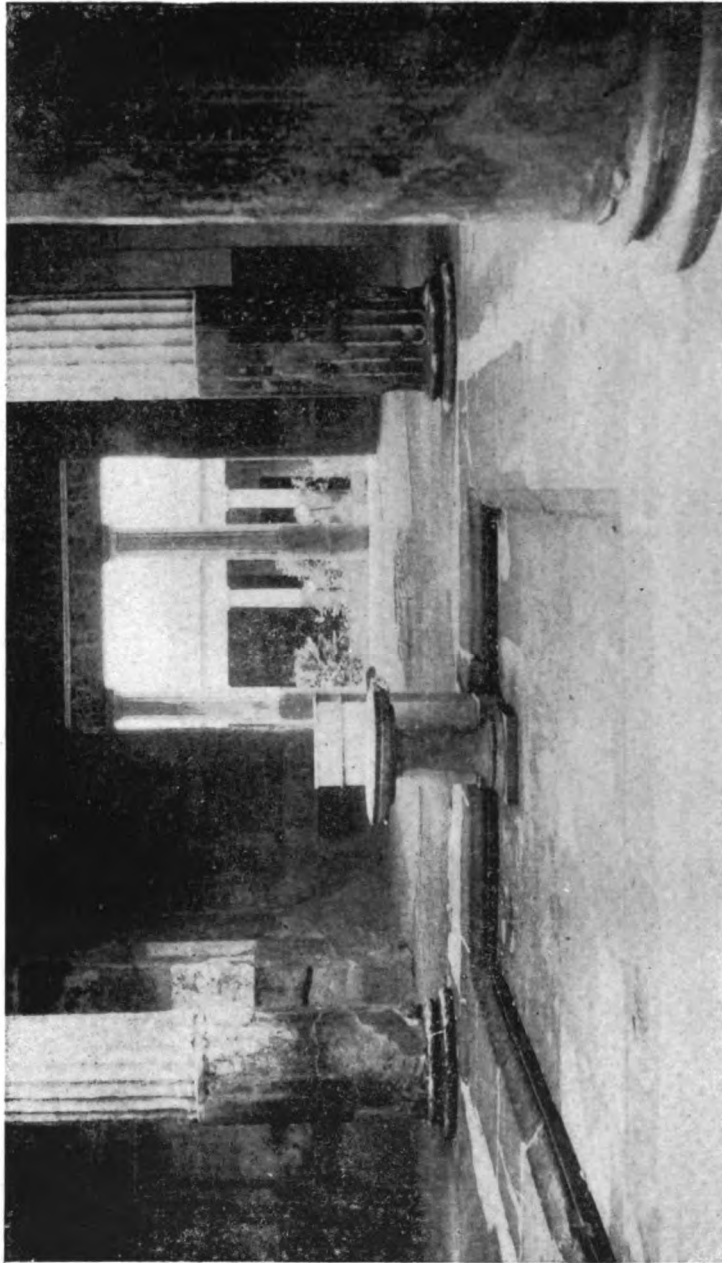
To talk of the impossible is to step out of sympathy with our artist. When he makes the image of Christ stoop down from the cross to bless a knight who had forgiven his enemy, we know that the knight has caught the divine spirit of forgiveness and feels the Christos spirit draw near in approving love.

Burne-Jones married happily and lived a busy, joyous life. Undisturbed by praise or blame, he fulfilled his mission and grew stronger day by day to express the beautiful thoughts that were stirring within him. The heroes he loved to depict were his companions, and his whole life was permeated by the same high ideals which they represented.



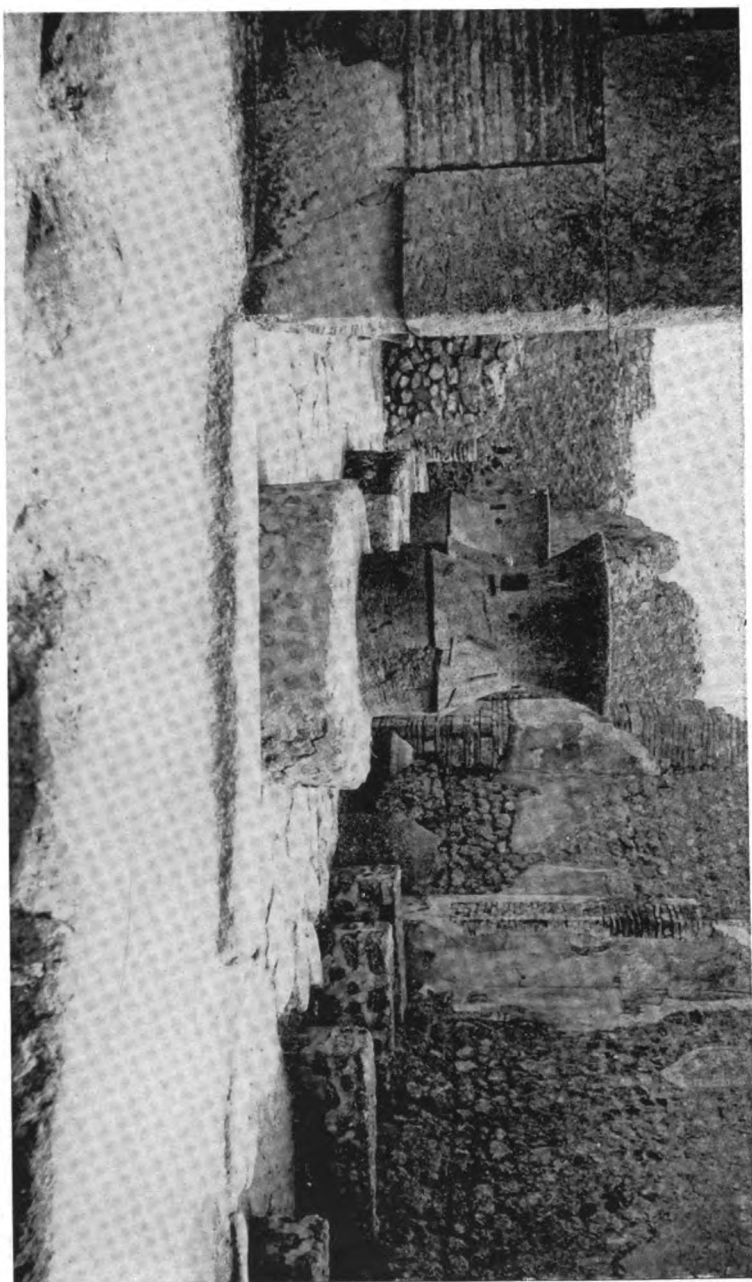
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STREET IN POMPEII SHOWING STEPPING-STONES



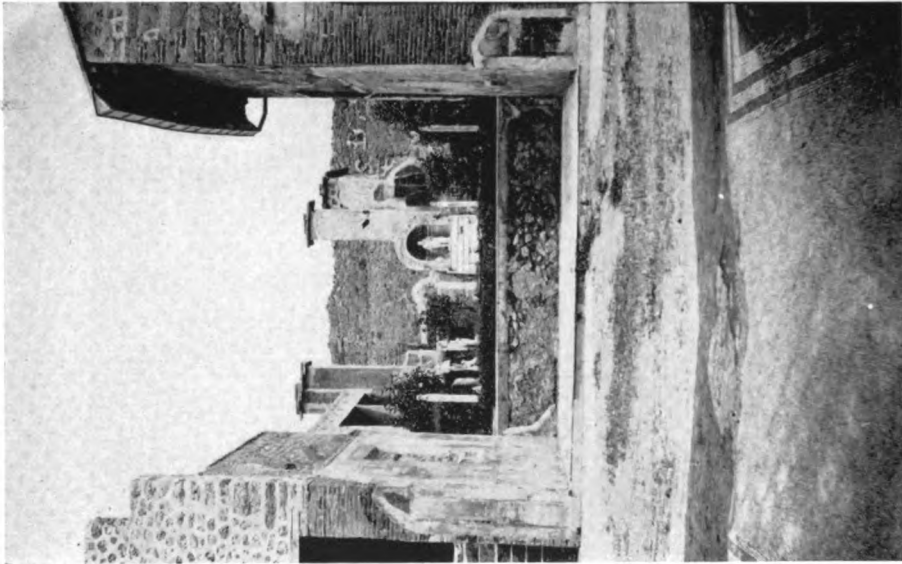
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COURT IN A POMPEIAN HOUSE

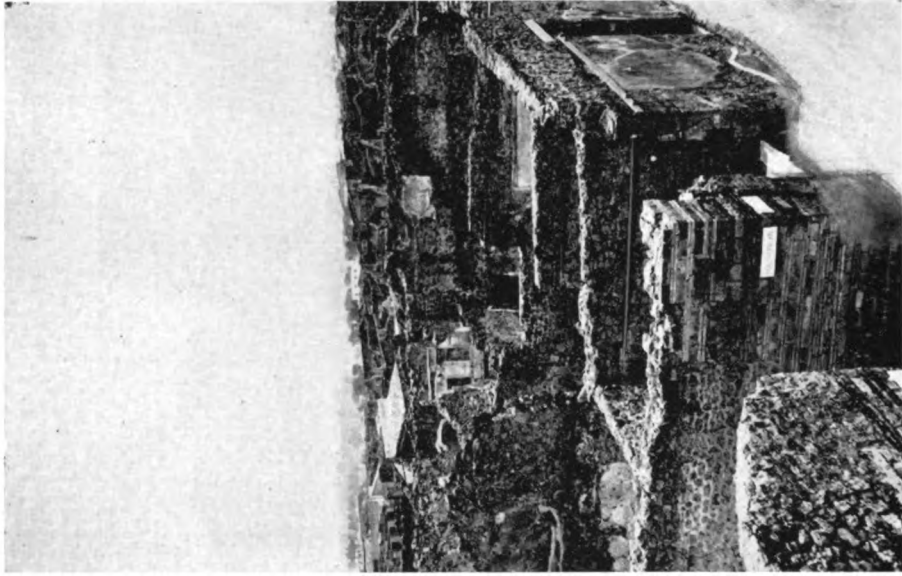


A BAKERY IN POMPEII

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LOOKING ACROSS A STREET IN POMPEII



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POMPEII: OVERLOOKING THE RUINS

THE CREST-WAVE OF EVOLUTION

*A Course of Lectures in History, Given to the Graduates' Class
in the Râja-Yoga College, Point Loma, in the College Year 1918-1919.*

XVII — ROME PARVENUE *

THE Punic War was not forced on Rome. She had no good motive for it; not even a decent excuse. It was simply that she was accustomed to do the next thing; and Carthage presented itself as the next thing to fight,— Sicily, the next thing to be conquered. The war lasted from 264 to 241; and at the end of it Rome found herself out of Italy: mistress of Sicily, Sardinia, and Corsica. The Italian laya center had expanded; Italy had boiled over. It was just the time when Ts'in at the other end of the world was conquering China, and the Far Eastern Manvantara was beginning. Manvantaras do not begin or end anywhere, I imagine, without some cyclic event marking it in all other parts of the world.

We have heard much talk of how disastrous the result would have been if Carthage, not Rome, had won. But Carthage was a far and belated outpost of West Asia and of a manvantara that had ended over a century before: — there was no question of her winning. Though we see her only through Roman eyes, we may judge very well that no possibility of expansion was left in her. There was no expansive force. She threw out tentacles to suck in wealth and trade, but was already dead at heart. All the greatness of old West Asia was concentrated, in her, in two men: Hamilcar Barca and his son: they shed a certain light and romantic glory over her, but she was quite unworthy of them. Her prowess at any time was fitful: where money was to be made, she might fight like a demon to make it: but she was never a fighting power like Rome. She won her successes at first because her seat was on the sea, and the war was naval, and sea-battles were won not by fighting but by seamanship. If Carthage had won, they say; — but Carthage could not have won, because the cycles were for Rome. You will note how that North African rim is tossed between European and West Asian control, according to which is in the ascendant. Now that Europe is up, and West Asia down, France, Italy, and England hold it from Egypt to the

*This lecture, like the preceding one, is based on Mr. J. H. Stobart's, *The Grandeur that was Rome*.

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Atlantic; and in a few centuries' time, no doubt it will be quite Europeanized. But West Asia, early in its last manvantara, flowed out over it from Arabia, drove out all traces of Europeanism, and made it wholly Asiatic. Before that, while a European manvantara was in being, it was European, no less Roman than Italy; and before that again, while the Crest-Wave was in West Asia, it was West Asian, under Egypt and Phoenician colonies. As for its own native races, they belong, I suppose, to the fourth, the Iberian Sub-race; and now in the days of our fifth Sub-race (the Aryan), seem out of the running for wielding empires of their own.

So if Carthage had won then, things would only have been delayed a little; the course of history would have been much the same. Rome might have been destroyed by Hannibal; she would have been rebuilt when Hannibal had departed; then gone on with her expansion, perhaps in other directions,— and presently turned, and come on Carthage from elsewhere; or absorbed her quietly, and let her do the carrying trade of the Mediterranean 'under the Roman flag' as you might say,— or something of that sort. Rome eradicated Carthage for the same reason that the Spaniards eradicated the Moors: because the West Asian tide, to which Moors and Carthaginians belonged, had ebbed or was ebbing, and the European tide was flowing high. Hamilcar indeed, and Hannibal, seem to have been touched by cyclic impulses, and to have felt that a Spanish Empire might have received the influx which a West Asian town in Africa could not. But Italy's turn came before Spain's; and all Hamilcar's haughty heroism, and Hannibal's magnanimous genius, went for nothing; and Rome, the admirable and unlovely, that had suffered the Caudine Forks, and then conquered Samnium and beheaded that noble generous Samnite Gaius Pontius, conquered in turn the conqueror at Cannae, and did for his reputation what she had done with the Samnite hero's person: chopped its head off, and dubbed him in perfect sincerity 'perfidus Hannibal.' Over that corpse she stood, at the end of the third century B. C., mistress of Italy and the Italian islands; with proud Carthage at her feet; and the old cultured East, that had known of her existence since the time of Aristotle at least, now keenly aware of her as the strongest thing in the Mediterranean world.

Now while she had been a little provincial town in an Italy deep in pralaya, Numa's religion, what remained of it, had been enough to keep her life from corruption. Each such impulse from the heaven-world is, in its degree, an elixiral tincture to sweeten life and keep it wholesome; some, like Buddhism, being efficient for long ages and great empires; some only for tiny towns like early Rome. What we may call the exoteric basis of Numatism was a ritual of many ceremonies connected with home-

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life and agriculture, and designed to keep alive a feeling for the sacredness of these. It was calculated for its cycle: you could have given no high metaphysical system to peasant-bandits of that type; — you could not take the *Upanishads* to Afghans or Abyssinians today. But as soon as that cycle was ended, and Rome was called on to come out into the world, there was need of a new force and a new sanction.

Has it occurred to you to wonder why, in that epochal sixth century B. C., when in so many lands the Messengers of Truth were turning away from the official Mysteries, and preaching their Theosophy upon a new plan broad-cast among the peoples, Pythagoras, after wandering the east and west to gather up the threads of wisdom, should have elected not to return to Greece, but to settle in Italy and found his Movement there? I suppose the reason was this: He knew in what direction the cycles should flow, and that the greatest need of the future ages would be for a redeemed Italy; he foresaw, or Those who sent him foresaw, that it was Italy should mold the common life of Europe for a couple of thousand years. Greece was rising then, chiefly on the planes of intellect and artistic creation; but Italy was to rise after a few centuries on planes much more material, and therefore with a force much more potent and immediate in its effects in this world. The Age of Greece was nearer to the Mysteries; which might be trusted to keep at least some knowledge of Truth alive; the Age of Italy, farther away and on a lower plane, would be in need of a Religion. So he chose Croton,— a Greek city, because if he had gone straight to the barbarous Italians, he could have said nothing much at that time,— and hoped that from a living center there, the light might percolate up through the whole peninsula, and be ready for Rome when Rome was ready for it. He left Athens to take care of itself; — much as H. P. Blavatsky chose New York at first, and not immediately the then world-capitals Paris and London; — I suppose we may say that Magna Graecia stood to old Greece in his time as America did to western Europe forty years ago. Had his Movement succeeded: had it struck well up into the Italian lands: — how different the whole after-history of Europe might have been! Might? — certainly would have been! But we know that a revolution at Croton destroyed, at the end of the sixth century, the Pythagorean School; after which the hope and messengers of the Movement — Aeschylus, Plato — worked in Greece; and that although the Pythagorean influence may have touched individual Lucanians, Iapygians, and even Samnites — that noble Gaius Pontius of the Caudine Forks was himself a Pythagorean and a pupil of the Pythagorean Archytas,— it was, in the Teacher's own lifetime, practically broken up and driven out into Sicily, where those two great Athenians contacted it. We have seen that it was not effectless; and

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what glimmer of it came down, through Plato, into the Middle Ages. But its main purpose: to supply nascent Italy with a saving World-Religion: had been defeated. Of all the Theosophical Movements of the time, this so far as we know was the only one that failed. Buddhism, Taoism, Confucianism, each lasted on as a grand force for human upliftment; but Pythagoreanism, as an organized instrument of the Spirit, passed. When Aeschylus made his protests in Athens, the Center of the Movement to which he belonged had already been smashed. Plato did marvels; but the cycle had gone by and gone down, and it was too late for him to attempt that which Pythagoras had failed to accomplish.

So Rome, when she needed it most, lacked divine guidance; so drifted out on to the high seas of history pilotless and rudderless; so *Weltpolitik* only corrupted and vulgarized her. She had no Blue Pearl of Laotse to render her immortal; no Confucian Doctrine of the Mean to keep her sober and straight: and hence it came that, though later a new start was made, and great men arose, once, twice, three times, to do their best for her, she fell to pieces at last, a Humpty-Dumpty that all the king's horses and all the king's men could never reweld into one; and the place she should have filled in history as Unifier of Europe was only filled perfunctorily and for a time; and her great duty was never rightly done. *Hinc lacrimae aetatum* — hence the darkness and miseries of the Christian Era!

Take your stand here, at the end of the Punic War, on the brink of the Age of Rome; and you feel at once how fearfully things have gone down since you stood, with Plato, looking back over the Age of Greece. There is nothing left now of the high possibilities of artistic creation. Of the breath of spirituality that still remained in the world then, now you can find hardly a trace. A Cicero presently, for a Socrates of old; it is enough to tell you how the world has fallen. Some fall, I suppose, was implied in the cycles; still Rome might have gone to her more material duties with clean heart, mind, and hands; she might have built a structure, as Ts'in Shi Hwangti and Han Wuti did, to endure. It would not be fair to compare the Age of Han with the Augustan: the morning glory of the East Asian, with the late afternoon of the European manvantara; and yet we cannot but see, if we look at both dispassionately and with a decent amount of knowledge, how beneficently the Eastern Teachers had affected their peoples, and what a dire thing it was for Europe that the work of the Western Teacher had failed. Chow China and Republican Rome fell to pieces in much the same way: in a long orgy of wars and ruin; — but the rough barbarian who rebuilt China found bricks to his hand far better than he knew he was using, — material with a true worth and vitality of its own, — a race with elements of redemption in its heredity; whereas the great statesman, the really Great Soul who rebuilt Rome,

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had to do it, if the truth should be told, of materials little better than stubble and rottenness. Roman life, when Augustus came to work with it for his medium, was fearfully infected with corruption; one would have said that no power human or divine could have saved it. That he did with it as much as he did, is one of the standing wonders of time.

But now back to the place where we left Rome: in 200 B. C., at the end of the Carthaginian War. No more now of Farmer Balbus's fields; no more of the cows of Ahenobarbus; Dolabella's rod and line, and his fish-stories, shall not serve us further. It is the navigable river now; on which we must sail down and out on to the sea.

Already the little Italian city is being courted by fabulously rich Egypt, the doyen of culture since Athens declined; and soon she is to be driven by forces outside her control into conquest of all the old seats of Mediterranean civilization; — and withal she is utterly unfitted for the task in any spiritual or cultural sense: she is still little more than the same narrow little provincial half-barbarous Rome she has always been. No grand conceptions have been nourished in her by a literature of her own with high lights couched in the Grand Manner; no olden Homer has sung to her, with magnificent roll of hexameters to set the wings off her soul into magnificent motion. Beyond floating folk-ballads she has had no literature at all; though latterly she is trying to supply the place of one with a few slave-made translations from the Greek, and a few imitations of the decadent Greek comedy of Alexandria; — also there has been a poet Naevius, whom she found altogether too independent to suit her tastes; and a Father Ennius, uncouth old bone of her bone, (though he too Greek by race) who is struggling to mold her tough inflexible provincial dialect into Greek meter of sorts, — and thereby doing a real service for poets to come. And there is a Cato the Censor, writing prose: Cato, typical of Roman breadth of view; with, for the sum of a truly national political wisdom, yelping at Rome continually that fool's jingo cry of his: — your finest market in the western seas, your richest potential commercial asset, must be destroyed. There you have the high old Roman conception of *Weltpolitik*; whereby we may understand how little fitted Rome was for *Weltpolitik* at all: how hoeing cabbages and making summer campaigns, — as Mr. Stobart says, with a commissariat put up for each soldier in a lunch-bag by his wife, — were still her métier, — the Italian soil, whether in actual or only potential possession — held already, or by the grace of God soon to be stolen — still her inspiration. And this Italian soil she was now about to leave forever.

The forces that led her to world-conquest were twofold, inner and outer. The inner one was the summer campaign habit, formed during several centuries; and the fact that she could form no conception of life

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that did not include it: the impulse to material expansion was deep in her soul, and ineradicable. She might have followed it, perhaps, north and westward: finished with Spain; gone up into Gaul (though in Gaul she might have found, even at that time, possibly, an unmanageable strength); she might even have carried her own ultimate salvation up into Germany. But we have seen Darius flow victoriously eastward towards India, but unsuccessful when he tried the passes of the west; and Alexander follow him in the same path, and not turn westward at all: so you may say an eastward habit had been formed, and inner channels were worn for conquest in that direction, but none in the other. Besides,— and this was the outer of the two forces,— the East was crying out to Rome. There were pirates on the other side of the Adriatic; and for the safety of her own eastern littoral she had been dealing with them, as with Spain, during and before the terrible Hannibalic time. To sit securely at home she must hold the Illyrian coast; and, she thought, or events proved it to her, to hold that coast safely, she must go conquering inland. Then again Egypt had courted her alliance, for reasons. The Ptolemy of the time was a boy; and Philip of Macedon and Antiochus of Syria had hatched a plan to carve up his juicy realm for their own most delectable feasting. It was the very year after peace — to call it that — had been forced on prostrate Carthage; and you might think an exhausted Rome would have welcomed a breathing time, even at the expense of losing her annual outing. And so indeed the people were inclined to do. But the summer was icumen in; and what were Consuls and Senate for? Should *they* be as these irresponsibles of the Comitia? should they fail to look about them and take thought? — As if someone should offer you a cottage (with all modern appointments) by the seaside, or farmhouse among the mountains, free of rent for July and August, here were all the respectabilities of the East cooingly inviting Rome to spend her summer with them; they to provide all accessories for a really enjoyable time.

In this way eastern politics assorted themselves,— thus was the Levant divided: on the one hand you had the traditional seats of militarism; on the other, famous names — all the heirs to the glory (a good deal tarnished now) that once had been Greece. The former were Macedon and Syria, or Macedon with Syria in the background; what better could you ask than a good square set-to with these? Oh, one at a time; that was the fine old Roman way; *divide et impera*: Macedon now, and, a-grace of God, Syria — But let be; we are talking of this summer; for next, the Lord (painted bright vermillion) it may be hoped will provide. So for the present Philip of Macedon figures as the desired enemy. — As to the other side, the famous names to be our allies, they are: Egypt, chief seat in recent centuries of culture and literature, and incidentally the

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Golconda of the time, endowed past dreaming of with commerce, wealth, and industries; and Rhodes, rich and republican, and learned too; and the sacred name of Athens; and Pergamum in Asia, cultured Attalus's kingdom. Are we not to ally ourselves with the arts and humanities, with old fame, with the most precious of traditions? — For Rome, it must be said, was not all Catos: there was something in her by this time that could thrill to the name of Greece. And Philip had been in league with Hannibal,— though truly he had left him shamefully unsupported. *Philip had been in league with Hannibal — with Hannibal!* — Why, it was a glorious unsought fight, such as only fortune's favored soldiers might attain. The comitia vote against it? they say Hannibal has made them somewhat tired? — Nonsense! let 'em vote again! let 'em vote again! — They do so; assured pithily that it is only a question whether we fight Philip in Macedon, or he us on our own Italian soil. Of course, if you put it that way, it is Hobson's choice: the voting goes all right this time. So we are embarked on the great Eastern Adventure; and Flamininus sets out for Greece.

Now your simple savage is often a gentleman. I don't mean your Congo Quashi or Borria Bungalee from the back-country blocks of New South Wales — our Roman bore no resemblance to them: but say your Morocco kaid, your desert chieftain from Tunis or Algiers. Though for long generations he has lost his old-time civilized attainments, he retains in full his manners, his native dignity, his wild Saharan grace. But banish him to Paris, and see what happens. He buys up automobiles,— and poodles,— and astrolabes,— and patent-leather boots,— and a number of other things he were much better without. He exchanges his soul for a pass into the *demi-monde*; and year by year sees him further sunk into depths of vulgarism. This is precisely what in a few generations happened to Rome.

But meanwhile she was at an apex; touched by some few luminous ideals here and there, and producing some few great gentlemen. Un-provincial egos like Scipio Africanus had been edging their way into Roman incarnation: they were swallows of a still far-off summer; they stood for Hellenization, and the modification of Roman rudeness with a little imported culture. Rome had conquered Magna Graecia, and had seen something there; had felt a want in herself, and brought in slaves like Livius Andronicus to supply it. Flamininus himself was really a very great gentleman: a patrician, type of the best men there were in Rome. He went to Greece thrilled with generous feelings, as to a sacred land. When he restored to the Greek cities their freedom,— handed them back to their own uses and devices, after freeing them from Philip,— it was with an infinite pride and a high simplicity. We hear of him overcome

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in his speech to their representatives on that occasion, and stopping to control the lump in his throat: conqueror and master of the whole peninsula and the islands, he was filled with reverence, as a great simple-hearted gentleman might be, for the ancient fame and genius of the peoples at his feet. He and his officers were proud to be admitted to the Games and initiated at Eleusis. I think this is the finest chapter in early Roman history. There is the simplicity, pride, and generosity of the Roman gentleman, confronted with a culture he was able to admire, but conscious he did not possess; — and on the other hand the fine flow of Greek gratitude to the liberator of Greece, in whom the Greeks recognised that ideal of a gentleman which they had admired in the Persians and Spartans of old time, and which had been so rare in their own life. At this moment Rome blossomed: a beautiful bloom, we may say.

But it was a fateful moment for her, too. The Greeks had long lost what capacity they had ever had for stable politics. Flamininus might hand them back their liberties with the utmost genuineness of heart; but they were not in a condition to use the gift. Rome soon found that she had no choice but to annex them, one way or another. They were her protégés; and Antiochus attacked them; — so then Antiochus had to be fought and conquered. That fool had great Hannibal with him, and resources with which Hannibal might have crushed Rome; but it did not suit Antiochus that the glory should be Hannibal's. Then presently Attalus bequeathed Pergamum to the Senate; which involved Rome in Asia Minor. So step by step she was compelled to conquer the East.

Now there was a far greater disparity of civilization between Rome and this Hellenistic Orient and half-orientalized Greece, than appeared afterwards between the Romans and the Spaniards and Gauls. Spain, very soon after Augustus completed its conquest, was producing most of the brightest minds in Latin literature: the influx of important egos had hardly passed from Italy before it began to appear in Spain. Had not Rome become the world metropolis, capable of attracting to herself all elements of greatness from every part of the Mediterranean world, we should think of the first century A. D., as a great Spanish Age. Gaul, too, within a couple of generations of Caesar's devastating exploits there, had become another Egypt for wealth and industries. The grandsons of the Vercingetorixes and Dumnorixes were living more splendidly, and as culturedly, in larger and better villas than the patricians of Italy; as Ferrero shows. We may judge, too, that there was a like quick rise of manvantaric conditions in Britain after the Claudian conquest: we have news of Agricola's speaking of the "labored studies of the Gauls," as if that people were then famed for learning,— to which, he said, he preferred the "quick wits and natural genius of the Britons." And here

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I may mention that, even before the conquest of Gaul, Caesar's own tutor was a man of that nation, a master of Greek and Latin learning; — but try to imagine a Roman tutoring Epaminondas or Pelopidas! So we may gather that a touch from Italy — by that time highly cultured,— was enough to light up those Celtic countries at once; and infer from that that no such long pralactic conditions had obtained in them as had obtained in Italy during the centuries preceding the Punic Wars. Spain at thirteen decades before Scipio, Gaul at as much before Caesar, Britain at as much before Caesar or Claudius, may well have been strong and cultured countries: because you wake quickly after the thirteen decade period of rest, but slowly after the long pralayas.

Roman Italy woke very slowly at the touch of Greece; and woke, not like Spain and Gaul afterwards at Rome's touch, to culture; not to learning or artistic fertility. What happened was what always does happen when a really inferior civilization comes in contact with a really superior one. Rome did not become civilized in any decent sense: she simply forwent Roman virtues and replaced them with Greek vices; and made of these, not the vices of a degenerate culture, but the piggishness of cultureless boors. — Behold her Gadarene stations, after Flamininus's return: —

Millions of money, in indemnities, loot, and what not,— in bribes before very long,— are flowing in to her. Where not so long since she was doing all her business with stamped lumps of bronze or copper, a pound or so in weight, in lieu of coinage, nor feeling the need of anything more handy,— now she is receiving yearly, monthly, amounts to be reckoned in millions sterling; and has no more good notion what to do with them than ever she had of old. If the egos (of Crest-Wave standing) had come in as quickly as did the shekels, things might have gone manageably; but they did not by any means. Her great misfortune was, to enter the world-currents only on the material plane: to find her poor little peasant-bandit-souled self mistress of the world and its money, and still provincial to the core and with no ideas of bigness that were not of the earth earthy: with nothing whatever that was both spiritual and Roman to thrill to life the higher side of her: — a multimillionaire that could hardly read or write, and knew no means of spending her money that was not essentially vulgar. She had given up her sole means of salvation — which was hoeing cabbages: her slaves did all that for her now; — and so was at a loss for employment: and Satan found plenty of mischief for her idle hands to do. There were huge all-day-long banquets, where you took your emetic from time to time to keep you going. There were slaves,— armies of them: to have no more than a dozen personal attendants was poverty. There were slaves from the East to minister to your

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vices; some might cost as much as five thousand dollars; and there were dirt-cheap Sardinians and 'barbarians' of all sorts to run your estates and farms. All the work of Italy was done by slave labor; and the city swarmed with an immense slave population: the country slaves with enough of manhood left in them to rise and butcher and torture their masters when they could; the city slaves, one would say, in no condition to keep the semblance of a soul in them at all,— living dead. For the most part both were shamefully treated: Cato,— high old Republican Cato, type of the free and nobly simple Roman — used to see personally to the scourging of his slaves daily after dinner, as a help to his digestion. — So the rich wasted their money and their lives. They bought estates galore, and built villas on them: Cicero had — was it eighteen? — country-houses. They bought up Greek art-treasures, of which they had no appreciation whatever,— and which therefore only helped to vulgarize them. Such things were costly, and thought highly of in Greece; so Rome would have them for her money, and have them *en masse*. Mummius brought over a shipload; and solemnly warned his sailors that they would have to replace any they might break or lose. The originals, or such substitutes as the sailors might supply,— it was all one to him. As to literature,— well, we have seen how it began with translations made by a Greek slave, Livius Andronicus, who put certain Hellenistic comedies and the Odyssey into Latin ballad meters: the kind of verse you would expect from a slave ordered promiscuously by his master to get busy and do it. Then came Father Ennius; and here I shall diverge a little to try to show you what (as I think) really happened to the soul of Rome.

It was a queer set-out, this job that Ennius attempted,— of making a real Roman poem, an epic of Roman history. Between old Latin and Greek there was the same kind of difference as between French and English: one fundamental in the rhythm of the languages. I am giving my own explanation of a very puzzling problem; and needless to say, it may be wrong. The ancient Roman ballads were in what is called Saturnian meter, which depends on stress and accent; it is not unlike the meter of the Scotch and English ballads. That means that old Latin was spoken like English is, with syllabic accent. But Greek was not. In that, what counted, what made the meters, was tone and quantity. Now we have that in English too: but it is a subtler and more occult influence in poetry than accent is. In English, the rhythm of a line of verse depends on the stresses; but where there is more than rhythm,— where there is music,— quantity is a very important factor. For example, in the line

"That carried the take to Sligo town to be sold,"

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you can hear how the sound is held up on the word *take*, because the *k* is followed by the *t* in *ta*; and what a wonderful musical effect is given thereby to the line. All the swing and lilt and rhythm of Greek poetry came in that way; there were no stresses, no syllabic accents; the accents we see written were to denote the tones the syllables should be — shall I say *sung on*? Now French is an example of a language without stresses; you know how each syllable falls evenly, all taking an unvarying amount of time to enounce. I imagine the basic principle of Greek was the same; only that you had to add to the syllables a length of sound where two consonants combining after a vowel retarded the flow of tone, as in *take to* in the line quoted just now.

Now if you try to write a hexameter in English on the Greek principle, you get something without the least likeness either to a Greek hexameter or to music; because the language is one of stresses, not, primarily, of tones.

“This is the forest primeval; the murmuring pines and the hemlocks”

will not do at all; there is no Greek spondee in it but *-rest prime-*; and Longfellow would have been surprised if you had accused that of spondeeism. What you would get would be something like these — I forget who was responsible for them:

“Procession, complex melodies, pause, quantity, accent,
After Virgilian precedent and practice, in order.”

Lines like these could never be poetry; poetry could never be couched in lines like these; — simply because poetry is an arrangement of words upon a frame-work of music: the poet has to hear the music within before his words can drop naturally into their places in accordance with it. You could not imitate a French line in English, because each of the syllables would have to be equally stressed; you could not imitate an English line in French, because in that language there are none of the stresses on which an English line depends for its rhythm.

But when I read Chaucer I am forced to the conclusion that what he tried to do was precisely that: to imitate French music: to write English without regard to syllabic accent. The English lyrics of his time and earlier depend on the principle of accent:

Sum'—mer is'—i-cum'—en in,
Loud'—e sing'—cuccu';—

but time and again in Chaucer's lines we find that if we allow the words their natural English stresses, we break up the music altogether; whereas if we read them like French, without syllabic accent, they make a very reasonable music indeed. Now French had been in England the language

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of the court and of culture; it was still spoken in polite circles at Stratforde-at-le-Bowe; and Chaucer was a courtier, Anglo-French, not Anglo-Saxon; and he had gone to France for his first models, and had translated a great French poem; and Anglo-Saxon verse-methods were hardly usable any longer. So it may well have appeared to him that serious poetry was naturally French in meter and method. There was no model for what he wanted to do in English; the English five-iambic line had not been invented, and only the popular lyricists, of the proletariat, sang in stresses. And anyhow, as the upper classes, to which he belonged more or less, were only growing out of French into English, very likely they pronounced their English with a good deal of French accent.

Now it seems to me that something of the same kind, with a difference, is what happened with Ennius. You are to understand him as, though Greek by birth, *Romanior ipsis Romanis*: Greek body, but ultra-Roman ego. One may see the like thing happen with one's own eyes at any time: men European-born, who are quite the extremest Americans. In his case, the spark of his Greek heredity set alight the Roman conflagration of his nature. He was born in Calabria, a Roman subject, in 239; and had fought for Rome before Cato, then quaestor, brought him in his train from Sardinia in 204.

A glance at the cycles, and a measuring-up of things with our thirteen-decade yardstick, will suggest the importance of the time he lived in. The *Encyclopaedia Britannica* gives A. D. 42 as the date for the end of the Golden Age of Latin Literature. Its first great names are those of Cicero, Caesar, and Lucretius. Thirteen decades before 42 A. D., or in 88 B. C., these three were respectively eighteen, fourteen, and eight years old; so we may fairly call that Golden Age thirteen decades long, and beginning in 88. Thirteen decades back from that bring us to 218; and as much more from that, to 348. You will remember 348 as the year of the death of Plato, which we took as marking the end of the Golden Age of Greek. In 218 Ennius was twenty-one. He was the Father of Latin Poetry; as Cato the Censor, seven years his junior, was the Father of Latin Prose. So you see, he came right upon a Greek cycle; right upon the dawn of what should have been a new Greek day, with the night of Hellenisticism in between. And he took, how shall I put it? — the forces of that new day, and transmuted them, in himself as crucible, from Greek to Roman. . . . A sort of Channel through which the impulse was deflected from Greek to Latin. . . .

I think that, thrilled with a patriotism the keener-edged because it was acquired, he went to work in this way: — He was going to make one of these long poems, like those (inferior) Greek fellows had; and he was going to make it in Latin. (I do not know which was his native language,

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or which tradition he grew up in.) He didn't see why *we Romans* should not have our ancient greatness sung in epic; weren't we as good as Homer's people, anyhow? Certainly we were; and a deal better! Well, of course there was our old Saturnian meter; but that wasn't the kind of way serious poetry was written. Serious poetry was written in hexameters. If Greek was his native tongue, he may have spoken Latin all his life, of course, with a Greek accent; and the fact that he was sitting down to make up his 'poem' in a meter which no native-born Latin speaker could hear as a meter at all, may have been something of which he was profoundly unconscious. But that is what he did. He ignored (mostly) the stresses and accents natural to Latin, and with sweet naïveté made a composition that would have scanned if it had been Greek, and that you could make scan by reading with a Greek rhythm or accent. The Romans accepted it. That perhaps is to say, that he had no conception at all of poetry as words framed upon an inner music. I think he was capable of it; that most Romans of the time, supposing they had had the conviction of poethood, would have been capable of it. It was the kind of people they were.

But that was not all there was to Ennius, by any means. A poet-soul had incarnated there; he had the root of the matter in him; it was only the racial vehicle that was funny, as you may say. He was filled with a high conception of the stern grandeur Romans admired; and somehow or other, his lines carry the impress of that grandeur at times: there is inspiration in them.

And now comes the point I have fetched all this compass to arrive at. By Spenser's time, or earlier, in England, all traces of Chaucer's French accent had gone; the language and the poetry had developed on lines of their own, as true expressions of the national soul. But in Rome, not so. Two centuries later great Roman poetry was being written: a major poet was on the scenes,— Virgil. He, I am certain, wrote with genuine music and inspiration. We have accounts of his reading of his own poems; how he was carried along by the music, chanting the lines in a grand voice that thrilled all who heard. He chanted, not spoke, them; poets always do. They formed themselves, grew in his mind, to a natural music already heard there, and existent before the words arose and took shape to it. That music is the creative force at work, the whirr of the loom of the Eternal: it is the golden-snooded Muses at song. And therefore he was not, like Ennius, making up his lines on an artificial foreign plan; to my mind that is unthinkable; — he was writing in the Latin spoken by the cultured: in Latin as all cultured Romans spoke it. But, *mirabile dictu*, it was Latin as Ennius had composed it: he was writing in Ennius' meter. I can only understand that Greek had so

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swamped the Latin soul, that for a century or more cultured Latin had been spoken in quantity, not in accent: in the Greek manner, and with the Greek rhythm. Ennius had come to be appreciable as meter and music to Roman ears; which he certainly could not have been in his own day.

So we may say that there is in a sense no Roman literature at all. Nothing grew out of the old Saturnian ballad-meter,—except perhaps Catullus, who certainly had no high inspiring impersonal song to sing. The Roman soul never grew up, never learned to express itself in its own way; before it had had time to do so, the Greek impulse that should have quickened it, swamped it. You may think of Japan, swamped by Chinese culture in the sixth century A. D., as a parallel case; but no; there Buddhism, under real spiritual Teachers, came in at the same time, and fostered all that was noblest in the Japanese soul, so that the result was fair and splendid. A more cognate case is that of the Turks, who suffered through suddenly conquering Persia while they were still barbarous, and taking on, outwardly, Persian culture wholesale: Turkish and Latin literature are perhaps on a par for originality. But if the Greek impulse had touched and wakened Rome under the aegis of Pythagoreanism,—Rome might have become, possibly, as fine a thing as Japan. True, the Crest-Wave had to roll in to Rome presently, and to raise up a great literature there. But whose is the greatest name in it? A Gaul's, who imitated Greek models. There is something artificial in the combination; and you guess that whatever most splendid effort may be here, the result cannot be supreme. The greatest name in Latin prose, too,—Livy's,—was that of a Gaul.

And herefrom we may gather what mingling of forces is needed to produce the great ages and results in literature. You have a country: a tract of earth with the Earth-breath playing up through the soil of it; you have the components or elements of a race mixed together on that soil, and molded by that play of the Earth-breath into homogeneity; — and among them, from smallest beginnings in folk-verse, the body of a literature must grow up. Then in due season it must be quickened: on the outer plane by an impulse from abroad,—intercourse with allies, or resistance to an invader; and on the inner, by an inrush of Crest-Wave egos. There must be that foreign torch applied,—that spark of internationalism; and there must be the entry of the vanguard of the Host of Souls with its great captains and marshals, bringing with them, to exhibit once more in this world, the loot of many lands and ages and old incarnations: which thing they shall do through a sudden efflorescence of the literature that has grown up slowly to the point of being ready for them. Such natural growth happened in Greece, in China; in our

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own cycle, in France, Italy, England: where the trees of the national literatures received buddings and manurings from abroad, but produced always their own, natural national fruit: — Shakespeare was your true English apple, grown from the Chaucer stock; although in him flowed for juices the sweetness and elixir of all the world and the ancient ages. But in Rome, before the stock was more than a tiny seedling, a great branch of Greece was grafted on it,—and a degenerate Greece at that; —and now we do not know even what kind of fruit-tree that Roman stock should have grown to be.

How, then, did this submersion and obliteration of the Roman soul come to pass? It is not difficult to guess. Greek meant culture: if you wanted culture you learnt Greek. All education was in Greek hands. The Greek master spoke Latin to his boys; no doubt with a Greek accent. So cultured speech, cultured Latin, came to mean Latin without its syllabic stresses; spoken, as nearly as might be, with Greek evenness and quantity. — As if French should so submerge us, that we spoke our United States dapping out syllable by syllable like Frenchmen. But it is a fearful thing for a nation to forgo the rhythm evolved under the stress of its own Soul,—especially when what it takes on instead is the degenerate leavings of another: Alexandria, not Athens. This Rome did. She gained the world, and lost her own soul; and the exchange profited her as little as you might expect.

Imitation of culture is often the last touch that makes the parvenu unbearable; it was so in Rome. One likes better in some ways Cato's stult old Roman attitude: who scorned Greek all his life for sheer foppery, while he knew of nothing better written in it than such trash as poetry and philosophy; but at eighty came on a Greek treatise on manures, and straightway learned the language that he might read and enjoy something profitable and thoroughly Roman in spirit. — Greek artists flocked to Rome; and doubtless the more fifth-rate they were, the better a thing they made of it: but it was risky for good men to rely on Roman appreciations. Two flute-players are contending at a concert: Greeks, and perhaps rather good. Their music is soon drowned in catcalls: what the dickens do we Romans want with such *footling toolings*? Then the presiding magistrate has an idea. He calls on them to quit that foolery and get down to business: — Give us our money's worth, condemn you! To it, ye naughty knaves: *fight!* — And fight they must, poor things; while the audience, that but now was bored to death, howls with rapture.

So Rome passed away. Where now is the simple soul who, while his feet were on his native soil and he asked nothing better than to hoe his cabbages and turn out yearly for patriotic throat-cuttings, was reputable, — nay, respect-worthy,—and above all, not a little picturesque? Alack,

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he is no more. — You remember Kelly,—lovable Kelly, who in his youth, trotting the swate ould bogs of Connacht, heard poetry in every sigh of the wind,—saw the hosts of the Danaan Sidhe riding their flamey steeds through the twilight,—listened, by the cabin peat-fire in the evenings, to tales of Finn MacCool and Cuculain and the ancient heroes and Gods of Ireland? — Behold this very Kelly now!— What! is this he? — this raucous, pushing, red-haired, huge-handed, green-necktied vulgarian who has made his pile bricklaying in Chicago; — this ward-politician; this — Well, well; *Sic transit gloria mundi!* And the Roman cad of the second century B. C. was worse than a thousand Kellys. He had learned vice from past-masters in the Levant; and added to their lessons a native brutality of his own. His feet were no longer on the Italian soil; *that* was nothing sacred to him now. His morale went as his power grew. His old tough political straightforwardness withered at the touch of Levantine trickery; his subjects could no longer expect a square deal from him. He sent out his gilded youth to govern the provinces, which they simply fleeced and robbed shamelessly; worse than Athens of old, and by much. The old predatory instinct was there still: Hellenisticism had supplied no civilizing influence to modify that. But it was there minus whatever of manliness and decency had once gone with it.

Karma travels by subtle and manifold links from the moral cause to the physical effect. There are historians who will prove to you that the ruin of Rome came of economic causes: which were, in fact, merely some of the channels through which Karma flowed. They were there, of course; but we need not enlarge on them too much. The secret of it all is this: a people without the Balance of the Faculties, without the saving Doctrine of the Mean, with but one side of their character developed, was called by cyclic law, while still semi-barbarian, to assume huge responsibilities in the world. Their qualities were not equal to the task. Their sense of the Beautiful, their feeling for Art and Poetry, had not grown up with their material strength. Why should it? some may ask; are not strength and morale enough? — No; they are not: because it is only the Balance which can keep you on the right path; strength without the beauty sense,—yes, even fortitude, strength of will,—turns at the touch of quickening time and new and vaster conditions, into gaucherie, disproportion, brutality; ay, it is not strength: — the saving quality of strength, morale, dribbles out and away from it: only the Balance is true strength. The empires that were founded upon uncompassion, though they swept the world in a decade, within a poor century or so were themselves swept away. Rome, because she was only strong, was weak; her virtues found no exit into life except in things

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military: the most material plane, the farthest from the Spirit. Her people were not called, like the Huns or Mongols, to be a destroyer race: the Law designed them for builders. But to build you must have the Balance, the proportionate development spiritual, moral, mental, and physical: it is the one foundation. Rome's grand assets at the start were a sense of duty, a natural turn for law and order: grand assets indeed, if the rest of the nature be not neglected or atrophied. In Rome it was, largely.

To be strong willed and devoted to duty,— and without compassion:— that means that you are in train to grow a gigantic selfhood, which Nature abhors: emptiness of compassion is the vacuum Nature most abhors. You see a strong man with his ambitions: scorning vices, scorning weakness; scorning too, and lashing with his scorn, the weak and vicious; bending men to his will and purposes. Prophecy direst sorrow for that man! Nature will not be content that he shall travel his chosen path till a master of selfishness and a great scourge for mankind has been evolved in him. She will give him rope; let him multiply his wrong-doings; because, paradoxically, in wrong-doing is its own punishment and cure. His selfishness sinks by its own weight to the lowest levels; prophecy for him that in a near life he shall be the slave of his body and passions, yet keeping the old desire to excel; — that common vice shall bring him down to the level of those he scorned, while yet he forgets not the mountain-tops he believed his place of old. Then he shall be scourged with self-contempt, the bitterest of tortures; and the quick natural punishments of indulgence shall be busy with him, snake-locked Erinyes with whips of wire. In that horrible school, struggling to rise from it, he shall suffer all that a human being can in ignominy, sorrow and shame; — and at last shall count it all well worth the while, if it has but taught him That which is no attribute, but Alaya's self,— Compassion. So Karma has its ministrants within ourselves; and the dreadful tyrants within are to be dethroned by working and living, not for self, but for man. This is why Brotherhood is the doctrine and practice that could put a stop to the awful degeneration of mankind.

Rome was strong without compassion; so her strength led her on to conquests, and her conquests to vices, and her vices to hideous ruin and combustion. She loved her *gravitas*,— which implied great things; — but contemned the Beautiful; and so, when a knowledge of the Beautiful would have gone far to save her, by maintaining in her a sense of proportion and the fitness of things — she lost her morale and became utterly vulgarian. But think of China, taking it as a matter of course that music was an essential part of government; or of France, with her *Ministre des Beaux Arts* in every cabinet. Perhaps these two, of all historical

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nations, have made the greatest achievements; for you must say that neither India nor Greece was a nation. — As for Rome, with all her initial grandeur, it would be hard to find another nation of her standing that made such an awful mess of it as she did: one refers, of course, to Republican Rome; when Augustus had had his way with her, it was another matter.

She took the Gadarene slope at a hand-gallop; and there you have her history during the second century B. C. Not till near the end of that century did the egos of the Crest-Wave begin to come in in any numbers. From the dawn of the last quarter, there or thereabouts, all was an ever-growing rout and riot: the hideous toppling of the herd over the cliff-edge. It was a time of wars civil and the reverse; of huge bloody conscriptions and massacre; reforms and demagogism and murder of the Gracchi: — Marius and Sulla cat and dog; — the original Spartacan movement, that wrecked Italy and ended with six thousand crucifixions along the road to Capua; — ended so, and not with a slave conquest and wiping-out of Rome, simply because 'Spartacus' revolted slave-army was even less disciplined than the legions that Beast-Crassus decimated into a kind of order and finally conquered them with. It was decade after decade of brutal devastating wars, — wars chronic and incurable, you would say: the untimely wreck and ruin of the world.

It is a strange gallery of portraits that comes down to us from this time: man after notable man arising without the qualities that could save Rome. Here are a few of the likenesses, as they are given by Mr. Stobart: there were the Gracchi, with so much that was fine in them, but a ruining dash of the demagog, — an idea that socialism could accomplish anything real; — and no wisdom to see through to ultimate causes. There was Marius, simple peasant with huge-military genius: a wolf of a soldier and foolish lamb of a politician: a law-maker who, captured by the insinuations and flatteries of the opposite side, swears to obey his own laws "so far as they may be legal." There was Sulla, "of the class of men to which Alcibiades and Alexander belonged, but an inferior specimen of the class"; — an unscrupulous rip, and a brave successful commander; personally beautiful, till his way of living made his face "like a mulberry sprinkled with flour"; with many elements of greatness always negatived by sudden fatuities; much of genius, more of fool, and most of rake-helly demirep; highly cultured, and plunderer of Athens and Delphi; great general, who maintained his hold on his troops by unlimited tolerance of undiscipline. There was Crassus the millionaire, and all his millions won by cheatery and ugly methods; the man with the slave fire-brigade, with which he made a pretty thing out of looting at fires. There was Cicero, with many noble and Roman qualities and a large foolish vanity:

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thundering orator with more than a *soupçon* of the vaudeville favorite in him: a Hamlet who hardly showed his real fineness until he came to die. And there was Pompey; — real honesty in Pompey, perhaps the one true-hearted gentleman of the age: a man of morale, and a great soldier,— who might have done something if his general intelligence had been as great as his military genius and his sense of honor; — surely Pompey was the best of the lot of them; only the cursed spite was that the world was out of joint, and it needed something more than a fine soldier and gentleman to set it right. — And then Caesar — could he not do it? Caesar, the Superman,— the brilliant all-round genius at last,— the man of scandalous life — scandalous even in that cesspool Rome,— the epileptic who dreamed of world-dominion,— the conqueror of Gaul, says H. P. Blavatsky, because in Gaul alone the Sacred Mysteries survived in their integrity, and it was his business, on behalf of the dark forces against mankind, to quench their life and light for ever; — could not this Caesar do it? No; he had the genius; but not that little quality which all greatest personalities,— all who have not passed beyond the limits of personality,— overlook: tact, impersonality, the power that the disciple shall covet, to make himself as nothing in the eyes of men; — and because he lacked that for armor, there were knives sharpened which should reach his heart before long. — And then, in literature, two figures mentionable: Lucretius, thinker and philosopher in poetry: a high Roman soul, and awakener of the Grand Manner in the Roman tongue: a noble type, and a kind of materialist, and a kind of God's warrior, and a suicide. And Catullus: no noble type: neither Roman nor Greek, but Italian perhaps; singing in the old Saturnian meters with a real lyrical fervor, but with nothing better to sing than his loves. — And then, in politics again, Brutus: type, in sentimental history of the Republican School, of the high old Roman and republican virtues: Brutus of the "blood-bright splendor," the tyrant-slayer and Roman Harmodios-Aristogeiton; the adored of philosophic French liberty-equality-fraternity adorers; Shakespeare's "noblest Roman of them all": — O how featly Cassius might have answered, when Brutus accused him of the "itching palm," if he had only been keeping *au fait* with the newspapers through the preceding years! "*Et tu, Brute,*" I hear him say, quoting words that should have reminded his dear friend of the sacred ties of friendship,—

"Art thou the man will rate thy Cassius thus?
This is the most unkindest cut of all;
For truly I have filched a coin or two; —
Have been, say, *thrifty*: gathered here and there
Pickings, we'll call them; but, my Brutus, thou —
Didst thou not shut the senators of Rhodes,
(I think 'twas Rhodes) up in their senate-house,

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And keep them there unfoddered day by day
Until starvation forced them to disgorge
All of their millions to thee? Didst not thou —”

— But Brutus is much too philosophical, much too studious, to listen to personalities of that kind, and cuts the conversation short right there. But Cassius was right: that about starving the senators of his province till they surrendered their wealth was precisely what our Brutus did. — And then there was Anthony, the rough brave soldier,— a kind of survival of the unfittest when the giants Pompey and Caesar had been removed; Anthony, master of Rome for awhile,— and truly, God knows what Rome will do with bluff Mark Anthony for her master! — It is a long and interesting list; most of them queer lobsided creatures, fighting for their own hands or for nothing in particular; most with some virtues: most men that might have saved Rome, if, as Mrs. Poyser said, “they had been hatched again, and hatched different.”

HAIL! AND GOOD SPEED

FRANCIS MARSHALL PIERCE

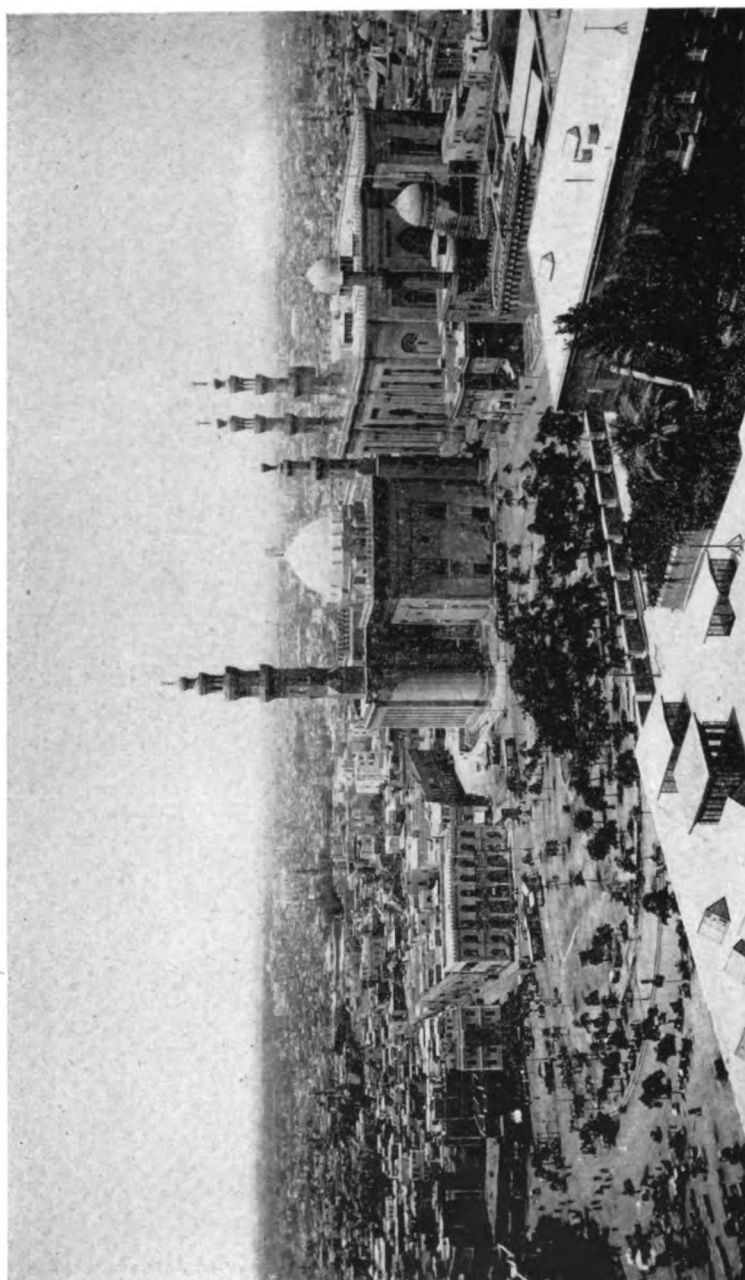
THE innumerable Procession continually passing —
To come and pass, going on spiral round, ascending:
Hail! and Good Speed.
Hail now, and Good Speed.
I will be along the way, somewhere, always.
And as now I will step aside for a moment
— having passed your review —
And in review you pass me, with mutual salute
and Good Speed.
Ourselves raising, helping one another,
Ascending the spiral round together;
None slipping utterly, withheld by the
Pressing feet of all the climbers;
By the fire-hearted few turned about certainly
With Hail! and Good Speed.
Always under review of the Elder Brothers
helping along the way
With “Hail!” for us coming, passing;
With “Good Speed!” as we climb on,
Perfecting ourselves for evermore.

*International Theosophical Headquarters,
Point Loma, California*



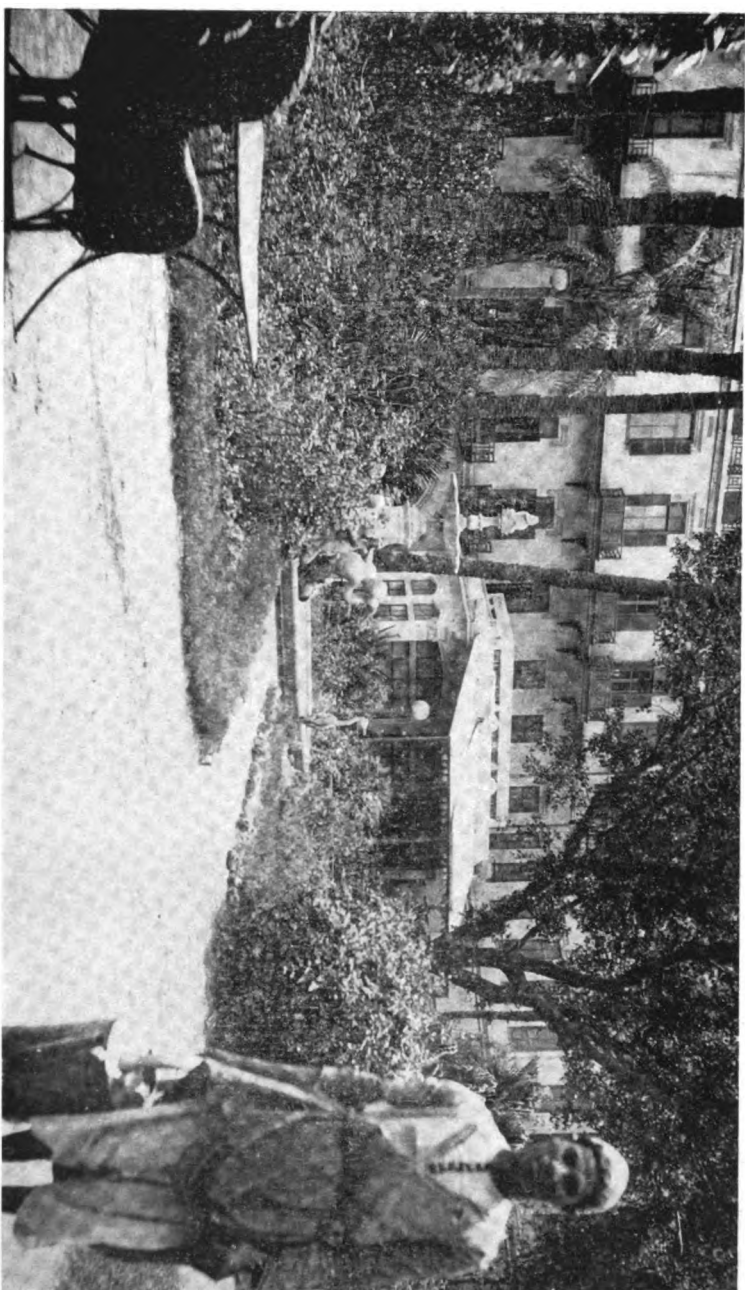
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DATE PALM REFLEXIONS AND SHADOWS



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GENERAL VIEW OF CAIRO



GARDEN OF SHEPARD'S HOTEL, CAIRO

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MOSQUE OF MAHOMET ALI, CAIRO

MODERN PATHOLOGY

LYDIA ROSS, M. D.

"Look for the Warrior and let him fight in thee. . . . If thy cry reach his listening ear then will he fight in thee and fill the dull void within. . . . Then it will be impossible for thee to strike one blow amiss. But if thou look not for him, if thou pass him by, then there is no safeguard for thee. Thy brain will reel, thy heart grow uncertain, and in the dust of the battle-field thy sight and senses will fail, and thou wilt not know thy friends from thy enemies."

— *Light on the Path*



COUNTLESS men and women are miserably nervous and out of health from trying to be 'sports' when they ought to be warriors, enlisted in the splendid game of self-conquest. They are chronically worn out playing tag with their own sensations, instead of giving themselves intensive training for the every-day conflict between Duty and Desire. They are bored and exhausted, constantly playing hide-and-seek with their own dual natures. The limitations of their self-centered growth make them weak and morally short-breathed. Failing to evolve toward rounded-out individual character, their energy reverts back to produce an enlarged personality — in effect, an ingrowing evolution. As their nervous vitality flags, without some stimulus of excitement, so their moral muscle changes from good, firm fiber to mere punk.

The neurasthenics and psychasthenics are not worse people than the rest of us; and in one sense they are no worse off, but rather ahead of the average. That is to say, it is better to have their growing pains than to be dwarfed — physically, mentally, or morally. Better suffer with distraught nerves than have little or no conscious ideal sense, and be satisfied to drift downhill. Many a frank and thorough-going materialist is well and strong because he has not yet evolved a degree of finer sensibilities, which are jarred upon by the crudeness and imperfection of materialism.

Nervous disorders are increasingly common because so many human units of the race are evolving a higher degree of human awareness. There is more of potential human nature, more of developed selfhood, coming into active incarnation; but the higher faculties are cramped and distorted and deflected back to the lower levels of thought and action. The subconscious man is ready to strike a higher note in the human drama, and to put away some outgrown crudities and childish things. But the conscious animal brain and body cling to the familiar low tone, satisfied to go on to satiety, sounding the depths of experience in sensation.

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Lack of idealism is literally lack of nourishment for the finer, more essentially human senses. Naturally this impoverished human quality often reacts upon the nerves in some restless disorder, as the brain sometimes becomes delirious in cases of starvation. Or the unequalized nutritive forces pile up tissue needlessly at some point, to form a tumor — often malignant. Or the retarded finer forces, finding no normal outlet, revert back into the body's vital currents, and degeneracy appears somewhere in the vascular system. Ideals are essential in rounding out the moral nature, as ideas are needed by the unfolding mind, and as impulses are natural in physical evolution. The welfare of the body requires functional activity of the finer forces in order to equalize the active energy of mind and body. Fitting ideas and ideals are integral parts of a healthy civilized wholeness.

We have been rather overdosed with brain-mind methods of scientific efficiency, and underfed with the natural idea of human wholeness. The ancient science of life calls for all-round efficiency and functional play of the whole nature — for balanced action of body, mind, and soul. Anything less is abnormal, and Nature takes note of it and prescribes our medicine — too often a bitter pill. If a man does not live up to his own degree of evolution, naturally his neglected faculties first claim attention through the sensitive brain and nerves, rather than through bone or muscle.

In studying psychology, *human duality* is the first thing to consider — and the second, and the third. The lower nature has no originality, but ever counterfeits the great reality which is ideal. Psychology — the higher and the lower psychology — is nearer the foundation of the world of causes than physiology, and is an even more vitally practical issue, in health and disease. Granted, no medical society would tolerate such an idea — yet. Nor would the physicians generally see any relation between brotherhood and psychology and pathology. Yet the only way to *know* man — sick or well — is by *self-knowledge*, and it takes the courage of the Warrior within to face the illuminating revelations of the moral microscope.

Without the clue of self-knowledge of dual human nature, the so-called 'psycho-analysis' too often is treading dangerous and confusing mazes of unwholesome personality. What wonder that the patients are often injured, and even insanity is following this method of moral vivisection, which disregards the central fact that the man himself is a soul! These results are being noted by leading alienists. This psychic probing, plus hypnotic suggestions, does nothing so to arouse the patient's spiritual will that the inner Warrior is challenged to change the *morbid quality* of his perverted life-currents. Hypnotism has a paralysing effect upon the

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spiritual will, which is already weak or inactive, or the patient would intuitively overcome his morbid psychology. The spiritual will is the co-ordinating center of the regenerating forces of the inner and the outer man. This will is the dynamo which converts active mental and physical energy into the potencies of ideal health and happiness.

The medical profession have large faith in the power of autovaccines, which seem to arouse latent resources of health and healing. But Nature's physical forces are far less potent than the innate powers of perfection which are natural to the spiritual being, man, even handicapped by incarnating in his imperfect body. Ideal soundness and sanity are dependent upon right relations and reactions between soul and body. Human duality is the missing link in current unsatisfactory psychology.

It is the lower nature — the human animal — that wants to be a 'sport' of some kind. There is a legion of varieties of sports, running from the refined and intellectual kind through many medium grades to the flashy, reckless types. But they share in common the idea of playing the game of life a little ahead of the majority. They aim to be gay and free and well dressed and good spenders, and clever and powerful and successful, and venturesome and generally enviable, and leaders in the world of politics, or of society, or of art, or of beauty, or of wealth. In short, they would get a place on the stage of affairs where the spot-light strikes their strongest personal points, but leaves their pet weaknesses in the shadowy background.

On the other hand, the warrior nature is unconcerned about the mere looks of things. But he is eager to expend his hidden resources of strength and beauty and freedom by winning out in the game of destiny. He is all equipped to 'fight out the field' and to put the animal in his place by self-conquest. He knows he has got to 'work out his salvation,' and has no idea of exploiting the work of some vicarious sacrifice. But the animal body, for many lives, has stealthily camouflaged the whole middle ground of mind, so that the man is born now confused as to the real issues at stake. And theology still further misleads his intuitive sense of the truth.

The 'sport' wants to play that life is a sort of cosmic picnic, where he is one of the favored few who can ride the merry-go-round all day, mounted on his favorite sham animal, which never alters its festive pose, nor does it arrive anywhere. At times the dizzy round stops for someone to get off. But the 'sport' pays another score of precious time and of selfhood, and goes on laughing and chaffing with his set of would-be Merry-go-rounders. At first he likes the novelty of it all, and the envious looks of bystanders who cannot find the price or a vacant place to get on. Later on it strikes him, at times, that it certainly *is* childish and

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empty business to be in, keeping up the whirl and getting nowhere. But he can't endure to be a mere onlooker; he has to keep going at something. And in all the world there are only three kinds of things to do: to choose *the indifference of standing still*, or *the restless round of unsatisfying sensation*, or *the purposeful work of the Warrior*. If he quits now, his fellow sports will wonder at his walking a steep uphill path when he might keep on riding. And they will wonder at his working seriously when he might play, and at his going alone to face hardship and obscurity when he could stand out in gay company. His brain-mind lends clever argument to back up the animal body's wish to keep on riding; so that he cannot explain such a choice as the warrior career to himself, much less to others.

So the 'sport' laughs and chaffs a little louder than before, and sticks to his painted hobby-horse or his rampant wooden tiger. But his muscles, as well as his mind, get stiff and weary with this puerile pose at real living. The things he utters and hears — the mental chewing-gum and peanuts that circulate as refreshments — pall upon him; the metallic din of the carrousel music gets on his nerves badly. Oh, for a good deep breath of clean, cool mountain air and an inner place of peace and a worthwhile journey that arouses every muscle and nerve to join with the mind in a rhythmic swing up and on, step by step, toward the goal! The Warrior in him cries out for a chance to show what joy real life is — to have him sense the reality which the animal sensations are only counterfeiting. Something in him turns sick and faint with this unsatisfying farce.

Others in his set feel as bored as he does, and all canvass the best prescription for a change — travel, a different climate, divorce, a more striking costume, a jazzier pose, a popular cult, a well-advertised 'mission,' more social prominence, a get-rapidly-rich deal, a fashionable 'rest cure,' and a hundred more of such ilk. They are not exactly a united set, but they are agreed that they all need the same medicine, *i. e.*, repeated doses of *change*. So they all fidget and turn 'from side to side,' and pass round the sticky pop-corn and candy cigars and fizzling drinks, and spend more money, and try to get ahead of each other, and change partners and places in the gaudy round of the animal nature which is wound up to go but never arrives. When their over-wrought nerves flag, and a wave of moral nausea sweeps over them — as sometimes occurs, — they spur themselves on to gayer laughter and to wittier or more wanton flings at life and at each other, and they lash at the wooden hobby-horses more recklessly — as becomes real 'sports,' you know, — all the while too self-conscious and unsatisfied to face themselves, or to meet each other's

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eyes frankly. When you come to think of it, too much merry-go-rounding is unhealthy for the real welfare of body, mind, and soul.

Meantime medical science is bending devoutly over the laboratory microscope and test-tubes, and is offering up countless bloody sacrifices in the vivisector's sanctum. Vainly the profession tells its bacterial beads, trying to save its face in the evil presence of diseases and epidemics, which will neither down nor reveal their origin in terms of germs. Both physicians and patients are infected with the prevailing psychology of materialism. Surely, no microscope or chemical analysis is needed to see that the dominant scheme of life today is unsound, artificial, fevered, and decadent.

The natural Warrior in human nature is radiating energy that would make man's life more worthy of his innate divinity. But instead of finding an outgo of courageous, uplifting, satisfying thought and action, this dynamic force is short-circuited to the body senses, with disastrous effect upon body, mind, and morals. Our diseases and disorders depend less upon incidental microbes than upon our *quality* of actuating motives. What do germs and serums count for, as against all the currents of civilized life deflected into unworthy channels? The remedy is to get 'back to nature' — that is, to the ancient knowledge of the higher nature.

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MARTIN E. TEW



WHEN I was a boy my folks belonged to an orthodox Reformed church. We attended almost every Sunday, although we had to go seven miles by team and wagon to reach the church in the little town of Rushford, southeastern Minnesota.

In the summer-time, at the age of eight to twelve years, I herded my father's cattle in a valley nestling between very picturesque bluffs. Spending the days alone with the cattle, I had plenty of time to meditate on the things that I heard in church and the subjects that were discussed around our table after selections from the Bible or from a big book of sermons had been read.

I thought much about God and Heaven, and the mental pictures which I then formed are still very vivid in my mind. I conceived God to be a man about the size of my father, or perhaps a little larger, sitting on a throne in a place called Heaven, some distance above the highest bluffs of the region where we lived. This Heaven had many other beings — one sitting on the right and the other on the left hand of God — together

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with a host of angels and certain fortunate human beings who had been saved. I could form a mental image of Jesus, because he had been a man on earth like ourselves, and I pictured him quite clearly in my imagination as a being of very tender sympathies and of a loving nature. But the Holy Ghost, who sat on the other side of the throne, puzzled me greatly; I never could figure him out at all.

All sorts of questions arose in my mind. Did God rest at night, or did He sit on that throne all the time? If He took five minutes off He might miss some of the prayers that were sent up from earth, and some poor soul might pass out of life with sins unforgiven and go straight to hell, to burn forever and ever. I formed a mental image of Him as a man with whiskers. He must be very, very old, and yet I was told that things did not grow old in Heaven. So I concluded that His beard was not gray, like that of some of the old men in the neighborhood. He must be a vigorous fellow who never got tired, so I decided that His beard was brown, and I liked brown beards best. Somehow I got the impression that He wore sandals and a long, flowing robe. I wondered who made this robe, and where the silk or wool or cotton came from. Who made the sandals and where did the material come from? Did He ever eat anything? Did He take a bath or change His clothes?

Pictures were formed in my mind of angels singing hallelujahs and fluttering their wings about Him. I did not know whether I would like those angels; they did not seem at all attractive to me. How could God hear our prayers when those angels were all the time singing, flapping their wings, and playing their harps? I thought that God must get awfully tired of it.

What was often repeated in sermons and hymns about golden gates and golden streets set me to thinking. But these pictures did not make much of an appeal to my youthful tastes. I loved much better the grassy hillsides and meadows, the running brooks, the flowery fields, the graceful trees, and the singing birds. These were very much more satisfying to me than golden streets could possibly be. A long train of thoughts arose in my mind about God and Heaven. There was no one of whom I could ask questions, so I tried to work out these vexing problems in my own way.

So many of the things that were taught as a part of our religion seemed entirely unreasonable to me. As I grew older I said to myself: "These things cannot be." My mother had died when I was five. I revered her memory. She had believed these things. My good father believed them. The neighbors believed them. If I should say that I did not believe these things the neighbors would say that I was a heathen. This would make my father and my other relatives feel badly. I had a sincere affection for them and did not want to say or do anything to hurt their

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feelings. I did not know what to do, except to keep these problems all to myself. And yet I was thinking about them all the time.

I remember bringing the cows home in the evening, carrying a whip in my hand. Barefooted, I would walk along, striking the grass with the whip. This thought arose: "I wonder if I have done anything today that has made God angry? If God is angry and I should die before morning, unforgiven, I would go to hell to suffer terribly forever and forever. My mother in Heaven will look down at me twisting and writhing in never-ending pain. Will she be happy in Heaven when I am tormented in hell?" My thought then was to refrain from doing anything that might bring unhappiness to my mother.

After having attended school for some time in our little country schoolhouse, I learned that the earth was round like a ball; that China, Australia, and other countries where folks lived, were on the side directly opposite to us, and that what we called 'up' would be 'down' in Australia and China.

About this time a news item was read aloud from a Sunday-school paper which set my thinking apparatus working at high speed. An American missionary had died in China. At the same hour his wife had died in the United States. Both were good Christians. If they both went 'up' to Heaven and to God they would be traveling in opposite directions, and the longer they kept moving the farther they would be apart. If one went toward the throne of God, the other would necessarily be going farther and farther from it.

In the country schoolhouse I listened intently to the geography lessons of the larger pupils. Just as the little globe in the teacher's hands revolved around and around, so the earth turned on its axis once in twenty-four hours. What we called 'up' at 9:00 in the morning would be 'down' at 9:00 in the evening. If two persons died twelve hours apart and both went 'up' to Heaven, they would be going to exactly opposite portions of the universe.

Who were right — the teacher and the writers of our school-books, or the preacher and the writers of our religious books? They did not agree, and both could not be right. In my youthful eagerness to learn the truth I studied and thought harder than ever. The minister and the members of his flock were good and well-meaning people, but the conviction grew on me that they were simply repeating what they had heard and did not care to investigate with the view of finding out what was the truth.

At thirteen years of age I struck out to make my own way in the world. I had been confirmed in the church, but I did not feel that I had been honest and sincere when I repeated the words that were put in my mouth.

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Now I was going to search and to find the truth for myself. Working for hire in the summer, I went to school in the winter, doing chores for my board and using my summer's earnings to buy books and clothing. I sought the companionship of people who could help me solve my problems, but few seemed to have any clear-cut ideas. It then dawned on me that most people are like sheep, who follow the lead of someone else, and cannot think for themselves.

The order of the universe, as revealed by astronomers, interested me so much that I took time from my regular school-studies to read everything I could find on this subject. The fact that astronomers could predict to the fraction of a minute when an eclipse would occur, gave me absolute confidence in their science. When I learned that our own solar system with its planets — Jupiter, Neptune, Uranus, Mars, the Earth, Venus, and Mercury — is only a small thing in this boundless creation, I saw how utterly impossible was the little man-like God who had been set up in the churches, and that if I were to be sincere and honest with myself it would be necessary to discard Him altogether.

"Is there no God?" This question arose constantly in my mind. The first answer was, "No." And yet this was not wholly satisfying. I had obtained a copy of Ingersoll's speeches, and these were read with eagerness. His word-pictures were vivid and there was a charm about the music and rhythm of his diction. For a time I was wrapt up in Ingersoll. I also read Thomas Paine and many other agnostics.

But something was lacking. This thought arose: "These men are clever at tearing down what has been built up throughout the centuries. What do they build up in its place? Nothing. Ingersoll at his brother's grave sends up a cry of despair. Tom Paine says our religious system is all wrong, but gives us nothing to take its place. The fall of ancient empires was preceded by loss of faith in the prevailing religious systems. Are we arriving at the same hopeless and confused mental state?"

One Saturday evening, when I was eighteen years old, and teaching school twenty-two miles from Webster, South Dakota, I was finishing a forty-five-mile walk, and paused to look up at the brilliant stars. Thoughts like these passed through my mind: "Here is the full round moon, rising in that same 'clouded majesty' as it did on an evening in Paradise, as described by Milton. It makes its circle around the earth once in twenty-eight days. Above is red Mars, and in the fading pink of the west is beautiful Venus. These and the other planets, as well as the earth, circle about the sun in a fixed time, and move with such certainty and precision that their exact positions at a given hour and minute can be foretold a thousand years in advance. The sun itself moves around some other center in the Universe. Is it possible that a great organism like this, so

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absolutely perfect in its workings, can operate without a guiding mind? Even a little coffee-mill, the simplest machine I can imagine, cannot be run without a directing intelligence. Can this vast universe, limitless in extent and incomprehensible to our finite minds — the perfection of order, symmetry, and beauty,— can this operate throughout the endless ages without a guiding intelligence? Impossible!

“But where is this intelligence, this mind, this soul of the universe? Is it here on earth, or up there in glowing Mars or over there in brilliant Venus, whose beauty is reflected in the western lake? It cannot be in any one locality alone, for then it would be finite and measurable. It is everywhere; it is in everything; it is infinite and immeasurable. If it is in everything, it is in me and is my guiding intelligence! If it is in me, it is also in my fellow-men, as well as in bird and bee and tree and flower. The universe is a living, breathing whole, and I am one with the universe!”

When that concluding thought flashed through my mind I almost jumped and shouted for joy. It came as an answer to my long search, and seemed to solve every problem which arose when one attempted to harmonize the truths of science with the teachings of religion.

The great truth that the universe is one living, harmonious whole, and not a chaos of disordered entities, served as a key to unlock all mysteries. Later it dawned on me that each truth in the universe harmonizes, or fits in, exactly with every other truth. There can be no conflict between two or more truths. Therefore the truths of science must fit in, or harmonize, with the truths of religion. Anything that does not fit in with known and proven truth is necessarily not truth. Can we subject the prevailing religious teachings to this test?

Up to this time I had read the Bible only in fragments, or had heard preachers or laymen read texts from it. I now determined to read it carefully and understandingly, and to work out every problem in my own way, just as I had worked out alone, without a teacher, the text-book problems of algebra and geometry.

The important question was: What is Christianity? Christianity must be the teachings and example of Christ. Where can these be found? In the New Testament. Matthew, Luke, Mark, and John were the four biographers and reporters who wrote the life and reported the sayings of Jesus, the Christ. What did they say, and just what did their language mean? This was more important than the creeds, dogmas, and ceremonies of the churches.

As the reading progressed, many startling discoveries were made. It became clear that the religious teachings of my early boyhood and the teachings of the churches in general were not in harmony with the writings of the New Testament. For example: there is nothing in the sacred

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writings to indicate that Jesus was born on the 25th of December, or even at that time of the year. It may be said that this does not matter. But if it is not truth, should it be taught as truth?

In Sunday-school lessons, sermons, and religious books, Mary had always been represented as a virgin, whose one child had been conceived without an earthly father. But the writers of the Gospels picture her as the mother of a large family. Matthew and Mark give the names of her five sons — Jesus, James, Joses, Simon, and Judas, and also speak of her daughters. Paul refers to “James, the brother of our Lord.” In three different places John, “the beloved disciple,” calls our attention to the brothers of Jesus. If this is truth, why has it not been given to the people by the churches?

Where is Heaven? For hundreds of years men have been taught that Heaven is a locality, situated somewhere ‘above’; that mortals can reach it only after death, and that the rescued soul must go ‘up’ in order to arrive there. The disciples asked Jesus: “Where is the Kingdom of Heaven?” His answer was direct and simple. He said: “Heaven is within you.” If this is truth, why has it not been given to the people, who have hungered for it throughout the warring centuries? What greater riches could men attain than the unshakable conviction that Heaven is here and now and forever? It is only for us to grasp it.

The good minister in the little church which I attended in early boyhood dwelt constantly on death and on the things that might come to pass after death. He left the impression that God and Heaven could be attained only after death. But Jesus said: “God is the God of the living, and not of the dead.”

Was Jesus divine? Was he the son of God? These were important questions. How should the answer be found? The churches teach that he was the son of God because he was not the son of man — that is, he was not the son of Joseph or any other man. And yet in all his discourses he called himself “the son of man.” If not of Joseph, then of what man? The very first chapter of the New Testament gives the genealogy of Joseph. Matthew, who writes to the Jews, is anxious to prove that Jesus is their promised Messiah, and that through Joseph he was a descendant in direct line from David and Abraham, being therefore of royal blood. The opening words of the New Testament are: “The book of the generation [or genealogy] of Jesus Christ, the son of David, the son of Abraham.” Why did Matthew go to the great labor of tracing the genealogy of Joseph, if Joseph was in no way related to the founder of Christianity?

It is true that in *Matthew*, i, 18, there is a reference to a dream and a miraculous conception. But in no other place in the Scriptures is this

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referred to or corroborated in any way. On the contrary, every other reference in the New Testament to his birth or family relations denies the truth of *Matthew*, i, 18. Paul and the other organizers of the first churches never refer to an "immaculate conception." On the other hand, Paul very clearly states that according to the flesh, Jesus was of the seed of David (just as *Matthew* or *Luke* traces the line); but according to the spirit he was the son of God.

When he was twelve years old and had been to the temple in Jerusalem, Mary said to her eldest son: "Your FATHER and I have searched for you," etc. *Luke* states that Jesus was obedient to his "PARENTS." John, in his first chapter, quotes a disciple as saying: "I have seen him of whom Moses and the prophets did write, Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph." If it is true that Jesus was the son of Joseph, and the son of David (in the twenty-eighth generation) and the son of Abraham (in the forty-second generation) why should not this truth be taught by the churches? The great Teacher said: "Seek ye the truth, and the truth shall make ye free."

Was this question important? To my youthful mind it was vital and decisive. If God was a finite, man-like being, sitting on a throne in a locality called Heaven, ordering all things according to His changeable will and fitful whim, I could not hope so to direct my acts and shape my life that I would feel comfortable, safe, and happy. On the other hand, if God is the all-pervading Spirit, directing the course of things according to fixed and immutable laws, I could hope to approach an understanding of these laws by search and study, and to guide my footsteps in accordance with them. To me it was an illuminating joy to find that the son of God was also the son of man — conceived and born in accordance with the fixed and immutable laws of nature and of nature's God, and that there is nothing in his teachings, or in the teachings of his early followers, which conflicts with those proven facts in nature which we call science.

But could Jesus be divine and be the son of God, even though he was the son of man? Paul, in writing to his friends in Rome, makes this very plain. To quote him again: "According to the flesh he was of the seed of David; but according to the spirit he was the son of God." Could we make the Nazarene our exemplar, model, and guide if he were a being entirely different from ourselves, coming from another world and having nothing in common with us? The answer to this is not vexing to him who seeks only for the truth. "Ye are the sons of God." So said the Master himself. "Ye are children of God, and joint heirs with Christ," said Paul in writing to the church-members at Rome. Referring to his godlike powers of healing the sick, raising the dead, etc., Jesus said: "Even greater things shall ye do." Was he almighty, in the sense that he could bring

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about any condition by simply willing it? When he came back to the people of his little home town of Nazareth "he could do there no great work because of their unbelief."

God was his father. Of this there is no doubt. But the prayer he taught to the people begins with "OUR FATHER," and in many places when he speaks to his fellow-men he says "YOUR FATHER."

"Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph", was divine, because he had overcome every selfish (sinful) thought and desire and was moved and actuated wholly by the divine Spirit which fills and animates the universe. This all-wise, omnipotent, and omnipresent Spirit is goodness, truth, and perfection. He became goodness, truth, and perfection because this Spirit took complete possession of him. The body of the earthly man Jesus was born in Bethlehem, but the Spirit had existed "before Abraham" and "before the foundation of the world." After the death of his body he was called the "Christos," a Greek word whose real meaning was known only to a few. The Christos (or Christ) Spirit never dies. It is without beginning and without end, as is the universe itself.

Can other men also attain to the divine? In other words, can the Christ Spirit of unselfishness and service, which is necessary to harmony, so animate humanity that Christianity will become a vital, compelling force? Man ranges from the lowest to the highest type. In the lowest shadowy jungles of materialism is the mere hog, who plans either with small or great capacity only for his own selfish gratification. On the heights is the illumined being who gives all in the service of his fellow-men. The inspiration of the latter is divine. The former has the spark in his soul which has the possibility of being fanned into a living fire. Is man divine? Reason answers, "Yes." Paul says: "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?"

To sum up the results of my boyhood's doubts, troubled meditations, and soul-satisfying revelations, I came to the conclusion that there is a God, and that there is a Heaven; but both decidedly different from the little man-like God and the materialistic Heaven pictured to me in childhood. God is the "Father in secret," existing "in all, through all and over all" — the creating, life-giving, directing force of the boundless, pulsating, harmonious universe; expressed in the lives of men as conscience, sympathy, compassion, and useful service. And Heaven is found where God's will is done.

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R. MACHELL

CHAPTER VI

THE death of her old friend and counselor was naturally a great shock to Mrs. Mathers; but it was more than this, for it impressed her with a foreboding that she could not explain to herself. It seemed portentous, but the significance of the omen escaped her. It was like a warning from some power, whose mere existence she had not hitherto suspected, and whose authority she had ignored rather than defied.

Both he and she had laid their plans in ignorance of the laws of life that men call destiny, and without regard to those unseen agencies that execute the will of nature regardless of man's machinations. But now she was forced to recognise a subtle will at work, guiding events, against which she was powerless.

It had seemed to her quite natural that James Charlton should become her guardian, for he seemed like a natural successor to his twin brother John Withington who had filled that position unofficially in her childhood; and her proposed marriage with him now appeared to her nothing but a mere matter of form by which her own position might be established on a sure basis.

The web of destiny in which we are all bound is scarcely perceptible to us until we begin to exercise our individual will in an endeavor to shape events to our own purposes. Then we find ourselves entangled in a mystery that baffles all our efforts to be free. At first it seems a mere maleficent influence thwarting our will from sheer malignancy; then it appears as some colossal power, senseless and unintelligent, inflexible and irresistible. Then it takes on the semblance of universal Law impersonally ordaining and controlling the sequence of events, according to the decrees of Absolute Justice, pitiless, and cold, and inexorable. And after that, long after, when rebellion and submission in turn have given place to glad co-operation, it may at length be recognised as the One Friend and the redeemer, the Teacher and admonisher, who readjusts that which we have disturbed in Nature's harmony, the Wise One, who guides the evolution of humanity with exhaustless patience on to its goal of full enlightenment, the Ancient Wisdom, called "The Good Law," which is indeed the Law of Harmony, the Law of Life.

But to this woman who hitherto had known no other law than her own will, no other motive than her own caprice, this first glimpse of a

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higher power guiding the course of human life came as an appalling revelation. She dimly saw that over and above the will of man are set controlling purposes in life, that disregard the well-laid plans of mortals, binding together in unbreakable bonds those who most ardently desire to be apart, and sundering unflinchingly the ties of love, aye, even of a mother's love, as lightly as her hand would sweep a cobweb from the wall.

This revelation filled her with a sense of awe, that would have been fear in a weaker character; but fear, in the ordinary sense, was scarcely known to her. She now began to feel as if her life were guided by another will than hers towards some unknown goal; and all these men whom she had known so intimately, her father, Withington, Charles Appleby, and Vauclerc, and the rest, were all unknowingly engaged in some strange enterprise that had to be gone through with, whether they would or no.

She searched the tangled web of her own life to find some intelligible pattern or design in it; and here and there she almost caught the gleam of a mysterious thread of purpose, that ran through the confusion of cross purposes born of caprice or desire, love or ambition, and that gave a certain significance to much that she had hitherto called Chance.

Dimly she saw, or fancied that she saw, in a kind of waking dream a picture of herself scheming and planning for the future, while over her there brooded a great figure, that seemed to be her own Soul, motionless, waiting, and watching the gradual unfolding of the great plan of human evolution. The utter calm of those inscrutable eyes silenced the turmoil of her restless brain, rebuked the impatience of her passionate heart, and stilled its tumult with an overwhelming sense of the immensity of life and her own impotence.

Her little house of cards was built in ignorance of the great plan of Destiny, and it had fallen inevitably.

Her guardian, as she called Mr. Charlton, had become necessary to her, and consequently she had no more dreamed of death for him than for herself. She had ignored the possibility of such a thing. The sense of life was strong in her, it colored and controlled her mind, and made her look on death as a negligible quantity; but now . . . she thought of Marie, and her heart grew cold.

It had been enough for her that Marie was her child, hers indisputably, part of her own existence, for her death had seemed unthinkable.

But some new thing had come into her life, a horror. She shuddered with aversion as she thought of it. Would IT lay its black hand on Marie too? and leave her here alone? She never yet had been alone. The game of life had been a gamble, and she had known the ups and downs of fortune, but she had not known solitude. The thought of it was like

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a nightmare that filled her mind with horror. She shrank into herself appalled at the possibility of solitude.

Then that half-vision of the mysterious One, who watched the slow accomplishment of destiny, came back to her with a new meaning. Again it awed her with its absolute serenity, but now her heart was filled with adoration, so absorbing that solitude became unthinkable within the sphere of that pervading peace which flowed like music from the silent overshadowing Soul. And in that moment death itself seemed but an insignificant incident in the vast scheme of human evolution.

In carrying out the task bequeathed to him, Charles Appleby was forced to visit Mrs. Mathers at Framley. There he saw Marie, and realized at once that her life hung on a very slender thread, which the impetuosity of her temperament might snap at any moment; for she could not believe that there was anything seriously the matter with her, and saw no need for care.

He needed no doctor to tell him that she could hardly survive another winter in England, and he told her mother that it would be wiser to abandon all thought of staying on at Framley, and recommended the Riviera or Egypt for the winter. He took the arrangement of her affairs into his own hands, giving her to understand that the income which his lawyers would pay into her banking account would come from the residue of her estate. She was accustomed to be provided for, and accepted the arrangement unquestioningly and without any exaggerated sense of obligation.

So Framley Grange was soon unoccupied and Appleby resumed the even tenor of his life at Thorneycroft, but wondered more and more in what strange forgotten past was forged the chain that bound him to this woman.

He had outlived his passion, and his love was dead. He did not correspond with her, and yet he knew that when she called him he would go to her, and if he sent for her that she would come. The bond between them was unbreakable, or it would certainly have fallen in pieces long ago.

Winter was gone, and spring had passed its prime, when one day Appleby received a letter, the envelope of which was edged with black, from the Riviera. This was what he had expected for some time, but he was surprised to see that the address was not in the well known handwriting of his former wife. Opening the letter and glancing at the signature, he was startled to find that it was written by Marie herself to announce the loss of her mother, who had died suddenly from inflammation of the lungs.

The poor girl was in despair evidently, and begged Charles Appleby

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to come to her. She said that her mother had told her to do so just before she died. Her letter was incoherent in parts, but he gathered from it that Mrs. Mathers had taken cold and had neglected it, being always careless of her own health although so anxious about her daughter's, and now she was gone. Marie said that she could not write sooner, it seemed so impossible to believe that she would not see her mother again. She alluded to the kindness of some people occupying the adjoining villa, but implored Appleby to come at once.

He left by the next train, wondering a little at the strange caprice of fate that called the woman, who had seemed so full of life, and left the death-doomed girl to linger on alone.

He tried to realize that he was free, but found no pleasure in his liberty, nor did it seem to him that she was dead. Something had happened certainly, but the meaning of it was all involved in memories of old emotions and obscured by doubts and theories and speculations on the mystery of life.

When he returned to England the summer was over, and in the garden he could see old Watson sweeping up the autumn leaves. He stood at the window watching him, and vaguely wondering if indeed there were gardeners in the other world, who sweep up the dead leaves that fall from the tree of life; for at that moment the whole thing seemed utterly mysterious, and human lives seemed wonderfully like the leaves that drop off from "the oak-tree of the world, that are caught by the wind, and whirled away and away, and none may say whither they go wind-borne."

He felt the touch of autumn in the air and looking at the trees he wondered how long the leaves that still hung on the branches would remain, and whether they felt lonely to be left there when the rest were gone, as he felt now.

With Marie's death another link in the chain that bound him to the past was broken, the past, that so often he had endeavored to forget, and that still clung to him persistently; and yet his freedom brought him nothing but a miserable sense of loneliness. True, he was home again; but it was autumn, and the leaves were falling. There was the old gardener, who seemed hardly older to him now than he had done to the child who, in the old days, would have jumped out of the window and run across the lawn to greet his friend as soon as he saw him, eager for the welcome that made home-coming so delightful, and that he yearned for now as much as ever.

Obedying the old impulse, but more sedately than of old, Charles Appleby pushed up the window, and strolled out down the path to where the venerable gardener was waiting for him, smiling, and answering his

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greeting, just as he had done in the days gone by, when the cynic of today was but the laughing child, whom he had loved so well, and scolded so severely in his anxiety to correct the 'spoiling' process, that was going on so systematically, that in fact the only moral training the child ever got was from the gardener. And now the man of fifty turned to his old teacher naturally for comfort in his loneliness; not with the intention of adopting the old man's theories, or even of following his advice, but simply to enjoy the atmosphere of peace that hung around him like the perfume of a rose-bush in full flower, and to receive the unconscious benediction of his company. And therein he was wiser than his teacher; for the man of many words prided himself particularly on his oratory which was tedious, and on his power of argument which was more likely to raise opposition than to convince, while he himself was entirely unconscious of the beneficent influence of his mere presence.

To Appleby it was like stepping out into the sunshine from the shadow of some damp cave to come into old Watson's neighborhood and to see him smile: and it was like listening to the chatter of the birds to hear his endless flow of speech. For just as among the meaningless twittering in the trees he could distinguish here and there fragments of song or notes of exquisite rich tone, that were like jewels on a richly decorated robe; so too he caught now and again amid the rambling verbosity of the philosopher the gleam of some rare jewel of wisdom dropped casually as a thing of no particular value, for anyone to find who would.

It may be that true Wisdom always comes that way, dropping like acorns from the mighty oak tree into the rank grass and moss that lie beneath; for Wisdom is from above, and philosophy grows like the grass below.

"So the leaves are falling," said the master dreamily, and the gardener replied sententiously:

"That is a way they have, sir. They have their day and then they fall. That's how it is with all of us; but the trees live on."

"Oh yes. The trees live on; but what do the leaves know of that? — the dead leaves that you gather up and throw on the rubbish-heap to rot, and to make mold for other things to grow in? What comfort is it to them that the trees live on?"

"More than we think of, maybe. Who knows but what the soul of the leaf was drawn back into the tree before the leaf died. I reckon that is why they die, the leaves. The souls of them go back where they came from. These dead things here are not the real leaves, but just their old clothes, that are worn out and thrown away, much as we throw an old coat that's done its work into the rag-bag to be used for mending other things with. Why, I remember when I was a little lad, my grand-

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father he used to say to me, 'Sonny,' he says (he always called me 'Sonny,' although I was his grandson) . . ."

"Yes!" interrupted his master, "I remember him, that is to say, I remember your telling me about him when I was a lad, and that was not yesterday either. When you come to think of it, Watson, we are growing old; and I am aging faster than you are. Where will it end? Shall I catch you up eventually?"

"Nay, nay, Master Charles, ye'll never catch me up. I've got the



start of you, and I shall keep it till I die, and then maybe I'll go ahead of you, to clear the way like, and make a place for you, so as you won't feel lonely on the other side."

"Ah, yes, the other side. I wonder what there is, there on the other side. I used to hate the thought of it. It seemed to me like a deep dark hole with nothing in it and no bottom to it, just a great endless emptiness. But now I find myself wondering about it as if it were a place that I am going to visit, something real, with people in it, real people, not angels

and saints and things like that; but people like myself and you, and others. It is impossible to believe in a state of absolute emptiness, it means nothing."

The old man smiled to hear his own thoughts coming home to roost like the rooks at sunset. But Appleby broke off impatiently, as he was wont to do, just when perhaps another step would have brought him in sight of the path he was always looking for in vain. So he dropped back once more into his cynical pessimism, saying hopelessly:

"But after all, what does anyone know about it? Nothing! What can the wisest tell us that we can rely on? Just nothing! They say that we shall know all about it once we are on the other side. How do they know that? Why should we know more then than now? It is little enough we do know of the world we live in now, and when we first got

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here we knew even less. We had it all to learn, and how much of it have we learned? Well, why should it be different on the other side? Of course it will be different in a way, because it is not the same; but different in what way? and in how far? Different perhaps as today is from yesterday."

He paused as if he was up against a blank wall that was as unpleasantly familiar as the wall of a prison. But Watson saw no prison-walls, and cheerfully took up the thread his master had let fall.

"Aye! maybe; or as different as light from darkness. Some say as light and darkness are the same at bottom, and surely it beats a man to say where one begins and where the other leaves off. It may be that the other world is just like the other side of the house-door. A man may be pretty much the same man one side or the other of the door, but on a stormy night no man would say both sides of that door was alike. Inside is not the same as outside, even if the man that passes is the same. But is he quite the same? A man that's safe in his own home is not the same as one that has no home to go to, or who is lost in the dark and cannot find his way home. There's differences and differences. Some are of no account to speak of, and some are more than a man can measure. You, Master Charles, are the same you was when you was so high, and yet there is a difference. You know more now than you did then."

"Exactly. I know more and understand less. In fact, I think I know less, and in some ways I have been losing more than learning all my life, because my knowledge is of no use. It does not make me happy and I was happy when I was a little child. What is the use of it all? Why live again if this one life is so unsatisfactory?"

"Master Charles, when you was quite a little lad I l'arned you how to try again, do you remember? You was impatient because you could not make a seed grow just when you wanted it, although I told you it was not the season. Then you was wrath because the birds came and pulled it up, and I said 'Try again.' Do you remember that?"

"Yes, yes. I know, you taught me all that I ever learned that was worth knowing. You mean that we have to live again, because we have failed this time, not learned our lesson perhaps, and have to try again. There's sense in that; but how are we to learn if we forget all we have learned each time and have to start afresh to learn the same lesson over again?"

"Some lessons are hard to l'arn and must be l'arned a many times before they're known, and when they are known they are a part of a man, as you might say. Then he don't have to l'arn that over again. That's how it is that some children understand things almost without being taught, they've l'arned their lesson before they came to school.

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Where did they l'arn it if not in other lives? Now they can l'arn some more: there is a heap of things to l'arn."

"Yes. That is reasonable enough if only we remembered. That is what bothers me: why should I not remember?"

The old man looked at his pupil tenderly, as if indeed the master of Thorneycroft were but a little lad again; and then he asked respectfully but with a strange insistence:

"Would you be happier if you did? Are there no things in your own life, this life, that you do remember and that you would as lief forget?"

Charles Appleby began to fidget like a child under examination and did not answer, but nodded his head sadly and reflectively. Watson accepted this as an assent and took up his argument:

"Well, Sir, if this one life has given you more to think about than you care to remember, and if even now, forgetting as much as you do, you still can not forget enough, how would it be if you was burdened with the memory of other lives as well? And yet you ask why we do not remember other lives."

"Yes, yes, I know it is unreasonable. There was a time, and not so very long ago, when I asked nothing better than to be able to forget; but now I feel afraid of letting go my hold on memory: it seems like launching out into the dark in an empty boat without a rudder. I always feared the dark. Is it unreasonable for a man to want to know where he came from and where he is going?"

The old man answered cryptically:

"It may be reasonable, but it is not over-wise. A child is happy because he has no memories to plague him and no fears for the future. His character is memory enough for him, he has it though he knows nought about it, and he keeps adding to it all the time. But if he had memory of what he was when he was alive before, he would be like the crazy folk in the asylum, that thinks themselves Emperors and Kings and Queens. Nay, nay, Master Charles, we maun be content; we maun be thankful that we can forget. A day's work is enough for one day, and after that it's good to go to sleep and to forget it for a while. Then when we wake up in the morning we have a chance to make a fresh start. It does a man's heart good to hear the children laughing, and to see them playing, as if all the world was new. A man can see then what it means to have a fresh start: if he did not die and could not forget, he never could have another chance."

Appleby looked off at the setting sun and murmured to himself:

"Another chance! Is that what death means?"

And the dark rain-clouds in the west flushed with the glory of the setting sun answering symbolically with the promise of another day.



F. J. Dick, *Editor*

MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

KATHERINE TINGLEY IN BOSTON AND NEWBURYPORT

MADAME KATHERINE TINGLEY, Leader and Official Head of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society throughout the world, with International Headquarters at Point Loma, California, is staying at the Copley-Plaza Hotel.

Madame Tingley is accompanied by a group of students from her famous Râja-Yoga Academy and College in California, who will assist her in her public work in some of the principal cities of the East.

While in Boston Madame Tingley will deliver one or two addresses in the Copley-Plaza Auditorium on education and other subjects. She will be assisted by her Râja-Yoga students who will provide vocal and instrumental music. The first of these lectures will be on Sunday next, June 13, at 8:15, doors open at 7:30. — *Boston American*, June 12, 1920

NEWBURYPORT, June 10 — Mme. Katherine Tingley, head of the International Theosophical Brotherhood, with headquarters at Point Loma, Calif., arrived here yesterday for a visit of two or three days.

She came to make arrangements for improvements at her newly acquired estate on the bank of the Merrimac River, part of 'The Laurels,' her childhood home. These for the present will be confined to the erection of a fence about the thirty acres of land, planting of shrubbery and trimming of such trees and shrubs as may be on the place, and slight repairs on the house. Eventually she plans to erect a new school on the estate, and to model it after the one at Point Loma.

Mme. Tingley will conduct a public meeting at the Copley-Plaza Saturday night and at other times, and will be assisted by ten students and teachers who came from California in her party. She will spend the summer at Lake City, Minn., where a new Râja-Yoga School is in process of construction, and which will be dedicated in September. While here Mme. Tingley is stopping with a relative, Miss Elizabeth B. Whitmore, 101 Lime St.

— *Boston Evening Globe*, June 10, 1920

Mme. Katherine Tingley, the famous leader of the Theosophists of the World, who has brought a number of teachers and students from the Râja-Yoga College, Point Loma, Calif., to her recently purchased estate at 'The

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Laurels,' is planning to put on a big pageant here, which, it is expected, will draw people interested in the organization which she represents from all over New England. Others will be interested to attend, and unless signs fail there will be several thousand spectators of the outdoor carnival.

It will be staged in an ideal spot on Mme. Tingley's estate, which overlooks the Merrimac river, and which in time will be converted into one of the beauty spots in the Merrimac valley. It already has the natural scenery. Mme. Tingley proposes to supplement nature in various ways as time goes on, for she spent some of her pleasant childhood days there and retains to a marked degree her love for the place.

She has arranged an out-of-door theater, which will have a seating capacity for more than 1200. Those who have noted Mme. Tingley's activities have admired her undoubted executive ability in handling plans carefully thought out in advance. She instantly impresses one as a natural born leader.

— *Newburyport Daily News*, June 25, 1920

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS FROM THE RÂJA-YOGA CRUSADERS

The Copley-Plaza, Boston, Mass., June 14, 1920

Meeting in the Ball-Room of the Copley-Plaza Hotel, Boston, Mass.,
June 13, 1920

THE meeting itself was magnificent. Every seat was taken downstairs and up in the boxes. It was a really inspiring sight, and the warmth with which every number was received was encouraging in the highest degree. The Leader gave a splendid address on Reincarnation, characterized by great force, easy flow and consecutiveness and beauty of language. The first striking note of the speech was her statement that "There is much to fear and much to fear in the coming years in both national and international life," which statement was immediately followed up by a warning to prepare against another war, that is to say, to prepare to avert it. "There is no safety," she said, "for man or for posterity unless we can solidify ourselves on the granite rock of intuitive knowledge, and we cannot have that knowledge if we ignore the doctrine of Reincarnation." She declared it to be impossible to accept a Supreme, Unknowable, Omnipresent Deity associated with the idea that man is created to live 77 or 100 years. "Has that doctrine satisfied you," she asked, "when your loved ones were taken from you?" She compared the orthodox faith in a vague and indefinite hereafter and a personal God with the Theosophist's trust based on knowledge — knowledge of an Inner Cause of which each one was a part. She spoke of part of the Bible as having been written by a few really learned men who knew something of the inner secrets, but of these inner secrets, while Jesus, St. Paul and others gave some idea of their esoteric significance, for the most part that significance has been missed. She told her listeners to read the Bible in the light of Reincarnation.

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Next she spoke of the justice of Reincarnation in the light of which the Soul can rise to the height of real understanding and perceive the goal of human perfection and so have something to strive towards. She declared that she had failed to find in human life today that note of optimism which is engendered by the doctrine of Reincarnation. Many, she said, keep up an appearance of being optimistic and of having hope, but when you look deeply into their lives you find they have not got it. "It takes courage to live today, more courage to serve, and still more courage to *love*." (This was one of the high points of the speech and the last quotation Madame Tingley delivered with a tremendous power and appeal.) Then she turned to Reincarnation for the bereaved — the mother who has lost the child she loved. In this connexion she made a beautiful and telling picture of the Theosophical conception of death — a phase of eternal life, a mere falling asleep — a throwing off of the mantle of flesh, and after the rest the awakening to "Another Chance." With glorious conviction and eloquence she showed her listeners that real love is immortal and there can be no real separation for the loved ones. At this point she warned her audience against trying to work out this philosophy on merely intellectual lines or to prove the truth of Reincarnation by that means. "The Intellect," she said, "is too cold and hard, it must take a back seat and the higher power of Intuition and the Heart must come into play."

As illustrating her own acceptance of the doctrine of Reincarnation Mme. Tingley gave a very clear picture of her experience when near to drowning, and by this picture brought before her audience what Theosophy teaches to be the experience of the soul as it passes out of the body. Then she went on to speak of Reincarnation in connexion with the acquirement of knowledge, telling of the different things she found she had acquired in the way of knowledge of things which she had never studied or at least fully grasped by means of study. From this she went on to speak of the need of a knowledge of Reincarnation on the part of our Judges, that they may have more wisdom in dealing with the young boy who has made his first mistake, or the man who is condemned to die for his mistake.

The latter part of her address was devoted to showing how this doctrine can be and is applied in education, and in this connexion she gave a few of the essentials of real education which shall fit the child for life along all lines. The keynote of the close of her address was the glory of that utter fearlessness in life which is born of the knowledge of its laws and of the nature of man.

LETTER FROM A MEMBER OF HER PARTY

Boston, Mass., June 14, 1920

AT the International Headquarters of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society at Point Loma, a full moon is showering down its benign glory upon the Pacific, upon the cliffs where spicy herbage enriches the night, upon the rose-gardens dreaming fragrantly. Gathered on the steps

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that lead to the Râja-Yoga Academy a group of Theosophical workers surrounds our Teacher, Katherine Tingley, who is about to depart on a journey to the east coast and to Minnesota, where she is to open a new Râja-Yoga School in the autumn. They will miss her inspiring presence, but are glad to wish her success and happiness as she is carried out of their sight upon her new mission.

Boston is the first stopping-place of our party of Râja-Yoga Crusaders. But Boston is still five days ahead and meanwhile we watch with fascinated eyes the unreeling of desert beauty beyond the windows as our train rushes eastward.

After the visit to the Indian Reservation at Pala, of which you have heard, it is pleasant to see again our friends, the Indians, living in their immemorial Painted Desert. A wondrous background broods upon their primitive existence. Ramparts of mystical mountains spring up close to them in tints of divine purple, or withdraw in dreaming ranks that shimmer with rainbow light. Low-lying at their feet are scattered at wide intervals villages of squat adobe huts. Bee-hive ovens cluster about the dwellings just as they were used centuries ago. Sturdy brown children play in the hot dust. Here and there bursts of rich spring verdure vitalize the sun-baked plains. It is all romantic, strange, and alluring.

One picture stays with us — a glimpse of brown houses, a long, grass-fringed road winding towards us, and walking there slowly, a young Indian woman. Her figure is drenched with sunset glory, her vermilion shawl picked out like a great jewel against the tawny road. Her dignity of slow deliberate grace, her strong dark head and bare, patient-moving feet give her a symbolic beauty as she flashes for a second into the flying prospect and is gone.

Just before dusk, when the train stopped at Isletta, a group of Indians was deftly caught by our watchful photographer. They are shy and pose unwillingly. A piece of cake from one of our tempting lunch-boxes was the magic talisman that charmed this little Indian foster-mother to a moment's forgetfulness, so that Mr. Machell was able to introduce her to you with her papoose.

After this, Nature drew her dark slide across our vision and next morning we awakened to a change indeed. We suddenly found ourselves in a world of all-pervading greenness, tree-shaded homesteads, fat cattle, thrift and flatness. We had passed from the country of romance to the domain of mere civilization.

The outer pageantry of the landscape was varied for us inside the car by Râja-Yoga music. Every afternoon was enlivened by a concert which brought a current of refreshment to many more than our own party. Fellow-travelers gathered about with astonishment and delight on their faces, curiosity and questions crowding up to eyes and lips. Conductors and porters, in whose jaded lives good music is a rare enjoyment, appeared from all parts of the train, giving rapt attention to songs and stringed melody.

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Inquiries always followed and a quantity of literature was then distributed.

A brief stop in Chicago was followed by delightful glimpses of the eastern country. Here, even to one who has been only a few years in California, the opulence of greenery, endless glimpses of gushing brooks and fat meadowlands are as a forgotten miracle renewed.

Then Boston, mother of America and storehouse of historical charm and inspiration! Our train arrived at night and the Leader found flowers, messages and home-cooked New England dainties waiting for her in her apartments at the hotel. Here an informal reception followed, when a number of the comrades, headed by their well-beloved President, Mrs. Caroline Hitchcock, came to greet us.

A meeting of the members was called for the next night at the Boston Theosophical Headquarters at Huntington Avenue near Symphony Chambers, and in spite of the fact that the majority had left town for the summer, there was a full and enthusiastic reunion. Present there were some of the ever dear faces of the Boston Pioneers, those loyal souls who shared with Mr. Judge in his work and struggles. The unity, enthusiasm, and spiritual harmony of the gathering, which were delightfully deepened by the inspired singing led by Mr. William F. Smith, created an atmosphere of benediction. Madame Tingley gave a wonderful description of her visit to Cuba, sparkling with humor and glowing with the promise of future possibilities of the work there.

On the following Sunday night a great public meeting took place. In the splendid ball-room of the hotel about thirteen hundred people gathered and listened with breathless interest to the words of optimism and inspiration that our Leader poured forth. The musical program conducted by Râja-Yoga students of Point Loma was exceptionally fine and concluded with a burst of celestial melody from 'Lohengrin.'

Hosts of people stopped afterward to meet Madame Tingley, talk with the Crusaders and local members, or to buy the literature. Despite the summer season and the unsettled weather it was one of the largest and most enthusiastic public meetings ever held in Boston. Perhaps the fact that it was the anniversary of the first Crusade, which opened in Boston on the same date twenty-four years ago, helped to make us realize the present significance of this great meeting.

Soon Madame Tingley and her party will be sojourning for a time at Laurel Crest, the beautiful estate at Newburyport, Mass., which was her childhood home. Here on the banks of the Merrimac River, on her own home spot, where Whittier often visited and wrote, and of which he sang the praises in his poetry, she will rest for a time. And here she will mature those plans of promise for the spreading of Theosophy, the fulfilment of which I will tell you about in my next letter.

Faithfully yours,

LEOLINE L. WRIGHT

(A Comrade of the First Crusade around the World in 1896-97)

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SUNDAY MEETINGS IN ISIS THEATER

'DUAL Human Nature' was the subject of an address on June 6th by Herbert Coryn, M. D., M. R. C. S., of the International Theosophical Headquarters. He said, in part:

"Most of us know, though without clear recognition, that we are dual, high and low. And we know into what utter degradation the low element of our nature will carry us if we give it unrestricted license — degradation and even the extinction of every power of body and mind. But the other:

The Heights and where would that take us if we gave it its freedom?
Depths of our Not, surely, just to virtuousness! The virtues would
Human Nature follow, would become natural, certainly. But the
great result would be the coming to full bloom of every power which, by the opposite course, would come to extinction. And since the unchaining of powers brings happiness, the sunlight of joy shines naturally all along the new life — which is also the old and forgotten one.

"Theosophy is the retold message of our own higher natures, retold because it has been lost for so many centuries. It is the message of our dignity and strength and limitless possibilities. Why, since we do know something of the depths to which we could fall, should we not think that there must also be heights to which we can ascend? Has human nature only one pole? We have, perhaps for incarnations, neglected our highest gift, taken no notice of the touches of our larger and diviner life: cut ourselves away from it by inattention almost entirely. We have lived as though it were not. Our thinkers have wrought out systems of philosophy that did not include it. Our interests and activities have mostly no relation to it. So it is no wonder that the first efforts to get back to it do not bring us instant success and may for a time seem wholly fruitless. But it is there, and that is the first message of Theosophy. That is what Theosophy means in saying that all men are divine and that no effort to find our divinity is lost. The effect of the smallest right effort remains in our natures. Each effort is laying up treasure in heaven; and the kingdom of heaven is within, waiting. In our daily life and duties we can be living high up, beyond the reach of death and conscious of being beyond."

'The Stemming of the Tide' was the subject of a Theosophical address on June 13th by Dr. Gertrude van Pelt, Secretary of the Rāja-Yoga College at Point Loma, and a student under Mme. Katherine Tingley at the International Theosophical Headquarters since 1901. She said in part:

The Opportunities "The great tides rise at their appointed time and
of the New place. One who knows how and where to look can
Cycle of Life see them far back in the mists of the past like mighty
outburstings of inexhaustible life, breaking over human minds, cleansing and invigorating them. The corruption and refuse, the acids of hate, the deadly poisons of selfishness, lie relatively near the

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surface and are with inexorable justice thrown out. Yet behind this noxious tide which seems to emanate from the depths of hell, is the great tide of life, exhaustless, unfathomable, exhilarating, and certain to rise, in comparison with which the other is a mere boiling on the surface. Everyone should lie open for the coming of this tide, that it may rise in unobstructed fullness in his own heart. But the tide we have to *stem* is the tide of evil, and it should be stemmed not by blocking it up, but by neutralizing it.

"The real work of human beings is not the manipulating of physical atoms. These furnish only the means. It is rather the gaining of the mastery of self and of the elements of life; the establishing of harmony within, and then without. Every least event is an opportunity for the only real growth. An unfriendly act or thought is one of these. The work to be done is so to meet this evil that it may be transmuted. An enemy then becomes a friend. But this work is for the most part shirked, and thrown into the great heap of the world's unbalanced accounts. The enemy becomes a greater enemy, and the one who added to his disorder moves on to his next mistake. Who has not done his part toward creating confusion and unrest? Is any soul guiltless?

"The great movement for Universal Brotherhood heralds something possible for the next century which is beyond human imagination. The cycle now upon us offers an opportunity colossal, supernal, overpowering in its glory. But nothing is made clearer than that the seizing of it depends upon the degree to which each one seizes upon his own nature, masters it, and turns its forces in the right channels."

Kenneth Morris, Professor of History and Literature in the Râja-Yoga College at Point Loma, lectured on June 20th upon 'Ideas and Civilization.' Tracing the rise and decline of the nations of Europe in respect to spiritual ideas until they were "bankrupt in spirituality and bankrupt in imagination,"

The New Idea--- he said: "Some new impulse was needed to save the world from the complete abomination of desolation.
the Essential And then a new idea dawned on the world: the
Divinity of Man Divinity of Man. . . . A divine proposition, that seemed to make absolutely clear the whole path of future ages. It is clear; it offers the sublimest inspiration. What, in the darkest hours of our depression — when we have fallen, and again and always fallen; when hope has gone from us, and circumstances outward and inward combine to oppress and cast us down — what can be such wine for the soul as this? Let it ring out in our hearts that there is yet a seed of Divinity within us, something 'that owes no homage to the sun,' that no circumstances can conquer, that time and change do not control — and we cannot give in to what torments us. I am — from worlds above this world; of a nature superior to birth and death. If God is to be found — if the seed, the source, the upholding and mainstay and goal and receptacle of the Universe is to be found, it is

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to be found within me, and I am of its essence an emanation, 'Of the Eternal co-eternal beam.' What a sword is that with which to face the difficulties, the trials and temptations of life! And what a healing and illumination for life social! . . .

“Can we wall ourselves away from the common life? Can we hedge ourselves about, poor Pharisees, in self-righteousness, and thank God we are not as these others? The tides of human thought and feeling are continually washing in, into the secret recesses of our souls; the sand-walls of our conceit are borne down and away continually by their flux; unhappiness reaches us as an inexplicable mood; the dread and misery of the world, though we hold it out long, shall the more triumphantly bear down on us at last; we cannot cut for ourselves a private claim in the air, and say, None shall breathe this but I. . . . There is no way to right the world without recognition of this fact that man is Divine. You cannot make exceptions: a kingdom divided against itself must fall. Mankind is the kingdom.”

ABOLITION OF VIVISECTION URGED AS BOTH CRUEL AND UNNECESSARY

EDITOR San Diego *Union*: In the history of the world there have arisen again and again times when men's souls have been tried, times when it has become necessary to protest against actual or attempted domination over man's freedom and independence, against domination over his soul. At such times there have always arisen men and women who have restated in language suited to the age the Declaration of Independence. Time and again in history has there been religious domination, political domination, and the struggle to get free, for

“Slowly the Bible of the race is writ,
Each age, each kindred, adds a verse to it.”

The Fourth of July, Independence Day, will ever remain one of the most sacred of days, not alone in the history of the United States but in the history of the world, and our Declaration of Independence one of the sacred documents of all time.

On the Fourth of July, 1776, the keynote of the United States was sounded. It is not enough to sound a keynote; it must be sounded again and again throughout the whole symphony of our national life. If we depart from it — as many think we have departed from it today — we must sound it again. We must again ask ourselves what is the meaning of independence, of freedom. Is it independence simply for ourselves as individuals or independence for the United States and for the human race as a whole? What is right for ourselves — is it not also right for all others?

Can we as individuals be independent apart from the recognition and fulfilment of our duties and responsibilities to others, to the nation, to hu-

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manity and to nature? Independence is not for freedom from the law. Freedom is impossible to one who violates nature or breaks her laws.

In 1776 the immediate application of the Declaration of Independence was to the political ties between the American colonists and the mother country. It asserted the right to break from those man-made laws that violated the spiritual laws of human life, the unwritten laws of human nature.

Do we not need today a restatement of the Declaration of Independence and a wider application of its principles? Are we today free and independent? There doubtless are other forms of impending, if not actual, domination, but I call your attention to one which is most threatening at the present time — that of so-called science in the realm of medicine and physiology. And it is just because of this threatened domination that the initiative measure for the abolition of vivisection and animal experimentation is now being brought before the people of California. Whether this measure is successful or not — and we are determined that it shall be — we are making history, not alone for California but for the world. We are making a new Declaration of Independence — freedom to think for ourselves, freedom to examine intelligently facts and statistics, freedom to follow Nature's laws in regard to health by refusing to have our blood-stream polluted by serums, vaccines or antitoxins, the products of filth and disease, freedom from any participation in the cruelty and horrors of the vivisection table.

There is surely need for a declaration of independence on these lines, an independence which recognises the interdependence of all Nature and of man with Nature. The keynote for that declaration of independence was struck by Mme. Blavatsky in 1875, and if the peculiar significance of the declaration of 1776 was political, that of 1875 was spiritual, for it is only on a spiritual basis that man can understand and take his true place in Nature — not as a destroyer of life, as every vivisector is, but as a helper and builder; not as a violator of Nature's laws, as every animal experimenter is, but as a co-worker with those laws "for the benefit of the people of the earth and all creatures," as Mme. Katherine Tingley declares in the constitution of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society.

So long as medical science violates the laws of Nature, as it does in vivisection and animal experimentation, so long will the secrets of life and health and the cause and meaning of disease remain a sealed book. Only to him who works reverently with Nature will Nature reveal her secrets.

JOSEPH H. FUSSELL, Secretary of the Universal
Brotherhood and Theosophical Society,
International Theosophical Headquarters,
Point Loma, Calif., July 4, 1920.

— *San Diego Union*, July 6

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society

Founded in 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

An International Magazine

Unsectarian

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.

And as touchynge the proposiciouns whiche the phisiciens han schewed you in this caas, this is to sayn, that in maladyes oon contrarie is a warisshed by another contrarie, I wolde fayn know thilke text and how thay understonde it, and what is your entente. "Certes," quod Melibeus, "I understonde it in this wise; that right as they han do me a contrarie, right so schold I do hem another; for right as thai venged hem on me and doon me wrong, right so schal I venge me upon hem, and doon hem wrong; and thanne have I cured oon contrarie by another." "Lo, Lo," quod dame Prudence, "how lightly is every man enclyned to his oughne plesaunce and to his oughne desir! Certes," quod sche, "the wordes of the phisiciens ne schulde nought have been understonde sone in that wise; for certes wikkednesse is no contrarie to wickednesse, ne vengaus to vengeaunce, ne wrong to wrong, but thai been semblable; and therefore a vengeaunce is nought warisshed by another vengeaunce, ne oon wrong by another wrong, but everych of hem encreseth and engreggith other. But certes the wordes of the phisiciens schul ben understonde in this wise; for good and wikkednesse been tuo contraries, and pees and werre, vengeaunce and sufferaunce, discord and accord, and many other thinges; but, certes, wikkednesse schal be warisshed by goodnesse, discord by accord, werre by pees, and so forth of other thinges. And herto accordith seint Paul the apostil in many places; he saith, Ne yeldith nought harm for harm, ne wikked speche for wikked speche; but do wel to him that doth the harm, and blesse him that saith the harm. And in many other places he amonesteth pees and accord."—CHAUCER: *The Tale of Melibeus*

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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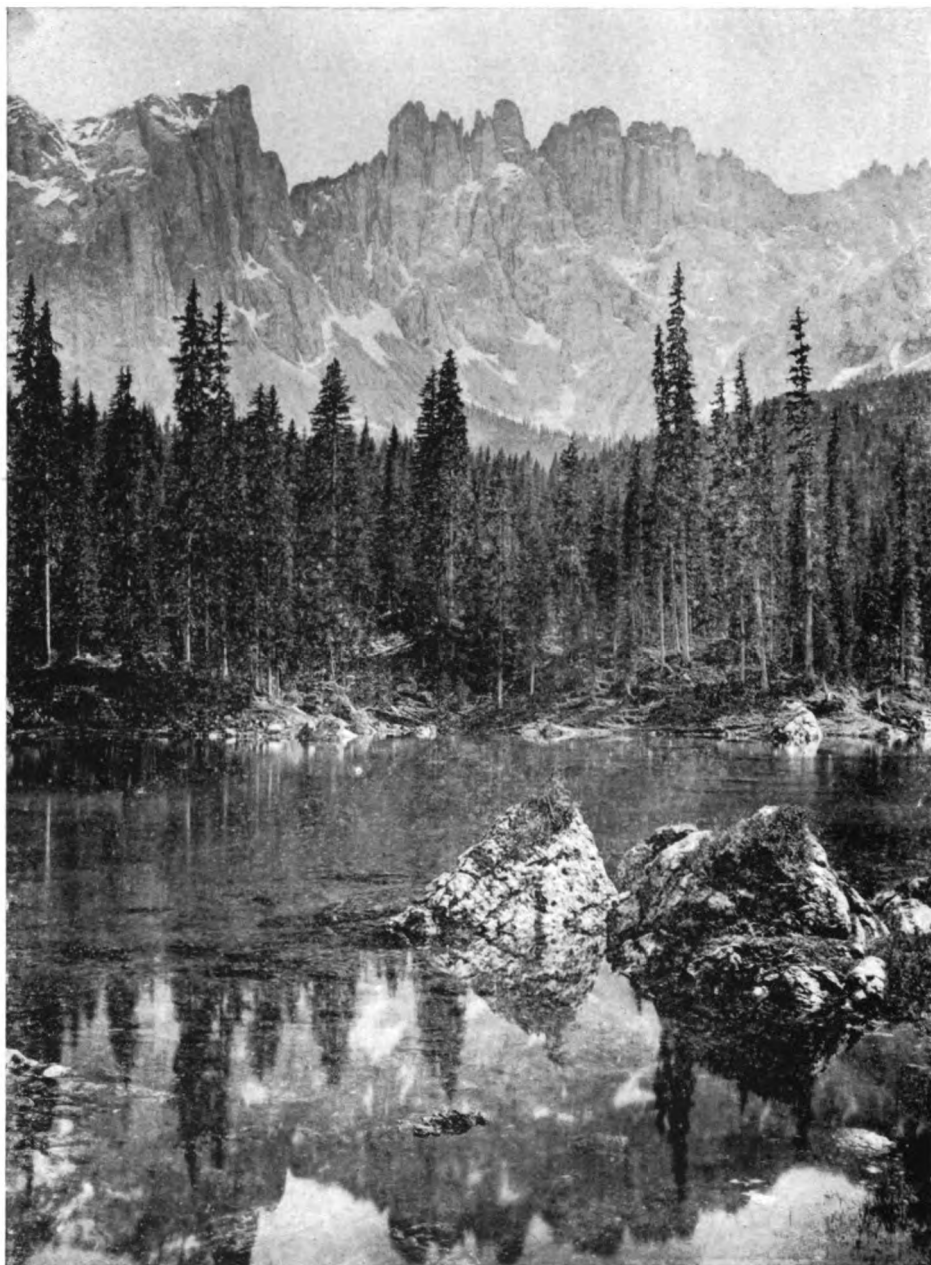
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A BEAUTIFUL VIEW OF NATURE IN THE AUSTRIAN TYROLESE ALPS

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

VOL. XIX, NO. 3

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"And as the same Senec saith: The more cleer and the more schynynge that fortune is, the more brutil, and the sonner breketh sche. So trusteth nought in hire, for sche is nought sledefast ne stable: for whan thou wenest or trowest to be most seur of hir help, sche wol sayle and deceyve the. And wher as ye say, that fortune hath norissched yow fro your childhode, I say that in so mochel ye schul the lasse truste in hire and in hire wille. For Senek saith: What man that is norissched by fortune, sche maketh him to gret a fool."—CHAUCER: The Tale of Melibeus

THEOSOPHY AND CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE

FROM ignorance of the truth about man's real nature and faculties and their action and condition after bodily death, a number of evils flow. The effect of such want of knowledge is much wider than the concerns of one or several persons. Government and the administration of human justice under man-made laws will improve in proportion as there exists a greater amount of information on this all-important subject. When a wide and deep knowledge and belief in respect to the occult side of nature and of man shall have become the property of the people, then may we expect a great change in the matter of capital punishment.

The killing of a human being by the authority of the state is morally wrong and also an injury to all the people; no criminal should be executed, no matter what the offence. If the administration of the law is so faulty as to permit the release of the hardened criminal before the term of his sentence has expired, that has nothing to do with the question of killing him.

Under Christianity this killing is contrary to the law supposed to have emanated from the Supreme Lawgiver. The commandment is: "Thou shalt not kill!" No exception is made for states or governments; it does not even except the animal kingdom. Under this law therefore it is not right to kill a dog, to say nothing of human beings. But the commandment has always been and still is ignored. The theology of man is always able to argue away any regulation whatever; and the Christian nations once rioted in executions. At one time for stealing a loaf of bread

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or a few nails a man might be hanged. This, however, has been so altered that death at the hands of the law is imposed for murder only,— omitting some unimportant exceptions.

We can safely divide the criminals who have been or will be killed under our laws into two classes: *i. e.*, those persons who are hardened, vicious, murderous in nature; and those who are not so, but who, in a moment of passion, fear, or anger, have slain another. The last may be again divided into those who are sorry for what they did, and those who are not. But even though those of the second class are not by intention enemies of Society, as are the others, they too before their execution may have their anger, resentment, desire for revenge and other feelings besides remorse, all aroused against Society which persecutes them and against those who directly take part in their trial and execution. The nature, passions, state of mind and bitterness of the criminal have, hence, to be taken into account in considering the question. For the condition which he is in when cut off from mundane life has much to do with the whole subject.

All the modes of execution are violent, whether by the knife, the sword, the bullet, by poison, rope, or electricity. And for the Theosophist the term *violent* as applied to death must mean more than it does to those who do not hold Theosophical views. For the latter, a violent death is distinguished from an easy natural one solely by the violence used against the victim. But for us such a death is the violent separation of the man from his body, and is a serious matter, of interest to the whole state. It creates in fact a paradox, for such persons are not dead; they remain with us as unseen criminals, able to do harm to the living and to cause damage to the whole of Society.

What happens? All the onlooker sees is that the sudden cutting off is accomplished; but what of the reality? A natural death is like the falling of a leaf near the winter-time. The time is fully ripe, all the powers of the leaf having separated; those acting no longer, its stem has but a slight hold on the branch and the slightest wind takes it away. So with us; we begin to separate our different inner powers and parts one from the other because their full term has ended, and when the final tremor comes the various inner component parts of the man fall away from each other and let the soul go free. But the poor criminal has not come to the natural end of his life. His astral body is not ready to separate from his physical body, nor is the vital, nervous energy ready to leave. The entire inner man is closely knit together, and he is the reality. I have said these parts are not ready to separate — they are in fact not able to separate because they are bound together by law and a force over which only great Nature has control.

THEOSOPHICAL KEYNOTES

When then the mere physical body is so treated that a sudden, premature separation from the real man is effected, he is merely dazed for a time, after which he wakes up in the atmosphere of the earth, fully a sentient living being save for the body. He sees the people, he sees and feels again the pursuit of him by the law. His passions are alive. He has become a raging fire, a mass of hate; the victim of his fellows and of his own crime. Few of us are able, even under favorable circumstances, to admit ourselves as wholly wrong and to say that punishment inflicted on us by man is right and just, and the criminal has only hate and desire for revenge.

If now we remember that his state of mind was made worse by the trial and execution, we can see that he has become a menace to the living. Even if he be not so bad and full of revenge as said, he is himself the repository of his own deeds; he carries with him into the astral realm surrounding us the pictures of his crimes, and these are ever-living creatures, as it were. In any case he is dangerous. Still existing in the very realm in which our mind and senses operate, he is forever coming in contact with the mind and senses of the living. More people than we suspect are nervous and sensitive. If these sensitives are touched by this invisible criminal they have injected into them at once the pictures of his crime and punishment, the vibrations from his hate, malice and revenge. Like creates like, and thus these vibrations create their like. Many a person has been impelled by some unknown force to commit crime; and that force came from such an inhabitant of our sphere.

And even with those not called 'sensitive' these forces have an effect, arousing evil thoughts where any basis for such exists in those individuals. We cannot argue away the immense force of hate, revenge, fear, vanity, all combined. Take the case of Guiteau, who shot President Garfield. He went through many days of trial. His hate, anger and vanity were aroused to the highest pitch every day and until the last, and he died full of curses for every one who had anything to do with his troubles. Can we be so foolish as to say that all the force he thus generated was at once dissipated? Of course it was not. . . .

The Theosophist who believes in the multiple nature of man and in the complexity of his inner nature, and knows that that is governed by law and not by mere chance or by the fancy of those who prate of the need for protecting society when they do not know the right way to do it, relying only on the punitive and retaliatory Mosaic law — will oppose capital punishment. He sees it is unjust to the living, a danger to the state, and that it allows no chance whatever for any reformation of the criminal.

SOME THOUGHTS ON DEATH

QUINTUS REYNOLDS

"Melus ei haeron, carcharorion geiriau."—MYRDDIN GWYLLT



WHO first started the notion that death was a thing to fear? It is a marvel it should ever have been thought: but the flesh cries out against its own dissolution, and *we* confuse ourselves with the flesh. How strangely we are immersed in our captivity, or exile — and yet it is not altogether either of these — here in this world where we spend our recurrent life-times!

By far the most of our time we are not here at all: not denizens of Earth, or not of the physical Earth we know. This is not our normal existence: but a spell, a fierce encounter, an adventure, that we are let loose upon periodically, exhaust ourselves at, and then retire from until . . . we are sent forth again. It is the meeting-place of Spirit and Matter, the battlefield where the Gods fight chaos; — and we, to say the truth, are the Gods. It is almost the condition of our being here, on the field, that we should have forgotten who we are.

The battle lasts forever: it is why existence is. We come to it in relays, a perpetual stream: we could not endure, most of us, to be fighting it all the time,—or more than a very small proportion of the time. So we are born into it, discover or fail to discover that we are in it, take wounds and much discomfiture, and die out of it; then, after a few decades here, remain (it is said) in our own place, in the Empire of Souls, many centuries.

What we are, here — our conscious selves — is to the totality of our being, I suppose, like a drop of floating oil to the surface of the lake on which it floats, or a small island to a large sea. And sunk and wrapped in the little, we are unconscious of the great: while we are here in our bodies. Or it only flashes on us at moments: then we know how unincasable in words are all its properties and qualities. Words, coinages of the mind that dwells in this lower sphere. . . . If they are to be of any use at all, it must be by what virtue of *suggestion* can be inspired into them, not by what definite precise meaning the dictionaries credit them with. Those who have looked in through the gates of death are always puzzled by the inexpressibility of what they have seen. They stutter and falter . . . about a beauty, an augustness, for which there are no words nor terrestrial comparisons. It is, after all, only the astounding limitlessness of our Whole-Selves, suddenly revealed or glimpsed, which comforts or terrifies the Part-selves we are here, but amazes them always: it is the shock of this amazement that old Bishop Latimer calls the "ugsomeness of death."

SOME THOUGHTS ON DEATH

Death, said Peter Pan, is a very great adventure; but no,— it is life that is that. That we should go into the lions' den periodically, and fight with beasts in this Ephesus of incarnation: should be closeted up with tigerish passions for our cell-mates, forced to make war with them, putting forth our strength or suffering mercilessly their teeth and claws: and all that we may win new realms for the Spirit, conquer empires in Chaos for God,— that surely is the strange fierce thing, and not that we are allowed to return to the quiet and beauty of our own place between-whiles. Here in incarnation

“this intellectual being,

These thoughts that wander through eternity,”

are narrowed down to the limits of a little mind-in-the-brain; and nothing of ourselves can function (as a rule) but what can play through such a trumpery instrument: as if you should compel a Beethoven to compose only for the triangle, or allow Paderewski nothing but a tambourine.

If that great Empire of the Excarnate (which it takes death to let most of us into) were at all understood, there would be infinite comfort for humanity in the thought of it, and no “ugliness” at all. There, always, is the majority of mankind; there each of us spends most of his time; there we enjoy the unimaginable fulness of our being. And there, we have never dreamed that Mankind is other than a Brotherhood, a Unity, nor imagined at all the divisions, prides, spite, and revengefulnesses that vex our footsteps here. “Brotherhood is a fact in Nature,” it is said: that law being laid down in the teeth of what seems all the evidence here; we should understand the truth of it better, and the saying would not seem extravagant, if we remembered that still,— now, — at this present time and abortive juncture in this world's affairs, for the vast majority of the Host of Souls no conception other than that of perfect Brotherhood is possible. This world of incarnation is only a little island in the vast sphere of our dominions: not ours rightly yet: a tough spot that we essay again and again to conquer: in the heat and dust of the warfare here we take on the nature of the Chaos in which we are struggling, and forget; but Death brings us back and back to our own status and native condition, and we see the reality of things and are consoled and renewed in courage. It is in this world only, and its purlieu, that all divisions exist. The hatreds, lusts, envies, and troubles that beset us here, have there no power of entry: none at all. We are within seventy years of possessing archangelic consciousness and full understanding of the meaning of life. Are we now cast down, and in the midst of a tragedy? — Not so long ago we foresaw and entered upon it, covetous of that experience and the value it should be to us thenceforth forever. Who would fear the fate of Hamlet or Othello, to

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be suffered for one night on the stage? The direst juncture you can meet in life, is only something you have chosen to meet, because it was necessary that you should meet it: necessary to the perfection of your experience, and to be useful to you through the eternities to come. And there is no agony but shall break soon (since a lifetime is short), and give place in the proud mansions of Death to understanding of it and why it happened. The sins, weaknesses, and encumbrances of this life, we take on when we enter this life, and lay down when we pass again into the fulness of our true being. They are the enemies we engage to fight, the difficulties we foresee shall be ours in the great battle which we (I suspect not unwillingly) undertake to fight. None need lament his share of them, or feel bowed down under self-reproach; none need groan at his weakness, or cry out because passion lashes him, or sink under his sea of sorrows, or gasp over his failure. Something very grand and wise, in the Empire of the Excarnate, took upon himself, as his share in the great common duty of the Host of Souls, to meet all these things and do what he could against them, knowing what sufferings would be entailed, and also the glory of the whole scheme. In this one life things might go heavily against him; but he would make a push and do something. Out of his conflict with human flesh, something at any rate would be won. Because of his agonies and failure, the grand Success of the Host would be brought a little nearer.

It is not true, of course, that the mere death of the body lets us in at once to the Great Kingdom. There may be far traveling to accomplish first; and the more we are sunken in this world, the farther must the traveling be. But the Islands of the Blessed are there, and we come to them: we come to our native status, and the narrow limits of personality quickly or slowly give way. They may do so here: by grand fighting we may lift ourselves, living, to the grand levels of the Heavenworld. So the Master-Souls and Perfected God's Warriors do not, we are told, absent themselves for long periods from this world; but return quickly to the battle, and enjoy Devachan through the sweat and fury of earth-life: that is, are always in the fulness of themselves, the whole archangelic nature present in the human body. But this makes no difference to the rule: the Archangelic world is the great world: the greater part of each one of us is always there; we are there consciously, the whole of us, the greater part of our time.

If we could see the Real Thing about the poorest weakling, the vilest sinner, we should be astounded by the glory revealed, and all our ideas about heroism and beauty would be extended. The criminal you hanged yesterday . . . he too is the representative of Something Archangelic. "Eloquent, just, and mighty Death" reminds us of these things.

THE WICKED FORMULA

H. TRAVERS, M. A.



FORMULA is a cruel and heartless thing — especially when ‘rigorously applied.’ Or perhaps we should not call it cruel and heartless, as that is merely reading our own prejudices into the question; the formula is simply indifferent and unmoral, like a machine (which it is). One calls to mind a series of comic cartoons, in which the first scene represented a party of bigwigs inspecting a new patent sausage machine. A pig is put into the hopper; in the next scene we see no pig but only a heap of sausages on the floor. Then one of the bigwigs is seen bending over the hopper to examine the working of the machine; then he falls in. Last scene — a heap of sausages on the floor. This was not cruelty on the part of the machine; it was merely sublime indifference. So with a formula when rigorously applied.

Now there is certain a formula by the name of $v = nl$. Let us interpret its meaning by applying it to the case of a man walking: n is the number of steps he takes per second; l is the length of each step. Multiply these together and we get his velocity. Thus, if he takes 2 steps per second, and each step is 30 inches, his velocity will be 5 feet per second. Then the formula, $v = nl$ becomes $v = 2 \times 2\frac{1}{2} = 5$. Next let us apply it to the case of sound traveling through air. Let the sound be that proceeding from a tuning-fork giving middle C. Then n , or the number of waves per second, is 256; l , or the length of each wave, is 4.3 feet. Multiply these together, and we get the distance which the wave goes in one second, or (in other words) the velocity of sound in air — about 1100 feet per second.

So far good; we can take actual measurements, both of time and space, in the case of the man walking, and also in that of the sound-wave traveling. But suppose we apply this formula *rigidly* to another case, where we cannot take *all* these measurements. We may get some weird and wonderful results.

Thus, in the case of light, we have decided that its velocity is about 186,000 miles per second. We have also calculated that the wave-length of a ray of red light is about .000076 of a centimeter. Putting these together by the formula, we reach the result that the number of vibrations per second executed by that red ray of light is four hundred trillions (400,000,000,000,000). Fancy a second of time divided into that number of parts! That number of seconds would be between twelve and thirteen

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

million years; that number of inches would be over six billion miles. Whether science eschews imagination and deals with solid facts, or whether it delights in the play of the imagination, we shall certainly find it hard to swallow the four-hundred-trillionth of a second. Truly, in science it is sometimes a case of straining at a needle and swallowing a camel.

Now how do we reach this amazing result concerning the frequency of luminous waves? By supposing that the light wave climbs its way along the ether. If we could imagine that the light is a little insect, the length of whose stride is exactly .000076 of a centimeter; and that this insect, in some inconceivable way, manages to crawl all around the equator in about one-eighth of a second, we should have an exactly parallel case; and we should have to infer that the tiny creature waggled its little legs precisely four hundred trillion times in every second.

But some people are telling us that, when a ray of light travels from me to you, it does not step off and climb along the ether. To illustrate: suppose you were on the hind platform of a moving street-car, and wanted to reach the front platform. To do this, you jump off into the road, and run along by the car until you come to the front end, when you board it again. Now suppose you reverse the process, and jump off and run back along the road until you reach the rear end, running at the same speed as before. This will not take you so long as did your first trip, because now the car is coming forward to meet you, whereas before it was drawing away from you; now you meet it, but then you had to overtake it. So with light. Experiments were performed to see whether the time taken by light to go one way was different from that taken to go another, and no difference was found. Hence it was inferred that the light did not go along the ether at all. The analogous case would be, if you should travel back and forth in the car itself, without stepping off into the road.

Now to return to our beetle. Its stride is actually only .000076 of a centimeter long, and it does somehow manage to get around the equator eight times in every second; but we are not now required to suppose that it does this by actually crawling every step of the way. What then are we to do? Going back to the older 'emission' theory of light, we can suppose the beetle to be *shot* around the earth, as it were; in which case it is unnecessary for him to wiggle his legs at such an alarming rate of speed.

But not all wave-motions in the alleged ether have such short length as those of visible light. The electromagnetic waves used in wireless telegraphy are believed to be of the same nature, and it has been calculated that they travel with the same velocity as light. But their length may equal many miles, and their frequency consequently comes down

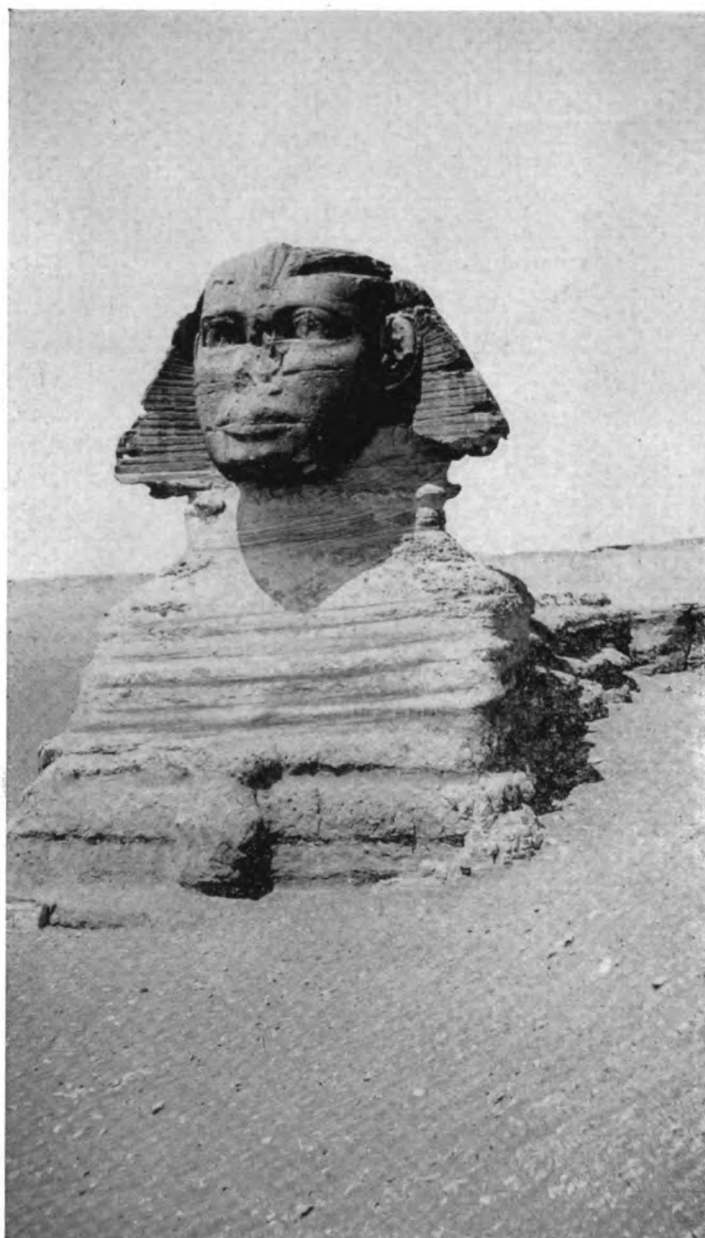


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IN THE LAND OF THE PHARAOHS

(Above) On the way to the pyramids of Gîzeh

(Below) The Sphinx flanked by the Pyramids



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THE SPHINX: FULL-FACE VIEW

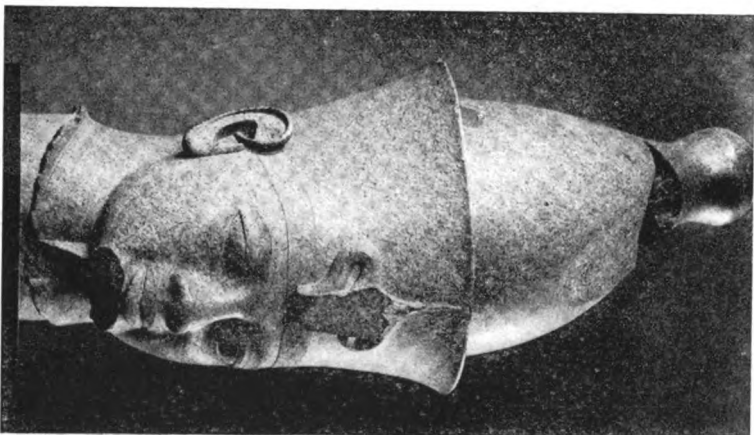
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AMENEMHAT III
XII Dynasty

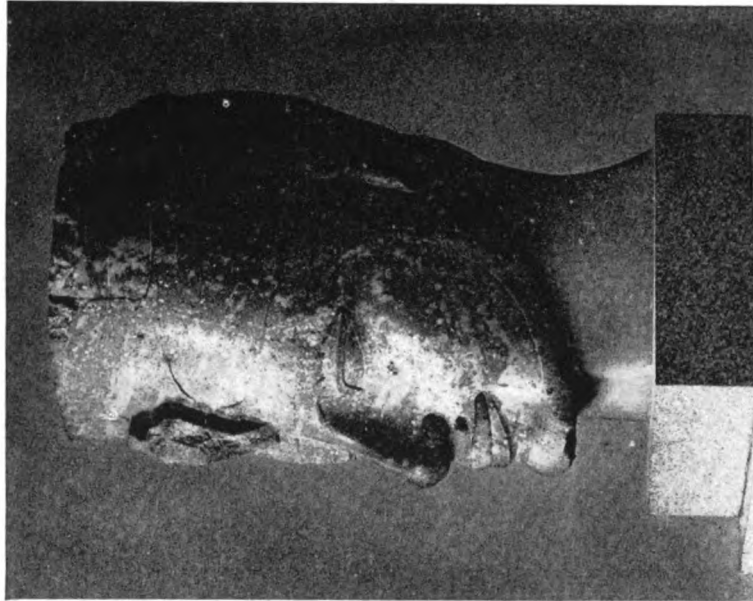
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TEHUTIMES (THOTMES) III
King of Egypt, B. C. 1550

British Museum: XXXIII-8



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AMEN-HETEP III

King of Egypt, about B. C. 1450

British Museum: XXXIII-9



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PORTRAIT MODEL OF AMEN-HETEP IV

XVIII Dynasty

FOUR GREAT PHARAOHS

to perceptible amounts, for it may come within the range of those frequencies which produce musical notes. So here the application of the formula, $v = nl$, yields results that are not alarming. The question is, where is one to draw the line between what is digestible and what is not?

The fact is that physics (the science of our mental processes) is in the melting-pot; and is becoming involved with metaphysics (the science of imagined conceptions, such as matter, space, and other things which are supposed to be external — that is, in the mysterious beyond). As to the rigid application of a formula, it is an attempt to reason from the general to the particular; a process which can never be infallible except when our general principle is an axiom. And what is an axiom? If it is itself a datum of experience, then we are reasoning in a circle. And if it is not a datum of experience, what is it? An intuitive vision of truth?

FOUR GREAT PHARAOHS

C. J. RYAN

IN the long roll of Egyptian kings of whom we have definite information, among the most remarkable are Amenemhat III, Tehutimes (Thothmes) III, Amenhetep III, and Amenhetep IV (Khuenaten). The most cursory glance at their portraits is enough to gain a distinct impression from each of a well-marked and highly-individualized personality.

Amenemhat III, of the Twelfth Dynasty of Egyptian kings, lived, according to some archaeologists, forty-three centuries before our days, or about 2300 B. C. His fame has been preserved by his great works of peace, the Labyrinth and the wonderful Lake Moeris. In his time the average height of the Nile was about twelve feet higher than in modern times; the highest rise being twenty-seven feet higher, and much damage was done by excess of water at the highest periods. In all ages great care was taken to divert the flow of the Nile during the inundation by dams, sluices, and reservoirs, but Amenemhat III conceived a colossal plan to protect the country. This was nothing less than the creation of a vast artificial lake in the Fayûm, a little above Memphis, for the reception and storage of the superfluous water. This magnificent engineering work was protected by dams, and connected with the river by a canal with locks to regulate the flow. Little remains of it today except a depression in the ground and the ruins of some dikes. The great dam at Assuan, built by the British a few years ago, now regulates the inundation in a

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

still more effective way, but great credit must be given to King Amenemhat for his noble work which was of immense benefit to Egypt.

The Labyrinth, erected near Lake Moeris, was a most extraordinary building. Unfortunately, it has been entirely destroyed. Only a few blocks of stone with half-obliterated inscriptions containing the name of Amenemhat remain to indicate the site of this great Wonder of the World, which, according to Herodotus, consisted of three thousand chambers and halls, half above ground and half below. The Labyrinth was larger than the pyramids, and, according to Herodotus and Strabo, far more wonderful. H. P. Blavatsky says:

"Egypt had the 'celestial labyrinth' whereinto the souls of the departed plunged, and also its type on earth, the famous Labyrinth, a subterranean series of halls and passages with the most extraordinary windings. . . . Even in Herodotus' day strangers were not allowed into the subterranean portions of it as they contained the sepulchers of the kings who built it and other mysteries. The 'Father of History' found the Labyrinth already almost in ruins, yet regarded it even in its state of dilapidation as far more marvelous than the pyramids."

There is something mysterious about the Labyrinth. Its former existence is certain, for both Strabo and Herodotus refer to it in considerable detail, and traces remain, but it is not mentioned in the Egyptian records on the monuments. A reason given by Dr. Brugsch is that the Fayûm was detested by the rest of Egypt as being hostile to Osiris; it was sacred to Set-Typhon, the opponent of Osiris or Horus. For this cause the Fayûm, though a rich and fertile province (as it is today), was left out of the official lists of Nomes or provinces of Egypt. Yet it was there that Amenemhat placed this extraordinary building, whose use is unknown; and not far off is his tomb-pyramid.

Tehutimes (Thothmes) III, was one of the great warrior kings. He has been called the 'Alexander the Great' of Egyptian history, for he triumphantly faced in battle the most powerful empires and marched to the frontiers of the world as it was known to the Egyptians of that age (1600 B. C.), bringing back the richest spoils of conquered and tributary nations. "Egypt itself then formed the central point of the world's intercourse," says Brugsch. For nearly twenty years Tehutimes fought more than thirteen campaigns, chiefly or perhaps entirely in Syria and the north, but possibly in Nubia and Ethiopia. During the latter period of the reign of Hatshepsu, the famous 'Amazon' Queen, the regular tributes had gradually ceased to be paid by conquered nations, and their rulers at last defied the Egyptian power. Tehutimes soon brought them to reason, but he was evidently a considerate and generous conqueror for, unless hostile towns were repeatedly and obstinately rebellious, he treated them with mildness and friendliness, only demanding a moderate tribute. He also possessed scientific tastes and had a strong liking for natural history. He was delighted to discover hitherto unknown birds, and he

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caused to be represented on the temple of Amen at Thebes new discoveries made during his campaigns. One inscription reads:

"Here are all sorts of plants and all sorts of flowers from the land of Ta-neter which the king discovered when he went to the land of Ruthen (Canaan) to conquer that land as his father Amen had commanded him."

The king had taken so many captives and such a quantity of treasure that he was well able to dedicate his energies to the building of splendid temples, ruins of which are to be found throughout the length of Egypt and Nubia. Especially fine were those at Thebes, and at Elephantiné. The latter was unfortunately destroyed by the Turkish governor of Assuan in 1822, but careful drawings made by the savants of Napoleon's expedition are still available.

After a reign of nearly fifty-four years (part of which was shared with Queen Hatshepsu, his sister) the great Tehutimes, conqueror, naturalist, successful governor of almost all the known world, and builder, passed away, and his heart's desire has been fulfilled — "I shall remain preserved in the history of the latest times."

Amenhetep III, the great-grandson of Tehutimes III, was a famous builder and sportsman. His campaigns were mostly in the South, where he penetrated far into the Sudan. He will, however, be chiefly remembered for his temple building, and above all for the famous Colossi of the Plain, the gigantic figures of himself, one of which was called by the Greeks the Vocal Memnon. They were about seventy feet high when perfect, and stood on either side of a great pylon which formed the entrance to a temple. Amenhetep III had a wise and accomplished minister named Amenhetep and, to judge by the account given of his own life and deeds by the king's namesake, it was he rather than the king who was responsible for the erection of the two enormous statues. He says:

"My lord promoted me to be chief architect. I immortalized the name of the king, and no one has done the like of me in my works, reckoning from earlier times. . . . I acted according to what seemed best in my estimation, in causing to be made two portrait-statues of noble hard stone in this his great building. It is like heaven. . . . Thus I executed these works of art, his statues — (they were astonishing for their breadth, lofty in their perpendicular height: their completed form made the gate-tower look small; 40 cubits was their measure) — in the splendid sandstone mountain, on its two sides [the temple]. . . .

"I caused eight ships to be built; they [the statues] were carried down [the river] and placed in his lofty building. They will last as long as the heaven.

"I declare to you who shall come hither after us, that of the people who were assembled for the building every one was under me. They were full of ardor; their heart was moved with joy; they raised a shout and praised the gracious god. Their landing in Thebes was a joyful event. The monuments were raised in their future place."

The musical phenomenon which used to take place in connexion with the northern colossus was unknown to the ancient Egyptians; it was first noticed after an earthquake in the year 27 B. C. which destroyed the

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upper part of the statue, and it is generally attributed to the sudden change of temperature at sunrise causing quick currents of air to press through crevices in the rock. After the Roman emperor Septimius Severus restored the figure the sound was never heard again. Dr. Brugsch, speaking of the ability and knowledge of the statesman-architect Amenhetep, says: "Even in our highly cultivated age, with all its inventions and machines, the shipment and erection of the statues of Memnon remain an insoluble riddle."

King Amenhetep III was devoted to the worship of the great national god Amen-Ra, and built many temples in his honor. To the temple of Amen at Karnak he was exceedingly generous, masses of gold, silver, copper, and precious stones, and even a large number of lions, appear on the lists of his benefactions. In great contrast to him was the conduct of his son, Amenhetep IV, who did his best to destroy the state religion of Amen-Ra.

Sometimes a tremendous will is enshrined in an outwardly unlikely tabernacle. A striking example is found in the extraordinary religious reformer or revolutionary Pharaoh, Amenhetep IV (generally known by the Greek transliteration, Amenophis), self-styled during the principal part of his reign, Khuenaten—the beloved of the god Aten,—who lived about 1450 B. C. In his fierce enthusiasm for reform he found sufficient driving power to defy the entrenched power of the priesthood of Amen-Ra and to disestablish and disendow the popular national cult, and to replace it by the religion of Aten, the local deity of Hermopolis, whose symbol was the sun's disk. Yet this tremendous revolution was accomplished by a man whose general build and features, to judge by his portraits (which are evidently, from the naïve realism and unflattering appearance, good likenesses) very different from what might be expected in a successful reformer. We see no massiveness, no square determined chin, no firm-set head on a strong neck. On the contrary, Amenhetep IV was slightly built, with feminine outlines, sickly and weak-looking; his head was ill-supported on a thin neck, his chin pushed forward and his mouth partly open. Obstinacy and vivacity might be indicated by his expression, but not power or dignity. Yet he was the man who carried out the only violent religious reform or revolution of which we have record in the thousands of years of Egypt's history, and he was obviously a burning spiritual enthusiast.

It is only within recent years that research has given us authentic information about the fourth Amenhetep, and not much is known yet, owing to the destruction of his capital at El Amarna and of the temples he built throughout Egypt in honor of Aten. Most of the inscriptions about his reign have disappeared and little remains but funerary writings

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in tombs. His successors quickly returned to the worship of Amen-Ra, and the priests of Amen did their best to blot out the memory of the 'heretic king' from the minds of men.

Enough, however, remains to prove that Amenhetep IV was an unusual man with a high and definite ideal of his own, who, by means of his autocratic position, was able to carry it to a large measure of success during his lifetime. According to the information at our disposal, the story of his effort is something of the following nature. For about two hundred years the mighty god Amen-Ra, whose worship was centered at Thebes, had received great glory and credit from the victories of the Pharaohs. First of all there was the successful war of independence against the hated Shepherd Kings, foreigners who had held the country down for about five hundred years. After they were driven out of Egypt, the borders of the country were extended to Syria in the north, the banks of the Euphrates in the east, and far south into Nubia. All these advances were credited to the power of Amen-Ra, whose priests naturally became very influential. Their authority was so great that in the reign of the famous Queen Hatshepsu and later the high priest of Amen became ruler of all the priests in the land, governor of Thebes, and grand vizier of Egypt.

Before Amenhetep IV came to the throne it had been growing upon him that the power of the monarchy was seriously threatened by the rising importance of the priests of Amen-Ra at Thebes, and he saw that an ambitious high priest might take advantage of some opportunity and seize the throne. As it turned out, his foresight was correct, for a few hundred years later Priest-King Her-Hor established a dynasty of priest-kings of Amen-Ra. To prevent, if possible, such a mischance, Amenhetep tried to destroy the power of the priesthood of Amen-Ra by deposing the god and substituting Aten, the Solar Disk, the visible form of the most popular of the Egyptian gods, the great Ra, the Sun. Aten was worshiped at Heliopolis, but the reforming king was careful not to substitute a powerful hierarchy of Heliopolitan priests for that of Thebes. The king kept the administration of the revenues in his own hands, and limited the powers of the high-priest of Aten to the domain of religion. He also established a new city as the administrative and religious center of the new state religion and as his own capital. He nearly succeeded in his desperate scheme, and the power of the cult of Amen-Ra was almost destroyed during his reign, but his successors were not able to resist the popular demand for the reinstatement of the Theban deity, skilfully engineered by the well-organized legions of his priests.

But Amenhetep (or Khuenaten as he called himself after his reform was established) had not merely a political end in view; in fact the

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political object was almost certainly quite secondary to a higher and more spiritual motive. As far as can be gleaned from the little that is recorded — mostly by his enemies, as is usual with reformers — his desire was to direct the attention of his subjects to a deity more universal than national, a spiritual force capable of being universally understood. The priesthood of Amen-Ra seem to have become rather narrow and the letter of their creed was in danger of killing the spirit. It would be profoundly interesting to know the exact truth about the matter, for even when the outer garb of religion in Egypt was modified at various times in the long history of that wonderful civilization, the inner esoteric teachings were not allowed to perish and were the same. H. P. Blavatsky, in *The Secret Doctrine*, speaking of Maspero's idea that the Egyptian clergy had altered the dogmas of the Egyptian religion several times during fifty centuries, says:

"Here we believe the eminent Egyptologist is going too far. The exoteric dogmas may often have been altered, the esoteric never. He does not take into account the sacred immutability of the primitive truths, revealed only during the mysteries of initiation. The Egyptian priests *have forgotten much, they altered nothing*. The loss of a good deal of the primitive teaching was due to the sudden deaths of the great Hierophants, who passed away before they had time to reveal *all* to their successors; mostly, to the absence of worthy heirs to the knowledge. Yet they have preserved in their rituals and dogmas the principal teachings of the secret doctrine. . . ."— I, p. 312

It is not unlikely, however, that Khuenaten was disgusted by the materialism of some of the priests who had managed to gain control of the outer forms and the revenues of the temples, and that his revolution was perhaps a great help to the truly spiritual teachers who were temporarily pushed into the background. We may recollect, too, that the decline of the Egyptian empire was not far off, and that the Mysteries were gradually being withdrawn. Khuenaten's hymns, preserved to some degree on the walls of tombs, are beautiful and singular in the fact that in them we see a king calling to his newly conquered subjects, Nubians and Syrians, to worship the overshadowing Aten side by side with the Egyptians. According to Khuenaten his idea of divinity is one that does not make invidious distinctions between peoples; there are no 'Chosen People' to him. This was not altogether a revolutionary idea, for it was well recognised in antiquity that the same spiritual powers were called by different names in different countries, and foreign religions were not looked upon, as a general thing, as abominable heresies. We see the Greeks traveling to Egypt and farther east to learn wisdom from the hierophants of the temples of religions quite different in outward names and forms from their own. They could not have done this if they had looked upon them as dangerous and erroneous. Khuenaten may have observed that there was a growing tendency to the segregation of religions

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and to the spread of the idea of 'orthodoxy' and 'I am holier than thou,' which became later a well-marked characteristic among the followers of the *exoteric* religion of the Hebrews — though not among the more spiritual teachers, of course. Some Egyptologists claim that Khuenaten regarded religion, "For the first time, as a *bond* which *binds* together men of different race, language and color." This is certainly an error; it would almost be truer to say 'for the last time,' for no one can truly say that religions have been a binding force in international affairs in later ages, at least in Europe and part of Asia. The following quotations from hymns composed by the great king in honor of Aten suggest a very beautiful and spiritual mind:

"Thy dawning is beautiful in the horizon of heaven, O thou, Aten, initiator of life. When thou risest in the east, thou fillest the earth with thy beauty; thou art beautiful, sublime, and exalted above earth. Thy beams envelop the lands and all thou hast made. As thou art Ra [the creator] thou conquerest what they give forth, and thou bindest them with the bonds of thy love. Thou art afar off, but thy beams are upon [touch] the earth. . . .

"How manifold are thy works! Thou didst create the earth in thy heart (when thou wast alone) the earth with peoples, herds, and flocks, all that are upon the earth that go upon their feet, all that are on high, that fly with their wings, the foreign lands, Syria, Nubia, Egypt.

"Thou settest every man in his place, creating the things necessary for him; everyone has his belongings and possessions; their speech is in diverse tongues, they are varied in form and color and skin. Thou, the master of choice, madest different [from us] the strange peoples. . . .

"Thou art in my heart; there is none other that knoweth thee, save me, thy son, Khuenaten. . . . O thou by whom, when thou risest, men live, by whom, when thou settest, they die. . . . raise them up for thy son, who cometh forth from thy substance, Khuenaten."

Professor Moret of Paris does not think Khuenaten's hymns are entirely original. He says:

"To my mind, the result of a comparison shows that the religious and poetical matter developed in the hymns of Khuenaten, consists of topics already employed in Egyptian literature and probably familiar to everyone. The 'originality' lent to the hymns of Khuenaten is probably like new wine in old bottles; it expresses old beliefs in new rhythms, and gives a touch, as far as we can judge, more vivid and personal to subjects treated by older writers."

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FRED J. DICK, M. INST. C. E.



AN article in the May *Popular Astronomy*, 'Is the Earth expanding or Contracting' (which contains some interesting speculations regarding a supposed gaseous interior), after mentioning the Colorado Canyon, etc., deals with the question of a possible expansion of the Earth as a whole. Hitherto it has usually been assumed that old Earth has been busy contracting for a good while, but in these days of topsy-turvyism and new theories with every lunation, one must not be surprised at anything — which is entirely as it should

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be. In *The Century Path*, November 14, 1909, an article 'A Lesson from the Great Pyramid' dealt with this problem of expansion and contraction from a different standpoint, partly suggested by the latitude of the Great Pyramid, and also by certain historic facts alluded to in H. P. Blavatsky's great works, *Isis Unveiled* and *The Secret Doctrine*, which were published in 1878 and 1888 respectively. The viewpoint taken was that as certain periodic changes of shape of the equipotential surface, or 'geoid' (mean sea-level), occurred in the far past — *i. e.*, expansion and contraction of the polar axis simultaneously with contraction and expansion of the equatorial — it might be worth while to inquire (volume and angular moment of momentum being supposed to remain constant) what would follow if the site of the Great Pyramid was really on the 30th parallel 70,000 years ago.

The result reached was that during this interval of time the distance along the surface from equator to pole would have been augmented by about four-tenths of a mile, the polar radius being then 3949.645, and now 3950.690; the equatorial radius then 3963.822, and now 3963.296. Sensible changes in the length of some parallels of latitude would also have ensued. The site of the Great Pyramid would have been then on the 30th parallel owing to the slightly reduced radius of curvature on the meridional plane there, as compared with its present value. Thus we should have a proximate cause of major tectonic effects during the period considered, owing to the induced tensional stresses. A slight reduction in the length of the sidereal day, due to the diminished gyration-radius, was also investigated, but we should have to know whether, or when, the geoid-figure-change either ceased or reversed. If reversed, say 2500 years ago, the sidereal day would then have begun slowly to lengthen again — so far as this dynamic element is concerned, at least — which would correspond to some portion of the Moon's acceleration since then. On the other hand the evidence seems to be that some expansion between the 30th and 60th parallels is still in progress. We shall presently infer from other data that many factors enter into the question, as is indeed the case with everything in nature. But at all events, when there is a basis of ancient historic fact to work from, hypotheses and assumptions which lead in their direction should be more promising than speculation without a sufficiently extended line of observed phenomena whereon to build. Indeed, when we think of the enormous foundering of continental and quasi-continental areas, and the other upheavals of similar extent at various periods, the remarkable thing really is that possible changes in the shape of the geoid should so little have been considered. And yet, in the case of the Sun, some scientists already half suspect the existence of such alternating changes.

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A year or two ago a writer in *Popular Astronomy* asserted that the rock-base of the Great Pyramid "destroyed the 30°-latitude idea." Not necessarily so. In this connexion it should be stated that in one of the old *Books of Hermes* (supposed to be lost) an Egyptian pyramid is mentioned as standing upon the shore of the sea, "the waves of which dashed in powerless fury against its base." (Cf. *Isis Unveiled*, I, p. 520.) This attests the great antiquity of the rock-based pyramid.

It was the same writer in the magazine specified who threw orthodox astronomy overboard. For had it not been long 'demonstrated' that the amplitude of the ecliptic-obliquity-variation could not exceed one-and-a-quarter degrees? But he put the obliquity at 26° some 11,920 years ago, while according to the data in an article published in this magazine March, 1916, it should then have been about 25° 10'. His object was to show that 26 and 52 were "pyramid-numbers." But 51° 51' 54", the angle of the outer casing of the Great Pyramid (see Petrie: *The Pyramids and Temples of Gizeh*) is not 52°; neither is 26° the same as 26° 33' 54", the angle of the descending passage (which makes with the vertical axis an angle that is fundamental in the geometry of the sphere).

A sketch of some of the probable causes underlying gradual and progressive changes of ecliptic-obliquity (including actual inversion of the poles) was outlined in *The Century Path*, October 31, 1909. Judging from some recent scientific utterances we seem to be nearing the time when it will be recognised that the solar system is regulated under the operation of Magnetic forces — as H. P. Blavatsky repeatedly stated in her works — combined of course with the action of remarkable gyroscopic laws resulting in both precession and inversion — laws of which the magazine-writer alluded to (F. J. B. Cordeiro) happens to be one of the ablest exponents.

When we remember that only a few years ago the late Lord Kelvin spent the greater part of a summer vacation in unconsciously presenting a new illustration of Newton's remark about "picking up pebbles on the shore" by picking up and spinning them, finding results that actually puzzled even him, we need hardly wonder that electromagnetic and gyroscopic aspects of rotational dynamics as applied to the phenomena afforded by planets and satellites have hardly yet received adequate attention. Our text-books may deal with figures of equilibrium, or of dynamic stability, or with rotating viscous spheroids, and so on; but fundamental questions regarding planetary rotation, precession, and inversion, treated from the standpoint of bi-polar Magnetism as efficient cause, still remain to be tackled. The mere question of steady planetary or solar rotation, apart altogether from gyroscopic effects, has not yet been solved by modern science. Given a nebula, for instance, why should

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it rotate at all? Yet the question is answered in the oldest book in the world — the *Book of Dzyan*.

To be sure, one knows that observed 'magnetic-moments' of iron needles, in their cumulative aspect, are altogether too feeble to afford a basis for any effective action on planetary movement. The point is, that the Magnetism referred to by H. P. Blavatsky is of a more powerful nature. It is not limited to iron-magnetism, natural or induced. That which we call 'gravitation' is but one of its aspects. Its dual nature — like electricity, both positive and negative — is aptly described in the following quotation:

"The Earth is . . . a magnet, charged with one form of electricity, say positive, which it evolves continually by spontaneous action in the interior, or center of motion. . . . Organic or inorganic bodies, if left to themselves will constantly and involuntarily charge themselves with and evolve the form of electricity opposite to the Earth's. Hence attraction."

— *Isis Unveiled*, I, p. xxiii

This dual aspect of Magnetism (the capital being used to distinguish it from iron-magnetism) is recorded as a fact in the most ancient, as well as in classic and later, literature. It has even been known to, and investigated by, some leading modern scientific men. It was well known personally to H. P. Blavatsky. A single instance of the suspension of the "law of universal gravitation," if occurring only once in a century, ought, one would think, to be of paramount interest to astronomers — of all men! But 'suspension' is not the word. We might have said 'total reversal.' There is no such thing as magic — if that word connotes suspension of Nature's immutable laws. But there are known, and unknown, laws. Alter the polarity and you have less 'weight.' Continue doing so, and the 'weight' may become negative. Intensify the original polarity, and the 'weight' may be augmented. Yet the 'quantity of matter' remains constant. If such things are facts — seeing that the residual attractions or repulsions depend on the balance of positive and negative charges, not upon the 'quantity of matter' as hitherto supposed (except as regards inductive capacity), in respect of solar and planetary mutual interactions — the dynamics of astronomy may stand in need of revision. The dynamics of the hypothetical atoms seems more nearly on correct lines, depending as the theory does on the positive and negative charges and the changes which may accrue, involving what is rather vaguely called 'mass.'

H. P. Blavatsky says:

"The two [Magnetic] poles are said to be the storehouses, the receptacles and liberators, at the same time, of Cosmic and terrestrial Vitality (Electricity); from the surplus of which the Earth, had it not been for these two natural 'safety-valves,' would have been rent to pieces long ago."— *The Secret Doctrine*, I, p. 205

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This gives some idea of the enormous dynamic power of the forces, or electric vortices, which are actually in control of the Earth's movements. Supposing that one Magnetic end of the Earth be repelled and the other attracted by impinging solar electric forces, we should then have a dynamic 'couple' or 'torque.' Notice also that the line joining the Magnetic poles avoids the Earth's center of inertia. Such are the main elements in the problem which would lead to a tentative solution from known motions, provided we could express the Earth's 'moment of inertia' round one or another axis freed from hitherto accepted theories, and provided we understood other factors which enter into the question.

Among these factors is one rather calculated to alarm some authors of text-books on physics and astronomy, although the best of such are happily free from too dogmatic generalizations. Some scientific writers, however, might be apt to close their mental doors, on the plea that new (old) facts, unless accompanied by precise metric analyses and appropriate 'graphs,' could possess for them no value. But however this may be, we may derive gleams of hope from the circumstance that the nineteenth-century past-masters in physics include such names as Crookes, Varley, Hare, and P. G. Tait — the last, one of the authors of *The Unseen Universe*, and the other three, fearless investigators of unpopular, and also *dangerous*, facts in Nature. Now the factor alluded to is the existence of such things as *Karmic* disturbances of the axis of the 'wheel,' or Earth. There is also the suggestion that some of these, along with re-inversion to some prior inclination, are comparatively *rapid*.

But this would open up questions of the nature of the interaction between Cosmic and sub-Cosmic Intelligence and Intelligences, on the one hand, and the moral status and intelligence attained at certain cyclic periods by incarnate Man on Earth, on the other. While it is impossible here to enter upon such matters (which are dealt with in *The Key to Theosophy* and *The Secret Doctrine*), we may at least confidently assert that if the supposedly mechanistic aspects of the Cosmos are recognised to be wonderful in their beauty, harmony, and mutual adjustment, the inner aspects and worlds of life must grow ever grander and more beautiful as we begin to realize somewhat of the noumenal, causative, and real. To do this, self-knowledge has first to be the goal. This may seem childish — and very unscientific. Nevertheless there is no fact in Nature better attested than that self-knowledge is the first step on the road to real science. It is reached through unselfishness and self-conquest. Self-knowledge, Patanjali used to say, leads to clear perception extending "from the atomic to the infinite."

THE CRUCIFIXION OF THE CHRIST

H. T. EDGE, M. A.

T is now well known that the cross is a very ancient emblem, and that crucifixion is a very ancient type of human life. The Son of God, who is crucified, typifies the more than mortal essence in man, which is fastened upon the cross of earthly life, or, according to a variation of the symbol, upon the tree. Thus the Christ represents the Higher Self of man, crucified by his association with the flesh and with temporal life. His mission is one of suffering for himself, of redemption and salvation for the man. It has been pointed out by H. P. Blavatsky that the dual nature of the mind is well illustrated by the two thieves who were crucified, one on each side of the Christ; and of whom one repents, while the other reviles and repents not.

Much of Christianity is symbolism derived from the ancient Mysteries; but how this element is associated with historical events and with many other elements, so as to form the resultant which we now understand as Christianity, is a very tangled question.

No one can justly be accused of disparaging a religion, who simply tries to clear it of those sectarian and dogmatic elements which are accidental and not essential. That in religion which is true is universal. Whatever may be our creed, or even if we profess no creed, we can all join in the recognition of certain undeniable *facts*, which our experience of life confirms, and which Theosophy, the interpreter of religions and of life, explains.

It is surely such an undeniable fact that each one of us has a Christ crucified in him. Think of the number of poems, stories, and allegories based on this theme — *the* essential plot in the drama of human life.

The minor drama of any individual life, and the great drama of history, both repeat the story: how the Christos becomes buried under a mountain of worldliness. The period of history which has been rendered familiar to us, through its having been preserved in written annals and narratives, is very brief in comparison with the vast extent of human history; and it concerns a period of materialism, wherein material power and wealth have been the objects of ambition and the title to dominion; and superstitions and warring creeds have held the temples and altars. Nevertheless we hear of schools of the Mysteries, wherein was taught a purer and nobler doctrine, veiled by watchful precautions from profanation. The cardinal doctrine of these Mysteries was the teaching that

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man is an immortal Soul incarnate, and that it is possible for him to realize a higher ideal of life than those of worldly ambition and sensual ease.

In the years of youth we feel the power within stirring us to sublime aspirations and lofty ideals; and these usually waste themselves in some conventional mode of expression and die away. We mistake the shadow for the substance and fail of attainment. The man of genius too often feeds his enthusiasm at the expense of his physical and mental balance, and falls a victim to premature decay.

In the bringing up of children, how mournfully do we sacrifice the Christ in man!

But let us never forget the fact of Resurrection; let us never lose hope or imagine that it is ever too late to mend—that is, any time of life when we cannot strengthen our faith in the undying power of that which is within, and thus take a new birth, as it were. Thus shall we truly appreciate and apply the message of religion, the meaning of the emblem of the Cross.

This is the essence of Christianity and of all religion — that man can “raise the self by the Self,” save himself from the fatal attraction of the material by invoking the spiritual within him.

Thoughtful people today are looking about for a world-faith that shall unite all nations in a common fealty to its obligations. But for the most part they overlook this cardinal tenet of religion in all ages — the duality of human nature, and the power which man has to achieve his own salvation.

Faith has been defined as the compact or covenant which a man makes with his higher Self. It must have been in this sense that the word is used in the Epistles of the New Testament, where faith (*πίστις*) is so frequently mentioned as an important weapon in the armory of the Christian. Faith is also defined as the anticipation or conviction of knowledge to come; and so here it means the inner feeling that there is something higher and better to which it is possible for us to attain. Such a conviction gives us the energy to work towards its fulfilment; as though we were travelers journeying through the night to a home we know is awaiting us, though all around seems so dark and hopeless.

Surely all mankind can find a basis of union in this universal and never-changing faith in the possibilities of human nature.

Those in whom the divine fire is not aroused may be content to live from day to day without much vision beyond present wants and the occupations of the hour. But when once we have aroused the aspiration for something more than this — the aspiration for achievement — we have entered on a course from which we cannot recede, and we must push

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on to the goal before us. We stand now at a point where the evolution of humanity is rapid; where it is rounding a corner rather than moving along an even line; and an increasing number of people are feeling the urge to a fuller life. And, naturally enough perhaps, we see here the same chaos and confusion that some critics are complaining about in art and music — a number of people impatient with old formulas, yet having nothing new wherewith to replace them; and so giving way to license and disorder in their effort to be free; seeking originality, not in the creation of the new, but in the abrogation of the old. They throw away what is valuable and indispensable along with what is useless and outworn. Instead of recognising the eternal laws of harmony and developing them into new and greater expressions, they are trying to abolish those laws. Thus we get poetry which, instead of having a new form, has no-form at all.

It is the same with that higher art which may be called the art of life. Duty cannot be abrogated, nor any other cardinal virtue which happens to be a fundamental law of life. We may feel impatient with the old maxims, but let us master our impatience, so as not to throw away the kernel with the husk.

Religion, in the full sense, includes both what the ancient Greeks called ethics and dianoetics; the former pertaining to morals and conduct, the latter to the understanding. And we find that Theosophy includes, besides its insistence on moral obligations and purity of life, those ancient and eternal teachings which in all ages have constituted the true science of life. Such teachings are not dogmas or speculations, for they rest on as sure (nay surer) a basis as the teachings of science; they are the result of a knowledge of actually existing natural law — in this case not the laws of mere external nature but the laws that govern the hidden workings both of human life and cosmic life. The importance of this is easily to be seen when we reflect how difficult it has often been for earnest and devout people to accommodate their high intuitions to the dogmas of narrow creeds in which they may have been brought up. Hence the teachings as to Karma, Reincarnation, the seven principles of man, etc., have been of the greatest service, and are destined to be much more so; for on these teachings rests the whole sublime doctrine of Theosophy regarding human destiny and conduct. It is true that the Theosophical teachings have been travestied by various cults and coteries, but the truth will outlive the falsehood, and the necessities of the times will compel people to accept what is serious and helpful and to eschew what is vain and frivolous.


If it is now generally admitted that religion needs reinstating, it is equally to be allowed that Theosophy is the champion of a genuine religious reinstatement. In the case of Christianity, it removes the mass of dogmas and forms that has grown up around the original teachings of

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Christ, and resurrects the buried Christ from his tomb. For no one more strongly than Christ himself has insisted on the point that *every man* is a potential God; and he held up his own character as an example for men to follow. It is only later ages that have erected Christ into a unique character, endowed with divine prerogatives which place him beyond the reach of anyone's imitation.

THE PRERAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

E. L. WYNN

HE Preraphaelite movement sprang from a desire to put new life and sincerity into the art of the day. In 1848 three young artists at the academy schools in London: Millais only nineteen years old, Holman Hunt twenty-one, and Rossetti twenty, were struck by the lofty ideals, the grace, and decorative charm of the works of the old Italian painters before Raphael. They had no intention of imitating anything immature, but they saw in the works of these old masters a field where the germs for a new evolution in art might develop. There were many signs of decline in the British School; the subjects were commonplace and trivial, and the method of treatment conventional and dead: and these young men determined to unite and support each other in a revolution against the conventional trammels of the Academy.

A brotherhood of artists was the vision that kindled their young hearts with enthusiasm: what each gained in strength and riches of ideas was to be added to the common stock; and they were to evolve a system whereby all the wisdom they would garner should be entrusted to the artists of the next generation. They said that life was not long enough for each man to think out his principles from the beginning, and that "the wise accept the mastership of the great": so they turned to the best work of the early painters as a starting-point. Each artist was to take pupils and the brotherhood was to have studios for the exhibition and working of divers branches of art. But, alas, the men who should have formed this brotherhood were themselves by the limitations of their own natures the cause of its short life.

The principal points they accentuated were: first, that a picture must be inspired by some noble idea; secondly, it should be enriched by every means open to art, such as symbolism, quaintness of invention, and humor; thirdly, beauty of detail should be taken directly from

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nature, with the brightness of sunlight and the true coloring of nature. They did not escape persecution as their principles assailed the established authorities, and a storm of abuse greeted their first exhibits. Ruskin was the first to recognise their value. Gradually the good and true in their work awoke response; and before long their influence had permeated all branches of art.

There were seven original members but only three became famous. Dante Gabriel Rossetti was generally considered to have been the chief intellectual force among the group. His was a dreamy poetical nature, with an exuberance of fancy that has enriched the world. He became impatient of the brotherhood, considering it boyish and visionary, and deserted the others in order to follow his own line.

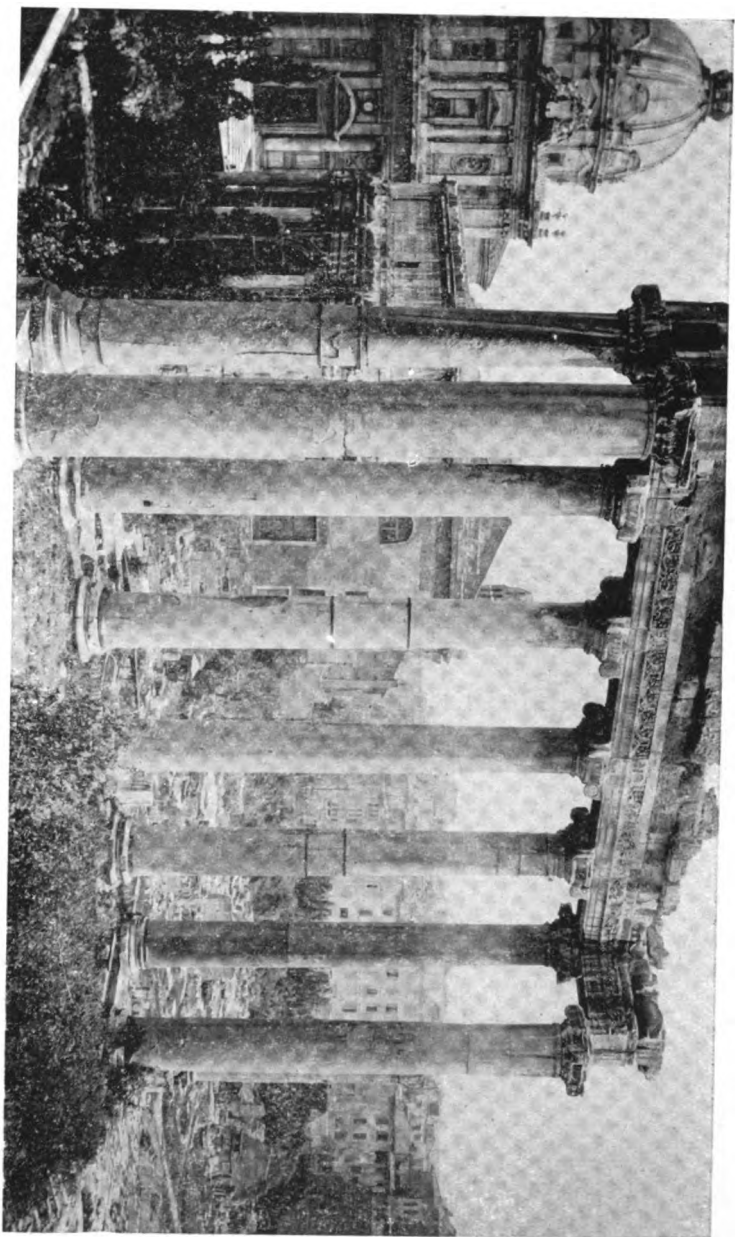
John Everett Millais was the best trained artist. He was a precocious genius, carrying off medals at the Academy schools when he was a small boy, and early elected an Academician. Enthusiastic and child-like in temperament, he stood for realistic fidelity to nature.

William Holman Hunt was the leader in challenging all the accepted authorities. He had the type of mind which dares to investigate everything and he was persistent in following up his own conclusions. He says: "What I sought was the power of undying appeal to the hearts of living men." His mind ran off on the scheme of getting a realistic setting for scenes in the Holy Land; this exhausted his time and energy and he fell short of inspiration of the highest type. In the 'Light of the World' he struck a high note, and taken symbolically it is pure Theosophy. Here is his own explanation of it:

"The closed door was the obstinately shut mind, the weeds the cumber of daily neglect, the accumulated hindrances of sloth, the orchard the garden of delectable fruit for the dainty feast of the soul. The music of the still small voice was the summons to the sluggard to awaken and become a zealous laborer under the Divine Master; the bat flitting about only in darkness was a natural symbol of ignorance; the kingly and priestly dress of Christ, the sign of His reign over the body and the soul, to them who could give their allegiance to him and acknowledge God's overrule."

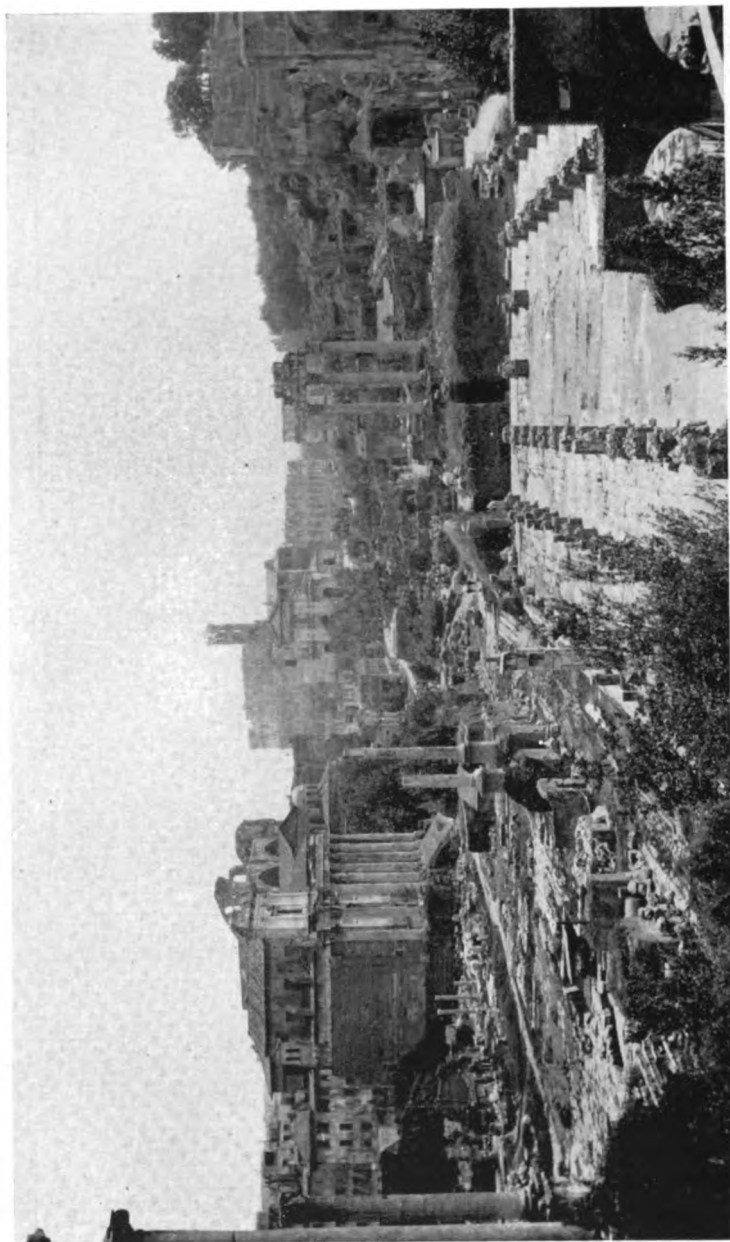
Ford Madox Brown was not identified with the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, but participated in some of its aims. William Morris, Burne-Jones, and G. F. Watts, were essentially part of the same movement though not members of the brotherhood.

The Pre-Raphaelite movement changed the spirit of modern art and left an ineffaceable mark upon the British school of painting. Its strength lay in its moral force. The scenes of beauty presented, not with direct intent to teach, gave joy and an inner persuasion to purity and sweetness.



RUINS OF TEMPLE OF SATURN, ROME

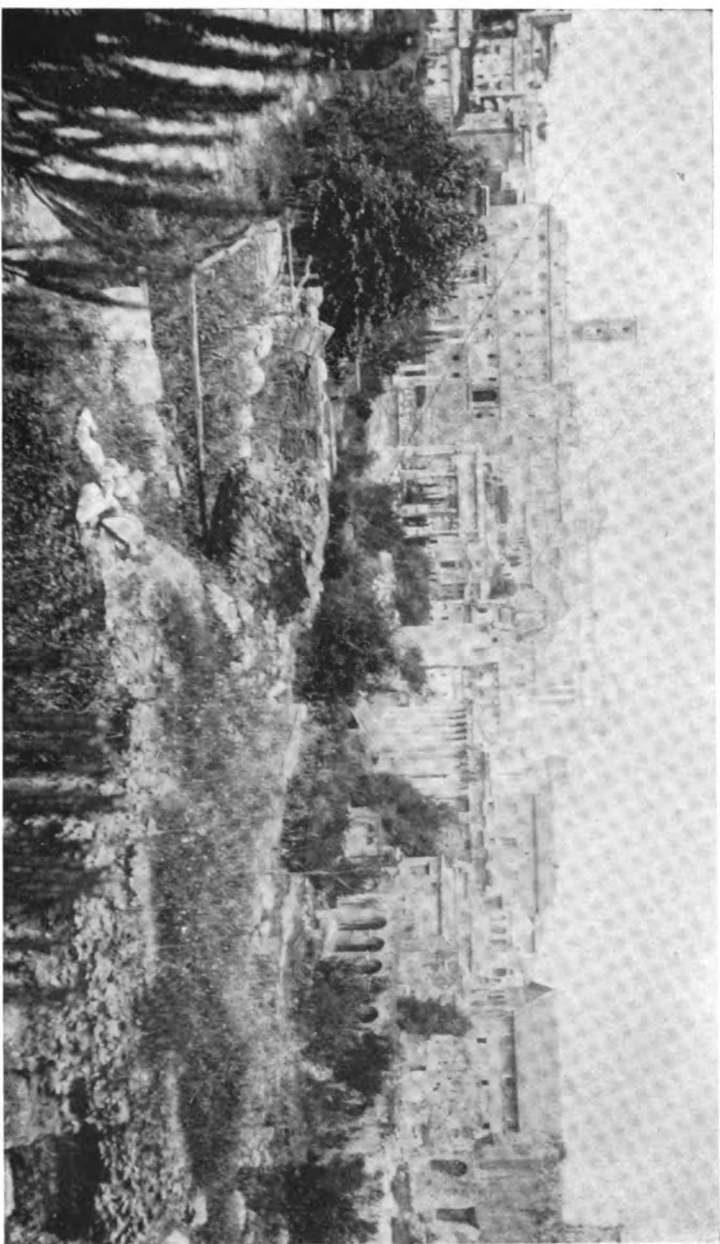
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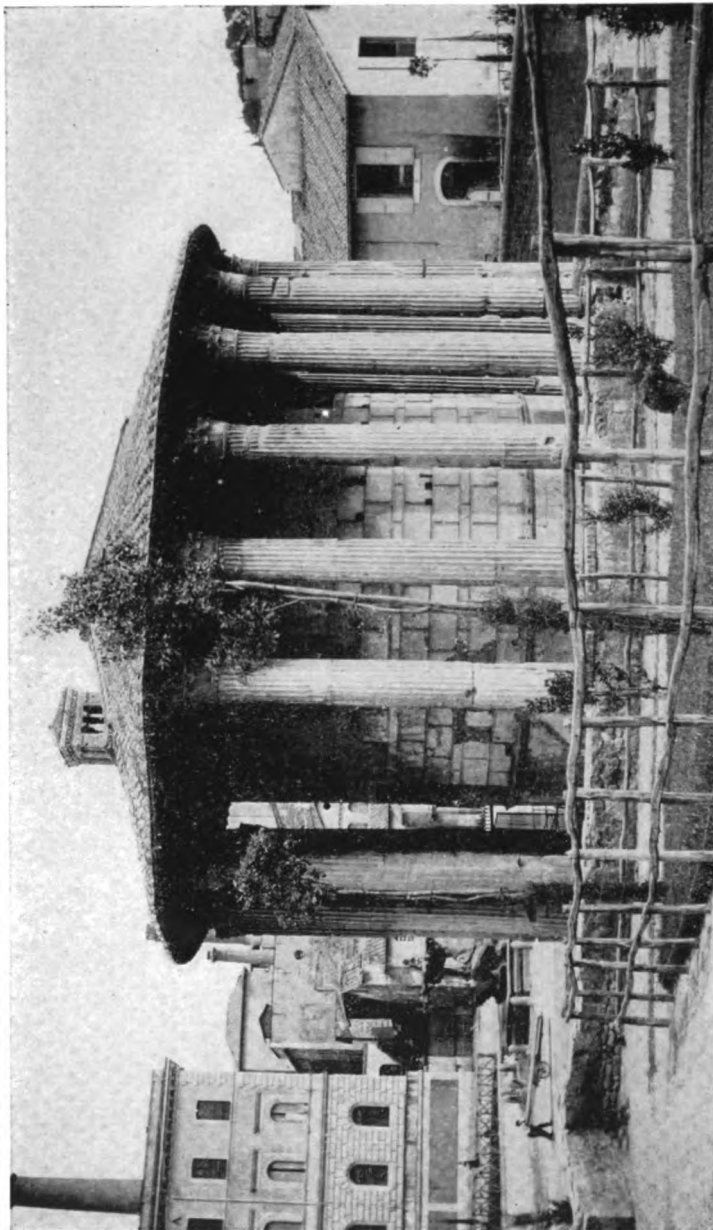
GENERAL VIEW OF THE FORUM, ROME

Ruins of Basilica Julia in foreground.



Lomeland Photo & Engraving Dept.

THE FORUM FROM PALACE OF THE CAESARS, ROME



Lomland Photo & Engraving Dept.


TEMPLE OF VESTA (HERCULES), ROME

THE CREST-WAVE OF EVOLUTION

KENNETH MORRIS

*A Course of Lectures in History, Given to the Graduates' Class
in the Râja-Yoga College, Point Loma, in the College Year 1918-1919.*

XVIII — AUGUSTUS

E left Rome galloping down the Gadarene slope, and scrimmaging for a vantage point whence to hurl herself headlong. Down she came: a riot and roaring ruin: doing those things she ought not to have done, and leaving undone those things she ought to have done, and with no semblance of health in her. There was nothing for it but the downfall of the world; good-bye civilization and all that was ever upbuilt of old. Come now; we should become good Congo foresters in our time, with what they call 'long pig' for our daintiest diet. It is a euphemism for your brother man.

— But supposing this mist-filled Gadarene gulf were really bridgable: supposing there were another side beyond the roar of hungry waters and the horror; and that mankind,—European mankind,—might pass over, and be saved, were there but staying the rout for a moment, and affording a means to cross?

There is a bardic proverb in the Welsh: *A fo Ben, bydded Bont*: — 'He who is Chief, let him be the bridge': Bran the Blessed said it, when he threw down his giant body over the gulf, so that the men of the Island of the Mighty might pass over into Ireland. At the end of an old cycle, and the beginning of a new, when there is — as in our Rome at that time — a sort of psychic and cyclic impasse, a break-down and terrible chasm in history, if civilization is to pass over from the old conditions to the new, a man must be found who can be the bridge. He must solve the problems within himself; he must care so little for, and have such control of, his personality, that he can lay it down, so to speak, and let humanity cross over upon it. History may get no news of him at all; although he is then the Chief of Men, and the greatest living; — or it may get news, only to belittle him. His own and the after ages may think very little of him; he may possess no single quality to dazzle the imagination: — he may seem cold and uninteresting, a crafty tyrant; — or an uncouth old ex-rail-splitter to have in the White House; — or an illiterate peasant-girl to lead your armies; yet because he is the bridge,

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he is the Chief; and you may suspect someone out of the Pantheons incarnate in him.

For the truth of all which, humanity has a sure instinct. When there is a crisis we say, *Look for the Man*. Rome thought (for the most part) that she had found him when Caesar, having conquered Pompey, came home master of the world. If this phoenix and phenomenon in time, now with no competitor above the horizons, could not settle affairs, only Omnipotence could. Every thinking (or sane) Roman knew that what Rome needed was a head; and now at last she had got one. Pompey, the only possible alternative, was dead; Caesar was lord of all things. Pharsalus, the deciding battle, was fought in 48; he returned home in 46. From the year between, in which he put the finishing touches to his supremacy, you may count the full manvantara of Imperial Rome: fifteen centuries until 1453 and the fall of the Eastern Empire.

All opinion since has been divided as to the character of Caesar. To those whose religion is democracy, he is the grand Destroyer of Freedom; to the worshipers of the Superman, he is the chief avatar of their god. Mr. Stobart,* who deals with him sanely, but leaning to the favorable view, says he was "not a bad man, for he preferred justice and mercy to tyranny and cruelty, and had a passion for logic and order"; and adds, "he was a man without beliefs or illusions or scruples." He began by being a fop and ultra-extravagant; and was always, if we may believe accounts, a libertine of the first water. He was, of course, an epileptic. In short, there is nothing in history to give an absolutely sure clue to his real self. But there is that passage in Madame Blavatsky, which I have quoted before, to the effect that he was an agent of the dark forces, and conquered Gaul for them, to abolish the last effective Mysteries; and I think in the light of that, his character, and a great deal of history besides, becomes intelligible enough. — It will be remembered that he stood at the head of the Roman religion, as Pontifex Maximus.

But it was not the evil that he did that (obviously) brought about his downfall. Caesar was fortified against Karma by the immensity of his genius. Whom should he fear, who had conquered Pompeius Magnus? None in the Roman world could reach so high as to his elbow; — for sheer largeness of mind, quickness and daring, he stood absolutely the Superman among pygmies. He knew his aim, and could make or wait for it; and it was big and real. Other men crowded or fumbled after petty and pinchbeck ends: impossible rhetorical republicanisms; vain senatorial prestiges; — or pleasure pure and simple — say rather, very complex and impure. Let them clack, let them fumble! Caesar would do things and

*On whose book, *The Grandeur that was Rome*, this paper also largely leans.

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get things done. He wore the whole armor of his greatness, and could see no chink or joint in it through which a hostile dagger might pierce. Even his military victories were won by some greater than mere military greatness. — Karma, perhaps, remembering the Mysteries at Gaulish Bibracte, and the world left now quite lightless, might have a word to say; might even be looking round for shafts to speed. But what, against a man so golden-panoplied? "Tush!" saith Caesar, "there are no arrows now but straws."

One such straw was this: (a foolish one, but it may serve) —

Rome for centuries has been amusing herself on all public occasions with Fourth of July rhetoric against kings, and in praise of tyrannicides. Rome for centuries has been cherishing in her heart what she calls a love for Freedom,— to scourge your slaves, steal from your provincials, and waste your substance in riotous living. All of which Julius Caesar,— being a real man, mind you,— holds in profoundest contempt for driveling unreality; which it certainly is. But unrealities are awfully real at times.

Unluckily, with all his Supermannism, he retained some traces of personality. He was bald, and sensitive about it; he always had been a trifle foppish. So when they gave him a nice laurel wreath for his triumph over Pompey, he continued, against all precedent, to wear it indefinitely,— as hiding certain shining surfaces from the vulgar gaze. . . . "H'm," said Rome, "he goes about the next thing to crowned!" And here is his statue, set up with those of the Seven Kings of antiquity; he allowing it, or not protesting. — They remembered their schoolboy exercises, their spoutings on many Latins for Glorious Fourth; and felt very badly indeed. Then it was unlucky that, being too intent on realities, he could not bother to rise when those absurd old Piccadilly pterodactyls the Senators came into his presence; that he filled up their ridiculous house promiscuously with low-born soldiers and creatures of his own. And that there was a crowd of foolish prigs and pedants in Rome to take note of these so trivial things, and to be more irked by them than by all the realities of his power: — a lean hungry Cassius; an envious brusque detractor Casca; a Brutus with a penchant for being considered a philosopher, after a rather maiden-auntish sort of conception of the part,— and for being considered a true descendant of his well-known ancestor: a cold soul much fired with the *ignis fatuus* of Republican slave-scourging province-fleecing freedom. An unreal lot, with not the ghost of a Man between them; — what should the one Great Man of the age find in them to disturb the least of his dreams?

Came, however, the Ides of March in B. C. 44; and the laugh once more was with Karma,— the one great final laugh of the world. Caesar essayed to be Chief of the Romans: he who is chief, let him be the bridge;

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— this one, because of a few ludicrous personal foibles, has broken down now under the hurry and thunder of the marching cycles. The fact being that your true Chief aspires only to the bridehood; whereas this one overlooked that part of it, intent on the chieftaincy. — And now, God have mercy on us! there is to be all the round of wars and proscriptions and massacres over again: *Roma caput mundi* herself piteously decapitate; and with every booby and popinjay rising in turn to kick her about at his pleasure; — and here first comes Mark Anthony to start the game, it seems.

Well; Mark Anthony managed wisely enough at that crisis: you would almost have said, hearing him speak at Caesar's funeral, that there was at least a ha'porth of brains hidden somewhere within that particularly thick skull of his. Half an hour changes him from a mere thing alive on sufferance — too foolish to be worth bothering to kill — into the master of Rome. And yet probably it was not brains that did it, but the force of genuine feeling: he loved dead Caesar; he was trying now to be cautious, for his own skin's sake: was repressing himself; — but his feelings got the better of him, — and were catching, — and set the mob on fire. Your lean and hungry ones; your envious detractors; your thin maiden-auntish prig republican philosophers: — all very wisely sheer off. Your grand resounding Cicero, — *vox et praeterea* almost *nihil* (he had yet to die and show that it was *almost*, not *quite*,) sheers off too, into the country, there to busy himself with an essay on the *Nature of the Gods* (to contain, be sure, some fine eloquence), and with making up his mind to attack Anthony on behalf of Republican Freedom. — Anthony's next step is wise too: he appoints himself Caesar's executor, gets hold of the estate, and proceeds to squander it right and left buying up for himself doubtful support. — All you can depend on is the quick coming-on of final ruin and dismay: of all impossibilities, the most impossible is to imagine Mark Anthony capable of averting it. As to Caesar's heir, so nominated in the will — the person from whom busy Anthony has virtually stolen the estate, — no one gives him a thought. Seeing who he was, it would be absurd to do so.

And then he turned up in Rome, a sickly youth of eighteen; demanded his moneys from Anthony; dunned him till he got some fragment of them; — then borrowed largely on his own securities, and proceeded to pay — what prodigal Anthony had been much too thrifty to think of doing — Caesar's debts. Rome was surprised.

This was Caesar's grand-nephew, Octavius; who had been in camp at Apollonia in Illyricum since he had coolly proposed to his great-uncle that the latter, being Dictator, and about to start on his Parthian campaign, should make him his Master of the Horse. He had been exempted from military service on account of ill-health; and Julius had a sense

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of humor; so he packed him off to Apollonia to 'finish' a military training that had never begun. There he had made a close friend of a rising young officer by the name of Vipsanius Agrippa; a man of high capacities who, when the news came of Caesar's death, urged him to lose no time, but rouse the legions in their master's name, and march on Rome to avenge his murder. — "No," says Octavius, "I shall go there alone."

Landing in Italy, he heard of the publication of the will, in which he himself had been named heir. That meant, to a very vast fortune, and to the duty of revenge. Of the fortune, since it was now in Mark Anthony's hands, you could predict nothing too surely but its vanishment; as to the duty, it might also imply a labor for which the Mariuses and Sullas, the Caesars and Pompeys, albeit with strong parties at their backs, had been too small men. And Octavius had no party, and he was no soldier, and he had no friends except that Vipsanius back in Apollonia.

His mother and step-father, with whom he stayed awhile on his journey, urged him to throw the whole matter up: forgo the improbable fortune and very certain peril, and not rush in where the strongest living might fear to tread. Why, there was Mark Anthony, Caesar's lieutenant — the Hercules, mailed Bacchus, Roman Anthony — the great dashing captain whom his soldiers so adored — even he was shilly-shallying with the situation, and not daring to say *Caesar shall be avenged*. And Anthony, you might be sure, would want no competitor — least of all in the boy named heir in Caesar's will. — "Oh, I shall go on and take it up," said Octavius; and went. And paid Caesar's debts, as we have seen, presently: thereby advertising his assumption of all responsibilities. Anthony began to be uneasy about him; the Senatorial Party to make advances to him; people began to suspect that, possibly, this sickly boy might grow into a man to be reckoned with.

I am not going to follow him in detail through the next thirteen years. It is a tortuous difficult story; to which we lack the true clues, unless they are to be found in the series of portrait-busts of him taken during this period. The makers of such busts were the photographers of the age; and, you may say, as good as the best photographers. Every prominent Roman availed himself of their services. Mr. Baring-Gould, in his *Tragedy of the Caesars*, arranges, examines, and interprets these portraits of Augustus; I shall give you the gist of his conclusions, which are illuminating. — First we see a boy with delicate and exceedingly beautiful features, impassive and unawakened: Octavius when he came to Rome. A cloud gathers on his face, deepening into a look of intense anguish; and with the anguish grows firmness and the clenched expression of an iron will: this is Octavian in the dark days of the thirties. — The anguish passes, but leaves the firmness behind: the strength remains, the beauty

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remains, and a light of high serenity has taken the place of the aspect of pain: this is Augustus the Emperor. — The same writer contrasts this story with that revealed by the busts of Julius: wherein we see first a gay insouciant dare-devil youth, and at last a man old before his time; a face sinister (I should say) and haunted with ugly sorrow.

We get no contemporary account of Augustus; no interpreting biography from the hand of any one who knew him. We have to read between the lines of history, and with what intuition we can muster: and especially the story of that lonely soul struggling through the awful waters of the years that followed Caesar's death. We see him allying himself first with one party, then with another; exercising (apparently) no great or brilliant qualities, yet by every change thrown nearer the top; till with Anthony and Lepidus he is one of the Triumvirate that rules the world. Then came those cruel proscriptions. This is the picture commonly seen: — a cold keen intellect perpetually dissembling; keen enough to deceive Anthony, to deceive the senate, to deceive Cicero and all the world; cruel for policy's sake, without ever a twinge of remorse or compunction: a marble-cold impassive *mind*, and no heart at all, with master-subtlety achieving mastery of the world. — Alas! a boy in his late teens and early twenties, so nearly friendless, and with enemies so many and so great. . . . A boy "up against" so huge and difficult circumstances always, that (you would say) there was no time, no possibility, for him to look ahead: in every moment the next agonizing perilous step that must be taken vast enough to fill the whole horizon of his mind, of any human mind perhaps; — ay, so vast and compelling that every day with wrenches and torsion that horizon must be pushed back and back to contain them,—a harrowing painful process, as we may read on his busts. . . . As to the proscriptions, Dio, a writer, as Mr. Baring-Gould says, "never willing to allow a good quality to one of the Caesars, or to put their conduct in other than an unfavorable light," says that they were brought about mainly

"by Lepidus and Anthony, who, having been long in honor under Julius Caesar, and having held many offices in state and army, had acquired many enemies. But as Octavian was associated with them in power, an appearance of complicity attached to him. But he was not cruel by nature, and he had no occasion for putting many to death; moreover, he had resolved to imitate the example of his adoptive father. Added to this, he was young, was just entering on his career, and sought rather to gain hearts than to alienate them. No sooner was he in sole power than he showed no signs of severity, and at that time he caused the death of very few, and saved very many. He proceeded with the utmost severity against such as betrayed their [proscribed?] masters or friends; but was most favorable to such as helped the proscribed to escape."

It was that "appearance of complicity" that wrote the anguish on his face: the fact that he could not prevent, and saw no way but to have

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a sort of hand in, things his nature loathed. In truth he appears to us now rather like a pawn, played down the board by some great Chess-player in the Unseen; moving by no volition or initiative of its own through perils and piece-takings to Queenhood on the seventh square. But we know that he who would enter the Path of Power must use all the initiative, all the volition, possible in any human being, to attain the balance, to master the personality, to place himself wholly and unreservedly in the power, under the control, of the Higher Thing that is "within and yet without him": the Voice of his Soul, that speaks also through the lips of his Teacher; whether that Teacher be embodied visibly before men or not. He obeys; he follows the gleam; he suffers, and strives, and makes no question; and his striving is all for more power to obey and to follow. In this, I think, we have our clue to the young Octavian. — 'Luck' always favored him; not least when, in dividing the world, Anthony chose the East, gave Lepidus Africa, and left the most difficult and dangerous Italy to the youngest partner of the three.

He had two friends, men of some genius both: Vipsanius Agrippa the general, and Cilnius Maecenas the statesman. Both appear to us as great personalities; the master whom they served so loyally and splendidly remains an Impersonality, — which those who please may call a 'cold abstraction.' While Octavian was away campaigning, Maecenas, with no official position, ruled Rome on his behalf; and so wisely that Rome took it and was well content. As for those campaigns, 'luck' or Agrippa won them for him; in Octavian himself we can see no qualities of great generalship. And indeed, it is likely he had none; for he was pre-eminently a man of peace. But they always were won. Suetonius makes him a coward; yet he was one that, when occasion arose, would not think twice about putting to sea in an open boat during a storm; and once, when he heard that Lepidus was preparing to turn against him, he rode alone into that general's camp, and took away the timid creature's army without striking a blow: simply ordered the soldiers to follow him, and they did. If he seems now a colorless abstraction, he could hardly have seemed so then to Lepidus' legions, who deserted their own general — and paymaster — at his simple word of command. Or to Agrippa, or to Maecenas, great men who desired nothing better than to serve him with loyal affection. Maecenas was an Etruscan; a man of brilliant mind and culture; reputed somewhat luxurious when he had nothing to do, but a very dynamo when there was work. — A man, be it said, of great ideals on his own account: we see it in his influence on Virgil and Horace. In his last years some coldness, unexplained, sprung up between him and his master; yet when Maecenas died, it was found he had made Augustus his sole heir. — But now Augustus is still only Octavian, moving impas-

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sively and impersonally to his great destiny; as if no thing of flesh and blood and common human impulses, but a cosmic force acting; — which indeed the Impersonal Man always is.

What he did, seems to have done, or could not help doing, always worked out right, whether it carries for us an ethical look or no. The problems and difficulties that lay between that time and Peace flowed to him: and as at the touch of some alchemical solvent, received their solution. We get one glimpse of the inner man of him, of his beliefs or religion. He believed absolutely in his *Genius* (in the Roman sense): his luck, or his Karma, or — and perhaps chiefly — that God-side of a man which Numatism taught existed: — what we should call, the Higher Law, the Warrior, and the Higher Self. There, as I think, you have the heart of his mystery: he followed that, blindly,— and made no mistakes. In the year 29 B. C. it led him back to Rome in triumph, having laid the world at his feet. He had been the bridge over that chasm in the cycles; the Path through all the tortuosities of that doubtful and wayward time; over which the Purposes of the Gods had marched to their fulfilment. He had been strong as destiny, who seemed to have little strength in his delicate body. With none of Caesar's dash and brilliance, he had repeated Caesar's achievement; and was to conquer further in spiritual

“regions Caesar never knew.”

With none of Anthony's soldiership, he had easily brought Anthony down. — Why did Cleopatra lose Actium for Anthony?

We face the almost inexplicable again in the whole story of Octavian's dealings with Cleopatra. She is one of the characters history has most venomously lied about. Mr. Wiegand has shown some part of the truth about her in his biography; but I do not think he has solved the whole problem; for he takes the easy road of making Octavian a monster. Now Augustus, beyond any question, was one of the most beneficent forces that ever appeared in history; and no monster can be turned, by the mere circumstance of success achieved, into that. Cleopatra had made a bid to solve the world-problem on an Egyptian basis: first through Caesar, then through Anthony. We may dismiss the idea that she was involved in passionate attachments: she had a grand game to play, with world-stakes at issue. The problem was not to be solved through Caesar; and it was not to be solved through Anthony; but it *had been solved by Octavian*. There was nothing more for her to do, but step aside and be no hindrance to the man who had done that work for the Gods that she had tried and been unable to do. So she sailed away from Actium.

Julius Caesar in his day had married her; and young Caesarion

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their son was his heir by Egyptian, but not by Roman, law. When, in the days of Caesar's dictatorship, she brought the boy to Rome, Caesar refused to recognise her as his wife, or to do the right thing by Caesarion. To do either would have endangered his position in Rome; where by that time he had another wife, the fourth or fifth in the series. He feared the Romans; and they feared Egypt and its Queen. It seemed very probable at that time that the headship of the world might pass to Egypt; which was still a sovereign power, and immensely rich, and highly populated, and a compact kingdom; — whereas the Roman state was everywhere ill-defined, tenebrous, and falling to pieces. At this distance it is hard to see in Egypt anything of strength or morale that would have enabled it to settle the world's affairs; as hard, indeed, as it is to see anything of the kind in Rome. But Rome was haunted with the bogey idea; and terribly angry, afterwards, with Anthony for his Egyptian exploits; and hugely relieved when Actium put an end to the Egyptian peril. Egypt, it was thought, if nothing else, might have starved Italy into submission. But in truth the cycles were all against it: Cleopatra was the only Egyptian that counted,— the lonely Spacious Soul incarnate there.

When Octavian reached Alexandria, all he did was to refuse to be influenced by the queen's wonderfully magnetic personality. He appears to me to have been uncertain how to act: to have been waiting for clear guidance from the source whence all his guidance came. He also seems to have tried to keep her from committing suicide. It is explained commonly on the supposition that he intended she should appear in his triumph in Rome; and that she killed herself to escape that humiliation. I think it is one of those things whose explanation rests in the hands of the Gods, and is not known to men. You may have a mass of evidence, that makes all humanity certain on some point; and yet the Gods, who have witnessed the realities of the thing, may know that those realities were quite different.

Then her two elder children were killed; and no one has suggested, so far as I know, that it was not by Octavian's orders. It is easy, even, to supply him with a motive for it; one in keeping with accepted ideas of his character: — as he was Caesar's heir, he would have wished Caesar's own children out of the way; — and Caesar's children by that (to Roman ideas) loathed Egyptian connexion. His family honor would have been touched. . . .

Up to this point, then, such a picture as this might be the true portrait of him: — a sickly body, with an iron will in it; a youth with no outstanding brilliancies, who never lost his nerve and never made mistakes in policy; with no ethical standards above those of his time: — capable

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of pricking his names coldly on the proscription lists; capable of having Cleopatra's innocent children killed; — one, certainly, who had followed the usual custom of divorcing one wife and marrying another as often as expediency suggested. Above all, following the ends of his ambition unerringly to the top of success.

The ends of his ambition? — That is all hidden in the intimate history of souls. How should we dare say that Julius was ambitious, Augustus not? Both apparently aimed at mastery of the world; from this human standpoint of the brain-mind there is nothing to choose, and no means of discrimination. But what about the standpoint of the Gods? Is there no difference, as seen from their impersonal altitudes, between reaching after a place for your personality, and supplying a personality to fill a place that needs filling? There is just that difference, I think, between the brilliant Julius and the staid Octavian. The former might have settled the affairs of the world,— as its controller and master and the dazzling obvious mover of all the pieces on the board. I do not believe Octavian looked ahead at all to see any shining pinnacle or covet a place on it; but time and the Law hurled one situation after another at him, and he mastered and filled them as they came because it was the best thing he could do. . . . If we say that the two men were as the poles apart, there are but tiny indications of the difference: the tactlessness and small vanities that advertise personality in the one; the supreme tact and balance that affirm impersonality in the other. The personality of Julius must tower above the world; that of Augustus was laid down as a bridge for the world to pass over. Julius gave his monkeys three chestnuts in the morning and four at night; — you remember Chwangtse's story; — and so they grew angry and killed him. Augustus adjusted himself; decreed that they should have their four in the morning. His personality was always under command, and he brought the world across on it. It never got in the way; it was simply the instrument wherewith he (or the Gods) saved Rome. He — we may say he — did save Rome. She was dead, this time; dead as Lazarus, who had been three days in the tomb, etc. He called her forth; gave her two centuries of greatness; five of some kind of life in the west; fifteen, all told, in west and east. Julius is always bound to make on the popular eye the larger impression of greatness. He retains his personality with all its air of supermanhood; it is easy to see him as a live human being, to imagine him in his habit as he lived,— and to be astounded by his greatness. But Augustus is hidden; the real man is covered by that dispassionate impersonality that saved Rome. If all that comes down about the first part of his life is true, and has been truly interpreted, you could not call him *then* even a good man. But the record of his reign belies every shadow that has

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been cast on that first part. It is altogether a record of beneficence.

H. P. Blavatsky speaks of Julius as an agent of the dark forces. Elsewhere she speaks of Augustus as an Initiate.

Did she mean by that merely an initiate of the Official Mysteries as they still existed at Eleusis and elsewhere? Many men, good, bad and indifferent, were that: Cicero,— who was doubtless, as he says, a better man for his initiation; Flamininus and his officers; most of the prominent Athenians since the time of Pericles and earlier. I dare say it had come to mean that though you might be taught something about Karma and Reincarnation, you were not taught to make such teachings a living power in your own life or that of the world. There is nothing of the Occultist, nothing of the Master Soul, in the life and actions of Cicero; but there was very much, as I shall try to show, in the life and actions of Augustus. And, we gather from H. P. Blavatsky, the only Mysteries that survived in their integrity to anything like this time had been those at Bibracte which Caesar destroyed. (Which throws light, by the bye, on Lucan's half-sneering remark about the Druids,— that they alone had real knowledge about the Gods and the things beyond this life.) So it seems to me that Augustus' initiation implied something much more real,— much more a high status of the soul,— than could have been given him by any semi-public organized body within the Roman world.

Virgil, in the year 40 B. C., being then a pastoral poet imitating Theocritus,— nothing very serious,— wrote a strange poem that stands in dignity and depth of purpose far above anything in his model. This was the Fourth Eclogue of his *Bucolics*, called the *Pollio*. In it he invokes the "Sicilian Muse" to inspire him to loftier strains; and proceeds to sing of the coming of a new cycle, the return of a better age, to be ushered in, supposedly, by a 'child' born in that year:—

*Ultima Cumaei venit jam carminis aetas;
Magnus ab integro saeculorum nascitur ordo;
Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna;
Jam nova progenies coelo demittitur alto.*

This was taken in the Middle Ages as referring to the birth of Jesus; and on the strength of having thus prophesied, Virgil came to be looked on as either a true prophet or a black magician. Hence his enormous reputation all down the centuries as a master of the secret sciences. The chemist is the successor to the alchemist; and in Wales we still call a chemist *fferyll*, which is *Virgil* Cymricized. Well; his reputation was not altogether undeserved; he did know much: you can find Karma, Reincarnation, Devachan, Kâma-loka — most of the Theosophical teachings as to the postmortem-prenatal states,— taught in the Sixth Book of the *Aeneid*. But as to this *Pollio* Eclogue: even in modern textbooks one often sees it

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asserted that he must have been familiar with the Hebrew Scriptures;—because in the Book of Isaiah the coming of a Messiah to the Jews is prophesied in terms not very like those he used. To my mind this is far-fetched: Virgil had Gaul behind him, if you must look for explanations in outside things; and at least in after ages Celtic Messianism was as persistent a doctrine as Jewish. A survival, of course; in truth the initiated or partly initiated among all ancient peoples knew that avatars come. Virgil, if he understood as much about Theosophy as he wrote into the Sixth Aeneid, would also have known, from whatever source he learnt it, the truth about cycles and Adept Messengers.

There has been much speculation as to who the child born in the year of Pollio's consulship, who was to bring in the new order of ages, could have been. But we may note that in the language of Occultism (and think of Virgil as an Occultist), the 'birth of a child' has always been a symbolical way of speaking of the initiation of a candidate into the (true) Mysteries. So that it does not follow by any means that he meant an actual baby born in that year; he may have intended, and probably did intend, some Adept then born into his illumination,—or that, according to Virgil's own ideas, might be thought likely soon to be. One cannot say; he was a very wise man, Virgil. At least it indicates a feeling,—perhaps peculiar to himself, perhaps general,—that the world stood on the brink of a great change in the cycles, and that an Adept Leader might be expected, who should usher the new order in.

His eyes may have been opened to the possibilities of the young Octavian. It is possible that the two were together at school in Rome, studying rhetoric under Epidius, in the late fifties; and certainly Virgil had recently visited Rome and there interviewed the Triumvir Octavian;—and had obtained from him an order for the restitution of his parental farm near Mantua, which had been given to one of the soldiers of Philippi after that battle. Two or three of the Eclogues are given to the praises of Octavian; whom, even as early as that, Virgil seems to have recognised as the future or potential savior of Rome. The points to put side by side are these: Virgil, a Theosophist, expected the coming of an avatar, an Initiate who should save Rome;—H. P. Blavatsky speaks of Augustus as an Initiate;—Augustus did save Rome.

When did he become an Initiate? Was there, at some time, such a change in his life that it was as if a new Soul had come in to take charge of that impersonal unfailing personality? There are tremendous mysteries connected with incarnation: the possibility of a sudden accession of entity, so to say,—a new vast increment of being. As Octavius and Octavian, the man seems like one without will or desires of his own, acting in blind obedience to impersonal forces that aimed at his supremacy

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in the Roman world. As Augustus, he becomes another man altogether, almost fathomlessly wise and beneficent; a Master of Peace and Wisdom. He gave Rome Peace, and taught her to love peace. He put *Peace* for a legend on the coinage; and in the west *Pax*, in the east *Irene*, became favorite names to give your children. He did what he could to clean Roman life; to give the people high ideals; to make the empire a place, — and in this he succeeded, — where decent egos could incarnate and hope to progress; which, generally speaking, they cannot in a chaos. His fame as a benefactor of the human race spread marvelously: in far-away India (where at that time the Secret Wisdom and its Masters were much more than a tradition), they knew of him, and struck coins in his honor: coins bearing the image and superscription of this Roman Caesar.

I said that he went to work like an Occultist: like one with an understanding of the inner laws of life, and power to direct outward things in accordance with that knowledge. Thus: — the task that lay before him was to effect a complete revolution. Rome could not go on under the old system any longer. That system had utterly broken down; and unless an efficient executive could be evolved, there was nothing for it but that the world should go forward Kilkenney-catting itself into non-existence. Now an efficient executive meant one-man rule; or a king, by whatsoever name he might be called. But the tradition of centuries made a king impossible. There were strongly formed astral molds; and whoever should attempt to break them would, like Caesar, ensure his own defeat. Whoever actually should break them, — well, the result of breaking astral molds is always about the same. H. P. Blavatsky said that she came to break molds of mind; and so she did; but it was not in politics: and the while she was laying her trains of thought-dynamite, and exploding them gloriously, she was also building up fair and glorious mansions of thought to house those made homeless. The situation we are looking at here is on a different plane, the political. You break the astral molds there: and they may be quite worthless, quite effete and contemptible, — yet they are the things which alone keep the demon in man under restraint. It is the old peril of Revolutions. They may be started with the best of intentions, in the name of the highest ideals; but, unless there be superhuman strength (like Ts'in Shi Hwangti's) or superhuman wisdom (like Augustus') to guide them, as surely as they succeed in breaking the old molds, they degenerate into orgies, — blood, vice, and crime.

Augustus effected his revolution and kept all that out; he substituted peace and prosperity for the blood and butchery of a century. And it was because he went to work with the knowledge of an Occultist that he was able to do so.

He carefully abstained from breaking the molds. He labored to keep

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them all intact,— for the time being, and until new ones should have been formed. Gently and by degrees he poured a new force and meaning into them; which, in time, would necessarily destroy them; but meanwhile others would have been growing. He took no step without laboriously ascertaining that there were precedents for it. Rome had been governed by Consuls and Tribunes; well, he would accept the consulate, and the tribunician power; because it was necessary now, for the time being at any rate, that Rome should be governed by Augustus. It is as well to remember that it was the people who insisted on this last. The Republican Party might subsist among the aristocracy, the old governing class; but Augustus was the hero and champion of the masses. Time and again he resigned: handed back his powers to the senate, and what not; — whether as a matter of form only, and that he might carry opinion along with him; or with the real hope that he had taught things at last to run themselves. In either case his action was wise and creditable; you have to read into him mean motives out of your own nature, if you think otherwise. Let there be talk of tyrants, and plots arising, with danger of assassination,— and what was to become of re-established law, order, and the Augustan Peace? The fact was that the necessities of the case always compelled the senate to reinstate him: it was too obvious that things could not run themselves. If there had been any practicable opposition, it could always have made those resignations effectual; or at least it could have driven him to a show of illegalism, and so, probably, against the point of some fanatic theorist's dagger. In 23 B. C. there was a food shortage; and the mob besieged the senate house, demanding that new powers should be bestowed on the Caesar: they knew well what mind and hands could save them.

But he would run up no new (corrugated iron or reinforced concrete) astral molds, nor smash down any old ones. There should be no talk of a king, or perpetual dictator. Chief citizen, as you must have a chief,— since a hundred years had shown that haphazard executives would not work. *Primus inter pares* in the senate: *Princeps*,— not a new title, nor one that implied royalty,— or meant anything very definite; why define things, anyhow, now while the world was in flux? Mr. Stobart, who I think comes very near to showing Augustus as he really was, still permits himself to speak of him as “chilly and statuesque.” But can you imagine the mob so in love with a chilly and statuesque — tyrant, or statesman, or politician,— as to besiege the senate-house and clamor for an extension of his powers? And this chilly statuesque person was the man who delighted in sharing in their games with children!

Another reason why there was no talk of a king: he was no Leader of a spiritual movement, but merely dealing with politics, with which the

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cycles will have their way: a world of ups and downs, not stable because linked to the Heart of Things. Supposing he should find one to appoint as his worthy successor: with the revolutions of the cycles, could that one hope to find another to succeed him? Political affairs move and have their being at best in a region of flux, where the evils, and especially the duties, of the day are sufficient therefor. In attending to these,—performing the duties, fighting the evils,—Augustus laid down the lines for the future of Rome.

He tried to revive the patriciate; he wanted to have, co-operating with him, a governing class with the ancient sense of responsibility and turn for affairs. But what survived of the old aristocracy was wedded to the tradition of Republicanism, which meant oligarchy, and doing just what you liked or nothing at all. The one thing they were not prepared to do was to co-operate in saving Rome. At first they showed some eagerness to flatter him; but found that flattery was not what he wanted. Then they were inclined to sulk, and he had to get them to pass a law making attendance at the senate compulsory. Mean views as to his motives have become traditional; but the only view the facts warrant is this: he lent out his personality, not ungrudgingly, to receive the powers and laurels that must fall upon the central figure in the state, while ever working to vitalize what lay outward from that to the circumference, that all Romans might share with him the great Roman responsibility of running and regenerating the world. Where there was talent, he opened a way for it. He made much more freedom than had ever been under the Republic; gave all classes functions to perform; and curtailed only the freedom of the old oligarchy to fleece the provinces and misdirect affairs.

And meanwhile the old Rome that he found on his return in 29,—brick-built ignobly at best, and now decaying and half in ruins,—was giving place to a true imperial city. In 28, eighty-two temples were built or rebuilt in marble; among the rest, one to Apollo on the Palatine, most magnificent, with a great public library attached. The first public library in Rome had been built by Asinius Pollio nine years before; soon they became common. Agrippa busied himself building the Pantheon; also public baths, of which he was responsible for a hundred and seventy within the limits of the city. Fair play to the Romans, they washed. All classes had their daily baths; all good houses had hot baths and swimming-tanks. The outer Rome he found in brick and left in marble:—but the inner Rome he had to rebuild was much more ruinous than the outer; as for the material he found it built of—well, it would be daring optimism and euphemism to call those Romans *bricks*—says someone.

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Time had brought southern Europe to the point where national distinctions were disappearing. No nation could now stand apart. Greek or Egyptian or Gaul, all were, or might be, or soon would be, Romans; and if any ego with important things to say should incarnate anywhere, what he said should be heard all round the Middle Sea. This too is a part of the method of Natural Law; which now splits the world into little fragments, the nations, and lets them evolve apart, bringing to light by the intensive culture of their nationalisms what hidden possibilities lie latent in their own soils and atmospheres; — and anon welds them into one, that all these accomplished separate evolutions may play upon each other, interact,— every element quickening and quickened by the contact. In the centrifugal or heterogenizing cycles national souls are evolved; in the centripetal or homogenizing they are given freedom to affect the world. We have seen what such fusion meant for China; perhaps some day we may see what such fusion may mean for the world entire. In Augustus' time, fusion was to do something for the Mediterranean basin. If he had been an Occultist, to know it, his great cards lay in Italy and Spain: the former with her cycle of productiveness due to continue, shall we say until about 40 A. D.? — the latter with hers due soon to begin.

Well, it does look rather as if he knew it. We shall see presently how he dealt with Italy; within two years of his triumph he was turning his attention to Spain, still only partly conquered. We may picture that country, from its first appearance in history until this time we are speaking of, as in something like modern Balkan conditions. Hamilcar Barca, a great proud gentleman, the finest fruit of an ancient culture, had thought no scorn to marry a Spanish lady; as a king of Italy nowadays found it nowise beneath him to marry a Montenegrin princess. In either case it meant no unbridgable disparity in culture. Among any of the Spanish peoples you should have found men who would have been at home in Greek or Carthaginian drawing-rooms, so to say; though the break-up of a forgotten civilization there had left the country in fragments and small warfares and disorder. If you read the earliest Spanish accounts of their conquests in the New World, you cannot escape the feeling that, no such long ages ago, Spain was in touch with America; not so many centuries, say, before Hamilcar went to Spain. Such accounts are no doubt unscientific; but may be the more intuitional and true and indicative for that. When Augustus turned his eyes on Spain, Basque and Celtic chieftains in the northern mountains and along the shores of Biscay, the semi-decivilized *membra disjecta* of past civilizations, were always disposed to make trouble for the Roman south. He could not have left them alone, except at the cost of keeping huge garrisons along the

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border, with perpetual alarms for the province. So he went there in person, and began the work of conquering those mountains in B. C. 27. It was a long and difficult war, with hideous doings on both sides: the Romans crucified the Spaniards, and the Spaniards jeered at them from their crosses. This because Augustus was too sick to attend to things himself; half the time he was at death's door. Not till he could afford to take Agrippa from work elsewhere was any real progress made. But at one point we see his own hand strike into it; and the incident is very instructive.

Spain had her Vercingetorix in one Corocotta, a Celt who kept all Roman efforts useless and all Roman commanders tantalized and nervous till a reward of fifty thousand dollars was offered for his capture. Augustus, recovered a little, was in camp; and things were going ill with the Spaniards. One day an important-looking Celt walked in, and demanded to see the Caesar upon business connected with the taking of Corocotta. Led into the Caesar's presence, he was asked what he wanted. — "Fifty thousand dollars," said he; "I am Corocotta." Augustus laughed long and loud; shook hands with him heartily; paid him the money down, and gave him his liberty into the bargain; whereafter soon this *Quijote español* married a Roman wife, and as Caius Julius Corocottus "lived happily ever after." It was a change from the 'generous' Julius' treatment of Vercingetorix; but that Rome profited by the precedent thus established, we may judge from Claudius' treatment of the third Celtic hero who fell into Roman hands,—Caradoc of Wales.

Spain was only one of the many places where the frontier had to be settled. The empire was a nebulous affair; you could not say where it began and ended; — and to bring all out of this nebulosity was one of the labors that awaited Augustus. Even a Messenger of the Gods is limited by the conditions he finds in the world; and is as great as his age will allow him to be. Though an absolute monarch, he cannot change human nature. He must concentrate on points attackable, and do what he can: deflect currents in the right direction; above all, sow ideals, and wait upon the ministrations of time. He must take conditions as he finds them, following the lines of least resistance. It is nothing to him that posterity may ask, Why did he not change this or that? — and add, He was no better than he should be. At once to change outer things and ways of feeling that have grown up through centuries is not difficult, but impossible; and sometimes right courses, violently taken, are wronger than wrong ones. Augustus was a man of peace, if anybody ever was; yet (as in Spain) made many wars. The result of this Spanish conquest was that the Pax Romana came into Spain, bringing with it several centuries of high prosperity: the world-currents flowed in there at once,

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and presently the light of Spain, such as it was at that time, shone out over the Roman world. Most of the great names of the first century A. D. are those of Spaniards.

After Spain, the most immediate frontier difficulty was with Parthia; and there Augustus won his greatest victory. At Carrhae the Parthians had routed Crassus and taken the Roman eagles. Rome was responsible for the provinces of Asia; and she was nominally at war with Parthia,—so those provinces were in trim to be overrun at any time. The war, then, must be finished; and could Rome let it end on terms of a Parthian victory? Where (it would be argued) would then be Roman prestige? Where Roman authority (a more real and valuable thing)? Where the Pax Romana? — All very true and sound; everybody knew that for the war to reopen was only a question of time; — Julius had been on the point of marching east when the liberators killed him. Yes, said Augustus; the matter must be attended to. But Parthia was a more or less civilized power: a state at least with an established central government; and when you have that, there is generally the chance to settle things by tact instead of by fighting. He found a means. He opened negotiations, and brought all his tact to bear. He was the chief, and a bridge again. Over which presently came Phraates king of Parthia, amenable and well-disposed, to return the eagles and such of the prisoners as were still alive. Rome had won back her prestige; Parthia was undegraded; peace had won a victory that war would have spent itself in vain striving after.

But the frontier was enormous, and nowhere else marched with that of an established power. There was no winning by peace along that vast northern line from the Black to the North Sea, at the most vital spot of which an unlucky physical geography makes Italy easily invadable and rather hard to defend. Negotiations would not work here, since there was no union to negotiate with; only ebullient German tribes whose game was raiding and whose trade plunder. So the Alps had to be held, and a line drawn somewhere north of them,—say along the Danube and the Rhine or Elbe: a frontier that could be made safe with a minimum of soldiers. All this he did; excluding adventurous schemes: leaving Britain, for example, alone; and was able to reduce the army, before he died, to a mere handful of 140,000 men. — Varus and his lost legions? Well; there is something to be said about that. Augustus was old, and the generals of the imperial family, who knew their business, were engaged elsewhere. And Germany was being governed by a good amiable soul by the name of Quintilius Varus, who persisted in treating the Germans as if they had been civilized Italians. And there was a young Cheruscan who had become a Roman citizen, spoke Latin fluently, and had always been a good ally of Rome. His Latin cognomen was Arminius;

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of which German patriotism has manufactured a highly improbable *Hermann*. The trustful Varus allowed himself to be lured by this seemingly so good friend into the wilds of the Saltus Teutobergiensis, where the whole power of the Cherusicans fell on and destroyed him. Then Tiberius came, and put the matter right; but there was an ugly half hour of general panic first. There had been no thought of adding Germany to the empire; but only as to whether the frontier should be on the Elbe or the Rhine. Varus' defeat decided Augustus for the Rhine.

Now we come to what he did for Italy: his second trump card, if we call Spain his first. Spain belonged to the future, Italy to the present. Her cycle was half over, and she had done nothing (in B. C. 29) very worthy with it. First, an effort should be made towards the purification of family life: a pretty hopeless task, wherein at last he was forced to banish his own daughter for notorious evil-living. He made laws; and it may be supposed that they had some effect *in time*. A literary impulse towards high dignified ideals, however, may be much more effective than laws. He had Maecenas with his circle of poets.

Of course, poetry written to order, or upon imperial suggestion, is not likely to be of the highest creative kind. But the high creative forces were not flowing in that age; and we need not blame Augustan patronage for the limitations of Augustan literature. There is no time to argue the question; this much we may say: the two poets who worked with the emperor, and wrote under his influence and sometimes at his suggestion, left work that endures in world-literature; that is noble and beautiful, and still interesting. I mean Virgil and Horace, of course. Ovid, who was not under that influence, but of the faction opposed to it, wrote stuff that it would be much better were lost entirely.

The poet's was the best of pulpits, in those days: poets stood much nearer the world then than for all the force of the printing-press they can hope to do now. So, if they could preach back its sacredness to the soil of Italy: if they could recreate the ideal of the old agricultural life: something might be done towards (among other things) checking the unwholesome crowding to the capital,—as great an evil then as now. Through Maecenas and directly Augustus influenced Virgil, the laureate; who responded with his *Georgics*.

It is a wonderful work. Virgil was a practical farmer; he tells you correctly what to do. But he makes a work of art of it, all poetical. He suffuses his directions for stock-raising and cabbage-hoeing with the light of mythology and poetry. He gives you the Golden Age and Saturn's Italy, and makes the soil seem sacred. He had the Gaul's feeling for grace and delicacy, and brought in Celtic beauty to illumine the Italian

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world. The lines are impregnated with the soul, the inner atmosphere, of the Italian land; full of touches such as that lovely

Muscosi fontes et somno mollior herba;

of violets and poppies and narcissus; quinces and chestnut trees. All that is of loveliness in rural (and sacred) Italy is there; the landscapes are there, still beautiful; and the dignity and simplicity of the old agricultural life. It is a practical treatise on farming; yet a living poem.

Horace too played up for his friend Maecenas and for Caesar. Maecenas gave him that Sabine farm; and Horace made Latin songs to Greek meters about it: made music that is a marvel to this day; made his Sabine valley, with all its beauty, live on to this day, so that it remains a place of pilgrimage, and you can still visit, I believe, that

fons Bandusiae splendidior vitro

that he loved so well and set such sweet music to. He gives you that country as Virgil gives you the valley vistas, not unfringed with mystery, of the Appenines and the north. Between them, Italy is there, as it had never been interpreted before. If — in Virgil at least — there is a direct practical purpose, there is no less marvelous art and a real vision of Nature.

And then Augustus set both of them to singing the grandeur of Rome; to making a new patriotism with their poetry; to inspiring Roman life with a sense of dignity,— a thing it needed sorely: Virgil in the *Aeneid* (where also, as we have seen, he taught not a little Theosophy); Horace in the *Carmen Saeculare* and some of the great Odes of the third and fourth books. The lilt of his lines is capable of ringing, and does so again and again, into something very like the thrill and resonance of the Grand Manner. Listen for it especially in the third and fourth lines of this:

Quid debeas, o Roma, Neronibus

Testis Metaurum flumen et Hasdrubal

Devictus, et pulcher fugatis

Ille dies Latio tenebris.

I am not concerned here to speak of his limitations; nor of Virgil's; — who, in whatever respect the *Aeneid* may fall short, does not fail to cry out in it to the Romans, Remember the dignity and the high mission of Rome! — By all these means Augustus worked towards the raising of Roman ideals.

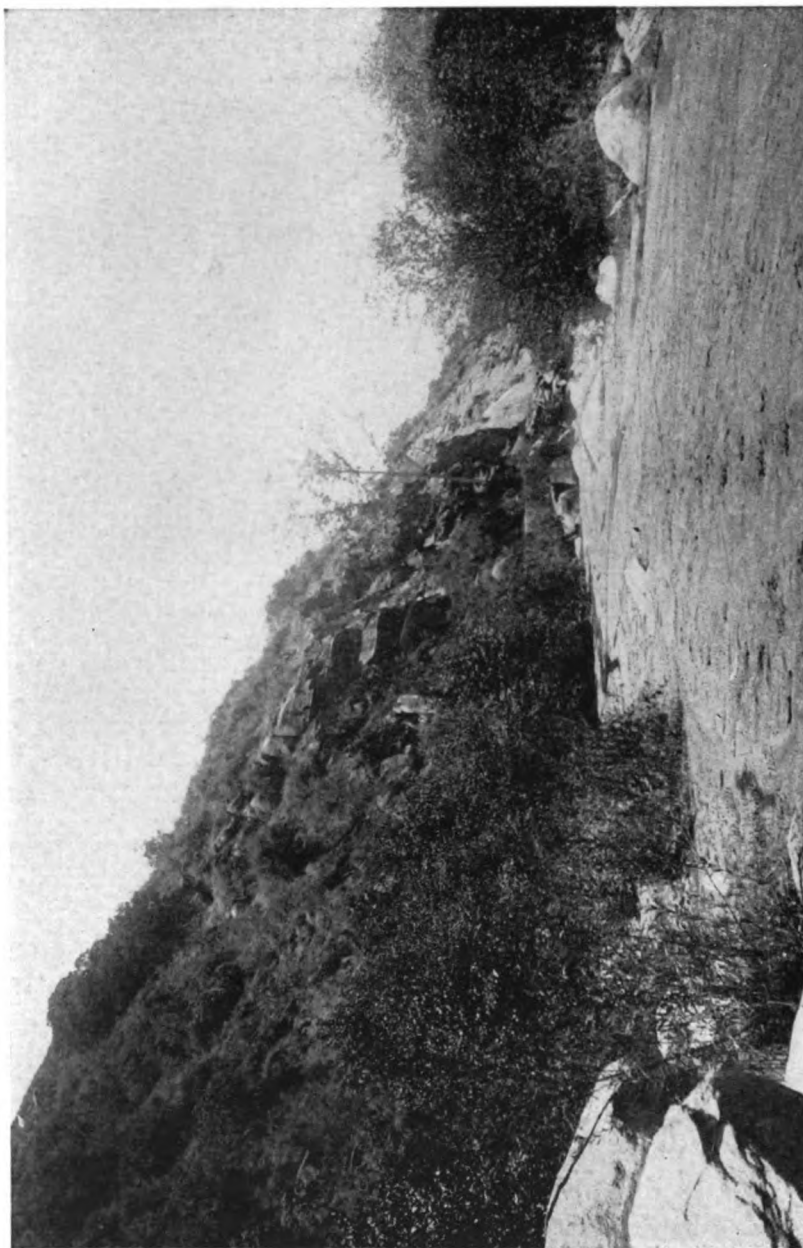
To that end he wrote, he studied, he made orations. He searched the Latin and Greek literatures; and any passage he came on that illumined life or tended towards upliftment, he would copy out and send to be read in the senate; or he would read it there himself to the senators; or publish it as an edict. There is a touch of the Teacher in this, I think. He has given Rome Peace; he is master of the world, and now has grown old. He enjoys no regal splendor, no pomp or retinue: his life is as that of any



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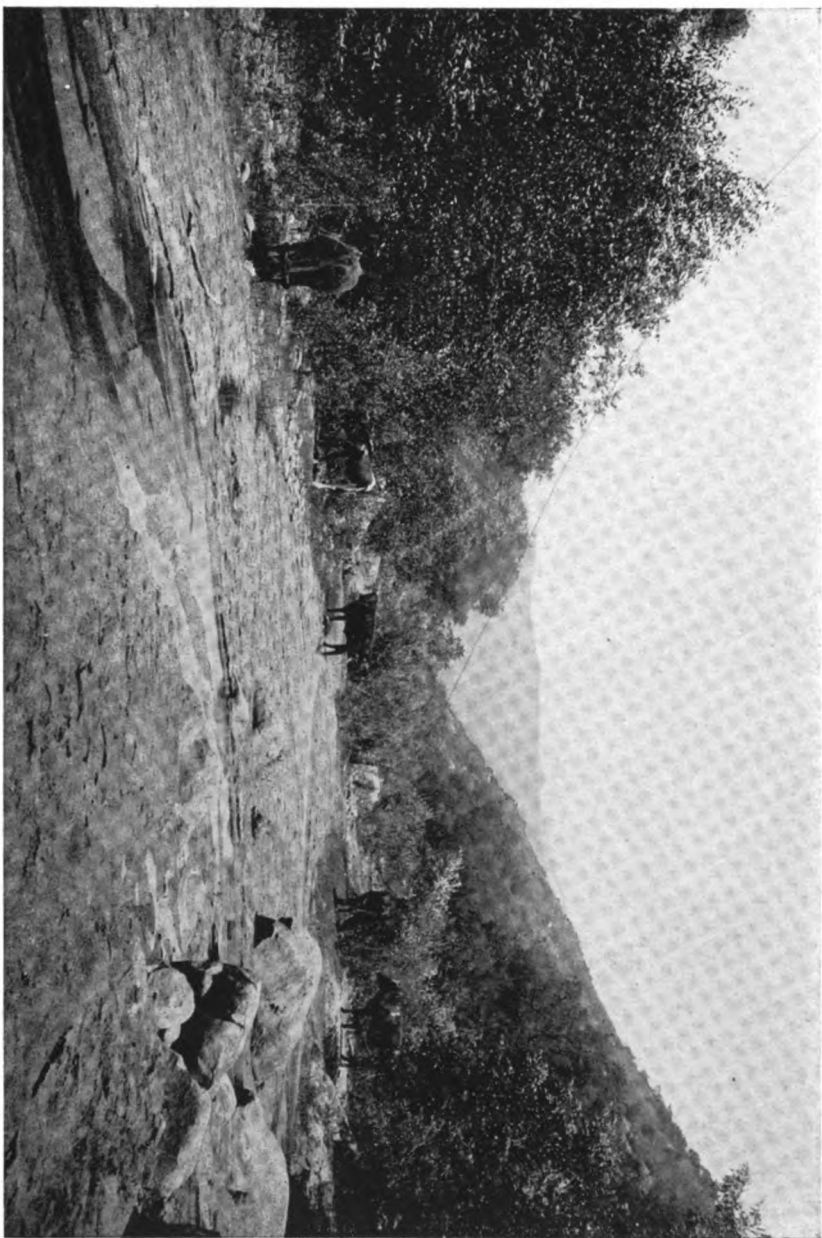
FROM LOMALAND TO EL CAPITÁN MOUNTAIN

Along the road skirting the river, some feet below to the right.



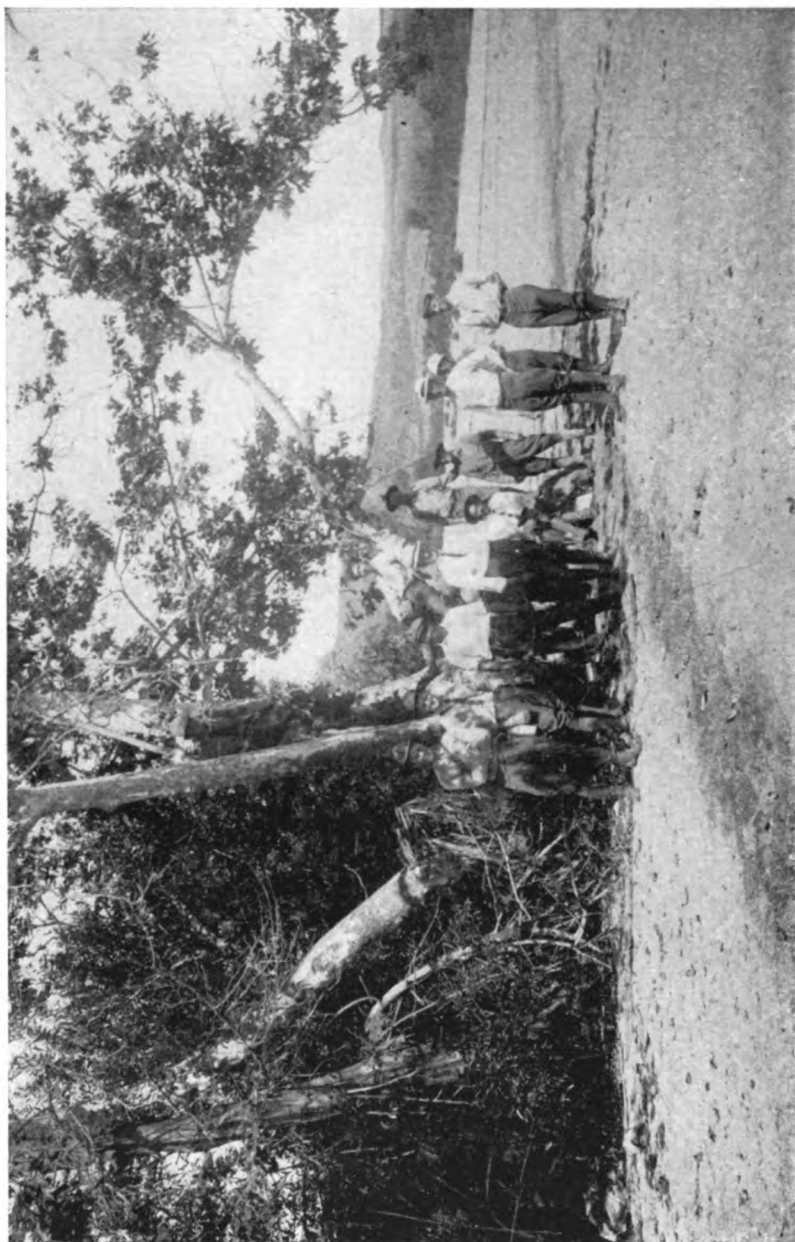
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THOUGH BUT A RIVULET IN SUMMER, THE SAN DIEGO RIVER OFTEN
OVERFLOWS ITS BANKS DURING THE RAINY SEASON



CATTLE SLAKING THEIR THIRST ON A SUMMER DAY

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LOMALAND STUDENTS ON A JAUNT UP THE SAN DIEGO RIVER VALLEY

The first halt about a mile above Lakeside.

PROBABILITY


other senator, but simpler than most. And his mind is ever brooding over Rome, watchful for the ideas that may purify Roman life and raise it to higher levels.

Many things occurred to sadden his old age. His best friends were dead; Varus was lost with his legions; there had been the tragedy of Julia, whom he had loved well, and the deaths of the young princes, her sons. He was a man of extraordinarily keen affections, and all these losses came home to him sorely.

But against every sadness he had his own achievements to set. There was Rome in its marble visibly about him, that he had found in brick and in ruins; Rome now capable of centuries of life, that had been, when he came to it, a ghastly putridity.

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R. MACHELL

F it is true that religion rests wholly on faith, it is also true that materialism, as generally understood, is based merely on bluff. The two pillars of the church of matter are common sense and probability. They are in appearance such solid and respectable pillars, so smooth and shiny, that one almost hesitates to suggest a doubt as to their stability and cohesion, or to point out the insufficiency of the foundation on which they rest to carry the supposed weight of the so solid seeming supports, to say nothing of the roof that may be placed upon these structural delusions.

The materials of which they are compounded are prejudice, ignorance, and vanity — materials that may be quarried wherever human beings are to be found.

Common sense is generally understood to be the exercise of a quality of right judgment or discrimination, assumed, by virtue of vanity, to be inherent in the mind of the individual who claims to exercise the faculty. The truth of this statement is not shaken by the fact that such an individual will generally admit, also by virtue of his vanity, that common sense is in fact a rare quality. It is an assumption; an obvious bluff, and therefore popular. It is said by some philosophers that this is a world of delusion, and it may therefore be argued that the use of delusion is legitimate and proper on this plane of consciousness; but then the delusion should be unconscious, otherwise it is mere fraud, or deliberate bluff.

It is a matter of experience that modern materialism does not stand long. Its supports crumbling, the building is in a state of constant

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repair and endless reconstruction. Witness the pace at which hand-books of science succeed one another, with new theories, each one as rational as its discredited predecessor.

But if common sense is a bluff, what shall we say about probability? This familiar quality is spoken of as an attribute of certain facts, or statements concerning facts, which is assumed to be inherent in the fact or statement — whereas it is obviously nothing more nor less than an attitude of mind in the person making the assumption: this attitude of mind being the result of a previous acceptance of certain theories concerning the action of natural forces,—loosely referred to as laws of nature.

There may be such things as laws of nature, but man deals only in theories based on a very limited observation of facts and phenomena and a liberal use of the imagination. He calls his theories laws only by virtue of the qualities already mentioned as building material.

A law of nature would seem to be a force that guides or directs the action of natural forces; and, whether it be regarded as inherent in the force or superior to it, it is evident that it is essential, and not man-made; a law, not a theory about a law.

It has been said, for instance, that certain phenomena classed as 'miracles,' or as 'supernatural' manifestations, are inherently improbable: and that sounds well. To many minds it sounds convincing because it is such a bald bluff. How can an attitude of mind be an inherent characteristic of a fact? Improbability is an attitude of mind deliberately or unconsciously attributed as a quality to the condemned fact or statement about a fact. It may also be noted that people who use this kind of bluff make no distinction between a fact and a statement about the fact.

Such distinctions, I grant, are unpalatable to prejudice, which sets up a preconception in place of a fact, and then tries to forget that the fact may have an existence of its own altogether apart from that preconception. But when emancipation comes to the mind of man, he must abandon prejudice first of all; in fact, that is what emancipation of the mind means; a simple task, but one that will occupy many many lifetimes, perhaps, before it is accomplished.

It is evident that, when probability is spoken of, certain theories as to laws of nature are taken for granted, and are made the tests of probability or of improbability. In fact probability is a balance of opinion as to the conformability of the phenomenon to the preconceived or accepted theories as to the laws of nature supposed to be involved.

It is perfectly clear that such balance of opinion cannot be inherent in any phenomenon, and when it was said that "there is an inherent improbability in 'miracles' which no human testimony is able to surmount," the bluff was complete. It was, moreover, intelligently used,

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for it played cleverly upon prejudice, and ignorance, and vanity: prejudice, that refused to admit its ignorance or the existence of laws of nature not yet fully known; and vanity, that confuses its own states of mind with the laws of nature.

If vanity were not essentially human, such a bluff could not be carried through, but vanity is simply unenlightened egotism, that is to say, it is the normal condition of the lower mind, which does most of our shallow thinking for us, and which is almost unrecognisable in the perfected or fully enlightened human being. The appeal to ignorance, vanity, and prejudice, is therefore a highly intelligent abuse of reason, for it can always count on a large measure of response from the general public.

Materialistic expounders of spiritistic phenomena too often avail themselves of this human weakness, and use it where evidence of fraud is not attainable. They know that it will generally be sufficient merely to indicate some fraudulent way in which a genuine phenomenon of an unusual kind *might* have been produced, in order to convey by suggestion the assurance that such fraud *was* actually perpetrated. They have no need to do more than make the suggestion, for the minds of the majority are already prepared by prejudice to believe the suggestion as soon as made. The psychology of suggestion is very interesting. The success of the operator depends largely on his ability to judge the nature of the prevailing prejudice, and its intensity, and upon his skill in adapting his suggestion to the temperamental expectation of his victim. In an age of materialism, such as that through which we have passed, a mere suggestion of fraud would damn any exponent of the occult forces in nature, because the public mind was already tuned to utter skepticism, and educated into the attitude of mind so well expressed in the well-known dogma of materialism quoted above, to wit: "There is an inherent improbability in 'miracles' that no human testimony is able to surmount." To minds educated on such lines occult science could make no appeal. Yet it was to just such a public that Madame Blavatsky appealed when she launched the Theosophical Society and published her first great book *Isis Unveiled*; and the fact that a change took place in the tide of public opinion soon after, was easily traceable to the work of this great pioneer of the new age.

She herself said that she came "to break the molds of mind," a colossal undertaking, that brought upon her a flood of slander that would have swamped her enterprise, if she had failed at the first blow to shake the two columns of the temple of popular prejudice, bigotry and dogmatism.

Isis Unveiled opened the public mind, and little gleams of light came through from the regions of Eternal Law; and the darkness of the age grew less obscure. But shaken though they were, those two pillars of

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orthodoxy still stood, and when the Society for Psychical Research accepted the suggestion of their agent Hodgson, and proceeded to denounce as fraudulent the various phenomena occurring in the vicinity of Madame Blavatsky, they acted, obedient to suggestion, along the line prepared for them by a long period of intellectual torpor and imaginative impotence.

A careful analysis of Hodgson's report* reveals an amazing absence of either evidence or proof, and a deluge of suggestion. So confident was the compiler of the report, so sure of the ready response of his public was he, that he scarcely troubled to do more than point out a fraudulent way in which the various phenomena *might* have been produced, passing from that directly to the invariable assumption that such *was* the case. The cumulative effect of his psychological experiments was so successful as to justify the low estimate he surely must have formed of the intelligence of his public, the S. P. R., for they swallowed this wonderful production whole, and fattened on the diet.

But if common sense and probability have been employed as passwords to the hall of ignorance, it is not necessary to abandon them. They have their value, and a high one, when they are rightly used.

They represent important attitudes of mind: the one judicial, and the other speculative; both reasonable and both logical.

The first is based on the assumption that the Universe is a great manifestation of inherent law and order; and that the world we live in is a reasonable world, divinely guided by its inherent principles, reflected in the human mind as justice and wisdom. Thus common sense implies the recognition of intelligible laws of nature, eternally operative, capable of being applied by an intelligent person as rules of conduct and as tests of right judgment. It also implies a well balanced mind capable of discrimination and decision, free from bias or prejudice. The adjective "common" would seem to mean that this kind of sense was appropriate to the judgment of all common matters, because they are all manifestations of natural laws, more or less intelligible to man, and so classed as common, not abnormal.

The second implies possession of a power of imagination, by means of which the results of past experience may be applied as tests to reports of events that are not immediately subject to direct observation. This testing of reported facts is a faculty of the mind; and the conclusion so arrived at represents an attitude of mind that is only connected by imagination with the supposed occurrence. But this attitude of mind is, by suggestion, attributed to the event as reported; and is passed off (by mental jugglery) as inherent in it.

*This has been done in a book which it is hoped soon to publish.

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The Report above referred to is one of the most remarkable instances that can be found, of the ungoverned use of this trick of suggestion; and the acceptance of that report is alone sufficient to stamp the S. P. R. irredeemably, so long as it remains unrepudiated by that body.

Yet the calculation of probabilities is necessary and unavoidable. Perhaps it would be better to substitute the word estimation for calculation, the latter word suggesting a mathematical process, whereas the former would include intuition and imagination, which are the faculties most necessary for the conduct of life in this respect.

Intuition does not depend entirely on reason, but it implies the possession of a spiritual insight, by means of which the real laws of nature may be felt or perceived even when unformulated or unexplained in the brain-mind.

The value of intuition depends upon the actual identity, in essence, of the real self of man with the Soul of the Universe in which he lives. The awakening of this dormant faculty of man is, I take it, the purpose, or the inevitable object, of evolution.

It is a fact that all men use such a faculty, even when least disposed to admit the spiritual nature of the universe, of which this faculty is an expression: for all men forecast the future, more or less; and, while they accept such a forecast as a reasonable probability, too often they ignore the fact that it is a purely imaginary product which rests, not upon facts, but on theories derived by imagination from past experience, or from record, and applied in imagination to events not yet matured.

Such an application of the fruits of experience to future events would be ridiculous if the reign of universal law were not believed in. But, though man calls himself reasonable and logical, he most generally jumps to conclusions prompted by desire, or by suggestion, or by the powerful psychology of custom, and then uses his reason to justify his conclusion. So men, who profess to believe in chance, yet calculate probabilities that depend for probability on the regular sequence of calculable causes and effects. Thus man is eternally protected from the disastrous stupidity of his unilluminated brain-mind by his unrecognised spiritual perception of the fitness of things.

The Universe is more than a product: it is a manifestation of pure law. The Law is the nature of the Universe. It is the rhythm of Life, which is the eternal self-expression of the Soul. Man is a part of it and shares its life and obeys its laws, even when proudly boasting his independence and vaunting his ignorance, which is the cloak of his omniscience.

The brain-mind of man may deal in probabilities, but the Soul looks upward to its higher self, the Spiritual Self, to the Self that *knows*.

THEOSOPHY — AN IMPRACTICAL THEORY OR A PRACTICAL GUIDE?

GRACE KNOCHE



O be practical — what does this mean? A cloak is practical if it fits the wearer and protects him from the cold. A practical mind is one that can grasp both sides and all angles of a question, not one side or one angle alone. A practical test is a test that marshals up all the qualities of a machine or a theory or a man, nor merely part of them, and that can determine whether they meet the all-round, all-the-time demand or only fractions of it here and there. Similarly, Theosophy is practical if it fits the whole great human need, if it can bridge the yawning gulf between man's desires and his duty, and if it is protective to the whole of his nature, not merely to a part.

We call ourselves practical and point with pride to our thousands of mechanical inventions, our conquest of the earth and the air, the vast machinery we have erected for the administration and justice and the study of delinquency and disease, our labyrinthal religious and educational systems, our possession of vast slices of the earth's surface, and so on. We are practical — if the word is used correctly. But is it? This boasted cloak of our making does not pretend to cover humanity except materially and intellectually, and in actual fact it does not cover even that. The barest material needs are still unmet; starvation and disease walk hand in hand in how many nations; the birth rate is steadily going down and the death rate as steadily climbing up; we cannot build jails and asylums fast enough to take care of the by-products of the enterprise called modern life. With every year this cloak of material benefits, which we believed when making it would so wonderfully suffice, shows up as more and more scanty and slack. We are not practical, after all.

But even if the case were otherwise: even were there not in the whole world a starving man, a deprived child, an uncaged bacillus, or an unconquered disease — even then would this cloak of ours, so patiently woven and at such tremendous cost, cover human life in its wholeness? No! What is protection for the body or food for the brain-mind if there is no sustenance, no shelter-house, for the soul? Man is not one, but *two*. When will we learn that truth? Part of his nature we may satisfy with 'red-topped boots and a dinner,' with mountains to climb or lions

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to stalk or laboratories to play in — but there is another part not to be satisfied with any of these things. And that other part has to do with the Eternal Man, the man that lasts, the man that slips off and lives on and on without even a nod at the grave. It has to do with the affections, with the sense of devotion and of duty, with that flaming Spirit of Love in the heart that if not guided into right courses is so apt to drift into the wrong; in a word, with the Real Man, “who was and is and shall be, for whom the hour shall never strike.” A cloak that is thoroughly practical will cover this part of the man, too. It will wrap the whole vast human need — not merely the negligible part of it — in soft enveloping folds as a babe is wrapped, not to confine and restrict it, but to provide warmth and tender protection while giving the little limbs the utmost freedom to toss and play and grow strong.

Watching the world-tides come and go in their bed of suffering and of change, and the failure of the wisest statesmanship to stabilize their oscillating course, one can see that the crux of the difficulty is not in ways and means, or theories and ideas, or incapacity for sacrifice and effort; it is not in any outer or brain-mind thing, but lies in the nature of man himself. It is that which is the unsolved mystery, and before it the rulers of our nations, equally with the teacher in the humblest school and the mother in the simplest home, hesitate, falter, fail, and too often turn away. They dare not attack it. Human nature! You would think it was a bomb, timed to explode but there was no way of finding out when. Nor can we wonder. We get some human engine safely on the proper track, perhaps after infinite sacrifice and labor, and presently we find it switched to another and headed straight for disaster. We level it down in one place and it bobs up like a volcanic island, all without warning, in another. We do not know how to handle it nor what it is. One thing we can count upon and one only: the certainty of being surprised. The man who does a godlike deed today, perhaps at the risk of his life, may turn on us in ingratitude and blacken our good name tomorrow. The unfortunate woman or the common thief may surprise us with acts of generosity and compassion of which our smug respectability is as incapable as an earthworm is of speech. Of course, it is equally true that *they may not*. But the point is, we never can tell, so that we hesitate to try the brotherly way because of the crass uncertainty of the thing. Human nature is a mystery (to us), and it is the defeating sense of that fact which constantly checks us in our longing to do the brotherly thing, and which even stops the springs of our courage so that we cease to try. How many worthy reforms have been simply abandoned, because lust or ingratitude rewarded the first kindly efforts and faith in human nature was killed. We cannot get man's measure, somehow, try as we will, and yet without

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

it no cloak that we make for man will ever fit. In short, matters are at a deadlock, and unless something new comes in, some new element, some new light. . . .

But something new has come in: we have only to turn our eyes and change our position enough to see it. It is the eternal solvent, the great reconciler, Theosophy. Old as the ages, guiltless of dogma or any creed, it nevertheless has fundamental and very definite teachings on the nature of man — human nature, in other words — the nature of the universe and the destiny of the soul. For the soul is the fundamental postulate. Man is immortal, divine: the whole system rests upon that broad base like a tower upon a rock. Brotherhood is a fact in nature inevitably if man is divine, for he is one with Deity in essence, a Child of God in simple fact, within him a portion of God's pure light as the sun's ray holds the pure light of the sun.

But man, the deathless, the immortal one, dwells in a house of flesh. As we know him, therefore, he is not one but two: soul and body, god and animal, with a higher nature and a lower one — these two natures ever in conflict until one or the other finally gains the day. And between the two is the mind, bridge and battle-field both. Out of the conflict that takes place there — that conflict which in its last analysis is always between the higher and the lower impulses in man — spring all the happenings, all the vicissitudes, all the anguish, all the horrors, and equally all the happiness and the spiritual conquests of life: its peace and its wars in the life of nations and the life of you and me. To write the story of that conflict we have dedicated the noblest in our art, our literature, our philosophy, and even our music, all down the ages. It is not a new idea, but merely a long-forgotten one, and five minutes spent in quiet observing or in silent self-examination will prove its utter truth: man is not one, but two.

We are seeking new light and keys to conduct as we never sought them before, and because it can throw new light on the mystery of human nature, Theosophy can give us the keys. It says to us: There is really no mystery here. Man can be understood and the surprises of life lose their power to discourage or to alarm us. Human nature has its standard and its pattern and its plan, a plan that has persisted through the ages, always the same, however the surface of it may be checkered or clouded or flecked by the play of light and dark, good and evil, black and white, as mood follows tendency and impulses come and go.

And that nature is not one, nor any indefinite collection of ones — devotees of the 'multiple personality' theory notwithstanding — nor is it amenable to categorical divisions, nor can it be pigeon-holed or labeled and shelved like jellies or bacon or cheese. Write it upon the tablets

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of your heart that man is not one but two — two natures, two beings, if you will, two selves: one of the essence of truth and love and light, the other clamped to earth, coarse, material, trending downward just as far as it is allowed. And between these two selves the daily waking consciousness flutters anxiously, too often blindly and fearfully, now following the higher trend, now the lower, without a light, without any safe guide, like a frightened bird seeking foothold in the dark. How pitiful it all is, yet how true! Once perceive for yourself this picture, once grasp this mighty philosophic truth, and the whole earth, all our institutions, our literature, the record of human mistakes and human successes all down the centuries, will loom up like silent advocates to prove it to you, while the secret intuitions of your innermost heart will write the confirmation. *Man is not one, but two.* It is one of the great truths of Theosophy. Shall we dismiss it as a theory, a clever and artistic idea, or keep it, hold it, treasure it, and make it a practical guide?

For the teachings of Theosophy on paper merely, or the end of one's tongue, are a mockery pure and simple. Unless they are practically applied they only bolster one in insincerity, hypocrisy, or dead indifference to one's fellowmen. But to apply them practically, so that they are really a guide to conduct, is a serious matter because of the fact that human nature is dual — though by 'serious' we do not mean gruesome or desert-like but simply that Theosophy calls out and challenges the deeper and more earnest side of the nature. You cannot honestly object to that, and if you are genuine and sincere, with a real desire to make your life count for good if only the way can be shown, Theosophy will say to you: Wake up! Stop this shifty oscillation and make up your mind which way you want to go: whether with your lower tendencies down to materialism, selfishness, decay, and spiritual death, or with your higher ones to the wide and lofty places of the soul where real peace is waiting for you. For be sure you cannot go with both. You cannot travel east and west at the same time, nor down and also up, and this constant oscillation, this childish fluttering back and forth from one path to the other, is no better than standing still: it will bring you nowhere. You must choose.

But in this matter of choice you are uncoerced and free. Whichever of these two paths appeals to you is yours for the traveling, only you *must* choose one or the other, or else drop your aspirations and desires both, and be nothing but flotsam on the tide, neither cold nor hot but lukewarm, whose only right is the classic right of lukewarm and repudiated things. Once the choice has been made on the side of the higher nature, however, there need be no slipping back. From the moment of that choice the man is more than man; he is a god, an awakened soul,

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a spiritual warrior, and in his hand is the warrior's supreme weapon, the Spiritual Will. But this, be it understood, has nothing to do with the kind of 'will' mooted in popular advertisements — the 'will' that you may be shown how to develop in exchange for so many dollars, and that will make you rich or famous or able to annex your friend's position or his wife or almost anything you may happen to desire. The Spiritual Will has nothing to do with passion or selfish desire. Moreover, it is not a faculty of the mind nor dependent upon the mind. It is one of the infinite creative powers belonging to the soul of man, that "flyeth like light, cutteth obstacles like a sharp sword," and indeed it is commonly symbolized by a sword. With its help you can make Theosophy a practical guide and a protective cloak of love and wisdom and peace to no telling how many of earth's children.

This is the ancient method, but it meets the modern need, for human nature is ever the same, *ever the same*. When the fires flashed over Gomorrah; when Pompeii squandered and sinned; when Rahab let down the scarlet thread and the searchers passed her by; when Rahula wept for his inheritance and found it greater than he guessed; when Job trusted and protested and held on, and when the great Solomon judged; when Hector battled and Patroclus fell to be battled over again; when Penelope wove in the daytime and raveled her web at night; when Louis said "I am the State," and the people brought forth another state to spell chaos; when Sant'Angelo smothered its victims and the Bastille could still lock its doors; when the Telesterion was a-building at Eleusis and when it was razed to earth; when the Fayûm held its vast Halls of the Mysteries and when jealousy blotted even the memory of them out; when the tinder was piling up in Europe, and when it went suddenly afire; when you and I and millions no better and no worse were choosing to drift and play rather than consciously live and serve — when all these things were happening and countless things besides, human nature was the crux of every problem, the explanation of every catastrophe, every triumph, every surprise. In its hands were ever two keys, the key to Bluebeard's Chamber and equally to the vast golden Treasury of Spiritual Wisdom and Life. And we were free to choose which key to take. We, mankind, you and I, with so much power as that! Was ever any teaching or any truth more full of inspiration? It would electrify a stone. If some giant hand were to wrest from us every spiritual teaching that we possess, every single ray of guiding light, and yet leave us the one great teaching of the Duality of Human Nature, we still could escape the deluge and make port; we still could change this disheveled world into a pattern of law and order, we still could make it a Paradise. Of what other single philosophic principle can so much as this be said?

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With one hand it touches every material interest, every material need in the Universe, with the other it lifts man up to God. Like the protective cloak of a mother, it covers the whole man, divine and human, and does not, like so many boasted 'philosophies,' leave the soul shivering and exposed.

Those who perceive this fact do not have to be argued into a conviction that Theosophy, to be of any value at all, must be made a practical guide. What could it amount to, left solely between the covers of neat books? What does anything amount to — on paper? Do the Teachers of Theosophy dare and suffer and slave, simply to leave a new weapon of power for hypocrites, a few dainty and marvelous morsels for pseudo-philosophers and empty-souled *littérateurs*? By no means, and they have said so in plain words. For humanity's protection as well as for its inspiration these Teachers insisted from the beginning of their work — I refer to Helena P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge, and Katherine Tingley — that Theosophy must be made practical: its principles a living power and its precepts honestly carried out.

Yet paradoxically, though to make Theosophy practical is an exceedingly easy matter, it is not easily achieved except in instances so rare as to be negligible, because of the obstacles that exist within ourselves. Those who accompanied Mme. Katherine Tingley on her recent visit to the Government Indian Reservation at Pala, California, will remember — with a little mist in the eyes, perhaps — the swarms of Indian children who came to her with such affection and climbed and clustered about her knee. Among them was a rather frail child of some five years who had charge of an overgrown, enormous toddler nearly as large as she. Going down the porch steps after the visit one day, she picked him up — a near miracle, so tiny was she herself — and one of the Theosophical students involuntarily exclaimed, "Be careful, dear! He's too heavy; you will hurt yourself!" An older child who stood near piped up promptly, "Oh, no she won't; *he's her brother!*" Oddly enough, within a week after the party returned from Pala, the writer noticed in one of the reviews an account of the 'little mothers' of China, one of whom a traveler saw staggering under the weight of a baby nearly as large as herself. "Isn't he too heavy for you?" was the query, and the answer flashed back (as reported) was this: "Why, no! *he's my brother!*" She had one point of view, the traveler another; and much depends upon the point of view. When the feeling of real Brotherhood is burning in the heart, everything is easy, simple, supremely natural, even just. Not only these replies but the strange coincidence of them — one in America and the other in the Far East — constitute a sermon on Brotherhood that would repay examination and reflexion.

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But they were only children, says a skeptic. True: only children, which proves our case better still. How the wisdom shines now of that ancient Teacher, whoever He may have been, to whom we owe this precept, dear to all Students of Theosophy: "The pupil must regain *the child-state he has lost* ere the first sound can fall upon his ear," or the injunction of the Man of Galilee: "Except ye become *as little children* ye cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven" — the kingdom which He is at pains to tell us is *within*. Everything is easy, everything is possible, if we have the child-heart in our bosom and not some imitation of it, and if only we can come to our duties disburdened and free instead of spiritually sick from the mental diseasement bequeathed to us by ages of wrong thought. Exposure even to malignant disease is a negligible matter to one whose blood-stream is pure, whose functions are stable and vigorous, whose vitality is undepleted and whose powers of resistance represent nature at her best. The result in such a case would be innocuous if not *nil*. But what is usually the situation? A has a heart out of kilter and B a liver out of tune; C has an alcoholic heredity and D a neurotic one; E has "wasted his substance in riotous living" until resistance is gone and F has a debit account made up of a little of them all. Exposure or strain in such cases might be very serious indeed, perhaps fatal. And thus with the man who pits a devitalized moral nature against life's problems or its tasks. Already poisoned with jealousy, selfishness, unbrotherliness, greed or fear, he succumbs. What else could be expected? But the trouble is not with life, nor with its problems or duties or laws: it is with the man himself. Equally, there is nothing the matter with Brotherhood or Theosophy. Both are practical, easily lived, and true. The difficulty lies in ourselves: we carry too many impurities in our mental blood. Once this is understood, the way is plain; there is only one thing to be done and the student who is serious-minded and sincere wastes no time in setting about it.

We are living in a day of vast issues and we cannot shirk our task. To make Theosophy practical means to widen the viewpoint and broaden out the life. The nation, all nations, the world itself, are no longer hazily foreign but are part of our immediate concern, and, oddly enough, the first result of making this so is that the immediate duty, far from being neglected, is much more faithfully done. A law too little revered broods in the background of it all. To illustrate: every student of art is familiar with the injunction: "Don't become so wrapped up in that eye or ear or bit of drapery that you lose sight of the figure as a whole. Keep the whole before you constantly; never lose the *ensemble*!" How true! The most perfectly studied details are absurdities, abortions, blots, if out of relation to the whole. Set an ear a bit too high, and the head

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becomes animal if not grotesque, and so with all details, with every part. And the teacher is asking nothing difficult. It may take conscious effort at first — but so did our babyhood efforts to walk or our first drink from a cup — but it soon becomes unconscious habit, and then how the work takes on vitality and how the art broadens and expands! Every student of music hears the same. The diagnostician observes it habitually. It is a principle of statesmanship. Theosophy would make it a living power in the simplest thought or act. And all so easily! There need be no strain or revolution. You have merely to extend a bit the path you take ordinarily. For instance: you consider the convenience of mother, the opinion of an employer, or your duty to your own finer nature when tempted to lie abed in the morning, and such considerations determine your course. If there is garbage to be disposed of, the laws of the city must be considered: it cannot be dumped into your neighbor's front yard nor even into your own. Such considerations do not feel like chains upon you, and they are indeed so natural, so habitual, that it is a surprise when some one drags them out before you for inspection. All that Theosophy would have is merely an extension of the sense of obligation that you feel already in this limited way — in a word, a broadening and deepening of the nature, until, back of the immediate thought or task there rises, strong and singing in its strength, a flood-tide of unconscious, self-forgetting love for all humanity; a realization that the spiritual life-stream pulsing through you is part of one great conscious stream of Divine Life, feeding the nations and the world.

The bare notion that this *may* be true, once taken into the mind to be considered, seems to open a new door; a conviction of it pulls you up into the tonic atmosphere of world-issues before you know what has come about. You cannot be small and insular now if you try to be; your shell is broken and you are a living, moving, growing, pulsating something outside of it, with no bounds set to your new life. There is no such thing as being content with a little personal dark-room after that. There is no more whining about 'Karma,' either; no more petitioning advertisers or the whimsical gods for receipts: how to make money, how to 'develop your will,' how to make your children mind you. No! You have your hand on principles and can make your own receipts.


To summarize: Theosophy is a practical guide because (1) it solves life's greatest problem, the mystery of human nature, (2) it meets the great human need, which is protection for the whole, twofold, mystical nature of man, not merely the brain-mind part of it, and (3) it keeps the fire of Love and Brotherhood burning in the heart. Theosophy, once admitted as "the servant in the house," serves faithfully the whole man, human and divine, keeping each part, god and animal, at its task

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and in its place. It loosens the interest in material things and clamps it to spiritual realities; it bids us discriminate between the true and the false and shows us how to do it; it links us with the mighty and misunderstood past of ourself and of the nations and the world; it augments our little life with the expansive urge and energy of the whole; it gives the power to translate principles into creative fire and precepts into the daily bread of life; it infuses the commonest duty with the majestic, genial fire of the heart; it is Justice and Love in action, than which there is no higher path to go. It is the 'small, old path' of the sages.

EVOLUTIONARY MAN: THE TIME-PROBLEM

C. J. RYAN

 In a recent series of articles in this magazine on Evolutionary Man according to the Theosophical teachings, in which modern scientific evidence was given showing that the Theosophical theory of human evolution was more strongly supported by the facts than the materialistic ape-ancestry hypothesis, the question of the age of man was only lightly touched upon. An approximate calculation, based upon the statements given by H. P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine*, was given, to which may be added a few more dates from the same source:

Primordial	320,000,000	years	ago
Carboniferous	110,000,000	"	"
Tertiary (Eocene)	7,870,000	"	"
" (Miocene)	3,670,000	"	"
" (Pliocene)	1,870,000	"	"
" (Pleistocene)	870,000	"	"

These numbers would have horrified even the most advanced scientist a few years ago, but Professor Keith, whose recent work, *The Antiquity of Man*, was the chief subject of consideration in the articles mentioned, quotes approvingly the calculations of Professor Sollas whose dates (for the Tertiary Period) run to about half the above. Believing that man appeared in the Miocene, Dr. Keith therefore considers the human race to be about one million and a half years old. If, however, the Miocene is far older than this, *so much more must be added to the age of mankind*. The belief is rapidly increasing in anthropological circles that true remains of man (eoliths of various kinds) have been found even farther back than the Miocene, in the Oligocene, the latter part of the Eocene; many of the highest authorities are convinced that the eoliths are a simple

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form of man-made flint implement, and there is no doubt that some of them belong to ages which antedate the Miocene by millions of years.

According to *The Secret Doctrine* the earth has been in existence more than 320,000,000 years, and man has inhabited it for 18,000,000.

Now, how can we learn the age of the rocks by examination of them? Till lately the only method was by measuring the thickness of the strata deposited under water and calculating the time required to lay it down, and by calculating the time taken by rivers, etc., to wear down the rocks. These methods were unreliable; the different authorities disagreed utterly, and the question seemed almost hopeless. Astronomy gave little help, because the astronomers had so little information to go by. Recently an entirely new method has been devised. After the discovery of radium, further research showed that one of the remarkable properties of radio-active substances is the transmutation of certain elements. Radium, for instance, passes through several stages on its way to lead. Uranium-bearing minerals break down into lead and the light gas helium, and there is a known definite rate at which the process of transmutation proceeds. Up to the present moment no means have been found to accelerate or retard it. Every piece of uranium-bearing mineral is therefore a natural chronometer, registering time by the proportion of lead and helium produced. Dr. Arthur Holmes, Lecturer in Geology to the Imperial College of Science and Technology, London, writing in *Discovery* for April, gives particulars of the application of this new and surprising method to the solution of the problem of the age of such rocks as contain radio-active minerals. He shows that the earth must be far older than the most daring speculators have hitherto ventured to suggest, and he claims that fairly definite dates can be fixed for several important periods in geology. It seems difficult to repudiate these well-founded evidences, and an examination of the following extract from some of the periods mentioned by Dr. Holmes will provide food for thought, and perhaps repentance for some who have savagely criticized the teachings of the Eastern Wisdom in regard to the immense antiquity of the earth and mankind.

GEOLOGICAL PERIODS	ACCORDING TO CALCULATIONS DERIVED FROM HELIUM	ACCORDING TO CALCULATIONS DERIVED FROM LEAD
Lower Pre-Cambrian	715,000,000 years	1,580,000,000 years
Middle Pre-Cambrian	449,000,000 "	1,120,000,000 "
Carboniferous	146,000,000 "	300,000,000 "
TERTIARY, Eocene	31,000,000 "	70,000,000 "
" Oligocene }		
" Miocene }	6,500,000 "	30,000,000 "
" Pliocene	2,500,000 "	
" Pleistocene	1,000,000 "	

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It will be noticed that the figures derived from the proportion of helium generated by uranium-bearing minerals are generally about half as large as those derived from the lead proportion. Dr. Holmes considers that the results obtained from the lead are the more reliable because the helium now found in the rocks is only a small fraction of the total amount generated during the millions of years the action has been in progress; the larger part has escaped into the atmosphere. The helium determinations can only provide data for a minimum estimate; the actual age must be considerably greater *if the transmutation has been going on at the same rate as it is today*. The same proviso applies to the lead, but the chemists do not think there has been any variation in speed. They have, however, no means of knowing, but from their standpoint uniformity of speed is most probable.

Now if we compare the helium table of dates — admittedly not too short, and probably not long enough in duration — with the table derived from the records given by H. P. Blavatsky from the Eastern Wisdom, we shall observe that geology is being compelled by its own researches to accept periods equal or superior in places to those of Theosophy. A few years ago nothing would have seemed less likely, for great mathematicians like Lord Kelvin were arguing in favor of a very few tens of millions of years for the existence of the sun itself.

It is of great interest for students of Theosophy, particularly the older members of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society who recollect the persecution and iniquitous treatment of Madame Blavatsky by the self-opinionated critics of her day, to watch the numerous discoveries of the twentieth century which confirm the teachings she brought to the attention of the Western world.

With regard to man's age on earth, Dr. Holmes' helium figures for the Pliocene are not very much greater than those in our Theosophical table, and the helium date for the Oligocene-Miocene (bracketed together by Dr. Holmes), 6,500,000 years, closely approaches our Oligocene date (rather less than the beginning of the Eocene, 7,870,000). Beyond this the helium dates go back farther than ours, and the dates given by the lead calculation are very much greater. It is important for us to learn, however, that on the lowest calculation — the helium one — mankind, which according to the large and increasing body of anthropologists who accept the flint implements called eoliths as of human manufacture, was developed enough to make tools in the Oligocene (in which eoliths are found), can now be safely considered to have lived about six million years ago! According to the lead calculation the distance in time from us was nearer thirty million! Science is actually becoming too generous, for the Theosophical calculations do not support such a long period as the

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latter; they only ask for about eighteen million years since the Jurassic age, which is far earlier than the Tertiary Eocene, for embodied humanity. Till lately the demand has been utterly ridiculed, but times are changing.

Even if science will only admit the existence of truly human races with excellent physical bodies and good-sized brains since the Oligocene-Miocene, six (or more) million years ago, the problem is now before anthropology to find out what mankind has been doing with itself for that enormous period, and whether it is true that we have only been civilized for the last few thousand years! Possibly we shall soon find science accepting the periodic law in human history on a far larger scale than so far has been done. The existence of ancient continental areas, especially a great land mass or masses where the Atlantic Ocean now lies, is now widely accepted on geological and biological evidence, and the former prejudice against the possibility of such lost continents has almost disappeared. If real men, even of a simple, semi-savage type were undoubtedly alive from six to thirty million years ago, according to whichever scientific calculation you prefer, in Europe or America, and at the same time enormous continental areas were widely distributed where oceans now roll, what serious opposition can be produced against the possibility that the Eastern records are true, records which tell of the *civilized* races that once dwelt on those territories? According to the theory of cycles there have been ups and downs from barbarism to civilization and back again which took, not centuries nor thousands of years, but hundreds of thousands, or millions; great cycles in which continents were involved and which included minor cycles of all kinds.

It is sometimes asked, What is the use of knowing which is the truer, the orthodox ecclesiastical computation so long forced upon us that the world is only about six thousand years old, or the Oriental one (for which Theosophy finds infinitely greater corroboration) that the earth and mankind are millions of years old? It is important, for one reason, because it opens up the entire question of the real nature of man, of our possibilities in the past and the future; it changes our whole outlook; it is a great help in the rational comprehension of the laws of justice (Karma) and Reincarnation.

We cannot go further into this immense subject now, but merely record our pleasure that science has once more brought its testimony to the support of the ancient wisdom of the East in regard to the enormous age of the world, and, inferentially, to the great antiquity of mankind.

TALES OF CATHAY

The Secret Shrine

H. T. PATTERSON

IN Hokien, of the kingdom of Cathay, was wont to be an illustrious sage who was dearly loved of all. This so illustrious sage was clept Liu Hu. Great was the reputation of the illustrious Liu Hu through all the kingdom of Cathay, and greatly did the young men thereof crave that they might be the pupils of that so illustrious teacher. Thus, from all the provinces came those who desired knowledge, for to study under the worshipful master, Liu Hu, and partake of the benefit of his much learning; and it did so hap that amongst those who did thus come to the worshipful master, Liu Hu, were three who were beloved of that sage, their master, above all the others, for that they were meetly booked and aptly schooled, and diligent in all their studies. The name of the one was Min Ting; and of the other, the second, Yun Ki; and of the other, the third, Chan Cheng.

In Hokien, of the kingdom of Cathay, also dwelt Pulao. But Pulao was not a sage, nor had he no pupils many and of much excellence; yet did the people flock to his humble dwelling, a little house made with a low door; yea, in great numbers did they flock to that humble home, and never carried they away their dolor, nor went they away anhungered, nor unhelpt, nor desolate, for ye shall understand that the heart of Pulao was big, even big and strong as was the body of him, e'en though his cheeriness was as that of a child, his tenderness as that of a woman, his compassion as that of the Gods.

Now shall ye further understand that, as one day the pupils of the illustrious Liu Hu were gathered about him, did he speak unto them of "the Secret Shrine" and of the blessings that flowed therefrom, so that his pupils marveled greatly thereat and did wonder as to where that so wondrous shrine might be, and did ardently desire to attain thereto. To all their inquiries the illustrious Liu Hu did but answer that though that so wondrous shrine was afar off yet was it near by, and that he who sought to win thereto should be pure of heart and unselfish in his interest in the search therefor.

That night did the gracious Min Ting, the polite Yun Ki, and the courteous Chan Cheng consult together, the one with the other, as to "the Secret Shrine" and how they might attain thereto.

Saith the courteous Chan Cheng: "I shall go to the far-away land

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of Ind, for my heart is pure and I desire fervently to be helpful to my fellow-men. Furthermore, in that far-away land of Ind there be many and great temples, and men possessed of much knowledge, eloquent of speech, and ready to teach."

Saith the polite Yun Ki: "I shall go to the cities of this our kingdom of Cathay, for in them be beautiful pagodas, and the revered teachers who instruct therein have much and great knowledge, and as my heart is pure and my desire to serve is great, perchance I may learn from those who teach therein where is this Secret Shrine of which our illustrious master hath spoken unto us."

Then saith the gracious Min Ting: "Verily I would go with one or the other of ye, my brothers, for, lo! as ye say, in far-away Ind be many and great temples, and revered men possessed of much knowledge, fluent of tongue, and eloquent of speech. And, likewise, in this our beloved country, even in the kingdom of Cathay, be many pagodas, large, and full fair, and those revered ones who dwell therein have much learning; nevertheless, though it grieves me beyond measure not to accompany one or the other of you, and my heart is full of dole therefor, yet, having heard that in the fastnesses which lead to the Mountain of Light there doth haunt a bandit, haughty and powerful, mighty of frame and strong of arm, who doth waylay those who fare forward towards that delectable mountain, and doth discomfort them, and put them in prison, or sell them to servage, or do them to death, I would fain seek that bandit that doth so grievously torment those who fare forward to the Mountain of Light, that, perchance, though I be but one man and of no great strength, yet might I persuade that bandit that he should desist from his so mistaken practices and induce him to molest no further those who travel towards the delectable mountain."

For twelve moons and a day did the courteous Chan Cheng travel in the far-away land of Ind. After did he return to Hokien, of the kingdom of Cathay, having acquired a much great store of knowledge from sitting at the feet of the venerated teachers of that far-away land, yet was he sad and weighed down with tribulation, inasmuch as nowhere had he been able to gain the knowledge as to how he might win to "the Secret Shrine."

When the courteous Chan Cheng had been home for but a little while, the polite Yun Ki did, likewise, return. Great was his store of knowledge, great even as was that of the courteous Chan Cheng, for he had been diligent in visiting the greatest and the most famed of the pagodas, and therein had he listened to the most excellent of the revered teachers of the kingdom of Cathay, and therefrom had his store of knowledge been enhanced and amplified, even as had that of the courteous Chan Cheng;

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but whithersoever he did wend he found not those who could tell him of the way by which he might reach "the Secret Shrine," though many could tell him astonishing and wondrous things thereof. Therefor was he, likewise, dolent and sad.

After the courteous Chan Cheng and the polite Yun Ki had been home for a moon and three days did the gracious Min Ting return, as had they before him, but he returned not at first to his illustrious teacher, nor to his beloved comrades, but, the rather, sought out the humble home of Pulao, where he sojourned for seven days and seven nights; whereafter he sought out his revered teacher and the beloved comrades of his heart, filled with joy and gladness, for this was the tale he told unto them, the tale of his long wanderings and his many adventures, and the outcome thereof.

"Lo," saith he, "when I did leave, as did ye, I went straightway towards the mountains by which one journeys to the Mountain of Light, and in which it was said the powerful bandit had his won. Many and great were the dangers which did befall me on the way, for at one time did the donkey on which I was riding, loose his foothold and fall over the lofty precipice above which we were, so that it was great pity to hear the poor beast as he did sigh and moan at the foot of the precipice. But the Good Law did protect me, for the mountaineer who did accompany me on this part of my journey did catch me by the arm and thereby did save me from that awful death which did threaten me and which the poor beast did suffer. Also, was I swept from my feet as I was crossing a swift running and turbulent stream, into the cold deep waters which swirled below the ford. But, again was I saved by the mercy of the Good Law, for behold, a branch of a tree hung down to the water's edge and to this did I cling and did drag myself out of the turbulent stream. And after it did hap that a sudden mist did fall upon the path which I trod and I was near to lose my way, but the sun did suddenly break forth through the mist, and, lo! beside me was a mountain hut on the one side, but upon the other, just before my feet, was a yawning chasm. Now it did so hap that in the hut which was beside the path did dwell a mountaineer and his wife, and the woman did show to me a shorter and more safe way to the stronghold of the bandit whom I sought, than the one I wist of, and did tell me that the mountains thereabout were rich of jasper green and divers other gems, yburied therein. Although I did meet with many more mishaps and dangers, yet, at the last, did I win to the mountain-gorge below that stronghold.

"Massive and large was the fortress, much of height and of great and surpassing strength. A fair castle and a strong was it. Built was it of grey granite, and it did rise from the granite mountain side in divers

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stages as if it were verily a part of the ever-during rock thereof. As I did stand gazing wistfully at the beautiful stronghold, filled with wonder that so beautiful a place could be the haunt of iniquity, an old lama who lived hardby did approach me, bowing reverently, and asking what I would. Thereto, his speech being very agreeable and his mien most amiable, did I tell unto him wherefore I had come to that so far-away place. To this did he answer that forsooth there was ne bandits now in that castle, for that that so notorious bandit that did wont to haunt therein had been driven out of that castle, long syne, he and all his followers, and that that bandit had been sorely wounded, and that his followers had dispersed, leaving him there so sorely hurt, and that that so sorely hurt bandit did painfully win to a vale below, and that thenceforth the way had been clear.

"Then did I ask that so amiable lama where that vale might be, and he did point out the road thereto, saying that the vale was a three days' journey thence. After did I seek that vale and therein did I find a lamasery, and in that lamasery did they harbor me hospitably, and did tell me of the bandit that had sought refuge with them when he was so sorely hurt, hurt even unto death, but that by their help and skill he had been made whole and had gone upon his way, they knew not whither — but that was long syne. Furthermore, did they say that that bandit the whilst he dured with them, had hearkened unto the Law of Mercy and thoroughly repented him of all his heretofore terrible sins and his so great transgressions, and had gone forth into the world, as aforesaid, there to make the utmost amends for his so great misdoings, by ministering all so much as he could to his fellowmen. Likewise, did they tell how that his fame was great and had come back to them, even as of a man from whose door never went any away anhungered, or desolate, or unhelped.

"Finding that my journey had been of no avail, I returned home, even to Hokien, and sought the dwelling of Pulao, even the dwelling from which no one ever goeth away anhungered, or with dole in the heart, or un-comforted. Then did Pulao tell me that he, even he, was that one who had been that so misdoing bandit in the mountains, but that the Good Law, in its wondrous mercy, had led him into the path of righteousness and of peace; and he did instruct me as to "the Secret Shrine," which is not in no temple, nor in no pagoda, neither in no mountain, nor in no valley, but is even in the heart of man, and that he who will worship at that shrine will find the way of righteousness and follow the path of mercy, to the uplifting and helping of all, even to the lowliest creature."



F. J. Diok, *Editor*

MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

KATHERINE TINGLEY IN BOSTON AND NEWBURYPORT

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS FROM THE RAJA-YOGA CRUSADERS

The Copley Plaza, Boston, Mass., June 20, 1920

WE had another fine meeting at the Copley Plaza last evening with an address by the Leader, musical numbers and lantern slides. Mme. Tingley's subject was 'Death — or Rebirth.' Her opening remarks were a tribute to H. P. Blavatsky, in which she said that the very genius, the erudition and the capacity to gather together this mass of teachings and present them as she has done in her great books, is in itself a proof of Reincarnation. She complimented Boston on its culture and appreciation of the deeper aspects of life, which she attributed to the continuance of the old pioneer spirit of liberty and sacrifice which first built up this nation. She dwelt on the duty which the parents of today owe to the coming generation to look deeper into the mystery of death and be able to meet it confidently and courageously. She was very strong in her expression of the half-heartedness of modern life — people she said are living from day to day on the edge of life, in the shadows, and withheld from the greater realization of the possibilities of each human being. They are held in this half-way state by the psychology of the one life of seventy-seven or a hundred years. She made a beautiful and very real picture of the similarity between death and sleep. "We enter into the latter without knowing anything of what really does befall us while it is in process, yet we enter on it in perfect trust that we shall awake again, and it is during sleep that the soul has its greatest and perhaps its only chance of real growth. The same is true of death, and we should be able to approach it in the same way." She touched a very vital point when she reminded her audience — rather daringly, I thought — that too much of our grief and mourning is of a selfish nature — it is more for our own loss than for the fate of the one who is passing out. The real tribute, she said, is free from tears and sadness and doubt. We should part from the one we love understandingly and with full confidence in the

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justice and mercy of the Higher Law. The belief in the return of spirits she hit very hard and told her listeners plainly and without ceremony that those who believe in such return are deluded. "Do you suppose after a soul has gone out," she said, "that it is going to come back and advise you about a deal in real estate, or where to invest your money, or where to dig for oil? It is a travesty on human intelligence, and were it really to occur it would mean retrogression for that soul. Instead of rapping, or sitting to have the departed soul return to comfort you, you should have such a grasp of the laws of life that you can give that soul strength with which to go out, and you should be willing to wait, and love, and serve, aye and even suffer for the sake of that loved one." The whole address was very strong and made a deep impression.

June 24, On the Porch of Laurel Crest, Newburyport, Mass.

Well, here we are — in another world, a far better world — on the summit of a green tree-clad hill — to the east a rich deep-green grassy hill sloping down to a splendid border of tall green willows, pines, and maples. Behind those trees runs the Newburyport road, below which stretches another space of bright green fields, then the beautiful Merrimac with its string of little towns on the farther shore. At all hours of the day this picture is delightful beyond words. The green things are so deliciously green, the river so smooth, glassy and at the same time so changing in the changing lights, the little houses of the town so picturesque, so quaint, so utterly indispensable to the picture, and the whole scene framed in that comfortable *statu quo* which makes one feel — "Well, this is how the Creator arranged things when he made the world — these things always were here and always will be — they belong to the immutabilities of time and Nature." On the west — the side on which the site of the play is laid, and the side which higher up, is the back of the house — are more tall trees, pines mostly, growing right to the sloping bank of the river and covering that bank right down to the river's edge. As the Leader remarked, we are practically an island, the river washing two sides and one end of the grounds.

The site of our theater is to the north of the grounds, to the right of the drive as one comes up. According to the present arrangement the audience will sit with their backs to the drive and facing the river (where it washes the western side of our property). We shall play with our backs to the river, a dense wood and sloping bank intervening between us and the water. As the audience sit there they get directly before them this dark wood with tall pines, birch and maple, and one splendid gnarled and dead old sycamore rising up in a sort of ghostly and primeval grandeur, and in between and through it all the glint of the river with the western sunset light and twilight colors playing over the whole scene. Can you conceive of anything of its kind more beautiful?

Then as they look a little to the right they come to an end of the border

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of trees and the luscious green meadows slope away down to the river, and out beyond in the softer distance are little shining windows and the roofs of houses with more meadows and trees beyond. Turning to the left they look in the direction of the house which stands on the top of the hill. But no house is visible, only trees, trees, trees, with water gleaming in here and there, and at the extremity of the field the dark sentinel pines giving place to soft greens of maples and young oaks clustering together in a little dell-like corner of the meadow. It is all exquisitely beautiful, and as someone has said, saturated with an atmosphere of long and ancient repose — waiting — waiting — till the memories with which this dear old place is drenched shall be liberated once more into dreams made real by the magic of the dreamer. Any description must beggar the reality and yet one lingers on the description as on a theme one is loathe to leave. At night with the clear cool skies filled with many stars, the river below all silvered with the moon and touched with many dancing lights, there is fairy magic abroad. You may see the little people's messenger flitting over moonlit fields and eerie forests, fleet twinkling fireflies hastening the news of some bright revel or merry magic they'll be up to "while the heavy ploughman snores." One looks up at the skies, then into the woods, then over the glistening fields and on down to the river and the twinkling town. There is nothing to say, nothing to do but draw a great long sigh of wonder and ecstasy and thank the gods that there *are* gods, and the fairies that there *are* fairies, and the Great Law that in this consecrated spot there is a great good Fairy God-mother who shall work her will and make these hills safe for the fairies and sweet for mankind. There is infinite blessing and beauty in it all.

All day there are carpenters and cleaners about the place, clearing up the old *débris* and tearing down the two wings of the old stables, much of the timber of which will help to build the theater, which will be started on Monday. Then there are stone-masons at the entrance to the grounds putting in stone piers for the gateway to the iron fence which will go up in a few days.

Many of the Boston children have been selected for the fairy parts and are being rehearsed. Arrangements are being made for posters, cards, and programs for the play. Everything is moving — moving fast.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT FOR THE RÂJA-YOGA CRUSADERS

Laurel Crest, Newburyport, Mass., June 26, 1920

DEAR COMRADES:

I wish I could give you a breath of the air of peace and beauty that hangs around this place. Last night, while the sun was glowing through the pines down the drive, we sat looking out over the meadow sloping away steeply to the willows that border the ferry road, and away out over the broad river, and watched the changing shadows on the wooded slopes beyond, with houses nestling in the deep green of great trees; and the Râja-Yogas gathered just

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across the grassy drive under the maples and pines at the top of the hill, and the Leader called for music. And they sang, standing facing the river; and the voices floated out to the listening trees that stood in a great ring around the meadow, a stately audience that seemed to be waking from a long sleep, and wondering at the waves of energy released from the earth by the voices of these true builders of the unseen temple. It was indeed a baptism of song, and all nature seemed to thrill with a new life, responsive to the Leader's presence.

She had dreamed dreams of service to humanity and traveled far across the ancient desert to the golden land to make those dreams realities, and now she comes again to the spot on which she dreamed of the school she was to build, and brings with her the harvest of long years of toil and fight against the forces of disintegration,— the living harvest of young lives made strong and pure, and fit for service in the great cause we love so well. And the old trees that heard the story of the things that were to be, now hear the song of those who have grown up in the accomplishment of the first chapter of the dream — and now the sheltering exuberance of trees untouched for ages must give way before the tools these Râja-Yogas wield, to let the sunlight in upon the spot, where a new home of hope and promise shall arise, and a new school be raised to multiply the possibilities of service that the Leader can command.

The trees have grown untouched for ages and seem to be calling out for light, while doing all they know to shut it out, quite like humanity! so the Leader has set the axe and saw to work, and we are busy cutting and carrying branches. Then the old buildings are rejuvenated and moved, or moving to new sites. The stadium for the play is planned and staked out, and the lumber ordered, and the grass cut, and the house furnished, and the tents occupied, and the road being repaired. Rehearsals are under way and miracles of cookery accomplished. The peace of the place has taken on a new and active aspect that seems more like the long-delayed fruition of an ancient purpose than any innovation; though the idea of a Râja-Yoga play brought here from the other side of the continent may seem novel to the inhabitants of this drowsy district — even the factories over yonder look more like an old fortress than a modern home of machinery; for the broad sleepy river runs between, and the first bridge is far away. The hill seems separated from the world, much as Point Loma is from San Diego. The Leader is busy all the time arranging new means of transport and communication — electrical and telephonic,— arranging for roads, residences, and cookery, automobiles, and tree-cutters — and all her mass of correspondence — and the music. A piano has arrived!

The Leader was reading Whittier's poems last night, and here on the spot. Sitting watching the sunset, looking over the river, one can understand his love of the place and the gentle spirit of the man, so well in tune with the peace and charm of woods and water and grass-lands. The land will now learn a new song, the song of Râja-Yoga.

R. MACHELL

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FAMOUS RAJA-YOGA PLAYERS

ELABORATE PRESENTATION OF 'A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM' OUTDOORS

LAUREL CREST, Newburyport, Katherine Tingley's estate on the banks of the Merrimac, is the scene of great activity. Here is to be presented by the Râja-Yoga Players with the assistance of fellow-students of Boston an open-air performance of Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, on the grounds of the estate on the banks of the river, Friday, July 23rd at 8:15 o'clock. With an ideal setting on a spacious lawn surrounded with stately pines and maples, the Merrimac river in full view as one wing, and woods and meadows as the other, neither money nor pains are being spared to make this production equal in beauty and spectacular effect to the presentations given again and again before thousands of spectators in the open-air Greek Theater at Point Loma, which have justly made the name of Katherine Tingley and the Râja-Yoga Players famous.

An extension of electrical power out to the estate and the services of a special corps of electricians insure that the lighting will be all that it should be, and the music, which will also be a feature of the performance, is being prepared with the same attention to detail. Besides the play proper, additional features will be classic dances, fairy dances, and a number of very beautiful choral selections by the Râja-Yoga Players before the play.

— *Beverly Evening Times News*, July 21, 1920

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

WONDERFUL OUTDOOR PRODUCTION FRIDAY EVENING AT
LAUREL CREST, NEWBURYPORT

IN *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, to be performed by the Râja-Yoga Players on Friday evening at Laurel Crest, Newburyport, the many-sidedness of Shakespeare's genius is wonderfully portrayed. Throughout the play the most varied phases of human character are combined and interblended with the most extravagant and fantastic inventions of the imagination in a natural way and as if brought about by some lucky accident. One more than half suspects that any so daring and unthought-of combination of events and personages flowing together as naturally as they do in this play, must have some sort of truth behind them as a basis. Set in a world of "sweet musk roses and eglantine," the play opens at the hour of twilight with the night shades soon coming on, the lingering lights playing magically among the lofty trees, where soon the fireflies like winged jewels will be sparkling in the curtains of the dusk. The exquisite costuming, work of the lady students of Lomaland, the race of the fairy folk, never-ceasing strains of music — all these things give to the play a power of uplift as well as pure enjoyment. *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is a creation of wholesome humor — the audience begins with smiles, the smiles grow to laughter, and the play ends with paroxysms and convulsions of mirth.

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Regarding the object and purpose of this production, it will interest our readers to know that at the Râja-Yoga College at Point Loma, there is a free school department in which it is Madame Tingley's idea to educate one pupil free of charge for every four who pay tuition. The proceeds from the forthcoming presentation, it is understood, will be devoted to this free educational work.— *Beverly Evening Times News*, July 22, 1920

SHAKESPEARE PLAY AT LAUREL CREST

'A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM' CHARMINGLY PRESENTED
BY MADAME TINGLEY'S STUDENTS

A LARGE and enthusiastic audience gathered in the Stadium of Laurel Crest, Katherine Tingley's beautiful estate, last evening, to witness the outdoor presentation by the Râja-Yoga Players of Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Outdoor presentations of this order carried out on an elaborate scale are rare in this city and the interest shown extended far beyond the limits of the municipality, many from other places in the Merrimac Valley being present.

Madame Tingley was pleased to have as her guests a large delegation of members of Post 49, G. A. R., clergymen, school teachers, and other prominent people.

The stage setting was superb. The lawn was the stage, and massive pines and maples formed an impressive background. Smaller trees and shrubbery, with specially arranged stage paraphernalia in keeping with the natural scenery, gave an artistic touch to the entire spectacle that was delightful. The orchestra was screened by an evergreen hedge. The lighting effects were excellent, electric lamps having been installed in a manner that provided brilliant illumination of the stage while there was no glare in the eyes of the spectators. It was all worked out in a skilful manner.

The stadium is located near the entrance to the Tingley estate on the avenue bordered at either side by stately pine and maple trees. Along either side of the winding avenue, from tree to tree, were electric light wires, attached to which were hundreds of electric lights and oriental lanterns.

There was a delay in seating the audience and it was 8:40 before the musical numbers were begun. Great clouds were looming up in the northwest, and ever and anon there were flashes of lightning. As it was, rain began to fall at 10:20, when the players were approaching the end of the fourth act. The performance went on for a few minutes, but as the rain continued to fall, it was finally stopped and the audience scattered to their homes. The beautiful dance of Greek maidens which was to have followed the end of the fourth act was of necessity omitted.

RAIN CUT SHORT THE PERFORMANCE

So much of the play as was seen stamped the Râja-Yoga Players as exceptionally fine interpreters of Shakespearean works. There was general disappointment that curtailment was necessary.

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First we must speak of the fairies, for they were the ones who captured and held the attention of the audience. On the beautiful lawn set in a woodland with massive pines and maples rising on every side and low shrubbery in the foreground, the brilliant light playing on white birch trees and dark firs in the background, these little winged folk, exquisitely costumed, came tripping in full of the spirit and presence of fairyland. And how they sang their fairy songs — with clear fresh voices and good enunciation, swaying, dancing and whirling every moment, so that they seemed garbed in rainbow hues.

Proud Titania was all that the heart could wish for in a fairy queen, beautiful, graceful and queenly of bearing, yet fraught with a fairy poise and lightness. And with her that mischievous elf, Puck, must share the honors, for she filled the rôle of fairy messenger and mischief-maker.

Against these airy creatures of a dream the labored theatricals of the clownish artisans stood out with delightful contrast. Nick Bottom and his crew kept their listeners in peals of laughter by their admirable portrayal of "the hard-handed men that work in Athens," toiling their unbreathed memories over their dire tragedy of Pyramus and Thisbe.

Theseus and Hippolyta were well taken, as were the lovers' parts, and the balance of the play was well sustained.

A word must be added in appreciation of the music which filled the entire evening. The opening trio for harp, flute and 'cello received a well-merited tribute of enthusiastic applause, and the songs by the Râja-Yoga Players which followed won universal admiration by their beauty and excellent execution. The overture and incidental music throughout the play were rendered with musicianly finish by the orchestra, and the beautiful song of the fairies, *I Know a Bank*, the music of which was composed by a student of the College, was received with applause.

THE CHARACTERS

The characters in the play were:

THESEUS, Duke of Athens	<i>Edwin Lambert of Boston</i>
EGEUS, Father of Hermia	<i>Reginald Machell, Student</i>
BOTTOM, a Weaver	<i>Montague Machell, Student</i>
Flute, a Bellows-Mender	<i>Grace Greene, Student</i>
LYSANDER, in love with Hermia	<i>Dr. James Hitchcock of Boston</i>
DEMETRIUS, in love with Helena	<i>Sidney Hamilton, Student</i>
PHILOSTRATE, Master of the Revels	<i>Horace Chadbourne</i>
HIPPOLYTA, Queen of the Amazons	<i>Marguerite Lemke, Student</i>
HERMIA, Daughter of Egeus, in love with Lysander	<i>Hazel Minot, Student</i>
HELENA, in love with Demetrius	<i>Gertrude Peterson, Student</i>
TITANIA, Queen of the Fairies	<i>Frances Hanson Ek, Student</i>
FIRST FAIRY TO TITANIA	<i>Jeanette Wheeler of Boston</i>
SNOUT, a Tinker	<i>Samuel Zangwill of Boston</i>
STARVELING, a Tailor	<i>Glen Bramble of Boston</i>

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SNUG, a Joiner *Arthur Thomas of Boston*
PETER QUINCE, a Carpenter *Dr. John W. Hammond, Jr. of Boston*
PUCK, or ROBIN GOODFELLOW *Olive Shurlock, Student*
Pease-Blossom; Cobweb; Moth; Mustard-Seed *Fairies*
Attendants and Huntsmen; Attendant Fairies; Soldiers

The moving spirit of the production, who is responsible for every detail, is Katherine Tingley, a daughter of Newburyport, who has returned here to work out in material form some of the beautiful dreams of her childhood. She moved about the stadium while the audience was being seated, meeting a number of old friends and graciously exchanging greetings. She witnessed the play in company with local friends and guests from Boston and New York from one of the boxes.

A second performance of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* will be given at the stadium some evening next week, and it is probable that another play, *As You Like It*, will be presented here later.

— *Newburyport Daily News*, July 24, 1920

FOURTH OF JULY OBSERVED AT LOMALAND

FOURTH OF JULY was celebrated at the International Theosophical Headquarters in the customary patriotic fashion, special decorations for the occasion extending even to the red, white and blue flowers that graced the refectory tables, and an enormous United States flag draped over the high arch of the main gate outside.

In the morning the young people had a tennis tournament and basket-ball games on the athletic grounds, and a baseball game in the afternoon afforded opportunity for a general gathering of the students, young and old, for a social time, during which the Râja-Yoga College Band played patriotic and classical selections.

In the evening a program was held in the rotunda of the Academy, followed by a social, honoring the day itself and especially our revered constitution, which Mme. Tingley has declared to be a sacred document and one which our children's children will treasure more sacredly than we. The grounds were closed to visitors for the day.— *San Diego Evening Tribune*

MME. TINGLEY'S BIRTHDAY IS CELEBRATED

KARNAK GROVE at the International Theosophical Headquarters was the scene of general festivities on the afternoon of July 6th in honor of the birthday of Mme. Katherine Tingley. As the Theosophical Leader was unable to be present, being still at Newburyport, Mass., a telegram of greeting and congratulation was sent to her preceding the program. This was carried

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out on the permanent stage erected in the grove some years ago, and included, after the opening fanfare of trumpets, musical and dramatic numbers.

The younger children gave an elaborate Swedish dance in costume, and the tiny tots sang songs. A short music drama on an Irish theme by the young women of the Arts and Crafts Department was followed by a costumed *Scène Pittoresque*, with Confucius, George Washington, Socrates, Shakespeare, Bacon, gouty Sam Johnson and other denizens of the classic underworld in a dialog packed with cleverness, philosophy, and fun. The international mixed chorus sang Purcell's quaint old song, *In These Delightful Groves*, and the large family chorus of several hundred voices sang *The Laurels* in honor of the day. The stanzas of the song were written by Whittier many years ago in honor of 'The Laurels,' Mme. Tingley's childhood home, where the Quaker poet often visited and where Mme. Tingley herself is now. The musical setting was by Prof. William A. Dunn, a director of the Isis Conservatory of Music.

A picnic lunch, served under the trees by the students of the Domestic Economy Department of the Râja-Yoga Academy, closed the program, which was given quite an international touch by the flags of all nations in the branches of the drooping eucalyptus, surrounding the Stars and Stripes.

— San Diego *Evening Tribune*

WEDDING OF MISS FRANCES HANSON AND LARS EK ANNOUNCED BY MRS. HANSON

MRS. Walter Taylor Hanson of the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma, announced the marriage of her daughter, Frances, to Lars Ek, on July 6th at Newburyport, Mass. Mr. and Mrs. Ek are graduates of the Râja-Yoga College. The former entered the College some years ago from Sweden, and the latter was one of the first five children to enter the Râja-Yoga School when it was founded in 1900 by Mme. Tingley. Mr. and Mrs. Hanson came to Point Loma from Macon, Ga., in that year for the purpose of educating their four daughters there, and have made it their permanent home. Mr. Hanson, who died in 1909, was a member of Mme. Tingley's cabinet. Mrs. Hanson was for some years principal of the Râja-Yoga Day School in San Diego.

GUESTS ENTERTAINED IN LOMALAND

VICE-PRESIDENT MARSHALL'S party visited the International Theosophical Headquarters on Tuesday afternoon, July 22nd, as guests of the Lomaland student body and teachers and pupils of the Râja-Yoga College, Academy, and School. As Mme. Katherine Tingley, the Theosophical Leader, is still in the East, the distinguished guests were received in

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her behalf by members of her cabinet and of the Râja-Yoga College faculty. The party included Mrs. Marshall, Mrs. Thomas A. Walsh and Mrs. John Allan Daugherty of Washington, D. C.; Admiral and Mrs. Roger Welles, Lieut. Com. Gorgas, Miss Gorgas, Captain and Mrs. Jewett, Mrs. G. Aubrey Davidson and Mrs. Julius Wangenheim.

A short musical program was given in the Temple of Peace, including selections by the Râja-Yoga Symphony Orchestra and the large mixed chorus, and by special request the children gave their symposium, 'The Little Philosophers.' An interesting account of the student life at Lomaland and the Râja-Yoga System of Education was given by Miss Kate Hanson, a graduate of the Academy.

The beautiful Greek Theater was visited, and also the Academy, after which the guests enjoyed the picturesque spectacle of a group of Swedish dances rendered by some of the younger pupils of the Râja-Yoga School, in Swedish national costume. The dances were given in a tree-shaded space near the Temple, facing the cliffs and the ocean.

Vice-President Marshall was unable to accompany the party owing to another engagement which occupied the afternoon. He had visited the Theosophical Headquarters, however, on a previous occasion.

NOBLES and ladies of Ararat Temple, Kansas City, and Aleppo Temple, Boston, together with members of Al Bahr Temple of the Order of the Mystic Shrine, 'Oasis of San Diego,' made a visit to the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma on June 29th. The guests numbering about four hundred, were received by a committee of resident students and afterwards entertained with a special musical program in the Greek Theater. In addition to selections by the Râja-Yoga Band, songs by the little children, and a special dramatic number by them, the large Râja-Yoga mixed chorus sang several numbers, including *In These Delightful Groves*, by Purcell.

Iverson L. Harris, Jr., a graduate of the Râja-Yoga College and a member of Mme. Tingley's secretarial staff, gave an address of welcome. He said:

"We deeply regret that you will not have the opportunity of meeting Mme. Katherine Tingley personally this morning, as she is at present some three thousand miles away in her old home state of Massachusetts. To come to Lomaland without seeing her is like going to see Hamlet without Hamlet. But when we cannot witness Forbes-Robertson playing Hamlet on the stage, we can sometimes spend a profitable evening turning to the master's works and reading there his immortal lines. So we urge you to read the book open before you — Lomaland — and there you will see reflected the blossoms of the artist's mind, and if you are sensitive to such things you will catch the fire of the artist's spirit, and will partake of the inspiration which Mme. Tingley has been to us, her students and co-workers, old and young. It is not without romance to remember that as we sit here, under the blue California sky and in this Greek Theater, the master-builder who helped nature create all this loveliness is back in her childhood home at The Laurels, im-

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mortalized by Whittier, where as a child she dreamed her dreams of the White City she would one day build in the Gold-Land of the west. And when a beginning has been made there, she will move on to the beautiful state of Minnesota, where she has announced the opening of another Râja-Yoga School, on September 1st.

"The next factor in the upbuilding and maintaining of this institution, to which I would call your attention, is Theosophy, which means literally 'Divine Wisdom.' And if Theosophy is the Divine Wisdom we claim it to be, you may be sure that it is no set of dogmatic formulas man-made, nor is it an assumed revelation. No Theosophist is bound to subscribe to any particular creed or set of doctrines. Acceptance of the principle of Universal Brotherhood is the only prerequisite to membership. And while in the ultimate analysis, this is the broad platform on which we stand, yet the experience of the ages as well as our own individual experience has taught us that there are those in this world who know more than we do; and it would be both foolish and short-sighted not to avail ourselves of their help and guidance. This is why most of the members of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society accept the teachings given us by our three great Leaders — Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, William Quan Judge and Katherine Tingley.

"We have found that these teachings answer our questions, they satisfy our aspirations, and they inspire us to loftier purposes. Therefore we never lose an opportunity of telling inquirers about these three great Teachers.

"And lastly I would speak briefly of the application to daily life of the teachings of Theosophy, as striven for by the members and students here at the International Theosophical Headquarters under the direction of our Leader, Katherine Tingley. We freely admit that a complete expression of the Theosophic life is far from achievement. But with equal confidence we declare that a substantial beginning has been made, based on the solid bed-rock of the eternal verities. With the common frailties of human nature, it would be madness to suppose that a race, perfect in all its attributes, could be developed over night. But we do hold that the Theosophic philosophy and ideals, carried to their ultimate conclusion and made the guiding principles in every man's life, in the course of a few generations would transform this old world of ours into something akin to the Kingdom of Heaven."

The Shriners, who came in the picturesque regalia of their order, expressed themselves as delighted with the hour spent in Lomaland. "It is a paradise," "this is our red-letter day," and similar expressions, were heard on every hand.

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SUNDAY MEETINGS IN ISIS THEATER

'Moral Responsibility, the Urgent Need of Today' was the subject of an address on June 27th by Mrs. E. M. S. Fite, of the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma. She said in part:

"From childhood to old age the haphazard living of human beings is due to a lack of this great essential, moral responsibility. The need of it is apparent in all departments of life: the nation, the home, the school, the business world, the church; wherever one may turn the world is found to be at loose ends. What, we well may ask, is to bring us to a realization of this great essential when we are so deeply immersed in a morass, the result of generations of wrong thinking and living? To any but an optimist and Theosophist the task would appear indeed hopeless. We must be patient, content to work for permanent good quietly and stedfastly, in the face of much discouragement.

"The moral sense must needs be the result of right education along constructive lines, and an individual realization must come through an understanding of the purpose of existence, the meaning of which only the few ask from a real urge to know. The majority are quite content not to think of anything so serious, and in fact resent being brought face to face with a situation which forces them to give serious thought to any subject. But if the world is to find a solution to its problems, individual man must not only be forced to think, but to think very seriously of his responsibility as a member of the human family. No man lives to himself alone; no man is a negligible quantity. From the moment that a soul is born into the world it takes its place as a factor which makes for or against the progress of the human family; but because of those phases of the law which Theosophists term Karma and Reincarnation, all souls have not reached an equal stage of evolution and consequent understanding. So it devolves upon those who have a realization of the meaning and purpose of life to impart this knowledge. Indeed, it is a duty to their fellowmen which may not be neglected with impunity."

'The Mortal and Immortal Man according to Theosophy' was the subject of an address by Prof. C. J. Ryan on July 4th. He said, in part:

"However much we may try to ignore it in the pursuit of pleasure, the rush of business or the clash of ambition, one question lurks in the background

Soul-Knowledge which at times demands consideration. It is the old one: 'If a man die, shall he live again?' Boldly we

a Vital and a declare that Theosophy provides a more reasonable,

Practical Question a more scientific, a more definite and a more soul-satisfying answer to the crucial question than can be found in the current systems of thought or religions as they are taught today.

"What is the impression forced upon us by the study of our surroundings,

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by the chaos reflected in the newspapers? Do not the majority of civilized persons live as though this ordinary existence were all that is possible, scrambling to spend their own money or to get someone else's, grasping temporary pleasures, concentrating attention on artificial wants and false or vain ideals; or, at best, cultivating purely intellectual pursuits or the elegancies of social intercourse.

"A minority tries to believe that what is to happen on the 'other side of the river' is the main object of man's consideration. A small number intuitively perceive the possibility of a higher order of living here below, and act up to their knowledge. Are all these people equally immortal? Is there some explanation of the riddle of life which will harmonize the problem presented by the existence of a great many people who do not seem to be at all prepared for a highly spiritual existence in another world, who do not even believe that the soul of man is immortal?

"Our professional psychologists study with extreme care the workings of the brain-mind; they measure degrees of intelligence by means of ingenious questions and instruments; they test your reactions to all kinds of excitements; but the mysterious region of the real, immortal self is quite another matter. It is vaguely supposed to belong to the domain of religion — that is to say, if there is a soul at all — and to have nothing to do with 'practical life.' We Theosophists declare it has everything to do with practical life and that, in fact, the soul must be brought into the ordinary affairs of life, or they are not truly practical."

J. H. Fussell, Secretary of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, spoke briefly upon the spiritual meaning of Independence Day.

'Theosophy — an Impractical Theory or a Practical Guide,' was the subject of an address on July 11th by Mrs. Grace Knoche of the International Theosophical Headquarters. In the course of her address she said:

"We call ourselves practical, and point with pride to our thousand mechanical inventions, our conquest of the earth and the air, the vast machinery we have erected for the study of delinquency and disease, our labyrinthal religious and educational systems, our possession of vast slices of the earth's surface, and so on. But is the word used correctly? A cloak is practical if it fits the wearer and protects him entirely, not in part only, from the cold. The boasted cloak of civilization's making does not pretend to cover humanity except materially and intellectually, and in actual fact it falls far short of that. Urgent material needs in how many nations are still unmet; starvation and disease walk hand in hand; the birth-rate is steadily going down and the death-rate as steadily climbing up; we cannot build jails and asylums fast enough to take care of the by-products of this enterprise called modern life. With every year the cloak of our making shows up more scanty and slack; for what is protection for the body, or even

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food for the mind, if there is no adequate shelter-house for the soul? Man is not one, but two — soul and body. Part of his nature we may satisfy with 'red-topped boots and a dinner,' with mountains to climb, or lions to stalk, or laboratories to work in, but there is another part not to be satisfied with these things. And that other part is the eternal man, the man that lives on and forever without even a nod at the grave. A cloak that is thoroughly practical will cover this higher nature, too. . . .

"Theosophy is a practical guide because it reconciles man's desire and his duty; because it solves the great human problem, that of human nature; because it meets the great human need, which is protection for the whole of man, soul as well as mind and body, and because it keeps the fire of love and brotherhood burning in the heart."

J. H. Fussell, Secretary of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, spoke on July 18th upon 'Man's Divine Powers — the Need for their Accentuation.' Contrasting the divine powers of generosity, brotherhood, and compassion with those springing from the selfish and animal side

Divine powers —	of the nature, he said: "There is much talk at the
Unselfishness,	present day of 'man's inner powers,' of so-called
Compassion, and	'occultism,' 'psychism,' etc., and the craze — for craze
Devotion to Others	it is — to acquire these powers, menaces human sanity.

A great many are not satisfied to follow what seems to them the humdrum way of life and they have their problems and perplexities, it is true. But I believe that there is a legitimate and right way of solving these, and that the Great Teachers of the world have pointed it out. But the majority are not willing to follow the true path, and so they turn from the actual proof, the actual solution before them, to follow after fantastic practices, and are never satisfied in the end.

"If we cannot use rightly the powers we already have, do you think we could use further powers rightly? No, indeed; for with every step in knowledge comes greater responsibility, and to the average man further powers would only bring greater weight. How many men who come suddenly into great wealth retain the virtues of their poverty? This simple illustration from life shows what would happen were we to have an accession of inner powers before we were prepared to understand and use them rightly. But of the divine powers of love, brotherhood and generosity man may have an accession and become more divine. 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all the rest shall be added unto you,' said Jesus the Christ, and also, 'Be ye perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect.' If these words are true, then there must be something of the perfection of divinity in man. The essence of the divine life is simplicity itself; the way lies through the heart. If man can conquer the enemies within his own nature, he will find that the enemies outside have practically ceased to exist. There is only one way by which this conquest can be achieved, and

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that is by the accentuation of man's divine powers — unselfishness, love, compassion, and devotion to others. If we accentuate these, there are no words to tell what the joy and beauty of life will be."

Mrs. Estelle C. Hanson of the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma, spoke on July 25th upon 'To Thine Own Self Be True.' Explaining the Theosophical teaching "that man is dual in nature, having a Higher or Divine Self and a lower or animal self," and tracing the effect that the long obscuration of this teaching has had upon the course of history, Mrs. Hanson said: "Nation after nation has perished off the face of the earth because this teaching has not been heeded and the dual nature of man not understood. They have lost their way as boats adrift upon an uncharted sea. Even at this moment, when the very earth is calling for peace, and all classes of men — teachers, preachers, rulers, scholars and laymen — are convinced that some remedial measures must be quickly agreed upon, whenever they get together to consider ways and means, disagreement comes. Theosophy cuts the Gordian knot with one stroke of the sword of Spiritual Will. It says: 'Man is Immortal, Divine, one with Deity in essence.' The real self of man, therefore, is the Higher Self, the Divine Self, the God within. The nature of God is harmony, peace and love. To be true to this Higher Self would re-establish the inner harmony, now so marred, and, that done, the outer harmony would follow as a matter of course, for all growth is from within outward, in accordance with a universal law.

"We must 'guard the lower lest it soil the Higher,' and by constant effort make this animal, passionate self a willing servant of the Divine. There can be no sentimentality about this, for it requires the strength of strong men and women to make this constant fight against themselves and the disintegrating forces of the world. The greatest difficulty for the men and women of today lies in the fact that they have not been taught to discriminate between these two selves, and when you speak of the lower self they think only of the self of the confessed or captured criminal. In reality it includes all that does not belong to the spiritual side of man. If men had understood themselves all down the ages, the world could not present such a picture as it does today. In spite of our conceit as a race, we have no conception of our real greatness, for we have forgotten our royal heritage of Divinity, and that as sons of God we are heirs to undreamed-of opportunities and possibilities."

'Theosophy and Science' was the subject of a lecture on Aug. 1st by Professor C. J. Ryan of the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma. Speaking of the fact that the attitude of Theosophy towards modern science has been misunderstood by some critics, he said:

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No Conflict between True Science and True Religion "Students of Theosophy have a great respect for the self-sacrificing work, the skill, the devotion to ideals of the uncommercial man of science; but they have a strong conviction that the majority of modern scientists have approached the problems of life in too materialistic a spirit and have thereby limited their usefulness.

"Now the Theosophical position is clear. It declares that unless the principle of Universal Brotherhood becomes a vital factor in national, international and — as the basis of these — in individual life; unless we learn that we are not merely intellectualized animals, but immortal souls, using the body and mind as instruments, the possible developments of cold, purely intellectual, physical science are filled with peril to the spiritual progress of civilization. The spread of organized scientific research does not imply the strengthening of public conscience. Scientific discovery applied to comfort, luxury, and destruction has not diminished selfishness; probably the reverse.

"A Theosophist would say that what is required is a complete change in the attitude of scientists in general towards life and the spiritual world. Remember how Darwin, towards the end of his life, regretted his neglect of poetry and all that it implied. His pathetic confession of his limitation through exclusive devotion to cold, intellectual research, his loss of the humanities, proved his unfitness to dogmatize upon the true nature of man. He is not unique. Professor Frederick Soddy, the eminent English chemist of Oxford University says in a recent article: 'The uses already made of science show how necessary it is that a new social order be developed before a million times more awful powers are unleashed by man. So far the pearls of science have been cast before those who have given us in return the desolation of scientific warfare and the almost equal desolation of unscientific government. . . . It is a tragedy to see the splendid achievements, both of brain and brawn of modern peoples, squandered and turned to evil. True science, infinitely greater than what we have today, will help us to find ourselves, our Divinity. And there will be no conflict between that science and religion, because they will be one. Theosophy is working for that glorious future.

'Self-Knowledge — the Way of Peace,' was the subject of an address on Aug. 8th by Mrs. E. M. S. Fite of the International Theosophical Headquarters. Declaring that the way of peace lies through an understanding of one's own nature, the speaker said:

The Angel and the Demon in the Human Being "Impartial self-analysis inevitably leads to a recognition of the existence of a dual nature to be dealt with. Except through the working of this dual nature in man there is no explanation for the Jekyll and Hyde which exist in each human being; to be found rather evenly balanced in many, but one or the other decidedly overbalancing in the

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

general run of people. Only so can we reasonably account for the unremitting demand from within for the finer things of the spirit — for that within which causes the springing forth involuntarily, without thought of self or hope of reward, to render service in time of need — and co-existent with it; and for that other side which demands gratification of the bodily senses, that manifests in selfishness, pride, vanity, callousness or other equally undesirable qualities. This dual nature in man is a fact, and only by recognising its existence and trying to work with it intelligently and understandingly can progress be made.

“These two forces in every life which Theosophy classifies as the higher and lower natures, are in reality the ‘Angel and Demon’ between which there is constant warfare for supremacy on this plane. Both forces utilize the mind as a medium for expression. This is clearly demonstrated when an effort is made to overcome an undesirable or evil habit. Immediately excuses or reasons arise in the mind as to why it were better deferred, or should not be done, and the victim of the lower nature sees nothing in this effort for supremacy but ‘reason,’ as he terms it. Again and again this ‘reasoning’ is heeded until the evil tendency, which by this temporizing method grows, feeding upon itself, becomes in time a veritable octopus with tentacles grown fast around the very root and fiber of his being, only to be cast off by a gigantic effort at self-mastery. The will to accomplish this must have back of it all the force of the higher nature, the divine side, which man is capable of bringing to bear. Only through self-knowledge will man find the way to peace.”

BACK TO HUMAN NATURE

EVIDENTLY this reconstruction period of Christian civilization is being called upon to *unlearn* much of its accepted knowledge. It seems that the backwash of this wave of home missionary work is also felt in the foreign fields that have been ‘converted’ more or less, to our ways of cultivating human nature. We learn that the missionaries are now busy considering how best to *decivilize* the savages whom, hitherto, they have religiously inoculated with various dogmatic doses and customs of the white man’s world.

Current Opinion for May, 1920, presents the ‘Advantages of the Arrest of Civilization Among the Savages.’ This review, quoting Dr. W. H. R. Rivers, F. R. S., in *Discovery* (London) as high authority on native races, says that though Europeans have previously opposed the movement to halt the spread of civilization among savage tribes, especially the traders and missionaries, the latter are now giving it energetic aid. The report adds that “The blessings already wrought speak for themselves.”

MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

Dr. Rivers tells of the Melanesians, among the peoples who lived freely in houses open to the air, and with clothing so scant it was no bar to their frequent bathing. Their copies of the European houses, however, were badly or wholly unventilated, and their use of clothing did not include its hygienic care. The garments, once on, were faithfully worn, even into the bath, and when old and ragged, still did duty under the new ones. To innovations like these, which invited tuberculosis, etc., were added equally disturbing changes in their tribal ethics. Ethnologists have noted before, how "the heathen in his blindness" is liable to be railroaded into heaven literally when he tries to travel the white man's gait. Contact with white races is dangerous for the primitive peoples, who make a sad mixture of our virtues and vices. Dr. Rivers says, regarding the policy of the magistrates and missionaries sent out to these savages:

"They found in existence a number of institutions and customs which were, or seemed to them to be, contrary to the principles of morality. Such customs were usually forbidden without any inquiry into their real nature, without knowledge of the part they took in native life, and without any attempt to discriminate between their good and bad elements.

"... In Fiji, the custom according to which the men of the community slept apart from the women in a special house, a wide-spread custom in Melanesia, seemed to the missionaries contrary to the ideals of the Christian family, and the custom was stopped or discouraged, without it being realized that it formed a most effectual check on too free intercourse between the sexes."

So there you are! Our topsy-turvy methods of working from the *outside* to put more consciousness *into* the incarnating soul, instead of confidently invoking its human expression, has woefully confounded evolution with involution. Moreover, the civilized world, itself turned upside down, has also obscured the truth of the savage's innate divinity, which his karmic ancestors lost sight of in prehistoric Atlantean days.

Imagine the chagrin of the erstwhile cannibal chief when he finds out that, instead of his evolution forging ahead in full dress, he has only been doing a squirrel's round in an old theological cage. Now both he and his teachers have to begin again where he left off working out his own salvation. The present plan of the teachers who have 'saved' the heathen from evolving naturally, is to salvage the survivors of salvation by getting them back to their own place in nature. Imagine our chagrin when some imaginative Fiji school-boy declaims upon the value of civilized ideas, and how they are now saving many savages' lives, because they do not swallow them. The logic of the white boy's composition on pins, that saved many lives of those who did not swallow them, is quite as clear as some of our theological reasoning. How will the Solomon Islander explain to himself — or we explain to him — why his classic warfare of head-hunting should be taboo with Christian peoples, who in cold blood deal with the enemies of society by capital punishment?

And legalized murder is only one of many signs of a sublimated selfishness and learned ignorance of human nature, which disqualify our decadent civilization from making helpful karmic ties with our savage brother. Mme.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

Blavatsky revived the ancient knowledge of the inner constitution of man, and made profound and exhaustive study of all kinds of peoples, before she began to establish a nucleus for a Universal Brotherhood, in New York, in 1875. In continuing this work, Katherine Tingley organized the International Brotherhood League for humanitarian work, one of its objects being

"To bring about a better understanding between so-called savage and civilized races, by promoting a closer and more sympathetic relationship between them." L. R.

COUNCIL CLAIM MORAL DEGENERACY

LONDON (*By Mail*) — Reporting on present-day social life, the Welsh National Council of Public Morals, after an exhaustive inquiry, says:

"There is a prevailing moral degeneracy for which this century provides no parallel. It is exhibited in all sorts of forms and among all classes in:

"Immodesty of dress and speech.

"Loose and undignified relations between the sexes, especially in the case of the young.

"A feverish craze for wealth without honest work.

"A wide and menacing extension of the gambling evil."

THE effective utilization of solar energy still looms in the background. Mr. Swinton's suggestion of a few years ago that it be converted directly into usable electric energy is yet on the list of unrealized possibilities. Should this prove practicable, there ought to be less heat-loss than in the boiler installation at Cairo. In the Panjab, South Africa, and Egypt, ovens are made of teakwood boxes, blackened within, fitted with glass tops, and properly insulated. These register from 240° to 275° F. in the middle of the day, and with an auxiliary mirror, 290° F. There is no expense beyond the initial cost of making the boxes.

THE author of a recent work, *The Mystery of Space*, arrives at the conclusion that "hyperspace is one of the illusions of the phenomenal," and that "as the consciousness of the thinker is more and more divested of carnal barriers and illusion there develops gradual recognition of the unitariness of spatial extent and magnitude — the certain knowledge that space is but of one dimension, and that dimension is sheer extension." He also discusses the functions of certain centers in the brain in a way which suggests that he may not be unfamiliar with H. P. Blavatsky's writings.

Theosophical University Meteorological Station

Point Loma, California

Summary for May, 1920

TEMPERATURE		SUNSHINE	
Mean Highest	63.64	Number hours actual sunshine	188.00
Mean lowest	54.00	Number hours possible	429.00
Mean	58.82	Percentage of possible	44.00
Highest	70.00	Average number hours per day	6.06
Lowest	51.00		
Greatest daily range	14.00	WIND	
PRECIPITATION		Movement in miles	3720.00
Inches	0.39	Average hourly velocity	5.00
Total from July 1, 1919	10.60	Maximum velocity	20.00

Summary for June, 1920

TEMPERATURE		SUNSHINE	
Mean highest	68.43	Number hours actual sunshine	256.00
Mean lowest	57.77	Number hours possible	428.00
Mean	63.10	Percentage of possible	60.00
Highest	72.00	Average number hours per day	8.56
Lowest	55.00		
Greatest daily range	14.00	WIND	
PRECIPITATION		Movement in miles	3930.00
Inches	0.00	Average hourly velocity	5.46
Total from July 1, 1919	10.60	Maximum velocity	18.00

Summary for July, 1920

TEMPERATURE		SUNSHINE	
Mean highest	71.65	Number hours actual sunshine	262.40
Mean lowest	60.35	Number hours possible	435.00
Mean	66.00	Percentage of possible	60.00
Highest	77.00	Average number hours per day	8.46
Lowest	57.00		
Greatest daily range	16.00	WIND	
PRECIPITATION		Movement in miles	3950.00
Inches	0.04	Average hourly velocity	5.31
Total from July 1, 1920	0.04	Maximum velocity	20.00

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society

Founded in 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

An International Magazine

Unsectarian

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.

(1) All this is Brahman. Let a man meditate on that (the universe) as beginning, ending, and breathing in it (the Brahman).

Now man is a creature of will. According to what his will is in this world, so will he be when he has departed this life. Let him therefore have this will and belief:

(2) The intelligent, whose body is spirit, whose form is light, whose thoughts are true, whose nature is like ether (omnipresent and invisible), from whom all works, all desires, all sweet odors and tastes proceed; he who embraces all this, who never speaks, and is never surprised,

(3) He is my self within the heart, smaller than a corn of rice, smaller than a corn of barley, smaller than a mustard seed, smaller than a canary seed or the kernel of a canary seed. He also is myself within the heart, greater than the earth, greater than the sky, greater than heaven, greater than all these worlds.

(4) He from whom all works, all desires, all sweet odors and tastes proceed, who embraces all this, who never speaks and who is never surprised, he, my self within the heart, is that Brahman. When I shall have departed from hence I shall obtain him (that Self). He who has this faith has no doubt. . . .

—*Chhândogya-Upanishad*, iii, 14; translated by M. Müller

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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EUCALYPTUS TREES ON POINT LOMA

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

VOL. XIX, NO. 4

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" 'If some one were to strike at the root of this large tree here, it would bleed, but live. If he were to strike at its stem, it would bleed, but live. If he were to strike at its top, it would bleed, but live. Pervaded by the living Self that tree stands firm, drinking in its nourishment, and rejoicing;

" 'But if the life (the living Self) leaves one of its branches, that branch withers; if it leaves a second, that branch withers; if it leaves a third, that branch withers. In exactly the same manner, my son, know this. Thus he spoke:

" 'This (body) indeed withers and dies when the living Self has left it; the living Self dies not.

" 'That which is that subtil essence, in it all that exists has its self. It is the True. It is the Self, and thou, Śvetaketu, art it.' "—Chhândogya-Upanishad, 6, xi; translated by Max Müller

The writings of H. P. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge contain so much that is applicable to present-day problems that I feel sure the members of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society and other readers of THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH will be glad of the opportunity of benefiting by their wise teachings. I trust soon to meet my readers through these pages again.

KATHERINE TINGLEY, Editor

THEOSOPHICAL KEYNOTES: THE TIDAL WAVE

H. P. BLAVATSKY*

"The tidal wave of deeper souls,
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares,
Out of all meaner cares."—*Long fellow*



HE great psychic and spiritual change now taking place in the realm of the human Soul, is quite remarkable. . . .

Verily the Spirit in man, so long hidden out of public sight, so carefully concealed and so far exiled from the arena of modern learning, has at last awakened. It now asserts itself and is loudly re-demanding its unrecognized yet ever legitimate rights. It refuses to be any longer trampled under the brutal foot of Materialism, speculated upon by the Churches, and made a fathomless source of income by those who have self-constituted themselves its universal custodians. . . . The Spirit in man — the direct, though now but broken

*From Editorial in *Lucifer*, November 15th, 1889.

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ray and emanation of the Universal Spirit — has at last awakened. . . .

*

Look around you and behold! Think of what you see and hear, and draw therefrom your conclusions. The age of crass materialism, of Soul insanity and blindness, is swiftly passing away. A death struggle between Mysticism and Materialism is no longer at hand, but is already raging. And the party which will win the day at this supreme hour will become the master of the situation and of the future; . . . If the signs of the times can be trusted it is not the *Animalists* who will remain conquerors. This is warranted us by the many brave and prolific authors and writers who have arisen of late to defend the rights of Spirit to reign over matter. Many are the honest, aspiring Souls now raising themselves like a dead wall against the torrent of the muddy waters of Materialism. And facing the hitherto domineering flood which is still steadily carrying off into unknown abysses the fragments from the wreck of the dethroned, cast-down Human Spirit, they now command: "So far hast thou come; but thou shalt go no further!"

*

. . . . The renovated, life-giving Spirit in man is boldly freeing itself from the dark fetters of the hitherto all-capturing animal life and matter. Behold it, saith the poet, as, ascending on its broad, white wings, it soars into the regions of real life and light; whence, calm and godlike, it contemplates with unfeigned pity those golden idols of the modern material cult with their feet of clay, which have hitherto screened from the purblind masses their true and living gods. . . .

Literature — once wrote a critic — is the confession of social life, reflecting all its sins, and all its acts of baseness as of heroism. In this sense a book is of a far greater importance than any man. Books do not represent one man, but they are the mirror of a host of men. Hence the great English poet-philosopher said of books, that he knew that they were as hard to kill and as prolific as the teeth of the fabulous dragon; sow them hither and thither and armed warriors will grow out of them. To kill a good book, is equal to killing a man.

The 'poet-philosopher' is right.

A new era has begun in literature, this is certain. New thoughts and new interests have created new intellectual needs; hence a new race of authors is springing up. And this new species will gradually and imperceptibly shut out the old one, those fogies of yore who, though they still reign nominally, are allowed to do so rather by force of habit than predilection. It is not he who repeats obstinately and parrot-like the old literary formulae and holds desperately to publishers' traditions, who will find himself answering to the new needs; not the man who prefers

THEOSOPHICAL KEYNOTES

his narrow party discipline to the search for the long-exiled Spirit of man and the now lost TRUTHS; not these, but verily he who, parting company with his beloved 'authority,' lifts boldly and carries on unflinchingly the standard of the *Future Man*. It is finally those who, amidst the present wholesale dominion of the worship of matter, material interests and SELFISHNESS, will have bravely fought for human rights and *man's divine nature*, who will become, if they only win, the teachers of the masses in the coming century, and so their benefactors.

But woe to the XXth century if the now reigning school of thought prevails, for Spirit would once more be made captive and silenced till the end of the now coming age. It is not the fanatics of the letter in general, nor the iconoclasts and Vandals who fight the new Spirit of thought, nor yet the modern Roundheads, supporters of the old Puritan religious and social traditions, who will ever become the protectors and Saviors of the now resurrecting human thought and Spirit. It is not those too-willing supporters of the old cult, and the mediaeval heresies of those who guard like a relic every error of their sect or party, who jealously watch over their own thought lest it should, growing out of its teens, assimilate some fresher and more beneficent idea — not these who are the wise men of the future. It is not for them that the hour of the new historical era will have struck, but for those who will have learnt to express and put into practice the aspirations as well as the physical needs of the rising generations. . . . In order that one should fully comprehend *individual* life with its physiological, psychic and spiritual mysteries, he has to devote himself with all the fervor of unselfish philanthropy and love for his brother men, to studying and knowing *collective* life, or Mankind. Without preconceptions or prejudice, as also without the least fear of possible results in one or another direction, he has to decipher, understand and *remember* the deep and innermost feelings and the aspirations of the poor people's great and suffering heart. To do this he has first "to attune his soul with that of Humanity," as the old philosophy teaches; to thoroughly master the correct meaning of every line and word in the rapidly turning pages of the Book of Life of MANKIND and to be thoroughly saturated with the truism that the latter is a whole inseparable from his own SELF.

How many of such profound readers of life may be found in our boasted age of sciences and culture? Of course we do not mean authors alone, but rather the practical and still unrecognised, though well-known, philanthropists and altruists of our age; the people's friends, the unselfish lovers of man, and the defenders of human right to the freedom of Spirit. Few indeed are such; for they are the rare blossoms of the age, and generally the martyrs to prejudiced mobs and time-servers. Like those wonder-

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ful 'Snow flowers' of Northern Siberia, which, in order to shoot forth from the cold frozen soil, have to pierce through a thick layer of hard, icy snow, so these rare characters have to fight their battles all their life with cold indifference and human harshness,

*

. . . The root of evil lies, therefore, in a moral, not in a physical cause.


If asked, what is it then that will help, we answer boldly:— Theosophical literature;

*

Yet, even in the absence of such great gifts one may do good in a smaller and humbler way by taking note and exposing in impersonal narratives the crying vices and evils of the day, by word and deed, by publications and practical example. Let the force of that example impress others to follow it; and then instead of deriding our doctrines and aspirations the men of the XXth, if not the XIXth century, will see clearer, and judge with knowledge and according to facts instead of prejudging agreeably to rooted misconceptions. Then and not till then will the world find itself forced to acknowledge that it was wrong, and that Theosophy alone can gradually create a mankind as harmonious and as simple-souled as Kosmos itself; but to effect this Theosophists have to act as such. Having helped to awaken the spirit in many a man — we say this boldly challenging contradiction — shall we now stop instead of swimming with the TIDAL WAVE?

THE FEAR OF DEATH AND THE HOPE OF LIFE

R. MACHELL

T is probable that in all ages men have feared death, and have protested against the imputation. Men speak perhaps scornfully of death, as if they had no fear of it: but still they count it a courageous act to brave its terrors. But if there is no fear to overcome, where is the courage in the deed? Some people profess to believe that the after-death state of the blessed is vastly more desirable than this earth-life; and yet they take every possible precaution to avoid the risk of prematurely entering that state of bliss. A funeral will be carried out with every evidence of woe, of mourning for the deceased, and lamentation for the untimely ending of a life, and then the grave-stone of the defunct will bear some declaration of the superior bliss and blessedness of the new life to which the lamented one has gone.

FEAR OF DEATH AND HOPE OF LIFE

Can we believe that the woe and mourning were other than an evidence of the fear of death?

In some countries the wailing and mourning for the dead is carried to extraordinary lengths: and a study of history would lead us to suppose that death has always been regarded with awe, which is strangely akin to fear. Exceptions are to be found, no doubt; but I think that they were exceptions distinguishing those few who welcomed death joyfully from the general masses of mankind, who frankly feared and hated death as much as they loved and desired life.

I do not know if there is any historical record of a people on this earth who were entirely free from the fear of death — of death as the enemy of life, if not as the enemy of man. So too the conquering of death has been regarded as a superhuman achievement, that has been accomplished only by beings of at least a semi-divine nature.

But also it would appear from the fragmentary teachings of great sages, as well as from the fully recorded doctrines of more modern philosophers and religious teachers, that the fear of death was considered by the wise as unworthy of enlightened men. Nor did these sages regard death as an enemy: some even have looked upon the messenger of release as a friend of man, who comes to liberate him from a bad dream by awakening him to a true state of spiritual life.

Even those who have looked on death as the enemy of life, have taught that its advent should be accepted as inevitable, and therefore not as a disaster to be feared.

Perhaps the strangest phenomenon of human thinking is the attitude of mind that regards death, at any time, as a disaster, as something that might have been avoided, and which seems to assume that if it were not for accident or misfortune life in the body would be eternal — although all know that they and others will die. It is the one thing in life that they can count on with certainty; yet the majority seem to look upon its advent as the most appalling catastrophe that can befall a human being.

Those who are sensible enough to accept the inevitable, still consider it a duty to maintain life in the body as long as possible, and a crime to hasten the inevitable end.

Now the explanation of this fear of death is to be found in the generally accepted idea that death ends life. A natural supposition, certainly, to a mind that is wholly concerned with affairs of the body, and that does not recognise its own spiritual essence and origin. Of course this common error of the materialist, or of the wholly unspiritual mind, is not shared by those who are convinced that life is continuous, and eternal, though death may destroy the connexion between the spiritual soul and its temporary body. It is almost sure that certain enlightened people have

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been free from this gross error in all ages; but it would seem that such enlightenment was limited to a small minority. Historical records of past ages are very scanty; and even the little that remains is perforce only very imperfectly translated, and is unavoidably colored in the translation by the preconceptions and prejudices of our own time. So that it may well be that there was a time when the world was more highly enlightened on spiritual matters, and when men looked on death as but a gateway in the house of life through which they passed willingly to a new state of existence, by a natural process, as unalarming as the act of going to sleep is now.

There are traditions of immortal beings, who were by some regarded as human gods and by others as divine men, who were reputed to have lived on earth, but to have had access to the regions inhabited by the immortals, who were their kin. These legends occur in many lands; and they point to a belief in the continuity of life that is hard to account for if there be no fact in nature to support it, or to support the teaching from which the legends sprang.

While the fear of death is naturally more intense among the ignorant, the ignorance from which it springs is spread throughout the most civilized countries of the world, and is perhaps as deeply rooted in the wealthy classes as among the poor. This results from the entirely materialistic character of the education that passes current in the civilized world today. The continuity of life is not taught: and the belief that death is the end of life follows as a natural consequence.

The religions that have spread most widely during the last two thousand years, seem to have tried to combat the fear of death by the promise of a future life more attractive than the present one: but the greed for happiness that caused the acceptance of this promise of an eternity of bliss, as a compensation for a temporary unpleasantness, also aroused intellectual revolt against an untenable proposition, and brought about a deeper skepticism and materialism than before. It is probable that millions of nominal adherents of these religions actually have no real conviction of a future life of any kind beyond the grave. It is also certain that the doubtful prospect of an eternity of compulsory beatitude does not appear to be sufficient compensation for loss of the emotions and sensations of physical life here on earth. For it is undeniable that the majority of avowedly religious people cling to their present life with a tenacity that denotes small faith in the promised bliss beyond the grave: and the fear of death is manifestly common among the professed devotees of all the great religions.

The natural conclusion is that these religious systems have not so far succeeded in reconciling their adherents to the inevitable calamity

FEAR OF DEATH AND HOPE OF LIFE

we call death. In what respect have they fallen short of requirements?

The only reasonable remedy for this unreasonable distrust of natural law is to be found in a serious conviction that the real self of man is not deprived of life by the death of the body. So long as the soul is regarded as an appurtenance or as an appendage of the body, the individual may naturally enough feel some doubts as to its future, and indeed as to its present reality. Besides which, the individual is more interested in his own immediate existence than in the salvation or damnation of a soul which he habitually speaks of as his own, but which he does not exactly identify with himself. One who believes that he HAS a soul must necessarily feel that he himself, as owner of that soul, is more or less separate: but, if he had learned to look upon himself as a soul inhabiting a body, he would never have had any doubt as to the continuity of his existence, and he would not have come to look upon death as an end of life, a calamity to be dreaded, and to be delayed at any cost.

The Theosophic doctrine of reincarnation, which had almost dropped out of the remembrance of the modern civilized western world before the revival of the old Wisdom-Religion by H. P. Blavatsky, affords such a rational explanation of the problem of continued existence that it must almost of necessity remove one great cause of the fear of death: for he who accepts the Theosophic teaching on the subject feels an assurance that his evolution will not be broken off at death, nor will be interfered with by the loss of his physical body; because he will feel that the end of a life is no more than the end of a day's work, to be taken up next life-time, after a long night's rest, with a new body and a new brain, but with a reserve fund of acquired experience, which has been converted into what we call character. That character will be just what he has made it in past lives, and can be further improved or damaged by his present mode of life; but it can not be arbitrarily taken from him by death. For death is but a doorway in the house of life: and in that house are many mansions.

The acceptance of this doctrine is easy to one who knows that his true self is not his perishable personality, but his spiritual soul, which lives on eternally. This conviction comes to many, who may not word their feelings in the terms I am using, and who may not be professors of any particular religion; but who *feel* that the self within is superior to all the events of life and death, a spectator, as it were, of a drama in which body and mind are actors on the stage of worldly life.

It is an undoubted fact that many people fear the darkness, without being able to explain why. But such fear may generally be traced, I think, to bad teaching in childhood. It is probable that the fear of the dark was in most cases deliberately put into the child's mind as a means

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of punishing or disciplining the infant. Bad education relies upon bribery and intimidation for the establishment of authority. The result is destruction of true morality and the loss of self-respect, as well as of self-control.

Fear is a degrading state of mind, which weakens the will and destroys self-reliance. Deliberately to plant fear in a human mind is to commit a grave sin against the indwelling soul, which thereby is deprived of its rightful influence over the mind. Fear confuses the sense of right and wrong, and substitutes an instinct of self-defense for a calm assertion of conscious right and a right contempt for self-interest. It is fear that makes men cruel — it seems to justify cruelty. The fearless man is not troubled about self-protection. The darkness is like death, to the ignorant; it represents the great unknown, which is furnished and peopled by imagination. Fear creates terrors, and peoples the darkness with monsters. The enlightened man finds light in his own heart, and his imagination peoples the darkness with beautiful visions, which are but the natural expression of his own interior condition. But few are the enlightened; and for the majority the darkness is filled with horrors, or with unpleasantness, because it acts as a screen on which the restless mind flashes moving pictures filmed on the brain by the automatic memory recording the emotions, passions, and desires of the lower nature, as well as the aspirations of the higher. So the dark may be terrible to many who have not the courage to face their own thoughts and the strength to conquer them.

Fear is the creative power of imagination distorted by moral disease. It creates terrors and monsters, and the greatest monster of its creation is the bogey called death. The monstrosity is man-made: the reality is no terror. It is but the passing through an open door, the entering upon a new day of life or perhaps upon a dream that may fill the sleeping-time between two lives. But a dream is in itself a miniature life-time. While it lasts it is real to the dreamer, though it may be regarded as a delusion when it is past. But, waking or sleeping, life goes on continuously; and we may lie down to die as calmly as we lie down to sleep, in the assurance of the continuity of our life.

This is the hope that Theosophy reveals to the student, for without the continuity of the deeper consciousness there could be no true progress possible, no hope of happiness to compensate for life's present woes; no release from the tyranny of fear; no chance to redeem our past mistakes.

Life means all this and more if life is continuous; if not, it is but a spasm of emotion or pain, meaningless, purposeless, useless. If our earth-life is the only life, it is a mockery indeed. If it is not, then it must be but an incident in a great scheme of life, in which the individuals

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may attain to full self-consciousness, which would be equivalent to illumination of the lower mind by the wisdom of the soul: it would mean that the individual would eventually become aware of his true relation to the Universal. It would mean escape from ignorance and egotism to a state of universal consciousness, in which the meaning of self would be revealed as a sense of one-ness, or Universal Brotherhood; which is the reflexion in the mind of man of the spiritual light of the Universal Soul.

That light must shine eternally, of course, but so does the sun: yet the night may be dark and clouds may obscure the sunlight by day. So too in life; emotions, passions, and desires may create clouds that shut the sunlight of true life out from the mind: and when the night of death has come, the spiritual sun still shines and the spiritual soul is not in darkness while the lower soul sleeps and dreams its dream of heaven or hell. The night is not eternal: but day and night alternate.

If we believed the sinking of the sun denoted the end of the last and only day of life, then night would naturally be a terror. But when night comes even the most timorous will lie down to sleep with a hope of tomorrow's awakening that is so sure as to resemble a conviction more than a hope. And I think that when death actually comes, the dying realize the fact that they are immortal, and the fear of death is gone.

But there is no need to wait for death to free us from our foolish fear of the great release. The hope of life is natural to man, because life is eternal, and the soul knows its immortality, even though the mind may be clouded by ignorance and deformed by false training and false learning. The fear of death is not natural, nor is the hope of life a fancy. Rather it is the mental echo of a truth known to the soul.

Man's nature is so complex that his life is full of problems that appear insoluble to him as long as he is ignorant of his own complexity. When he can realize that there is a marked duality in him, a higher and a lower nature, and that he fluctuates between strange opposites all the time, then a great many problems can be easily solved, and the path can be opened to a fuller understanding of the mystery of life, which, like all other mysteries, is only mysterious by reason of our ignorance.

The knowledge of Theosophy is like an open door in the wall of human ignorance. The sunlight of Truth is shining all the time outside, and that truth is what we call Theosophy, the Divine Wisdom, according to one reading of the word. The knowledge of the existence of this divine wisdom is alone enough to remove the fear of death: and the hope of life must follow.

Without hope of some sort, life would be hardly bearable: it would hardly be life, even though the body were not dead. Hope is essential

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to human happiness, and indeed it is essential to sanity. Without it man's pessimism would be no better than madness. Without hope man becomes lower than an animal, in whom instinct provides a substitute for reason and imagination. Without hope man is an irredeemable degenerate, and there are many such: and our social system is continually engaged in making more of them, by taking away the hope of rehabilitation from the convicted criminal. Of course this is not done intentionally. It is done in self-defense, which is nearly always a blundering expression of an unreasoning fear, due to a black ignorance of human nature.

Theosophy gives a man hope, it shows him that no mistake is final, that his inner and true self is not degraded by the mistakes of the lower man, though the higher must suffer for it. It teaches him that even if his present life seems utterly wrecked, he can be working to improve his character for the next life, in which his past mistakes may be redeemed, and past disgraces be forgotten. The doctrine of Reincarnation is an expression of the hope that life holds for all.

We cannot speak of it too often, for there are so many who have lost hope, even among the most prosperous. Many, who have succeeded in business, have beggared themselves of hope and faith in human nature, and know their lives have proved a failure in spite of the wealth they have accumulated. For no wealth can compensate for loss of hope: and when a man has grown thoroughly cynical he has lost hope, seeing alone the dark side of human nature and not realizing that there is a bright side, which is more real, though it may seem a fancy to his deadened imagination.

The loss of hope is the greatest tragedy in life, and the severest penalty for the sin against the soul that is called selfishness. That sin is so common as to be almost universal, and unhappiness is just as general, for it follows inevitably. Carried to its extreme limit it is recognised as insanity. The separation of self from the Universal is the abuse of self, the denial of the true self, the extinction of the light of the Higher Self. To understand the mystery of self man must forget himself in work for others and so find his real relation to the world in which he lives, as well as his relation to the spiritual world from which he comes and to which he must return continually for renewal of his spiritual vitality. The Universal Soul is like the Sun which was invoked in the old formula known as the *Gâyatri*:

"Oh thou, that givest light and sustenance unto the Universe, Thou, from whom all doth proceed, and to whom all must return: Unveil the face of the true Sun, now hidden by a veil of golden light; that we may know the truth, and do our whole duty, as we journey towards thy sacred seat!"

THEOSOPHY, THE BASIS OF RELIGION

The hope of life is life itself, true life, the life of the true self in man, the active presence of the spiritual soul. In that alone resides the power that can redeem man's ignorance and dispel his doubts. Theosophy is the science of the Soul, the revelation of the meaning of human life; profound as life itself, and yet as simple and intelligible. For life's problems are proportioned to the understanding of each individual. Each man is the maker of his own mystery, and he must unravel the mystery he has made.

The only death that man need fear is soul-death. The death of the body is as certain as the death of any tree or plant; a change of domicile for the soul, which may sometimes occur inopportunately, but which has nothing in it to inspire fear.

The fear of death is artificial, and is wholly unnecessary. The hope of life is an intuitive perception of the fact that the real inmost self of man is undying, and that life is continuous through birth and death; the soul of man evolving through all experience of life on earth to full self-conscious spirituality, in which the individual attains to conscious union with the Universal. For life and consciousness are coeternal; and death is but the passing through a doorway in the house of life.

THEOSOPHY, THE BASIS OF RELIGION

H. TRAVERS, M. A.



AS to the derivation of the word 'religion,' two rival opinions dispute the field, each claiming authority among both ancient and modern scholars. According to one view it comes from a verb meaning to ponder or meditate; according to the other, from a verb meaning to bind. But whether, in its origin, it signifies meditation or obligation, does not much matter, since there can be but little doubt as to the present significance of the word. When we come down to the precision of dictionary definitions, we usually find that a single word has more than one meaning; a fact not duly appreciated in the looseness of ordinary discourse. But it will not require a great mental effort to distinguish the two senses of the word 'religion' in which it means (1) religion in general and in the abstract, and (2) some particular creed or system of faith. In the latter sense it is usually preceded by the indefinite article — '*a* religion.'

In this particular cyclic point in the world's history we are engaged in a general process of unification, of breaking down barriers, and of

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

seeking common factors between diverse quantities; a process rendered necessary by the universal facility of intercommunication and the widespread commingling of human interests that has been brought about by the development of applied science, travel, printing, etc. It would be easy to enumerate instances: a common language is sought, to act as the common instrument of intercourse between peoples of diverse tongues; a common basis of self-government, to be employed between sundered nations; a pooling of commercial interests; and so on. And those engaged in speculative enterprise are likewise occupied in seeking for common origins and roots in their several fields of inquiry.

The question of a common religion, both in its speculative and practical aspect, is therefore one that commands and deserves attention.

Many earnest and intelligent people, perceiving the local and temporary nature of creeds and formulas, disgusted with the insincerities and futilities of conventional religious life, have sought for some basis whereon to rest a common faith for all mankind. They have pared away all definite articles of creed; but unfortunately, in the process, they have removed so much and left so little, that the remainder seems devoid both of definiteness and of vitality sufficient for the practical purposes for which it was designed. Their new religion is vague and forceless; it has no appeal.

The question, therefore, seems to be, How can we get rid of dogma and sect without impairing the quality and force of religion?

It would appear that the process should be one of addition rather than subtraction. To use an illustration: the process known as composite photography aims to secure a typical human face by the method of superimposing a number of negatives of different faces successively upon one piece of photographic printing paper. For instance, the members of the President's cabinet might all be photographed one over the other, thus producing a composite portrait of the whole group. The result is, however, that all the distinguishing features of each face are suppressed, while only what is common to all remains; and we obtain a face without character, a mere man in fact. This suggests what happens when we try to find a common religion by shaking together, as it were, various creeds and filtering off whatever is not precipitated. We obtain a weak and colorless fluid, neither acid nor alkaline, harmless indeed but entirely without stingo.

If religion is in a bad way, it is clearly not enough to bleed the patient for the purpose of removing the impure blood; new and vital blood must be imported. If, instead of the temple, we find only its ruins, it will not suffice to cart away the ruins; the original temple must be rebuilt. Religion itself must be reconstituted, recalled to life.

THEOSOPHY, THE BASIS OF RELIGION

It is becoming a perfectly familiar idea that religion is not any one creed, nor confined to any one creed, but is a state of the mind and heart. It is faith in the eternal verities and in their efficacy. It is an understanding of the inviolable laws of supernature, a trust in those laws, and a loyalty in conduct thereto. In this sense any man is religious who believes that truth, honor, compassion, purity, justice, and the like, are imperative obligations; and that a due loyalty to these ideals, both in thought and deed, is the only condition on which he can live a happy and worthy life.

Many earnest people cherish such ideas; but we feel that there is some vital element yet lacking. It would seem that one essential of religion is unity and coherence. It is for this reason that creeds are formulated and churches organized. Obedient to the same need, we find efforts being made to unite and co-ordinate various non-sectarian movements into one body. But again we have to say that the proposed bond of union is too often negative rather than positive. The several bodies have more points of difference than of unanimity. It is not a union of disbelief, but a union of belief that is called for.

Beneath all true religion there must lie knowledge and the possibility of attaining knowledge. In the East there is a name for an ancient and comprehensive science, *Ātma-Vidyā*, the supreme Wisdom-Knowledge, the key to all the mysteries of life. This has always been cherished as an object of possible attainment for man. This supreme knowledge, under various names, has been recognised in all ages, and has been an object of veneration and quest among the wise and zealous in every land. Only in eras when materialism becomes intensified do men turn aside from this ideal to pursue lower aims; and thus, developing the lower side of their nature, they lose faith in themselves and fall into sectarian strife and unbelief.

It was the avowed purpose of H. P. Blavatsky, in founding the Theosophical Society, to bring back to man's recollection the fact of this supreme and eternal Wisdom-Knowledge, and to inspire him with the enthusiasm to follow its noble precepts.

The important point here seems to be that the achievements of humanity in the past are to be counted on. Instead of proceeding as if we were the first who ever tried to find a common basis for religions, we must recognise that the thing has been done before. Or rather, it was not that separate religions were united, but that (contrariwise) the separate religions have all sprung from an original unity. It is this original unity that we have to seek and to restore. There is, and always has been, a fundamental Root-religion, the common parent of all religions; and this is the Secret Doctrine, about which Theosophy teaches.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

This constitutes a *positive* basis of unity, not a mere negative one; and Theosophy is not a watery residue of religions, but their very life-blood.

Thus Religion is indeed a state of mind and heart, but it is also a great body of knowledge and wisdom; it includes all that is understood by the word science in the widest sense of that word. And when we say knowledge and science, we do not mean *merely* a knowledge of the mysteries of nature, but (what is so much more important) an understanding of the laws of human life and conduct, which is what the world so much needs today. If a great Teacher happened to know all about how to liberate the colossal forces locked within the atom, it would be his interest to keep that knowledge back, rather than to make a free present of it to the nations, so that they could destroy each other in the name of liberty; or rather than to give it to criminals to use against society. This shows what we mean by useful knowledge as contrasted with mere learning.

We must re-establish *Religio* in the hearts of men, both individually and socially, all are agreed — but how? By science; by stating the laws of nature and familiarizing people with them. Not by teaching them how many electrons there are in an atom, but by explaining to them the composition of Nature, of human nature and how they are governed. That is what we mean by science. And for this we must revive the ancient Wisdom-Religion. See what Theosophy has to say about the seven-fold nature of beings, about Karma, and about Reincarnation. Then you will have the basis of a new psychology, better than all the complicated theories of “complexes” and “reflexes,” of “subconscious” and “unconscious,” of “auto-suggestion” and so forth. Existing psychology appears to deal exclusively with the relation of the lower or animal man with the body; but *we need a psychology that shall reveal the connexion of the higher or divine man with the lower man.*

Theosophy has done much to restore forgotten ideals as to the divine nature of man, the universal sway of the law of justice, and the eternal life of the Soul throughout successive incarnations. Yet even these ideals would remain nugatory if not put into practice. Therefore we shall find that the policy of the Theosophical Society has always been to make conduct run in equal steps with knowledge. Contrast with this policy the doings of those who wish to make Theosophy a mere intellectual pursuit; their efforts will merely add to the already too great number of barren philosophies before the world. One who accepts the belief that the Soul is the real man lays upon himself an obligation to rule his conduct in accordance with his belief, or otherwise his faith must be barren and at bottom insincere. How much faith can a man have in a belief which he is not willing to rely upon as a rule of conduct?

THE CONDEMNED

The Theosophical teachings, made real by practice, will afford the definite basis of union required to unite people of various creeds and races in one body. The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society can demonstrate that it is able to refashion the lives of people in a way that nothing else can; and so people will turn to its teachings as their best resource when other things fail them.

THE CONDEMNED

KENNETH MORRIS

PUT him to death! — He was but wrought
Through myriad years of upward strife,
And intermingling death and life,
Action and action, thought and thought.

What part hath pity here to play?
What part? — 'Tis but the Voice Divine,
The Spirit's seal and countersign
That makes man Human. On and slay!

It is not meet you turn aside
To counsel with that human part
Which plays the angel in man's heart
Here in this hell of lust and pride.

It is not meet that you should heed
Aught but your stern and man-made law,
Which hath in it, perchance, no flaw
'Gainst which the God in man might plead.

Who sinned shall suffer? — Yea, in sooth!
Go you, that know no sin nor shame,
Blot from the Book of Life his name;
Blot from your hearts the human ruth!

Do that you never can repair;
Undo the work that God hath done:
'Tis but some human mother's son,
Some human hope turned to despair.

You know not why he came to earth,
Commissioned whence, nor to fulfil
What fate, — to meet what destined ill
Enambushed round the gates of birth.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

You know not what fair hope might rise
Yet in his God-allotted time
To undo in him what wrought the crime,
And the unmanned thing re-humanize.

A human tiger? — What! the clay
You kill,— or that which dwells within?
Think you your hangman cures the sin
Purges the ill thing done away?

Is there no dignity in Man,
No beauty and power in love, in thought,
That you should suddenly bring to naught
One fragment of the Eternal Plan?

Think! he is human: somewhere deep
Within his being, all o'ercast,
The unremembered human past,
Its pathos and its splendors, sleep!

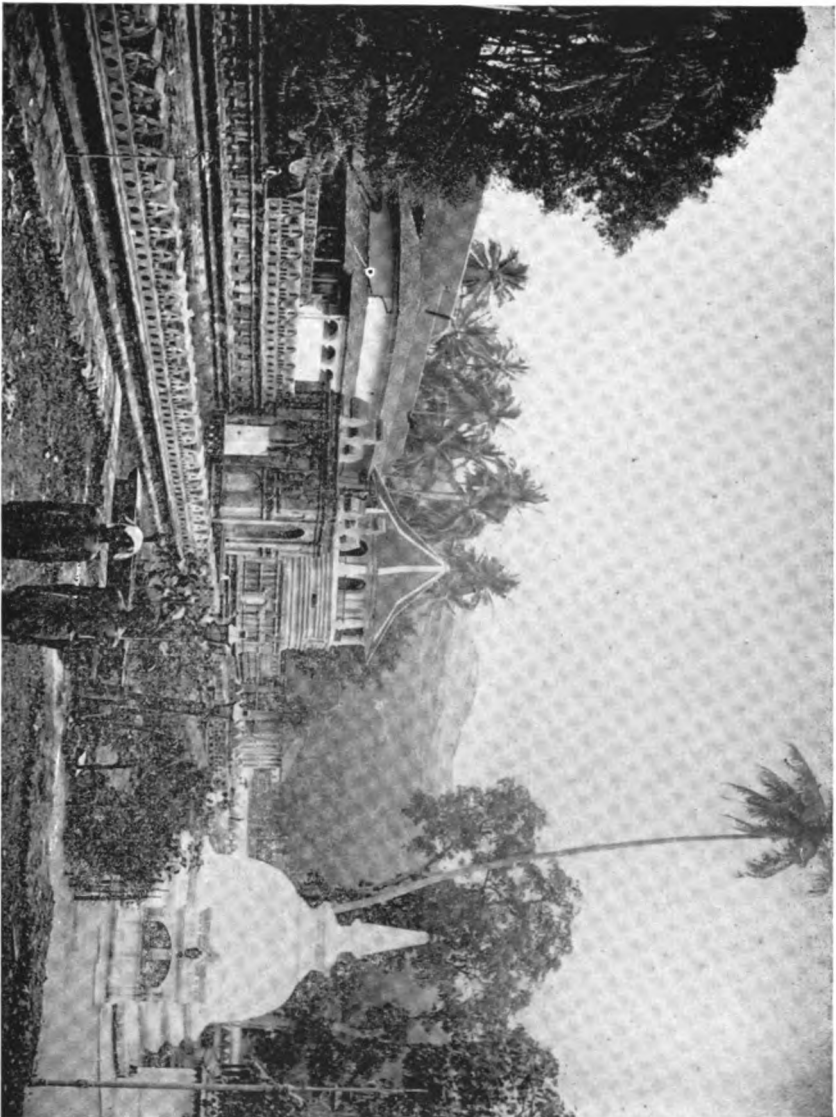
Human! O God, what pity and pride,—
What immemorial heights to win,—
What gods oblivioned o'er with sin,—
What Sons of Mary crucified,—

What Maid of Orleans' funeral flame,—
What Titan bound and vulture-torn,—
What proud and fallen Stars of Morn
Are symbol'd 'neath the human name!

But you — let loose the source of ill:
The tiger hate that rends his soul
You set beyond your law's control;
'Tis but the human thing you kill.

That only! — In yourselves, in us,
In all mankind, the Christ is slain
On this World-Golgotha again
When you insult the Eternal thus!

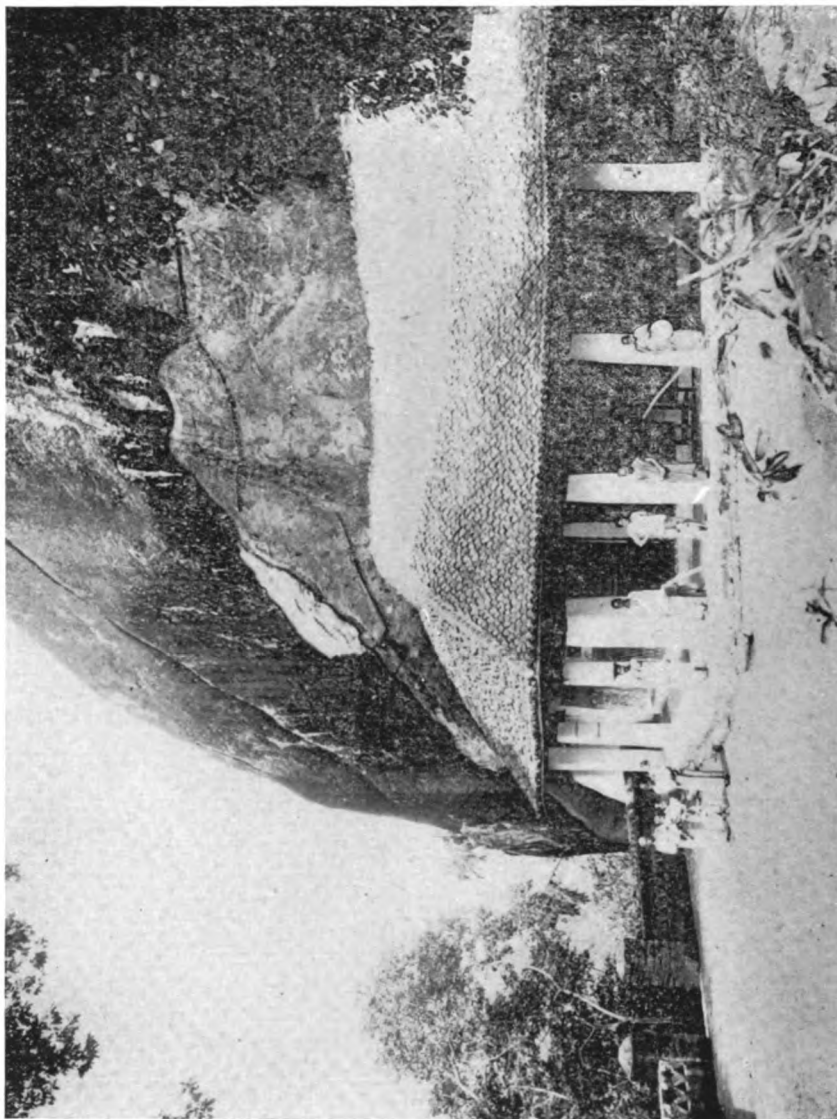
Because you mar the sacred plan
Of God and Time! Because you offend
That which is God till Time shall end,—
The holy Humanness of Man.



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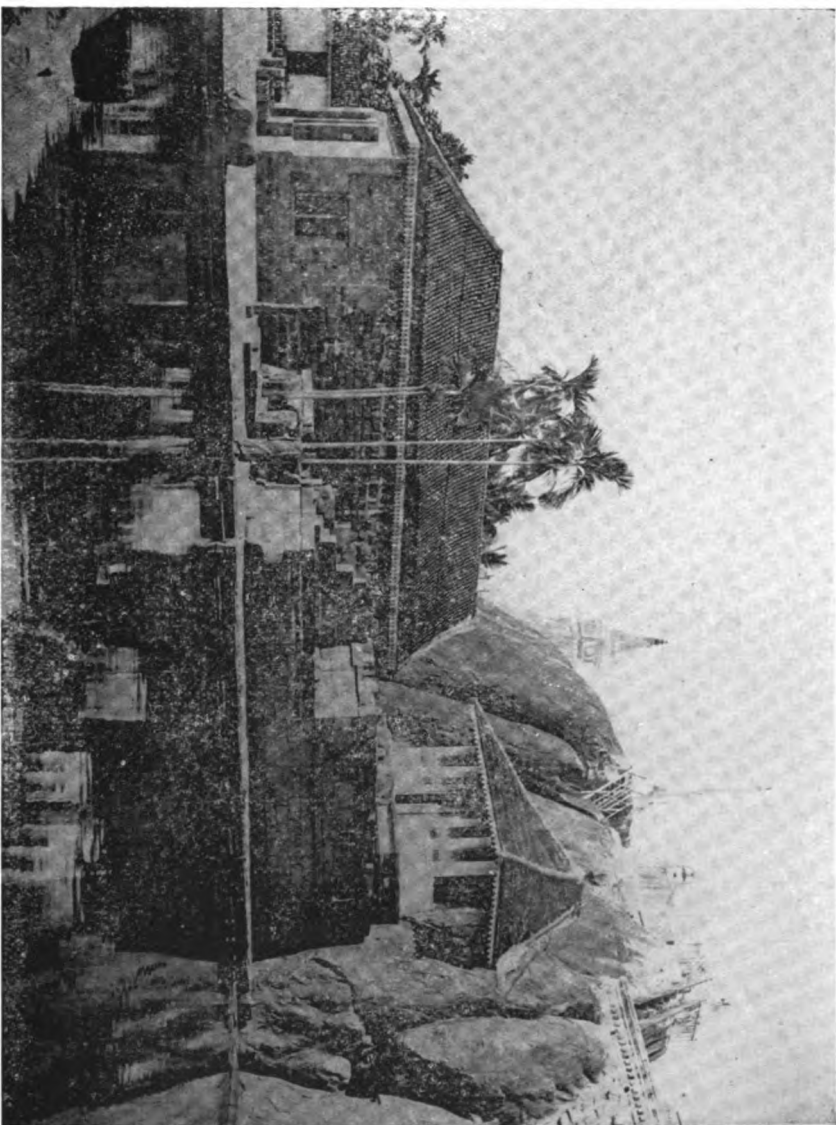
(PLATE I) THE MALIGAWA TEMPLE OR 'TEMPLE OF THE TOOTH'

(*Photographs of this series by Mr. W. Y. Evans-Wentz; for description, see page 331.*)



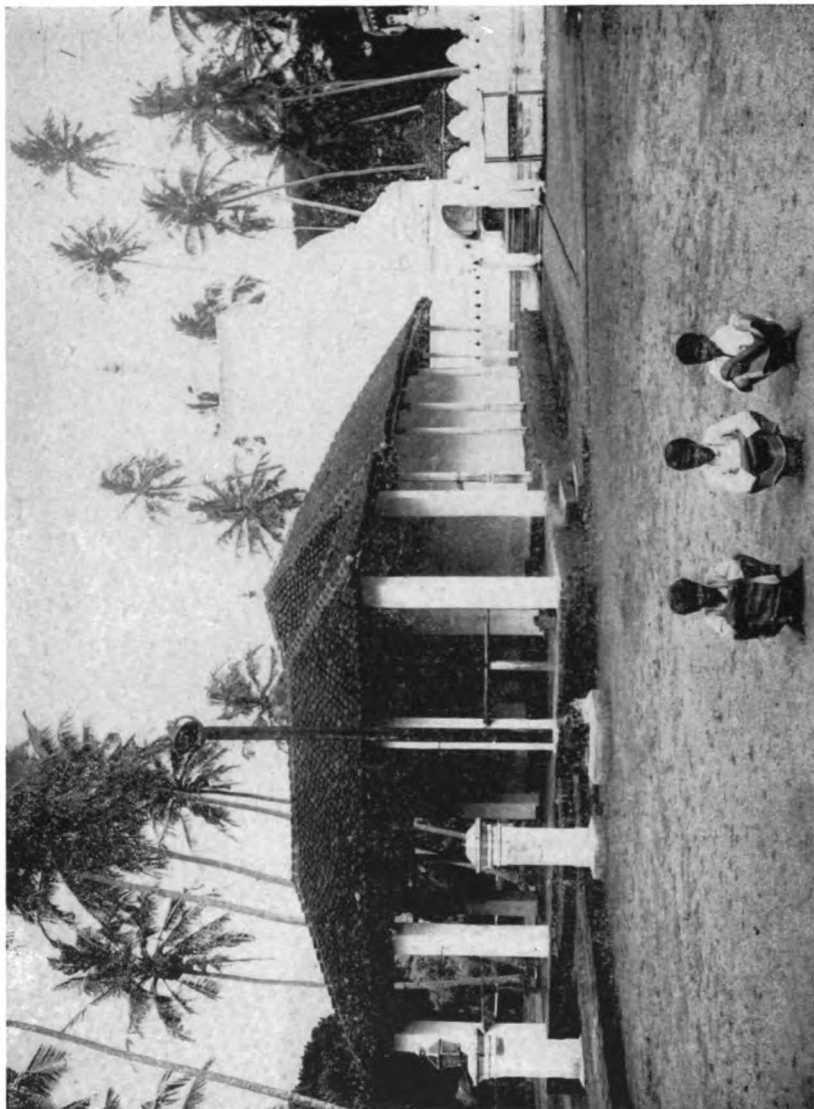
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(PLATE II) THE ROCK-TEMPLE OF HINDAGALA, NEAR KANDY



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(PLATE III) ROCK-TEMPLE AT ISURUMUNIYA, NEAR RUINS OF
ANURĀDHAPURĀ, THE ANCIENT CAPITAL OF BUDDHIST CEYLON



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(PLATE IV) THE MUTIYANGANE VIHARA TEMPLE

TEMPLES OF CEYLON

(Plate I) THE MALIGAWA TEMPLE OR 'TEMPLE OF THE TOOTH'

The most famous Buddhist shrine of Ceylon. According to tradition, the tooth was one of the teeth of the Buddha and was brought to Ceylon in the early part of the fifth century A. D. by a Princess of Kalinga, India. About 1315 A. D. the tooth became a spoil of conquest of the Malabars, who carried it back to India, but it was recovered by the Ceylonese under Prakrama Bahu III. In 1560 the Portuguese conquerors took the tooth to Goa, where it was burned by the Archbishop in the presence of the Viceroy. The tooth now in the Kandian temple is said to have been manufactured to replace the original one by Vikrama Bahu.

In the foreground of the picture appears a small dagoba.

(Plate II) THE ROCK-TEMPLE OF HINDAGALA, NEAR KANDY

A natural cavity formed by the overhanging rocky mass has been made use of. Set up against the rock forming the back wall of the interior of the temple are great images of the Buddha and of various divinities. The chief priest and his assistants are seen at the edge of the temple veranda, and, just beyond them, Ceylonese women holding babes. The rock-temple occupies a high isolated spot in the midst of the jungles, and from it on a clear day Adam's Peak, the sacred mountain of Ceylon, is visible. •

(Plate III) ROCK-TEMPLE AT ISURUMUNIYA, NEAR RUINS OF ANURÂDHAPURÂ, THE ANCIENT CAPITAL OF BUDDHIST CEYLON

Like the rock-temple of Hindagala, it is in part carved from the solid rock. A large seated Buddha occupies the central shrine of the interior. On the terraces are sculptured in low relief sacred elephants, some of which appear in the photograph.

(Plate IV) THE MUTIYANGANE VIHÂRA TEMPLE


The chief Buddhist temple of Badulla, the capital of the Province of Uva, in the central part of the mountainous regions of Ceylon, eighteen miles from the railway. The site of this temple is ancient and the dagoba seen in the background dates from about the time of the temple foundation, but the present temple edifice is not very old.

Three Sinhalese boys are in the foreground.

NEW IDEAS AND IDEALS IN SCIENCE

T. HENRY, M. A.

"Sir Clifford Allbutt . . . was led to the important conclusion that biologists seem to have proved that evolution of form may go on continuously when environmental change is suspended or remains constant, and, conversely, that environmental change does not necessarily induce evolution." — *Presidential Address, British Medical Association, Report in Manchester Guardian Weekly Edition, July 2.*

NOTHER striking sign of the revolutionary changes in opinion that are taking place everywhere. We were told that evolution takes place in response to the stimulus of environment. Yet, even so, evolution could not be logically conceived as taking place without the co-operation of a force within the organism, which force perceived the environmental influences and responded to them. A beetle may respond to changes of climate; a boulder little, if at all; a stock may reach out toward the sunlight, but not a stone. So that even this theory implied the existence of intelligence in the organism. Yet the mechanical aspect of the question was overdone, and the intelligent side slighted; and now it is the other way round. We are now told that the organism will evolve regardless of environment: that it will evolve when there is no environmental change, and that it will not always evolve when there is. Clearly we had not viewed the problem all around: there was more in it than appeared at first sight.

But, when the organism, in evolving, does not respond to environment, to what does it respond? To the plan or design contained invisibly within. The speaker speaks of the evolution of form; form is the outward visible manifestation of that which is inner and invisible — the model or plan or design. This latter can be conceived as an *idea*, a *thought*. The world of visible nature is continually expressing ideas. If we attempt to derive matter from itself, we land in an impasse. Matter is evolved from that which is not matter. Or, if we are to give an ampler meaning to the word matter, we may say that physical matter is evolved from what is not physical matter.

And, as regards the other side of the quoted statement — that environmental change does not necessarily induce evolution, this is but a recognition of the indisputable fact that a stimulus has two sides to it: a stimulus is practically no stimulus at all unless it is responded to. Thus the external stimuli are dethroned from their power: they do not use the organism, but the organism uses them. It is the germ that does the work: it may be influenced by its surroundings, but it can also resist and utilize its surroundings.

NEW IDEAS AND IDEALS IN SCIENCE

All evolution is the result of interaction between two influences, which may be called spirit and matter, though we must beware of confusion that may arise from forgetting the many other uses of these two words. The builder and his material is another pair of words that may help to convey the idea. The organism is a builder living within the house he has built. Take the case of a linnet for example: every act of generation produces what is virtually the same bird over again. The essence is one and inexhaustible, like fire, which is communicated indefinitely and inexhaustibly wherever fuel is supplied. In the world of types there is One; in the material world there are infinite numbers. This we recognise in common language, where we speak of "the linnet," "the horse," etc. Thus evolution involves the production of innumerable organisms from a type. That type, please observe, is not an abstraction, not a mere way of speaking, but something that exists somewhere.

It has doubtless been a source of sorrow and confusion to many, to think that science leads one way and religion another; to find their scientific conclusions at variance with their convictions drawn from other sources. But the quest of truth, if honestly and thoroughly followed, cannot lead us along divergent paths; and where there is antagonism, it shows that mistakes have been made. Many of our past mistakes in science are now being rectified, of which the present is an instance. Theosophy has always contended for a wider and more reasonable interpretation of the principle of evolution, as witness H. P. Blavatsky's *Secret Doctrine*, and many articles based thereon. In this, Theosophy has mapped out the lines which science was destined to follow; teachings once rejected with scorn and disapproval are now being suggested and approved by the representatives of science.

Who more strongly than H. P. Blavatsky and her pupils has insisted on the necessity for recognising intelligence and mind as the moving factor in life and evolution, and on the futility of trying to represent natural processes as blind machinery?

In an address reported in *Science* (July 30), Professor Glenn W. Herrick enumerates among the obligations of science "the maintenance and increase of the ideals and the spiritual forces of humanity," and says, in elucidation of the above:

"What I wish to emphasize is, that work in pure science constitutes after all the most fundamental kind of research for humanity because it touches the spirit and the soul of mankind and everlastingly ennobles the human race. Pure research in science or in the humanities has been and still is the basis for all intellectual and moral progress and advance in enlightenment among all races and all peoples. And at this critical stage of civilization the spiritual force of this kind of intellectual activity needs new emphasis and added stress. The spirit of the pure scientist is the spirit that we desire to see pervade all humanity and all the activities of humanity. It is a spirit of truth and honesty that tends to banish superstition, narrowness, greed, selfishness, and provincialism and to establish charity, fairness, justice,

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and decency. Indeed all high intellectual effort, whether in science or in the humanities, embodies this spirit."

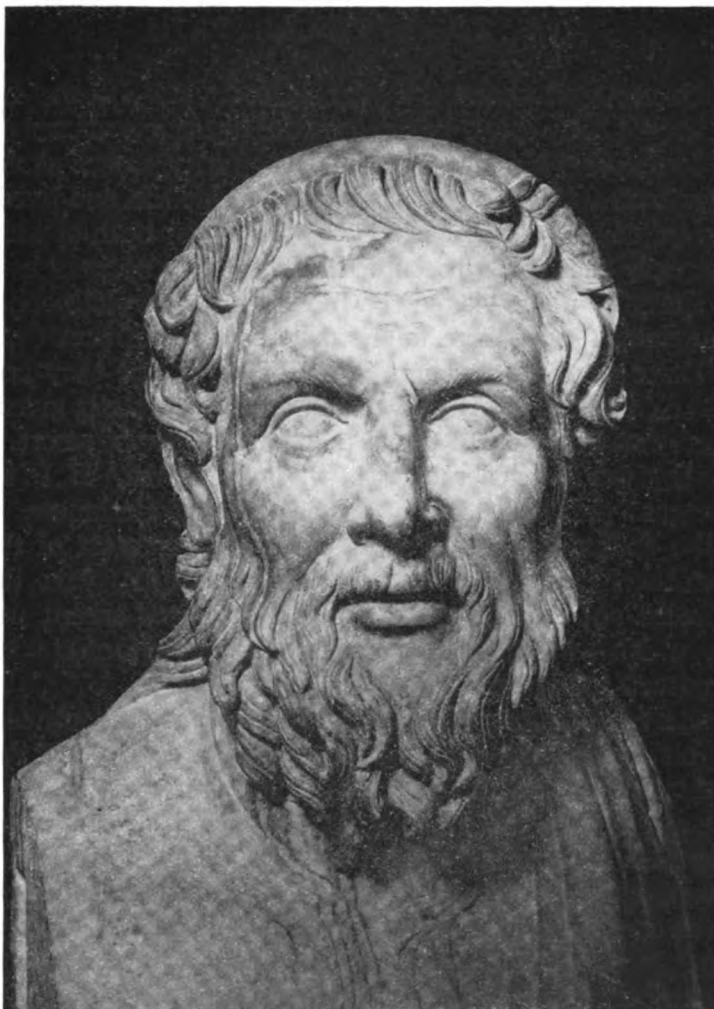
It would be hard to reconcile the above program with methods of research involving cruelty. Does vivisection "touch the spirit and the soul of mankind and everlastingly ennoble the human race?"

We also feel tempted to ask to what extent science, in making statements like this, is *following* the march of public sentiment. One has often heard the churches urging reforms in themselves, driven on by the necessities of the times, yet striving to maintain their position as leader rather than follower. Is science insisting that people shall be honest and noble, or are the people insisting that science shall be honest and noble?

Mind pervades the universe. Among creatures, Man is the chief lord of Mind. Duties, privileges, attend him in his labors in the garden wherein he was placed to till it. All nature waits for him. If he could cease to regard nature as so much material to be cut, quarried, mined, exploited, and look upon her more as his living feeling companion, he would win from her bosom more of the secrets she has to impart; he would gain from her more for the welfare of humanity than can be extorted from her by ravishment. Cows should be milked, not bled. To the man who promises us boons from ruthless and barbarous experiments, we may reply as we would to him who kills the goose with the golden eggs: What you gain is a paltry consolation for what you are losing.

Science is getting back some of its own; is acquiring a larger meaning. The quest of knowledge cannot be made colorless, for it is impossible to eliminate the character of the investigator. Moreover, existing sentiments demand that all discoveries shall be made common property; and thus knowledge is placed at the disposal of the irresponsible. The appeal of force still rules, and the airplane stands ready to back up argument, should that means of persuasion fail. One finds difficulty in accommodating the high ideals spoken of by the authority last quoted with the policy of strengthening the power of our persuasions by the use of poison gas. "Pure research" in science has resulted in the discovery of such things, and may at any time lead to further such discoveries. Is this, then, the basis for all moral progress? It looks like putting the cart before the horse; ought not morality to come first and research second?

The plain truth would seem to be that, if science is to find a place in the ideal world-polity we contemplate, it must observe the necessary conditions. Judging from the present condition of occidental civilization, a reform in science is needed, or a better kind of science, or something better to control science. A knowledge of human nature, a study of mind rather than matter, a knowledge of the spiritual laws of life.



BUST BELIEVED TO BE A PORTRAIT OF APOLLONIUS
OF TYANA, IN THE CAPITOLINE MUSEUM, ROME

APOLLONIUS OF TYANA AND THE ROMAN EMPIRE

P. A. MALPAS

(Illustrated by likenesses photographed from coins of the periods, especially for this article.)

WHATEVER legendary, semi-legendary, or symbolical characters lived in the first century of our era, Apollonius is historical enough. He was born at Tyana in Cappadocia, not far from Tarsus, and he always preferred to be called 'the Tyanean'; the Greeks ever loved a play on words, especially in names. His family were of the 'first families of Cappadocia,' wealthy Greeks who had emigrated there in the early days.

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His birth occurred about the year 1 'B. C.' and he was before the public for some ninety-seven years — at the latter age showing immense vigor and conducting his school of philosophy at Ephesus as actively as any younger man. He was a Pythagorean all his life and lived his own simple way in his own simple fashion of dress — for both of which things he was not only considered 'peculiar' but actually accused as a wicked criminal. Early in life he visited the Indian school of philosophers, living on a hill or mount somewhere in the neighborhood of the 'Ganges' and 'Indus.' These were the teachers of Pythagoras, and they became the teachers of Apollonius; it is safe to say that the details given of their residence are not intended to make their Hill a tourist resort, and that they are only given in a general sort of way on purpose. H. P. Blavatsky seems to suggest that this "Hill of the Sages" is in Cashmere.

After the Indian visit Apollonius traveled over most of the known world, from the Hindu Khush to Gibraltar and Cadiz, from the Upper Nile to Greece and Rome, and almost everywhere except perhaps to Jerusalem, which was then giving a certain amount of trouble to the Empire, and was taken by Titus in the year 70.

Apollonius moved among the highest in every land he visited, and was noted for his rarely visiting other persons, however high their rank; for the pithiness and laconic brevity of his letters; and for the universal acceptance of him in all the temples as a god who was conferring a favor on the temples by directing their worship. His 'miracles' or deeds showing acquaintance with the deeper laws of nature, and especially of medicine (he commenced his career in the temple of Aesculapius, the god of medicine), are world-famed, and have come down, in many a story attributed to other philosophers, to our own day. In the Greek world Apollonius was without a doubt the greatest character of the first century, and acted as the spiritual messenger of the age. He is a solid historical fact, but, like so many of his sort, he took no great care to leave many personal details for publication, though he wrote several text-books for temple use. Most of his history comes from the diary of his disciple Damis, the Assyrian, edited by Philostratus the Elder at the behest of the great Roman Empress Julia Domna, about a hundred years after his departure.

About the year 70 'A. D.,' Apollonius was at Alexandria in Egypt, preparing for his journey to the ascetics of the Upper Nile. The Alexandrians received him with joy. "When he went up into the temple a beauty shone from his face and the words he uttered on all subjects were divine, being framed in wisdom." On these occasions he was said to bear a strange resemblance to his Indian teacher, Iarchas, the chief of the philosophers. He so identified himself with that great soul that his

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words, his manner, and his very looks seemed to become like those of the one whom he revered more than anyone in the world.

This temple is said to have been the Serapeum, where Hypatia also uttered the words of divine wisdom some 348 years later, before the Cyrillian rabble of monks tore the flesh from her body and scraped the bones with oyster-shells, lest by some miracle she should escape their pious hands.

When the great Vespasian was besieging Jerusalem, he conceived the idea of becoming Emperor of Rome, as it was said. He sent to ask the advice of Apollonius, who declined to go into a country which its inhabitants had defiled both by what they did and what they suffered. Vespasian had now decided upon his action, and assuming the Imperial power in the countries bordering upon the Province of Egypt, he entered that country as Emperor; his real purpose was to see the Tyanean and obtain his approval and advice.

The sacred order of the priesthood in Alexandria, the civil magistrates, the deputies from the prefectures, the philosophers and sages, all went out in grand procession to welcome Vespasian and do him honor. Apollonius was pleased at

his coming but made no sign, and refrained from any kind of demonstration or even from going to meet him. Vespasian heard all they had to say, and then made as short a speech as he could in decency, before blurting out what he really had in mind.

"If *the Tyanean* is here, tell me where I may find him."

"He is here," they said, "doing all he can to make people better." Damis, on being asked, said he was in the temple.

"Let us go there," said Vespasian, "first that I may offer prayers to the gods, and next that I may converse with that excellent man."

And to the temple

accordingly he went, hot foot.

As soon as the sacrifices were performed, Vespasian ignored the priests and the prefects and the deputies and the magistrates and the sages and the philosophers and the whole host of them in his intensity of purpose. Turning to Apollonius he said, in the voice and manner of a suppliant, "MAKE ME EMPEROR!"

Apollonius answered: "It is done already; for in the prayers I have just offered to heaven to send us a prince upright, generous, wise, venerable in years, and a true father, you are the man I asked



VESPASIAN

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from the gods." Would any other than Apollonius have answered so modestly and philosophically?

Among the bystanders there were two philosophers, Euphrates and Dion, who certainly would riot. They were big men in their way, Euphrates ambitious and itching for money, and Dion the good-natured, large-hearted man ready to be taken in by any ambitious comrade. These Apollonius recommended to Vespasian then as advisers, but they both broke down very soon under the burden of greatness; the former to become Apollonius' evil angel for the rest of his life.

Asked his opinion of Nero, Apollonius agreed that he knew how to tune a harp but was given to extremes in other matters. Since Apollonius was the one man in the Empire who defied Nero, he may be credited with knowing something of that young man.

Vespasian was then a man of about sixty years of age. He left the temple hand in hand with Apollonius, discussing the affairs of the Empire. Nero had been bad, but the imperial affairs appeared likely to become worse under the luxurious Vitellius, who used more perfume in his bath than Vespasian did water, and who if wounded would have exuded more Eau de Cologne, or its Roman equivalent, than blood.

"On you, Apollonius," said Vespasian, "I chiefly found my hopes of success, as I know you are well acquainted with whatever regards the gods; and for that reason I make you my friend and counselor in all those concerns on which depend the affairs of sea and land. For if omens, favorable to my wishes, are given from the gods, I will go on; if they are not propitious to me and the Roman people, I will stop where I am and engage no farther in any enterprise unsanctioned by heaven."

Apollonius, as though inspired, said: "O Jupiter Capitolinus, who art supreme Judge in the present crisis of affairs, act mutually for each other, you and Vespasian; keep yourself for him and him for yourself. The temple which was burnt yesterday by impious hands is decreed by the fates to be rebuilt by you."

Here was a statement given to a man who had faith. He asked no sign, and one was given him without hesitation. Vespasian was amazed.

"These things will be explained hereafter. Fear nought from me. Go on with what you have so wisely begun," added Apollonius. The sentences sounded almost Oriental, almost in the manner of Iarchas, with which Damis says he was sometimes inspired. Suddenly breaking off in the middle of the conversation, Apollonius left the Emperor, saying: "The laws and customs of the Indians permit me to do only that which is by them prescribed." But Vespasian had heard enough to fix him in his purpose and career.

News filtered through after a time that Domitian, the son of Vespasian,

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who was in arms at Rome against Vitellius, in defense of his father's authority, was besieged in the Capitol. In making his escape from the besiegers the temple was burned, and Apollonius knew this before any one in Egypt had heard of it, in fact, as he had shown the next day.



TITUS

At dawn Apollonius entered the palace and asked what the Emperor was doing. He was told by the officers that he had been for some time employed in writing letters. Apollonius left, saying to Damis: "This man will certainly be Emperor."

Returning later in the day, at sunrise, Apollonius found Dion and Euphrates waiting to hear the result of the previous day's conference. Being admitted to the Emperor's room, he said: "Dion and Euphrates, your old friends, are at the door; they are attached to your interests, and are not

unmindful of the present position of affairs. Call them in, I pray you, for they are both wise."

"To wise men," said Vespasian, "my doors are always open. But to you, Apollonius, my heart likewise."

Vespasian, as Apollonius said, had learned from his predecessors how not to govern, just as a celebrated musician used to send his pupils to hear the most wretched performers, that they might learn *not* to play likewise!

Already, in a few hours, the demon of jealousy began to creep into the mind of Euphrates. He could not stand the intoxication of the power given to him by Apollonius, and envied the Emperor's devotion to that master of philosophy. Is it necessary to go into the form of reasoning which such jealousy was bound to take? The parallel is so common in history. Euphrates was ever for arguing and taking counsel, for deliberation and consultation and formalities and hesitations and all the rest. Yet here was this Apollonius, who certainly recommended him and Dion, but only at the stage of "Do this"; or "how is this to be done?" instead of asking advice as to what should be done. In a cloud of words he shows his piqued ambition.

Even Dion, invited to speak by Apollonius, approved this and dis-



DOMITIAN

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approved that and harangued the Emperor with a mass of words and opinions.

Then Apollonius, who was a thousand times their master, whether they knew it or not, calmly set them right, and the Emperor Vespasian too. In a careful and statesmanlike analysis of the situation, Apollonius declared that Vespasian, having all the necessary conditions, should go on with his enterprise unhesitatingly and without wavering, leaving aside all sophisms.

"As to myself, it is of little consequence what form of government is established, as I live under that of the gods. Yet I should be sorry to see mankind perish, like a flock of sheep, for want of a wise and faithful shepherd. For as one man, who excels in virtue, modifies the popular state of a republic, so as to make it appear as if governed by a single individual, in the same manner a state under the government of such a man wherein all things are directed to the common good, is what is properly called popular, or that of the people."

These words of Apollonius gave immense relief to Vespasian, who declared that he had expressed his own feelings exactly. "I will follow your advice, as I think every word you have uttered is divine," he said. "Tell me then, what I ought to do?"

The discourse of Apollonius is so characteristic that it stands alone. It is addressed to Vespasian, but his two sons Titus and Domitian were each at the head of a great army, and by this sanction of Apollonius became Emperors in their turn. It is true that Domitian afterwards allowed his actions to pass beyond the limits of all reason, but even then Apollonius was the only man to face him and to come off victorious. Since history repeats itself at all times, it was of course Euphrates who was the accuser and virulent enemy of Apollonius at that time of later history. There was no real need for Apollonius to have undergone that fearful trial and journey to Rome at the age of ninety-five, but he did it to save his friend Nerva, who thus became Emperor after Domitian by the direct action of Apollonius.

History therefore owes not less than four Roman Emperors to this great philosopher, at a time when it looked as if anarchy might prevail at the end of a line of rulers each worse than his predecessor.

This is his advice as to government.

ADVICE TO AN EMPEROR

"Tell me, I entreat you, what a good Prince ought to do?" Vespasian had pleaded.

To which Apollonius replied:

"What you ask, I cannot teach. For the art of government, of all human acquisitions, is the most important, but cannot be taught. However, I will tell you what, if you do, you will in my opinion do wisely.

"Look not on that as wealth which is piled up in heaps, for what is it better than a heap of sand? Nor on that which arises from taxes, which men pay with tears, for the *gold so paid*

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lacks lustre, and is black. You will make a better use of your riches than ever sovereign did, if you employ them in supplying the necessities of the poor, and securing the property of the rich.

"Fear the power of doing everything you wish, for under this apprehension you will use it with more moderation.

"Do not lop away such ears of corn as are tall and most conspicuous, for herein the maxim of Aristotle is unjust. But harshness and cruelty of disposition weed out of your mind as you would tares and darnel out of your corn. . . .

"Acknowledge the law to be the supreme rule of your conduct. For you will be more mild in the making of laws, when you know you are to be subject to them yourself.

"Reverence the gods more than ever, for you have received great things at their hands, and have still much to ask.

"In what concerns the public, act like a prince; and in what relates to yourself, like a private man.

"In what light you ought to consider the love of gambling, of wine and women, I need not speak to you, who from your youth never liked them.

"You have two sons (Titus and Domitian), both according to report of good dispositions; keep them, I pray you, under strict discipline, for their faults will be charged to your account. Use authority and even threats, if necessary, and let them know that the empire is to be considered not as a matter of common right, but as the reward of virtue, and that it is to be their inheritance only by a perseverance in well-doing.

"Pleasures having become, as it were, denizens of Rome, are many in number, and should be restrained with great discretion. For it is a hard matter to bring over at once an entire people to a regular mode of living. It is only by degrees that a spirit of moderation can be instilled into the mind, and it is to be done sometimes by a public correction, and sometimes by one so private as to conceal the hand which does it.

"Suppress the pride and luxury of the freed men and slaves under your subjection, and let them understand that their modesty should keep pace with their master's greatness.

"I have but one more observation to make, and that relates to the governors sent out to rule the several provinces of the empire. I do not mean such governors as you will send out yourself, for you will only employ the deserving, but I mean those who are chosen by lot. The men sent out so ought to be suited, as far as can be made consistent with that mode of election, to the several countries over which they are appointed to preside. They who understand Greek should be sent to Greece, and they who understand Latin, to such countries as use that language. I will now tell you why I say this. Whilst I was in Peloponnesus the Governor of that province knew nothing of Greek, nor did the people know anything of him. Hence arose innumerable mistakes. For the people in whom he confided suffered him to be corrupted in the distribution of justice, and to be treated more like a slave than a governor.

"I have said now what has occurred to me today. If anything else occurs, we shall resume the conversation at another time. At present discharge your duty to the state to the end that you may not appear more indulgent to those under your authority than what is consistent with that duty."

Vespasian loved Apollonius and took great delight in hearing him talk of what antiquities he saw in his travels, of the Indian King Phraotes, of the rivers and wild beasts found in India, and above all, when he spoke of what was to be the future state of the Roman world, as communicated to him by the gods.

As soon as the affairs of Egypt were settled he decided to take his departure, but before doing so expressed a wish that Apollonius should go with him. The Tyanean philosopher declined; he said he had not seen Egypt as he ought, nor had he conversed with the gymnosophists,

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the Egyptian ascetics. He added, that he was desirous to compare the learning of the Egyptians with that of the Indians, and to drink of the source of the Nile.

"Will you not remember me?" asked the Emperor when he understood that Apollonius was determined to make the journey into Ethiopia.

"I will," said Apollonius, "if you continue to be a good Prince, and to be mindful of us."

TITUS

After Titus, the son of Vespasian, had taken Jerusalem, and "filled all places with the dead," the nations round about offered him crowns of which he did not think himself deserving. He said that it was not he that performed such mighty deeds, but that he lent his arm to God in the just exercise of His vengeance.

This answer was approved by Apollonius as being a proof of the wisdom of Titus and of his knowledge in divine and human things, as also of his great moderation in declining to be crowned for having shed blood. He then wrote Titus a letter, to be taken by Damis:

"Apollonius to Titus, Emperor of the Romans, health.

"To you who refuse to be crowned on account of your success in war, I give the crown of moderation, seeing you are so well acquainted with the reasons entitling you to that honor. Farewell."

Titus was well pleased with this letter.

"In my own name and that of my father, I hold myself your debtor, and will be mindful of you," he declared. "*I have taken Jerusalem, but you have taken me.*"

When Titus was invested with the imperial dignity he set out for Rome to take his place as colleague with his father Vespasian. But first thinking of what consequence it might be to him to have even a short conference with Apollonius, he requested him to come to Argos for that purpose. Titus embraced him and said the Emperor, his father, had written to him of all he wished to know.

"At present I have a letter, wherein he says he considers you as his benefactor, and one to whom we are indebted for what we are. I am only thirty years of age, and have arrived at the same honors as my father did at sixty. I am called on to govern, perhaps before I have learnt to obey, and I fear to engage to do what I am not equal to perform."

Apollonius, stroking Titus' neck, which was like that of an athlete, said: "Who could subject a bull with so fine a neck to the yoke?"

Titus replied, "He who reared me from a calf!" referring to his father.

Apollonius was pleased with the ready answer and declared that "when a kingdom is directed by the vigor of youth and wisdom of age, what lyre, or flute can produce such sweet and harmonious music. The virtues

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of old age and youth will be united, and the consequence will be that the former will acquire vigor and the latter decorum and order by the union."

"But, O Tyanean, what advice have you to give concerning the best mode of governing an empire?" asked Titus.

"None to you," answered Apollonius. "You are self-instructed, and by the manner in which you show obedience to your father, no doubt can be entertained of your becoming like him. But I will give you my friend Demetrius to attend you whenever you wish and to advise you on what is good to be done. His wisdom consists in liberty of speech, in speaking truth, and an intrepidity arising from a *cynical* [in Greek, *dog-like*] spirit."

Titus was troubled at the idea of a cynic as an adviser, but Apollonius told him that all he meant was that Demetrius should be his dog to bark for him against others and against himself if he offended in anything. He would always do this with wisdom, and never without reason.

"Give me this dog companion, then," said Titus. "He shall have full permission to bite me whenever he finds me acting as I ought not."

"I have a letter of introduction, ready to send to him at Rome where he is now philosophizing," said Apollonius.

"I am glad of it," replied Titus, the new coemperor. "I wish someone would write to you in my favor and recommend you to accompany me on my journey."

"You may depend upon seeing me, whenever it shall be to the advantage of both," said Apollonius.

When they were alone, Titus declared that he wished to ask one or two very intimate personal questions. Receiving permission, he asked whom he should guard against in regard to his life, as he already was under some apprehension, though he would not wish to show fear where none existed.

"Herein you will be but prudent and circumspect," said Apollonius, "and of all men I think it is your duty to be on your guard." Then looking up, he swore by the sun he would have spoken about this even if no question had been asked. For the gods commanded him to declare to Titus that during his father's life, he should guard against his greatest enemies, and after his death against his most intimate friends.

"What kind of death shall I die?" asked Titus.

"The same as Ulysses," said Apollonius, "for he is said to have received his death from the sea."

Damis interpreted this to mean that Titus should beware of the sting of the fish trygon, with which it was affirmed Ulysses was wounded.

It is historical that Titus died from eating a "sea-hare," a fish from

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which they say the most deadly poison of sea or land exudes. Nero was in the habit of mixing this liquid in the food of his greatest enemies, and Domitian gave it to his brother Titus, not because he thought there would be any difficulty with him as a colleague on the throne, but because he thought he would prefer not to have so mild and benevolent a partner in joint rule with him over the Roman empire.

As they parted in public, they embraced, and Apollonius said aloud: "Vanquish your enemies in arms and surpass your father in virtues." Here is the letter.

"Apollonius the philosopher to the dog Demetrius, health.

"I give you to the Emperor Titus that you may instruct him in all royal virtues. Justify what I have said of you; be everything to him, but everything without anger. *Farewell.*"

Thus Apollonius, the greatest philosopher of the West in the first century, gave the Roman Empire two of its best Emperors, as they themselves acknowledged.

The people of Tarsus of old bore no kindness to Apollonius on account of his outspoken reproaches against their soft and effeminate manners. However, at this time they loved him as if he had been their founder and greatest support.

Once, when Titus was sacrificing in public, the whole people thronged round him with a petition on matters of the greatest importance. He said he would forward it to his father Vespasian and would intercede in their interests.

Then Apollonius came forward and asked what would Titus do if he could prove that some of those present were enemies who had stirred up revolt in Jerusalem and assisted the Jews against him. "If I could prove all this what do you think they would deserve?"

"Instant death!" said Titus, without a moment's hesitation.

"Then are you not ashamed to show more promptitude in punishing delinquents than in rewarding those who never offended, and assuming to yourself authority to punish whilst you defer that of recompensing until you have seen your father?"

Titus was not displeased with this direct reasoning.

"I grant their petition, as I know my father will not be angry with me for having submitted to truth and to you," he said.

Tarsus was not very far from Tyana the birthplace of Apollonius, and this incident was doubtless long remembered of the fearless philosopher, 'the Tyanean.'

The Emperor Vespasian often wrote to Apollonius and invited him to visit and confer with him but without success. Nero had given liberty to Greece, to the surprise of all, and the result was a revival of some of its glory and a harmony such as the country had not known in its best

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NERVA

days. Vespasian with undue severity punished some disturbance with a loss of this liberty. These are the letters that Apollonius wrote on the subject:

"Apollonius to the Emperor Vespasian, health.

"You have enslaved Greece, as report says, by which you imagine you have done more than Xerxes, without calling to mind that you have sunk below Nero, who freely renounced that which he had. *Vale.*"

To the same.

"You who have, in anger against the Greeks, reduced a free people to slavery — what need have you of my conversation? *Farewell.*"

To the same.

"Nero in sport gave liberty to Greece, of which you in seriousness have deprived them, and reduced them to slavery. *Farewell.*"

In spite of this refusal to meet Vespasian again, Apollonius did not conceal his joy when he heard that in all other respects Vespasian governed his people well, as he considered much was gained by his accession to the empire.

Of the story of Apollonius and Domitian what might be told would fill a volume. It is one of the most extraordinary trials in history — perhaps the most extraordinary part of it and the least noticed being that Apollonius was then no less than ninety-five years of age! And his intellect was the clearest by far of all those at the imperial court. The wisdom which Iarchas had taught him soared far above the petty sophistries of his 'philosophic' persecutors. They were so certain of their case that it never occurred to them to guarantee his conviction and death beforehand, and the trial was held publicly with an ostentation of justice which had to be honored when it proved triumphant. The accuser-in-chief was, need it be said, Euphrates.

Certainly, the wisdom of Jeanne d'Arc, thirteen centuries later, the

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farmer girl of Lorraine, against the whole host of ecclesiastical learning of the day was as unassailable, but her case had been decided beforehand, and if she had been an archangel they would have condemned her just the same. Apollonius could have avoided trial, but he voluntarily submitted to it, to save another, and that other was Nerva, the Emperor to succeed Domitian. Otherwise there are certain parallels of historic interest.

The great unknown Iarchas, through his pupil Apollonius, indeed made a huge mark on the history of the Roman Empire, and yet his name was probably as unknown to most Romans as it is to the authorities of our day, who say that since they have never heard of such a name, therefore he could not have existed, and is a 'myth.'

LIGHTS

KENNETH MORRIS

HE stands with Night upon the mountaintop, and sees
The purple vastness strewn with wandering flames above;
And knows the thing that thrills those thronged infinities
To that eurhythmic peace and paeon song is Love.

He looketh down, and sees the peopled plains below,
The murk of night aglow, an ominous diadem,
Where, star on lurid star, the city's splendors glow,
Laughter and wealth and woe and shame inwrought with them.

And from the stars above his heart is caught on fire,
And to the stars below, that time or passion seres,
The splendor of his heart, rapt from the starry choir,
Bears down in flame and song, the love that lights the Spheres.

And heaven and all its peace and grandeur burn through him
To light these stars on Earth, Earth's murk hath made so dim.


THE CREST-WAVE OF EVOLUTION

KENNETH MORRIS

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XIX — AN IMPERIAL SACRIFICE

"Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's."

 HIS is the secret of writing: look at the external things until you see pulsating behind them the rhythm and beauty of the Eternal. Only look for it, and persist in your search, and presently the Universal will be revealed shining through the particular; the sweep of everlasting Law through the little objects and happenings of a day.

Come to history with the same intent and method, and at last things appear in their true light. Here, too, as in a landscape, is the rhythm of the Eternal; here are the Basic Forms. I doubt if the evidence of the annalists is ever worth much, unless they had an eye to penetrate to these. When one sees behind the supposed fact narrated and the judgments pronounced the glimmering up of a basic form, one guesses one is dealing with a true historian.

Recently I read a book called *The Tragedy of the Caesars*, by the novelist Baring-Gould; and in it the life of a certain man presented in a sense flatly contradictory to the views of nineteen centuries anent that man; but it seemed to me at last an account that had the rhythm, the basic form, showing through. So in this lecture what I shall try to give you will be Mr. Baring-Gould's version of this man's life, with efforts of my own to go further and make quite clear the basic form.

What does one mean by 'basic form'? In truth it is hard to define. Only, this world, that seems such a heterogeneous helter-skelter of mournful promiscuities, is in fact the pattern that flows from the loom of an Eternal Weaver: a beautiful pattern, with its rhythms and recurrences; there is no haphazard in it; it is not mechanical,— yet still flawless as the configurations of a crystal or the petals of a perfect flower.

The name of the man we are to think of tonight has come down as a synonym for infamy: we imagine him a gloomy and bloodthirsty tyrant; a morose tiger enthroned; a gross sensualist; — well, I shall show you portraits of him, to see whether you can accept him for that. The truth is that aristocratic Rome, degenerate and frivolous, parrot-cried out against

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the supposed degeneracy of the imperial, and for the glories of the old republican, régime; for the days when Romans were Romans, and 'virtuous.' One came to them in whom the (real) ancient Roman honor more appeared than in another man in Italy, perhaps before or since; — and they could not understand the honor, and hated the man. They captured his name in a great net of lies; they breathed a huge fog of lies about him, which come down to us as history. Now to see whether a plain tale may not put them down.

Once more take your stand, please, on the Mountain of the Gods: the time, in or about the year 39 B. C.: — and thence try to envisage the world as Those do who guide but are not involved in the heats and dusts of it. The Western World; in which Rome, *caput mundi*, was the only thing that counted. *Caput mundi*; but a kind of idiot head at that: inchoate, without co-ordination; maggots scampering through what might have been the brain: the life fled, and that great rebellion of the many lives which we call decay having taken its place. And yet, it was no true season for Rome to be dead; it was no natural death; not so much decent death at all as the death in life we call madness. For the Crest-Wave men were coming in; it was the place where they should be. The cycle of Italy had begun, shall we say, in 94 B. C., and would end in 36 A. D.; — for convenience one must give figures, though one means only approximations by them; — and not until after that latter date would souls of any caliber cease to be incarnate in Roman bodies. Before that time, then, the madness had to be cured and Rome's mission had to be fulfilled.

That mission was, to homogenize the world. That was the task the Law had in mind for Rome; and it had to be done while the Crest-Wave remained in Italy and important egos were gathered in Rome. Some half dozen strong souls, under the Gods' special agent Octavian, had gone in there to do the work; but the Crest-Wave had flowed into Rome when Rome was already vice-rotten; and how could she expect to run her whole thirteen decades a great and ruling people? None of those strong souls could last out the whole time. Octavian himself, should he live to be eighty, would die and not see the cycle finished: twenty years of it would remain — to be filled by one worthy to succeed him, or how should his work escape being undone? The world must be made homogeneous, and Rome not its conqueror and cruel mistress, but its well-respected heart and agreed-on center; and all this must be accomplished, and established firmly, before her cyclic greatness had gone elsewhere: — that is, before 37 A. D.

The Republic, as we have seen, had had its method of ruling the provinces: it was to send out young profligates to fleece and exploit them,

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and make them hate Rome. This must be changed, and a habit formed of ruling for the benefit of the subject peoples. Two or three generations of provincials must have grown up in love with Rome before the end of the cycle, or the Empire would then inevitably break. By 37 A. D. the Crest-Wave would have left Italy, and would be centering in Spain. Spain, hating Rome, would shake off the Roman yoke; she would have the men to do it; — and the rest of the world would follow suit. Even if Spain should set herself to the Gods' work of union-making, what path should she take towards it? Only that of conquest would be open; and how should she hope to conquer, and then wipe out the evil traces of her conquering, and create a homogeneity, all within her possible cycle of thirteen decades? Rome's great opportunity came, simply because Rome had done the conquering before ever the Crest-Wave struck her; in days when the Crest-Wave was hardly in Europe at all. Even so, it would be a wonder if all could be finished in the few years that remained.

By Rome it never could have been done at all: it was the office of a Man, not of a state or nation. The Man who should do it, must do it from Rome: and Rome had first to be put into such condition as to be capable of being used. It devolved upon Augustus to do that first, or his greater work would be impossible. He had to win Rome to acquiescence in himself as Princeps. So his primary need was a personality of infinite tact; and *that* he possessed. He was the kind of man everybody could like; that put everyone at ease; that was friendly and familiar in all sorts of society: so he could make that treacherous quagmire Rome stable enough to be his *pied-à-terre*. That done, he could stretch out his arms thence to the provinces, and begin to weld them into unity. For this was the second part and real aim of his work: to rouse up in the Empire a centripetalism, with Rome for center, before centripetalism, in Rome itself, should have given place to the centrifugal forces of national death.

Rome ruled the world, and Augustus Rome, by right of conquest; and that is the most precarious right of all, and must always vanish with a change in the cycles. He had to, and did, transmute it into a stable right: first with respect to his own standing in Rome,— which might be done, with *tact* for weapon, in a few years; then with respect to Rome's standing in the world,— which could not be done in less than a couple of lifetimes, and with the best of good government as means. If the work should be interrupted too early it would all fall to pieces. So then he must have one successor at least, a soul of standing equal to his own: one that could live and reign until 37 A. D. Let the Empire until that year be ruled continuously from Rome in such a manner as to rouse up Roman — that is, World, — patriotism in all its provinces, and the appearance of the Crest-Wave in a new center would not be the signal for a new break-

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up of the world. The problem was, then, to find the man able to do this.

The child: for he must not be a man yet. And seeing what was at stake, he must be better equipped than Augustus: he must be trained from childhood by Augustus. Because he was to work in the midst of much more difficult conditions. Augustus had real men to help him: the successor probably would have none. When the Crest-Wave struck it, Rome was already mean and corrupt and degenerate. Augustus, not without good human aid, might hope to knock it into some kind of decency during the apex-time of the thirteen decades. His reign would fall, roughly, in the third quarter of the cycle, which is the best time therein; but his successor would have to hold out through the last quarter, which is the very worst. The Crest-Wave would then be passing from Italy: Rome would be becoming ever a harder place for a Real Man to live and work in. Meaner and meaner egos would be sneaking into incarnation; decent gentlemanly souls would be growing ever more scarce. By 'mean egos' I intend such as are burdened with ingrate personalities: creatures on whom sensuality has done its disintegrating work; whose best pleasure is to exempt themselves from any sense of degradation caused by fawning on the one strong enough to be their master, by tearing down as they may his work and reputation, circulating lies about him, tormenting him in every indirect way they can. Among such as these, and probably quite lonely among them, the successor of Augustus would have to live, fulfilling Heaven's work in spite of them. Where to find a Soul capable, or who would dare undertake the venture? Well; since it was to be done, and for the Gods,—no doubt the Gods would have sent their qualified man into incarnation.

In B. C. 39 Octavian proclaimed a general amnesty; and among those who profited by it was a certain member of the Claudian gens,—one of that Nero family to which Rome owed so much —

*Testis Metaurum flumen et Hasdrubal
Devictus.*

He had been a friend of Caesar's and an enemy of Octavian's; and had been spending his time recently in fleeing from place to place in much peril; as had also his wife, aged eighteen, and their three-year-old son. On one occasion this lady was hurrying by night through a forest, and the forest took fire; she escaped, but not until the heat had singed the cloak in which the baby boy in her arms was wrapped. Now they returned, and settled in their house on the Palatine not far from the house of Octavian.

In Rome at that time marriage was not a binding institution. To judge by the lives of those prominent enough to come into history, you simply married and divorced a wife whenever convenient. Octavian some time before had married Scribonia, to patch up an alliance with her kins-

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man Sextus Pompey, then prominent on the high seas in the rôle — I think the phrase is Mr. Stobart's — of gentleman-pirate. As she was much older than himself, and they had nothing in common, it occurred to no one that, now the utility of the match had passed, he would not follow the usual custom and divorce her. He met Livia, the wife of this Tiberius Claudius Nero, and duly did divorce Scribonia. Claudius Nero, concurring in his view of things, as promptly divorced Livia. A new wedding followed, in which Claudius Nero acted the part of father to his ex-wife, and gave her away to Octavian. It all sounds very disgraceful; but this must be said: the great Augustus could never have done his great work so greatly had he not had at his side the gracious figure of the Empress Livia,— during the fifty-two years that remained to him his serenest counselor and closest friend.

And then — there was the boy: I believe the most important element in the transaction.

His father died soon afterwards, and he came to live in the palace, under the care of his mother,— and of Augustus; who had now within his own family circle the two egos with whom he was most nearly concerned, and without whom his work would have been impossible. So I think we may put aside the idea that the marriage with Livia was an 'affair of the heart,' as they call it: — a matter of personal and passionate attraction. He was guided to it, as always, by his *Genius*, and followed the promptings of the Gods.

But,— Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned. The divorced Scribonia never forgave Augustus. She became the center of a faction in society that hated him, hated Livia, loathed and detested the whole Claudian line. There must have been bad blood in Scribonia. Her daughter Julia became profligate. Of Julia's five children, Agrippa Postumus went mad through his vices; Julia inherited her mother's tendencies, and came to a like end; Agrippina, a bitter and violent woman, became the evil genius of the next reign. Of this Agrippina's children, Drusus and Caligula went mad, and her daughter was the mother of the madman Nero. To me the record suggests this: that the marriage with, not the divorce of, Scribonia was a grave mistake on the part of Octavian; bringing down four generations of terrible karma. He was afloat in dangerous seas at that time, and a mere boy to take arms against them: did he, trusting in material alliances and the aid of Sextus Pirate, forget for once to trust in his *Genius* within? We have seen how the lines of pain became deeply graven on his face during the years that followed Caesar's death. A high soul, incarnating, must take many risks; and before it has found itself, and tamed the new personality, may have sown griefs for itself to be reaped through many lives. The descendants of Augustus and Scribonia

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were the bane of Augustus and of Rome. But Livia was his good star, and always added to his peace.

But now, back to the household on the Palatine, in the thirties B. C.

Julia (Scribonia's daughter), pert, witty, bold, and daring, was the darling of her father, whom she knew well how to amuse. Drusus, the younger son of Livia and Claudius Nero, was a bold handsome boy of winning manners and fine promise, generally noticed and loved. To these two you may say Augustus stood in only human relations: the loving, careful, and *jolly* father, sharing in all their games and merriment. (He always liked playing with children: as emperor, would often stop in his walks through the streets to join in a game with the street-boys). But with Livia's elder son, Tiberius, he was different. Tiberius had no charm of manner: Drusus his brother quite put him in the shade. He carried with him the scars of his babyhood's perilous adventures, and the terror of that unremembered night of fire. He was desperately shy and sensitive; awkward in company; reserved, timid, retiring, silent. Within the nature so pent up were tense feelings; you would say ungovernable, only that he always did govern them. He went unnoticed; Drusus was the pet of all: under such conditions how much harmony as a rule exists between two brothers? But Tiberius loved Drusus with his whole heart; his thoughts knew no color of jealousy; unusual harmony was between them until Drusus died. — The world said Augustus disliked the boy: we shall see on what appearances that opinion was based. But Tiberius, then and ever afterwards, held for Augustus a feeling deeper and stronger than human or filial affection: it was that, with the added reverence of a disciple for his Teacher. — You shall find these intense feelings sometimes in children of his stamp; though truly, children of the stamp of Tiberius are rare enough; for with all his tenderness, his over-sensitiveness and timidity, put him to some task, whisper to him *Duty!* — and the little Tiberius is another child altogether: unflinching, silent, determined, pertinacious; ready to die rather than give in before the thing is most whole-souledly done.

Augustus, merriest and most genial of men, never treated him as he did Julia and Drusus: there were no games and rompings with Tiberius. Let this grave child come into the room, and all ended; as if the Princeps were a school-boy caught at it by some stern prowling schoolmaster. Indeed, it was common talk that Augustus, until the last years of his life, never smiled in Tiberius' presence; that his smile died always on his stepson's entry; the joke begun went unfinished; he became suddenly grave and restrained; — as, I say, in the presence of a soul not to be treated with levity, but always upon a considered plan.

The children grew up, and people began to talk of a successorship

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to Augustus in the Principate. It would be, of course, through Julia, his daughter. He married her to Marcellus, aged seventeen, his sister Octavia's son, whom he adopted. Marcellus and Julia, then, would succeed him; no one thought of retiring Tiberius. Marcellus, however, died in a couple of years; and folk wondered who would step into his place. Augustus gave Julia to Vipsanius Agrippa, the man who had won so many campaigns for him. Agrippa was as old as the Princeps, but of much stronger constitution; and so, likely to outlive him perhaps a long while. Very appropriate, said Rome: Agrippa will reign next: an excellent fellow. No one thought of shy Tiberius. — Agrippa, by the way, was a strong man and a strict disciplinarian,— with soldiers, at any rate: it might be hoped also with wives. It was just as well for lady Julia to be under a firm hand.

Ten years later Agrippa died, and the heirship presumptive passed to his two eldest children by Julia: the princes Caius and Lucius. Augustus adopted them in due course. Heirship presumptive means here, that they were the ones Rome presumed would be the heirs: a presumption which Augustus, without being too definite, encouraged. The Initiate Leaders and Teachers of the world do not, as a rule, as far as one can judge, advertise well beforehand the identity of their successors. — As for Tiberius; — why, said Rome, his stepfather does not even like him. Drusus, now, and *his* children,— ah, that might be a possibility.

For the marriages of the two brothers told a tale. Drusus had married into the sacred Julian line: a daughter of Octavia and Mark Anthony; his son Germanicus was thus a grand-nephew of Augustus, and a very great pet. But Tiberius had made a love-match, with a mere daughter of Agrippa by some former wife: an alliance that could not advance him in any way. Her name was Vipsania; the whole intensity of his pent-up nature went into his feeling for her; he was remarkably happily married; — that is, for the human, the tender, sensitive, and affectionate side of him.

Meanwhile both brothers had proved their worth. At twenty-two, Tiberius set up a king in Armenia, and managed for Augustus the Parthian affair, whereby the standards of Crassus were returned. There were Swiss and German campaigns: in which Drusus was rather put where he might shine,— and he did shine; — and Tiberius a little in the shade. But Drusus in Germany fell from his horse, and died of his injuries; and then Tiberius was without question the first general of his age, and ablest man under the Princeps. As a soldier he was exceedingly careful of the welfare of his men; cautious in his strategy, yet bold; reserved: he made his own plans, and saw personally to their carrying out; — above all, he never made mistakes and never lost a battle. His natural shyness and timidity and awkwardness vanished as soon as there was work to be

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done: in camp, or on the battlefield, he was a very different man from the shy Tiberius of Roman society.

Gossip left his name untouched. It took advantage of Augustus' natural *bonhomie*, and whispered tales against *him* galore: even said that Livia retained her hold on him by taking his indiscretions discreetly; — which is as much as to say that an utterly corrupt society judged that great man by its own corrupt standards. But Tiberius was too austere; his life chilled even Roman gossip into silence. There was also his patent devotion to Vipsania. . . . You could only sneer at him, if at all, for lack of spirit.

He had, then, great and magnificent qualities; but the scars of his babyhood peril remained. There was that timid and clinging disposition; that over-sensitiveness that came out when he was away from camp, or without immediate business to transact, or in any society but that of philosophers and occultists; — for we do know that he was a student of Occult Philosophy. He had grand qualities; but felt, beneath his reserve, much too strongly; had a heart too full of pent-up human affections. But it is written:

"Before the Soul can stand in the presence of the Masters, its feet must be washed in the blood of the heart."

It devolved upon his Teacher to break that heart for him; so that he might stand in the presence of the Masters.

Agrippa had died; and for Julia's sake it was wise and better to provide her with a husband. Augustus hesitated long before he dared take the tremendous step he did: as one doubtful whether it would accomplish what he hoped, or simply kill at once the delicate psychic organism to be affected by it. Then he struck,—hurled the bolt. Let Tiberius put away Vipsania and marry Julia.

— Put away that adored Vipsania; — marry that Julia,—whom every single instinct in his nature abhorred! Incompatible: — that is the very least and mildest thing you can say about it; — but he must say nothing, for he is speaking to her father. He resists a long time, in deep anguish; but there is one word that for Tiberius was ever a clarion call to his soul.

What, cries he, is this terrible thing you demand of me? — and his Teacher answers: *Duty*. Duty to Rome, that the Julian and Claudian factions may be united; duty to the Empire, that my successors, Caius and Lucius, may have, after I am gone, a strong man for their guardian. — You will note that, if you please. Augustus had just adopted these two sons of Julia's; they were, ostensibly, to be his successors; there was no bait for ambition in this sacrifice Tiberius was called on to make; he would not succeed to the Principate; the marriage would not help him to that; there was to be nothing in it for him but pure pain. In

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the name of duty he was called on to make a holocaust of himself.

He did it; and the feet of his soul were indeed washed in the blood of his heart. He said no word; he divorced Vipsania and explained nothing. But for months afterwards, if he should chance to meet her, or see her in the street far off, he could not hide the fact that his eyes filled with tears. — Then Rome in its own kindly way took upon itself the duty or pleasure of helping him out a little: gossip got to work to soothe the ache of his wound. "Vipsania," said gossip; — "you are well rid of her; she was far from being all that you thought her." Probably he believed nothing of it; but the bitterness lay in its being said. A shy man is never popular. His shyness passes for pride, and people hate him for it. Tiberius was very shy. So society was always anxious to take down his pride a little. The truth was, he was humble to the verge of self-distrust.

He did his best for Julia: lived under the same roof with her for a few agonized months, and discovered what everyone knew or suspected about her. The cup of his grief was now quite full; and indeed, worse things a man could hardly suffer. Austere, reserved, and self-controlled as he was, at sight of Vipsania he could not hide his tears. But it is written:

"Before the eyes can see, they must become incapable of tears."

— He was the butt of Roman gossip: in all rancorous mouths because of the loved Vipsania; in all tattling mouths because of the loathed Julia; laughed at on both accounts; sympathized with by nobody; hearing all whispers, and fearfully sensitive to them. But

"Before the ear can hear, it must have lost its sensitiveness."

— The storm was upon him; the silence was ahead; he was rocked and shaken and stunned by the earthquakes and thunders of Initiation: when a man has to be hopeless, and battered, and stripped of all things: a naked soul afflicted with fiery rains and torments; and to have no pride to back him; and no ambition to back him: and no prospect before him at all, save such as can be seen with the it may be yet unopened eyes of faith. This is the way Tiberius endured his trials:—

All Rome knew what Julia was, except Augustus. So it is said; and perhaps truly; for here comes in the mystery of human duality: a thing hard enough to understand in ourselves, that are common humanity: how much harder the variety that appears in one such as Augustus! You may say, He must have known. Well, there was the Adept Soul; that, I doubt not, would have known. But perhaps it is that Those who have all knowledge at their beck and call, have the power to know or not know what they will? — to know what shall help, not to know

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what shall hinder their work? Julia was not to be saved: was, probably, tainted with madness like so many of her descendants: — then what the Adept Soul could not forefend, why should the human personality, the warm-hearted father, be aware of? Had that last known, how should he escape being bowed down with grief: then in those years when all his powers and energies were needed? Octavian had gone through storm and silence long since: in the days of the Triumvirate, and his enforced partnership in its nefarious deeds; — now his personal mind and his hands were needed to guide the Empire; and needed clear and untrammelled with grief. . . . Until Tiberius should be ready; at least until Tiberius should be ready. . . . So I imagine it possible that the soul of Augustus kept from its personality that wounding knowledge about Julia.

Tiberius was not the one to interfere with its purposes. Why did he not get a divorce? The remedy was clear and easy; and he would have ceased to be the laughingstock of Rome. He did not get a divorce; or try to; he said no word; he would not lighten his own load by sharing it with the Teacher he loved. He would not wound that Teacher to save himself pain or shame. Augustus had made severe laws for punishing such offenses as Julia's; and — well, Tiberius would bear his griefs alone. No sound escaped him.

But, as no effort of his could help or save her, live with Julia, or in Rome, he could not. His health broke down; he threw up all offices, and begged leave to retire to Rhodes. Augustus was (apparently) quite unsympathetic: withheld the permission until (they say) Tiberius had starved himself for four days to show it was go or die with him. And no, he would not take Julia; and he would give no reason for not taking her. Well; what was Augustus to do, having to keep up human appearances, and suit his action to the probabilities? What, but appear put out, insulted, angry? Estrangement followed; and Tiberius went in (apparent) disgrace. I find the explanation once more in *Light on the Path*; thus —

"In the early state in which a man is entering upon the silence he loses knowledge of his friends, of his lovers, of all who have been near and dear to him; *and also loses sight of his teachers.*"

So in this case. "Scarce one passes through," we read, "without bitter complaint." But I think Tiberius did.

How else to explain the incident I cannot guess. Or indeed, his whole life. Tacitus' account does not hang together at all; the contradictions trip each other up, and any mud is good enough to fling. Mr. Baring-Gould's version goes far towards truth; but the well is deep for his tackle, and only esotericism, I think, can bring up the clear water. Whether Augustus knew all personally, or was acting simply on the

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promptings of his inner nature, or of Those who stood behind him,— he took the course, it seems to me, which as an Occult Teacher he was bound to take. His conduct was framed in any case to meet the needs of his disciple's initiation. He, for the Law, had to break that disciple's outer life; and then send him lonely into the silence to find the greater life within. Truly these waters are deep; and one may be guessing with the utmost presumption. But hear *Light on the Path* again; and judge whether the picture that emerges is or is not consistent. It says:

"Your teacher, or your predecessor, may hold your hand in his, and give you the utmost sympathy the human heart is capable of. But when the silence and the darkness come, you lose all knowledge of him; you are alone, and he cannot help you; not because his power is gone, but because you have invoked your great enemy."

— Tiberius was alone, and Augustus could not help him; and he went off, apparently quite out of favor, to seven years of voluntary exile in Rhodes, there to don the robe of a philosopher, and study philosophy and "astrology," as they say. Let us put it, the Esoteric Wisdom; I think we may.

The truth about Julia could not be kept from Augustus forever. It came to his ears at last; when his work was by so much nearer completion, and when Tiberius was by so much nearer his illumination. The Princeps did his duty, though it made an old man of him: he banished Julia according to his own law. Then it was the wronged husband who stepped in and interceded; who wrote pleading letters to his stepfather, imploring him to have mercy on the erring woman: to lighten her punishment; to let her mother, at least, be with her in her exile. He knew well what tales Julia had been telling her father about him; and how Augustus had seemed to believe them; but "a courageous endurance of personal injustice" is demanded of the disciple; and very surely it was found in him. Rome heard of his intercession, and sneered at him for his weak-spiritedness; — as kindly letter-writers failed not to let him know.

"Look for the flower to bloom in the silence that follows the storm, not till then."

The flower bloomed in this case during those seven years at Rhodes; then Tiberius was fit to return. Outer events shaped themselves to fit inner needs and qualifications: here now at last was the Man who was to succeed Augustus, duly and truly prepared, worthy and well-qualified: initiated, and ready to be named before the world Heir to the Principate. Within a few months of each other Caius and Lucius, the hitherto supposed successors designate, died; their brother Agrippa Postumus was already showing signs of incipient madness. True, there were many of the Julian line still alive and available, were Augustus (as had been thought) bent on making Julian blood the qualification necessary: there

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was Germanicus, married to Agrippina; he the son of Drusus and Antonia, Octavia's daughter; she the daughter of Julia, and so granddaughter of Augustus himself: there were these two with their several children. But all else might wait upon the fact that Tiberius, the real man, was now ready. The Princeps adopted him, and no one was left to doubt who was to be the successor. The happiest years in Tiberius' life began: he had at last the full, unreserved, and undisguised friendship of his Teacher. His portrait-busts taken at this period show for the first and only time a faint smile on his gravely beautiful face.

Also he was given plenty of work. His great German campaigns followed quickly; and the quelling of the Pannonian insurrection that called him back from the Rhine; and Varus' defeat while Tiberius was in Pannonia; and Tiberius' triumphant saving of the situation. It was then, when the frontier was broken and all the world awoke with alarm, that he consulted his generals: the only time he ever did so. Says Velleius Paterculus, who served under him:—"There was no ostentation in his conduct; it was marked by solid worth, practicality, humaneness. He took as much care of any one of us who happened to be sick, as if that one's health were the main object of his concern." Ambulances, he continues, were always in attendance, with a medical staff, warm baths, suitable food, etc., for the sick. "The general often admonished, rarely punished; taking a middle part, dissembling his knowledge of most faults, and preventing the commission of others. . . . He preferred the approval of his own conscience to the acquisition of renown."

He returned to Rome in triumph in the autumn of A. D. 12; and dismissed his chief captives with presents, instead of butchering them in the fine old Roman way. He was at the height of his fame: undeniably Rome's savior, and surely to be Princeps on his Teacher's death. Augustus, in letters that remain, calls him "the only strength and stay of the Empire." "All who were with you," says he, "admit that this verse suits you:

'One man by vigilance has restored the state.'

Whenever anything happens that requires more than ordinary consideration, or when I am out of humor, then, by Hercules, I long for the presence of my dear Tiberius; and Homer's lines rise in my mind:

'Bold from his prudence, I could e'en aspire
To dare with him the burning rage of fire.'

When I hear that you are worn out with incessant fatigue, the Gods confound me if I am not all in a quake. So I entreat you to spare yourself, lest, should we hear of your being ill, the news prove fatal to your mother and myself, and the Roman people be alarmed for the safety of

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the Empire. I pray heaven to preserve you for us, and bless you with health now and ever,—if the Gods care a rush for the Roman people. . . . Farewell, my dearest Tiberius; may good success attend you, you best of all generals, in all that you undertake for me and for the Muses.”

Two years later Augustus died, and Tiberius became emperor; and the persecution broke out that was not to end till his death. Let us get the whole situation firmly in mind. There was that clique in high society of men who hated the Principate because it had robbed them of the spoils of power. It gathered first round Scribonia, because she hated Augustus for divorcing her; then round Julia, because she was living in open contempt of the principles her father stood for. Its chief bugbear of all was Tiberius, because he was the living embodiment of those principles; and because Julia, the witty and brilliant, hated him above all things and made him in the salons the butt for her shafts. Its darling poet was Ovid; whose poetic mission was, in Mr Stobart's phrase, “to gild uncleanness with charm.” Presently Augustus sent him into exile: whereupon master Poet changes his rôle from singer of immorality to whiner over his own hard lot. But enough of unsavory him: the clique remained and treasured his doctrine. When Caius and Lucius died, it failed not to whisper that of course Tiberius had poisoned them; and during the next twenty-five years you could hardly die, in Rome, without the clique's buzzing a like tale over your corpse. — A faction that lasted on, handing down its legends, until Suetonius and Tacitus took them up and immortalized them; thus creating the Tiberius of popular belief and “history,” deceiving the world for twenty centuries.

The Augustan system implied no tyranny; not even absolutism:—it was through no fault of its founder, or of his successor, that the constitutional side of it broke down. Remember the divine aim behind it all: to weld the world into one. So you must have the provinces, the new ones that retained their national identity, under Adept rule: there must be no monkeying by incompetents there. Those provinces were, absolutely, in the hands of Caesar. But in Rome, and Italy, and all quiet and long-settled parts, the senate was to rule; and Augustus' effort, and especially Tiberius' effort, was to make it do so. But by this time, you may say, there was nothing resembling a human ego left among the senators: when the Mānasaputra incarnated, these fellows had been elsewhere. They simply could not rule. Augustus had had constantly to be intervening to pull them out of scrapes: to audit their accounts for them, because they could not do the sums themselves; to send down men into their provinces to put things right whenever they went wrong. Tiberius was much more loath to do this. At times one almost suspects him of being at heart a republican, anxious to restore the Republic the

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first moment it might be practicable. That would be, when the whole empire was one nation and some few souls to guide things should have appeared. At any rate (in his latter years) it must have seemed impossible that the Principate should continue: there was absolutely no one to follow him in it. So the best thing was to leave as much as possible the senate's duty to the senate, that responsibility might be aroused in them. For himself, he gave his whole heart and mind to governing the provinces of Caesar. He went minutely into finances; and would have his sheep, he said, sheared, not flayed. His eyes and hands were everywhere, to bring about the Brotherhood of Man. There is, perhaps, evidence in the Christian Evangels: where we see the Jewish commonalty on excellent good terms with the Roman soldier, and Jesus consorting friendlily with Tiberius' centurions and tax-gatherers; but the Jewish national leaders as the enemies of both — of the Romans, and of the democratic Nazarene. If this emperor's life had come down through provincial, and not metropolitan, channels, we should have heard of him as the most beneficent of men. Indeed, Mr Baring-Gould argues that among the Christians a tradition came down of him as of one "very near the Kingdom of God." It may be so; and such a view may even be the reflexion of the Nazarene Master's own opinion as to Tiberius. At any rate, we may suppose that at that time the Christian Movement was still fairly pure: its seat was in the provinces, far from Rome; and its strength among humble people seeking to live the higher life. But those who were interested to lie against Tiberius, and whose lies come down to us for history, were all metropolitans, and aristocrats, and apostles of degeneracy. I do not mean to include Tacitus under the last head: but he belonged to the party, and inherited the tradition.

It was on the provinces that Tiberius had his hand, not on the metropolis. He hoped the senators would do their duty, and gave them every chance to: he rather turned his eyes away from their sphere, and kept them fixed on his own. We must understand this well: the histories give but accounts of Roman and home affairs; with which, as they were outside his duty, Tiberius concerned himself as little as he might.

But the senate's conception of duty-doing was this: flatter the Caesar in public with all the ingenuity and rhetoric God or the devil has given you; but for the sake of decency slander him in private, and so keep your self-respect. — I abased my soul to Caesar, I? Yes, I know I licked his shoes in the senate house; but that was merely camouflage. At Agrippina's *at home* I made up for it: was it not high-souled I who told that filthy story about him? — which, (congratulate me!) I invented myself. How dare you then accuse me of being small-spirited, or one to reverence any man soever? — So these maggots crawled and tumbled;

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until they brought down their own karma on their heads like the Assyrian in the poem, or a thousand of bricks. Constitutionalism broke down, and tyranny came on awfully in its place; and those who had not upheld the constitution suffered from the tyranny. But it was not heroic Tiberius who was the tyrant.

He was unpopular with the crowd, because austere and taciturn; he would not wear the pomps and tinsels, or swagger it in public to their taste. He was too reserved; he was not a good mixer: if you fell on your knees to him, he simply recoiled in disgust. He would not witness the gladiatorial games, with their sickening senseless bloodshed; nor the plays at the theatre, with their improprieties. In these things he was an anomaly in his age, and felt about them as would any humane gentleman today. So it was easy for his enemies to work up popular feeling against him.

At the funeral of Augustus he had to read the oration. A lump in his throat prevented him getting through with it, and he handed the paper to his son Drusus to finish. "Oh!" cried his enemies then and Tacitus after them, "what dissimulation! what rank hypocrisy! when in reality he must be overjoyed to be in the dead man's shoes." When that same Drusus (his dear son and sole hope) died some years later, he so far controlled his feelings that none saw a muscle of his face moved by emotion while he read the oration. "Oh!" cried his enemies then and Tacitus after them, "what a cold unfeeling monster!" Tiberius, with an absolute eye for reading men's thoughts, knew well what was being said on either occasion.

When Augustus died, his one surviving grandson, Agrippa Postumus, was mad and under restraint in the island of Planasia, near Elba. A plot was hatched to spirit him away to the Rhine, and have him there proclaimed as against Tiberius by the legions. One Clemens was deputed to do this; but when Clemens reached Planasia, he found Agrippa murdered. Says Suetonius:

"It remained doubtful whether Augustus left the order (for the murder) in his last moments, to prevent any public disturbance after his death; or whether Livia issued it in the name of Augustus, or whether it was issued with or without the knowledge of Tiberius." — Tacitus scouts the idea that Augustus could have been responsible, citing his well-known love for his grandsons: wherein one may hold Tacitus in the right,— though truly this Agrippa Postumus was a peculiarly violent offensive idiot, and Augustus knew well what the anti-Claudian faction was capable of. Nor can one credit that gracious lady Livia with it; though it was she who persuaded Tiberius to hush the thing up, and rescind his order for a public senatorial investigation. For an order to

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that effect he issued; and Tacitus, *more suo*, puts it down to his hypocrisy. Tacitus' method with Tiberius is this: all his acts of mercy are to be attributed to weak-spiritedness; all his acts of justice, to bloody tyranny; everything else to hypocrisy and dissimulation.

Neither Augustus, nor yet Livia, then, had Agrippa killed; must we credit it to Tiberius? Less probably, I think, it was he than either of the others: I can just imagine Augustus taking the responsibility for the sake of Rome, but not Tiberius criminal for his own sake. Here is an explanation which incriminates neither: it may seem far-fetched; but then many true things do. We know how the children of darkness hate the Messengers of Light. Tiberius stood for private and public morality; the Julian-republican clique for the opposite. He stood for the nations welded into one, the centuries to be, and the high purposes of the Law. They stood for anarchy, civil war, and the old spoils system. — Down him then! said they. And how? — Fish up mad Postumus, and let's have a row with the Legions of the Rhine. — Yes; that sounds pretty, — for you who are not in the deep know of the thing. But how far do you think the Legions of the Rhine are going to support this young revolting-habited madman against the first general of the age? You are green; you are crude, my friends; — but go to it; your plot shall do well. But we, the cream and innermost of the party, — we have another. Let the madman be murdered, — and who shall be called the murderer?

I believe they argued that way; — and very wisely; for Tiberius still carries the odium of the murder of Agrippa Postumus.

Why did he allow himself to be dissuaded from the public investigation? Was it weakness? His perturbation when he heard of the murder, and his orders for the investigation, were natural enough. One can perhaps understand Livia, shaken with the grief of her great bereavement, fearing the unknown, fearing scandal, fearing to take issue with the faction whose strength and bitterness she knew, pleading with her son to let the matter be. Was it weakness on his part, that he concurred? This much must be allowed: Tiberius was always weak at self-defense. Had he taken prompt steps against his personal enemies, it might have been much better for him, in a way. But then and always his eyes were upon the performance of his duty; which he understood to be the care of the empire, not the defense of himself. We called Augustus the bridge; Tiberius was the shield. He understood the business of a shield to be, to take shafts, and make no noise about it. Proud he was; with that sublime pride that argues itself capable of standing all things, so that the thing it cares for — which is not its own reputation — is unhurt. You shall see. We might call it unwisdom, if his work had suffered by

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it; but it was only his peace, his own name — and eventually his enemies — that suffered. He brought the world through.

Detail by detail, Mr Baring-Gould takes the incidents of his reign, and shows how the plot was worked up against him, and every happening, all his deeds and motives, colorless or finely colored, given a coat of pitch. We can only glance at one or two points here: his relations with Germanicus, and with Agrippina; the rise and fall of Sejanus.

Germanicus, his nephew, was fighting on the Rhine when Tiberius came to the throne. There was a mutiny; which Germanicus quelled with much loss of dignity and then with much bloodshed. To cover the loss of dignity, he embarked on gay adventures against the Germans; and played the fool a little, losing some few battles. Tiberius, who understood German affairs better than any man living, wanted peace in that quarter; and recalled Germanicus; then, lest there should be any flavor of disgrace in the recall, sent him on a mission to the East. Your textbooks will tell you he recalled him through jealousy of his brilliant exploits. Germanicus being something flighty of disposition, the emperor sent with him on his new mission a rough old fellow by the name of Calpurnius Piso to keep a weather eye open on him, and neutralize, as far as might be, extravagant actions. The choice, it must be said, was a bad one; for the two fought like cat and dog the better part of the time. Then Germanicus died, supposing that Piso had poisoned him; and Agrippina his wife came home, an Ate shrieking for revenge. She had exposed her husband's naked body in the marketplace at Antioch, that all might see he had been poisoned: which shows the kind of woman she was. Germanicus was given a huge funeral at Rome; he was the darling of the mob, and the funeral was really a demonstration against Tiberius. Then Piso was to be tried for the murder: a crabbed but honest old plebeian of good and ancient family, whom Tiberius knew well enough was innocent. There were threats of mob violence if he should be acquitted; and the suggestion studiously sown that Piso, guilty, had been set on to the murder by the Princeps. Tiberius, knowing the popular feeling, did not attend the funeral of his nephew. It was a mistake in policy, perhaps; but his experience had been unpleasant enough at the funeral of Augustus. Tacitus says he stayed away fearing lest the public, peering into his face thus from close to, might see the marks of dissimulation in it, and realize that his grief was hypocrisy. How the devil did Tacitus know? Yet what he says comes down as gospel.

This sort of thing went on continually, and provided him a poor atmosphere in which to do his great and important work. As he grew older, he retired more and more. He trusted in his minister Sejanus, who had once heroically saved his life: an exceedingly able, but un-

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fortunately also an exceedingly wicked man. Sejanus became his link with Rome and the senate; and used that position, and the senate's incompetence, to gather into his own hands a power practically absolute in home affairs. Home affairs, be it always remembered, were what the Princeps expected the senate to attend to: their duty, under the constitution. Instead, however, they fawned on Sejanus *ad lib.* Sejanus murdered Tiberius' son Drusus, and aspired to the hand of Livilla, his widow: she was the daughter of Germanicus and Agrippina; and she certainly, and Agrippina probably, were accessories to the murder of Drusus. For Agrippina was obsessed with hatred for Tiberius: with the idea that he had murdered her husband, and with thirst for revenge. Sejanus was thus in a fair way to the ends of his ambition: to be named the successor to the Principate.

Then Tiberius found him out; and sent a message to a senate engaged in Sejanus-worship, demanding the punishment of the murderers of Drusus.

Sejanus had built up his power by fostering the system of delation. There was no public prosecutor in the Roman system: when any wrong had been done, it was anyone's business to prosecute. The end of education was rhetoric, that you might get on in life. The first step was to bring an accusation against some public man, and support it with a mighty telling speech. If you succeeded, and killed your man,— why, then your name was made. On this system, with developments of his own, Sejanus had built: had employed one half of Rome informing against the other. It took time to bring about; but he had worked up by degrees a state of things in which all went in terror of him; and the senate was eager perpetually to condemn any one he might recommend for condemnation. When Tiberius found him out, they lost their heads entirely, and simply tumbled over themselves in their anxiety to accuse, condemn, and execute each other. Everyone was being informed against as having been a friend of Sejanus, and therefore an enemy of their dear Princeps; who was away at Capri attending to his duty; and whose ears, now Sejanus was gone, they might hope to reach with flatteries. You supped with your friend overnight; did your best to diddle him into saying something over the wine-cups; — then rose betimes in the morning to accuse him of saying it: only too often to find that he, (traitorly wretch!) had risen half an hour earlier and accused you: so you missed your breakfast for nothing; and dined (we may hope) in a better world. Thus during the last years of the reign there was a Terror in Rome: in the senate's sphere of influence: the senatorial class the sufferers and inflictors of the suffering. Meanwhile Tiberius in his retirement was still at his duty: his hold on his provinces never relaxed. When the con-

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demned appealed to him, the records show that in nearly every case their sentences were commuted. Tiberius' enemies were punishing themselves; but the odium of it has been fastened on Tiberius. He might have interfered, you say? — What! with Karma? I doubt.

His sane, balanced, moderate character comes out in his own words again and again: he was a wonderful anomaly in that age. Rome was filled with slanders against him; and the fulsome senate implored him to punish the slanderers. "We have not much time to spare," Tiberius answered; "we need not involve ourselves in this additional business." "If any man speaks ill of me, I shall take care so to behave as to be able to give a good account of my words and acts, and so confound him. If he speaks ill of me after that, it will be time enough for me to think about hating him." Permission was asked to raise a temple to him in Spain; he refused to grant it, saying that if every emperor was to be worshiped, the worship of Augustus would lose its meaning. "For myself, a mere mortal, it is enough for me if I do my duties as a mortal; I am content if posterity recognises that. . . . This is the only temple I desire to have raised in my honor,— and this only in men's hearts." — The senate, in a spasm of flattery, offered to swear in advance to all his acts. He forbade it, saying in effect that he was doing and proposed to do his best; but all things human were liable to change, and he would not have them endorsing the future acts of one who by the mere failure of his faculties might do wrong.

In those sayings, I think, you get the man: perhaps a disciple only, and never actually a Master; perhaps never absolutely sure of himself, but only of his capacity and determination to do his duty day by day: his own duty, and not other men's; — never setting himself on a level with his Teacher; or thinking himself able, of his own abilities, to run the world, as Augustus had had the power and the mission to do,— but as probably no man might have had the power to do in Tiberius' time; — and by virtue of that faith, that high concentration on duty, carrying the world (but not Rome) through in spite of Rome, which had become then a thing incurable, nothing more than an infection and lamentable scab.

He left it altogether in his last years; its atmosphere and bitterness were too much for him. From the quiet at Capri he continued to rule his provinces until the end; ever hoping that if he did his duty, someone or some spirit might arise in the senate to do theirs. Tacitus explains his retirement — as Roman society had explained it when it happened, — thus: Being then seventy-two years old, Tiberius, whose life up to that time had been irreproachable and untouched by gossip, went to Capri to have freedom and privacy for orgies of personal vice. But why

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did he not stay at Rome for his orgies: doing at Rome as the Romans did, and thereby perhaps earning a measure of popularity?

Over the bridge Augustus, western humanity had made the crossing; but on the further shore, there had to be a sacrifice to the Fates. Tiberius was the sacrifice. And that sacrifice was not in vain. We get one glimpse through provincial (and therefore undiseased) eyes of the empire he built up in the provinces. It is from Philo Judaeus, a Jewish Theosophist of Alexandria, who came to Rome in the reign of Caligula, Tiberius' successor. (Tiberius, it must be said, appointed no successor; there was none for him to appoint.) Caligula, says Philo,

"succeeded to an empire that was well organized, tending everywhere to concord: north, south, east, and west brought into friendship; Greeks and barbarians united; soldiers and civilians linked together in the bonds of a happy peace."

That was the work of Tiberius.

In the Gospel narrative, Jesus is once made to allude to him; in the words quoted at the head of this paper: "Render unto Caesar" — who was Tiberius — "the things which are Caesar's." I think it is about time it should be done: that the wreath of honor should at last be laid on the memory of this brave, just, sane, and merciful man; this silent duty-doer, who would speak no word in his own defense; this Agent of the Gods, who endured all those years of crucifixion, that he might build up the Unity of Mankind.

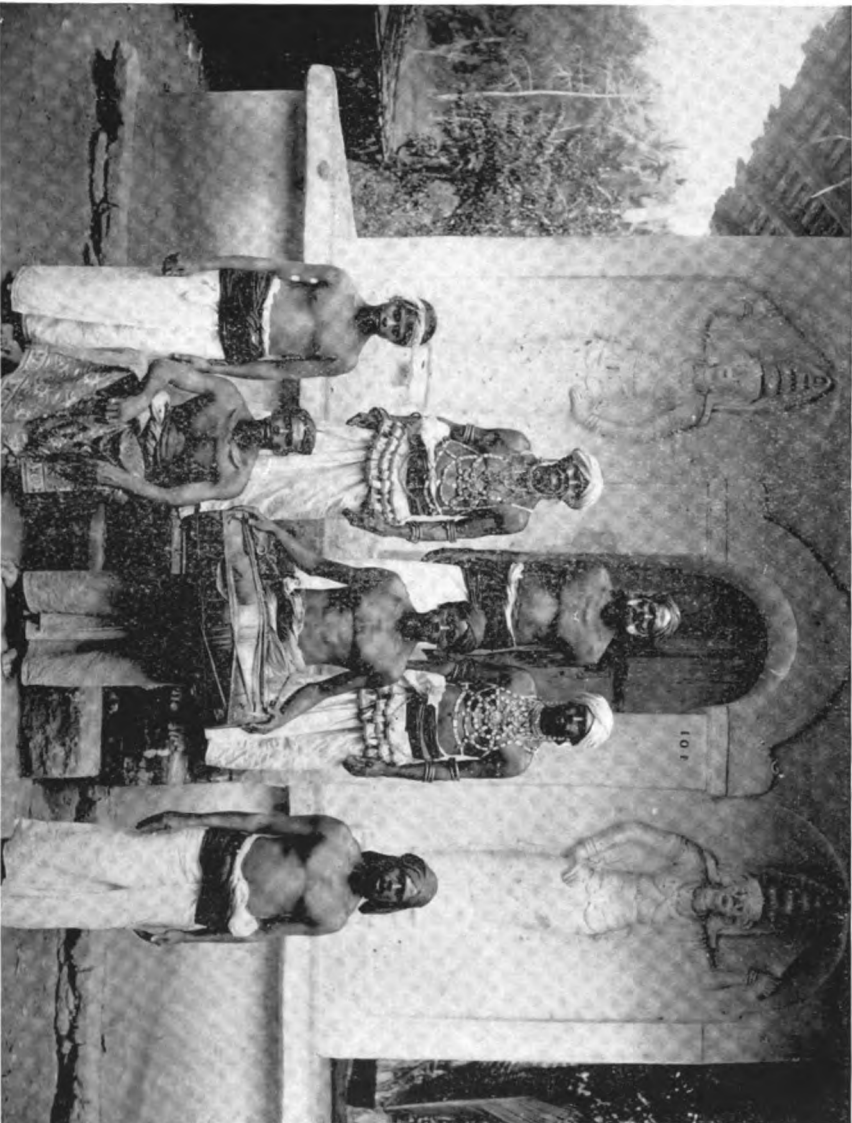
Says Mr Baring-Gould:

"In the galleries of Rome, of Naples, Florence, Paris, one sees the beautiful face of Tiberius, with that intellectual brow and sensitive mouth, looking pleadingly at the passer-by, as though seeking for someone who would unlock the secret of his story and vindicate his much aspersed memory."



"THE 'Higher Ego' cannot act directly on the body, as its consciousness belongs to quite another plane and planes of ideation: the 'lower self' does: and its action and behavior *depend on its free-will and choice* as to whether it will gravitate more towards its parent (the 'Father in Heaven') or the 'animal' which it informs, the man of flesh. The 'Higher Ego,' as part of the essence of the UNIVERSAL MIND, is unconditionally omniscient on its own plane, and only potentially so in our terrestrial sphere, as it has to act solely through its *alter ego* — the Personal Self."

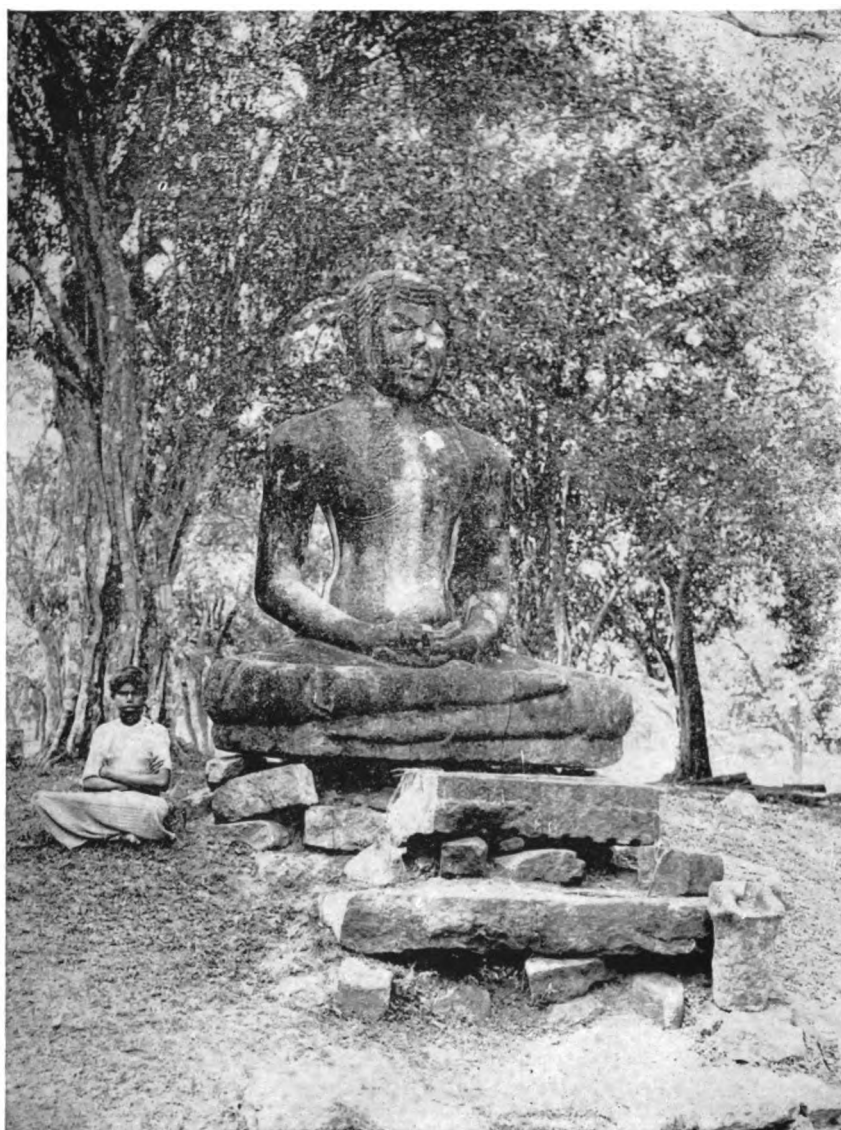
— H. P. BLAVATSKY, in *Psychic and Noetic Action*



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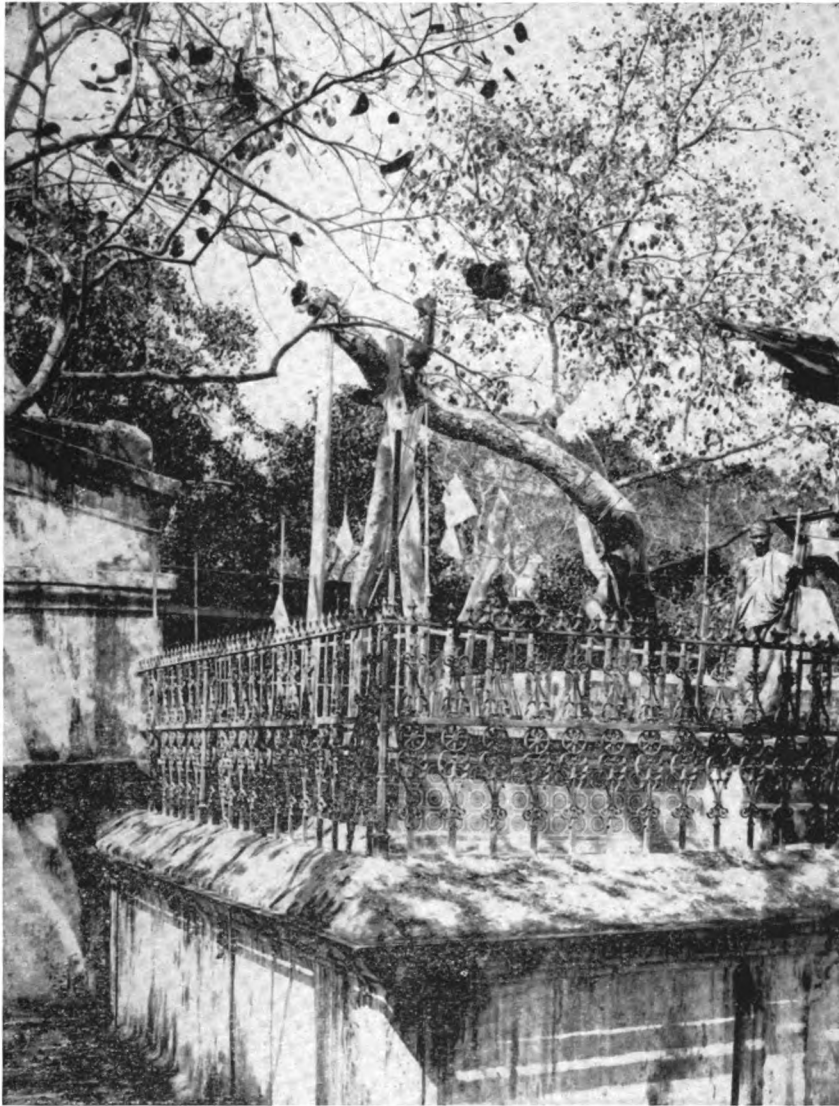
(PLATE I) THE MUSICIANS AND CHIEF DANCERS OF A BALI CEREMONY

(Photographs of this series by Mr. W. Y. Evans-Wentz, for description, see page 373.)



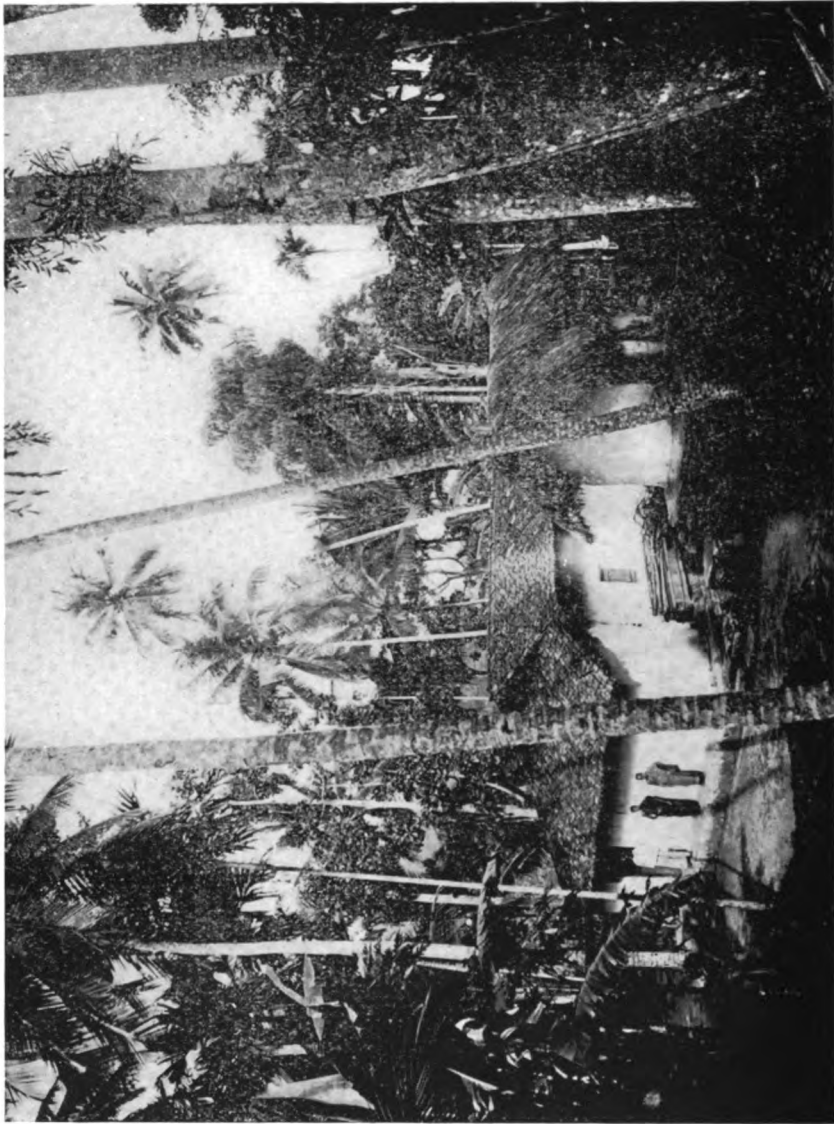
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(PLATE II) IMAGE OF THE BUDDHA IN THE JUNGLES
WHEREIN ONCE STOOD THE ANCIENT
BUDDHIST CAPITAL OF CEYLON, ANURĀDHAPURĀ



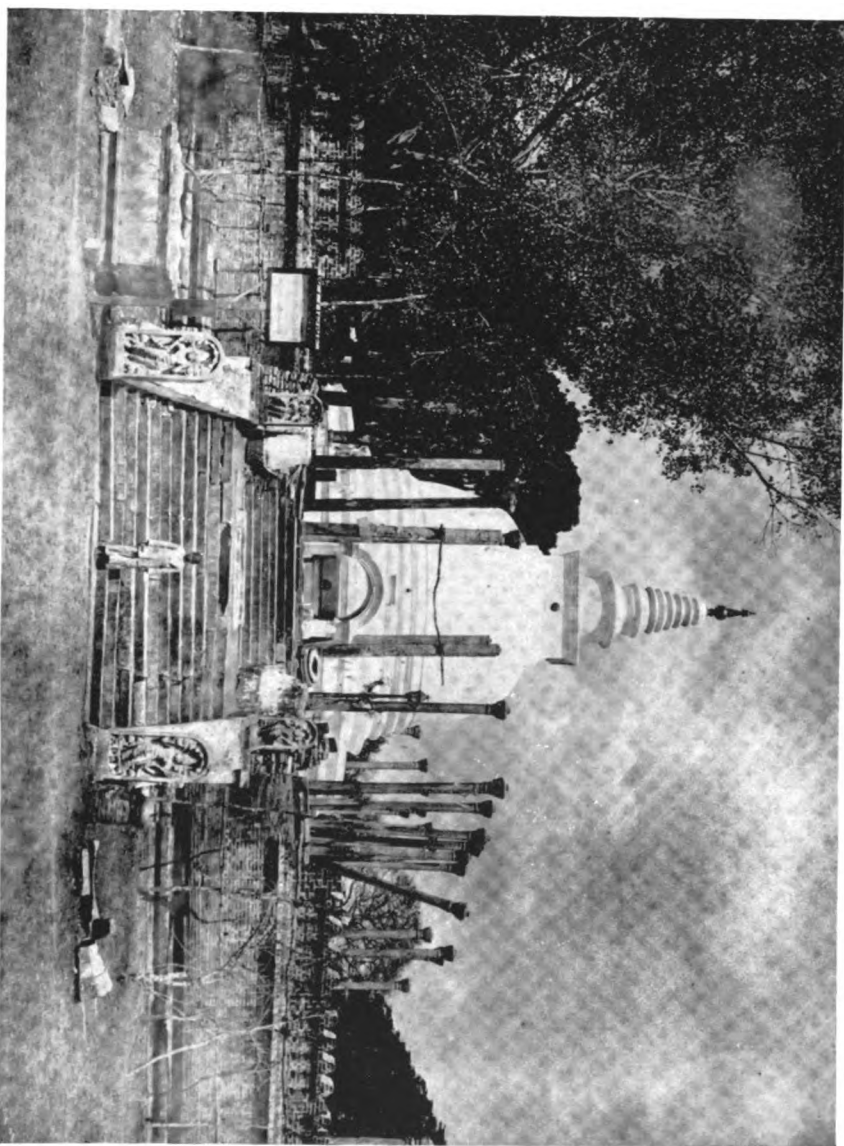
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(PLATE III) THE ORIGINAL BO-TREE AT
ANURÂDHAPURÂ, PRODUCED FROM A BRANCH
OF THE ORIGINAL BO-TREE OF BUDH-GÂYÂ



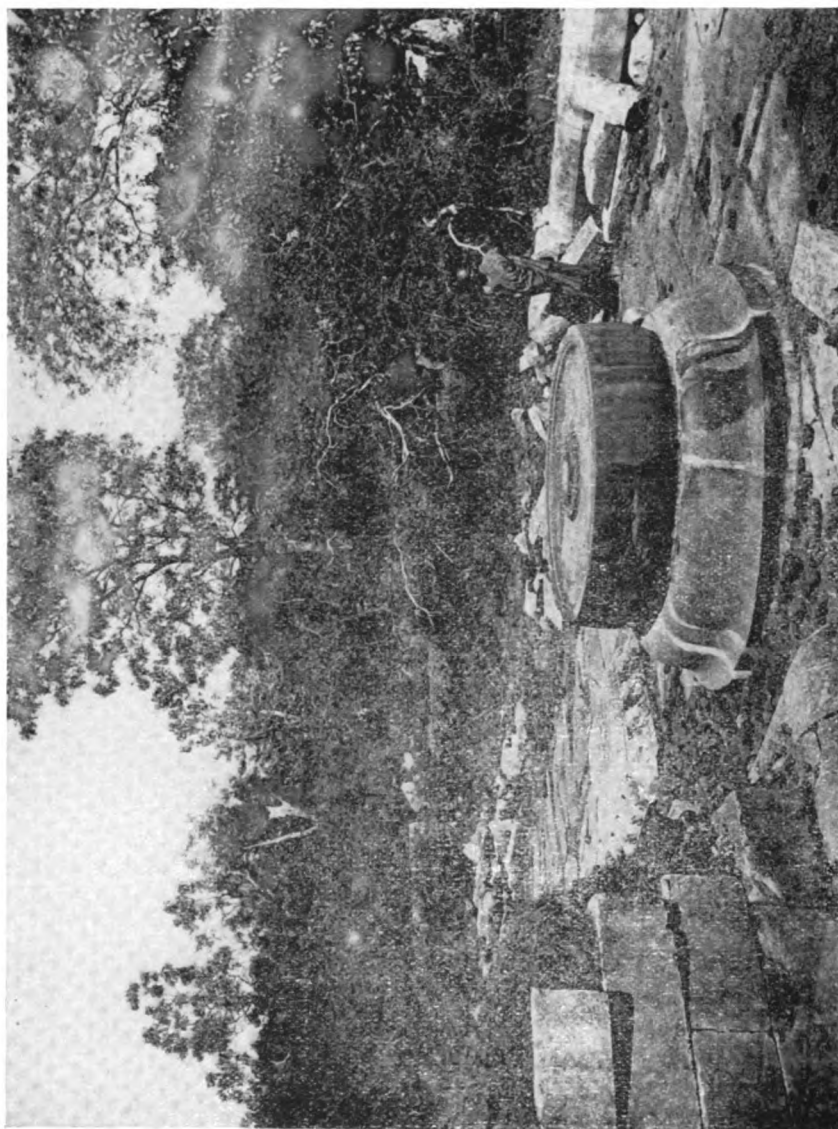
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(PLATE IV) A MONASTIC RETREAT NEAR KANDY, CEYLON



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(PLATE V) A DAGOBA AMIDST THE RUINS OF ANURĀDHAPURĀ



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

(PLATE VI) ALTAR STONE AND RUINS ON FLOOR AROUND
JETAWANARAMA DAGOBA, ANURĀDHAPURĀ

SCENES IN AND AROUND THE CAPITAL OF CEYLON

(Plate I) THE MUSICIANS AND CHIEF DANCERS OF A BALI CEREMONY PERFORMED IN AN ISOLATED JUNGLE VILLAGE A FEW MILES FROM KANDY, CEYLON, GROUPED ON STEPS OF A BUDDHIST TEMPLE

The Bali Ceremony seems to be peculiar to Ceylon and most likely is a survival from very ancient times. It is a magical rite performed for the curing of diseases believed to be due to planetary influences. Figures of the Bali gods and of the nine gods presiding over the nine planets of oriental astrology are molded from clay and fixed in a frame-work of bamboo. Upon these the person for whose benefit the ceremony is performed must fix his gaze, whilst in the open space before him the magical dances accompanied with the chanting of mantras and sacred songs proceeds for from fifteen to eighteen hours almost without cessation.

(Plate II) IMAGE OF THE BUDDHA IN THE JUNGLES WHEREIN
ONCE STOOD THE ANCIENT BUDDHIST CAPITAL OF CEYLON,
ANURÂDHAPURÂ

(Plate III) THE ORIGINAL BO-TREE AT ANURÂDHAPURÂ, PRODUCED FROM A BRANCH OF THE ORIGINAL BO-TREE OF BUDH-GÂYÂ

It was carried to Ceylon from India by an Indian Buddhist Princess about 240 B. C., since which time it has been watched over by an uninterrupted succession of priestly guardians. Probably the oldest sacred tree in the world.

A Buddhist priest is seen inside the Bo-tree enclosure.

(Plate IV) A MONASTIC RETREAT NEAR KANDY, CEYLON

Two Buddhist priests are seen on veranda of dwelling.

(Plate V) A DAGOBA AMIDST THE RUINS OF THE
ANCIENT CITY OF ANURÂDHAPURÂ

(Plate VI) ALTAR STONE AND RUINS ON FLOOR AROUND
JETAWANARAMA DAGOBA, ANURÂDHAPURÂ

FATHOMLESS

H. T. PATTERSON

I LIE in the silvery hollow of sleep,
My head on the breast of the night reclining;
I sink in the fathomless waves of the deep;
Like mother-of-pearl the night-light is shining.


From the hollow of sounds songs sing in my ear;
In the caves of the darkness re-echoes the sound;
From the midst of the mist mist's faint forms appear,
Its vaporous forms the mist forms surround.

The shadows of eve and the shades before dawn,
The poles that are one though not ever meeting,
The footprints of zephyrs that float on the lawn,
The Now ever with us, present though fleeting.

I lie in the silvery hollow of being,
Asleep while awake and awake while asleep,
Seeing nothing that is and yet ever seeing,
Awake in the waves of the fathomless deep.

THE CONFLICT BETWEEN RELIGION AND SCIENCE

MAGISTER ARTIUM

HILOSOPHY recognises a distinction between Ethics (τὰ ἠθικά) and natural science (τὰ φυσικά), according to which the former deals with character and conduct, the latter with phenomena; the former with what ought to be, the latter with what is; the former with duty, the latter with knowledge; the former with ideals, the latter with facts. This distinction is more popularly known as that between religion and science, between morals and natural philosophy.

Truth must ultimately be one and indivisible; yet we may divide the quest for truth into several branches for purposes of convenience. But we should never forget that this division is only temporary and formal. We should not go so far as to think that science has nothing whatever to do with conduct; nor, on the other hand, that religion has no concern

THE CONFLICT BETWEEN RELIGION AND SCIENCE

with the intellect. Yet man has ever been prone to these mistakes; and we find science on its side sometimes professing to be indifferent to questions of conduct and to the distinction between right and wrong; while contrariwise we find a certain kind of religious temperament that bars all intellectual inquiry as sinful.

When a body, whether individual or social, is healthy, there is unity and wholeness among its members; but when it loses health, there begins to be a warring among its members. Thus we find the war between religion and science characterizing civilization in its later stages; while the sanctions of moral and religious obligation find themselves at variance with the claims of free intellectual inquiry. Such a state of disunion implies that both religion and science have wandered away from their true paths, each trying to monopolize the attention and respect of mankind, and each ignoring the rights of the other. The result, on the part of religion, is that it fails to command the necessary respect and devotion, by its neglect of the intellectual needs of human nature, while, in the case of science, we sometimes find its professed representatives claiming a freedom from all considerations of right and wrong. This latter condition is illustrated in the controversy over vivisection, which shows us that the right to gratify intellectual curiosity can be pushed to a point where it encroaches upon other rights and can no longer be conceded without due restriction. In support of their claims, we find the advocates of crude and cruel methods of inquiry guilty of curious inconsistency. Now they assert their independence of ethical considerations, and now they try to base their policy on the welfare of humanity. Their opponents, not always more consistent, are sometimes striving to deny the reality of the alleged benefits accruing to humanity by these researches, and sometimes, while admitting the benefits, repudiating them as illegitimate.

One feels that science *ought not* to involve anything that vexes our feelings of mercy and justice, and that any science which does so must have strayed from its true path. It may fairly be argued that, if science had been truer to its proper sphere, we should never have been led into such dilemmas; that the benefits (real or alleged) accruing from coarse and cruel methods would have been equaled and surpassed by the benefits resulting from more refined methods, which would have been discovered. And the discovery of such things as X-rays gives us a hope that, by such harmless means, we may eventually find the way to learn more about the human body and its treatment than by experiments with serums and the cutting of living tissue.

At all events those who genuinely feel the claims of mercy, and who are endowed with a sense of proportion, will fix their ideals and bend their endeavors toward such a consummation. But such people should

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be sharply distinguished from those others who (in seeming contempt of the 'humanitarian' defenders of vivisection) publish the details of experiments which cannot possibly be defended on grounds of utility or on any other grounds than sheer callous curiosity.

The conflict between the religious and scientific side of our nature has sometimes been described as a strife between the Heart and the Head. The distinction is pithy and convenient, but rather a slur on the word 'head.' The conflict is not between the heart and the intellect, but between the heart and the abuse of the intellect, or between wisdom and false knowledge. Mind is in itself a colorless faculty, but comes alternately under the influence of our lower instincts and our better feelings. When it is said of a person that his head rules his heart, it too often means that his less refined and more unintelligent nature rules the more intelligent and refined; and contrariwise, the word 'heart' may be loosely used to represent emotionalism.

A sense of harmony and proportion is always needed to adjust the various claims of different incentives in our complex nature. Our limited minds are unable to grasp truth in its entirety, and we contemplate her under the various aspects in which she reveals herself. One of these aspects is beauty, harmony, fitness; and it is under this aspect that Edgar Poe worships the goddess. He is never weary of proclaiming his conviction that the true man of science — even the true mathematician — must be a poet; for the *mere* mathematician, he says, will inevitably become a narrow pedant, and the *mere* scientist will certainly see the end of his own nose remarkably well, but no farther beyond. In this we are forcibly reminded of that phase of scientific research which probes microscopically into the details of outer form, and thereby fails to see the thing as it is and as a whole; which loses sight of the animal, the living intelligent soul, and sees only the grossest manifestation of the physical organism and functions. It is possible to carry our devotion to physical inquiry, and to the rigid ratiocinations of prescribed scientific method, so far that we lose the very ability to respond to finer influences, and the intellect becomes a mere machine.

Theosophy may rightly claim to be a champion of the intellect, in so far as it has served to rescue that faculty from such subservience and prostration, and to imbue it once again with that sense of proportion and harmony that will set it in its proper place in the temple of the gods, among the deities who illumine the human soul. There have been times in human history, there will be such times again, when the study of science has been and will be regarded as a sacred quest, demanding of its votaries every qualification that could be attested by a strict initiatory probation. It is in this light that Theosophy regards science; para-

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phrasing an old adage, Theosophy would say that *sagesse oblige*, meaning that knowledge conveys a responsibility which should preclude from its privileges all who are unable to accept the obligation.

We see that, in the Râja-Yoga ideal of education, conduct is made the first necessity; a policy sufficiently recognised by thoughtful educators in current print. Râja-Yoga, however, seems to be able to accomplish what others merely aspire to. We shall find everywhere in the writings of H. P. Blavatsky the claims of knowledge insisted on equally with those of duty and character, and that she never tires of insisting on the absolute necessity of right motive and conduct as a basis of all pursuit of knowledge. It is denied that any real knowledge can be achieved without this condition; and asserted that the alleged knowledge that is otherwise gained is of the sort that does harm instead of good to its possessor and to the community.

The attempt to pursue knowledge apart from considerations of right and wrong has stultified the very pretensions of science. For it claims to render man superior to circumstance, while yet it has rendered him the victim of circumstance. We have worshiped the power of circumstance and ignored the power of man's individuality. If a man aspires in his heart after beauty and harmony, there is nothing to prevent him from expressing those ideals in his conduct; for circumstances, so far from being his adversaries, are his opportunities, the raw material on which he works. The message is therefore *to act*, not to wait for things to happen.

Theosophy has proclaimed the reign of Law throughout the universe and all life, and has urged the study of human nature as a proper sphere for science. But man has a higher nature as well as a lower; and biology should include — or, rather, should prefer — the study of this higher nature. We find in our magazines a 'psychology' which deals with machines for registering the movements of muscles and arteries, or with the nonsense that flits through the relaxed brain of a sleeper. Is this science? At least one can imagine a worthier kind of psychology — one that would tell us something about the way in which the higher nature and the selfish instincts of man act and react in the body, and would give us clues as to how to maintain the ascendancy of the former over the latter.

Theosophy has rendered the reign of Law comprehensible by its teachings as to the immortality of the Soul, the real man, and its incarnation in successive lives on earth. One who has studied Theosophy to some purpose gains a conviction that his destiny is within his own control, and that he has naught to fear from any power save the lusts that war against his reason and conscience. Such a conviction is a never-failing

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consolation in the sorest trials, and always comes to our rescue when we find ourselves despondent. It is this universal reign of Law that forms the bond of union between religion and science; for it implies that obligation and order are present everywhere: obligation in science, and reason in religion. The disparity between religion and science in the social sphere is a reflexion of the conflict between duty and ambition in our own individual lives. The individual man should aspire to fulfil his own high destiny, regarding the pursuit of knowledge as a means thereto; and, if the same ideal is to be realized by society the pursuit of science must be safeguarded by the same indispensable guarantees.

PSYCHIC RESEARCHES INTO PERSONALITY

H. T. EDGE, M. A.



As time goes on, we realize more fully that H. P. Blavatsky and the work she initiated have indeed been laying down the lines upon which subsequent activities, in many various fields of speculation, have since developed themselves; or, in other words, that the results of intellectual activity, in these different departments, have tended to the confirmation of Theosophy.

Among others, psychic research has done this, both in its less reputable and in its worthier phases. The former phase has demonstrated the futility and danger of dabbling in mediumistic practices and alleged communications with the deceased; and the latter phase has shown how psychic research, in the hands of people of a more philosophic turn, may contribute to a knowledge of the mysteries of our complex personality.

Reference is here made in particular to a report (in the London *Daily Telegraph* for July 20) of a presidential address to the London Society for Psychic Research. The speaker (Dr. W. M'Dougall) enunciated what is described as a "new" theory, and it is certainly an advance on previous theories which have been generally held in such quarters; but, if we are to take into account the philosophic literature of ancient India, we shall find nothing very novel in this tentative analysis of the nature of human consciousness. On the contrary, we shall find nothing that has not occurred to the authors of those stupendous philosophies, though we shall miss much that they have achieved. His theory amounts to a statement of the distinction between the One and the Many; the Many being all those multifarious elements that go to make up our complex personality — the instruments of the real Ego; and the One being that Ego itself,

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which is the master of them all. He explains how any one or more of these subordinate elements may escape the control of the master, thus setting up a rebel activity within the sphere of conscious life. He regards immortality as the survival of that which is essential, after the discarding of that which is transient; and in general reaches by a roundabout way the conclusions presented in clear and concise form in the Theosophical teachings as to the septenary constitution of man.

We judge from his remarks that he, and those who follow similar lines, may be designated the 'right wing' of psychic research, in contradistinction to 'left-wingers,' who pursue the less creditable paths of that quest. And we can see how readily his theory would explain the phenomena produced through mediumistic agencies; these being simply evidence of the temporary persistence, after the death of the body, of certain discarded habiliments of the deceased, which, not being composed of physical matter, take somewhat longer to disintegrate. It is made clear, too, that these psychic remnants do not in the least represent or constitute the immortal part of the man. They are, in fact, mere shadows, and have no life or consciousness except what they can borrow momentarily from their contact with the living persons who take part in the séance.

It will be remembered that the Theosophical teaching shows the human Soul as tripartite, or distinguishable roughly into the Spiritual Soul, the Human Soul, and the Animal Soul. And we find suggestions of this teaching in the views of our psychic researcher. For, while he speaks of the conscious personality as a sort of " 'general officer,' commanding a variety of subordinate, subconscious personalities"; he does not identify this general officer with the immortal ego. Thus we find the three: the subordinate elements, constituting the animal soul; their self-conscious director, constituting the human Soul; and that which survives, the Spiritual Soul. He speaks of the personal elements as "buds" from the essential stock — the very expression used by H. P. Blavatsky herself in the same connexion. Again, with regard to the immortal Soul, he expresses his belief that it will retain only certain elements of character which may be regarded as worthy or susceptible of immortality. So that here also we find the well-known Theosophical teaching reflected. That teaching is, of course, that the Reincarnating Ego assimilates from each earth-life such qualities as are capable of immortality and can contribute to the purposes which the Ego is fulfilling by its cycle of rebirths.

We do not follow the writer into certain details of his remarks, but what has been said represents the cream of them. Our chief point is to show that Theosophy, far from trying to force strange theories upon

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our reluctant belief, merely serves to elucidate the thoughts which people in the world around us are actually thinking. Or, to put the matter the other way round, the mental activities of various phases of speculation are converging toward the lines laid down by Theosophy.

A word more should perhaps be said respecting the practice of communication, or attempted communication, with the deceased. We have just spoken of the astral and psychic remnants, the discarded habiliments of the deceased personality, which are drawn into the circle of the sitters and revitalized temporarily, so as to yield results comparable in a certain way with the music rendered by a talking machine when rolls are fed into it. But this does not quite exhaust the subject; for it is a part of Theosophical teaching that, in the case of persons cut off suddenly and prematurely, by accident or execution, there is a prolonged survival of the personality beyond the term of bodily death. This is occasioned by the fact that, whereas people who die naturally have already for some time been slowly dissociating the integrity of their constitution, those suddenly cut off are not thus prepared. (The reader is referred to an article by W. Q. Judge on 'Capital Punishment' in the September number of this magazine.) Now it is most emphatically stated by the Theosophical Teachers that any attempt to drag back the departed to the earth is a grievous wrong inflicted upon them, tending to render them earth-bound, and hindering the natural processes of dissolution and of their evolution. In addition to this, it soon happens that the place of the departed is usurped by some quite other kind of influence, which personates him, and thus the sitters are brought into contact with a most dangerous phase of the invisible world. This process of degeneration in the communications is a well-known phenomenon.

Results therefore all go to vindicate the Theosophical teachings as to the useless and pernicious character of this phase of psychic research; and one is naturally glad to find investigators taking a more healthy and profitable line.

The human soul is in process of evolution, the evolution in his case being self-conscious. In the course of this evolution he identifies himself more and more with his Divine counterpart, the Spiritual Soul, and learns how to subdue and to utilize that complex material and psychic machinery with which he finds himself involved. It is useful to bear in mind those ancient teachings referred to above, which regard *selfhood* as a quality that may be borrowed by various elements in our make-up, thus creating sundry false selves or personalities. This explains the fact, brought out by some psychologists, and dealt with by the writer from whom we quote, that the personality of a man seems to be made up of a number of parts, which may under certain circumstances become separated. It

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is somewhat as though selfhood were a ray of light that can be turned now into one corner, now into another, of our brain, investing each for the time with a fictitious reality. The ancient teachings are full of similes illustrating this: such as that of the charioteer, the reins, the chariot, and the horses; and a useful simile is that of the lantern throwing pictures upon a screen.

Our Self is a clear light that shines through a multitude of colored windows, through a confusion of motley shadows; and our evolution consists in the gradual disentangling of the real from the false. The immortal Soul is not a new and separate existence that is bestowed after death, but our real Self, which is present during life as well, and which we have to find.

Dr. M'Dougall expresses his conviction that the personality of man contains but little of value except what it holds in common with other people; that it is as a member of human society, rather than as a single human being, that we achieve our real life. And truly, when we throw off the temporal limitations of the self, and make it enduring in time, we find ourselves constrained to discard its local limitations as well, and to make it infinite in range and extent. Personality, as distinguished from Individuality, is indeed but an artificial limitation, having no reality, except in so far as an illusion may be called a reality. For purposes of life and action in this mundane sphere, we have to be separate from each other; but this circumstance should not be allowed to engross our thoughts and feelings to the extent of permitting the creation of a phantom soul, separate from other souls. In so far as psychic research may contribute to the growth of a conviction that personal separateness is an illusion, and that in essence we are truly One, it will do good work; but we may perhaps be allowed to speculate whether the author reached his conclusions in consequence, or in spite, of psychic research.

When the speaker in the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ* bids us not lament, for (says he) there is no non-being for that which is, and no existence for that which is not; he may seem to a hasty reader to be juggling with words. But a second thought shows the meaning to be that the essential part of our nature is immortal, while the secondary parts are temporary and will not for ever plague us. Thus a just analysis of the nature of our consciousness results in the conviction that we are truly immortal, but we need purging before we can render this conviction a practical reality.

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN IS WITHIN YOU

H. TRAVERS, M. A.

FROM every point on earth we are equally near to heaven and to the infinite," says Amiel; and we may remark incidentally that some curious minds may be tempted to deduce a conclusion as to the geographical situation of heaven; all they need do is find a point which is equidistant from every point on the surface of the earth. And the quotation does suggest that most pregnant of symbols, the circle. Let its circumference represent the path which we follow as we traverse our time-cycle; and let its center denote the infinite. Then, at any moment of our life, we are equally near to the center. Our plans and desires would lead us in a straight line towards some prospective object, and would thus take us along a tangent; but necessity, represented by an attraction towards the center, pulls us ever back to the circular curve; gently, if we do not resist; more violently according to the amount of our resistance.

Our ideas of progress, derived from our efforts in this mundane sphere, suggest a long journey up a hill; and, if we slip, we roll to the bottom and have to start again. According to this view, we are sometimes near and sometimes far from our goal. But the quotation says we are always equally near to the *real* goal; and there is the difference between the two views.

It is a commonplace that the path of selfish ambition leads its pilgrim to ultimate dissatisfaction; but the above considerations give an explanation for this. The dissatisfied pilgrim has simply discovered that his path has failed to bring him nearer to his heart's desire, and that he is no nearer to the kingdom of heaven than before — except in so far as he has overcome one vast illusion.

What a hope and consolation for the lowly! They, even as Christ said, are within reach of the kingdom of heaven. What a relief for those who have fallen back in the paralysis of despair from long, arduous, but seemingly fruitless effort! They may have fallen a long way from the goal of their ambition, but not so from the goal of the heart's desire.

The lesson is one of simplicity; but simplicity is the jewel of the experienced and consummate craftsman. It would seem that we have to learn it through the route of complexity. Neophytes are apt to be profuse, and learn restraint later on. We are told that, to acquire wisdom, we must return to the child state we have lost. Return: that means that we have departed from it; and the departure itself was also necessary.

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As an artist in any art begins by exulting in his powers and running to excess in all directions, and finally, as he masters his powers, learns restraint and achieves a simplicity which however cannot be imitated; so in the great art of life we proceed through the same stages.

"The art which all fair works doth most aggrace,
The art which all that wrought appeared in no place."

What a world of experience lies behind the great simple characters! Their simplicity is not of ignorance, but of knowledge.

There is a more real and blessed life ready for man, whenever he is ready to step out into it. From any point of time he is equally near to this goal, says our quotation.

But the above has no reference to any system of 'self-culture' or 'mental concentration' — as these words are often used, or rather mis-used. Nothing which tends to glorify the personality or render a person more self-conscious than he already is, will lead him in the desired direction; it will lead him the opposite way. We cannot think of Jesus Christ as a New-Thoughtist; Theosophists have too much reverence for that great Teacher to be able to tolerate for a moment such an idea. His "Kingdom of Heaven" was not a state of self-satisfaction; much less was it an intensification of personal desires. Nor are the "fruits of the Spirit," also spoken of in the Bible, at all like the boons sought or promised by those who go in for 'self-development' and 'concentration.'

Man cannot live in the moment, like the animals, unquestioningly. However much he may try to distract himself with occupation, pleasure, or forgetfulness, there will be times when he is forced to reflect on the meaning of his life. And then he will realize that it is superficial, and there must be something behind; the reality cannot be found on the surface, but must lurk in the depths. But we cannot suppose that man is gifted with the power to aspire, and yet denied the power to attain. The secrets beyond the veil must lie within his reach. Great Teachers — men who have themselves attained — seek to direct men's steps to the path that leads to knowledge. But truth is inconvenient; and those to whom it is inconvenient band themselves together to hustle away the truth. To slander and persecute the Teacher while he is alive; and, after he is dead, to convert his teachings into something better suited to their purpose — such is the policy pursued. Men become willing to be told that attainment is impossible; that the Teacher was a unique and privileged being; and, instead of going in quest of the truth for themselves, they will allow others to purvey it to them in the form of dogmas and articles of belief. Jesus Christ said, of certain individuals of his day, that they would neither enter the kingdom of heaven themselves nor permit anyone else to do so.


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But Christ and the other Teachers showed us a path which all men could follow. To attain knowledge, it is necessary to obey the laws of our higher nature, and to dominate the forces of our lower nature. For, by suffering ourselves to be swayed by the latter, we are kept bound down in a narrow circle, with our faces to the earth. The truth is ever the same; and poets and philosophers may voice it as well as the great Teachers, as is seen in the quotation at the head of this article. We are always equally near to the infinite; and when we reflect deeply on the illusory character of our superficial life, we begin to draw near to that fuller life which lies behind the veil of the senses and thoughts.

QUALITY VS. QUANTITY

T. HENRY, M. A.

"Equality, Mass, Quantity, are the idols Europe has served, and to which others can now bring more acceptable offerings. Let her remember, however, the ancient deities who have disdainfully withdrawn from their desecrated temple, the gods of Harmony, Measure, Quality. These are not fetishes; under their sway are to be found, not vast wealth, nor mechanical facilities for doing things which are not worth doing, but art, beauty, happiness, and noble human development."— *Times Literary Supplement*, June 24, 1920

 HE above, occurring in the review of a book, is typical of a great number of such utterances now pervading the arena of public debate. Its burden is the plight of Europe, the relation of that plight with the recent standards of culture in occidental civilization, and the suggested remedies. Those who can see the distant view are more numerous than those who can see how it is to be attained or even approached. Yet we may hope that, out of the fulness of the yearning and anticipation, light will emerge.

Pythagoras and Plato taught the necessity of what they called mathematics. Mathematics in our day has come to be associated with something that is narrow and over-precise, mechanical and soulless, estranged from art and beauty; identified, in short, with those very three terms of the first category quoted above — equality, mass, quantity. But this is a very elementary kind of mathematics; and when we explore beyond the portals of mere arithmetic and exact quantities, we find mathematics to be a very recondite and most beautiful science. To say that mathematics underlies creation does not mean that the universe is laid out in straight lines and divided into commensurate proportions.

In the review of a book on Pythagorean geometry (*THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH*, Vol. VI, No. 4), will be found comments on the author's view that

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later geometers have laboriously demonstrated all the life out of Pythagoras's geometry, so that geometry has since dwindled to a mere abstract science of relation and quantity, devoid of application to anything vital and really interesting. In certain geometrical truths Pythagoras discerned *principles* underlying all creation, and hence deeply affecting the interests of man as one of nature's creators; and, so far from laboring to *demonstrate* the obvious, he sought to show his disciples the application of these truths. Pythagoras, in *his* mathematics, found not merely equality, mass, and quantity, but, far more abounding and excellently, harmony, measure, and quality. Let us not, therefore, throw mathematics overboard, but try to understand better what it is.

We can readily recognise the distinction between Grecian appreciations and tastes and those of the Romans who conquered Greece. For the coarser-grained invaders, quantity and bulk were the only qualifications that could distinguish the fortunate possessor from the unfortunate have-not. They carried off anything and everything upon which they could lay their hands, regardless of quality; and opulence was the criterion of elevation in their scale of aristocracy. In their banquets it was quantity and not quality that counted. In recent occidental culture we may trace a return of cycles, or a racial reincarnation; inasmuch as the watchword of what we have called progress has been quantity of production, rather than quality, the latter having fallen off in very many cases as a direct consequence of our worship of the former.

"Measure in all things" was the Greek ideal, so different from the ideal of "as much as possible" which we have cultivated. We seem to deal in superlatives: the biggest, the newest, the most expensive, and so on. Yet even among ourselves we can perhaps draw certain national lines between those whose ideal is to get as rich as possible and those who aim merely at a competence. People of the latter sort taunt the others with not knowing how to live: instead of earning enough to retire and enjoy life, they go on accumulating until death, intervening, leaves the pile to be squandered by heirs. But perhaps even these more moderate people have fallen short of the best in life.

The word 'equality' is used in the quotation, in connexion with mass and quantity. It probably refers to the kind of equality which reduces craftsmen to a herd of human machines, all working the same number of hours, receiving the same compensation, and doing exactly the same thing. This is truly a substitution of quantity for quality; this is estimating men by their number, not by their kind. In geometry there is the exact proportion and the incommensurable, defining the difference between a diagram and a picture, between a machine and a work of nature. Yet even in nature we may find illustrations of both: the sands

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on the shore, consisting of grains all alike, and characterized only by their multiplicity; and the elaborate organism, formed of multifarious parts, innumerable not only in quantity but in kind. Equality means equal opportunity and the absence of oppression, not the dead level.

Our gods are our ideals; and in proportion as these become enshrined in the hearts and minds of a number of people, do they become living and active powers influencing us in the direction in which they point. We have set up the gods of size and quantity; we have deserted the gods of quality and harmony, both in our individual and our collective life.

PESSIMISM THE GREAT BAR TO PROGRESS

R. MACHELL



UNDOUBTEDLY the greatest obstruction that lies in the path of Reconstruction is pessimism, which displays itself in a fixed mistrust of human nature.

It would be hard to deny that this kind of pessimism is supported by observation and experience; and yet it is certainly opposed to that faith in the possibility of human evolution and progress which springs spontaneously in the human heart, and which inspires all workers for the uplift of the human race and for the improvement of social conditions.

The pessimist is apt to justify his mistrust of human nature by referring to past experience; but he may be charged with mistaking the cause of past failures for the result of those misfortunes. It may well be argued that pessimism in such cases is a certain cause of failure: and this point of view is supported by study of man's nature as expounded in the teachings of Theosophy.

Pessimism is the denial of man's spiritual nature. It is the result of self-distrust, which springs from ignorance of the complex character of the inner man. It rests upon the supposition that the mind of man is a mechanism that acts alone under the impulses of the body. If this supposition were true, there would be ample cause to doubt the possibility of raising humanity to a higher level.

International distrust is a potent cause of war, and is itself born of experiences arising from national aggression and self-aggrandisement, which in their turn are caused by fear of aggression by others. Fear and mistrust breed violence as well as desire for self-defense: indeed it is

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almost impossible to draw the line between self-defense and aggression. Both are the result of distrust in human nature.

This general state of mutual distrust has reigned in most parts of the known world since the commencement of our historical period; which, however, represents but a small fragment of man's evolution on this globe. In many races there remain traditions of a golden age when man lived in peace and mutual trust; but when the dark ages set in and war broke out, then records of all kinds were systematically destroyed, as they have been ever since; so that our historical age is very short; not because civilization is so modern, but because civilization has been so often and so completely destroyed.

But the old Wisdom-Religion, Theosophy, has never been entirely obliterated: traces of it have been preserved in mutilated form by various religious bodies; and the old teachings have been given out from time to time, as opportunity offered; so that the true nature of man and the true laws of life have been known by a few in various parts of the world throughout the centuries and millenniums of ignorance, violence, and degradation, as well as through periods of material prosperity, with their luxury and debauchery, which formed a parody on true civilization.

The modern Theosophical Movement — which began with Madame Blavatsky's founding of the Theosophical Society in New York in 1875, and which has entered on a stage of practical application to the problems of life by the establishment of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society by H. P. Blavatsky's successor, Katherine Tingley, and by the opening of International Headquarters at Point Loma, California,—has brought again to the world the old teachings of Universal Brotherhood, based on the Spiritual Unity of the human race.

These teachings contain the only real explanation of the true nature of man, which, in its turn, is the only true foundation for that optimism from which comes all effort to improve human relation and to raise man to his true position in life. Theosophy teaches that the real life of man is spiritual and glorious, and that the physical or lower life should be guided and controlled by the inner life, and indeed be an expression of it. Then, and only then, can brotherhood be realized as a fact in nature.

Those who have realized the truth of these old teachings, and who have found in themselves the verification of them, are at no loss to explain the generous impulses that are so constantly and spontaneously revealing themselves in the conduct of people who are entirely ignorant of their own nature and whose philosophy of life (if one can dignify it so) would seem to make such impulses appear entirely unreasonable.

The divine soul in man will show itself occasionally even in the most pessimistic; but it can do little more than make a protest against the

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mental ignorance that shuts it in and makes it impotent on this plane. Knowledge is needed to free the mind from the dominion of the lower nature, which holds it down to the condition of an animal, in spite of its intuitive attempts to assert a superiority that it feels but cannot justify.

Theosophy justifies the aspirations of the inner man, and explains the constitution of man, so that the mind finds rational support for its most exalted moods, and a firm philosophical basis for optimism, which is the sole cause of progress.

Further, it explains the path of progress as a process of spiritual unfoldment, a constant revelation of the inner mysteries of the soul, which struggles ceaselessly for expression on the physical plane.

The mind is the field of conflict between the passional forces of the lower animal nature and the higher spiritual soul; and it displays a duality that baffles explanation on any other lines than those laid down in the old Wisdom-Religion. For there the whole nature of man is revealed to those capable of receiving the truth; and even an elementary student of the old teachings will find a clue to many of the difficulties in his own nature that have so long defeated his attempts at self-mastery.

In revealing to man the mystery of his own nature, Theosophy endows him with a wealth of optimism. His highest aspirations are shown to him as natural steps in evolution, which it is his duty to surmount. His lowest impulses, he will realize, are no more than the natural raging of the animal nature not yet fully dominated and controlled. His duality becomes intelligible, and his path of progress becomes clear; for he will soon realize that he is closely linked in evolution with all his fellow-creatures, and he will begin to feel within that deep sense of Unity, which must find its expression in material life as Universal Brotherhood.

His pessimism must in time disappear in the light of the awakened Soul, and the path of human progress be seen, when the simple law of Brotherhood reveals itself as the great outstanding fact of Nature.



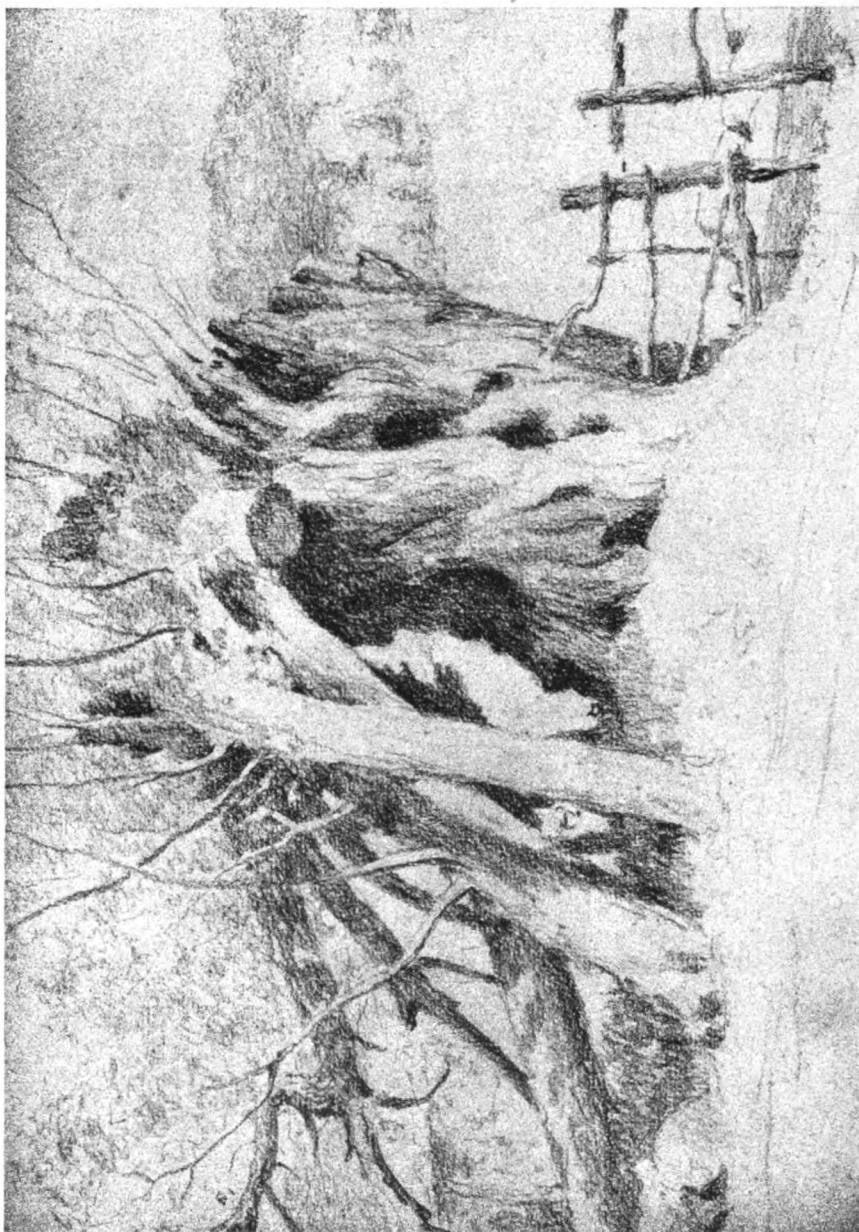
"None sees the slow and upward sweep
By which the soul from life-depths deep
Ascends,—unless, mayhap, when free,
With each new death we backward see
The long perspective of our race,
Our multitudinous past lives trace."

—*William Sharp*



OLD WILLOW-TREE AT ENTRANCE TO 'LAUREL CREST,' NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

Lansland Photo & Engraving D. M.



Lowland Photo & Engraving Dept.

WILLOW-TREE AT 'LAUREL CREST,' NEWBURYPORT

(For description, see opposite.)

WILLOW-TREE AT 'LAUREL CREST,' NEWBURYPORT

Immediately to the right of the entrance gateway to 'Laurel Crest' is an old willow tree. The trunk, or rather what remains of it, is nine feet in diameter and has the marks of very old age. It is said to have been three hundred years old when struck by lightning several years ago, which shattered it to its present picturesque form. Its abundant vitality is shown by new shoots which are springing out of the old wood. In its gigantic and grotesque outlines the tree appears like a powerful sentinel standing guard at the entrance to the estate.

Inside the gateway the grade immediately begins to rise, and a beautifully curved road leads to the crest of the hill which has been the Headquarters for Mme. Katherine Tingley and her party during her recent visit. The road rises 175 ft. in about a quarter of a mile, and leads through an avenue of thickly wooded pines up to the crest, from whence a wonderful view spreads before the eye. The beautiful Merrimac River winds around the estate in front and to the left; to the right the river widens to enormous proportions just before entering the ocean.



F. J. Dick, Editor

MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

KATHERINE TINGLEY IN BOSTON AND NEWBURYPORT

ANOTHER PRESENTATION

'A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM' AT LAUREL CREST WEDNESDAY EVENING

SHAKESPEARE'S *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, as presented by the Râja-Yoga Players under the direction of Katherine Tingley at Laurel Crest, Newburyport, on Friday evening last, aroused such widespread interest, and so numerous have been the calls for a repetition of the performance from Boston, all down the coast and from Gloucester and other cities, that Madame Tingley has decided to give another presentation of this play on Wednesday, July 28, at 8:00 o'clock sharp.

From the many letters of appreciation received from Newburyport and the suburbs, as well as from up and down the coast, it is understood, Madame

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Tingley has learned of the enjoyment which this production afforded and of the interest it aroused in the work of the Râja-Yoga Players. It is in response to these enthusiastic expressions of commendation that this performance is being given.

Speaking of this play as produced by the Râja-Yoga Players at Point Loma, a noted dramatic critic of the West says:

"Yet it was all so real in the dreaming — as all good dreams should be. The dance of the garlands and the dance of the cymbals from the *Eumenides* of Aeschylus were the same poesy of graceful movement as when the maidens danced them in the summer nights when the moon hung regnant over the city violet-crowned.

"Gladly I lay this little tribute at the feet of the students of the University in humble appreciation of their two hours' traffic in the work of the master Shakespeare — and at the feet of their Leader, who inspired their love of the art that will never die as long as men in mortal guise are fit to dream happy dreams and hope to keep them in mortal memory."

— *Beverly Evening Times-News*, July 27, 1920

LAUREL CREST AGAIN A MECCA

'A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM' GIVEN FINE PRESENTATION BY
MADAME TINGLEY'S PLAYERS

THE Râja-Yoga Players scored another triumph last evening when they gave at Laurel Crest a second performance of Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* before a capacity audience whose enthusiasm equaled, if it did not exceed, that of the first. Many of those who witnessed the first performance left the stadium on Friday night with the avowed intention of availing themselves of the first opportunity offered of seeing the play again, and many of these were in the audience last evening.

The general consensus of opinion is that the enjoyment of last night's production exceeded that of the first performance. In the first place all anxiety as to weather conditions was removed, as the night was an ideal one, and in the second place the best parts of the play, which had been missed on Friday — the Greek dance from the *Eumenides* of Aeschylus and the screaming comedy of 'Pyramus and Thisbe' given by the Athenian artisans — were enjoyed in their entirety.

The first of these, the Greek dance, was probably the most striking feature of the whole program in its classic beauty of form and the perfect grace and freedom of the dancers. Indeed, these Râja-Yoga Players seem to be versed in all the arts, so that the particular thing they are called upon to do at any time appears to be the one thing they are most fitted for, and yet the single accomplishment changes with the changing demands of the moment. In watching these dancers, trained by Mme. Tingley from childhood, one would

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have supposed dancing to be their end and aim in life, and yet each one of them had but a few moments before appeared in the rôle of an accomplished actor in this beautiful play, and at another point as musician. This Greek dance is of particular interest as being the same which, it is understood, Madame Tingley revived first in New York in the Greek play, *The Eumenides*, and later at Point Loma, each time with immense success.

The humorous tragedy of Pyramus and Thisbe forms the climax, in this play, of "most excellent fooling" by the Athenian clowns, which runs throughout the piece. None attending the performance last evening can complain of weakness of the climax for it was what Shakespeare intended it to be — the high tide of humor, the breaking of a wave of side-splitting merriment which had been steadily gathering force in the presence of these jovial mirth-makers. As the 'tragedy' grew to a point, laughter became unbroken, and when Thisbe encountered that "most fearful of all wild fowl," the lion, and Pyramus proceeded to make an end of himself in the most conscientious methodical histrionic style, the stadium was swept from end to end with peals of uncontrollable laughter.

The whole cast did itself the utmost credit as on the first performance and the fairies were, if possible, sweeter and more bewitching than ever. Newburyport showed its complete and enthusiastic appreciation of the dramatic work of these young players, and, to judge by appearances, is ready to welcome another offering of the same nature. It was doubtless with the most pleasurable interest, therefore, that it learned from a notice read at the close of the performance, that the Râja-Yoga Players will shortly produce another Shakespearean play, *As You Like It*, which in its setting in "the forest of Arden" should certainly appear native to this sylvan setting on the banks of the Merrimac.— *Newburyport Daily News*, July 29, 1920

TELLS PLANS FOR HER SCHOOL HERE

MADAME TINGLEY HOPES TO CREATE EDUCATIONAL CENTER HERE
IN NEAR FUTURE

"I AM here to begin work and plans for the preparation of a center of higher education here in the East," said Madame Tingley last evening, addressing a goodly audience in the Laurel Crest stadium, which, despite the threatening weather, gathered at the second meeting held there by Madame Tingley and her students.

"This stadium," said Madame Tingley in a very forceful speech on 'First Steps to Higher Education,' "is but the beginning of a more permanent structure which I hope to erect here later, and which will be on the pattern of the great open-air theater at Point Loma, where thousands come and go all

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through the year. I shall make no attempt to begin building here until prices of material and labor become lower, and I hope this may come about soon for the sake of all humanity."

"The message of Theosophy," said Madame Tingley, "is full of encouragement. The Theosophist has faith in himself. His philosophy builds up within him a broad-minded love of truth and principle until it leads him as a little child to the feet of the Master, to learn the great secret of self-control and self-mastery. Read our literature, try to prove it all wrong, all nonsense, and ere long you will discover that it is what you have been looking for all your life.

"In spite of all the religions, and in spite of all the praying that has gone on all down the ages, today we have man against man, country against country, and worst of all the monster greed of money. And the worst is not yet. Unless we find some means to stem the tide, we are in danger of another war worse than that whose aftermath we are feeling now. This danger must last just as long as ignorance of the higher laws, of which Theosophy teaches, continues. We cannot really move forward until we can stand on the bed-rock of knowledge and feel the benediction of the spirit which comes when the divine self in human nature is awakened. Thousands more would have had Theosophy today but for the counterfeit Theosophy which has been placed before the public by the enemies of progress."

Speaking of the Râja-Yoga System of Education, which it is her plan to introduce here at Laurel Crest, Madame Tingley said: "In this system of education, to the ordinary aims of scholasticism, training in manual duties and preparation along practical lines, something more is added — an inner stability of character, self-control and poise. We take a child when it is three or four years of age and begin then to direct the energy it would use to strike with, along useful channels. It is taught to acquire self-knowledge, that the secret of its power and success lies within. It learns that constant surrender to the desires of the lower self means ultimate failure, and that the great secret is self-control. It is taught duality; that there is the physical life with its uncontrolled passions and desires all held by the tenement, the body. But none of these belongs to the true tenant, the real inner man who goes on living after the death of the body."

In closing her remarks Madame Tingley appealed to her audience to study Theosophy, if not for their own interest, if not in the interest of the needs of humanity today, then for the sake of their own children, that they might learn the secret of right living, and be saved the pitfalls and heart-aches their parents had passed through.

The Râja-Yoga students furnished a very fine musical program of classical vocal and instrumental numbers. Another meeting was announced for next Sunday, which will be the last, as Madame Tingley intends to move on with her party to Minnesota where other important educational work is to be inaugurated.— *Newburyport Daily News*, August 9, 1920

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TO CLOSE LAUREL CREST AT EARLY DATE

MADAME TINGLEY GOING TO MINNEAPOLIS TO OPEN ONE OF HER SCHOOLS

IN an interview yesterday with Mme. Tingley at Laurel Crest, it was found that she is anticipating continuing her public work westward and will probably leave here on or about August 22nd, going with her party to Oakhurst, Lake City, near Minneapolis, where she intends to open a Râja-Yoga School in September. Oakhurst is a very beautiful, cultivated estate, within a short distance of St. Paul and Minneapolis. The large buildings are already fully equipped for the establishing of unsectarian educational work in a Râja-Yoga School.

Mme. Tingley expressed herself as having greatly enjoyed the generous appreciation that has been given her dramatic work and presentations of Shakespeare's plays; and she says it is her hope that she can so arrange her affairs in this country and Europe that next year she may find it possible to spend a few months at Laurel Crest and further advance the work in preparation for the new Râja-Yoga School which she anticipates building in the near future. She trusts that in the course of time it may be a duplicate as far as possible of her International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma, where there is not only the School, but the College and the University, as well as many other departments of educational activity. . . .

This great center of Theosophical effort at Point Loma, which is local in the American sense, yet is international otherwise, has become the Mecca for travelers all over the world; and while the grounds are far more extensive and cultivated than Laurel Crest, yet the beauty of scenery here, with the distant hills, the ocean afar, the Merrimac river so near, and the stately pines and maples, all tends to make Laurel Crest a most desirable place for the education of the youth.

Madame Tingley, referring to her public Sunday evening meetings at Laurel Crest stadium, said she was surprised to find that on two occasions when the clouds were heavy and suggestive of a thunderstorm, there were many very interested people present. Last Sunday the weather was the same and yet these people came, listened, smiled and applauded. The musical program rendered by the Râja-Yoga students was very much appreciated.

MUST STUDY THEOSOPHY

When Madame Tingley was asked if she could give a short synopsis of her interpretation of Theosophy, she said it would be impossible; that those who were interested must take up the study in the same way they would any other line of thought; and that to understand it sufficiently to have it of practical service, one must live it. Madame Tingley says that Theosophy demands that the same methods of investigation should be applied in studying the unknown that are utilized in studying the known. She quotes from the magazine, *American Medicine*, and says: "But because science thus far has not demonstrated any dualistic nature of man, is no reason to believe that it

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may not be demonstrated in the future. The scientific attitude deserves support, but in making themselves 'defenders of science' medical men do not assume an attitude of opposition to investigation hitherto localized to the world of faith."

"Theosophy," she said, "the Wisdom-Religion, has existed from immemorial times. It offers a system of thought which proves it to be the science of life. Theosophy in its inner meaning is the knowledge of God, or the divinity that is at the heart of both man and nature; and the term 'God,' being universally accepted, includes the whole of both the known and the unknown. It comprises the knowledge of all laws governing the spiritual, the mental, the moral and the material worlds.

THREE STAGES OF INTEREST

"There are three stages of interest developed by the study of Theosophy:

"1. That of intellectual inquiry.

"2. That of desire for personal culture, to be met partly by the books prepared for that specific end, partly by the periodical magazines expounding Theosophy.

"3. That of personal identification with the Theosophical Society, an association formed in 1875 and reorganized in 1898 by myself as the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society."

In referring to one of the pamphlets of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, (International), we find that the following are the objects:

"This Brotherhood is 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.

"The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, founded by H. P. Blavatsky in New York in 1875, continued after her death under the leadership of the co-founder, William Q. Judge, and now under the leadership of their successor, Katherine Tingley, has its headquarters at the International Theosophical Center, Point Loma, California.

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

Madame Tingley's future address will be: "International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California, U. S. A."

We understand that as soon as Madame Tingley has finished her work in Minnesota, she will return to Point Loma and immediately after make a tour through Europe with a party of Râja-Yoga students. Part of her time will be devoted to establishing schools in Holland and other countries.

— *Newburyport Daily News*, August 11, 1920

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NEWBURYPORT, August 12.—Mme. Tingley announced yesterday that she would leave this city on or about August 22nd, going with her party of Râja-Yoga students and teachers to Oakhurst, Lake City, Minn., where she intends to open a Râja-Yoga School in September.

After finishing her work in Minnesota the noted Theosophical Leader will return to Point Loma, Calif., and immediately afterwards make a trip to Europe with a party of students for the purpose of establishing a school in Holland. She hopes to pass a few months at her summer home, Laurel Crest, this city, next year, and to further advance the preparation for the new Râja-Yoga School which she plans to start here in the near future.

— *The Evening Globe*, Boston, Mass., Aug. 12, 1920

· GREATEST SUCCESS OF THE SEASON

RÂJA-YOGA PLAYERS SCORE ARTISTIC TRIUMPH IN PRESENTATION OF 'AS YOU LIKE IT'

THE Râja-Yoga Players added one more artistic triumph to their recent achievements when they appeared last night in Shakespeare's much-loved and widely-quoted pastoral comedy, *As You Like It*.

As You Like It is a far more difficult play to give, in point of pure dramatic technique, than the one previously produced by these players, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, since in this latter pure beauty of setting and paraphernalia captivates the audience and causes them to overlook many points of histrionic finish and perfection. Although, it must be conceded, one saw nothing to overlook in the play as given by these young people. But *As You Like It* is a play in which individual capacity stands out clearly; and since it demands much in the acting, for those who know it well, who love it and can do it justice, it is a grateful creation and gives to each player ample scope for his powers of creation.

This is what the Râja-Yoga Players brought home to their audience last evening: the rich possibilities of the play and the splendid capacity of the players to utilize them. Each character was a picture and a study in itself. Orlando and Oliver in the first scene were quarreling brothers and their quarrel was true to the life, and the contribution of the picturesque old serving-man here, as elsewhere through the play, was a fine bit of artistry.

To Rosalind and Celia a special tribute is due, for besides being sweet, lovable and charming characters, they showed a sparkling variety, versatility and thoroughness of technique — the result of training from childhood in the dramatic art — that one looks for only in the finished artist. Rosalind's tutelage of the love-sick Orlando was replete with delicate *nuances* and *finesse*. Touchstone was what he was intended to be, the witty, lovable, faithful fool who appears in picturesque combination with Rosalind and Celia, with Corin and with his rustic mistress Audrey. Dainty, scorning Phebe and her doting Sylvius made another pretty picture and filled their rôles most credit-

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ably. Shakespeare's superb lines, with which this play is filled, fell to the hands of a true artist and one capable of doing them full justice, in the person of the banished Duke.

The play was enlivened by a number of very beautiful classical songs, the music of these being the original compositions of one of the Râja-Yoga students. These were admirably rendered by the tuneful Amiens and his forest friends. The closing picture, a novelty introduced by Madame Tingley — the gypsies, in their native songs and dances — proved a most delightful surprise and a very telling finale, and the audience was impressed with a feeling something akin to awe as the red fires lighted up the distant forest and these wild gypsy folk came down out of the forest shadows into the subdued light of the stadium and broke into their gypsy music. This novelty, together with the entire naturalness of the setting and treatment, careful attention to detail, and the finish noticeable in all aspects of the play, made this production of *As You Like It* distinctive and unique.

As an eminent writer and dramatic critic of Boston was overheard to remark at the end of the play, through the entire production was felt the creative hand and unerring artist's eye of Madame Tingley, who, it is understood, directs personally the staging and preparation of all these Râja-Yoga productions.— *Newburyport Daily News*, August 18, 1920

PLAY WAS REVELATION

A Midsummer Night's Dream, as recently presented by the Râja-Yoga Players under the direction of Madame Katherine Tingley at her home, Laurel Crest, on the banks of the Merrimac at Newburyport, was a revelation to those unaccustomed to her work, and worth traveling many a mile to see.

The setting for this play was, probably, much like that which Shakespeare had in mind when he wrote the *Dream*, for certainly Madame Tingley's interpretation fitted exactly into the spirit of it. A glade in a forest, magnificent old trees for a background, the moon overhead, the glint of the Merrimac in the distance, the greensward — all these formed a stage that could not be produced, even if thought of, on the boards. Very pleasing, too, was the immediate following of one scene after another, with no waits between.

The music, as given by the Râja-Yoga musicians, was something impossible to any orchestra. It formed a pleasing part of the whole.

The costumes were the design and thought of Madame Tingley and they were exquisite, blending with the natural scenery and with the play itself, and never obtrusive. That of Oberon was particularly beautiful.

The dances introduced by Madame Tingley were of the old and real Grecian type, truly classical and decidedly different from what is called classical by the would-be exponents of this art. The Fairies were there, busy every moment, much to the delight not only of the young folks present in the audience, but of the grown-ups also.

In discussing a play rendered in this manner it is difficult to select dis-

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tinguishing features, for everything, the setting, the music, the costumes, the players, were so blended, so harmonious, that it stands as a whole.

It is the intention of Madame Tingley to give, some time next month, *As You Like It*. If *A Midsummer Night's Dream* be a criterion (and it is) the people of Maine, New Hampshire and Massachusetts have something to look forward to. Madame Tingley has certainly given us a new concept of Shakespeare, and to those lovers of this immortal poet, Madame Tingley's rendition gives a newer and higher view-point. It is the learning of Shakespeare all over again, in a far better manner.

— *The Union*, Manchester, N. H., August 21, 1920

SUNDAY MEETINGS IN ISIS THEATER

‘THEOSOPHY Points to Fuller Life’ was the subject of an address by Kurt E. Reineman of the International Theosophical Headquarters, on August 15th. Excerpts from the address follow: “No true Theosophist would think of persuading a fellow-man merely to exchange one set of beliefs for another called ‘Theosophy,’ no matter how he himself may reverence these latter as the highest guide to life that he knows. Yet every true Theosophist would, like Paul, speed the day when all men shall have entered the path he is trying to follow.

Practical Theosophy means Performance of Every Duty

“Many in all sincerity are longing to lend their aid to some such work for humanity as that of the Theosophical Movement. Almost ready to put their shoulders to the wheel, they are dazzled by the very brightness of the new light they have seen and, conscious of their own unworthiness, or perhaps we should say their unpreparedness, they fall prostrate before the heavenly vision. Let such as these take heart and remember that, bright though that light may be, and glorious beyond all telling in its possibilities for the future enlightenment of the race, it is nevertheless made up of little rays: countless little points of flame kindled by little acts of service, little deeds of self-sacrifice, small, unseen victories won daily and hourly to the end that the weight of woe may be by so much lifted from mankind. It is these things, and not the writing of many books nor the preaching of high ethics without their practice, nor any form of apparent altruism divorced from a living of the life, that make the true Theosophist. Surely they lie within the ‘here’ and ‘now’ of every sincere man and woman.

“Many have failed to grasp rightly the true meaning of brotherhood. Real brotherhood can never conflict with common sense, nor with the instinctive feeling of right and wrong that most men possess; nor does it call for the abandonment of any present duty, although it may and often does demand that we recognise the fact that the present duty may be only

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part of a larger and more important one. The path of service and that of self-directed evolution are one. It is the thrice-glorious Path, the subject of the sublimest spiritual teachings of the ages. All men must some day tread it. Fortunate he who has the courage to step forward on it now, for the sake of his orphaned brother, Humanity."

'The Law of Cycles, according to Theosophy, Applied to Life,' was the subject of an address on August 22nd, by Percy Leonard, of the Literary Staff of the International Theosophical Headquarters. According to the lecturer, "All Nature is included in the sway of cyclic law. The stellar

**Man, not the
destined Slave
of Cyclic Law**

universe with all its countless suns and planets, comets and nebulae, pulses with the rhythmic beating of the cosmic heart. All things go through their periods of darkness and of light, of sleeping and activity, the never-ending alternation of the reign of spirit and the iron rule of matter. Is it our fate to be forever whirling on the wheel of change; to oscillate between extremes; to dance like driftwood up and down the crests of life's unquiet sea?

"To answer this we must elaborate the most superb announcement of Theosophy and try to clothe in words the deepest mystery of human life. Nature, by derivation, signifies that which is born and hence must ultimately die. It has its origin, its growth, maturity, slow decline, and death. It undergoes these periodic changes under cyclic law. But man in inmost essence is divine. His brain and body, vital force, desires and passions, and the reasoning mind he uses as his tool, are lent to him by Nature and are subject to the rising and the falling of the tides of cyclic law; but man in inmost essence is the spectator of the fleeting shadows, and derives his changeless being from the ocean of eternity.

"Man, when he realizes who he is, will be the master of the cycles as they turn and change, and not their victim and their slave. Theosophy declares that no one can become an effective worker for humanity until he has developed such force of character, such moral impetus, that he is independent of the variations in his power produced by cyclic laws, but can continue steadily upon his course, urged by that inward, hidden will of his Diviner Self that knows no tides. Even a very partial understanding of the law of cycles is a priceless clew to life's deep mysteries. It clarifies our vision and reanimates the drooping courage. It fortifies us with a quenchless hope and trust in the invisible and silent power that works behind the veil of Nature and conducts the teeming forms of life up the ascending spiral of advance."

Dr. Gertrude W. van Pelt, Secretary-Directress of the Râja-Yoga College at Point Loma, lectured on August 29th upon 'The Magic of the Infinitely Small.' Quoting from the ancient Egyptian teacher, Hermes Trismegistus,

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"Nothing is great, nothing is small, in the divine economy," she said:

"If everything were not so terribly alive, it might be safe to ignore the small, but there is no possibility of imagining any speck outside of the great throbbing Life. All space is packed with life. Every atom has, besides its

**True Nobility must
be built Moment
by Moment**

own life, that which it shares with the grand organic whole; and every separate and compound life, from this atom up to the Unknowable, is charged with force, creative power, and the faculty of reproducing itself.

Immersed thus as we are in a world whose every point is instinct with energy, it behooves us to be wary of despising little things. From them come big things. Cities are built from the rocks made of tiny lives of protozoa; each one too small, one would have said, to be worth any serious consideration. But age after age these small lives deposited their carapaces, and at last succeeded in making mountains from which has been quarried the greater part of the stone used in the building of the city of Paris. The marvelous pyramids of Egypt are built of a species of stone made by innumerable little bodies called nummulites.

"Such are the concrete and striking examples of the potency of small things; and just as the tiny protozoa have patiently built up mountains, so each must build his character into strength and grandeur moment by moment. No one can be small and selfish every day, and great on occasions. This does not seem to be clearly sensed in our era, for besides criminal carelessness we have absolute lack of understanding in so many adults. Parental control reaches the vanishing-point. Self-control cannot then be expected. It is the opposite of this program, namely: discriminating attention to small details, that makes the Râja-Yoga system what it is."

J. H. Fussell, Secretary of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, spoke on September 5th upon 'Capital Punishment in the Light of Theosophy.' He said in part:

**Lack of
Knowledge about
the Real Nature
of Man**

"The subject of capital punishment has been very much in the public mind lately on account of the case of the boy, Roy Wolff. Not only has the entire state of California been stirred, but many other states, some being strongly in favor of mercy, and others feeling that the death penalty ought to be administered. But behind this is the subject of crime in general, for it is a fact that crime is increasing alarmingly, and the most alarming feature of that is the fact that so many crimes are committed by young people.

"The great lack in all arguments in favor of capital punishment is lack of a knowledge of facts, and I am convinced that to obtain complete knowledge of facts in this connexion one must go to Theosophy. What do we know about the nature of man? We hang a man; his body is cut down. But was that body the man himself? No, the man himself lives. The body

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is only the house of flesh which the man himself temporarily inhabits. We may pull down the house of one who has done us a real or fancied wrong, and think we have destroyed the man who dwelt in it; but the man, in the meantime, has but gone out of the door. When we destroy a man's body by executing him on the gallows, have we changed the nature of the man? No, excepting in so far as we may have accentuated his resentment and hatred. The man himself is merely set free, and it is important to realize this fact."

Referring to the writings of William Quan Judge upon this subject, Mr. Fussell continued: "Just because the man is now free he is more dangerous to society than while alive, for then his energies were mainly focused in the body, and with that under restraint the possibilities of his doing serious harm to society were negatived. One evidence of this is the fact that a wave of violence and crime nearly always follows a hanging.

"We have an immediate duty in this connexion: so to influence public opinion that this blot upon the fair name of California shall be removed. The state is not an abstraction, for we are the state, and we are responsible if these things continue."

GUESTS ENTERTAINED IN LOMALAND

TAISEI MARU OFFICERS VISIT LOMALAND

THE beautiful grounds of the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma have been the objective this week for several large delegations of officers and cadets from the *Taisei Maru*, the Japanese training-ship now in port. Quite a number of them had visited Lomaland before, one of the officers in particular having witnessed a presentation of *As You Like It* in the Greek Theater some years ago, when he was a cadet on the same ship, during its stay in the harbor. Prof. Edward Stephenson, who has charge of the Universal Brotherhood work in Japan under Madame Tingley's direction, is on the faculty of the Imperial Naval College at Yokusuko, Japan, where the cadets now on the school-ship received their preliminary training. No visitors have ever been more appreciative of the beauties of the place or its practical work and ideals.— *The San Diego Union*, Aug. 21, 1920

EDUCATORS FROM MANY CITIES VISIT LOMALAND

THE Râja-Yoga system of education, now widely known, has been the object of constant inquiry by visitors to the International Theosophical Headquarters all summer. In the visitors' registry of the last week are the names of Prof. and Mrs. Howard E. Simpson of the University of Nebraska, where Professor Simpson holds the chair of geology and physiography, and of Judge and Mrs. W. E. Spell of Waco, Texas. Judge Spell is at the head of the Waco bar and Mrs. Spell is president of a prominent woman's club.

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Mrs. Sarah Kennedy Winkler, a press writer of New York City and Camden, S. C., expressed herself as "enchanted with Lomaland, its practical work and high ideals." Mrs. Winkler is special correspondent for the New York papers from Camden, which is a popular tourist center with the millionaire class. Other guests at Lomaland last week include Miss Elsa Lidman, educator, of Kalmar, Sweden; Dr. C. F. Jappe, a specialist whose large X-ray laboratory at Davenport, Ia., is well known to middle-west physicians; and John Effinger, a prominent business man of Honolulu, Hawaii.

— *The San Diego Union*, August 24, 1920

JAPANESE CADETS VISIT LOMALAND

THE Rotunda of the Râja-Yoga Academy at Lomaland was crowded to capacity on Wednesday evening by the officers, instructors, and cadets of the Japanese training ship, *Taisei Maru*, including the commanding officer, Captain Asari, who attended the concert held there. They were received by members of the Cabinet of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, and of the faculty of the Râja-Yoga College and Academy, representing Mme. Katherine Tingley, who is still in the East. The cadets made an impressive appearance as they marched from the Temple of Peace to the Rotunda and took their seats. The program was opened with the Japanese national anthem, *Kimi ga yo*, played by the Râja-Yoga International Orchestra, which brought the young lads to their feet. Flags of all nations, which always hang from the balcony that encircles the Rotunda, gave a wholesome international touch.

Short addresses of welcome were made by Mr. Fussell, Secretary of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, and also by two Japanese pupils of the College, Tamiko and Tetsuo Stephenson, who spoke in their native tongue. This was of special interest, as Miss Tamiko and her brother are the adopted son and daughter of Prof. Edward S. Stephenson of the Imperial Naval College at Yokosuka, Japan, where these cadets received their college naval training.

At the close of the program, Captain Asari extended thanks on behalf of the officers, instructors and cadets. He said:

"This is one of the pleasantest hours I ever spent. I only regret that I cannot make you feel how deeply I am touched by these evidences of good-will, for while the *Taisei Maru* has visited you several times before, this is the first visit for most of these young cadets. We are familiar with your work, for we have your magazines and books on our ship. We have experienced only the greatest courtesy and good-will throughout our entire stay in San Diego, and the warm reception you have extended to us tonight has impressed us very much."

President Kakuo Yoshimine of the Japanese Association of San Diego, and leading Japanese residents of the city were in the party.

— *The San Diego Union*, August 29, 1920

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Twombly of New York City and Mrs. John Doane and Miss Doane of Lyndon Road attended a special concert in the Rotunda of the Râja-Yoga Academy on Wednesday evening, the program of which included several new numbers. Mrs. Doane is well known for her patronage of the best in music, and as the mother of John Doane, one of America's great organists. Mr. Twombly is a prominent corporation lawyer and was Madame Katherine Tingley's attorney at the time of the incorporation of the School of Antiquity on Point Loma. He is an old friend of Mr. F. M. Pierce.— *The San Diego Evening Tribune*, September 3, 1920

AMONG interested visitors at Lomaland during the last few days, Judge E. W. Stiles may be mentioned, now of Pasadena but formerly of Kansas City, Mo., where he was law partner of Ex-Governor Crittenden of Missouri, and for twenty years was on the bench. Others include Hon. Henry W. Wright, Speaker of the Assembly and during the war President of the Draft Board, who came with his brother, F. Marion Wright of Fort Worth, Texas, both being greatly interested in the place; Professor and Mrs. Blumberg of the State University at Urbana, Ill.; and Professor and Mrs. Geo. F. Bass of Indianapolis, Ind., the former being Supervisor of Education in the Indianapolis schools.

Though not a visitor within the last few months, Ellen Beach Yaw may be mentioned, nevertheless, as one who never fails to visit Lomaland whenever opportunity permits, and whose marriage to the composer-pianist, Franklin Cannon, has been of more than local interest. Miss Yaw is remembered by all who had the pleasure of meeting her on former occasions, more particularly on one, when she sang her wonderful 'Lark Song,' quite unaccompanied, in the Greek Theater. Lomaland friends join in extending to her all good wishes.

— *The San Diego Evening Tribune*, September 3, 1920

AGED THEOSOPHIST CALLED BY DEATH

MRS. ELIZABETH KRAMER DIES OF BRAIN HEMORRHAGE AT POINT LOMA

Mrs. Louise Elizabeth Kramer of the International Theosophical Headquarters died August 18th at the age of eighty-three, the immediate cause of death being hemorrhage of the brain induced by arterio-sclerosis. Memorial services were held out of doors in her favorite spot in the grove fronting her home, in deference to her wishes, and also at Greenwood Crematory in the city, later.

Mrs. Kramer was born in London in 1837, and came to New York City in 1879, where she became a member of the Theosophical Society in 1893. For several years she was matron of the New York Headquarters and home at 144 Madison Avenue, and since that time has been known affectionately

MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

by young and old as "Mother Kramer." She was one of Mme. Katherine Tingley's most active supporters at the time of the founding of the International Brotherhood League in 1897, when war-relief work for the suffering soldiers at Montauk Point and later for the starving Cubans was begun.

Mrs. Kramer came to Point Loma in 1900, a member of the first party of students to arrive, and up to within the last few years actively assisted with the children's work connected with the Râja-Yoga School. Her son, Ernest O. Kramer, survives her. Mr. Kramer is an architect, and is head of the Construction Department of Point Loma Homestead.

— *The San Diego Union*, August 23, 1920

THE MAJESTY OF LAW!

THE whole front page of the morning-paper blank today. No, not altogether. In the center of the white expanse was one item of news printed in gold. Very short. It just related that the entire lot of condemned-cell prisoners in Sing Sing had voluntarily foregone their allotted fifteen minutes a day in the open air in order that one of their number might enjoy the sunshine for the whole of his last two days on earth.

Well, anyhow, that's the way that item of news *ought* to have been set forth. As a matter of fact it was inconspicuously packed away on an inside page, just a two-inch item that nobody would notice.

The divinity of human nature again. All these men were first-class murderers. But the divinity of them, when there was a call for it, took no notice of what they had done, came triumphantly up out of its concealment, and struck its silver note. But to the chair the Majesty of Law will send all these men just the same, men capable of that! Thank Heaven the chair can't electrocute the *Light*, can't get in on a man as far as his soul!

The next humanitarian and lover of his kind and hater of Twentieth Century barbarism who thinks of writing an article against Capital Punishment might as well hold his hand and just print that item. The whole of his case is there — and the case for human root-divinity.

— From *The New Way*

MAKES PLEA FOR CLEMENCY FOR BOY OF SEVENTEEN SENTENCED TO BE HANGED

EDITOR *San Diego Union*: There is today in the state penitentiary at San Quentin a young lad sentenced to be hanged on September 16th. This lad, Roy Wolff, is only seventeen years old. At the time he committed the crime of which he has been convicted he was barely sixteen years old. That

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it was a brutal crime is not denied, nor is this a plea that he shall go unpunished. But it is a plea against inflicting on him the extreme penalty of hanging. It is a plea for the exercise of clemency, of pity and mercy, because of his extreme youth. It is said that if he hangs he will be the youngest to suffer that penalty in this State. Should we not pause before we consent to this?

Whatever may be the general opinion regarding capital punishment, it is beyond question that to the majority this extreme penalty appears unnecessarily harsh if inflicted upon the young, who have not reached the age of discretion nor of legal manhood.

The question arises if it is possible that a normal boy fifteen years old would commit "cold-blooded, mercenary and wilful murder," as his crime was described to be in the sentence of the court. Is it not clear that he could not have been normal, and that there must have been some serious defect in his character, whether from heredity, lack of proper training or other cause? Whatever the cause of the defect, which defect most assuredly must have existed, can we hold that the boy was wholly to blame or that he should suffer the supreme penalty? Would it not be more just to err a little on the side of mercy, if erring it can be called?

More and more people today are coming to realize that society as a whole has a wide measure of responsibility not only to, but for, the criminal, and that to a greater or less degree all men and women share with him the responsibility for the crime. Yet what does hanging a man imply? Is it not virtually an attempt to deny our responsibility by making him the only one to suffer the penalty, as a scapegoat for our failure to provide those conditions which would make crime impossible? Do we not owe him something besides punishment? Do we not owe him an opportunity of reformation and to repair so far as may be possible the defects in his nature — by proper restraint certainly, but surely by the opportunity of continued life? Do we not at least owe him a chance in a reform school or other similar institution?

The judge before whom the case was tried charged the jury that they must perform their duty "uninfluenced by pity." The abstract law, we know, shows neither pity nor favor, but man is not an abstraction, and he to whom pity and mercy are unknown has ceased to be man.

To what pass has our civilization come, to what pass has the State of California come, when, if a boy of sixteen commits murder, however brutal, the only recourse is to hang him? Shall we admit such a failure as this in California? Would it not be to our lasting disgrace to accept this as the only solution of the problem?

Dare we send this unfortunate lad into the unknown with the words "And may God have mercy on your soul," if we ourselves do not show mercy? For, "with whatsoever measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again." Is there any one of us who can stand guiltless before that supreme court?

This appeal, therefore, is made to all men and women who do recognise that mercy is one of the noblest attributes of man.

MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

"It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice."

A petition has been drafted making an appeal to the governor of California to exercise clemency in the case of this unfortunate boy, and to give him at least a chance of continued life. Copies of the petition may be obtained and signatures will be received thereto at the Theosophical Information Bureau, 1123 Fourth Street, and also at the San Diego Humane Society, 962 Second Street. All those who read this letter are urgently requested to sign this petition. JOSEPH H. FUSSELL, International Brotherhood League, Point Loma, California.— *The San Diego Union*, August 15, 1920

Theosophical University Meteorological Station Point Loma, California

Summary for August, 1920

TEMPERATURE		SUNSHINE	
Mean Highest	75.06	Number hours actual sunshine	294.90
Mean lowest	63.48	Number hours possible	413.00
Mean	69.27	Percentage of possible	71.00
Highest	79.00	Average number hours per day	9.51
Lowest	57.00		
Greatest daily range	15.00	WIND	
PRECIPITATION		Movement in miles	3420.00
Inches	0.04	Average hourly velocity	4.60
Total from July 1, 1920	0.08	Maximum velocity	17.00

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society

Founded in 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

Nov. 1920



The Theosophical Path

An International Magazine

Unsectarian
Monthly



Nonpolitical
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.

Nature conceived the idea of us before she formed us, and, indeed, we are no such trifling piece of work as could have fallen from her hands unheeded. See how great privileges she has bestowed upon us, how far beyond the human race the empire of mankind extends; consider how wisely she allows us to roam, not having restricted us to the land alone, but permitted us to traverse every part of herself; consider, too, the audacity of our intellect, the only one which knows of the gods or seeks for them, and how we can raise our mind high above the earth, and commune with those divine influences; you will perceive that man is not a hurriedly put together, or an unstudied piece of work. Among her noblest products nature has none of which she can boast more than man, and assuredly no other which can comprehend her boast. What madness is this, to call the gods in question for their bounty? . . . Suppose that such men as these say, "I do not want it," "Let him keep it to himself," "Who asks him for it?" and so forth, with all the other speeches of insolent minds: still, he whose bounty reaches you, although you say that it does not, lays you under an obligation, nevertheless; indeed, perhaps the greatest part of the benefit which he bestows is that he is ready to give even when you are complaining against him.

— SENECA, *On Benefits*, *xxiii* (Trans. by A. Stewart)

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Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

IN MISSION CLIFF GARDENS, SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

VOL. XIX, NO. 5

NOVEMBER 1920

"The consciousness of divinity is the key to human life. For want of this key humanity has been drifting — all because of the mistakes of the past. In finding this key we unlock the door to the grandeur of human life."— KATHERINE TINGLEY

The writings of H. P. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge contain so much that is applicable to present-day problems that I feel sure the members of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society and other readers of THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH will be glad of the opportunity of benefiting by their wise teachings. I trust soon to meet my readers through these pages again.

KATHERINE TINGLEY, *Editor*

ADVANTAGES AND DISADVANTAGES IN LIFE

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE



THAT view of one's Karma which leads to a bewailing of the unkind fate which has kept advantages in life away from us, is a mistaken estimate of what is good and what is not good for the soul. It is quite true that we may often find persons surrounded with great advantages but who make no corresponding use of them or pay but little regard to them. But this very fact in itself goes to show that the so-called advantageous position in life is really not good nor fortunate in the true and inner meaning of those words. The fortunate one has money and teachers, ability, and means to travel and fill the surroundings with works of art, with music and with ease. But these are like the tropical airs that enervate the body; these enervate the character instead of building it up. They do not in themselves tend to the acquirement of any virtue whatever but rather to the opposite by reason of the constant steeping of the senses in the subtle essences of the sensuous world. They are like sweet things which, being swallowed in quantities, turn to acids in the inside of the body. Thus they can be seen to be the opposite of good Karma.

What then is good Karma and what bad? The all-embracing and sufficient answer is this:

Good Karma is that kind which the Ego desires and requires; bad that which the Ego neither desires nor requires.

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And in this the Ego, being guided and controlled by law, by justice, by the necessities of upward evolution, and not by fancy or selfishness or revenge or ambition, is sure to choose the earthly habitation that is most likely, out of all possible of selection, to give a Karma for the real advantage in the end. In this light then, even the lazy, indifferent life of one born rich as well as that of one born low and wicked is right.

When we, from this plane, inquire into the matter, we see that the 'advantages' which one would seek were he looking for the strengthening of character, the unloosing of soul force and energy, would be called by the selfish and personal world 'disadvantages.' Struggle is needed for the gaining of strength; buffeting adverse eras is for the gaining of depth; meager opportunities may be used for acquiring fortitude; poverty should breed generosity.

The middle ground in all this, and not the extreme, is what we speak of. To be born with the disadvantage of drunken, diseased parents, in the criminal portion of the community, is a punishment which constitutes a wait on the road of evolution. It is a necessity generally because the Ego has drawn about itself in a former life some tendencies which cannot be eliminated in any other way. But we should not forget that sometimes, often in the grand total, a pure, powerful Ego incarnates in just such awful surroundings, remaining good and pure all the time, and staying there for the purpose of uplifting and helping others.

But to be born in extreme poverty is not a disadvantage. Jesus said well when, repeating what many a sage had said before, he described the difficulty experienced by the rich man in entering heaven. If we look at life from the narrow point of view of those who say there is but one earth and after it either eternal heaven or hell, then poverty will be regarded as a great disadvantage and something to be avoided. But seeing that we have many lives to live, and that they will give us all needed opportunity for building up character, we must admit that poverty is not, in itself, necessarily bad Karma. Poverty has no natural tendency to engender selfishness, but wealth requires it.

A sojourn for everyone in a body born to all the pains, deprivations, and miseries of modern poverty, is good and just. Inasmuch as the present state of civilization with all its horrors of poverty, of crime, of disease, of wrong relations almost everywhere, has grown out of the past, in which we were workers, it is just that we should experience it all at some point in our career. If some person who now pays no heed to the misery of men and women should next life be plunged into one of the slums of our cities for rebirth, it would imprint on the soul the misery of such a situation. This would lead later on to compassion and care for others. For, unless we experience the effects of a state of life, we cannot

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understand or appreciate it from a mere description. The personal part involved in this may not like it as a future prospect, but if the Ego decides that the next personality shall be there then all will be an advantage and not a disadvantage.

If we look at the field of operation in us of the so-called advantages of opportunity, money, travel, and teachers we see at once that it all has to do with the brain and nothing else. Languages, archaeology, music, satiating sight with beauty, eating the finest food, wearing the best clothes, traveling to many places and thus infinitely varying impressions on ear and eye; all these begin and end in the brain and not in the soul or character. As the brain is a portion of the unstable, fleeting body the whole phantasmagoria disappears from view and use when the note of death sends its awful vibration through the physical form and drives out the inhabitant. The wonderful central master-ganglion disintegrates, and nothing at all is left but some faint aromas here and there depending on the actual love within for any one pursuit or image or sensation. Nothing left of it all but a few tendencies — *skandhas*, not of the very best. The advantages then turn out in the end to be disadvantages altogether. But imagine the same brain and body not in places of ease, struggling for a good part of life, doing their duty and not in a position to please the senses: this experience will burn in, stamp upon, carve into the character, more energy, more power, and more fortitude. It is thus through the ages that great characters are made. The other mode is the mode of the humdrum average which is nothing after all, as yet, but an animal.

From THE PATH, July 1895

THEOSOPHY AND SCIENCE

C. J. RYAN



THE attitude of Theosophy towards modern science has been sometimes misunderstood by critics. Science holds such an important place in modern life that it is desirable to clear away these misconceptions from time to time.

Students of Theosophy have a great respect for the self-sacrificing work, the skill, the devotion to their ideals, of the uncommercial men of science; but they have a strong conviction that the majority of modern scientists have approached the problems of life in too materialistic a spirit, and have thereby limited their usefulness. The mechanistic view of nature, now so prevalent, is a serious danger. The authority of science

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is now as great as that of religion in former times. Extraordinary mechanical appliances and forces are in our hands, regardless of our moral fitness, and still more tremendous forces are almost within our grasp. The world, dazzled by the mechanical inventions of the past century or so, is almost worshipping such things, and many people believe, erroneously but not unnaturally, that 'science' means the application of intelligence to practical inventions and improvements in comfort.

Now the Theosophical position in relation to these conditions is clear. It declares that unless the principle of Universal Brotherhood becomes a vital factor in national, international, and — as the basis of these — in individual life; unless we learn that we are not merely intellectualized animals, but immortal souls, using the body and mind as instruments, the possible developments of cold, purely intellectual and unmoral physical science are filled with peril to the spiritual progress of civilization. The spread of organized scientific research and so forth does not imply the strengthening of public conscience. Scientific discovery applied to comfort, luxury, and destruction, has not diminished selfishness; probably the reverse. The application of the principles of internal combustion which brought about the automobile has revealed a hitherto unsuspected intense carelessness for other people's safety on the part of joy-riders. Because we have learned more of the principles of mechanics we have not freed ourselves from the desire to kill and mutilate our brothers; and because we have concocted unpleasant animal serums to inject into our veins, and have invented some more or less doubtful means of reducing the ravages of diseases which we have largely brought upon ourselves, we have not thereby commenced the reforms in our thoughts and methods of living which will prevent sickness and premature death. Claims that some of the diseases directly caused by infractions of morality can be rapidly cured by treatments obtained by recent scientific research are a source of jubilation in scientific circles. But suppose our young manhood had been self-controlled and self-respecting in such important matters, there would have been no need for scientific research in that direction, nor for alleged cures which to many will simply offer a premium to further excesses. It is difficult to see how science, in this matter, has strengthened the hands of those who are working for a higher standard of morality.

Owing to the misuse of scientific research in the sphere of warfare, and to the power science has given to the strong and unscrupulous, as well as to the aloofness of so many professors of science to the moral or humanitarian results of their investigations, some great thinkers have denounced modern science altogether. Tolstoi was extremely severe; he declared it was one of the principal causes of the misery of mankind

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because it gives tyrants the opportunity of oppression, and because it leads away from a truer and more spiritual science — the handmaid to the higher interests of mankind. Tolstoi's views on the subject were extreme and we cannot follow them to their limit, but he was certainly right in advising people to give their greatest energies to the improvement of social conditions, to the proper education of children, to living rightly, and to the cultivation of the land. Without going to the extremes of Tolstoi and throwing away a good thing because of the abuses connected with it, we may agree that the *moral* state of society is not a bit better for all the modern developments of science, and it is questionable whether our physical state is. The revelations made by the medical examination of the drafted men in this country and in England during the great war were, as everyone knows, startling. The British Prime Minister said they hoped to have an army of men of standard A 1, but they had to put up with a majority who were hardly C 3. We have heard a good deal about the lengthening of human life in modern times, but what are the facts as given by the official statistics? Professor Fisher of Yale reports:

"Notwithstanding the great reduction in the *infectious* diseases, there has been so much increase in the *degenerative* disorders that the expectation of life after middle age is actually less today than it was a generation ago."

Professor Mazyek Revenel of Missouri University writes:

"The last census (1910) shows that the number of people in the United States who die from diseases of the blood vessels is nearly four times as great as it was ten years ago."

The census showed that while infant mortality has been reduced a little, more people die early in middle life than formerly. The increasing diseases are cancer and diseases of the brain, kidney, heart, and blood-vessels. These are carrying off more people over forty-five years of age than formerly and are causing the average length of life to be shorter after that age than was the case a generation ago.

As for the moral condition of the age, many would say that the widespread acceptance of the Darwinian teaching that Nature's method of progress was by a bloody and brutal Struggle for Existence had unmistakably lowered the spiritual ideals and provided excuse for some of the perversions of the times.

A well known writer, Stephen Coleridge, in his new book 'The Idolatry of Science,' speaks plainly about the seamy side of science, and demands that some responsible body of men protest against the blind worship of everything that is labeled with the hypnotic word 'science.' He defines 'science' as a pursuit that is

"entirely distinct from and opposite to poetry, letters, oratory, history, and philosophy;

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something that has no relation to, or connexion with, the emotions or with the character of men; something wholly unconnected with conduct; something with which the principles of right and wrong have no concern."

He longs for an age when ugly factory chimneys will no longer pollute the air, when telephones will not destroy our privacy, when doctors will not inoculate their willing or unwilling patients, vivisection, or experiment on helpless animals or even on hospital patients; when the craze for rushing from place to place at breakneck speed will have subsided, and when many things we erroneously take for signs of progress will have been found out in their true unimportance. A reviewer in *Discovery*, a scientific journal, writes:

"With Mr. Coleridge's main point that the teaching of science without an accompanying training in other subjects, in character, and above all, in religion, is dangerous, we agree. But what sensible man or woman would deny this?"

I am afraid a great many sensible people have never thought that scientific studies are dangerous or that they should be purified by moral and religious training; in fact our age has been very strongly impressed with the belief that there is a very active "conflict between science and religion" that will not cease till the latter is overthrown. A Theosophist would say that what is required is not the injection of a modicum of theology or cold moral training into the materialistic atmosphere engendered by science, but a complete change in the attitude of scientists in general towards life and the spiritual world.

This change can only be brought about by an elevation in our ideals of education in general, ideals founded upon the basic principle of the divinity of man and the possibility of the transmutation of the lower, animal, devilish nature by well-directed effort. The adoption of this as the beginning of wisdom will create a safe mental and moral atmosphere in which the higher science will naturally grow and astonish us with its beauty. At present even the most advanced educational systems in general use are based upon the erroneous conception that the ordinary personality is all there is to work with, and the efforts are directed towards its development and gratification rather than towards the bringing of the immortal, spiritual Ego into control of the lower personality.

There are many definitions of science. One is, "To know a truth in relation to other truths is to know it scientifically"; another, "Science is knowledge reduced to law and embodied in system," and "Science seeks knowledge for its own sake." But, as H. P. Blavatsky remarks:

"As it is claimed to be unphilosophical to enquire into first causes, scientists now occupy themselves with considering the physical effects. The field of scientific investigation is therefore bounded by physical nature."

In the disinterested search for Truth, even if only in physical nature,

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and without looking for reward in the shape of money or position, the scientific spirit is a valuable possession in this commercial age, and those who are sincerely trying to uphold their ideal are naturally impatient of criticism on the basis that science is simply the handmaid of desire, the slave of luxury and greed. Unfortunately this criticism has some reason because the scientists themselves are so positive that science is only concerned with the practical and that which can be handled by the senses. As Mr. Coleridge says, science has little to do with spiritual evolution, with character, with conduct, in short with the enduring things. Remember how Darwin, towards the end of his life, regretted his neglect of poetry and music and all that they imply. His pathetic confession of his limitation through exclusive devotion to intellectual research, his loss of the humanities, indicates his unfitness properly to appreciate the true nature of man, and suggests some reason why he only saw in mankind a branch of the animal kingdom distinguished from the rest by a more highly organized brain. He said:

"If I had to live my life again I would have made a rule to read some poetry and listen to some music at least once every week; for perhaps the parts of my brain now atrophied would have been kept active through use. The loss of these tastes is a loss of happiness and may possibly be injurious to the intellect, and more probably to the moral character, by enfeebling the emotional part of our nature."

Darwin is not unique in this; many other brilliant scientific intellects have shut themselves away from whole worlds of higher human activity or have simply looked upon them from the outside as curious phenomena without feeling their heart-pulses.

It will be seen, from the tone of these remarks, that while Theosophists do not belittle the achievements of modern science, and most emphatically are not its enemies, they are firmly opposed to the materialistic habit of thought so widely prevailing which hinders its advance towards the understanding of the greater Realities of life. In fact, students of Theosophy have such hopes of the higher possibilities of science that they dare to criticize its limitations in a friendly way without cynicism, though with frankness. In *The Secret Doctrine*, Madame Blavatsky's great work, she defines her position as follows:

"So far as Science remains what in the words of Professor Huxley it is, viz., 'organized common sense'; so far as its inferences are drawn from accurate premisses — its generalizations resting on a purely inductive basis — every Theosophist and Occultist welcomes respectfully and with due admiration its contributions to the domain of cosmological law. There can be no possible conflict between the teachings of occult and so-called exact Science, where the teachings of the latter are grounded on a substratum of unassailable fact." I. p. 477.

Madame Blavatsky recognised the strictly self-limited scope of modern science, but she declared there is great promise for the future of scientific research on certain lines; she says:

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"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." — I. p. 261

In Light on the Path we read:

"I pray that no reader or critic will imagine that by what I have said I intend to depreciate or disparage acquired knowledge, or the work of scientists. On the contrary, I hold that scientific men are the pioneers of modern thought. . . . The scientific workers are progressing, not so much by their own will as by sheer force of circumstances, towards the far line which divides things interpretable from things uninterpretable."

It would be impossible to speak of science and not to refer to the wisdom of antiquity. Madame Blavatsky brought to our attention the startling idea that a profound knowledge of the laws of the universe and of human life is possessed by certain Oriental philosophers, her Teachers, to whom it had been handed down by predecessors from time immemorial. Many of their teachings which she was permitted to put into her books confirm this claim; and it would be difficult to mention a department of science in which she does not offer illuminating suggestions in stating the case for Theosophy. When she wrote — about forty years ago — science was apparently winning in the so-called "conflict between religion and science." Materialistic theories, supported by hard facts and new discoveries, seemed almost triumphant. Not a moment too soon Madame Blavatsky boldly stepped into the arena, equipped with the ancient Theosophy, and offered unexpected interpretations of the discoveries to which the materialists trusted. She was received coldly; her statements were regarded as too far removed from accepted science to be accepted, except by a few who had insight and could see that Theosophy offered the only likely means of combating the increasing materialism. She said it would not be till the twentieth century that the teachings she brought would begin to receive confirmation from scientific research, and that Theosophical conceptions would be widely discussed — with or without acknowledgement. We are now seeing the beginning of all this. In the short space at our disposal we cannot mention a tenth part of the interesting subjects in which at least some leading scientists have already reached conclusions in harmony with her teachings. The enormous age of the sun and the earth; the great antiquity of the human race — millions of years rather than thousands; the fact that man is not descended from any known anthropoid ape, living or fossil; the insufficiency of Natural Selection and the Survival of the Fittest to explain Evolution; the existence of the lost continent of Atlantis; the nature of light — these are but a few of the important matters in which some or all leading scientists have reached the Theosophical position.

Theosophy does not run to extremes, as Madame Tingley has often said;

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it recognises the useful and valuable aspects of science. We all know how useful science has been in breaking down superstitions in religious teachings and in compelling the clergy to recognise the rights of reason. But it has often gone too far in the attempt to destroy, and we must acknowledge the danger to the spiritual development of mankind in attaching undue importance to achievements which are so largely directed towards the multiplication and satisfaction of artificial wants and luxuries which actually act as a hindrance to the development of the higher faculties of the soul. Is there good reason to believe that we should be more miserable or morally worse if we were not able to run about at ninety miles an hour, to build 16-inch guns, or if the floods of unnecessary luxuries and rubbish produced by the aid of machinery to satisfy the cravings of desire and the demands of fashion were abated and the energy devoted to slower manufacture of substantial hand-made articles which would give the chance for the idle people who have to kill time as best they can to do some useful work and so to become happier? The monotonous grind of the factory system is one of the most disheartening products of commercialized science. We are told that numbers of factory employees gladly volunteered into the British army, not so much from patriotism as to escape from the dullness of their lives and to taste a little adventure even at the probable loss of life or limb.

A serious danger in the development of physical science in the present condition of selfishness is that great discoveries may be made which will make warfare infinitely more terrible than it is. To exist at all, mankind may have to prohibit certain entire departments of research! The serious effect of an overdose of physical science is wittily described in Butler's clever satire 'Erewhon', in which he depicts a land where the possession of any kind of machine is a criminal offence, because the ancestors of the inhabitants had suffered so terribly from a highly scientific régime in which men had become enslaved by the marvellous perfection of machinery. It requires no special foresight to see what is likely to happen if Universal Brotherhood, based upon the only enduring principle — the Divinity of Man — is not soon made a living power in our lives. During the last few years science has discovered that there are enormous forces — beside which steam and electricity (as we have it) are feeble — lying almost within our grasp, only waiting for the genius to arise who will bring the key to release them. Radio-activity has opened our eyes to their existence. The transmutation of radium into lead releases a store of energy of gigantic magnitude, but it is a very slow process. More than a billion years is said to have been taken to transmute some of the radio-active mineral thorium into lead. Chemists are incessantly working to find how to hasten the process and obtain control of the vast

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powers released; most of them are quite regardless of the probable dangers of unloosing these terrible forces upon a selfish age. When — or if — this is done (and perhaps the Powers-that-Be will forbid) a pound or two of radium in the hands of one unprincipled man or a trust could be utilized to run millions of horse-power machinery, or when enough ammunition for a park of artillery and perhaps the means of employing it can be carried in your pocket, who is to be trusted with such mighty power over his fellows? The old gods Thor and Jupiter with their thunderbolts would be infants with popguns compared with a man armed with the stupendous forces of radio-activity, but unfortunately man lacks the wisdom of the gods. Professor Frederick Soddy, the eminent English chemist of Oxford University, has glimpsed the danger. In a recent article he says that science has laid its hand upon a tool, which, if controllable, could eliminate forever the nightmare of existence prolonged from day to day only by unremitting toil. Rejoicing in the possibilities afforded by the harnessing of radio-activity in the reduction of grinding, deadening, mechanical labor, and the freeing of man for higher activities, he sees, also, the terrible possibility of the new forces, so nearly in sight, being misapplied by the prevailing selfishness of the age. He says:

"The uses already made of science show how necessary it is that a new social order be developed before a million times more awful powers are unleashed by man. So far the pearls of science have been cast before those who have given us in return the desolation of scientific warfare and the almost equal desolation of unscientific government.

"In the world that is to come the control of financiers, lawyers, politicians, and the merely possessive or acquisitive, must give place to a system in which the creative elements must rule. . . .

"It is a tragedy to see the splendid achievements, both of brain and brawn, of modern peoples squandered and turned to evil by rulers alien to their spirit, and owning an allegiance to the standards of dead civilizations and dying beliefs."

He says, further, that higher ideals are the only ones under which the coming great gifts of science can be safely entrusted to the world. Professor Soddy is one voice speaking from a great silence among his colleagues; we ask, Where is the compelling conscience of the learned academies, the united demand of the scientific world that shall insist that before these awful powers are let loose (perhaps by the private chemist of some money-making trust) some preparation shall be made that they will not prove a fearful curse? We hear no such demand; we hear only that science must be free and that it has nothing to do with the consequences of its discoveries.

A few years ago Professor Soddy suggested, to the disquietude of scientific critics, that it was not impossible that the legends of the destruction of Atlantis had a foundation in fact, and that the Atlanteans had succeeded in harnessing the inter-atomic forces, and had so misused the tremendous powers released that Nature had taken her revenge,

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civilization had been destroyed, and had had to start again after ages of Stone-Age savagery.

Students of Theosophy are not alone in doubting that this is a period of real progress for all our material progress and scientific research. The eloquent British divine, Dean Inge, has lately created a strong impression by a lecture delivered at Oxford University on "The Idea of Progress," in which he took a gloomy view. He pointed out that no physical progress could be traced since the Stone Age in Europe. The primitive Cro-Magnon race who lived in France perhaps fifty thousand years ago, perhaps very much more, were at least equal to any modern people in size, strength, and size of brain; in fact they are almost identical with the highly intelligent French inhabitants of the Dordogne district today. The Dean said he would be a bold man who would claim that we were intellectually equal to the Athenians or superior to the Romans, and continued:

"If progress meant the improvement of human nature itself, the question to be asked was, whether modern civilized man behaved himself better in the same circumstances than his ancestor would have done. It seemed to him to be very doubtful whether, when they were exposed to the same temptations they were more humane, or more sympathetic, or juster, or less brutal than the ancients."

He also referred to the great war as an example of the lack of progress in modern times.

Another important factor induces us to hesitate in putting too much confidence in materialistic science or in giving its exponents too much authority; that is the differences in scientific belief. We should not regret this lack of uniformity; it proves vitality and is a sign of progress, but it shows that we are living only on the fringe of real knowledge. What, for instance, can be more confusing to the plain man than to find rival schools of medicine, each claiming to possess the key to health, and the more numerous demanding legislation to inforce medical dogmas, fashionable for the hour, such as vivisection, vaccination, 'sex-hygiene,' etc., against which other schools protest as being thoroughly unscientific and even injurious. In subjects like astronomy, or geology, strong differences of opinion are not vital to our welfare, but in medicine they are. Even in biology — a subject apparently removed from 'practical politics' — the whole world has been strongly affected by the dogma of the Survival of the Fittest, *i. e.*, the Strongest; and the brutal principle of the Struggle for Existence, so widely trumpeted, has probably done much to produce the unbrotherly conditions which culminated in the great war and which do not seem to have been improved by it, if we may judge by press reports. And now we are being told by many biologists that the mechanical principles of Darwinism, the Survival of the Fittest,

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Natural Selection, etc., are after all only minor factors in the process of Evolution and that the deeper causes are still unknown. When we are asked to legislate in favor of proceedings which are repulsive to the best feelings of our hearts, of compassion and justice, in the name of science, let us think of the continual changes of opinion among scientists and hold to the simple faith that ultimate good cannot come from wrongful acts, however plausible in appearance at the moment. On May 29th the eminent Professor J. H. Jeans, lecturing at the Royal Institution, London, remarked:

"Science progressed on well-established lines in the Nineteenth Century, but the Twentieth will have to record the shattering of a large part of that foundation."

According to Theosophy real progress in knowledge — science — can only be made in one direction, all others are side-issues, and that is in the study of the nature of man. Man contains within himself the keys which open the greater mysteries of life, but these keys are not to be found by the unprepared. By the unprepared we do not mean those who have not mastered the book-learning of the age, but those who have not mastered their lower nature, who have not passed beyond that state where worldly desires attract. The ancient proverb, "Discipline must precede philosophy," may seem stern and forbidding, but it was the result of ages of experience, and it holds good today in regard to Real Knowledge — the "Knowledge of Things as They Are," not merely of appearances. There is an Eastern saying, "When the disciple is ready, the Teacher is ready too," but the pupil has to do the preliminary work of self-discipline before the higher spiritual science can be unfolded. Simplicity in outward matters may be the form which will be associated with profound wisdom and penetration in the soul; the higher science may require few material or mechanical appliances, but it will be powerful for good because it will always work with the spiritual forces in man and nature. A true science will find means of healing disease which require no suffering victims, human or animal. When the human race begins to wake to the divinity within and ceases to crucify the inner Christos, science will pay more attention to the causes of ills than to attempted cures.

We know that examples of all the mechanical powers, the levers and so forth, are found in man's body; Theosophy teaches us that all the intellectual powers, and all the spiritual powers in the universe, have their counterparts in the soul. We have obscured them; we are more than half-dead. True science, infinitely greater than what we have today, will help us to find ourselves, to find our divinity. And there will be no conflict between that science and religion, because they will be one.

RONDELS OF LOMALAND

KENNETH MORRIS

DAWN

Speech and Silence

THE Mountains had no word to say
When Dawn, a yellow poppy, glowed
And paled, and shining mists o'erflowed
The dreaming city, hills and bay.
And the mist-muffled trees, as they,
Speechless, aloof, withdrawn, abode;
They had no word soe'er to say
When Dawn (that flamey crocus) glowed.

Only a tufted covey grey
Fluttered and fussed across the road,
And with queer chucklings cooed and crowed,
And schemed great doings for the day.
The Mountains had no word to say
When Dawn's Grail Chalice o'er them glowed.

DESERT-WIND

Immanence

'T WIXT the blue skies and the blue deep
The air is all a diamond fire;
The blue hills shadowless aspire,
Foamless the wide blue waters sleep.
Mysteries on holy mysteries seep
Through the sunned silence, gathering nigher;
Between the blue skies and the deep
The world is thrilled with diamond fire.

Some high Nativity to keep
I think the Earth and Heaven conspire;
Through the bougainvillea's bloom-attire
I saw some flame, some splendor, leap. . . .
Hush! 'twixt the skies and the blue deep
God moveth as a quickening fire!

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MAGE MOCKING-BIRD

Illusion

GREY-WAISTCOATED, Mage Mockingbird
Sang in the naked mulberry-tree;
And *Who are you that harken me?*
In his rich caroling I heard.
Seven leaves hung there, hardly stirred,
Like gold-green lanterns, luminously;
And from their midst Mage Mockingbird
Made mysteries in the mulberry-tree.

—With that one chant he ministered
As though 'twere his whole liturgy;
Of all his stores of gramarye
He would not speak another word,
Lest I should guess he was no bird,
But the old Enchanter mocking me.

RAIN-HORIZONS

Companionship

I AM bewildered by the rain,—
The friendly grey horizons dim
With Cherubim and Seraphim
In-battling toward our human pain!
Their wings of silver glint and wane
So near, so near the world's faint rim,
I am bewildered with the rain!

O Brother Gods, again, again
Be it ours to raise the battle-hymn
With you: to meet you on the brim
Of thought: to light our hearts amain,
Now that this kind bewildering rain
Hath made the outward world so dim!

RONDELS OF LOMALAND

IN A GARDEN

Inspiration

SOME God was in the garden there,
And called me by my secret name.
Was it a butterfly that came
Fluttering adown the sun-soaked air,
Or was it some enchantment rare,
Some drifting wisp of amber flame
Blown from His locks who wandered there
Unseen, and called me by my name?

Why should the rich verbena flare
Like some much-rubied diadem;
And heliotrope a flamey gem,
Sweet, sweet, for every blossom wear,
Unless some God were wandering there?
— He called me by my secret name.

AFTERNOON

Silence

WHO came among the Seraphim,
Finger on lips, and whispered *Hist!*
Lest singing they should mar the tryst
Of Earth and Silence with their hymn?
What sapphire-mantled God of Dream
The pale, sun-golden air hath kissed,
Till even the singing Seraphim
Go mute, or only whisper *Hist!*

Blue, glittering seas, and headlands dim
Of myosote and amethyst;
Blue phantom mountains hung in mist
Of pearl-dust on the horizon rim —
Who was it hushed the Seraphim
To this sweet silence, whispering *Hist?*

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LIGHT-BLUE LARKSPUR

Meditation

GOD was devising your sweet blue
Through fathomless eternities;
Of the arcane immensities
That the Sun, singing, wanders through,
And of the Faery Mountains' hue,
And the far light on Faery Seas,
He fashioned your immaculate blue
Through fathomless eternities. . . .

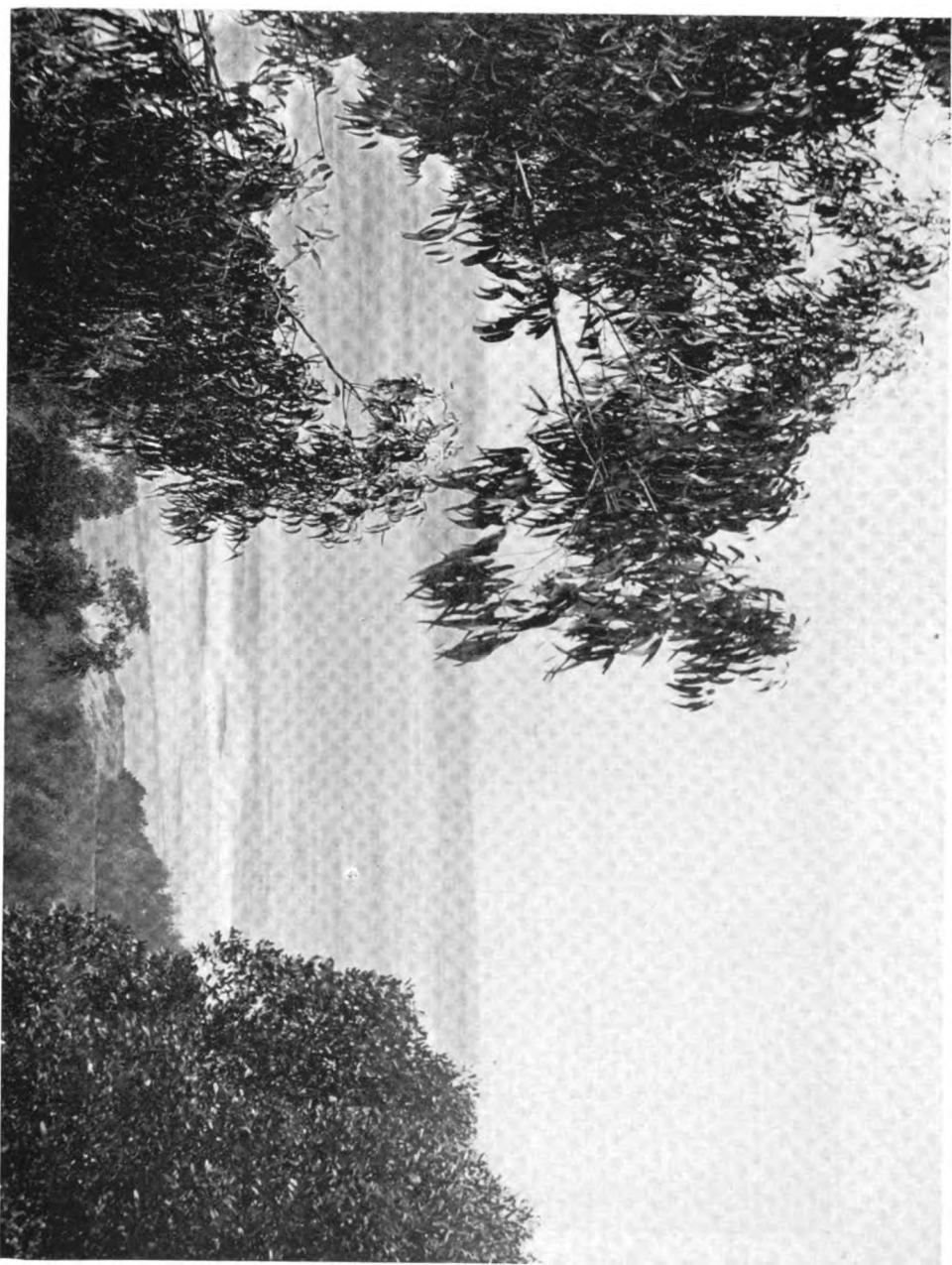
I think when first he thought of you,
He turned from his philosophies
To brood more wistful mysteries
Than ever erst creation knew,
And ponder your ineffable blue
Through silence-sweet eternities.

SUNSET FROM THE GREEK THEATER

Warning

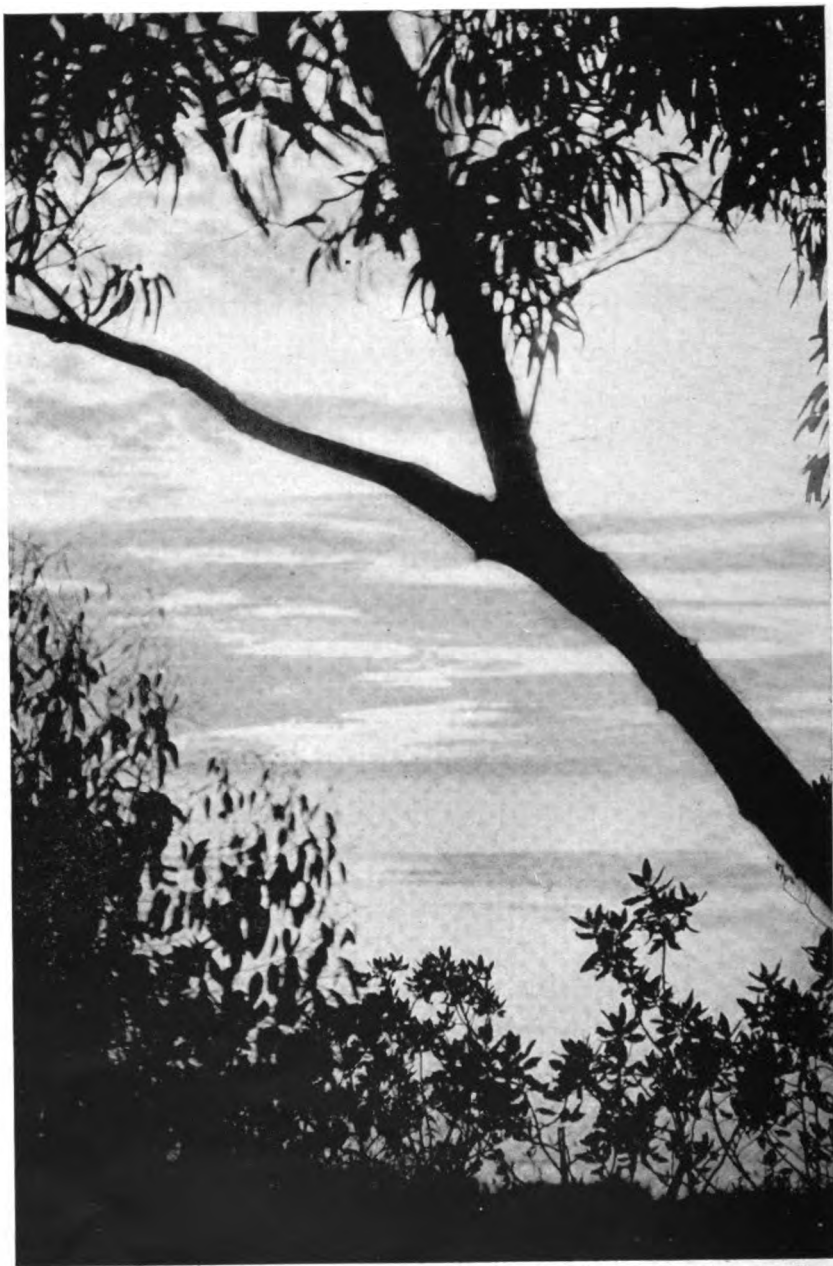
I SAW the scarlet brooding Sun
Peer through the eucalyptus trees
Ere he swept on to his sanctuaries
Of mystery, of oblivion. . . .
I felt a sudden warning run.
A whispering, o'er the winds and seas,
And curiously he peered, the Sun,
Back through the long-leafed blue-gum trees.

The grey-blue, soft tree-tresses wan
Muttered and stirred; a wizard breeze
Shook them; — or were they ill at ease
So straitly to be gazed upon,
When the lone hierophantic Sun
Peered that mute moment through the trees?



WHERE THE HORIZON IS LOST IN THE MIST

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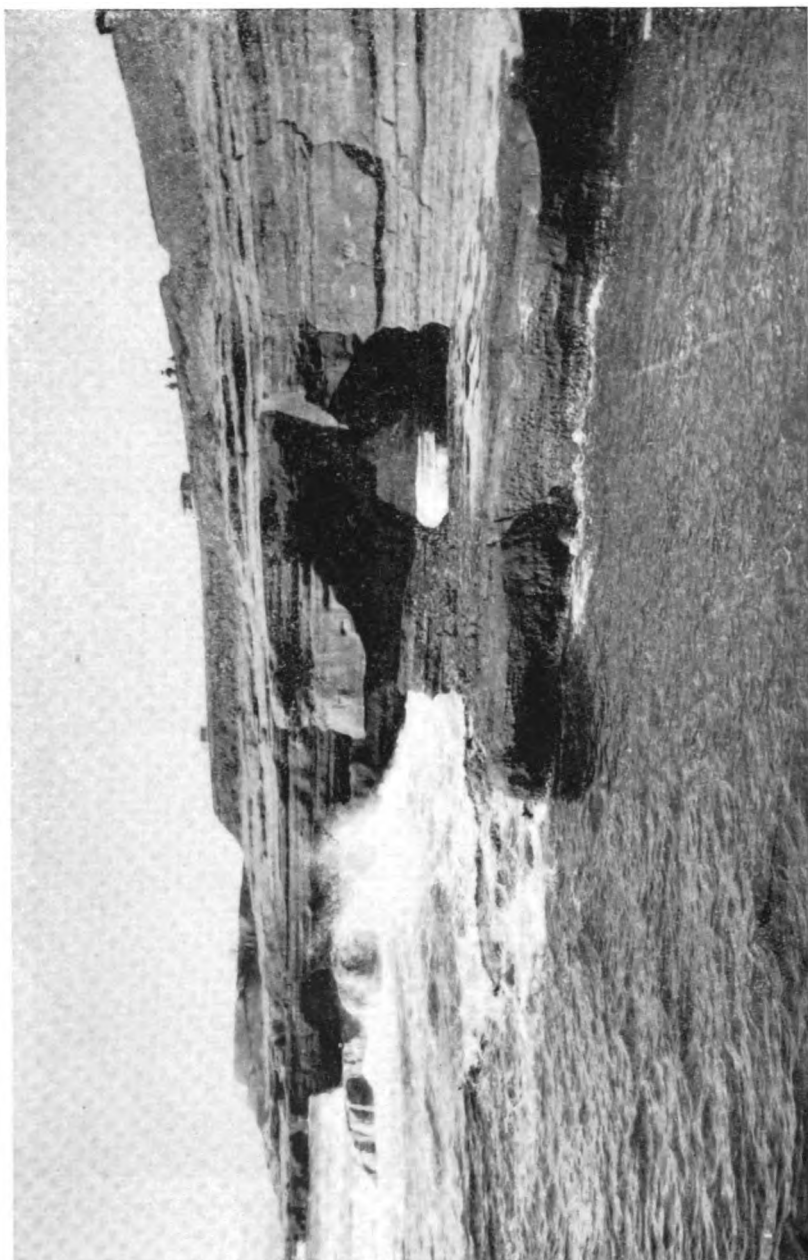
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A LOMALAND SUNSET



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

SUNSET FROM THE HILLS OF LOMALAND



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RONDELS OF LOMALAND

ANTI-SUNSET OVER THE MOUNTAINS

Withdrawing

BEAUTY hath donned her secret shroud
And her funereal diadem,
And the envoys of vast Night proclaim
Above the mountains, crying loud
Out of the mournful glory of cloud
That rims them like an altar-flame,
"Beauty hath donned her pomp of shroud
And high funereal diadem!

"She hath grown so deep of heart, so proud,
Even to be her-seemeth shame;
Wherefore, to go back whence she came,
Where God sits dreaming, starry-browed,
She hath donned this sacrificial shroud
And proud funereal diadem!"

TWILIGHT UNDER THE MOUNTAINS

On Guard


BEYOND yon mist of leafless trees
The lone blue gloom of twilight grows
Till the last east-thrown sunset rose
Drowns in its foamless, soundless seas.
Fade the fire isles, the fantasies,
The coral-tinted flames and snows
Beyond those wan and netted trees
Where the blue gloom of twilight grows. . . .

Here, sunset, thronged with hierarchies
In gold and wine-red pomp, up-throws
Fierce splendours; there — who knows, who knows
What armed Archangel haunts the trees
Where the blue gloom of twilight grows?

*International Theosophical Headquarters,
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MEMORY AN ETERNAL RECORD

T. HENRY, M. A.

E see in a magazine a quotation from Sir William Hamilton to the effect that it is probable that all our memories are preserved, and that it is forgetting, not remembering, that calls for explanation.

Not knowing the author's precise words, we cannot criticize them; but the above statement is tautological in its first clause. "Our memories are preserved," is necessarily true, if a memory is to be defined as that which is preserved. Perhaps the original statement ran, "All our experiences are preserved," in which case it acquires significance.

The process of remembering is dual: we must first have registered and stored up the impression, and then we must recollect or bring it back. When people say they do not remember a thing, they mean that they cannot recollect or bring it back. If they say that the memory is not there at all, that it has faded, they are going further than their knowledge warrants; their only means of knowing whether the memory is there or not, is by finding whether it can be brought back; and the failure to do this may be due merely to not having tried hard enough or long enough.

Many anecdotes bearing on the subject of suppressed memories unexpectedly revived are familiar; as, for instance, that of the servant girl who, in her illness, spoke Hebrew, which of course she did not know, but which had been spoken by some scholar with whom she had lived in earlier days. Such instances prove that impressions are stored up, and that the inability to bring them back under ordinary conditions does not prove that the impressions have been obliterated.

It is a teaching of Theosophy that nothing is ever lost, that the record of every event is eternally preserved. This becomes to some extent comprehensible in view of the relativity of time: if the past is merely the track which we have left behind, the fact that we have left it behind does not imply that it has ceased to exist. Everywhere in nature, so far as we have explored, we find the process of registering at work. Great forest fires of centuries ago are found recorded in the fiber of ancient trees. It is an inference from the undulatory theory of light that the impress of visual events is propagated eternally into distances of space. It is this same undulatory light, with its measurable velocity, that (by logical inference from the theory) establishes mystic contemporaneity between past millenniums on this planet and present times on some distant orb; or, in less general terms, the observer on Sirius might see,

MEMORY AN ETERNAL RECORD

through his perfected telescope directed towards our earth, "Noah coming out of the ark." Even the ascension of a saint can hardly be described as a past event, since, if he ascended with any reasonable velocity, he must at this moment be somewhere among the fixed stars.

The phenomena of psychometry attest the existence of impressions or records in contact with physical objects, so that sensitive persons may read them and describe past events connected with those objects.

The doctrine of Karma is closely connected with this doctrine of the eternal preservation of records. Every man by his acts, words, and thoughts, creates an inerasible record for himself and stamps out a roll like those that are fed into a talking-machine or a loom. Perhaps this is what was meant by the Recording Angel.

The faculty of recollecting exists in some people to a marvelous degree; and by others can be cultivated to an indefinite extent, the same being merely a matter of practice and perseverance. There are extraordinary instances of unconscious plagiarism, where authors have reproduced the actual events in the lives of people unknown to them, or have duplicated the ideas and very words of other authors which they have never seen or heard. Here it was evidently a question of reading records, records preserved somewhere accessible to the finer perceptions of the imaginative author. It seems evident that it is by no means beyond the reach of possibility that all history should be thus accessible and legible to the faculties of seers adequately endowed; and thus the truth can never be lost.

All deeds, all thoughts, are done in the sight of 'God' or of the 'Law'; the expression may be varied, but the meaning is the same. There is no such thing as a really private act or thought; everything is registered. This is how we weave around us a tissue of our own actions and thoughts, in which we become involved, making our destiny as a spider fabricates his web from his own body.

In equal steps with the power of recollecting goes the power of forgetting, which we may often find it convenient to exercise. The whole matter means power over the forces that surround us — power to select, to invite or to eschew. Thus we are not dominated by our mind, but are lord in its domain.

In view of the above considerations, one can understand that knowledge may consist rather in a power to read existing records than in a laborious process of accumulating special memories of our own; and that the ideal scholar would be one to whom all the thoughts of men were available, rather than he whose life is spent in accumulating facts.

MAYA CHRONOLOGY

F. J. DICK, M. INST. C. E., School of Antiquity

"It should be known that India was not the source of the world's religions. . . . That sacred body which gave the world its mystic teachings, and which still preserves them for those who yearly become ready to receive them, has never had its headquarters in India, but moved thousands of years ago from what is now a part of the American continent to a spot in Asia, then to Egypt, then elsewhere, sending teachers to India to enlighten its inhabitants. Krishna, Zoroaster, Buddha, Quetzalcohuatl, Jesus, Mohammed, and many others who could be named, were members of this great Brotherhood. . . . I hold that if any of them had given out a hundredth part of what they knew, the world would not only have refused to listen to their message, but would have crucified them in every instance."—*Katherine Tingley*, in public address in Bombay, October 29, 1896



RECENTLY the writer was handed a Government reprint of a paper, 'The Great Dragon of Quirigua,'¹ the perusal of which led him to examine other Government reprints, namely Bulletins 28 and 57,² together with articles by S. G. Morley in the *Journal of American Archaeology*, XIV, XV, and also in the *Proceedings of the Second Pan-American Congress*, I, 1917.

Some of the results reached by American and German archaeologists in this line of research have been supremely startling, and are of incalculable value. It is proposed to discuss the following suggestions and propositions, which are the outcome of a careful though brief study of the various investigations, when taken in conjunction with some of the correlated points to be found in H. P. Blavatsky's writings:

- (1) Maya is not a dead language.
- (2) The Maya or their archaic predecessors and instructors had the means of continuing and perpetuating the accurate chronologic record (maintained, according to Eastern data, from Atlantean times) for upwards of five million years, *i. e.*, from and during Fourth-Race times.
- (3) Two Maya inscriptions give the accurate or closely approximate date of a catastrophe, the memory of which has been annually recalled in various countries all over the world.
- (4) This disaster, both in Maya and universal tradition, was connected with a special position of the Pleiades.

1. *Smithsonian Report for 1916*.

2. Smithsonian Institution: *Mexican and Central American Antiquities, Calendar Systems, and History*, 1904; and *An Introduction to the Study of the Maya Hieroglyphs*, by S. G. Morley, 1915.

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(5) Its date corresponds with particulars from Eastern sources.

(6) Prior to the earliest Chichen Itza period the Maya method of registering the passage of time through long ages was far superior to the modern.

(7) Their 'year' commenced at the Winter Solstice, and was adjusted by a sliding-scale application of a 'Year-significator' to the fixed and invariable Calendar Round of 52 365-day years.

(8) Their so-called *tonalamatl* of 260 days, continuously repeating itself, absolutely unconnected as it is with any of the more ordinary astronomical phenomena, is well known to have constituted the basis of their ceremonial observances. Hence it must have represented symbolically the important and basic interval of time — 26,000 years — which the Vernal Equinox takes to perform one circuit of the Zodiac.

(9) These and many other considerations point to the presence on American soil, in very ancient times, of a people high in culture and intelligence, to say the least, and who — like the instructed among the archaic Egyptians and among the pre-Vedic civilizations of Central Asia — must have possessed the zodiacal and other astronomical records of Asura-Maya, the great Atlantean astronomer. It is noteworthy that Asura-Maya means simply 'the godlike Maya.'³ H. P. Blavatsky writes:

"It is Asura-Maya who is said to have based all his astronomical works upon those records [of Nârada], to have determined the duration of all the past geological and cosmical periods, and the length of all the cycles to come, till the end of this life-cycle, or the end of the seventh Race. . . . The Atlantean zodiacal records cannot err, as they were compiled under the guidance of those who first taught astronomy . . . to mankind."⁴

To take up our propositions in order:

(1) *Maya is not a dead language.* But "Nature has provided strange nooks and hiding-places for her favorites." It was, as is well known, John Lloyd Stephens, the true pioneer of modern Central American archaeology, who first published the statement (in 1841) that a large city, whose inhabitants *spoke the Maya language*, could be discerned from the topmost ridge of the Cordillera. It remained for H. P. Blavatsky to corroborate this statement in *Isis Unveiled*, and it is fervently to be hoped that the effervescent disease which we dignify with the term 'civilization' will not infest that beautiful city, with its "turrets white and glistening in the sun." But we can here at least hazard the conjecture that Chichen Itza saw the last of the true Maya brotherhood in Yucatan.

3. *The Secret Doctrine*, II, p. 92.

4. *Ibid.*, p. 49. See also II, p. 436.

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	1 kin	=	1 day
20 kins	= 1 Uinal	=	20 days
18 Uinals	= 1 Tun	=	360 days
20 Tuns	= 1 Katun	=	7,200 days
20 Katuns	= 1 Cycle	=	144,000 days
20 Cycles	= 1 Major Cycle	=	2,880,000 days
20 Major Cycles	= 1 Superior Cycle	=	57,600,000 days
20 Superior Cycles	= 1 Grand Cycle	=	1,152,000,000 days

TABLE OF PRINCIPAL DATES IN MAYA CHRONOLOGY

0.0.0.0.0.0.0.0:	5 Ahau 8 Yaxkin	Atlantean starting date, 5,042,152 years B. C.
1.4.0.17.10.18.5.19:	9 Cauac 12 Muan	Reversed series, Temple of Inscriptions, Palenque, referring to date 1,250,430 B. C.
1.11.4.2.0.10.0.0:	2 Ahau 13 Mac	Reversed series, Stela N, Copan, which would refer to date 121,108 B. C.
1.11.18.7.0.0.0.0:	4 Ahau 8 Zotz	Summer Solstice, 8755 B. C., with the Sun in opposition to the Pleiades. At that period the Vernal Equinox was at Regulus. Submersion of Poseidonis 10,675 years ago. (Stela C, Quirigua; Temple of Cross, Palenque)
1.11.18.7.0.14.0.1:	1 Imix 4 Uayeb	End of current Calendar Round at that period. (C. R. 1)
1.11.19.0.0.0.0.0:	4 Ahau 8 Cumhu	Date from which most of the Maya inscriptions are counted, forward or backward. Year 3632 B. C. (Julian day 395,182.)
1.11.19.8.6.2.14.7:	8 Caban 0 Kankin	Tuxtla statuette. Year 357 B. C. (Julian day 1,591,389.)
1.11.19.8.14.3.1.12:	1 Eb 0 Yaxkin	Leyden plate. Year 199 B. C. (Jul. day 1,649,094.)
1.11.19.9.0.0.0.0:	8 Ahau 13 Ceh	End of 'Cycle 9,' 83 B. C. (Jul. day 1,691,182.)
1.11.19.9.3.6.2.0:	5 Ahau 8 Pax	Stela 10, Tikal. Year 17 B. C. (Jul. day 1,715,305.)
1.11.19.9.4.4.0.3		Jan. 1, 1 A. D. (Jul. day 1,721,425.)
1.11.19.9.15.9.9.4:	9 Kan 12 Kayab	Date from which the Serpent-Numbers in the Dresden Codex are counted. April 7 (O. S.), 223 A. D.
1.11.19.10.2.9.1.9:	9 Muluc 7 Zac	Chichen Itza lintel inscription. Year 360 A. D.
1.11.19.13.0.0.5.1:	1 Imix 4 Uayeb	End of C. R. 198, after '4 Ahau 8 Zotz.'
1.11.19.13.1.0.0.0:	2 Ahau 3 Chen	End of 'Katun 2 Ahau.' Dec. 1 (O. S.), 1514 A.D.
1.11.19.13.1.14.0.0:	11 Ahau 13 Tzec	In 34th year of C. R. 199 (6 Tuns before end of 'Katun 13 Ahau').
1.11.19.13.1.14.4.3:	3 Akbal 16 Cheh	Winter Solstice. Year 3 Akbal 0 Pop. Dec. 10 (O. S.), 1528 A. D.
1.11.19.13.1.14.7.1:	9 Imix 14 Ceh	Year 3 Akbal, 18 Zip. Feb. 6 (O. S.), 1529 A. D.
1.11.19.13.2.0.0.0:	13 Ahau 3 Zotz	Death of Napot Xiu.
1.11.19.13.2.6.16.9		Aug. 18 (O. S.), 1534. End of 'Katun 13 Ahau.'
1.11.19.13.2.7.0.0:	11 Ahau 8 Uo	'Katun 11 Ahau' begins midnight.
1.11.19.13.5.0.0.0:	7 Ahau 8 Yaxkin	June 11 (O. S.), 1541 A. D. Merida falls.
1.11.19.14.1.11.7.16		July 12 (O. S.), 1541 A. D. End of 7th division of 'Katun 11 Ahau.'
		Oct. 7 (O. S.), 1593 A. D. Ending midnight begins 'Katun 5 Ahau.'
		Summer Solstice, June 22, 1920 A. D.

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(2) *The antiquity of the Maya record.* This has been demonstrated by S. G. Morley,⁵ with reference to Stela 10, Tikal. On the preceding page is a list of Maya chronologic units. Now the inscription on Stela 10, Tikal, reads 1.11.19.9.3.6.2.0, meaning 1 Grand Cycle, 11 Superior Cycles, 19 Major Cycles, 9 Cycles, 3 Katuns, 6 Tuns, 2 Uinals, 0 kins, or 1,841,639,800 days. In order to appreciate the relation of this and other inscriptions to modern chronology, and to other matters germane to this discussion, the foregoing Table of principal dates is introduced.

The second item in this Table is about 180,000 years before the rise of our present Fifth Root-Race,⁶ at a time when the island-continents Ruta and Daitya were still above the waves—the main continental systems of the Fourth Root-Race epoch having gone down several million years previously. Those island-continents themselves finally perished about 869,000 years ago, and it would not be strange if another Maya inscription should be discovered, pointing to a date some 380,000 years or so more recent than that denoted by this particular Palenque inscription. The figures of the second and third items are deduced by the writer from certain reversed series at Palenque and Copan, on the principle that a considerable number of other series are demonstrated by S. G. Morley to obey accurately the rule that the count proceeds, whether forward or backward, from the '4 Ahau 8 Cumhu' datum time-point, unless otherwise expressly indicated, *i. e.*, from the date shown in item 6, namely, 3632 B. C.

"Surprising" as some of the figures may appear, archaeologists ought surely to be aware that the ordinary Bengali ephemeris, for say 1900 A. D., had printed on its cover, "Year 1,929,481,781," meaning 'year of the current Kalpa.' However, the Maya left sufficient material in their temples, stelae, and codices for the future invaders of their territory to puzzle over, even though such data relate only to *comparatively* recent Earth-history. Those unfamiliar with Eastern (derived from Atlantean) chronology will find a succinct general sketch thereof in *Isis Unveiled*, I, p. 32; while a somewhat fuller statement appears in *The Secret Doctrine*, II, pp. 68-70. But of course the figures therein given go far beyond the history of our present physical Earth.

(3) *Date of catastrophe.* Poseidonis may be said in a special sense, particularly in regard to its population, to have been the last surviving remnant of the Fourth Root-Race continental system. Of course other portions of that system are still above the sea, even if re-elevated after

5. *Introd. Study Maya Hier.*, pp. 116-24.

6. THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH, XVI, p. 376.

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a long submergence, like Easter Island. But here we cannot do better than quote portions of an article published by H. P. Blavatsky in 1883: 7

“As the chief element in the language of the Fifth [Root-] Race is the Aryan Sanskrit of the ‘brown-white’ *geological* stock or race, so the predominating element in Atlantis was a language which has now survived but in the dialects of some American Red-Indian tribes, and in the Chinese speech of the inland Chinamen, the mountainous tribes of Kwang-ze — a language which was an admixture of the agglutinate and the monosyllabic, as it would be called by modern philologists. It was, in short, the language of the ‘red-yellow’ second or middle geological stock (we maintain the term ‘geological’). A strong percentage of the *Mongoloid* or Fourth Root-Race was, of course, to be found in the Aryans of the Fifth. But this did not prevent in the least the presence at the same time of unalloyed, pure Aryan races in it. A number of small islands scattered around Poseidonis had been vacated, in consequence of earthquakes, long before the final catastrophe, *which has alone remained in the memory of men* — thanks to some written records. Tradition says that one of the small tribes (*the Aeolians*) who had become islanders after emigrating from far northern countries, had to leave their home again for fear of a deluge. If . . . we say that this Aryan race that came from Central Asia, the cradle of the Fifth-race Humanity, belonged to the ‘Akkadian’ tribes, there will be a new historico-ethnological difficulty created. Yet it is maintained that these ‘Akkads’ were no more a ‘Turanian’ race than any of the modern British people are the mythical ten tribes of Israel, so conspicuously present in the Bible, and absent from history. With such remarkable *pacta conventa* between modern exact (?) and ancient occult sciences, we may proceed with the *fable*.

“Belonging virtually, through their original connexion with the Aryan, Central Asian Stock, to the Fifth [Root-] Race, the old Aeolians yet were Atlanteans, not only in virtue of their long residence in the now submerged continent, covering some thousands of years, but by the free intermingling of blood, by intermarriage with them. Perhaps in this connexion Mr. Huxley’s disposition to account for his *Melanochoi* (the Greeks being included under this classification or type) — as themselves ‘the result of crossing between the Xanthochroi and the Australoids,’ among whom he places the Southern India *lower* classes, and the Egyptians to some extent — is not far off from fact. Anyhow the Aeolians of Atlantis were Aryans on the whole, as much as the Basques — Dr. Pritchard’s *Allophylians* — are now southern Europeans, although originally belonging

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to the South Indian Dravidian stock [their progenitors having never been the aborigines of Europe prior to the first Aryan emigration, as supposed].

"Frightened by the frequent earthquakes and the visible approach of the cataclysm, this tribe is said to have filled a flotilla of arks, to have sailed from beyond the Pillars of Hercules, and, sailing along the coasts, after several years of travel to have landed on the shores of the Aegean Sea in the land of Pyrrha (now Thessaly), to which they gave the name of Aeolia. Thence they proceeded on business with the gods to Mount Olympus. It may be stated here, at the risk of creating a 'geographical difficulty,' that in that mythical age Greece, Crete, Sicily, Sardinia, and many other islands of the Mediterranean, were simply the far-away possessions, or colonies, of Atlantis. Hence, the 'fable' proceeds to state that all along the coasts of Spain, France, and Italy the Aeolians often halted, and the memory of their 'magical feats' still survives among the descendants of the old Massilians, of the tribes of the later Carthage-Nova, and the seaports of Etruria and Syracuse.

"And here again it would not be a bad idea, perchance, even at this late hour, for the archaeologists to trace, with the permission of the anthropological societies, the origin of the various autochthones through their folk-lore and fables, as they may prove both more suggestive and reliable than their 'undecipherable' monuments. History catches a misty glimpse of these particular autochthones thousands of years only after they had been settled in old Greece — namely, at the moment when the Epireans cross the Pindus bent on expelling the black magicians from their home to Boeotia. But history never listened to the popular legends which speak of the 'accursed sorcerers' who departed, leaving as an inheritance behind them more than one secret of their infernal arts, the fame of which crossing the ages has now passed into history — or, classical Greek and Roman fable, if so preferred. To this day a popular tradition narrates how the ancient forefathers of the Thessalians, so renowned for their magicians, had come from behind the Pillars, asking for help and refuge from the great Zeus, and imploring the father of the gods to save them from the deluge. But the 'Father' expelled them from the Olympus, allowing their tribe to settle only at the foot of the mountain, in the valleys, and by the shores of the Aegean Sea.

"Such is the oldest fable of the Thessalians. And now, what was the language spoken by the Atlantean Aeolians? History cannot answer us. Nevertheless, the reader has only to be reminded of some of the accepted and a few of the as yet unknown facts, to cause the light to enter any intuitional brain. It is now proved that man was universally conceived in antiquity *as born of the earth*. Such is now the profane explana-

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tion of the term autochthones. In nearly every vulgarized popular fable, from the Sanskrit *Ārya*, 'born of the earth,' or Lord of the Soil in one sense; the Erechtheus of the archaic Greeks, worshiped in the earliest days of the Acropolis and shown by Homer as 'he whom the earth bore' (*Il.*, II, 548); down to Adam fashioned of 'red earth,' the genetical story has a deep occult meaning, and an indirect connexion with the origin of man and of the subsequent races. Thus, the *fables* of Helen, the son of Pyrrha *the red* — the oldest name of Thessaly; and of Mannus, the reputed ancestor of the Germans, himself the son of *Tuisto*, 'the red son of the earth,' have not only a direct bearing upon our Atlantis fable, but they explain moreover the division of mankind into *geological* groups as made by the occultists. It is only this, their division, that is able to explain to Western teachers the apparently strange, if not absurd, coincidence of the *Semitic* Adam — a divinely revealed personage — being connected with *red earth*, in company with the Aryan Pyrrha, Tuisto, etc. — the mythical heroes of 'foolish' fables.

"Nor will that division made by the Eastern occultists, who call the Fifth-Race people 'the brown-white,' and the Fourth Race 'the red-yellow' Root-Races — connecting them with geological strata — appear at all fantastic to those who understood verse iii 34-9 of the Veda and its occult meaning, and another verse in which the *Dasyus* are called 'yellow.' *Hatvī Dasyūn pra āryam varnam āvat* is said of Indra who, by killing the *Dasyus*, protected the *color* of the *Aryans*; and again, Indra 'unveiled the light for the *Āryas* and the *Dasyu* was left on the *left hand*' (ii, 11, 18). Let the student bear in mind that the Greek Noah, Deukalion, the husband of Pyrrha, was the reputed son of Prometheus who robbed Heaven of its *fire* (*i. e.*, of secret Wisdom 'of the right hand,' or occult knowledge); that Prometheus is the brother of Atlas; that he is also the son of Asia and of the Titan Iapetus — the antetype from which the Jews *borrowed* their Japhet for the exigencies of their own popular legend to mask its Kabalistic, Chaldaean meaning; and that he is also the antetype of Deukalion. Prometheus is the creator of man out of earth and water (behold Moses saying that it requires earth and water to make a living man), who after stealing *fire* from Olympus — *a mountain in Greece* — *is chained on a mount in the far-off Caucasus*. From Olympus to Mount Kazbek there is a considerable distance.

"While the Fourth Race was generated and developed on the Atlantean continent — our antipodes in a certain sense — the Fifth was generated and developed in Asia. [The ancient Greek geographer Strabo, for one, calls by the name of Ariana, the land of the *Āryas*, the whole country between the Indian Ocean in the south, the Hindū Kush and Paropamisus in the north, the Indus on the east, and the Caspian Gates,

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Karamania, and the mouth of the Persian Gulf, on the west.] The *fable* of Prometheus relates to the extinction of the civilized portions of the Fourth Race whom Zeus, in order to create a *new race*, would destroy entirely, and Prometheus (who had the sacred fire of knowledge) saved partially 'for future seed.'

"But the origin of the fable antecedes the destruction of Poseidonis by more than seventy thousand years, however incredible it may seem. The seven great continents of the world, spoken of in the *Vishnu-Purâna* (II, ch. ii) include Atlantis, though, of course, under another name. *Ilâ* and *Irâ* are synonymous Sanskrit terms (see *Amara-kośa*, or vocabulary), and both mean earth or *native soil*; and *Ilâvrita* is a portion of *Ilâ*, the central point of India (*Jambu-dvîpa*), the latter itself being the center of the *seven* great continents before the submersion of the great continent of Atlantis, of which Poseidonis was but an insignificant remnant. . . .⁸

"Atlantis was not merely the name of one island but that of a whole continent, of whose isles and islets many have to this day survived. The remotest ancestors of some of the inhabitants of the now miserable fisherman's hovel 'Aclo' (once *Atlan*), near the gulf of Uraha, were allied at one time as closely with the old Greeks and Romans as they were with the 'true inland Chinaman.' . . . There was a time when the Indian peninsula was at one end of the line, and South America at the other, connected by a belt of islands and continents. . . . Even in the days of history, and within its memory, there was an upper, a lower, and a western India; and still earlier it was doubly connected with the two Americas. The lands of the ancestors of those whom Ammianus Marcellinus calls the 'Brachmans of Upper India' stretched from Kashmir far into the (now) deserts of Shamo. A pedestrian from the north might then have reached — hardly wetting his feet — the Alaskan Peninsula, through Manchuria, across the *future* Gulf of Tatar, the Kurile and Aleutian Islands; while another traveler, furnished with a canoe and starting from the south, could have walked over from Siam, crossed the Polynesian Islands and trudged into any part of the continent of South America. In *Isis Unveiled*, I, p. 593, the Thevetatas — the evil, mischievous gods that have survived in the Etruscan Pantheon — are mentioned, along with the 'sons of God' or Brâhmanic Pitris. The *Involutes*, the hidden or shrouded gods, the *Consentes*, *Complices*, and *Novensiles*, are all disguised relics of the Atlanteans; while the Etruscan arts of sooth-saying, their *Disciplina* revealed by Tages, comes direct and in undisguised form from the Atlantean king Thevetat, the 'invisible' Dragon, whose name survives to this day among the Siamese and Burmese, as

8. Cf. *Isis Unveiled*, I, pp. 589-96.

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also in the Jâtaka stories of the Buddhists as the opposing power under the name of *Devadat*. And Tages was the son of Thevetat, before he became the grandson of the Etruscan Jupiter-*Tinia*.

"Have the Western Orientalists tried to find the connexion between all these Dragons and Serpents;⁹ between the 'powers of Evil' in the cycles of epic legends, the Persian and the Indian, the Greek and the Jewish; between the contests of Indra and the giant; the Aryan Nâgas and the Iranian Azhi Dahâka; the *Guatemalian Dragon* and the Serpent of *Genesis*, etc., etc.? Professor Max Müller discredits the connexion. So be it. But the *fourth* race of men, 'men' whose sight was unlimited and who knew all things at once, the hidden as the unrevealed, is mentioned in the *Popol-Vuh*, the sacred books of the Guatemalians; and the Babylonian Xisuthrus, the far later Jewish Noah, the Hindû Vaivasvata, and the Greek Deukalion, are all identical with the great Father of the Thlinkithians of *Popol-Vuh* who, like the rest of these allegorical (not mythical) Patriarchs, escaped in his turn and in his days, in a large boat at the time of the last great Deluge — the submersion of Atlantis. . . .

"Now the last of the Atlantean islands perished some eleven thousand years ago. . . ."

The foregoing citation will serve to afford a concise general view of the human, historical, geological, and other problems intimately connected with the interpretation, and appreciation of the importance, of Maya archaeology. Many are the questions which naturally present themselves in reading it, but the painstaking student will find them answered in H. P. Blavatsky's two great works, and we have no space to go into them here, but must return to our Maya chronology.

(4) We said that the memory of the destruction of Poseidonis is annually preserved in various countries. In Japan, when the Pleiades culminate at midnight, they commemorate some great calamity which befell the world. The *Talmud* connects the Pleiades with a great destructive flood. They culminate at midnight in these days about the 17th of November, a date observed, with the same significance, alike by the Aztecs, Hindûs, Japanese, Egyptians, Ceylonese, Persians, and Peruvians. On the 17th of November, no petition was presented in vain to the kings of Persia. Prescott, in his *Conquest of Mexico*, speaks of a great festival held by the Mexicans in November, at the time of the midnight culmination of the Pleiades, and the Spanish conquerors found in Mexico a tradition that the world (?) was once destroyed when these

9. Cf. *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 'Edens, Serpents and Dragons,' and also Part II, 'Archaic Symbolism.'

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stars culminated at midnight. At the end of every fifty-two years (a Calendar Round), and at that identical midnight moment of the year, the Aztecs still seemed to imagine the world might end, the entire population *passing the remainder of the night on their knees, awaiting their doom* — perhaps the most remarkable instance of race-memory on record. Equally extraordinary, however, is the fact that the Australian aborigines, at that same culmination, hold a ceremony connected with the dead. Some Masonic bodies at the present day hold memorial services for the dead in the middle of November. The Druids had a similar celebration in November, which seems to have included the three consecutive days now called All Hallow Eve, All Saints Day, and All Souls, clearly indicating a festival for the dead, and doubtless originally regulated, like all the others, by the Pleiades. Ethnologically the fact that this celebration occurs at the same time and for the same reason in the Tonga Islands of the Fiji group, has especial significance, for the Tongas, as well as the Samoans and Tahitians, belong to the *earliest of the surviving Atlantean sub-races*, and are of a higher stature than the rest of mankind.

Bearing in mind the very thorough knowledge of astronomy *and of astronomical cycles* possessed by the Maya, it was the foregoing remarkable facts which led the writer to what he believes to be the correct solution of three hitherto unsolved problems in Maya chronology, at the same time accurately connecting the day-count from the remotest times to the present moment, as indicated in the Table.

(5) The date of the Poseidonis catastrophe is stated as "about 11,000 years ago," both in the foregoing citation and in *The Secret Doctrine*, in the sense that when using round numbers it was nearer eleven than ten thousand years ago.

(6) The superiority of the Maya system of recording times and cycles, is seen not only in the very few signs needed to cover with minute precision immense periods of time, and in its *essential* combination of the duodecimal with the vigesimal method of enumeration, but also in the fact that dates *are accompanied by their own check*. Compare this with our modern 'civilized' record. A dozen or so different systems in use; the 'year of confusion'; Whitaker's almanac for 1920 obliged to publish a new patent key for dates since 1 A. D.; and dates of eclipses, etc., more than 2000 years ago practically unknown.

(7) *Maya year commenced at the Winter Solstice*. We come now to the details of the business. On account of the rather technical character of them, an endeavor will be made to be as brief as possible. Those who wish to follow up the matter more clearly are referred to the investigations of Förstemann, Bowditch, Seler, and Morley, in the publications previously indicated, wherein many collateral questions are examined.

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The Maya 'books of Chilam Balam' belong to the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and were copied by Dr. H. Behrendt. They constitute our only means of connecting the temple and stela records with modern chronology. But they contain many incongruities. *Their* chronology depended solely upon the series of Katuns, but this series, though approximately continuous when followed from one of the books to another, has evident gaps, as when for instance Katun 8 Ahau and Katun 11 Ahau are given side by side. Then there had been confusion about the beginning and ending of a given Katun, and about the beginning day of the Calendar Round,—Landa, for instance, writing that it began with the day '1 Imix,' whereas it begins with the following day, '2 Ik.' Thus in these later and admittedly imperfect records, there was, as Morley says, a displacement of a day, and also a series of 13 Katuns (about 256 years) dropped out of sight, as he almost admits.¹⁰ This could very easily happen, because the only means, in the Chilam Balam books, of identifying a particular Katun is its numerical coefficient. These occur in the order 13,11,9,7,5,3,1,12,10,8,6,4,2, and then repeat. And in passing we may here note, with regard to the foregoing long citation on ancient language, etc., that the 20 Maya Day-Names are, starting from the beginning of a Calendar Round: Ik, Akbal, Kan, Chicchan, Cimi, Manik, Lamat, Muluc, Oc, Chuen, Eb, Ben, Ix, Men, Cib, Caban, Ezab, Cauac, Ahau, Imix. These are preceded in continuously recurring order by the numbers 2,3,4,5,6,7,8,9,10,11,12,13,1. It follows that no day can have the same coefficient again until 260 days have elapsed, which is called the *tonalamall* period. Again, the nineteen divisions of one 365-day year are named: Pop, Uo, Zip, Zotz, Tzec, Xul, Yaxkin, Mol, Chen, Yax, Zac, Ceh, Mac, Kankin, Muan, Pax, Kayab, Cumhu, Uayeb. The first eighteen have each 20 days, and the last 5. The division *dates* are numbered 0 to 19, and 0 to 4. Thus the date of the first day of a Calendar year is 0 Pop, and in the first year of the invariable Calendar Round its complete description is 2 Ik 0 Pop.

Now as the Katuns of the Chilam Balam books end with Ahau days, this connects them indisputably with the fixed Calendar Round of the old inscriptions, which is one point gained. In the next place there is one very important Maya date given with full detail alike by the Chilam Balam of Mani, that of Tizimin, and that of Chumayel, which, after allowing for the displacement of one day, fixes the 'year-significator' accurately in the Calendar Round, at that period. That is, instead of reading the 'significator' 4 *Kan*, it must be corrected to the preceding day, 3 *Akbal*. This date, for the death of Napot Xiu, is: "six Tuns

10. *Journ. Amer. Archaeol.*, XV. p. 198.

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before the end of Katun 13 Ahau, in the year 4 Kan (read 3 *Akbal*) 9 Imix 18 Zip." Turning to the 34th year of the fixed Calendar Round we find this 3 *Akbal* at 16 Chen, and the 9 Imix at 14 Ceh. 3 *Akbal* being the 'significator' it now *represents 0 Pop*, and the 14 Ceh represents 18 Zip. In the Table, and here, dates connected with a 'significator' are italicized.

We have a statement that the seventh Tun of 'Katun 11 Ahau' ended July 18 (O. S.) — which should be July 12 — 1541; and another statement that 'Katun 5 Ahau,' or rather the end of 'Katun 7 Ahau,' occurred on Oct. 16 (O. S.), 1593 A. D., which is nearly right. These particulars, together with those of the 'significator,' are sufficient to fix the date of the death of Napot Xiu, namely, Feb. 6 (O. S.), 1529 A. D. For we know that on Dec. 10 (O. S.), *i. e.*, Dec. 21 (N. S.), 1528 — the Winter Solstice — the 'significator' stood at the position 16 Chen, in the current Calendar Round. We know also that the 198th Calendar Round, counting from the '4 Ahau 8 Zotz' date, ended on 1.11.19.13.0.0.5.1. Therefore one perceives immediately that they kept the 'year-significator,' as we are calling it, adjusted so that about the middle of each Calendar Round it would be at the Winter Solstice.

As the Winter Solstice 'significator'-position was necessarily at 7 Mac in 'C. R. 1,' and at 16 Chen in 'C. R. 199,' it follows that the tropical year, expressed in mean solar days, 10,675 years ago was then about 365.240 384. If t denote number of tropical years prior to 1920, and d the days in one tropical year, then Newcomb's formula would have to be altered, for this particular long period, to:

$$d = 365.242\ 198\ 79 - 0.000\ 000\ 17\ t$$

which nevertheless would not be applicable to periods of still greater length, because orbital and terrestrial elements are subject to periodic changes, as is indeed suggested by the figures, which show a progressive increase from past to present, while Newcomb's formula shows a progressive decrease from present to future. (Cf. THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH, XIX, p. 228.)

When we say that July 18 should be July 12, it merely means that if the words "the seventh Tun ended" were taken literally, such would be the correction. The words "six Tuns before the end of Katun 13 Ahau" are merely approximate. The expression should rather have been "in the sixth Tun before." Again, as to the penultimate item in the Table for the beginning of a Katun 5 Ahau, the Chilan Balam of Mani is said to have had the words "year 13 Kan 17 Zac." But by that time they had certainly lost the old method,¹¹ so this particular statement is worthless.

11. Cf. Diego de Landa: *Relación de las Cosas de Yucalán*, p. 317: Paris, 1864.

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An important link with modern chronology is the statement that the *first* appearance (1511) of the Spaniards happened during a 'Katun 2 Ahau,' which, as will be seen in the Table, ended on Dec. 1 (O. S.), 1514 A. D.

It happens that Don Carlos Sigüenza y Góngora (17th century) "had important documents which belonged to a descendant of the royal Tetzoccan family, and he was a trained astronomer." The 'theory' that 13 days were interpolated at the end of each Calendar Round is ascribed to him. But the suggestion has been rejected, because misunderstood. The Maya certainly never 'interpolated' any days, for the simple reasons that it was unnecessary, and that such a thing would have struck at the very root and foundation of their chronological system. What they did, as is indeed proved without going farther by the Chilan Balam books, was to fix the 'year-significator' position for each particular Calendar Round, and then advance it by 13 days. But as the ancient Maya, at least, were highly skilled astronomers, perhaps to a degree hardly suspected even by students of the Dresden Codex, they must also have varied this practice by advancing its position only 11 days at the end of every fifth Calendar Round, reserving the further correction of a day at longer intervals, just as we do in another way — or propose to do. (Compare their method of arriving at the mean value of the Moon's revolution-period, not less accurate in result than that so far reached by modern astronomy.) Thus, ordinarily, if the 'significator'-position stood at 16 Chen, it would be at 9 Yax for the whole of the next Calendar Round, or at 3 Chen for the preceding one.

It is just here that universal, as well as Maya tradition — which by the way is referred to by Seler — comes to our aid. For we find that the '4 Ahau 8 Zotz' date not only occurred at an important and significant astronomical position — with the Pleiades culminating at midnight on the Summer Solstice, the Vernal Equinox at Regulus, and the 'significator' at or near the Winter Solstice — but that it also coincides with what must have been a fateful time for the ancestors of the Maya, the final disappearance of Poseidonis, along with other ocean-bed disturbances elsewhere.¹²

(8) *The tonalamatl*. Whether by accident or design, Morley's diagram of the *tonalamatl* contains the key to its true meaning. For while the circle of the 260 day-names and coefficients runs round clockwise, a central arrow indicates a revolution counter-clockwise. In other words, the *tonalamatl* typified one cycle of precession round the Zodiac, occupying 26,000 years, wherein the Vernal Equinox passes through the signs in the reversed order, Aries, Pisces, Aquarius, etc. That this is the true origin and meaning of the *tonalamatl* should be self-evident to those who

12. Cf. *Isis Unveiled*, I, p. 31: edition 1919, Point Loma.



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THE DRAGON OF QUIRIGUA, GUATEMALA

(Above) Top View; (Below) North Front



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THE DRAGON OF QUIRIGUA, GUATEMALA

(Above) West Front; (Below) South Front

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have learned that the foundation of all ancient astronomy, American as Eastern and Egyptian, rests primarily, and of necessity, upon the Zodiacal cycles. The *Books of the Brâhmanical Zodiacs*, for instance, are frequently referred to by H. P. Blavatsky. This subject, and the other matters treated of in the Dresden Codex — synodical periods of the planets, etc.— is an extensive one, but it is only indirectly connected with our immediate topic of Maya chronology, and it would require a treatise, even if we had all the meanings of the relative passages in that Codex before us. But it may at least be suggested that the substitution of 100 years for one 'ceremonial' day may possibly facilitate further study of the already copious *tonalamall* literature. The division of the *tonalamall* into four distinct parts, associated with the four points of the compass, is extremely suggestive, in view of the multitude of data bearing on this especial subject in *The Secret Doctrine*.

(9) *Maya culture and intelligence.* The facts above disclosed ought to be sufficient to prove the heights attained by the Maya and their predecessors in this land of America. Our fathers or grandfathers in Europe and America were solemnly taught, with all the sanction of 'revealed religion,' that the universe was created 4004 B. C. And now we have the silent witness of temples and stelae, on this continent, to a record extending back more than five million years! On which side of the scale, may we not ask, stands the culture and intelligence? Which of the European nations, Greek or more modern, possessed a keener sense of architectural beauty combined with beauty of environment? The landscape setting of the classic Temple of Palenque has no rival, whether in Greece or any other land. Where are our artists?

Maya sculpture? Give the best sculptor living a block, some thirty tons in weight (before carved out), of breccia composed of feldspar, mica, and quartz, and a "stone tool," and ask him, not to design, but merely to copy the 'Great Dragon of Quirigua.' What kind of object would he produce? The very gods would roar with laughter at the result, it is to be feared.

The writer had the honor to be a government official in a distant land for many years, involving the preparation of many reports. Now government publications are proverbially dry, and innocent of adjectives and — jokes. Nevertheless it is occasionally possible to discern a joke beneath the turn of a phrase. But never, surely, was a better one perpetrated than when one of our best archaeologists penned this:

"The Maya emerged from barbarism [altered to *savagery* in another place] about the first or second century of the Christian era."

MACHU PICCHU: INCAN AND PRE-INCAN ARCHITECTURE

H. T. EDGE, M. A.



THE ancient colossal stone ruins of the Americas, located most abundantly in Peru and Central America, are a great puzzle to archaeologists, but they confirm the views outlined by H. P. Blavatsky in her works. Too little attention has hitherto been paid to these silent but irrefutable witnesses to the truth of the Theosophical teachings as to the great antiquity of civilization; but this neglect bids fair to be remedied. In both the neglect and its coming repair we see the manifestation of two opposite tendencies in our character. We adhere jealously to our dogmas and prepossessions, and allow them to color not only the inferences which we make from discovered facts, but even to distort and suppress unwelcome facts. On the other hand, we are imbued with an unquenchable thirst for discovery and a laudable devotion to exactitude in unearthing the truth. This being so, truth must gradually win its triumph over prejudice and preconception, and the many and changing speculations of theorists will give way to the only belief which can solve the mystery.

There are innumerable theories in ethnology, anthropology, history, etc., which gain their only plausibility by a judicious narrowing of the range of vision. Their authors have either never heard of many important facts which bear upon their theories, or else they have forgotten these facts or put them out of their mind. The theorist who proposes to bear in mind *all* the facts which in any way bear upon his theory, needs to have a comprehensive mind and to have studied much; yet, without these requisites, his theory must necessarily be faulty. And more — instead of one theory, there will be many; as indeed we see to be the case when we find separate archaeologists making theories to suit their several requirements, regardless of any mutual inconsistency between the speculations. How many theories of anthropology are upset by the testimony of the colossal architecture of ancient America? As long ago as the seventies of last century, H. P. Blavatsky wrote a series of articles on these ruins, under the title of 'A Land of Mystery,' and brought together the facts gleaned by explorers, their opinions thereon, and her own commentary from the point of view of the ancient teachings she was promulgating. These articles were reprinted in *The Century Path* (Point Loma) for September and October, 1907, and reference will here be made to them. The immediate occasion of the present writing is a number of *The National Geographic Magazine* of some few years ago,

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which has 188 pages, all of them devoted to Dr. Hiram Bingham's discovery of Machu Picchu, and illustrated with no less than 244 photographs taken by the explorer. These buildings do not seem to belong to the more ancient type of which there are so many instances; they are not carved with those mystic Egyptian-like symbols, hieroglyphs, and human figures. The writer puts them at about 2000 years ago. Even if they are so comparatively recent as that, we still have in them the evidence of a skilful race of builders at that epoch. The frontispiece, giving a panoramic view of the site, has the following legend, which may be quoted as summing up the situation:

"This wonderful city, which was built by the Incas probably 2000 years ago, was discovered in 1911 by Professor Hiram Bingham of Yale University, and uncovered and excavated under his direction in 1912, under the auspices of the National Geographic Society and Yale University, and may prove to be the most important group of ruins discovered in South America since the conquest of Peru. The city is situated on a narrow precipitous ridge two thousand feet above the river and seven thousand feet above the sea, in the grand canyon of the Urubamba, one of the most inaccessible parts of the Andes, sixty miles north of Cuzco, Peru. It contains about two hundred edifices built of white granite, and including palaces, temples, shrines, baths, fountains, and many stairways. The city does not appear to have been known to the Spaniards."

The first part of the article is devoted to a description of the discovery of the site and the incidents of travel and excavation. The explorer was told of some ruins by an old Indian, and the city was revealed when the forest growth had been cleared away. He thinks this is a certain city called Tampu Tocco, mentioned in the following tradition:

"A story told to some of the early Spanish chroniclers . . . runs somewhat as follows: Thousands of years ago there lived in the highlands of Peru a megalithic folk who developed a remarkable civilization, and who left, as architectural records, such cyclopean structures as the fortresses of Sacsahuaman and Ollantaytambo. These people were attacked by barbarian hordes coming from the south — possibly from the Argentine pampas. They were defeated and fled into one of the most inaccessible Andine canyons. Here in a region strongly defended by nature they established themselves; here their descendants lived for several centuries. The chief place was called Tampu Tocco. Eventually regaining their military strength and becoming crowded in this mountainous valley, they left Tampu Tocco, and, under the leadership of three brothers, went out of three windows (or caves) and started for Cuzco. The migration was slow and deliberate. They eventually reached Cuzco and there established the Inca kingdom."

Though Machu Picchu is not quite in the place indicated by the Indians, the explorer thinks it is Tampu Tocco, and that the Indians purposely misdirected the Spaniards. There are no ruins to speak of at the site indicated, and this ruin is marked by a house with three windows; now the name Tampu Tocco means the hotel with windows.

Now for some particulars as to this place. It is situated close to the Urubamba River near latitude 13° S., and about 43 miles NW. of Cuzco. The site is one of the most difficult of access and best naturally defended

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in the country; it is an ideal place of refuge, surrounded by stupendous precipices and gorges. The city is built of white granite, and the stonework, as is usual in these ancient American ruins, is distinguished for the qualities of massiveness, skill, and ingenuity in construction, and excellence of detail and finish. Blocks of stone 14 feet long and 5 feet high, and $13\frac{1}{2}$ feet long and 8 feet high, are mentioned among other particulars. There are walls made of beautifully fitted blocks, squared, polygonal, or keyed in a sort of dovetailing and without cement. On the very brink of one precipitous hill is an artificial stone platform which the explorer thinks was a signal-station used by the inhabitants to signal the approach of an enemy; the masons employed in building it would have fallen 1000 feet before striking any part of the cliff, had they slipped. There are over a hundred stairways in the city, and in some cases the whole stairway was made of a monolith; in one case the balustrade too is included in the block. The floors of the "bath-rooms" (undoubtedly reservoirs) are also often monolithic. There are gateways with ingenious devices cut in the stone for receiving the fastenings of the vanished wooden doors. That these people were good engineers is shown by the able construction of the drainage. In some of the houses the stonework is so exquisitely finished that no plaster or other dressing would have been needed.

There are photographs showing crevices in the natural rock which have been filled up by cutting the stones so as to fit exactly the curvature; and other pictures showing walls built on very irregular rock-surfaces but with the foundation blocks cut to fit exactly. One wonders what a modern mason would have done — or, rather, one does not wonder, for one knows that he would have used concrete or cement or have planed down the bedrock. These are some of the most important facts, and others will be mentioned incidentally in what follows.

Perhaps the most noticeable feature in the explorer's reflexions is the way in which (as it seems to us) he is hampered throughout by certain prepossessions for which there appears no adequate ground, and which often prevent him from making deductions that would seem natural and obvious. For example, on page 453 he tells us that:

"Since they had no iron or steel tools — only stone hammers — its construction must have cost many generations, if not centuries, of effort."

And on page 456 he says that the only tools they had were cobble-stones brought up from a depth of 2000 feet. On page 455 we are informed that the holes bored in the blocks were probably done with bamboo, sand, water, time, and patience. We naturally ask for the source of his information on this point, as the natural inference is that the masons did have metal tools, either of steel or of some other metal equally hard or

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harder. We know they had bronze, for it was among the things found; and it is thought by some that a very hard bronze might have been made in those days and used for tools.

However this may be, the fact stands unconfuted that these builders were an able people in every line of their profession, and that the work they have produced has never been approached in its combination of magnitude, perfection, ingenuity, and skill. These people, whoever they were, were certainly the greatest architects, builders, and engineers of whom we have any record. In saying this, we of course bear in mind the other ruins in South America, some of which the writer mentions; we consider the thing as a whole.

Here as elsewhere we find evidence carved on the rocks that the Serpent and the Sun were symbols of this people's cult. The writer comments on the fact that prehistoric peoples all over the globe have represented the Serpent. This is one item in the story of universal symbolism which so puzzles archaeologists who try to account for it on any other theory than the right one. It is one of the proofs that at one time in the far past the whole of mankind on this globe had a single and uniform culture, as we today are tending to have; after which the great dispersal took place, resulting in the present distribution of their remote descendants, who have brought down by tradition these identical symbols and beliefs.

Another point that is seldom sufficiently emphasized is that these buildings must have been as carefully and elaborately constructed in their interior furnishings and external decorations as they were in their solid fabric. Who that has visited an ancient ruin like Kenilworth Castle could form the faintest idea, from that alone, of what it must have looked like (what it actually did look like, as we know from history) when it was the home of stately owners? That moss-grown, dungeon-like, floorless, ceilingless desolation in no way suggests the glory and comfort of the original abode. If we may apply the rule of three in such matters, let us take for example the Egyptian ruins, and infer that in their original state they were as much grander than one of our castles, as their ruins are grander than our ruins. The engineers and artists who built the skeleton of Machu Picchu would never suffer their skill and patience to fail them in adding those finishing touches which the hand of Time does not spare to our vision.

The failure to use cement does not seem to us to indicate a want of knowledge or ability to do so, but rather the kind of feeling that makes a good planer scorn the resort to sand-paper. These masons may have thought that mortar was the last refuge. Besides, some of the houses still bear traces of an interior finish of some kind of stucco or cement. There is as little doubt that they could have made mortar if they had

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needed it as there is that they did not need it.

Among the many problems that suggest themselves is how a people so strong and able as these builders should yet have found it necessary to flee before barbarian hordes; and perhaps the mystery is best solved by means of a provisional hypothesis to the effect that they did not so flee. And after all, was all this labor undertaken for the purpose of defence? If so, how great must have been the terror inspired by the enemy, to make a people as able as these builders flee to the uttermost parts of the earth; and not only flee thither but fortify these inaccessible precipices as no place has ever been fortified before or since. The builders may have been great,—but the ‘enemy’ must have been ‘holy terrors.’

Altogether it would seem that we need to study a little more before we can expect to find a satisfactory explanation of the motives that inspired this building; and we must do the writer the justice to say that he for the most part “leaves this to others.” As the writer includes in his article a mention of several of the older ruins in South America, we are provided with an occasion for referring to the article by H. P. Blavatsky mentioned above. In one part she says:

“All along the coast of Peru, all over the Isthmus and North America, in the canyons of the Cordilleras, in the impassable gorges of the Andes, and especially beyond the valley of Mexico, lie, ruined and desolate, hundreds of once mighty cities, lost to the memory of men, and having themselves lost even a name. Buried in dense forests, entombed in inaccessible valleys, sometimes sixty feet underground, from the day of their discovery until now they have ever remained a riddle to science, baffling all inquiry, and they have been muter than the Egyptian Sphinx herself. . . .

“What we want to learn is, how came these nations, so antipodal to each other as India, Egypt, and America, to offer such extraordinary points of resemblance, not only in their general religious, political, and social views, but sometimes in the minutest details. The much-needed task is to find out which one of them preceded the other; to explain how these people came to plant at the four corners of the earth nearly identical architecture and arts, unless there was a time when, as affirmed by Plato and believed in by more than one modern archaeologist, no ships were needed for such a transit, as the two worlds formed but one continent.”

She says it is a capital mistake to confound the buildings of the epoch of the Incas in Peru, and of Montezuma in Mexico, with the aboriginal monuments. Cholula, Uxmal, Quiché, Pachacamac, and Chichén were all perfectly preserved at the time of the Spanish invasion; but there are ruined cities which were in the same state of ruin even then, and whose origin was as unknown to the conquered Incas and Aztecs as it is to us. The strange shape of the heads and profiles on the monoliths of Copán indicate a long extinct race. Archaeologists have resorted to the hypothesis that the people indulged in artificial cranial distortion, as is done by some tribes; but Dr. E. R. Heath of Kansas points out that the finding in “a mummy of a fetus of seven or eight months having the

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same conformation of skull, has placed a doubt as to the certainty of this fact."

The same writer, in a paper on Peruvian antiquities in the *Kansas City Review of Science and Industry*, Nov. 1878, says:

"Buried sixty-two feet under the ground, on the Chinca Islands, stone idols and water-pots were found, while thirty-five and thirty-three feet below the surface were wooden idols. Beneath the guano on the Guanapi Islands . . . mummies, birds, and birds' eggs, gold and silver ornaments were taken. . . . He who can determine the centuries necessary to deposit thirty and sixty feet of guano on these islands, remembering that since the Conquest, three hundred years ago, no appreciable increase in depth has been noted, can give you an idea of the antiquity of these relics."

H. P. Blavatsky then calculates that, allowing one-twelfth of an inch to a century, we are forced to the conclusion that the people lived 864,000 years ago; and that, even allowing twelve times this rate, or one inch a century, we still have 72,000 years back a civilization that equaled, and in some things surpassed, our own.

Those familiar with Theosophical writings (by which, of course, is meant Theosophy as first stated by H. P. Blavatsky, and not any of the guesses to which the name of Theosophy is sometimes unfortunately applied) are aware that the scale of human history is made more commensurate with the scale of geological and zoological time than is the case with orthodox anthropology. Prevailing opinion among the authorities is still far too timid in this respect, and may be said to be still pecking at the eggshell wherein the mind of our new little race has been confined during its embryonic stages. Perhaps we do not now believe the world was created during seven of the days belonging to the year 4004 B. C.; nor divide the human race into Christians on the one hand and "Jews, Turks, and Infidels" on the other. But still we exhibit a fear in the matter of allowing any antiquity to civilization, which fear is not in consonance with our liberality in according time to such things as deposition and denudation. Why there may not have been civilizations on earth *millions* of years ago is hard to say. Theosophy says there were, and relies on analogy and the evidence for proof. The builders of the older ruins were not Incas but a race far older, and the blocks may have stood on their sites for hundreds of millenniums.

As to the "defense against enemies" theory, is it not a little overdone? We know, from a study of modern American Indians, that many of their customs, which would seem to be connected with defense, are connected with religion. Some of them have made the entrances to their houses small because they could not find anything large enough to cover a large opening with. Pits in the ground are usually for the purpose of celebrating rites connected with terrene potencies. May there not have been some such reason for building a city on a hill, using stone

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amid a dense forest of hardwood, and rendering the access difficult?

To continue with H. P. Blavatsky's article — we are first of all impressed, she says, with the magnitude of these relics of races and ages unknown, and then with the extraordinary similarity they present to the mounds and ancient structures of old India, Egypt, and even some parts of Europe. And she speaks of the American pyramids and serpent mounds. The Serpent and the Egg is a familiar cosmic symbol, denoting Time's endless cycles of birth and rebirth. Truly the story of civilization has been repeated times without number on this earth.

The following quotation, cited by H. P. Blavatsky from Mr. Heath as mentioned above, gives some idea of the vast extent of the architecture:

"The coast of Peru extends from Tumbes to the River Loa, a distance of 1233 miles. Scattered over this whole extent, there are thousands of ruins besides those just mentioned. . . while nearly every hill and spire of the mountains have upon them or about them some relic of the past; and in every ravine, from the coast to the central plateau, there are ruins of walls, cities, fortresses, burial vaults, and miles and miles of terraces and water-courses. Across the plateau and down the eastern slopes of the Andes to the home of the wild Indian, and into the unknown impenetrable forest, still you find them. In the mountains, however, where showers of rain and snow with the terrific thunder and lightning are nearly constant a number of months each year, the ruins are different. Of granite, porphyritic lime and silicated sandstone, these massive, colossal, cyclopean structures have resisted the disintegration of time, geological transformations, earthquakes, and the sacrilegious destructive hand of the warrior and treasure-seeker. The masonry composing these walls, temples, houses, towers, fortresses, or sepulchres, is uncemented, held in place by the incline of the walls from the perpendicular, and the adaptation of each stone to the place designed for it, the stones having from six to many sides, each dressed and smoothed to fit another or others with such exactness that the blade of a small penknife cannot be inserted in any of the seams thus formed, whether in the central parts entirely hidden or on the internal or external surfaces. These stones, selected with no reference to uniformity in shape or size, vary from one-half cubic foot to 1500 cubic feet solid contents. . . ."

We can spare space for no more, but must quote the following:

"Estimating five hundred ravines in the 1200 miles of Peru, and ten miles of terraces of fifty tiers to each ravine . . . we have 250,000 miles of stone wall, averaging three to four feet high — enough to encircle this globe ten times."

Facts like these consign favorite anthropological theories to the waste-paper basket where they belong. No race of historical times has ever evinced the properties of the race that built these walls; that civilization belonged to altogether another type. According to the scale of races and ages presented by H. P. Blavatsky's *Secret Doctrine*, which is all based on the best of evidence, both internal and external, the whole of humanity at present on the globe represents but a minor subdivision. The scale is like that familiar to geologists in the strata. Historical times are represented by a few unconsolidated surface strata called "recent," and the whole series of sedimentary rocks is many miles thick. We shall soon have to abandon our inadequate theories of human history in favor of views which conform with the other facts of life.



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SACRED WAY LEADING TO THE MING TOMBS, CHINA



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COLOSSAL FIGURE — A GUARDIAN OF THE
SACRED WAY TO THE MING TOMBS

KARMA AND BROTHERHOOD

R. MACHELL

THOSE who take up the study of Theosophy when their education is already considered complete, according to the common misconception of the scope and purpose of education, will almost unavoidably see the broad Theosophical doctrine of Karma through the colored spectacles provided for their use by their early education. That is to say, they will read into the great impersonal principle of Karma the little preconception of punishment or reward administered by a personal God or his equivalent. So they will at first fail to realize the meaning of the great universal law. Indeed, it is probable that a complete understanding will only come with full enlightenment, which may be very far away for most of us; but the first step in that direction may be taken by any man who can understand that universal law is necessarily just, and that justice is impersonal. To do this, he must begin to free his mind from the cramping influence of his own egotism, which unconsciously colors all his conceptions of life.

When he first meets with the doctrine of Karma and realizes that its essential characteristic is absolute justice, he still will be very naturally inclined to think of justice in the way it used to be represented to him in his Sunday-school: that is to say, as another name for the "Will of God," whose caprice was the source of all law, whose mercy could be invoked by suitable petitions and sacrifices, and whose anger and vengeance were to be feared and conciliated by flattery and submission. He may eliminate this God and his ideas of mercy or vengeance: but he will probably hold on to the idea of reward and punishment, which idea almost inevitably entails the presupposition of the discarded ideals. Consequently his conception of Karma will be abortive.

It is a big step from the ecclesiastical universe of personal justice administered by a personal judge according to his own will, subject to modification by the prayers of interested parties, to that of a universe of pure law and absolute justice. And though the student may be willing to discard his outworn creed, he may not be able so easily to shake off from his mind the cramping influence of early training and hereditary beliefs. In consequence he will find himself faced with innumerable difficulties, arising from his unconscious habit of regarding justice as an intelligent power that is principally occupied with administering frequent punishment and occasional reward for the encouragement of virtue and the repression of vice. His natural desire for self-justification will natural-

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ly accept or devise some scheme of salvation by means of which he may evade those austere decrees of justice that may seem to threaten his future enjoyment of an eternity of unmerited and unearned bliss.

He may profess a great desire to learn the Truth; but as long as he is actually concerned with self-salvation and self-justification, he will not be able to approach the selfless region of pure Law where Truth resides. He must forget his own personal interest in the search for Truth, and must concentrate his mind on the goal, which is intelligibly symbolized by Brotherhood. In that one word is Universal Law, Absolute Justice, "Truth, Light, and Liberation for discouraged humanity."

The word Brotherhood is a talisman; it is a key; and, like a key, it must be grasped before it can be used; and it can only be used where it belongs. It is a universal key that must be used impersonally; and here again old habits of mind come in to paralyse the student in his advance, for his conception of Brotherhood will probably be as personal as his idea of God, and all unconsciously he will make for himself an imitation key that will not fit the universal lock. So he will find no entrance into the land of Truth, which, being universal, is not accessible to personalities. The conquering of self is the aim of Yoga; and the ways in which it is to be accomplished are apparently as numerous as are the kinds of self, which stand in the way of the Soul that seeks the Light of Truth.

But we, students of Theosophy, are taught that the best way to free ourselves from our own egotism is to devote ourselves to the service of Humanity. In this way we may more easily attain to selflessness, for from the start the mind is turned from the contemplation of the personal to that of the Universal. We may do this imperfectly for a long time; but even an effort in that direction makes the final entry on the path more possible. And this practice also is free from danger; for it is elevating and ennobling to the mind, no matter how imperfectly it may be understood.

The path indicated by true Theosophical Leaders, such as H. P. Blavatsky, W. Q. Judge, and Katherine Tingley, is thus a safe path from the start; and it is a clean one. It does not offer attractions to the lover of sensation or of violent emotion, of thrilling mysteries or weird initiations. It does not enable the student to 'do stunts' in occultism, nor will it help him to readily open communication with the planet Mars; nor will he learn by it how to hypnotize his clients or his customers, or to become a 'guru' with a large class of five-dollar 'chelas.' But it will make the world seem one vast field of golden opportunities of service; it will make his fellow-man more interesting, more companionable, more lovable even: it will make his own difficulties seem insignificant. It may even make him forget his own salvation for a time. And in a while,

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however long or short, it may entirely release him from the thought of self; when his small self has spread itself so wide that it has become transparent, and the Great Self of all Humanity alone is visible. Then it may be that the true path of selflessness may be intelligently entered. But that is a theme beyond the scope of a man's brainmind; though it may glow eternally within his heart, where lies the entrance to the path.

When a student of Theosophy has recovered from the first fit of exaltation that he will probably experience as a result of his introduction to the grand ideals displayed in such a work as 'The Voice of the Silence,' then he will have need of all the common sense at his command to save him from a violent reaction, or from the blunders that seem so difficult to avoid. Few realize the grip that egotism has upon the human mind, and few understand the difference between the higher and the lower mind; so that many a student, who has intuitively seen the beauty of Truth in the Theosophical ideals, falls into the error of supposing that his inner perception insures to him a clear mental concept of the teachings. And in this he is generally and woefully mistaken. For the lower mind has not been trained to interpret correctly the perceptions of the higher mind; and the attempt to do this must for long result in misconceptions. If then these misconceptions are applied to the solution of problems of life that also are probably but dimly apprehended, the result will be disappointing to the student, and perhaps will appear foolish to the onlooker, who will go away with his prejudice against Theosophy confirmed, loudly declaring that it has no practical application to daily life.

The practical application of ideals demands common sense, which is the sense that is most uncommon; for it is the faculty of applying principles in practice, and of adapting conduct to ideals. Common sense is developed in the mind that is to some extent self-illuminated, that is to say, the mind in which the higher and the lower work sympathetically. This sense has nothing in common with that low cunning which is quick to see where personal advantage can be gained. It is something akin to wisdom.

By the aid of common sense a man may make allowances for his own personal bias, and may even be able to discount his own egotism, and get ahead of himself in understanding new ideas, thus stepping out from the shadow of prejudices and limitations that he has not yet actually outgrown. So he may avoid the narrow misconception of Karma that leads some men into fatalism and pessimism, and others to indifference to the sufferings of their fellows. These misconceptions are entirely due to the cramping influence of the old personal-God idea, with its scheme of punishment and reward, or its eternal salvation and damnation. Let a man use common sense and analogy to help him in

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the study of Theosophy, and he will find no clash between the great law of Karma and the law of absolute justice: nor between the principle of Universal Law and individual responsibility, between the law of justice and the law of love.

Let him study Theosophy with common sense as well as intuition and he will understand that Karma is natural law, acting in time and space as well as in the higher realms of soul. He will know that it has taken many years of his life to mold his mind into its present cast, and that it must take time to break those molds of mind, and that it will call for patience. He will be wise enough perhaps to see that it is enough to feel the step beneath his foot, and to take one step at a time. So he will take the doctrine of Karma first as a great general principle. He may compare it to some other principle, such as gravity; and he will see that gravity acts all the time, not merely when something falls. Gravity does not go to sleep when a building is well built, nor does it cease to operate in answer to the builders' prayers. It acts, and the builders use its action to consolidate their structure. And if the building falls, the builders, knowing the law, will seek the explanation otherwise than in the sudden awakening of gravity, or in its caprice, or in its will to punish or reward. They will know that gravity was acting all the time. They will understand that their construction was not calculated to resist the force of gravity when some disturbing condition arose, or when some part of the structure perished. But they will not dream that gravity had any grudge against them, or think that they can induce it to be more lenient next time. They could not build at all if they were not able to count upon the persistence of the force that we call gravity.

In like manner the student of Theosophy will feel that Karma is a law of life which knows no change, which is not going to reward the good or punish the wicked, but is going to act eternally and unalterably, as the law of gravity does apparently. The good man reaps the fruit to which he is entitled, and the evil man also gets what is coming to him. That is the only possible reward or punishment: and it is inevitable. If the results are not as you desire, you must alter the causes. Karma knows no caprice. So when we talk of good and evil Karma, we are talking foolishly, or at best using questionable figures of speech. For when a bridge falls, we would not say it was afflicted with evil gravity; we would blame the builders for ignorance or neglect, for ignoring or neglecting the knowable and calculable action of gravity. Both reward and punishment are but ways of looking at the natural results of natural causes: and it would seem to me to be a distorted way of looking at what is inevitable.

But inasmuch as it is entirely personal and emotional, in so much

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is it natural to men and women who live entirely in their personalities and in their emotions. It is for such people that personal Gods exist. It is indeed by them that personal Gods are created and maintained, as emblems of the unthinkable realities beyond. In so far they must be recognised and used as steps by which the ignorant and personal may climb to the breezy uplands of Truth, Light, and Liberation. Recognising this fact, I think that a Theosophist would deal gently with the weakness of those who still feel the need of such symbols; but he would have little tolerance for the folly of a student who having seen the Path before him, yet clung to the idols of his infancy.

The idea of reward or of punishment is inseparably connected with the idea of a personal dispenser of favors, or of a personal avenger, whose action is not an inherent part of the process of natural law, but is, in some way, supplementary. This implies that the natural order is not sufficient in itself. For if it were in itself an expression of justice, then any further award would be in excess. And if the further award be not in excess of justice, then it can only be regarded as supplying a deficiency. It is probable that the average person has no faith in the existence of justice in life, and feels that he or she is the victim of a cruel power that is bent on persecution rather than justice. And I venture to say that the word justice, to the general public, means something very far short of what each one feels he or she is entitled to. Therefore mercy is invoked to make up the deficiency.

The laws of nature are neither cruel nor kind; they are the inherent qualities of all that is. The ideas of cruelty and kindness are peculiar to man in his dealings with other creatures: and they spring from personality. The man who believes himself to be separate from others and who acts for his own advantage will act cruelly, because he will not act in accordance with natural law. If he try to act kindly to others, he must act in opposition to his selfish instincts, or put the interests of others before his own advantage. This is perhaps as near to justice as the personal man can attain. But nature is impersonal, and has no interest in personalities as personalities; so the laws of nature are free from personal bias, and appear cold and cruel to one who concentrates all his interest on some one or more personalities, to whose supposed interests he would sacrifice that of others.

If man believed in the justice of Universal Law, the idea of reward or punishment would never have come to him. If man were convinced that every act produces its own necessary results, and no others, then he would not think it necessary to add reward or punishment in excess. He would accept the Law and know that it was sufficient in itself. He would understand that if he just acted rightly on all occasions, the Law

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would bring about the appropriate results inevitably. Furthermore, he would understand that Law is universal; that is to say, the universe is itself the expression of its own inherent nature, which is its Law; and that he is a part of it, able to act wisely or foolishly, that is in harmony with the Law or otherwise; but that he cannot alter the nature of law, and that consequently he may find his personality either floating easily with the current or struggling against it, to his personal comfort or discomfort, but in no way by reason of any good or evil will towards him of the forces of nature.

When man fell from wisdom and spiritual knowledge into selfishness and ignorance of his own spiritual nature, then, because he could not quite forget his primeval state of harmony, and because he suffered personally the natural results of selfishness, which is ignorance of the laws of life, arose virtue and its opposite, vice; the one to be rewarded, the other punished as a means of protecting the race from complete destruction. Virtue was a recognition of the existence of Universal Law and of the desirability of some degree of submission to its requirements; but the Law was ignorantly regarded as the will of a capricious and revengeful Deity, because those qualities characterize personal man; and man endows his Gods with his own qualities. So the beneficial results of virtue were regarded as a reward bestowed on suffering humanity by a benevolent God, and the reward of vice was called punishment for sin. The personal limitations of man were transferred to his God, for man creates his Gods in his own image, and if the God is cruel and revengeful, jealous and tyrannical, it is simply because he is an image of man automatically reflected in the imagination of his devotees. Virtue and vice, reward and punishment, are the substitutes for wisdom that fallen humanity has had to content itself with through the long ages of the reign of selfishness and materialism, called in the East the Kali-Yuga.

But Theosophy has come once more to the knowledge of the world and a new age is dawning; and as the keynote of the dark ages was selfishness or personality, so the keynote of the new age is Brotherhood and Universal Law — or the Law of Brotherhood, a fact in nature. The law of Karma is the law of Brotherhood, and it brings freedom from the fetters of personality, from fear, from sense of injuries and craving for revenge. When this is understood, the student may be inclined to paraphrase the old Biblical axiom by reading: "Vengeance is mine, saith the Law." That is man's liberation from a self-imposed curse, which he has exalted into a duty because of his unexpressed belief that the Higher Law is not able to run the universe without man's help. Man's help is necessary, but it must be in consonance with the Law, or it will not be HELP. And the law of man is the Law of Brotherhood. That is Karma.

THE CREST-WAVE OF EVOLUTION

KENNETH MORRIS

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in the Râja-Yoga College, Point Loma, in the College Year 1918-1919*

XX — CHINA AND ROME: THE SEE-SAW

THAT mankind is a unit; — that the history of the world, however its waters divide, — whatever islands and deltas appear, — is one stream; — how ridiculous it is to study the story of one nation or group of nations, and leave the rest ignored, coming from your study with the impression (almost universal) that all that counts of the history of the world is the history of your own little corner of it: — these are some of the truths we should have gathered from our survey of the few centuries we have so far glanced at. For take that sixth century B. C. The world seems all well split up. No one in China has ever heard of Greece; no one in Italy of India. What do the Greeks know about Northern Europe, or the Chinese about the Indians or Persians? — And yet we find in Italy, in Persia, in India, in China, men appearing, — phenomenal births, — evolved far above their fellows: six of them, to do the same work: Founders of Religions, all contemporary more or less; all presenting to the world and posterity the same high passwords and glorious countersigns. Can you conceive that their appearance, all in that one epoch, was a matter of chance? Is not some pre-arrangement suggested, — a *put-up job*, as they say: a definite plan formed, and a definite end aimed at? Then by whom? Can you escape the conclusion that, behind all this welter of races and separate histories aloof or barking at each other, there is yet somewhere, within the ringfence of humankind, incarnate or excarnate, One Center from which all the threads and currents proceed, and all the great upward impulses are directed?

Those Six Teachers came, and did their work; then two or three centuries passed: time enough for the seeds they sowed to sprout a little: and we come to another phase of history, a new region in time. High spiritual truth has been ingeminated in all parts of the world where the ancient vehicle of truth-dissemination (the Mysteries) has declined; a Teacher, a Savior, has failed to appear only in the lands north and west of Italy, because there among the Celts, and there alone, the Mysteries are still effective: — so you may say the seeds of spirituality have been well sown along a great belt stretching right across the Old World. Why? In preparation for what? For something, we may suppose. Certainly

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for something: for example, for the next two thousand five hundred years,— the last quarter, I would say, of a ten-millennium cycle, which was to end with a state of things in which every part of the world should be known to, and in communication with, every other part. So now in the age that followed that of the Six Teachers, in preparation for that coming time (our own), the attempt must be made to weld nations into unities. Nature and the Law compel it: whose direction now is towards grand centripetalisms, where before they had ordained heterogeneity and the scattering and aloofness of peoples.

But Those who sent out the great Six Teachers have a hand to play here: they have to put the welding process through upon their own designs. They start at the fountain of the cyclic impulses, on the eastern rim of the world: as soon as the cycle rises there, they strike for the unification of nations. Then they follow the cycle westward. To West Asia? — Nothing could be done there, because this was the West Asian pralaya: those parts must wait for Mohammed. In Europe then.— Greece? — No; its time of vigor had passed; and the Greeks are not a building people. They must bide their time, then, till the wave hits Italy, and what they have done in China, attempt to do there.

Only, what they had done in China with a mere Ts'in Shi Hwangti, — because Laotse and Confucius had not failed spiritually to prepare the ground,— they must send forth Adept-souled Augustus and Tiberius to do,— if human wisdom and heroism could do it,— in Italy; — because Pythagoras' Movement had failed.

The Roman Empire was the European attempt at a China; China was the Asiatic creation of a Rome. We call the Asiatic creation, *China*, *Ts'in-a*; it may surprise you to know that they call the European attempt by the same name: *Ta Ts'in*, 'the Great Ts'in.' Put the words *Augustus Primus Romae* into Chinese, and without much straining they might read, *Ta Ts'in Shi Hwangti*. The whole period of the Chinese manvantara is, from the two-forties B. C. to the twelve-sixties A. D., fifteen centuries. The whole period of the Roman Empire, Western and Eastern, is from the forties B. C. to the fourteen-fifties A. D., fifteen centuries. The first phase of the Chinese Empire, from Ts'in Shi Hwangti to the fall of Han, lasted about 460 years; the Western Roman Empire, from Pharsalus to the death of Honorius, lasted about as long. Both were the unifications of many peoples; both were overturned by barbarians from the north: Teutons in the one case, Tatars in the other. But after that overturnment, China, unlike Rome, rose from her ashes many times, and still endures. Thank the success of Confucius and Laotse; and blame the failure of Pythagoreanism, for that!

But come now; let me draw up their histories as it were in parallel

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columns, and you shall see the likeness clearly; you shall see also, presently, how prettily time and the laws that govern human incarnation played battledore and shuttlecock with the two: what a game of see-saw went on between the East and West.

From 300 to 250 B. C. there was an orgy of war in which old Feudal China passed away forever, and from which Ts'in emerged Mistress of the World. From 100 to 50 B. C. there was an orgy of war in which Republican Rome passed away forever, and out of which Caesar emerged World-Master. Caesar's triumph came just two centuries after Ts'in Shi Hwangti's accession; Kublai Khan the Turanian, who smashed China, came just about as much before Mohammed II the Turanian, who swept away the last remnant of Rome.

In the first cycles of the two there is a certain difference in procedure. In China, a dawn twilight of half a cycle, sixty-five years, from the fall of Chow to the Revival of Literature under the second Han, preceded the glorious age of the Western Hans. In Rome, the literary currents were flowing for about a half-cycle before the accession of Augustus: that half-cycle formed a dawn-twilight preceding the glories of the Augustan Age.

It was just when the reign of Han Wuti was drawing towards a sunset a little clouded,—you remember Ssema Ts'ien's strictures as to the national extravagance and its results,—that the Crest-Wave egos began to come in in Rome. Cicero, eldest of the lights of the great cycle of Latin literature, would have been about twenty when Han Wuti died in 86. We counted the first "day" of the Hans as lasting from 194 (the Revival of the Literature) to the death of Han Wuti's successor in 63; in which year, as we saw, Augustus was born. During the next twenty years the Crest-Wave was rolling more and more into Rome: where we get Julius Caesar's career of conquest;—it was a time filled with wine of restlessness, and, you may say, therewith 'drunk and disorderly.' Meanwhile (from 61 to 49) Han Suenti the Just was reigning in China. His "Troops of Justice" became, after a while, accustomed to victory; but in defensive wars. Here it was a time of sanity and order, as contrasted with the disorder in Rome; of pause and reflexion, as compared with the action and extravagance of the preceding Chinese age. It was Confucian and ethical; no longer Taoist and daringly imaginative: Confucianism began to consolidate its position as the state system. So in England Puritan sobriety followed Elizabethanism. Han Wuti let nothing impede the ferment of his dreams: Han Suenti retrenched, and walked quietly and firmly. His virtues commanded the respect of Central Asia: the Tatars brought him their disputes for arbitration, and all the regions west of the Caspian sent him tribute. China

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forwent her restless and gigantic designs, and took to quietude and grave consideration. — So we may perhaps distribute the characteristics of these two decades thus between the three great centers of civilization: in China, the stillness that follows an apex time; in India, creation at its apex; in Rome, the confusion caused by the first influx of Crest-Wave Souls.

As Octavian rose to power, the House of Han declined. We hear of a gorging Vitellius on the throne in the thirties; then of several puppets and infants during the last quarter of the century; in A. D. 1, of the dynasty overthrown by a usurper, Mang Wang, who reigned until A. D. 25. Thus the heyday of Augustan Rome coincides with the darkest penumbra of China. Then Kwang-wuti, the eldest surviving Han prince, was reinstated; but until two years before the death of Tiberius, he had to spend his time fighting rebels. Now turn to Rome.

While Han Kwang-wuti was battling his way towards the restitution of Han glories, Tiberius, last of the Roman Crest-Wave Souls, was holding out grimly for the Gods until the cycle should have been completed, and he could say that his and their work was done. For sixty-five years he and his predecessor had been welding the empire into one: now, that labor had been so far accomplished that what dangerous times lay ahead could hardly imperil it. So far it had been a case of Initiate appointing Initiate to succeed him: Augustus, Tiberius: — but whom should Tiberius appoint? There was no one. The cycle was past, and for the present Rome was dead; and on the brink of that unfortunate place to which (they say) the wicked dead must go. Tiberius finally had had to banish Agrippina, her mischief having become too importunate. You remember she was the daughter of Julia and Agrippa, and Germanicus' widow. His patience with her had been marvelous. Once, at a public banquet, to do her honor he had picked a beautiful apple from the dish, and handed it to her: with a scowl and some ostentation, she gave it to the attendant behind her, as who should say: 'I know your designs; but you do not poison me this time'; all present understood her meaning well. Once, when he met her in the palace, and she passed him with some covert insult, he stopped, laid a hand on her shoulder, and said: "My little woman, it is no hurt to you that you do not reign." But his patience only encouraged her in her machinations; and at last he was compelled to banish her. Also to keep one of her sons in strictest confinement; of which the historians have made their for him discreditable tale: the truth is, it was an heroic effort on his part to break the boy of his vices by keeping him under close and continuous supervision. But that is more easily said than done, sometimes; and this Drusus presently died a madman. He then took the youngest son of

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Agrippina to live with him at Capri; that he, Tiberius, might personally do the best with him that was to be done; for he foresaw that this youth Caius would succeed him; his own grandson, Tiberius Gemellus, being much younger. He foresaw, too, that Caius, once on the throne, would murder Gemellus; which also happened. But there was nothing to be done. Had he named his grandson his successor, a strong regent would have been needed to carry things through until that successor's majority, and to hold the Empire against the partisans of Caius. There was no such strong man in sight; so, what had to come, had to come. *Après lui le déluge*: Tiberius knew that. *Le déluge* was the four years' terror of the reign of Caius, known as Caligula; who, through no good will of his own, but simply by reason of his bloodthirsty mania, amply revenged the wrongs done his predecessor. Karma put Caligula on the throne to punish Rome.

The reign was too short, even if Caligula had troubled his head with the provinces, for him to spoil the good work done in them during the preceding half-cycle. He did not so trouble his head; being too busy murdering the pillars of Roman society. Then a gentleman who had been spending the afternoon publicly kissing his slippers in the theater, experienced, as they say, a change of heart, and took thought to assassinate him on the way home; whereupon the Praetorians, let loose and having a thoroughly good time, happened on a poor old buffer of the royal house by the name of Claudius; and to show their sense of humor, made him emperor *tout de suite*. The senate took a high hand, and asserted *its* right to make those appointments; but Claudius and the Praetorians thought otherwise; and the senate, after blustering, had to crawl. They besought him to allow them the honor of appointing him.— See what a difference the mere turn of a cycle had made: from Augustus bequeathing the Empire to Tiberius, ablest man to ablest man, and all with senatorial ratification; — to the jocular appointment by undisciplined soldiery of a sad old laughingstock to succeed a raving maniac.

Claudius was a younger brother of Germanicus; therefore Tiberius' nephew, Caligula's uncle, and a brother-in-law to Agrippina. Mr Baring-Gould says that somewhere deep in him was a noble nature that had never had a chance: that the soul of him was a jewel, set in the foolish lead of a most clownish personality. I do not know; certainly some great and fine things came from him; but whether they were motions of his own soul (if he had one), or whether the Gods for Rome's sake took advantage of his quite negative being, and prompted it to their own purposes, who can say? — Sitting down, and keeping still, and saying nothing, the old man could look rather fine, even majestic; one saw traces in him of the Claudian family dignity and beauty. But let him walk a

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few paces, and you noted that his feet dragged and his knees knocked together, and that he had a paunch; and let him get interested in a conversation, and you heard that he first spluttered, and then roared. Physical weakness and mental backwardness had made him the despair of Augustus: he was the fool of the family, kept in the background, and noticed by none. Tiberius, in search of a successor, had never thought of him; had rather let things go to mad Caligula. He had never gone into society; never associated with men of his own rank; but chose his companions among small shopkeepers and the 'Arries and 'Arriets of Rome, who, 'tickled to death' at having a member of the reigning family to hobnob with them in their back-parlors, would refrain from making fun of his peculiarities. Caligula had enjoyed using him as a butt, and so had spared his life. He had never even learned to behave at table; and so, when he came to the throne, made a law that table-manners should no longer be incumbent on a Roman gentleman. All this is recorded of him; one would hardly believe it, but that his portraits bear it out.*

For all that he did well at first. He made himself popular with the mob, cracking poor homely jokes with them at which they laughed uproariously. He paid strict attention to business: made some excellent laws; wisely extended Roman citizenship among the subject peoples; undertook and pushed through useful public works. Rome was without a decent harbor: corn from Egypt had to be transhipped at sea and brought up the Tiber in lighters; which resulted in much inconvenience, and sometimes shortage of food in the city. Claudius went down to Ostia and looked about him; and ordered a harbor dredged out and built there on a large scale. The best engineers of the day said it was impossible to do, and would not pay if done. But the old fool stuck to his views and made them get to work; and they found it, though difficult and costly, quite practicable; and when finished, it solved the food problem triumphantly. This by way of example. — Poor old fool! it was said he never forgot a kindness, or remembered an injury. He came soon, however, to be managed by various freedmen and rascals and wives; all to the end that aristocratic Rome should be well punished for its sins. One day when he was presiding in the law courts, someone cried out that he was an old fool,— which was very true,— and threw a large book at him that cut his face badly,— which was very unkind. And yet, all said, through him and through several fine and statesmanlike measures he put through, the work of Augustus and Tiberius in the empire at large was in many ways pushed forward: he did well by the provinces

*The accounts of Claudius and Nero are from *The Tragedy of the Caesars*, by S. Baring-Gould.

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and the subject races, and carried on the grand homogenization of the world.

He reigned thirteen years; then came Nero. If one accepts the traditional view of him, it is not without evidence. His portraits suggest one ensouled by some horrible elemental; one with no human ego in him at all. The accounts given of his moods and actions are quite credible in the light of modern medical knowledge as to insanity: you would find men like Tacitus' Nero in most asylums. Neither Tacitus nor Suetonius was in the habit of taking science as a guide in their transcriptions: they did not, in dealing with Tiberius for example, suit their facts to the probabilities, but just set down the worst they had heard said. What they record of him is unlikely, and does not fit in with his known actions. But in drawing Nero, on the contrary, they made a picture that would surprise no alienist. Besides, Tacitus was born some seventeen years after Tiberius died; but he was fourteen years old at the death of Nero, and so of an age to have seen for himself, and remembered. Nero did kill his mother, who probably tried to influence him for good; and he did kill Seneca, who certainly did. His reign is a monument to the rottenness of Rome; his fall, a proof, perhaps, of the soundness of the provinces. For when *they* felt the shame of his conduct, they rose and put him down; Roman Gaul and Germany and Spain and the East did. Here is a curious indication: Galba, Otho, and Vitellius, who made such a sorry thing of the two years (68 and 69) they shared in the Principate, had each done well as a provincial governor. In the provinces, then, the Tiberian tradition of honest efficient government suffered not much, if any, interruption. The fact that Rome itself stood the nine years of Nero's criminal insanity,—and even, so far as the mob was concerned, liked it (for his grave was long kept strewn with flowers)—shows what a people can fall to, that the Crest-Wave had first made rotten, and then left soulless.

By the beginning of 70, things were comfortably in the hands of Vespasian, another provincial governor; under whom, and his son Titus after him, there were twelve years of dignified government; and seven more of the same, and then seven or eight of tyranny, under his second son, Domitian. Against the first two of these Flavians nothing is to be said except that the rise of their house to the Principate was by caprice of the soldiery. Vespasian was an honest Sabine, fond of retiring to his native farm; he brought in much good provincial blood with him into Roman society. — Then in 96 came a revolution which placed the aged senator Nerva on the throne; who set before himself the definite policy — as it was intended he should — of replacing personal caprice by legality and constitutionalism as the instrument of government. He

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reigned two years, and left the empire to Trajan; who was strong enough as a general to hold his position, and as a statesman, to establish the principles of Nerva. And now things began to expand again; and a new strength became evident, the like of which had not been seen since (at least) the death of Tiberius.

Octavian returned to Rome, sole Master of the world, in B. C. 29. A half-cycle on from that brings us to 36 A. D., the year before Tiberius died: that half-cycle was one, for the Empire all of it, and for Rome most of it, of bright daylight. The next half-cycle ends in 101, in the third year of Trajan: a time, for the most part, of decline, of twilight. You will notice that the Han day lasted the full thirteen decades before twilight came; the Roman, but six decades and a half.

We ought to understand just how far this second Roman half-cycle was an age of decline: just how much darkness suffused the twilight it was. We talk of representative government; as if any government were ever really anything else. Men get the government that represents them; that represents their intelligence, or their laxity, or their vices; — whether it be sent in by the ballot or by a Praetorian Guard with their caprice and spears. In a pralayic time there is no keen national consciousness, no centripetalism. There was none in Rome in those days; or not enough to counteract the centrifugalism that simply did not care. The Empire held together, because Augustus and Tiberius had created a centripetalism in the provinces; and these continued in the main through it all to enjoy the good government the first two emperors had made a tradition in them, and felt but little the hands of the fools or madmen reigning in Rome. And then, blood from the provinces was always flowing into Rome itself; particularly in the Flavian time; and supplied or fed a new centripetalism there which righted things in the next half-cycle. It was Rome, not the provinces, that Nero and Caligula represented in their day: the time was transitional; you may call Otho and Vitellius the first bungling shots of the provinces at having a hand in things at the center; wholesome Vespasian was their first representative emperor: Nerva and those that followed him represented equally the provinces and a regenerated Rome. — This tells you what Nero's Rome was, and how it came to tolerate Nero: when Vitellius came in with his band of ruffians from the Rhine, and the streets flowed with blood day after day, the places of low resort were as full as ever through it all: while carnage reigned in the forums, riotous vice reigned within doors.

But look outside of Rome, and the picture is very different. The Spaniard, Gaul, Illyrian, Asiatic and the rest, were enjoying the Roman Peace. There was progress; if not at the center, everywhere between

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that and the periphery of civilization. Life, even in Italy (in the country parts) was growing steadily more cultured, serious, and dignified; and in all remote regions was assimilating its standards to the best in Italy. From the Scottish Lowlands to the Cataracts of the Nile a single people was coming into being: it was a wide and well-tilled field in which incarnate souls might grow. The satirists make lurid pictures of the evils of Rome; and the evils were there, with perhaps not much to counter-balance them, *in Rome*. Paris has been latterly the capital of civilization; and one of its phases as such has been to be the capital of the seven deadly sins. The sins are or were there: Paris provided for the sinners of the world, in her capacity of world-metropolis; just as she provided for the artists, the *littérateurs*, and so on. Foolish people drew from that the conclusion that therefore Frenchmen were more wicked than other people: whereas in truth the life of provincial France has probably all along been among the soundest of any. So we must off-set Martial's and Juvenal's pictures of the life of the Roman *boulevardier* with Pliny's pictures of the calm and gracious life in the country: virtuous life, often, with quiet striving after usefulness and the higher things. He reveals to us, in the last quarter of the century, interiors in northern Italy, by Lake Como; you should have found the like anywhere in the empire. And where, since Rome fell, shall you come on a century in which Britain, Gaul, Spain, Italy, the Balkans, Asia and Africa, enjoyed a Roman or any kind of peace? Be not deceived; there has been no such success in Europe since as the Empire that Augustus the Initiate made, and for which Tiberius his disciple was crucified.

Yet they captured it, as I find things, out of the jaws of failure and disaster. Failure: that of Pythagoreanism six centuries before; — disaster: Caesar's conquest of Gaul and destruction of the Mysteries there. Men come from the Masters of the World to work on this plane or on that: to found an empire perhaps, or to start a spiritual movement. Augustus came commissioned to the former, not to the latter, work. Supposing in his time the Gaulish Mysteries had been intact. We may trust him to have established relations somehow: he would have had close and friendly relations with the Gaulish hierophants: even if he had conquered the people, he would not have put out their light. But I imagine he would have found a means to union without conquest. Then what would have happened? We have seen that the cyclic impulse did touch Gaul at that time; it made her vastly rich, hugely industrial; — as Ferrero says, the Egypt of the West. That, and nothing better than that, because she had lost her spiritual center, and might not figure as the World Teacher among nations. But, you say, Augustus proscribed Druidism — which sounds like carrying on Julius' nefarious work. He

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did, I believe; — but why? Because Julius had seen to it that the white side of Druidism had perished. The Druids were magicians; and now it was the dark magic and its practitioners that remained among them, — at least in Gaul. So of course Augustus proscribed it.

Remember how France has stood, these last seven centuries, as the teacher of the arts and civilization to Europe; and this idea that she might have been, and should have been, something far higher to the Roman world, need not seem at all extravagant. I think it was a possibility; which Caesar had been sent by the kings of night to forestall. And so, that Augustus lacked that reinforcement by which he might have secured for Europe a unity as enduring as the Chinese Teachers secured for the Far East.

And yet the Lodge did not leave Rome lightless: there was much spiritual teaching in the centuries of the Empire; indeed, a new out-breathing in each century, as an effort to retrieve the great defeat; — and this has been the inner history of Europe ever since. This: raidings from the Godworld: swift cavalry raidings, that took no towns as a rule, nor set up strongholds here on hell's border; yet did each time, no doubt, carry off captives. Set up no strongholds; — that is, until our own times; so what we have missed is the continuous effort: the established base 'but here upon this bank and shoal,' from which the shining squadrons of the Gods might ride. Such a base was lost when Caesar conquered Gaul; then some substitute for Gaul had to be found. It was Greece and the East; where, as you may say, abjects and orts of truth came down; not the live Mysteries, but the *membra disjecta* of the vanished Mysteries of a vanished age. With these the Teachers of the Roman world had to work, distilling out of them what they might of the ancient Theosophy. So latterly H. P. Blavatsky must gather up fragments in the East for the nexus of her teaching: she must find seeds in old sarcophagi, and plant and make them grow in this soil so uncongenial; because there was no well-grown Tree patent to the world, with whose undeniable fruitage she might feed the nations. This was one great difficulty in her way: she had to introduce Theosophy into a world that had forgotten it ever existed.

So, — but with a difference, — in that first century. The difference was that Pythagoreanism, the nexus, was only six hundred years away, and the memory of it fairly fresh. Stoicism was the most serious living influence within the empire: a system that concerned itself with right and brave living, and was so far spiritual; but perhaps not much further. The best in men reacted against the sensuality of the mid-century, and made Stoicism strong; but this formed only a basis of moral grit for the higher teaching; of which, while we know it was there, there is not very

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much to say. I shall come to it presently; meanwhile, to something else. — In literature, this was the cycle of Spain: the Crest-Wave was largely there during the first thirteen decades of the Christian era. Seneca was born in Cordova about 3 B. C.; Hadrian, the last great man of Spanish birth (though probably of Italian race), died in 138. Seneca was a Stoic: a man with many imperfections, of whom history cannot make up its mind wholly to approve. He was Nero's tutor and minister during the first five golden years of the reign; his government was wise and beneficent, though, it is said, sometimes upheld by rather doubtful means. In the growing gloom and horror of the nightmare reign of Nero, he wrote many counsels of perfection; his notes rise often, someone has said, to a sort of falsetto shriek; but then, the wonder is he could sing at all in such a hell's cacophony. A man with obvious weaknesses, perhaps; but fighting hard to be brave and hopeful where there was nothing in sight to encourage bravery or foster hope; when every moment was pregnant with ghastly possibilities; when death and abominable torture hobnobbed in the Roman streets with riots of disgusting indulgence, abnormal lusts, filthiness parading unabashed. He speaks of the horrors, the gruesome impalings; deprecating them in a general way; not daring to come down to particulars, and rebuke Nero. Well; Nero commanded the legions, and was kittle cattle to rebuke. If sometimes you see tinsel and tawdriness about poor Seneca, look a little deeper, and you seem to see him writing it in agony and bloody sweat. . . . He was among the richest men in Rome, when riches were a deadly peril; he might even, had he been another man, have made himself emperor; perhaps the worst thing against him is that he did not. His counsels and aspirations were much better than his deeds; — which is as much as to say, his Higher Self than his lower. He stood father-confessor to Roman society: a Stoic philosopher in high, luxurious, and most perilous places: he cannot escape looking a little unreal. Someone in some seemingly petty difficulties, writes asking him to use his influence on his behalf; and he replies with a dissertation on death, and what good may lie in it, and the folly of fearing it. Cold comfort for his correspondent; a tactless, strained, theatrical thing to do, we may call it. But what strain upon his nerves, what hideous knowledge of the times and of evils he did not see his way to prevent, what haunting sense of danger, must have driven him to that fervid hectic eloquence that now seems so unnatural! One guesses there may be a place in the Pantheons or in Valhalla of the heroes for this poor not untawdry not unheroic Seneca. One sees in him a kind of Hamlet, hitting in timorous indecision on the likely possibility of converting his Claudius by a string of moral axioms and eloquence to a condition that should satisfy the Ghost and

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undo the something rotten in the state. . . . Yet the Gods must have been grateful to him for the work he did in holding for Stoicism and aspiration a center in Rome during that dreadful darkness. Perhaps only the very strongest, in his position, could have done better; and then perhaps only by killing Nero.*

But there was a greater than Seneca in Rome, even in Nero's reign; — there intermittently, and not to abide: Apollonius of Tyana, presumably the real Messenger of the age; — and by the change that had come over life by the second century, we may judge how great and successful. But there is no getting at the reality of the man now. We have a *Life* of him, written about a hundred years after his death by Philostratus, a Greek sophist, for the learned Empress Julia Domna, Septimius Severus' wife; she, no doubt, chose for the work the best man to hand; but the age of great literature was past, and Philostratus resurrects no living soul. The account may be correct enough in outline; the author was painstaking; visited the sites of his subject's exploits, and pressed his inquiries; he claims to have based his story on the work of Damis of Nineveh, a disciple of Apollonius who accompanied him everywhere. But much is fabulous: there is a gorgeous account of dragons in India, and the methods used in hunting them; and you know nothing of the real Apollonius when you have read all. Here, in brief, is the outline of the story: Apollonius was born at Tyana in Cappadocia somewhere about the year 1 A. D., and died in the reign of Nerva at nearly a hundred: tradition ascribed to his birth its due accompaniment of signs and portents. At sixteen he set himself under Pythagorean discipline; kept silence absolute for five years; traveled, healing and teaching, and acquired a great renown throughout Asia Minor. He went by Babylon and Parthia to India; spent some time there as the pupil of certain Teachers on a sacred mountain; they, it appears, expected his coming, received him and taught him; ever afterwards he spoke of himself as a disciple of the Indian Master Iarchas. Nothing in the book is more interesting than the curious light it throws on popular beliefs of the time in the Roman World as to the existence of these Indian Masters of the Secret Wisdom; — India, of course, included the region north of the Himālayas. Later he visited the Gymnosophists of the Thebaid in Egypt; according to the account, these were of a lower standing than the Indian Adepts; and Apollonius came among them not as a would-be disciple, but as an equal, or superior. — He was persecuted in Rome by Nero; but overawed Tigellinus, Nero's minister, and escaped. He

*Dill: *Roman Society from Nero to Marcus Aurelius*.

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met Vespasian and Titus at Alexandria, soon after the fall of Jerusalem; and was among those who urged Vespasian to take the throne. He was arrested in Rome by Domitian, and tried on charges of sorcery and treason; and is said to have escaped his sentence and execution by the simple expedient of vanishing in broad daylight in court. One wonders why this from his defense before Domitian, as Philostratus gives it, has not attracted more comment; he says: "All unmixed blood is retained by the heart, which through the blood-vessels sends it flowing as if through canals over the entire body." — According to tradition, he rose from the dead, appeared to several to remove their doubts as to a life beyond death, and finally bodily ascended into heaven. Reincarnation was a very cardinal point in his teaching; perhaps the name of Neo-Pythagoreanism, given to his doctrine, is enough to indicate in what manner it illuminated the inner realms and laws which Stoicism, intent only on brave conduct and the captaincy of one's own soul, was unconcerned to inquire into. Another first century Neo-Pythagorean Teacher was Moderatus of Gades in Spain. The period of Apollonius's greatest influence would have corresponded with the reigns of Vespasian and Titus, from 69 to 83; the former, when he came to the throne, checked the orgies of vice and brought in an atmosphere in which the light of Theosophy might have more leave to shine. The certainty is that that last third of the first century wrought an enormous change: the period that preceded it was one of the worst, and the age that followed it, that of the Five Good Emperors, was the best, in known European history. — Under the Flavians, from 69 to 96,—or roughly, during the last quarter,—came the Silver Age, the second and last great day of Latin literature: with several Spanish and some Italian names,—foam of the Crest-Wave, these latter, as it passed over from Spain to the East. It will, by the way, help us to a conception of the magnitude of the written material at the disposal of the Roman world, to remember that Pliny the Elder, in preparing his great work on Natural History, consulted six thousand published authorities. That was in the reign of Nero; it makes one feel that those particular ancients had not so much less reading matter at their command than we have today.

Of the great Flavian names in literature, we have Tacitus; Pliny the Younger, with his bright calm pictures of life; Juvenal, with his very dark ones: these were Italians. Juvenal was a satirist with a moral purpose; the Spaniard Martial, contemporary, was a satirist without one. Martial drew from life, and therefore his works, though coarse, are still interesting. We learn from him what enormous activity in letters was to be found in those days in his native Spain; where every town had its center of learning and apostles and active propaganda of culture. Such

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things denote an ancient cultural habit, lapsed for a time, and then revived.

Another great Spaniard, and the best man in literature of the age, was Quintilian: gracious, wise, and of high Theosophic ideals, especially in education. He was born in A. D. 35; and was probably the greatest literary critic of classical antiquity. For twenty years, from 72 until his death, he was at the head of the teaching profession in Rome. The "teaching" was, of course, in rhetoric. Rome resounded with speech-makings; and Gaul, Spain, and Africa were probably louder with it than Rome. Though the end of education then was to turn out speech-makers, — as it is now to turn out money-makers, — I do not see but that the Romans had the best of it, — Quintilian saw through all to fundamental truths: he taught that your true speech-maker must be first a true man. He went thoroughly into the training of the orator, — more thoroughly, even from the standpoint of pure technique, than any other Greek or Roman writer; — but would base it all upon character, balance of the faculties, — in two words, Râja-Yoga. Pliny the Younger was among his pupils, and owed much to him; also is there to prove the value of Quintilian's method; — for Quintilian turned out Pliny a true gentleman. Prose in those days, — that is, rhetoric, — was tending ever more to flamboyancy and extravagance: a current which Quintilian stood against valiantly. We find in him, as critic, just judgment, sane good taste, wide and generous sympathies; — a tendency to give the utmost possible credit even where compelled in the main to condemn; — as he was in the case of Seneca. He had the faculty of hitting off in a phrase the whole effect of a man's style: as when he speaks of the "milky richness of Livy," and the "immortal swiftness of Sallust." *

So then, to sum up a little: I think we gain from these times a good insight into cyclic workings. First, we shall see that the cycles are there, and operative: action and reaction regnant in the world, — a tide in the affairs of men; and strong souls coming in from time to time, to manipulate reactions, to turn the currents at strategic points in time; making things, despite what evils may be ahead, flow on to higher levels than their own weight would carry them to: thus did Augustus and Tiberius; — or throwing them down, as the merry Julius did, from bright possibilities to a sad and lightless actuality. For perhaps we have been suffering because of Julius' exploit ever since; and certainly, no matter what Neros and Caligulas followed them, the world was a long time the better for the ground the great first two Principes captured from hell. — And next, we shall learn to beware of being too exact, precise, and water-

**Encyclopaedia Britannica*; article 'Quintilian.'

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tight with our computations and conceptions of these cycles: we shall see that nature works in curves and delicate wave-lines, not in broken off bits and sudden changes. Rome was going down in Tiberius' reign; she was bad enough then, heaven knows; though we may put her passing below the meridian at or near the end of it; — conveniently, in the year 36. And then, what with (1) the tenseness of the gloom and the severity of suffering in the reigns of Caligula, Nero, and Domitian; — and (2) the inflow of new and cleaner blood from the provinces at all times but especially under Vespasian; and above all, (3) the Theosophic impulse whose outward visible sign is the mission of Apollonius and Moderatus: — we find her ready to emerge into light in 96, when Nerva came to the throne, instead of having to wait the five more years for the end of the half-cycle; — although we may well suppose it took that time at least for Nerva and Trajan to clear things up and settle them. So we may keep this scheme of dates in memory as indicative: a (rough) half-cycle before 29 B. C., that of dawn and the darkest hour preceding it; 29 B. C. to 36 A. D. daylight; 36 to 101, night, and the beginnings of a new dawn.

And now we must turn to China.

Dusk came on in Rome with the death of Tiberius in A. D. 37; but what is dusk in the west is dawn in the east of the world. In 35 Han Kwang-wuti had put down the Crimson-Eyebrow rebellion, and seated himself firmly on the throne. The preceding half-cycle, great in Rome under Augustus and Tiberius, had been here a time, first of puppet emperors, then of illegalism and usurpation, then of civil war. Han Kwang-wuti put an end to all that, and opened, in 35, a new cycle of his own.

But there is also an old cycle to be taken into account: the original thirteen-decade period of the Hans, that began in 194, and ended its first "day" in 63 or so, — to name convenient dates. I should, if I believed in this cyclic law, look for a recurrence of that: a new day to dawn, under its influence, in 66 or 67 A. D., thirteen decades after the old one ended, — and to last until 196 or 197. But on the other hand, here is Han Kwang-wuti starting things going in 35, a matter of thirty-two years ahead of time, — catching the flow of force just as it diminishes in Rome. — And this thirty-two years, you may note, with what odd months we may suppose thrown in, is in itself a quarter-cycle.

Now cyclic impulses waste; a second day of splendor will commonly be found a Silver Age, where the first was Golden: it will often be more perfect and refined, but much less vigorous, than the first. So I should look for the second "day" of the Hans to come on the whole with less light to shine and less strength to endure than its predecessor: I should expect a gentleness as of late afternoon in place of the old noontide glory.

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But then there is the complication induced by Han Kwang-wuti, who started his cycle in 35 . . . or more probably his half-cycle; — I should look for it to be no more than that, on account of this same wastage of the forces; — this also has to be taken into consideration.

Brooding over the whole situation, I should foretell the history of this second Han Dynasty in this way: from 35 to 67, — the latter date the point where the old and the new cycles intersect, — would be a static time: of consolidation rather than expansion; of the gathering of the wave, not of its outburst into any splendor of foam. Between 67 and 100, or when the two cycles coincide, I should look for great things and doings: for some echo or repetition of the glories of Han Wuti, — perhaps for a finishing and perfecting of his labors. From then on till 197 I should expect static, but weakening conditions: static mainly till 165, weakening rapidly after. Advise me, please, if this is clear. — Well, if you have followed so far, you have a basis for understanding what is to come.

The dynasty, as thus re-established by Kwang-wuti, is known as that of the Eastern Hans; for this reason: — Just as, late in the days of the Roman empire, Diocletian was stirred by cyclic impulses flowing eastward to move his capital from Rome to Nicomedia, — Constantine changed it afterwards to Byzantium, — so was Han Kwang-wuti to move his from Changan in Shensi, in the west, eastward to Loyang or Honanfu, — the old Chow capital, — in Honan.

While Rome was weltering under Caligula, Claudius, and Nero, China was recovering herself, getting used to a calm equanimity, under Han Kwang-wuti: the conditions in the two were as opposite as the poles. She dwelt in quietness at home, and held her own, and a little more, on the frontiers. In 57, two years before Nero went mad and took the final plunge into infamy, Han Kwang-wuti died, and Han Mingti succeeded him. As Nero went down, Han Mingti went up. His ninth or tenth year, remember, was to be that of the recurrence of the old Han cycle. It was the year in which the provinces rose against Nero, — the lowest point of all in Rome. I do not know that it was marked by anything special in China; the fact being that all the Chinese sixties were momentous.

In the third year of his reign Han Mingti dreamed a dream: he saw a serene and "Golden Man" descending towards him out of the western heavens. — It would mean, said his brother, to whom he spoke of it, the Golden God worshiped in the west, — the Buddha. Buddhism had first come into China in the reign of Ts'in Shi Hwangti; but that imperial ruffian had made short work of it: — he threw the missionaries into prison, and might have dealt worse with them, but that a "Golden Man" appeared in their cell in the night, and opened all doors for their

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escape. Buddhist scriptures, probably, were among the books destroyed at the great Burning. So there may have been Buddhists in China all through the Han time; but if so, they were few, isolated and inconspicuous; it is Han Mingti's proper glory, to have brought Buddhism in.

He liked well his brother's interpretation, and sent inquirers into the west. In 65 they returned, with scriptures, and an Indian missionary, Kashiapmadanga, — who was followed shortly by Gobharana, another. A temple was built at Loyang, and under the emperor's patronage, the work of translating the books began. — We have seen before how some touch from abroad is needed to quicken an age into greatness: such a touch came now to China with these Indian Buddhists; — who, in all likelihood, may also have been in their degree Messengers of the Lodge.

In the usual vague manner of Indian chronology, the years 57 and 78 A. D. are connected with the name of a great king of the Yueh Chi, Kanishka, whose empire covered Northern India. Almost every authority has a favorite point in time for his habitat; but these dates, not so far apart but that he may well have been reigning in both, will do as well as another. You will note that 72 A. D. (which falls between them) is a matter of thirteen decades from 58 B. C., the date sometimes ascribed to that much-legended Vikramâditya of Ujjain. Or, if we go back to the (fairly) settled 321 B. C. of Chandragupta Maurya, and count forward thirteen-decade periods from that, we get 191 for the end of the Mauryas (it happened about then); 61 for Vikramâditya (which may well be); 69 for Kanishka, — which also is likely enough, and would make him contemporary with Han Mingti. As the years 57 and 78 are both ascribed to him, it may possibly be that they mark the beginning and end of his reign respectively.

We know very little about him, except that he was a very great king, a great Buddhist, a man of artistic tastes, and a great builder; that he loved the beautiful hills and valleys of Cashmere; and that his reign was a wonderful period in sculpture, — that of the Gandhara or Greco-Buddhist School. Again, he is credited (by Hiuen Tsang) with convening the Fourth Buddhist Council: following in this, as in other matters, the example of Aśoka. We are at liberty I suppose, if we like, to assign that cyclic year 69 to the meeting of this Council: this year or its neighborhood. So that all this may have had something to do with the missionary activity that responded to Han Mingti's appeal. But there is something else to remember; something of far higher importance; namely, that during all this period of her most uncertain chronology, India was in a peculiar position: the Successors of the Buddha were more or less openly at work there; — a long line of Adept leaders and teachers that can be traced (I believe) through some thirteen centuries from Sākya-

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muni's death. We may suppose, not unreasonably, that Kashiapmadanga and Gobharana were disciples and emissaries of the then Successor.

It is, so far, and with so little translated, extremely hard to get at the undercurrents in these old Chinese periods; but I suspect a strong spiritual influence, Buddhist at that, in the great events of the years that followed. For China proceeded to strike into history in such a way that the blow resounded, if not round the world, at least round as much of it as was discovered before Columbus; and she did it in such a nice, clean, artistic and quiet way, and withal so thoroughly, that I cannot help feeling that that glorious warriorlike Northern Buddhism of the Mahâyâna had something to do with it.

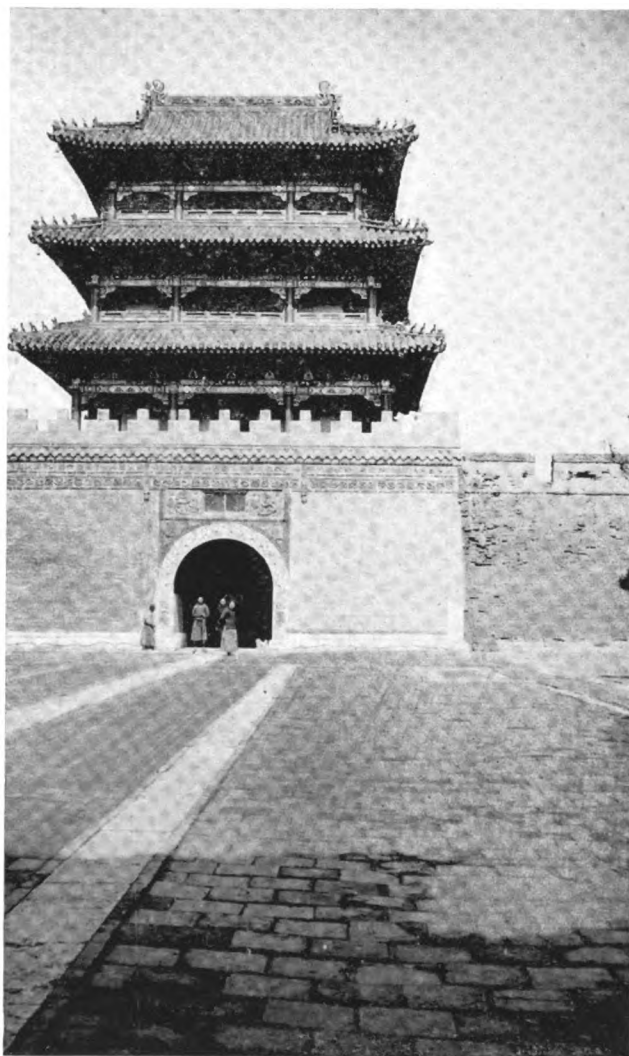
It was not Han Mingti himself who did it, but one of his servants; of whom, it is likely, you have never heard; although east or west there have been, probably, but one or two of his trade so great as he, or who have mattered so much to history. His name was Pan Chow; his trade, soldiering. He began his career of conquest about the time the major Han Cycle was due to recur,— in the sixties; maintained it through three reigns, and ended it at his death about when the Eastern Han half-cycle, started in 35, was due to close; — somewhere, that is, about 100 A. D., while Trajan was beginning a new day and career of conquest in Rome.

THE LAW OF CYCLES, ACCORDING TO THEOSOPHY, APPLIED TO LIFE

PERCY LEONARD

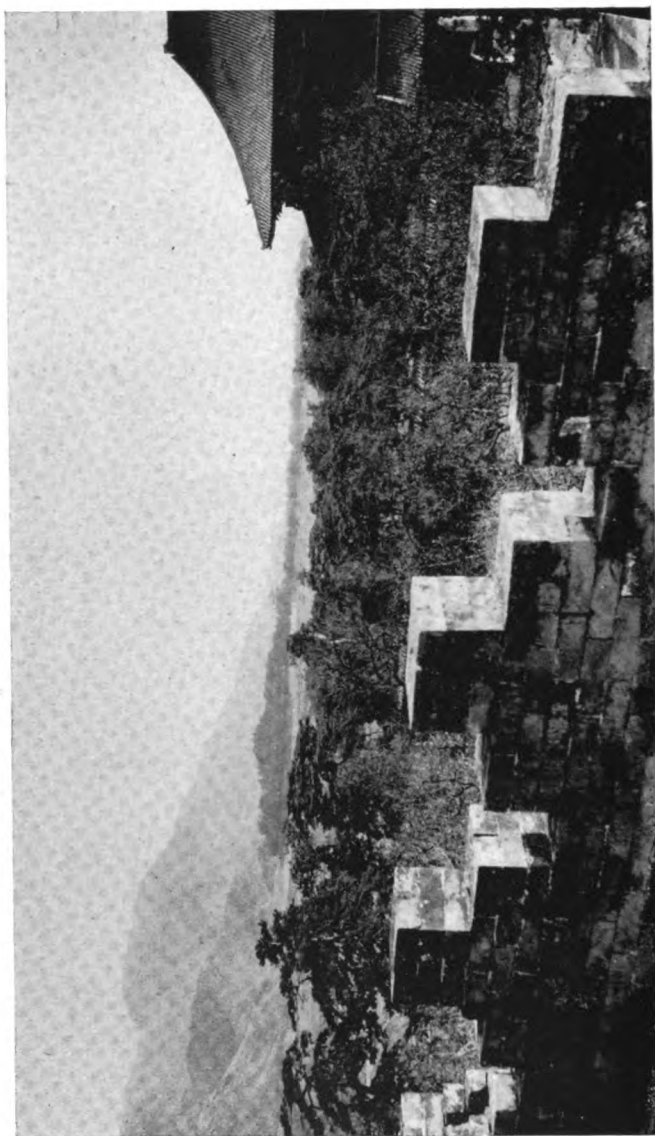
 HE word cycle is defined by Webster as “an interval of time in which a certain succession of events is completed and then returns again and again.” The cycle of the year begins among the snows of January, proceeds upon its course wreathed with the flowers of spring, reaches its culmination in the burning heat of midsummer, declines with the fall of autumn leaves and, ending with December's snows, begins its never-ending round once more. The whole of Nature is affected by the cyclic law. At the beginning of *The Secret Doctrine*, Madame Blavatsky lays down three fundamental propositions, the second of which declares:

“The Universality of that law of periodicity of flux and reflux, ebb and flow, which physical science has observed and recorded in all departments of Nature. An alternation such as that of day and night, life and death, sleeping and waking, is a fact so common, so perfectly universal and without exception, that it is easy to comprehend that in it we see one of the absolutely fundamental laws of the Universe.”



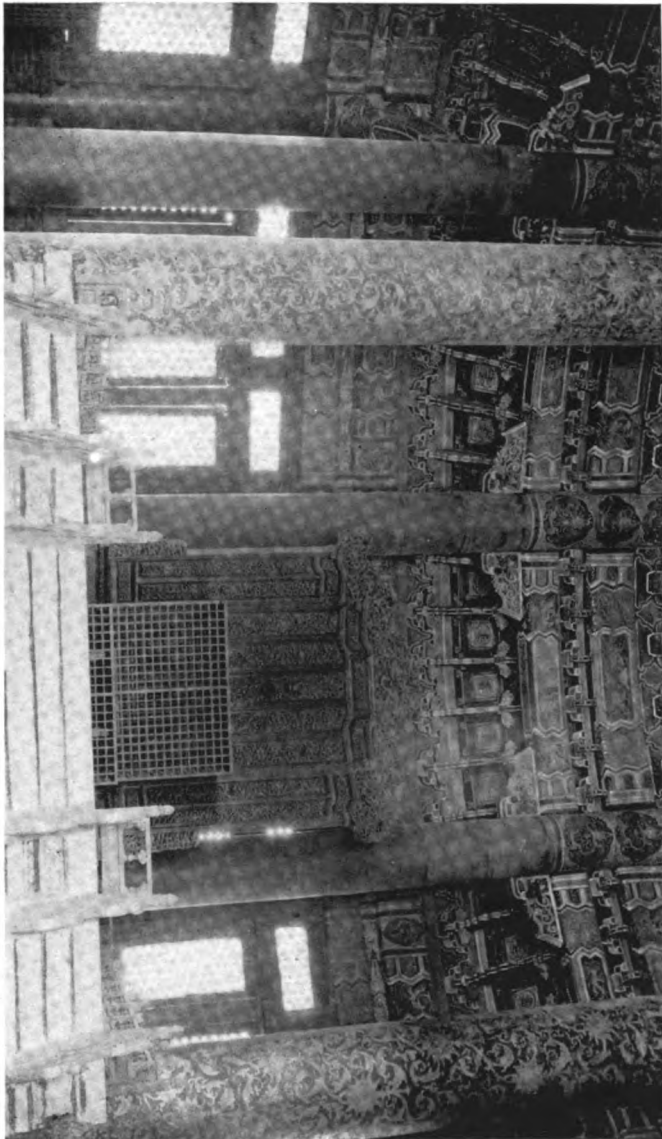
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GATEWAY, MING TOMBS, CHINA



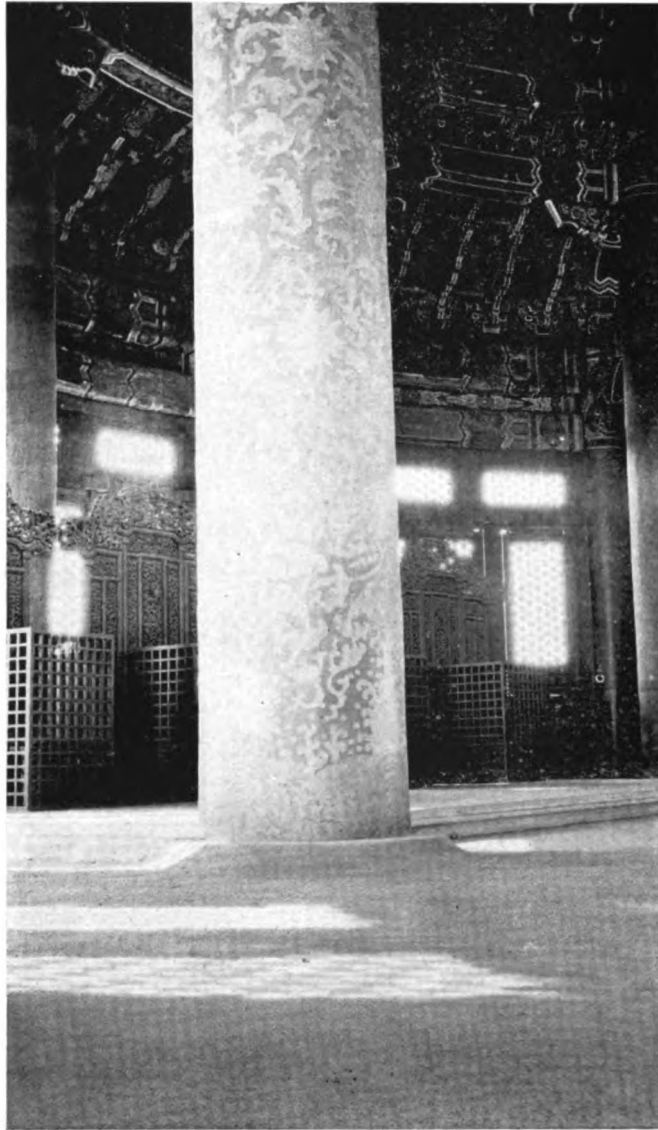
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VIEW FROM 'TIE MING TOMBS, CHINA



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INTERIOR OF MING TOMBS, SHOWING WONDERFUL GOLD-LACQUERED
TEAK COLUMNS SIXTY FEET HIGH



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ONE OF THE GOLD-LACQUERED COLUMNS,
MING TOMBS, CHINA

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The most minute bacterium enters upon a cycle of his own when first he issues forth upon his separate, individual career. He grows until he reaches his maturity, then comes the setting in of tendencies which lead to his disruption and decay, until death intervenes and terminates his brief existence.

And man, like the small speck of jelly just described, is also subject to the great sweep of cyclic law. He has his periods of strenuous, embodied life which alternate with long protracted intervals of resting in the spiritual world. Born as an infant, he proceeds by gradual growth to manhood, reaches the apex of maturity, and then declines by easy stages to old age and death. The dissolution of the body is followed by birth in the ideal world, where all that was best in the life just closed, breaks out into a luxuriance of blossoming quite impossible among the chilling and discouraging conditions of material life. At last the upward tendencies exhaust themselves and, like a bird unable to sustain its flight, the soul descends to earth again, assumes a robe of flesh once more and thus the cycle rounds upon itself.

Shakespeare must certainly have had this law in mind when he wrote: "And so we ripe and ripe, and then we rot and rot, and thereby hangs a tale." This "tale" being the law of Cycles which we propose to unfold a little.

One of the most interesting of the aspects of the law of cycles is the way in which it draws together groups of individuals who have been intimately associated in bygone civilizations and causes them to return to earth-life at the same time and to pursue their old-time interests in each other's company. It has been stated that the average duration of man's withdrawal from the material world is fifteen hundred years, so that at this long interval groups of congenial souls revisit earth in company and stamp their thought and characters upon the age in which they live.

In the fourth century of our era there was a luxuriant efflorescence of Gnostic thought and feeling in southeastern Europe. Beliefs distinctly Theosophical were held by a large number of the population. The group of eager students of the inner workings both of human life and Nature slowly diminished and at last died out; but they had simply left their bodies for a while and disappeared from sight, and after fifteen hundred years had passed away, behold the nineteenth century, and towards its close appeared a crowd of eager searchers after Theosophical truth, so that the guardians of the ancient treasure were compelled to satisfy the urgent craving, and the movement known as Theosophical emerged upon the scene, active and vital, and to its banner rallied the thousands of the ancient Gnostics now embodied in a western race.

There is much in the writings of Madame Blavatsky in relation to

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cycles, and leisured students with trained minds may follow her as she unfolds enormous cycles covering millions of years, under whose sway the solar systems wake and sleep and the great Universe itself dies and returns to life again. But Madame Blavatsky did not undergo the tortures of her daily crucifixion merely to produce scholarly books for the advantage of the cultured few. Her main endeavor was to help the much-enduring, patient, and hardworking masses to acquire a simple, sane philosophy of life in order that they might bear their heavy burdens with a greater fortitude and a more lively hope. Let us attempt then to apply the law of cycles to our daily life and see whether it will not prove a staff to help us on the upward climb.

To understand and gain the mastery of those recurrent forces that control the course of daily life, we must approach their study as dispassionate spectators, and not submit to being tossed about upon their dancing waves. By giving way to cyclic impulses, their action is thereby intensified. He who abandons himself without reserve to the stimulation of a wave of animal, good spirits, grasping at every opportunity for boisterous mirth, is certainly preparing for himself a desperate plunge into the depths of gloom and blackest melancholy. The more we push our pendulum to either side, the more it swings to the extreme in its reaction. We should avoid identifying ourselves either with the rising or the falling of the waves and stand more like impartial lookers-on.

I have read somewhere that women often seek relief from the vexations of their daily life by going to some unfrequented corner and indulging in a 'good cry.' Herbert Spencer has very philosophically studied the progress of a fit of crying and he tells us that the weeping does not proceed in regular continuity, but presents the phenomena of many minor cycles. He philosophizes as follows:

"One possessed by intense grief does not utter continuous moans or shed tears with an equable rapidity; but these signs of passion come in recurring bursts. Then after a time during which such stronger and weaker waves of emotion alternate, there comes a calm — a time of comparative deadness; to which again succeeds another interval, when dull sorrow rises afresh into acute anguish, with its series of paroxysms."

May I suggest that this philosophic attitude be adopted when next my lady readers are tempted to indulge in a 'good cry'; and that the progress of the cycle of explosive grief be attentively studied? By practising such observations you may at length realize yourself as a spectator rather than the actor in a tragedy, and gradually reach the dignity of an impartial and dispassionate observer and controller of the strife and tumult raging in the lower mind. One who is subject to returning spells of gloomy feeling may, by a systematic study of his mental undulations and a comparison of dates, be able to predict almost to a day the re-

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appearance of a period of despondency, and being thus forewarned he will be able to encounter it with far more courage than if he had not gained this item of self-knowledge. Troubles, hard times, and difficulties are met with in the lives of all. Are such occurrences determined by the cyclic law?

A student once appealed to William Q. Judge for his advice. Everything seemed to be going wrong with him. Personal catastrophes, family troubles, business worries, and social difficulties seemed to combine in one great wave, threatening to overwhelm him in its fall. Mr. Judge gave him his friendly sympathy but did not deal with the student's tribulations in detail. He confined himself for the most part to making the impressive statement, "*The wheel keeps on turning.*" And so it proved. The darkest hour was just before the dawn, and when affairs were at their worst, the situation underwent a change and things began to mend. *The wheel keeps on turning.* Is life a pleasant pathway? Are your prospects bright? Do not rejoice with too much triumph, nor too passionately clutch the gifts of Fortune. The wheel is bound to turn, and if you cling too closely to the tire, you may be bruised when it descends and grinds the roadway. Imagine, if you will, a fly securely perched upon the tire of an automobile. The happy insect basks in the warm sunshine as he travels on his way without exertion and at no expense. But when he has attained the highest point, the ceaseless revolution hurls him down into the dirt. Again he whirls into the sunshine and again he makes his plunge into the mud. As benevolent spectators, we would advise the much-enduring insect to retreat towards the hub. He certainly would not be carried up so high, but neither would he sink so low. His course would be more equable, less running to extremes.

Mr. Judge once recommended "a sinking down of your thoughts to the center." He could not give directions, but he recommended us to try. I fancy that this unexplained and very likely unexplainable process is the method of escape for thoughtful persons who have grown a little weary of the never-ending oscillations between joy and sorrow, pain and pleasure, health and sickness, peace and conflict; the ceaseless swinging of the pendulum, the endless see-saw of opposing states of mind. There is a hidden center in our nature where we may find a perfect refuge from the misery of change and alternation. This is the inner chamber of the heart, the shrine where dwells the Father in the secret place of which the Galilean teacher spoke. This is no Deity external to the man, but verily his inmost self. In a small Hindû book in high repute among Theosophists there is a passage bearing with great directness on the inner refuge of the man who tires of riding on the rim of life's revolving wheel.

"There dwelleth in the heart of every creature, O Arjuna, the master Īśwara — who by his magic power causeth all things and creatures to revolve, mounted upon the universal

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wheel of time. Take sanctuary with him alone, O son of Bhārata, with all thy soul: by his grace thou shalt obtain supreme happiness, the eternal place."

Earth-life itself is subdivided into smaller cycles. Oliver Wendell Holmes once wrote on what he called "the curve of health." The current of vitality does not maintain a level course, but has its periodic rise and fall. For many weeks we float upon a rising tide of health. Our chronic ailments are suppressed, our daily duties are performed with ease, we overflow with vigor and good spirits. This pleasing state of things continues till we reach a culminating point of physical well-being when, though our diet, exercise, and mode of life remain unchanged, our vital powers are sensibly diminished.

This aspect of the law of cycles forces itself on the attention of athletes. By dint of regulated diet, exercises scientifically planned, and strict attention to the laws of health, the athlete reaches a high standard of efficiency, and we might naturally think that by persisting steadily along these lines the climax might be maintained for an indefinite period. But this is quite impossible. The downward curve of health asserts its influence and the athlete is said to become 'stale.'

Our inner life is also subject to the law of ebb and flow. For a long period of weeks our grasp of spiritual things is firm and strong. The world of our ideals has descended as a great reality into our daily life. A golden thread of hope and joy is woven in the fabric of the common day, our path is on the sunlit tableland and with a light, elastic step we tread the pleasant road. And then the path slopes down into the gloomy valley of material life, and for a period of many weeks the bodily sensations force themselves more and more insistently upon the mind. The world of our ideals loses in substance and reality day after day. The sunshine of the higher life grows dim among the vapors of the valley, till at last we reach a point where knowledge of the soul depends upon the memory record of our brighter days. But when affairs are at their worst, then slowly they begin to mend, and from the lowest, muddiest point the track turns gently up the hill once more and by the same slow, gradual stages the familiar cycle runs its course anew.

The misery that some religious men endure for lack of knowledge of the cyclic law is pitiful in the extreme. Take almost any book of religious biography and observe with what a childish enthusiasm its writer congratulates himself when the spiritual current is at the flow, and mark the disappointment and perplexity that toss his soul when he is overpowered by the rising tide of animality. He sadly quotes the text: "Hath God forgotten to be gracious? Hath he in anger shut up his tender mercies?" He timorously searches the recesses of his heart to see if he is cherishing some evil thing that gets between his soul and God, and even wonders

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whether he has perpetrated the unpardonable sin against the Holy Ghost which never can be blotted out. Had the good man but realized that as his body and his brain are parts of Nature they must be subject to the natural law of ebb and flow, what trouble and perplexity he would have been spared! We ought to beware of too much self-congratulation when enjoying the full force of a flood-tide of the higher life. On such occasions we are far too apt to be content to feel as the hymn says "all rapture through and through," to rest upon our oars, and take our ease, luxuriating in the thought that now we have attained a vantage-ground from which backsliding is impossible. In sober truth we are more often in a far more satisfactory condition when we battle for dear life among the angry waves of some fierce maelstrom. Then is the will in positive activity, then is our vigilance alert, then are our forces of resistance strongly exercised and we are growing fast.

It has been said that no one ever yet has been converted to Theosophy; that those who do embrace the teaching do so by an extension of previous beliefs. Now the doctrine of Reincarnation is a cornerstone of the Theosophical structure. In what way can it be said that a Christian training prepares a man for the acceptance of Reincarnation? The Christian says that man makes a descent into material life when he is born and that he reascends to heaven when freed by death; but then the Christian leaves the liberated soul indulging in the raptures of the contrast with material life through the interminable ages of eternity. The Theosophist relying on his teachers, trusting also to his sense of the fitness of things and the analogies of Nature, declines to accept the Heaven-world as a permanent condition and regards it simply as the backward swing of the pendulum, soon to be followed by motion in the opposite direction. A day's activity receives its normal compensation in a night of rest; but the Christian seeking his reward of heavenly repose congratulates himself on remaining at rest for the remainder of his everlasting life! Those who emerge from orthodox Christianity into the ampler light of Theosophic truth do not renounce their previous beliefs, but simply expand them so as to include many earth-lives followed by compensating periods of devachanic rest.

How does a knowledge of the cyclic law assist the man who has to struggle with recurring periods of mental gloom? If he has worked out the intervals of time that separate one crisis of low spirits from another, he is forearmed to meet the coming crisis with cheerfulness and understanding. He is in a position to contrive a distraction just as the crisis nears the point of maximum intensity, thus storing up impressions of a contrary nature which will come back again on the return of the cycle just as inevitably as the bad ones. Let him set out to pay a friendly

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visit, not so much to warm himself at another man's fire as to contribute positively something of his own self-generated warmth of soul. Or if his will is insufficient to create a radiation of his own, then let him try to feel the joy of others by the power of sympathy and thus repel the gloomy throng of dismal thoughts that seek his mental hospitality. If he succeeds in keeping them from gaining entrance to his mind, they go away the weaker for his neglect; and if he has initiated a new train of thought — active benevolence and cheerful helpfulness for others,— these new-created tendencies accompany the routed, vampire crew when they depart, and on their next return they also will appear compelled to do so by the self-same law. By steadily persisting in this rational self-help, at last the gloomy company are starved out of existence, and the other thoughts producing vigor, positivity, and joyous life grow strong, charged with the creative power of him who gave them birth. The old, sad cycle fades away. The man is free. He passes on to radiate good cheer and hope, a light to those who sit in darkness and a new herald of the coming day.

There is a whole gospel of encouragement in this law of cycles for those engaged in struggling with their lower natures. The conflict is most certainly severe, but it is not incessant, or at least it varies in intensity. At times it seems as if the forces ranged against us were gaining ground. We are hard pressed on every side and it appears almost as if a few more days of strain would overcome our powers of defense. But he who knows a little of the law of cycles will take heart precisely when the fight is hardest, for he realizes that the night is at its blackest just before the dawn and that the point of maximum intensity is the indication that the hostile forces are about to wane.

One most important lesson that we may draw from cycles is the need of moderation, the necessity of poise. Everyone knows that trying type of person who bursts in upon you when he floats upon the very summit of a wave of boisterous good spirits. He takes no care whatever to ascertain your mood; it is enough for him that he is in a state of uproarious prosperity, and he believes that everyone should know it and should share his raptures. He prophesies a roseate future for himself and family; his prospects are superb. He places no restraint on his enthusiasm and is just a little disappointed that you do not soar into the ether with as light a wing. A week or two elapse and you encounter him again, and what a contrast! His "curve of health" has now dipped downward to the lowest point and his vitality is running low. The mental pendulum has swung from noisy jollity to the extreme of dismal despondency. He swam so buoyantly upon the wave of joy that his reaction into the trough of melancholy is the more accentuated as a matter of course. Until our childlike brother learns to moderate his fluctuations he will

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eternally endure the misery of oscillating between opposite extremes.

According to Theosophy the human race is subject to an enormous cycle which opens with the Golden Age of purity and spiritual joy and then progressively declines through the Silver Age, then the Copper Age, till it at last arrives at the extreme antithesis, the Iron Age, when spiritual life is almost quenched by the lower intellect in combination with desire and passion and is unsoftened by the gentle influences of the soul. Five thousand years have passed away since Krishna, the great Indian Teacher, died and this dark age began, and under its fell shadow do we live today. In India this knowledge is allowed to deaden effort and discourage all attempts at reformation. "This is the Kali-Yuga," they exclaim, "what is the use of struggling in the Age of Iron? Let us endure with patience till the Golden Age returns, when all conditions will be favorable, and we may then expect to see our efforts crowned with some success." But fatalism such as this is quite opposed to Theosophic teaching.

Let me repeat a short quotation from a speech delivered by Katherine Tingley at Bombay in 1897.

"Oh ye men and women, sons of the same universal mother as ourselves, ye who were born as we were born, and whose souls like ours belong to the Eternal, I call upon you to arise from your dreamy state and to see within yourselves that a new and brighter day has dawned for the human race. This need not remain the age of darkness, nor need you wait till another age arrive before you can work at your best. It is only an age of darkness for those who cannot see the light, but the light itself has never faded and never will. It is yours if you will turn to it, live in it; yours today, this hour even, if you will hear what is said with ears that understand."

As a matter of fact the Age of Iron is the most effective of any of the ages for producing results. William Q. Judge has written:

"Its terrible swift momentum permits one to do more with his energies in a shorter time than in any other yuga."

The opposing forces that we meet with are not things to be wept over or to be terrified at, but should be looked upon as opportunities to be grasped, subdued, and used. As Vulcan in the midst of smoky fumes and lurid flame and the loud clang of iron on iron, wrought out his flashing blades and shining mail, so must we grapple with the fierce, wild forces that surround us, and compel the hostile powers themselves to help us on our upward way.

Did you ever see a grasshopper fallen by misadventure into a pool? The soft and yielding medium in which he floats, opposes no resistance to his desperate kicks and the poor insect feebly spins in circles, powerless to escape. But set him on the gravel path and he immediately leaps into freedom. The greater the resistance we encounter, the more effective is the challenge to the human will and the greater the results produced.

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All Nature is included in the sway of cyclic law. The stellar universe with all its countless suns and planets, comets, and nebulae, pulses with the rhythmic beating of the cosmic heart. All things go through their periods of darkness and of light, of sleeping and activity, the never-ending alternation of the reign of spirit and the iron rule of matter. Is it our fate to be forever whirling on the wheel of change, to oscillate between extremes, to dance like driftwood up and down the crests of life's unquiet sea? To answer this we must elaborate the most superb announcement of Theosophy and try to clothe in words the deepest mystery of human life. Nature, by derivation, signifies that which is born and hence must ultimately die. It has its origin, its growth, its maturity, its slow decline, and its death. It undergoes these periodic changes under cyclic law. But man in inmost essence is divine, an undivided fragment of the great Unknown, whose power originates, sustains, and finally destroys the never-ending march of universes as they flash upon the darkness of primeval night and vanish in the source from which they came.

Man's brain and body, vital force, desires, and passions, and the reasoning mind he uses as his tool, are lent to him by Nature and are subject to the rising and the falling of the tides of cyclic law; but man in inmost essence is the spectator of the fleeting shadows and derives his changeless being from the ocean of eternity. Man, when he realizes who he is, will be the master of the cycles as they turn and change, and not their victim and their slave. Then will he make his plans in absolute conformity with Nature's rhythmic tides. Then will he know the time to strike the blow and when to hold his hand; then will he know the seasons for exertion and repose, in harmony with life's eternal ebb and flow.

One very cogent reason for the tardy progress of reform is the distressing powerlessness of ordinary men as workers for the reformation of the race. We all must feel encouraged when we float upon a rising tide of impulse from the higher nature and may even make a little effort to advance; but when the impulse slackens, we too often lose heart and patiently resign ourselves to be drawn backward by the ebbing tide. We feebly let ourselves be mastered by the tides. Why should we not stand up like men, intelligent controllers of the fluctuating force?

Compare the flying arrow and the weather-vane. The weather-vane is but an indicator of the changes of the wind. It generates no force, it goes no whither, but swings in listless idleness upon its pivot. But the well-directed arrow, in despite of hostile winds, eddying currents, and the resistance of the air, urges its headlong flight and does not stop till it has plunged deep in the distant mark.

Theosophy declares that no one can become effective as a worker for

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humanity until he has developed such a force of character, such moral impetus, that he is independent of the variations in his power produced by cyclic law, and can continue steadily upon his course urged by that inward, hidden will of his diviner self that knows no tides.

What wonder that Theosophists are never weary of ascribing honor to the teacher who delivered to their keeping such inestimable pearls of truth as this one we have been considering! Even a very partial understanding of the law of cycles is a priceless clew to life's deep mysteries. It clarifies our vision and reanimates the drooping courage. It fortifies us with a quenchless hope and trust in the invisible and silent power that works behind the veil of Nature and conducts the teeming forms of life up the ascending spiral of advance, out of the shadow into the shine, back to the shadow into the light again, but always on a higher curve of the interminable, winding stair.

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A STUDY OF THEOSOPHICAL MANUAL NO. XVIII: 'SONS OF THE FIREMIST'

H. A. HENTSCH

"That living flood . . . of all the qualities and ages, knowest thou whence it is coming, whither it is going? From Eternity, onwards to Eternity! These are Appositions: what else? Are they not souls rendered visible: in Bodies, that took shape and will lose it. . . ? Their solid Pavement is a Picture of the Sense: they walk on the bosom of Nothing, blank Time is behind them and before them . . . thou seest here a living link in that Tissue of History which inweaves all Being; watch well or it will be past thee, and seen no more."

— CARLYLE: *Sartor Resartus*



THE writer of the Manual under review quotes the following passages (pp 98-99) from an article by the eminent scientist, Sir W. M. Ramsay, published in the *Contemporary Review* during 1907:

"The modern method is based on the assumption that there takes place normally a continuous development in religion, in thought, and in civilization, since primitive times; that such a development has been practically universal among the more civilized races; that as to certain less civilized races either they have remained stationary, or progress among them has been abnormally slow; that the primitive religion is barbarous, savage, bloodthirsty, and low in the scale of civilization, and that the line of growth normally is toward the milder, the more gracious and the nobler forms of religion; that the primitive types of religion can be recovered by studying the savage of the present day, and that the lowest savage is the most primitive."

Instead of finding that a dispassionate examination of the facts supported this position, Sir W. M. Ramsay found that the reverse was the case. He continues:

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"Wherever evidence exists, with the rarest exceptions, the history of religion among men is a history of degeneration; and the development of a few Western nations in inventions and in civilization during recent centuries should not blind us to the fact that among the vast majority of nations the history of manners and civilization is a story of degeneration. Wherever you find a religion that grows purer and loftier, you find the prophet, the thinker, the teacher, who is in sympathy with the Divine, and he tells you he is speaking the message of God, not his own message. Are these prophets all imposters and deceivers? or do they speak the truth, and need only to have their words rightly, *i. e.* sympathetically understood? . . . The primitive savage, who develops naturally out of the stage of Totemism into the wisdom of Sophocles and Socrates . . . is unknown to me. I find nothing even remotely resembling him in the savages of modern times. . . . I was forced by the evidence to the view that degeneration is the outstanding fact in religious history and that the modern theory often takes the last products of degeneration as the facts of primitive religion."

Are not these criticisms and statements fully justified by the facts? Numbers of thoughtful persons realize the materialism of modern science and of most modern scientists; but it is questionable whether many have yet realized, or even suspected, the extent to which materialistic concepts of life have affected our art, our literature, and even our religion. In view of the facts, would it be too much to say that our theories of history, for example, are not only absurdly inadequate, but for the most part absolutely misleading? And would it not also be true to say that these inadequate and misleading theories are the outcome — and the inevitable outcome — of materialism; whether that materialism be conscious or unconscious?

What we connote as actual history will of necessity be decided by our view of man, and of his place in the Universe. Do we regard man as a mere animal; a something that has, by a marvelous series of happy accidents, evolved from the mud and slime of the earth, and only recently begun to evidence his wonderful growth? If so, our 'history' will necessarily be an account — largely speculative and constantly changing — of mere externals and of comparatively unimportant details. Do we regard man as something 'created,' collectively, some six thousand years ago; for whom, as an individual, a soul is 'created' at birth — a being about whom there is grave doubt whether he is a body or a soul; but, anyway, a something which lives on this earth for less than one hundred years, and thereafter lives for ever — and — ever, either in a beatific heaven or in an extremely un-beatific hell? If so, our 'history' will be cut off and isolated from Nature, as a whole; extremely limited in scope and outlook, and largely concerned with the external happening — or supposed happenings — of the almost immediate past.

On the other hand, do we view the Universe as Divine, and man as a Divine Soul? Or, in other words, do we view the Universe, and man as they have been presented to us by the Divine Teachers of all ages and all times — by Krishna, by Buddha, by Jesus, and finally, by The-

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osophy? If so, our view of history will be the 'History' of the Soul; we shall look not merely to the external happenings, but to the workings of Divine Law, the Comings of the Divine Teachers; the efforts of the host of Souls, controlled and sustained through millenniums of time. If we are, indeed, Souls, is any other view of history possible to us?

In any case, it is to such a view of history that Theosophy inevitably leads us. The Universe exists for purposes of Soul; and any history worthy of the name deals with the Soul; deals with realities, and concerns itself but little with the mere external happenings now generally accepted as history. Such a history (a key to all history) is Mme. Blavatsky's *Secret Doctrine*: It is, in very truth, the history of mankind; so far, that is, as such a history is understandable by present-day man. It appeals at one and the same time to the intuition and to the intellect, and satisfies both. Dismissed, hitherto, by creed-bound dogmatists on the one hand, and self-satisfied theorists on the other, it has yet met the needs and satisfied the spiritual urge of many thousands of pains-taking students throughout the world: for it brings *facts*, buttressed and supported by overwhelming evidence; and the more carefully and patiently the work is studied, the more satisfied do the students become regarding its truth, both in outline and detail.

As the outcome of Mme. Blavatsky's *Secret Doctrine*, and her teachings generally, amplified and exemplified by her successors, W. Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley, the literature of Theosophy has been enriched by many contributions to the real history of mankind. Noticeable amongst these have been 'Threads in the Tapestry of History,' and 'The Crest-Wave of Evolution' (published in *THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH*), and the volume now under review (largely drawn from Mme. Blavatsky's writings).

The writer shows that man has existed eternally; and, also, that the history of man on this earth begins with the earth itself. That in the beginning man was, in sober truth, a God. That during stupendous time-periods, and following the course of evolution (or Divine Law), he descended into ever grosser states of matter or of consciousness; the understanding and control of these grosser states being, indeed, the supreme purpose of his evolution upon the earth. That, at length, the states of matter in which man was involved became so dense in character that he lost the outer memory of his divine nature during every incarnation.

To quote a few salient passages from the *Manual*:

"The immortal principle in man, in its pilgrimage towards divinity, identifies itself with various states of existence, including numerous degrees of materiality, and endures many outward changes of earthly conditions, lack of which provides different opportunities for advancement." (p. 5)

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"Theosophy teaches that in gaining the vast experiences already stored up in the memory of the soul, mankind has traveled many roads, developing certain faculties during one cycle, and others when that cycle had run its course." (pp. 6-7)

"The first thing we have to learn is that the evolution of the higher central nature has been carried on through enormous ages of time separately from the evolution of the lower principles — the passional nature, the body, and the astral (or *model*) body. The real man, the Higher Ego, knows these things, for it has lived through ages of experience, and has knowledge far transcending that of the lower man, the physical personality." (pp. 9-10)

"Theosophy, while admitting that the race as a whole is on the upward way — though not without many set-backs and failures — follows the progress of the 'Monad,' the Ray of the One Divine Existence, which incarnates over and over again in every condition within the terrestrial environment, until, after being united with the real thinking Ego, the Higher Manas or 'Human Soul,' it has exhausted the possibilities of the great cycle through which it has to pass. . . .

"Darwinian Evolution ignores the 'Thread-soul' running through the consecutive existences of man; it gives no light on what it is that evolves; it confuses the immortal man of the past and future with his perishable body. Theosophy, on the other hand, offers a clear picture of the eternal progression of all Nature up to higher states of consciousness. . . . Theosophy does not fall into the theological fallacy that every man at birth is a newly created soul, whose acts in one brief life are destined to make or mar its whole future for eternity." (pp. 23-24)

"Periods of barbarism have succeeded periods of the greatest intellectual brilliancy, the ocean has flowed over the sites of long forgotten cities, new lands have appeared many times, and mankind has had to start afresh more than once from the widespread ruin of nations and continents. There have been many destructions by water, fire, and earthquake, and the 'primitive man' of the Stone Age of archaeology is not primitive at all. Long before he appeared there were magnificent civilizations, of which practically not a trace remains in recognisable form. When the time comes for the revelation of the full details of the past civilizations which existed millions of years before the so-called primitive beginnings of our present one, there will be many surprises. Of course, as we ourselves are the heritage of the past, it will be clear that we have gained such experiences in what we have passed through in the immense period we have been on earth, that it will not be necessary to repeat them in the same form." (pp. 49-50)

"Though we have learned much which in the normal man of today is locked up in the mysterious storehouse to which the Higher Ego alone has access, and which only those who have 'become one with the Father in heaven' can so dare remember, the higher part of our being is awaiting

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fuller development in the future Races, . . . and for the completion of perfect Man there are the immeasurable vistas of the Fifth, Sixth, and Seventh *Rounds* stretching in front of us with their unthinkable promise of glory. The Perfected Men who are helping humanity now and always, are Those who have lifted themselves, by heroic effort, above the level of ordinary mankind of this Fifth Race, into the condition which will not be normal until the next Round." (p. 51)

Quoting from H. P. Blavatsky our author shows that there are seven *root-races* in each *Round*, and that there are seven Rounds. He writes:

"The Races are the temporary vehicles of the larger life of the Egos constituting them, and though the Races may perish when they have served their purpose, and before they have fallen too deeply into degradation, the immortal Ego simply passes on to the next experience and will continue to do so until the succeeding Manvantara, or World-Period." (pp. 66-67)

"Although we have descended into an age of moral and spiritual (not intellectual) darkness, as compared with the Golden Ages, it must not be forgotten that in the great journey of the soul from spiritual conditions through the material and back to a higher point, it is subject to a continual series of smaller cyclic ups and downs, and that even in the darkest time necessary experience is being gained. As we have long since passed the densest materiality, . . . every step onwards is leading to higher conditions, and although the Road seems to cross many a hill and descend into dark valleys, its general tendency is upwards all the time." (p. 80)

"Theosophy teaches that the real man is a 'fallen God,' a self-conscious being who has been immortal in the past, as he will be in the future." (p. 86)

"As in the earlier Rounds the Monad was assimilating the various principles in very shadowy and ethereal vehicles; and as in this Round the Desire principle is dominant; so in the next (Fifth) Round, fully developed Reason, the Higher Mânasic principle in each man, must fully conquer the passionate nature or the great pilgrimage will have been in vain, and it will have to return to the crucible of existence to start afresh at some future time. The *Mahâtma* is one who has pushed so far ahead of the obstacles that impede the average man that he may justly be called a 'Sixth-Round' being, one who has safely passed beyond that supreme danger-point which will meet humanity as a whole during the Fifth Round, called the final 'moment of choice.' This critical period has to be faced, but it will only prove fatal to that portion of mankind which persists in the egotism of personal selfishness. An individual may lose the bliss of one or more Devachanic interludes, the heavenly states between one life on earth and another, by a mis-spent life, for the reason that there is nothing in that life to provide material for the Devachanic experiences; but the Law is just beyond human understanding, and as there are many lives in which to remedy past errors, the great majority of the race will pass on in safety to a transcendently glorious

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future. 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.'

"But the preparation for this great end must be ceaseless struggle against the passional nature now so strongly entrenched within us, and Those who really belong to the Fifth and Sixth Rounds, who are Wisdom and Compassion embodied, are working with the Divine Law and giving continual though unseen help to their brothers, the other struggling fragments of humanity making their way up the weary hill of life. Mankind is not left to wander too far from the road to safety." (pp. 102-4)

And the purpose of it all? Is it not indicated by one of the teachings of Jesus:

.. "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." (*Matthew v. 48*)



F. J. Dick, *Editor*

MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

SUNDAY EVENING MEETINGS IN ISIS THEATER

"JUSTICE and Mercy — Do They Harmonize or Conflict?' was the subject of an address on September 12th by Mrs. Grace Knoche.

"From the most ancient days to the present, justice has been the great issue and the great ideal. And today, in all the miserable conflicts and misunderstandings of our collective life, the leading question still is, 'What is the just, and what the unjust thing?' It is the highest ideal that commands

True Justice
involves

True Mercy

recognition today, taking the world as a whole, for to hold up Mercy as a practical, workable, demonstrable and common-sense help in the solution of great problems is admittedly to talk over people's heads. Mercy is too intangible, altogether, but in Justice you have something worth taking a statesman's time. But Theosophy declares that Justice is something more than a thing of statute-books and courts — an eternal principle that has its roots in the Godhead. Justice has no abler ally than

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pure Love. It is only bogus mercy or sentimentalism that conflicts with true Justice, as sham justice and hypocrisy conflict with true Mercy. Truly interpreted they are one, for how can one reach to a true standard of justice and ignore man's divine side, the soul? And when we touch that realm, cold justice is out of place, without the fire of the heart to light it. Mercy and Justice can never be in conflict when rightly understood. When they are understood, there will be much less social turbulence and general discontent, for nothing makes for upheaval so quickly as injustice, and nothing so settles one in contentment as the feeling that justice will be done."

'REINCARNATION, and Some Criticisms Discussed' was the subject of an address on September 19th by Professor Charles J. Ryan. Referring to the fact that a spirit of depression is being shown in the writings of eminent thinkers today, some of whom, such as Dean Inge of England,

All Antiquity hold high ecclesiastical positions, the lecturer said:
taught Truth of "From a merely materialistic standpoint this is not
Reincarnation surprising; in fact, considering the miserable display of ignoble qualities a large part of the world has made — the spirit of unbrotherliness at its worst, in short — light-hearted optimism is rather out of place. The world would indeed be a shambles, a very hopeless affair, if it were true that man emerges from nothing at his birth and goes nowhere at death. But man is immortal, and rebirth or Reincarnation in material bodies at intervals, with periods of spiritual rest and happiness between earth-lives, is Nature's method of attaining higher conditions and consciousness.

"The objections against Reincarnation are neither very forceful nor numerous. Most of them are raised by persons who have given little attention to the subject, or who have heard it represented in extravagant, imperfect, and erroneous ways. Some have confused it with the superstitious belief that a human being can transmigrate into a lower animal, which of course is not Reincarnation at all.

"As to the assertion that no serious authorities admit Reincarnation, there is little to be said further than that it is untrue. A hypothesis that was taught by such a commanding genius as Plato, that was accepted by the profound philosophies of the East, by the Greeks and Romans, and by deep thinkers and poets throughout the modern world, requires no defense on the ground of lack of authority; it is actually the western, popular belief in the one-life theory that is in need of support by philosophic authorities. Jesus himself, although he knew that Reincarnation was the recognised belief of his age, never threw any doubt upon it. On the contrary, he supported it directly and by implication, and it is found plainly taught in several places in the Bible. The essence of the teaching of Reincarnation is justice, which is at the same time the truest mercy."

'Man's Inseparable Companion — Himself' was the subject of an address on September 26th by Mrs. Estelle C. Hanson. Touching upon the

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unrest of the age, and the fact that so many, in moments of weakness or depression, are prone to deny the most self-evident facts, Mrs. Hanson said:

Change of Place "When discouraged by unhappiness or by our inability to succeed along any given line, our first
yields no thought, too often, is to change our surroundings,
Character-change feeling that in a different environment and surrounded by other people we may reasonably expect to do better and that the obstacles will be removed. But we forget that although we may change our residence or our occupation, we carry with us our inseparable companion — ourself. And it is soon apparent that if we were jealous, envious, or uncharitable in the first environment, we have these qualities still in the new surroundings. For a time we may be able to keep them in the background, like a poor relation or an unwelcome guest, but sooner or later they will assert themselves. If our eyes have been trained to look for the faults in others, and if our ears willingly listen to what is selfish and low, new conditions will also provide a fruitful soil.

"Man's mind is a battlefield whereon are drawn up two armies, one fighting for the soul of man and the other for his destruction. The majority, through ignorance, cultivate the companionship of the lower side of the nature, the side that always brings its harvest of unhappiness to ourselves and to our fellows. It takes no deep vision or second sight to see that the early years of the great mass of humankind are spent in acquiring habits that will exact misery as their toll in later days.

"It is this knowledge, strengthened by daily experience with children and the youth, that is the foundation of Madame Katherine Tingley's Râja-Yoga system of education. Under it the youngest child can be taught to recognise the duality of his nature and take his weaknesses in hand, and thus begin the task of gaining self-mastery in his earliest years. He is companioned daily by his Higher Self. Is it not worth all striving to gain such companionship as this?"

R. W. Machell, Director of the Art Department of the Râja-Yoga College, lectured on October 3rd upon the subject, 'Why Temporize with the Enemies of Our Own Household?'

Stating the Theosophical position that man's worst enemies are those
Untold Good and 'of his own household' or, in other words, the weak-
Undreamed Evil nesses and defects of his own character, he said:
in Human Hearts "One of the first things that the student of Theosophy learns is the duality of human nature, and the learning of this brings about a complete change in his position with regard to enemies and friends, for this duality must be taken into account in every case, including his own. To realize that there is the possibility of untold good, and also of undreamed evil, in one's own heart is to take a big step towards the understanding of life and its problems; and the determined identification of oneself with the good enables one to see the possi-

MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

bility of good in others, even those who may be for the moment wholly under the influence of their lower nature. . . .

"The confident assertion of one's Divinity, even when one is fully aware of the as yet unconquered strength of the lower nature, is an assumption of an attitude that will go far to secure the victorious realization of what may at first seem an empty boast. To see clearly, one must open one's eyes; to go forward, one must stand up; to grovel in the dust of self-abasement is to stay down, with a fair chance of being run over where one lies in the dust of a false humility. I think that true humility is only possible to one who has a clear comprehension of his own Divinity and a full realization of the Divinity of every other human soul.

"It was to make men and women strong, clean, and self-reliant, and proof against suggestions from the enemies within their own household, that Katherine Tingley created the Râja-Yoga Schools in which children are taught the duality of human nature, and trained to place this beautiful human instrument, the body, at the disposal of the Spiritual Self."

COUNSEL FOR INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD LEAGUE AT POINT LOMA
REPLIES TO DISTRICT ATTORNEY OF KERN COUNTY REGARDING ROY WOLFF,
SEVENTEEN, FOUND GUILTY OF MURDERING ELMER GREER AT TAFT

A STATEMENT in reply to one recently made by District Attorney Dorsey of Kern County with regard to Roy Wolff, 17-year-old boy who was sentenced to be executed after having been found guilty of murdering Elmer Greer at Taft, near Bakersfield, was made yesterday by Iverson L. Harris, attorney, of Point Loma. Mr. Harris took up the case recently at the request of Mme. Tingley. He is her attorney and that of the International Brotherhood League, whose work is for practical humanitarianism. While he was engaged on the case, trying in vain to get a writ of habeas corpus on the ground that there had been serious error in the trial of the case, Gov. Stephens granted a reprieve to Wolff, extending from Sept. 17, date set for Wolff's execution, to October 22nd. Mr. Harris' statement is as follows:

District Attorney Dorsey, in an effort to arouse public sentiment in favor of the infliction of the death penalty upon the boy, Roy Wolff, has recited a graphic and gruesome description of the boy's alleged premeditation and method in the homicide, and he has done this under the statement that the evidence showed it to be as he recited. I beg the public to notice that Mr. Dorsey has not quoted any of the testimony, and insist that his description of the tragedy is drawn from his own deductions and fancies, expressed in his own melodramatic rhetoric.

Quite contrary to Mr. Dorsey's representation, I am assured that the evidence unmistakably shows that the homicide was not premeditated, that it was not intentional, that it is doubtful if the deceased, Elmer Greer, died from the effects of the assault by Roy Wolff, and that at most the offense

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of the boy was only second degree murder, which is not punishable by life imprisonment or death.

Mr. Dorsey insists that the boy had a fair chance before the Juvenile Court, and in support of this view states that the Supreme Court, in denying the writ of habeas corpus, upheld the action of the Juvenile Court.

It is true that the Supreme Court refused to order the writ of habeas corpus to be issued, but in doing this it did it on the basis that all that is alleged in the petition, though true, does not authorize the issuance of the writ, and so, if any error was committed in the Juvenile Court, the time for correcting that error was at the time of the trial of the case in the Superior Court, and that such errors cannot be corrected through the instrumentality of a habeas corpus proceeding.

If the Supreme Court said that the Juvenile Court gave the boy a fair hearing, then such a statement is necessarily purely obiter, and in fairness ought not to be cited in the present controversy. If, as Mr. Dorsey seems to think, it upheld the Juvenile Court, then it did so without hearing the question on its merits, and I am not willing to believe that the Supreme Court intended to do this.

We allege in our petition that Roy Wolff never had a hearing in the Juvenile Court as to his fitness to be dealt with by the Juvenile Court laws, that there was no evidence introduced before the Juvenile Court to prove his unfitness, and that the judgment rendered by the Juvenile Court adverse to him in this respect was absolutely without any findings of fact to support it.

If the Supreme Court had ordered the issuance of the writ of habeas corpus, we would have been thoroughly prepared to prove every allegation that we made, and we feel now that the verbatim report of all that transpired, as transcribed by the official reporter, fully sustains our contention.

The law declares that no minor under eighteen years of age shall be prosecuted in any court until he has first been through the jurisdiction of the Juvenile Court and has been adjudged "an unfit and improper subject to be dealt with by the Juvenile Court laws." Roy Wolff was in the Juvenile Court less than an hour, and the shortness of his stay in that city of judicial refuge seems to have been anticipated by Attorney Dorsey, as is proved by the following circumstances: When the justice of the peace had certified the boy to the Juvenile Court and had turned him over to the constable to be carried there, just before leaving the court room of the justice of the peace, Mr. Dorsey said to the justice, "Now we are ready to proceed in the Juvenile Court, and we ask your honor to remain here because it will not take us very long to submit the evidence to the Juvenile Court." Mr. Dorsey's anticipated schedule was fully realized.

Mr. Dorsey's argument seems to be that the boy is entitled to no sympathy because twelve men, acting as a jury, saw him daily during the weeks of the trial, and if he had been entitled to sympathy they would have bestowed it.

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It is difficult to conceive how Mr. Dorsey can urge such an argument when we read the record of the language addressed by him to the jurors while he was selecting the jury. One question that was iterated and reiterated with an insistence that makes the flesh creep was in substance as follows: "Would you, Mr. Juror, notwithstanding the evidence of the crime is entirely circumstantial, and notwithstanding the tender years of the defendant, who is before you, let any sympathy for him or pity for his old mother induce you to refrain from inflicting upon him the death penalty?" And when the juror so addressed replied — in my opinion to his lasting credit — "Yes," Mr. Dorsey would exclaim, "The juror is challenged for cause." Thus no juror who was willing to admit that he had this much of the milk of pity in his nature was allowed to sit upon the jury. And be it said to the glory of the community in which the boy was tried, no fewer than 140 jurors had to be catechised before 12 could be selected to come up to Mr. Dorsey's requirements.

In regard to the sneers of contempt which Mr. Dorsey sees fit to throw at the noble-minded and tender-hearted men and women of the state of California, and indeed from all over the United States, who are invoking clemency for Roy Wolff on no other ground than that of his tender years and their sympathy for his heart-broken parents, I can only say that it will be a sad day when sympathy, mercy and compassion are eradicated from life or from the law. IVERSON L. HARRIS.

— *The San Diego Union*, Aug. 31, 1920

RÂJA-YOGA PLAYERS PRESENT FAVORITE SHAKESPEAREAN STORY AMID NATURAL SCENES

AS *You Like It*, as given last night by the Râja-Yoga Players in the Greek Theater at Point Loma, was received with great enthusiasm by an appreciative audience. Splendidly acted, the play contained something for everyone. Those who came for entertainment found that, and there was instruction for those who looked deeper; there was ethics for the moralist and humanitarian, music for the lover of music, art for the artist and optimism for all.

In presenting this loveliest of plays, Mme. Katherine Tingley boldly placed the setting not in the Ardennes of France, but in the old English 'Forest of Arden,' the county of Shakespeare's birth, where lay the old family estates of his high-born mother, Mary Arden. And here the picture that Shakespeare tried to paint was elaborated by the Theosophical Leader and given a freshness and virility that transported the audience for the time being into quite another world.

Outside of Mme. Tingley, no producer has thought of making music such a prominent feature as it was last night in the Greek Theater. Not that liberties were taken with the script or the action of the play, but only that

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

opportunities were seized — and Shakespeare gave many — to bring out what music there lay in it. And the songs were so handled as to be an integral part of the life at Arden. One was especially notable, 'There Was a Lover and His Lass,' a full rich male quartet, rendered by Touchstone, Orlando, Amiens, and Jacques.

Touchstone, if one could imagine Rosalind left out, was the true star of the play, and his love affair with Audrey, the country wench, was capitally set off, a clever foil to that of Orlando and Rosalind.

The part of Rosalind was taken by a young girl who has not been prominent in the cast before. She looked like Mary Anderson and was remindful of Rehan in some of her archness and quick motions.

One of the best of the cast was old Adam, the faithful, in whom appears "the constant service of the antique world."

Another tradition swept away by Mme. Tingley was the usual interpretation of the scene in which a character describes the wounded deer. Instead of being punctuated with intermittent laughter, it was received in a fashion calculated to give a wholly opposite impression.

In the Râja-Yoga production, the play was given as a flowing, continuous whole, with no clicks, no rolling of properties, no unseemly bumps and thumps to disturb the soft whispering of the foliage or the murmur of the sea towards the west. The freshness and simplicity of nature were kept as the keynotes of the whole and were accentuated by several features that were not only new but spectacular.

Among these were the woodland gypsies with their wildfire dance and choruses at the end. Their costuming was a vision of exquisite color-artistry, and they were finely disposed against the massed and overhanging foliage of the forest into which the Greek arena was transformed for the occasion.

As elaborated by Mme. Tingley, *As You Like It* was presented in essentially a creative spirit, and those who saw the brilliant performance were let into a creative world. There was naturalness and simplicity and love, in short, life just 'As You Like It,' in nature's own world of forest and stream and sun.

— *San Diego Union*, October 16, 1920

ICE-CRYSTALS

THROUGH various avenues of experimentation science chases the problem of atomic structure. The study of crystals affords one step — though as Prof. P. G. Tait wrote, "it may be a *very* short one" — toward this end. Dealing with pure water, beautiful results emerge. For, according to *Science*, we read that recent work by the X-ray method

"shows that ice has a lattice built of two sets of right [equilateral] triangular prisms interpenetrating one another in the following way. Consider the plane containing the bases of one set of prisms. The mole-

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cules lie at the vertices of equilateral triangles of side 4.52 Ångströms. At a distance of 3.66 Å. above this plane lies the plane containing the bases of the second set of prisms. The molecules of the second set also lie at the vertices of triangles equal to those of the first set, but each molecule directly above the center of one of the lower triangles. The other molecules of the crystal lie above the molecules of the two planes just described at intervals of 7.32 Å. The above values give an axial ratio of 1.62 in good agreement with the crystallographer's value of 1.617."

In view of the last sentence, and remembering that an Ångström is one ten-millionth of a millimeter, it would perhaps not be unreasonable to assume that the triangle-side is 4.5222 Å., and the other axis of each prism 7.317074 Å. Now if we take an icosahedron, one of whose triangle-sides is 7.317074 Å., and join three opposite pairs of edges lying in planes mutually perpendicular, we define a central sphere of that diameter. Again, joining each angle of the icosahedron with every other, we have the internal dodecahedron, on which if we draw the three face-diagonals adjacent to a corner we have the equilateral triangle of side 4.5222 Å., and drawing tangent-planes to the central sphere parallel thereto we have the prism of height 7.317074 Å. On the opposite side is the other equal triangle in the required position for making the second prism, beginning at the central plane. Thus the axial ratio would be 1.618034 : 1, or in other words, it is that of the 'golden section' of a line.

It is curious to note that the icosahedron, viewed in one direction shows a pentagonal system; in another, cubes, tetrahedra, octahedra, or pyramidal forms; in a third, hexagonal systems. "'Deity is an arcane, living (or moving) FIRE, and the eternal witnesses to this unseen Presence are Light, Heat, Moisture,' this trinity including, and being the cause of, every phenomenon in Nature." (Cf. *The Secret Doctrine*, I, p. 2.) — F. J. D.

Theosophical University Meteorological Station Point Loma, California

Summary for September, 1920

TEMPERATURE		SUNSHINE	
Mean Highest	70.57	Number hours actual sunshine	321.70
Mean lowest	60.07	Number hours possible	371.00
Mean	65.32	Percentage of possible	60.00
Highest	74.00	Average number hours per day	7.29
Lowest	54.00		
Greatest daily range	18.00	WIND	
PRECIPITATION		Movement in miles	3450.00
Inches	0.06	Average hourly velocity	4.79
Total from July 1, 1920	0.14	Maximum velocity	16.00

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society

Founded in 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

An International Magazine

Unsectarian
Monthly



Nonpolitical
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.

THE wise, therefore, speak as follows: The soul having a two-fold life, one being in conjunction with body, but the other being separate from all body: when we are awake we employ, for the most part, the life which is common with the body, except when we separate ourselves from it entirely by pure intellectual and dianoetic energies. But when we are asleep, we are perfectly liberated, as it were, from certain surrounding bonds, and use a life separated from generation. Hence, this form of life, whether it be intellectual or divine, and whether these two are the same thing, or whether each is peculiarly of itself one thing, is then excited in us, and energizes in a way conformable to its nature. Since, therefore, intellect surveys real beings, but the soul contains in itself the reasons of all generated natures, it very properly follows that, according to a cause which comprehends future events, it should have a foreknowledge of them, as arranged in their precedaneous reasons. And it possesses a divination still more perfect than this, when it conjoins the portions of life and intellectual energy to the wholes from which it was separated.

Iamblichus: *On the Mysteries*, iii, 3. Trans. by Thomas Taylor.

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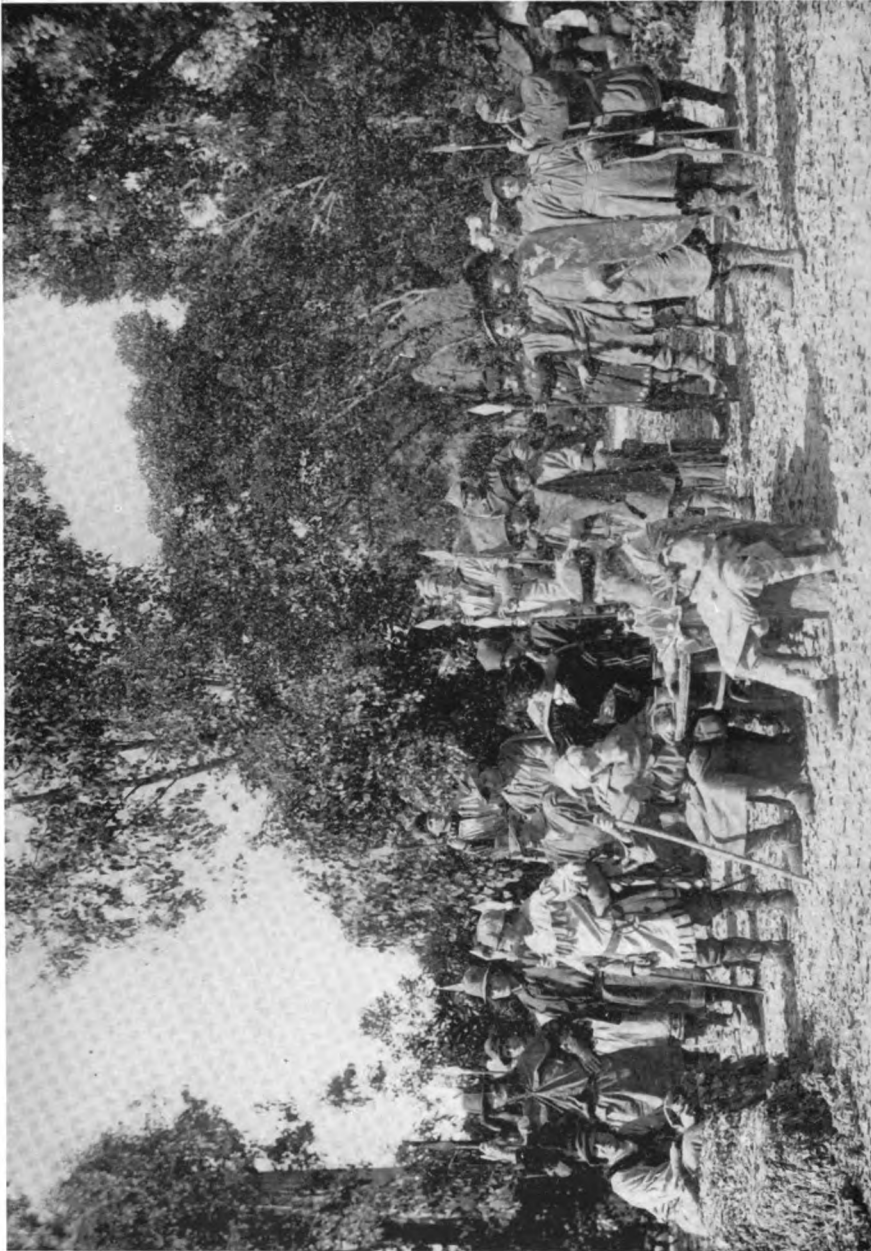
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Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept

FROM KATHERINE TINGLEY'S PRESENTATION OF SHAKESPEARE'S 'AS YOU LIKE IT,' OCT. 15, 1920
IN THE OPEN-AIR CREEK THEATER, INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA.

IN THE FOREST OF ARDEN

Duke: "Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table."—Act II, Sc. vii

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

VOL. XIX, NO. 6

DECEMBER 1920

We describe Karma as that Law of readjustment which ever tends to restore disturbed equilibrium in the physical, and broken harmony in the moral world. We say that Karma does not act in this or that particular way always, but that it always does act so as to restore Harmony and preserve the balance of equilibrium, in virtue of which the Universe exists.— H. P. BLAVATSKY

The writings of H. P. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge contain so much that is applicable to present-day problems that I feel sure the members of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society and other readers of THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH will be glad of the opportunity of benefiting by their wise teachings. I trust soon to meet my readers through these pages again.

KATHERINE TINGLEY, *Editor*

THEOSOPHICAL KEYNOTES

THE SECRET DOCTRINE BY H. P. BLAVATSKY*



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 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 sole advantage which the writer has over her predecessors, is that she need not resort to personal speculations and theories. For this work is a partial statement of what she herself has been taught by more advanced students, supplemented, in a few details only, by the results of her own study and observation. The publication of many of the facts herein stated has been rendered necessary by the

*Extracts from the Preface and Introductory of Mme. Blavatsky's great work, *The Secret Doctrine*.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

wild and fanciful speculations in which many Theosophists and students of mysticism have indulged, during the last few years, in their endeavor to, as they imagined, work out a complete system of thought from the few facts previously communicated to them.†

*

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 into their original element, out of which every mystery and dogma has grown, developed, and become materialized.

*

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.— Preface, pp. vii-viii

*

. . . For the Esoteric philosophy is alone calculated to withstand, in this age of crass and illogical materialism, the repeated attacks on all and everything man holds most dear and sacred, in his inner spiritual life. The true philosopher, the student of the Esoteric Wisdom, entirely loses sight of personalities, dogmatic beliefs and special religions. Moreover, Esoteric philosophy reconciles all religions, strips every one of its outward, human garments, and shows the root of each to be identical with that of every other great religion. It proves the necessity of an absolute Divine Principle in nature. It denies Deity no more than it does the Sun. Esoteric philosophy has never rejected God in Nature, nor Deity as the absolute and abstract *Ens*. It only refuses to accept any of the gods

[†Wild and fanciful speculations are still indulged in by would-be expounders of the Theosophical teaching,— not members of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society — and the many books on pseudo-Theosophy offered to the more or less uninformed public show that the same need exists today, as when Mme. Blavatsky wrote her great work, of holding to and accentuating the pure teachings of the Wisdom-Religion.— EDITOR]

THEOSOPHICAL KEYNOTES

of the so-called monotheistic religions, gods created by man in his own image and likeness, a blasphemous and sorry caricature of the Ever Unknowable.— Introductory, p. xx

*

Toward the end of the first quarter of this century, a distinct class of literature appeared in the world, which became with every year more defined in its tendency. Being based, *soi-disant*, on the scholarly researches of Sanskritists and Orientalists in general, it was held scientific. Hindû, Egyptian, and other ancient religions, myths, and emblems were made to yield anything the symbologist wanted them to yield, thus often giving out the rude *outward* form in place of the *inner* meaning. . . .

This is the true reason, perhaps, why the outline of a few fundamental truths from the Secret Doctrine of the Archaic ages is now permitted to see the light, after long millenniums of the most profound silence and secrecy. I say "a few truths," advisedly, because that which must remain unsaid could not be contained in a hundred such volumes, nor could it be imparted to the present generation of Sadducees. But, even the little that is now given is better than complete silence upon those vital truths. The world of today, in its mad career towards the unknown — which it is too ready to confound with the unknowable, whenever the problem eludes the grasp of the physicist — is rapidly progressing on the reverse, material plane of spirituality. It has now become a vast arena — a true valley of discord and of eternal strife — a necropolis, wherein lie buried the highest and the most holy aspirations of our Spirit-Soul. That soul becomes with every new generation more paralysed and atrophied. The "amiable infidels and accomplished profligates" of Society, spoken of by Greeley, care little for the revival of the *dead* sciences of the past; but there is a fair minority of earnest students who are entitled to learn the few truths that may be given to them now; and *now* much more than ten years ago, when "*Isis Unveiled*," or even the later attempts to explain the mysteries of esoteric science, were published.— *Ibid.*, pp. xxii-xxiii

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More than one great scholar has stated that there never was a religious founder, whether Aryan, Semitic, or Turanian, who had *invented* a new religion, or revealed a new truth. These founders were all *transmitters*, not original teachers. They were the authors of new forms and interpretations, while the truths upon which the latter were based were as old as mankind. Selecting one or more of those grand verities — actualities visible only to the eye of the real Sage and Seer — out of the many orally

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revealed to man in the beginning, preserved and perpetuated in the *adyta* of the temples through initiation, during the MYSTERIES and by personal transmission — they revealed these truths to the masses. Thus every nation received in its turn some of the said truths, under the veil of its own local and special symbolism; which, as time went on, developed into a more or less philosophical cultus, a Pantheon in mythical disguise. Therefore is Confucius, a very ancient legislator in historical chronology, though a very modern Sage in the World's History, 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.” (Quoted in *Science of Religion* by Max Müller.)

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. As to those who may reject her testimony,— *i. e.*, the great majority — she will bear them no malice, for they will be as right in their way in denying, as she is right in hers in affirming, since they look at TRUTH from two entirely different standpoints. Agreeably with the rules of critical scholarship, the Orientalist has to reject *a priori* whatever evidence he cannot fully verify for himself. And how can a Western scholar accept on hearsay that which he knows nothing about? Indeed, that which is given in these volumes is selected from *oral*, as much as from written teachings. This first instalment of the esoteric doctrines is based upon Stanzas, which are the records of a people unknown to ethnology; it is claimed that they are written in a tongue absent from the nomenclature of languages and dialects with which philology is acquainted; they are said to emanate from a source (Occultism) repudiated by science; and, finally, they are offered through an agency, incessantly discredited before the world by all those who hate unwelcome truths, or have some special hobby of their own to defend. Therefore, the rejection of these teachings may be expected, and must be accepted beforehand. No one styling himself a “scholar,” in whatever department of exact science, will be permitted to regard these teachings seriously. They will be derided and rejected *a priori* in this century; but only in this one. 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. . . .

. . . Speaking of the keys to the Zodiacal mysteries as being almost lost to the world, it was remarked by the writer in “*Isis Unveiled*” some ten years ago that:

THEOSOPHICAL KEYNOTES

The said key must be turned *seven* times before the whole system is divulged. We will give it but *one* turn, and thereby allow the profane one glimpse into the mystery. Happy he, who understands the whole!

The same may be said of the whole Esoteric system. One turn of the key, and no more, was given in "ISIS." Much more is explained in these volumes. In those days the writer hardly knew the language in which the work was written, and the disclosure of many things, freely spoken about now, was forbidden. In Century the Twentieth some disciple more informed, and far better fitted, may be sent by the Masters of Wisdom to give final and irrefutable proofs that there exists a Science called *Gupta-Vidyā*; and that like the once-mysterious sources of the Nile, the source of all religions and philosophies now known to the world has been for many ages forgotten and lost to men, but is at last found.

— *Ibid.*, pp. xxxvii-xxxix

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. . . But to the public in general and the readers of the "*Secret Doctrine*" I may repeat what I have stated all along, and which I now clothe in the words of Montaigne: Gentlemen, "I HAVE HERE MADE ONLY A NOSEGAY OF CULLED FLOWERS, AND HAVE BROUGHT NOTHING OF MY OWN BUT THE STRING THAT TIES THEM."

Pull the "string" to pieces and cut it up in shreds, if you will. As for the nosegay of FACTS — you will never be able to make away with these. You can only ignore them, and no more.

We may close with a parting word concerning this Volume I. In an INTRODUCTION prefacing a Part dealing chiefly with Cosmogony, certain subjects brought forward might be deemed out of place, but one more consideration added to those already given has led me to touch upon them. Every reader will inevitably judge the statements made from the standpoint of his own knowledge, experience, and consciousness, based on what he has already learned. This fact the writer is constantly obliged to bear in mind: hence, also the frequent references in this first Book to matters which, properly speaking, belong to a later part of the work, but which could not be passed by in silence, lest the reader should look down on this work as a fairy tale indeed — a fiction of some modern brain.

Thus, the *Past* shall help to realize the PRESENT, and the latter to better appreciate the PAST. The errors of the day must be explained and swept away, yet it is more than probable — and in the present case it amounts to certitude — that once more the testimony of long ages and of history will fail to impress anyone but the very intuitional — which is equal to saying the very few.— *Ibid.*, pp. xlvi-xlvii

PSYCHOLOGY: TRUE AND FALSE

H. T. EDGE, M. A.



WRITER, in speaking of the speck of protoplasmic jelly as the origin from which the human embryo takes its start, says:

"We might expect (did we not know the wonderful process it is destined to undergo) any sort of development or none at all; yet within that apparently formless, microscopic compass lie potentialities which will ultimately result in the production of the complex and wonderfully co-ordinated human body, with its array of specialized organs. Such a history may well illustrate the impossibility of passing a judgment on any form of life from contemplating its origin alone." (Miss E. M. Caillard in *Hibbert Journal*, July)

How many theories does this invalidate? Yet there seems something philosophically wrong about the last statement; and perhaps we may get over the difficulty by slightly altering the statement and saying that it is impossible to judge of a form of life from contemplating its *alleged* origin alone. Perhaps again the difficulty lies in the word 'contemplating,' and we should say that it is impossible to forecast the future from a cursory and superficial glimpse of the alleged origin. Thus the stigma is removed from philosophy and cast upon the shoulders of our own inefficiency.

For first, *is* the said speck the origin of the human organism? And next, is it nothing but a speck of protoplasmic jelly? If that speck contains the whole potentiality of what it will become, that potentiality ought to be perceivable; if the origin could be adequately studied, the result ought to be predictable. And if that speck does not contain the entire potentiality, then it cannot rightly be called *the* origin, but only *an* origin, one factor out of several.

It is important also to notice that, before the biologist can predict the outcome, he must have known it already. He has traced the path backwards from the human form to the speck, but he could never have gone forwards. And how often do we find, on examining such schemes of evolution, that the whole of that which is to be derived must first be presupposed! We attempt to pass from the atom to the God, and find ourselves obliged to begin by endowing the atom with all the powers of the God. In the attempt to reduce the complex to the simple, we have to endow each component of our analysis with greater and more wonderful powers, until the rudiment becomes more marvelous than its product. Utter failure has attended the endeavor to construct a universe and to people it by starting with a grain of dust endowed with nothing but the power of attraction. Actual experiment has revealed something very

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different — the electron, which seems to be the very Soul and God of the material world. We need an application of mathematics here. Is the One the smallest and humblest of numbers, as in the mathematics of the cash-register; or is it, as in the symbolic card-deck, the greatest of all the numbers; is the One the Whole?

Everything proceeds from the One, and the One is the Whole. If we reduce the complex human organism to its simplest form, if we resolve it into a unit, we thereby at the same time elevate it to its most godlike and potent form. What human being can accomplish what that protoplasmic speck achieves?

The whole man that is to be exists beforehand, enthroned so high that our bodily senses perceive him not, and our microscopes reveal but the tip of his little finger, which we call a protoplasmic speck. What we call the evolution of the speck is the gradual descent of the man, bit by bit, into the plane of visibility. And who shall say but his death is a reascent into the sublime, leaving behind once more nothing visible but — the protoplasmic speck?

What we have been calling evolution seems to be the history of things as they come into visibility, the drama of their gradual descent upon the physical plane. A friend with a remarkable memory once told us that he recalled seeing, when he was a baby, his mother gradually growing larger and larger; she was only drawing nearer and nearer, but his infantile mind had not yet learnt the formula which relates distance to apparent size. In the same way, what we call evolution is the coming of things nearer to us. If there are latent within us finer senses that can see beyond the veil of physical objectivity, we might be able to discern the product in the germ, to see the future. Applied to the evolution of events, this would be tantamount to prophecy.

The hindbefore method in evolutionary theory has tempted people to represent thought as a chemical process, instead of regarding chemical action as a species of thought. In biology people are trying to represent man's highest and noblest aspirations as merely forms of the "primitive instincts" which they seem to descry in the lowlier organisms. Perhaps this also is a hindbefore method. Perhaps those primitive instincts are the product of the high aspirations, instead of the other way round. The vileness of the ape, is it the parent of our own social amenities; or is it a degenerative product of the same? We ask, because nowadays there are eminent people who say that the ape has descended from the man, not the man risen from the ape.

That morbid school of biology associated with the name of Freud tries to find in man's cogitations and aspirations the mere varnished and modified representatives of vulgar propensities. But consider an idiot;

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is a sensible man a perfected form of idiot? Or is an idiot a degenerate form of man? Is my refined yearning for the realization of harmony and happiness nothing but an elaboration of the idiot's degenerate habits? Or are his degenerate habits the distortion of those high aspirations which he is unable to realize?

If, in the abandonment of uneasy slumbers and an overloaded digestive tract, there float before my eyes visions of gruesome experiences, are these the stones out of which the lordly edifice of my soul is built? Nay, they are but the funguses and weeds that grow in an untilled soil. To try and fathom human nature by studying its most morbid manifestations may yield results of a kind; and in the same way we might learn something of the yerba-santa by studying the fungus that grows, in pitiful mockery of its host, from the roots of that plant. Yet to say that the plant is an evolutionary product of the parasite!

While philosophers and scientists of various schools are dimly groping their way towards a lucid and workable analysis of human nature, the sages of the far past would seem to have achieved it long ago, and to have reached their wisdom by the most refined methods of self-study and contemplation. We have only to refer to the philosophies of ancient India in illustration of this remark. This is not the place to enter into a description of the numerous grades of consciousness and mental action recognised in such systems; but roughly we may regard the intellect as that field of consciousness wherein are displayed the overlapping activities of spiritual vision on the one hand and animal instinct on the other. It is thus that we shall discover in our mental process many elements both of mere instinct and of divine intuition, of selfish propensity and of lofty aspiration to duty. And, if we try to represent the man himself as merely the sum-total of his component parts, we shall reduce him to a committee, with an elective and representative chairman in perpetual conflict with his unruly constituents. Says Krishna in the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*:

"It is even a portion of myself which, having assumed life in this world of conditioned existence, draweth together the five senses and the mind in order that it may obtain a body and may leave it again."

Thus man is the One and the Many; and the Many do not constitute the man, but only the house wherein he dwells and the instrument he uses. Yet this is scarcely true of the imperfect man we know; for in him there are numerous rebellious subjects disputing the government with the rightful sovereign.

An animal cannot study its own instincts; but a man can study his instincts, because he has a mind which can stand aloof from them. How

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then shall a man study his own mind? To view a scene in which we are included, we must rise above and out of it to a higher level; and this is the method of ancient wisdom, which prescribes self-mastery as the necessary preliminary to knowledge. To achieve vision, the mind must be steady; and as we find it pulled hither and thither by many vain impulses, it will be more profitable to practise ourselves in the mastery of these impulses than to perplex ourselves with inquiries into their origin. The latter knowledge will come in proportion as we succeed in the practical work. It is one of our failings that we let study and speculation outstrip actual work too far; and the consequence is that the study and speculation become vague and unpractical, and we are apt to lead a double life in which our conduct is far below the level of our professions. Hence practical work is as important in self-study as it is in the study of physics or chemistry.

The Higher Man can control the lower man, and the lower man can control the body. Modern biology is concerned too much with the relation between the lower man and his body, and does not attend sufficiently to the relation between the Higher Man and the lower man. The mind is, as it were, a throne; and we may permit our lower instincts to sit on that throne, so that man becomes an intelligent animal, following his own desires, though these desires may seem very refined and grandiose. But that throne can also be occupied by the spirit of wisdom and conscience, thus making man a worthy son of his divine parentage. And when the wisdom and conscience take control of the mind, the mind reacts healthily on the bodily instrument, and the animal instincts are relegated to their proper sphere and dimensions.

The kind of psychology referred to seems to bear the same relation to real psychology as pathology does to physiology, or morbid anatomy to a study of the structure of the body in health: it is a study of diseased conditions; and, as such, it has of course its proper sphere, or can be over-emphasized so as to overstep that sphere. What is needed is a study of character, based on the cardinal truth that man's psychic nature is dual, and his mind the battle-ground between animal and divine incentives. Then, instead of performing experiments upon invalids or children, we shall endeavor to summon to their aid the power of their higher nature and to check the manifestations of intrusive lower impulses.

NOEL!

KENNETH MORRIS

GOD said, *Let there be light,*
And Chaos and Darkness heard,
And their old desolation stirred,
And a thrill ran out through the night,
And shagged world rose against world,
With shock and terror and flight,
The Deep and the Deep at strife;
Thunder on thunder hurled;
And winged things born of the slime,
Dripping and venomous, whirled
Out into space and time;
And Death was at travail, and Life
Was the birth, and the horror of night
Stirred and maddened and quickened, and lo, in the midst of it, Light!

Ye Nations, have ye not heard
What new more wonderful word
Is spoken of Fate to ye now?
Were the riot and ruin in vain?
Have they perished for naught, that were slain?
Will ye turn from your old division
And the lies ye believed disavow?
Is there none of ye gifted with vision
For this splendor on Sinai now?
Have ye none of ye ears to hear
What is cried from the clouds on the brow
Of the Mount of the Law, that your ages to be may be reft of fear?

Have ye none of ye ears to hear?
Was there naught to be won from the pain
Ye have suffered these years? Think well
If yet in your bonds ye shall dwell
Content to dally with hell,
Nation the rival of nation, and the devil War unslain?

For he, though ye forge him a chain,
Though ye gird him about with words,
Save he be utterly slain
Shall arise and destroy ye again:
Can ye bind the wild lion with gossamer? feed him with syrup and curds?

NOEL

Ah, break and forget ye the sword!
For either the God in Man shall be Master and Lord
Of the years to come and the sunlit lands and seas,
Or else must the Earth your home go down and down
In plague and famine and madness and dire disease,
Waste and ruin where once were field and town.

It is Life or Death that is offered ye: choose ye of these!

"I have no favorite son,"
Saith the Law; "no Chosen Race;
None I exalt in grace,
Nor abase into slavery none.
But mine is every one
His course in time to run:
To be crowned and blest with the meed
Of his righteous thought and deed,
Or to mourn and suffer and bleed
For what ill things he hath done."

— "I have no favorite, I,"
Saith the Spirit, "but mine are ye all,
Ye that are born and die!
Yellow and White, ye are mine,
Saxon and Latin and Gaul,—
Wherever the white stars shine,
Wherever the sea-waves fall,
Under the blue of the sky
I have no favorite, I,"
Saith the Spirit, "but mine are ye all!"

There is one sole Monarchy, Man!
Ye are not many, but one.
What hath been since this age began
Hath affronted the light of the Sun.
Nor is any victory won
Till ye fashion and perfect a plan
For the one sole Monarchy, Man;
For ye are not many, but One!

Monarchy? — Yea, and the King,
This is the Spirit of Man!
Let the wild carillons ring,
Bell sing loud unto bell:
Noel, Noel, Noel,


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*Unto you is born a King
Which hath been since the world began,
Unto you is born a King,—
The God in Man!*

“Let there be Light!” said the Law;
And lo, o’er the gloom of Time
Riseth the Star sublime
That Gaspar and Melchior saw! —
That Balthazzar and Gaspar and Melchior, Kings of the Orient, saw! —
Unto you is born a King!
Gold and frankincense bring!
Tribute of myrrh and gold!
Ye that were many of old,
That were separate, disparate, far,—
That were sunk in a lying creed, in the idol-worship of War!
Ye that henceforth shall be one!
Seeing what your idol hath done,
What havoc division hath wrought for ye,—rise ye and follow the Star!
Let the dead past lie with the dead! Let the beautiful new time bring
This new most beautiful thing,
The Kingdom of God, the Republic of Man,—and the God in Man to be King!

IS RELIGION A FAILURE?

R. MACHELL

E hear rather frequently such questions as this: “Has religion failed?” or “Has this particular religion proved a failure?” Particularly is this asked in connexion with the great war and with the disturbed condition of society throughout the world. The questioners generally seem to have an idea, vague perhaps and unexpressed, but persistent, that religion may be expected to accomplish that which its adherents make no effort to achieve.

Most religionists profess a love of peace, and I suppose that there are few really religious persons who wish for war at any time. And it is certain that many such have expressed deep regret that the war-fever was not perceptibly checked by the numerous religions in the world. They treat the religion as if it were a person endowed with power of independent action, and carrying responsibility for controlling the conduct of its adherents. They deliberately and energetically adopt a course of action, as for instance war, and then complain that their religion

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has not maintained peace. This is not a fair treatment of religion.

Yet it is apparently on just such grounds of disappointment that, in the past, the nations have forsaken their adopted gods and taken others. The innumerable Western sects today, however, claim the same god, and seem to distinguish between their religion and the Supreme Deity in the matter of control, for none of them ask if God has failed. To do so would put them outside the pale of any church.

This seems to suggest the thought that their religion may be something that stands between them and the Deity; the efficacy of which may reasonably and reverently be called in question. I do not propose to question this attitude of mind. But I do think it would be well for all to accept responsibility for their own acts and words and even for their own thoughts.

It may be too much to ask that all people assume responsibility for their own thoughts, because so very many have scarcely yet learned to think one single thought by themselves; and the vast majority of human beings follow the flow of the tide of local opinion (if such a word can be applied to it). The word opinion distinctly implies thought, consideration, judgment, discrimination, and decision, all of which are almost unknown to the mass of humanity, who drift with the tide, or are guided by personal desire, social prejudice, national passion, or some other collective impulse. Such as these can not be said to form opinions, even if they go so far as to accept them ready-made. Indeed one might say that what passes for public opinion would be better named popular prejudice. Opinion is the result of individual or collective thinking. Prejudice is a ready-made substitute for opinion, which frequently passes for the genuine article.

True religion is aspiration towards the Divine: and, while a number of individual aspirants may accept certain ready-made opinions as to the nature of Divinity and its relation to man, as well as to man's duty to others, and to his accepted ideal of the Divine, yet these opinions are external to, and not an essential part of, that religious aspiration, which may appear to inspire them. The essential part of a religion is the individual aspiration towards the Divine.

If this be so, then one must admit that there is probably a vast deal of true religion outside the pale of the innumerable sects; and it may seem at first sight that religious organizations have generally contented themselves with a substitute, in which individual aspiration plays a very small part.

But even so these organizations have power, though it may be entirely unrelated to that spiritual power which in some cases is claimed. The power of such a church is social and political, and just as moral as

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its members choose to make it. They may make it very powerful in those fields in which they themselves are active and interested; and it will accomplish just what its members most ardently desire. For them to complain of its failure is to condemn themselves.

There are probably large numbers of people who are members of such religious bodies, who individually have certain spiritual aspirations, which they try to adapt to the ready-made formulas of their church. The result is disastrous; for the simple reason that a spiritual impulse will find its own mental form, and will work itself out into expression in actual life in its own way; or it will remain an aspiration, vague, formless, and ineffective.

When a group of people come together with a common aspiration, and can individually renounce all personal desires, they may evoke a spiritual force, that will be potent on its own plane, and that may find expression on the plane of human life, by vitalizing the intelligence and emotions of the individuals, as well as of the group collectively. But in such cases it is probably true that the individuals do not come together fortuitously, nor by reason of personal attraction, nor of intellectual equality, nor of community of interests. They come together in answer to a call from the soul, which is One. The Divine is calling eternally from the center of the Universe to the utmost limits of differentiated matter: and its call is heard by souls, that are involved in material bodies; and each in his way responds, some actively perhaps. These feel within their hearts an urge that seems to be an answer to their own longing, making them for the moment different from their fellows. Then they look round into the eyes of all they meet to find some recognition or some sign of sympathy, and, finding it, they know that such a one has also heard the call. Then comes the fatal tendency to self-congratulation, the fond delusion that the call establishes some sort of a superiority; then the group begins to look upon itself as chosen, set apart, elect. An attitude of separateness arises, and the door, that had been opened towards the Universal, closes; for the Divine is Universal, and the one Brotherhood is Universal. Its church is the entire Universe, perhaps; or it may be that in the Universal Brotherhood there would be no need for any church.

The crude idea of the unimaginative and dogmatic materialist seems to be that people come together and formulate a religion, having agreed upon the kind of God they think fitting to preside over their functions and to minister to their needs. Many learned writers on the subject evidently regard religion in some such light, and of course it is such as they that ask if religion is a failure, when things go wrong in the world. Yet they of all others should be the first to realize that such a religious

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organization could not possess power and initiative beyond that supplied by the members of the club, for such it is. The fact is that such associations do not really deserve to be considered under the head of religious bodies. There can be no religion without spiritual aspiration, and the existence of such an aspiration can only come as answer to a spiritual call from the Divine Soul of the Universe.

It is often claimed that the word religion implies a power to bind; and this is further explained as being the attraction that binds the souls of men to the soul of a God.

It must be supposed that the Deity precedes the man, unless it be granted that man is himself Divine and capable of creating his own God. And the power that binds man to God must presumably emanate from the God. This would be the call of religion. Man's response would be an aspiration to the Divine. This would be true religion: the forms in which the expression of this aspiration may be clothed are ulterior and generally irrelevant.

But formalities have come to be so generally accepted as essentials, that now we can hardly disentangle the original idea of religion from the mere outward ceremony and the formal organization of groups of people for the promotion of their particular interests. It has been called socialized superstition but I think that materialism has killed even the superstition that in past ages formed such an important part of all religion. In place of superstition we find respectability and philanthropy coupled with formulas which have lost almost all their original significance.

Yet a faint aroma of true devotion still lingers in the old rituals, and makes them seem beautiful to those in whom the call of the Divine is not entirely drowned by the loud call of the world, with its coarse joys, and deadening toil, and griefs and disappointments. And many, who have lost faith in God and man, and have no hope here or hereafter, still cling to the old forms despairingly; for there is in every heart the need of a religion. This may seem questionable in view of the general decay of faith, but I think it is evidenced by the fact that the death of religion coincides with an accentuation of pessimism; and it is certainly the explanation of the zeal that people display in defense of their particular religion, in which they themselves scarcely pretend to have faith. I mean to suggest that there is in every living human being a link with the Divine; which link is the higher self of the individual; and that this link is itself what I have alluded to as the call of the Divine. It is the insistence of this call in the heart of man that defies the efforts of the brain-mind to silence it, and which stirs and stimulates some expression of religious aspiration, whether formulated or not. This it is that maintains the life in dying forms of faith, and which also impels men to the

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search for more fitting modes of expression. It is the same urge that creates the iconoclast, the religious fanatic, and the conservative defender of a dead faith. All these modes of mind are the response made by various natures to the call of the Divine. It is this inner urge that gives each one who feels it the assurance of the sincerity of his convictions, and which intensifies faith in one and fanaticism in another.

When we look more closely into the real nature of religion, true or false, we may come to the conclusion that, while emancipation from the tyranny of religious forms, creeds, and sectarianism may be a sign of spiritual development, yet the total destruction of the religious spirit means disaster to human civilization; for it is the outcome of the reflexion in the lower mind of some ray of light from the Spiritual Self, separation from which means soul-death.

The soulless man may be able to dispense with the light of the soul, for a while, because physical dissolution does not necessarily follow directly upon soul-death; but such men are little more than living dead men, and all their activities must be futile, lacking the breath of life in the soul of the doer.

There are many who declare that religion today is dead, and there are many who think that it was never more alive: and it seems to me probable that there is ground for both statements; for all men are not soulless, assuredly, though there may be more than we care to believe: and it would be safe to say that the number of those who are spiritually alive, in the true sense, is small.

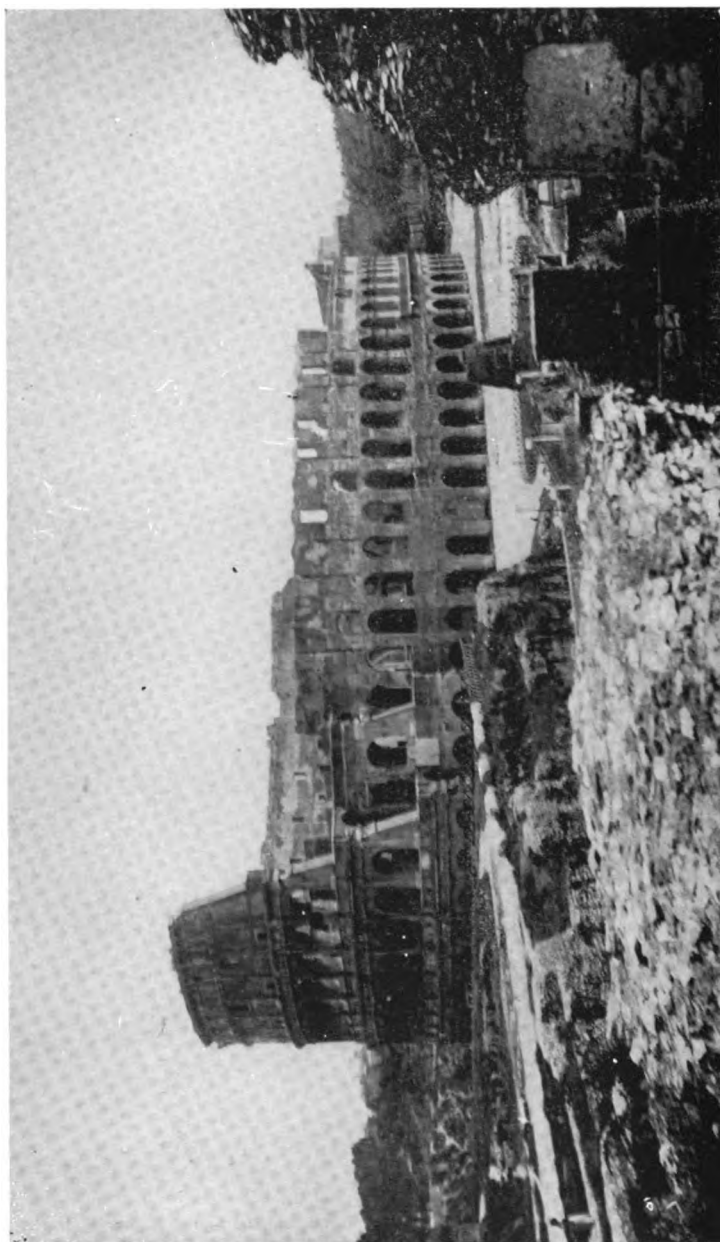
If men must ask the question "Is religion a failure?" it surely is not necessary to answer it until we have come to some better understanding of what the question really means. I think a better question would be: "Has true religion had a fair trial?" The answer will be "No."

What then can be done to give it a chance? Surely the first thing to do is to find in one's own heart the source of true religion, that which I have spoken of as the call of the Divine. Then it were well to look around and see the signs in others of the same call, and, leaving aside the strange deceptive guise in which it may appear, to recognise the same spiritual essence in all living souls, and to discriminate between the living and the dead; condemning none, but shunning the contagion of the spiritually dead, and seeking to vitalize one's whole nature with the inner life, that alone can make life worth living. If this were done men would not feel themselves confined within the bounds of any sect, or creed, or church, but would live in the inner spiritual light, which is the vivifying principle in all religions. and know themselves members of a great Universal Brotherhood. If this were achieved there would be no need to fear the failure of religion.



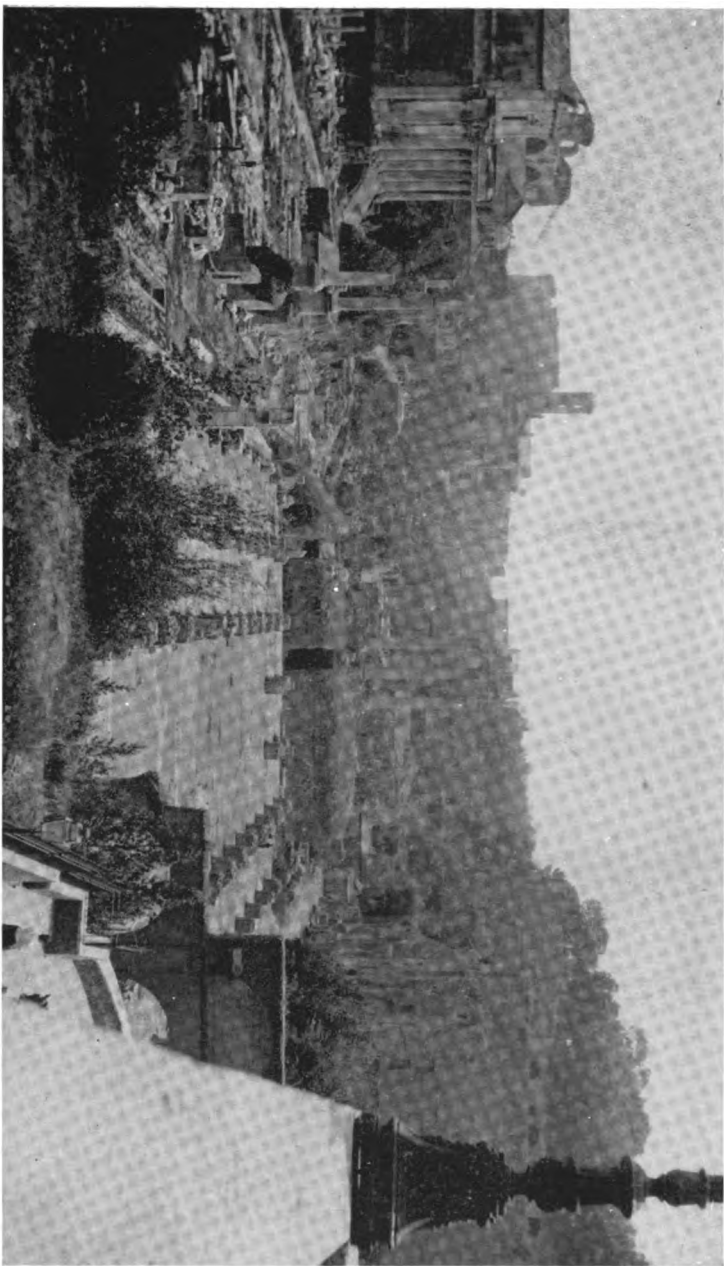
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THE ARCH OF VESPASIAN AND HIS SON TITUS,
ON THE VIA SACRA, ROME



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RUINS OF THE COLOSSEUM, ROME



SOME OF THE RUINS IN THE FORUM

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COLUMN OF MARCUS AURELIUS, ROME

THE CREST-WAVE OF EVOLUTION

*A Course of Lectures in History, Given to the Graduates' Class
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XXI — CHINA AND ROME: THE SEE-SAW (CONTINUED)

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URING the time of Chinese weakness Central Asia had relapsed from the control the great Han Wuti had imposed on it, and that Han Suenti had maintained by his name for justice; and the Huns had recovered their power. One wonders what these people were; of whom we first catch sight in the reign of the Yellow Emperor, nearly 3000 B. c.; and who do not disappear from history until after the death of Attila. During all those three millenniums odd they were predatory nomads, never civilized: a curse to their betters, and nothing more. And their betters were, you may say, every race they contacted.

It seems as if, as in the human blood, so among the races of mankind, there were builders and destroyers. I speculate as to the beginnings of the latter: they cannot be . . . races apart, of some special creation; — made by demons, where it was the Gods made men. . . . "To the Huns," says Gibbon, "a fabulous origin was assigned worthy of their form and manners,— that the witches of Scythia, who for their foul and deadly practices had been driven from society, had united in the desert with infernal spirits, and that the Huns were the offspring of this execrable conjunction." But it seems to me that it is in times of intensive civilization, and in the slums of great cities, that Nature — or anti-Nature — originates noxious human species. I wonder if their forefathers were, once on a time, the hooligans and yeggmen of some very ancient Babylon Bowery or the East End of some pre-Nimrodic Nineveh? Babylon was a great city, — or there were great cities in the neighborhood of Babylon, — before the Yellow Emperor was born. One of these may have had, God knows when, its glorious freedom-establishing revolution, its up-fountaining of sansculottes, — patriots whose predatory proclivities had erstwhile been checked of their free brilliance by busy-body tyrannical police; — and then this revolution may have been put down, and the men of the underworld who made it, — turned out now from their city haunts, driven into the wilderness and the mountains, — may have taken, — would certainly have taken, one would say, — not to any industry, (they knew none but such as are wrought by night unlawfully in other men's houses); not to agriculture, which has ever had, for your free spirit,

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something of degradation in it; — but to pure patriotism, freedom and liberty, as their nature was: first to cracking such desultory cribs as offered,— knocking down defenseless wayfarers and the like; then to bolder raidings and excursions; — until presently, lo, they are a great people; they have ridden over all Asia like a scirocco; they have thundered rudely at the doors of proud princes,— troubling even the peace of the Yellow Emperor on his throne.

Well,— but isn't the stature stunted, physical, as well as mental and moral, when life is forced to reproduce itself, generation after generation, among the unnatural conditions of slums and industrialism? . . . Can you nourish men upon poisons century by century, and expect them to retain the semblance of men?

They had bothered Han Kwang-wuti; who could do little more than hold his own against them, and leave them to his successor to deal with as Karma might decree. Karma, having as you might say one watchful eye on Rome and Europe, and what need of chastisement should arise after awhile at that western end of the world, provided Han Mingti with this Pan Chow; who, being a soldier of promise, was sent upon the Hun war-path forthwith. Then the miracles began to happen. Pan Chow strolled through Central Asia as if upon his morning's constitutional: no fuss; no hurry; little fighting,— but what there was, remarkably effective, one gathers. Presently he found himself on the Caspian shore; and if he had left any Huns behind him, they were hardly enough to do more than pick an occasional pocket. He started out when the Roman provinces were rising to make an end of Nero; in the last year of Domitian, from his Caspian headquarters he determined to discover Rome; and to that end sent an emissary down through Parthia to take ship at the port of Babylon for the unknown West. The Parthians (who were all against the two great empires becoming acquainted, because they were making a good thing of it as middle-men in the Roman-Chinese caravan trade), knew better, probably, than to oppose Pan Chow's designs openly; but their agents haunted the quays at Babylon, tampered with west-going skippers, and persuaded the Chinese envoy to go no farther. But I wonder whether some impulse achieved flowing across the world from east to west at that time, even though its physical link or channel was thus left incomplete? It was in that very year that Nerva re-established constitutionalism and good government in Rome.

Pan Chow worked as if by magic: seemed to make no effort, yet accomplished all things. For nearly forty years he kept that vast territory in order, despite the huge frontier northward, and the breeding-place of nomad nations beyond. All north of Tibet is a region of marvels. Where you were careful to leave only the village blacksmith under his spreading

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chestnut-tree, or the innkeeper and his wife, for the sake of future travelers, — let a century or two pass, and their descendants would be as the sea-sands for multitude; they would have founded a power, and be thundering down on an empire-smashing raid in Persia or China or India: Whether Huns, Sienpi, Jiu-jen, Turks, Tatars, Tunguses, Mongols, Manchus: God knows what all, but all destroyers. But as far as the old original Huns were concerned, Pan Chow settled their hash for them. Bag and baggage he dealt with them; and practically speaking, the land of their fathers knew them no more. Dry the starting tear! here your pity is misplaced. Think of no vine-covered cottages ruined; no homesteads burned; no fields laid waste. They lived mainly in the saddle; they were as much at home fleeing before the Chinese army as at another time. A shunt here; a good kick off there: so he dealt with them. It is in European veins their blood flows now; — and prides itself on its pure undiluted Aryanism and Nordicism, no doubt. I suppose scarcely a people in continental Europe is without some mixture of it; for they enlisted at last in all foraying armies, and served under any banner and chief.

Pan Chow felt that they belonged to the (presumably) barbarous regions west of the Caspian. Ta Ts'in in future might deal with them; by God's grace, Han never should. He gently pushed them over the brink; removed them; cut the cancer out of Asia. Next time they appeared in history, it was not on the Hoangho, but on the Danube. Meanwhile, they established themselves in Russia; moved across Central Europe, impelling Quadi and Marcomans against Marcus Aurelius, and then Teutons of all sorts against the whole frontier of Rome. In the sixties, for Han Mingti, Pan Chow set that great wave in motion in the far east of the world. Three times thirteen decades passed, and it broke and wasted in foam in the far west: in what we may call the Very First Battle of the Marne, when Aetius defeated Attila in 451. I can but think of one thing better he might have done: shipped them eastward to the remote Pacific Islands; but it is too late to suggest that now. — But I wonder what would have happened if Pan Chow had succeeded in reaching his arm across, and grasping hands with Trajan? He had not died; the might of China had not begun to recede from its westward limits, before the might of Rome under that great Spaniard had begun to flow towards its limits in the east.

Through the bulk of the second century China remained static, or weakening. Her forward urge seems to have ended with the death of Pan Chow, or at the end of the half-cycle Han Kwang-wuti began in 35. We might tabulate the two concurrent Han cycles, for the sake of clearness, and note their points of intersection, thus:

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WESTERN HAN CYCLE, 130 years

EASTERN HAN HALF-CYCLE, 65 yrs

35 A. D. Opened by Han
Kwang-wuti.

A static and consolidating time until

67 A. D., thirteen decades from the
death of Han Chaoti. Introduc-
tion of Buddhism in 65.

The period of Pan Chao's victories;
the Golden Age of the Eastern
Hans, lasting until (about)

100 A. D. the end of the Eastern
Han 'Day'; death of Pan Chow.

Continuance of Day under this,

and supervision of Night un-
der this Cycle, produce

A static, but weakening period until

165, the year in which a new
Eastern Han Day should begin.
A weak recrudescence should
be seen.

197: the year in which the main
or original Han Cycle should end.
We should expect the beginnings
of a downfall. By or before

230, the end of the second,
feeble, Eastern Han Day, the
downfall would have been com-
pleted.

Now to see how this works out.

The first date we have to notice is 165. Well; in the very scant notices of Chinese history I have been able to come on, two events mark this date; or rather, one marks 165, and the other 166. To take the latter first: we saw that at a momentous point in Roman history,—in the year of Nerva's accession, 96,—China tried to discover Rome. In 166 Rome actually succeeded in discovering China. This year too, as we shall see, was momentous in Roman history. You may call it a half cycle after the other; for probably the ambassadors of King An-Tun of Ta Ts'in, who arrived at the court of Han Hwanti at Loyang in 166, had been a few years on their journey. You know King An-tun better by his Latin name of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus.

The event for 165 is the foundation of the Taoist Church, under the

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half-legendary figure of its first Pope, Chang Taoling; whose lineal descendants and successors have reigned Popes of Taoism from their Vatican on the Dragon-Tiger Mountain in Kiangsi ever since. They have not advertised their virtues in their names, however: we find no Innocents and Piuses here: they are all plain Changs; his reigning Holiness being Chang the Sixty-somethingth. It was from Buddhism that the Taoists took the idea of making a church of themselves. Taoism and Buddhism from the outset were fiercely at odds; and yet the main splendor of China was to come from their inner coalescence. Chu Hsi, the greatest of the Sung philosophers of the brilliant twelfth century A. D., says that "Buddhism stole the best features of Taoism; Taoism stole the worst features of Buddhism: as if the one took a jewel from the other, and the other recouped the loss with a stone."* This is exact: the jewel stolen by Buddhism was Laotse's Blue Pearl,—Wonder and Natural Magic; the stone that Taoism took instead was the priestly hierarchy and church organization, imitated from the Buddhists, that grew up under the successors of Chang Taoling.

If Laotse founded any school or order at all, it remained quite secret. I imagine his mission was like Plato's, not Buddha's: to start ideas, not a brotherhood. By Ts'in Shi Hwangti's time, any notions that were wild, extravagant, and gorgeous were Taoism; which would hardly have been, perhaps, had there been a Taoist organization behind them; — although it is not safe to dogmatize. It was, at any rate, mostly an inspiration to the heights for the best minds, and for the masses (including Ts'in Shi Hwangti) a rumor of tremendous things. After Han Wuti's next successor, the best minds took to thinking Confucianly: which was decidedly a good thing for China during the troublous times before and after the fall of the Western Hans. Then when Buddhism came in, Taoism came to the fore again, spurred up to emulation by this new rival. I take it that Chang Taoling's activities round about this year 165 represent an impulse of the national soul to awakenment under the influence of the recurrence of the Eastern Han Day half-cycle. What kind of reality Chang Taoling represents, one cannot say: whether a true teacher in his degree, sent by the Lodge, around whom legends have gathered; or a mere dabbler in alchemy and magic. Here is the story told of him: you will note an incident or two in it that suggest the former possibility.

He retired to the mountains of the west to study magic, cultivate purity of life, and engage in meditation; steadfastly declining the offers of emperors who desired him to take office. Laotse appeared to him in a vision, and gave him a treatise in which were directions for making the

**Chinese Literature*: H. A. Giles.

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'Elixir of the Dragon and the Tiger.' While he was brewing this, a spirit came to him and said: "On the Pe-sung Mountain is a house of stone; buried beneath it are the Books of the Three Emperors (Yao, Shun, and Yu). Get these, practise the discipline they enjoin, and you will attain the power of ascending to heaven." He found the Pe-sung Mountain; and the stone house; and dug, and discovered the books; which taught him how to fly, to leave his body at will, and to hear all sounds the most distant. During a thousand days he disciplined himself; a goddess came to him, and taught him to walk among the stars; then he learned to cleave the seas and the mountains, and command the thunder and the winds. He fought the king of the demons, whose hosts fled before him "leaving no trace of their departing footsteps." So great slaughter he wrought in that battle that, we are told, "various divinities came with eager haste to acknowledge their faults." In nine years he gained the power of ascending to heaven. His last days were spent on the Dragon-Tiger Mountain; where, at the age of a hundred and twenty-three, he drank the elixir, and soared skyward in broad daylight; — followed (I think it was he) by all the poultry in his barnyard, immortalized by the drops that fell from the cup as he drank. He left his books of magic, and his magical sword and seal, to his descendants; but I think the Dragon-Tiger Mountain did not come into their possession until some centuries later.

I judge that the tales of the Taoist *Sennin* or Adepts, if told by some Chinese-enamored Lafcadio, would be about the best collection of fairy-stories in the world; they reveal a universe so deliciously nooked and crannied with bewildering possibilities: — as indeed this our universe is; only not all its byways are profitable traveling. It is all very well to cry out against superstition; but we are only half-men in the West: we have lost the faculty of wonder and the companionship of extrahuman things. We walk our narrow path to nowhere safely trussed up in our personal selves: or we not so much walk at all, as lie still, chrysalissed in them: — it may be just as well, since for lack of the quality of balance, we are about as capable of walking at ease and dignity as is a jellyfish of doing Blondin on the tight-rope. China, in her pralaya and dearth of souls, may have fallen into the perils of her larger freedom, and some superstition rightly to be called degrading: in our Middle Ages, when we were in pralaya, we were superstitious enough; and being unbalanced, fell into other evils too such as China never knew: black tyrannies of dogmatism, burnings of heretics wholesale. But when the Crest-Wave Egos were in China, that larger freedom of hers enabled her, among other things, to achieve the highest heights in art: the Yellow Crane was at her disposal, and she failed not to mount the heavens; she had the

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glimpses Wordsworth pined for; she was not left forlorn. This merely for another blow at that worst superstition of all: Unbrotherliness, and our doctrine of Superior Racehood. — Many of the tales are mere thaumatolatry: as of the man who took out his bones and washed them once every thousand years; or of the man who would fill his mouth with rice-grains, let them forth as a swarm of bees to gather honey in the valley; then readmit them into his mouth as to a hive, where they became rice again,—presumably “sweetened to taste.” But in others there seems to be a core of symbolism and recognition of the fundamental things. There was a man once,—the tale is in Giles’s Dictionary of Chinese Biography, but I forget his name—who sought out the Sennin Ho Kwang (his name might have been Ho Kwang); and found him at last in a gourd-flask, whither he was used to retire for the night. In this retreat Ho Kwang invited our man to join him; and he was enabled to do so; and found it, once he had got in, a fair and spacious palace enough. Three days he remained there learning; while fifteen years were passing in China without. Then Ho Kwang gave him a rod, and a spell to say over it; and bade him go his ways. He would lay the rod on the ground, stand astride of it, and speak the spell; and straight it became a dragon for him to mount and ride the heavens where he would. Thenceforth for many years he was a kind of Guardian Spirit over China: appearing suddenly wherever there was distress or need of help: at dawn in mountain Chungnan by Changan town in the north; at noon, maybe, by the southern sea; at dusk he might be seen a-dragon-back above the seamists rolling in over Yangtse; — and all in the same day. But at last, they say, he forgot the spell, and found himself riding the clouds on a mere willow wand; — and the wand behaving as though Newton had already watched that aggravating apple; — and himself, in due course dashed to pieces on the earth below. — There is some fine symbolism here; the makings of a good story.

And now we come to 197, “the year in which (to quote our tabulation above) the main or original Han Cycle should end,” and in which “we should expect the beginnings of a downfall.” The Empire, as empires go, is very old now: four hundred and forty odd years since Ts’in Shi Hwangti founded it; as old as Rome was (from Julius Caesar’s time) when the East and West split under Arcadius and Honorius; nearly three centuries older than the British Empire is now: — the cyclic force is running out, centripetalism very nearly wasted. In these one-nineties we find two non-entitled brothers quarreling for the throne: who has eyes to see, now, can see that the days of Han are numbered. All comes to an end in 220, ten years before the third half-cycle (and therefore second ‘day’) of the Eastern Han series; there is not force enough left to carry things

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through till 230. Han Hienti, the survivor of the two brothers aforesaid, retired into private life; the dynasty was at an end, and the empire split in three. In Szechuan a Han prince set up a small unstable throne; another went to Armenia, and became a great man there; but in Loyang the capital, Ts'ao Ts'ao, the man who engineered the fall of the Hans, set his son as Wei Wenti on the throne.

He was a very typical figure, this Ts'ao Ts'ao: a man ominous of disintegration. You cannot go far in Chinese poetry without meeting references to him. He rose during the reign of the last Han,— the Chien-An period, as it is called, from 196 to 221,— by superiority of energies and cunning, from a wild irregular youth spent as hanger-on of no particular position at the court,— the son of a man that had been adopted by a chief eunuch,— to be prime minister, commander of vast armies (he had at one time, says Dr. H. A. Giles, as many as a million men under arms), father of the empress; holder of supreme power; then, overturn of the Han, and founder of the Wei dynasty. Civilization had become effete; and such a strong wildling could play ducks and drakes with affairs. But he could not hold the empire together. Centrifugalism was stronger than Ts'ao Ts'ao.

The cycles and all else here become confused. The period from 220 to 265 — about a half-cycle, you will note, from 196 and the beginning of the Chien-An time, or the end of the main Han Cycle,— is known as that of the San Koue or Three Kingdoms: its annals read like Froissart, they say; — gay with raidings, excursions, and alarms. It was the riot of life disorganized in the corpse, when organized life had gone. A great historical novel dealing with this time,— one not unworthy, it is said, of Scott,— remains to be translated. Then, by way of reaction, came another half-cycle (roughly) of reunion: an unwarlike period of timid politics and a super-refined effeminate court; it was, says Professor Harper Parker, “a great age of calligraphy, belles lettres, fans, chess, wine-bibbing and poetry-making.” Then, early in the fourth century, China split up again: crafty ladylike Chinese houses ruling in the south; and in the north a wild medley of dynasties, Turkish, Tungus, Tatar, and Tibetan,— even some relics of the Huns; sometimes one at a time, sometimes half a dozen all together. Each barbarian race took on hastily something of Chinese culture, and in turn imparted to it certain wild vigorous qualities which one sees very well in the northern art of the period: strong, fierce, dramatic landscapes; Nature painted in her sudden and terrific moods. China was still in manvantara, though under obscurity; she still drew her moiety of Crest-Wave souls: there were great men, but through a lack of co-ordination, they failed to make a great empire or nation. So here we may take leave of her for a couple of centuries.

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Just why the vigor of the Crest-Wave was called off in the two-twenties, causing her to split then, we shall see presently. Back now to Rome, at the time of the death of Pan Chow the Hun-expeller and the end of the one glorious half-cycle of the Eastern Hans.

As China went down, Rome came up. Pan Chow died early in the reign of Trajan, the first great Roman conqueror since Julius Caesar; and only the Caspian Sea, and perhaps a few years, divided Trajan's eastern outposts from the western outposts of the Hans. We need not stay with this Spaniard longer than to note that here was a case where grand military abilities were of practical value: Trajan used his to subserve the greatness of his statesmanship; only a general of the first water could have brought the army under the new constitutional régime. The soldiers had been setting up Caesars ever since the night they pitched on old Claudius in his litter; now came a Caesar who could set the soldiers down. — His nineteen years of sovereignty were followed by the twenty-one of Hadrian: a very great emperor indeed; a master statesman, and queer mass of contradictions whose private life is much better uninquired into. He was a mighty builder and splendid adorning of cities; all that remained unsystematized in the Augustan system, he reduced to perfect system and order. His laws were excellent and humane; he introduced a special training for the Civil Service, which wrought enormous economies in public affairs: officials were no longer to obtain their posts by imperial appointment, which might be wise or not, but because of their own tested efficiency for the work. — Then came the golden twenty-three years of Antoninus Pius, from 138 to 161: a time of peace and strength, with a wise and saintly emperor on the throne. The flower Rome now was in perfect bloom: an urbane, polished, and ordered civilization covered the whole expanse of the empire. Hadrian had legislated for the down-trodden: no longer had you power of life and death over your slaves; they were protected by the law like other men; you could not even treat them harshly. True, there was slavery,— a canker; and there were the gladiatorial games: we may feel piously superior if we like. But there was much humanism also. There was no proletariat perpetually on the verge of starvation, as in nineteenth and twentieth century Europe. If we can look back now and say, There was this, that, or the other sign of oncoming decay; the thing could not last; — it will also be remarkably easy for us, two thousand years hence, to be just as wise about these present years 'of grace.' It is perhaps safe to say — as I think Gibbon says — that there was greater happiness among a greater number than there has been at any time in Christendom since. Gibbon calculates that there were twice as many slaves as free citizens: we do know that their number was immense,— that it was not unusual for one man to own

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several thousand. But they were well treated; often highly educated; might become free with no insuperable difficulty: — their position was perhaps comparable with that of slaves in Turkey now, who are insulted if you call them servants. Gibbon estimates the population at a hundred and twenty millions; many authorities think the figure too high; but Gibbon may well be right, or even under the mark,— and it may account for the rapid decline that followed the age of the Antonines. For I suspect that a too great population is a great danger; that hosts at such times pour into incarnation, besides those that have good right to call themselves human souls: — that the maxim “fewer children and better ones” is based upon deep and occult laws. China in her great days would never appear to have had more than from fifty to seventy millions: the present enormous figures have grown up only since the Manchu conquest.

There was no great stir of creative intellect and imagination in second century Rome: little noteworthy production in literature after Trajan's death. The greatest energies went into building; especially under Hadrian. The time was mainly static,— though golden. There were huge and opulent cities, and they were beautiful; there was enormous wealth; an even and widespread culture affecting to sweetness and light the lives of millions — by race Britons, Gauls, Moors, Asiatics or what not, but all proud to be Romans; all sharing in the blessings of the Roman Citizenship and Peace. Not without self-government, either, in local affairs: thus we find Welsh clans in Britain still with kings, and stranger still, with senates, of their own.

It was the quiet and perfect moment at the apex of a cycle: the moment that precedes descent. The old impulse of conquest flickered up, almost for the last time, under Trajan, some of whose gains wise Hadrian wisely abandoned. Under whom it was, and under the first Antonine, that the empire stood in its perfect and final form: neither growing nor decreasing; neither on the offensive nor actively on the defensive. — Now remember the cycles: sixty-five years of manvantara under Augustus and Tiberius, — B. C. 29 to A. D. 36. Then sixty-five mostly of pralaya from 36 to 101; and now sixty-five more of mnavantara under the Five Good Emperors (or three of them), from 101 to 166.

But why stop at 166, you ask. Had not Marcus Aurelius, the best of them all, until 180 to reign? — He had; and yet the change came in 166; after that year Rome stood on the defensive until she fell. It was in that year, you will remember, that King An-tun Aurelius's envoys reached Loyang by way of Burmah and the sea.

But note this: Domitian was killed, and Nerva came to the throne, and Rome had leave to breathe freely again, in 96,— five years before the half-cycle of shadows should have ended: the two years of Nerva, and

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the first three of Trajan, we may call borrowed by the dawning manvantara from the dusk of the pralaya that was passing. Now if we took the strictness of the cycles *au very pied de lettre*, we should be a little uneasy about the last five years of that manvantara; we should expect them at least to be filled with omens of coming evil; we should expect to find in them a dark compensation for the five bright years at the tail of the old pralaya. — Well, cycles have sometimes a pretty way of fulfilling expectations. For see what happened:—

Marcus Aurelius came to the throne in 161: a known man, not untried; one, certainly, to keep the Golden Age in being,— if kept in being it might be. Greatly capable in action, saintly in life and ideals: what could Rome ask better? Or what had she to fear? — The king is the representative man: it must have been a wonderful Rome, we may note in passing, that was ruled by and went with and loved well those two saintly philosophic Antonines enthroned. — Nothing, then, could seem more hopeful. Under the circumstances it was rather a mean trick on the part of Father Tiber (to whom the Romans pray), that before a year was out he must needs be breeding trouble for his votaries: overflowing, the ingrate, and sweeping away large parts of his city; wasting fields and slaughtering men (to quote Macaulay again); drowning cattle wholesale, and causing shortage of supplies. And he does but give the hint to the other gods, it seems; who are not slow to follow suit. Earthquakes are the next thing; then fires; then comes in Beelzebub with a plague of insects. There is no end to it. The legions in Britain,— after all this long peace and good order,— grow frisky: mind them of ancient and profitable times when you might catch big fish in troubled waters; — and try to induce their general to revolt. Then Parthian Vologaeses sees his chance; declares war, annihilates a Roman army, and overruns Syria. Verus, co-emperor by a certain too generous unwisdom that remains a kind of admirable fly in the ointment of the character of Aurelius, shows his mettle against the Parthians,— taking his command as a chance for having a luxurious fling beyond the reach and supervision of his severe colleague; — and things would go ill indeed in the East but for Avidius Cassius, Verus' second in command. This Cassius returns victorious in 165, and brings in his wake disaster worse than any Parthians: — after battle, murder, and sudden death come plague, pestilence, and famine. In 166 the first of these latter three broke out, devastated Rome, Italy, the empire in general; famine followed; — it was thought the end of all things was at hand. It was the first stroke of the cataclysm that sent Rome down. . . . Then came Quadi and Marcomans, Hun-impelled, thundering on the doors of Pannonia; and for the next eleven years Aurelius was busy fighting them. Then Avidius Cassius revolted in Asia;

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— but was soon assassinated. Then the Christians emerged from their obscurity, preachers of what seemed anti-national doctrine; and the wise and noble emperor found himself obliged to deal with them harshly. He *was* wise and noble,— there is no impugning that; and he *did* deal with them harshly: we may regret it; as he must have regretted it then.

So the reign marks a definite turning-point: that at which the empire began to go down. In it the three main causes of the ruin of the ancient world appeared: the first of the pestilences that depopulated it; the first incursion of the barbarians that broke it down from without; the new religion that, with its loyalty primarily to a church, an *imperium in imperio*, undermined Roman patriotism from within. Nero's persecution of the Christians had been on a different footing: a madman's lust to be cruel, the sensuality that finds satisfaction in watching torture: there was neither statecraft nor religion in it; but here the Roman state saw itself threatened. It was threatened; but it is a pity Aurelius could find no other way.

In himself he was the culmination of all the good that had been Roman: a Stoic, and the finest fruit of Stoicism,— which was the finest fruit of philosophy unilluminated (as I think) by the spiritual light of mysticism. He practised all the virtues; but (perhaps) we do not find in him that knowledge of the Inner Laws and Worlds which alone can make practise of the virtues a saving energy in the life of nations, and the inspiration of great ages and awakener of the hidden god in the creative imagination of man. The burden of his *Meditations* is self-mastery: a reasoning of himself out of the power of the small and great annoyances of life; — this is to stand on the defensive; but the spiritual World-Conqueror must march out, and flash his conquering armies over all the continents of thought. An underlying sadness is to be felt in Aurelius's writings. He lived greatly and nobly for a world he could not save . . . that could not be saved, so far as he knew. He died in 180; and another Nero, without Nero's artistic instincts, came to the throne in his son Commodus: pralaya, military rule, disruption, had definitely set in.

Now anciently a manvantara had begun in Western Asia somewhere about 1890 B. C.; had lasted fifteen centuries, as the wont of them appears to be; and had given place to pralaya about 390; and that, in turn, was due to end in or about 220 A. D. We should, if we had confidence in these cycles, look for what remained of the Crest-Wave in Europe to be wandering flickeringly eastward about this time. Hitherto it had been in two of the three world-centers of civilization: in China and in Europe; now for a few centuries it was to be divided between three. — I am irrigating the garden, and get a fine flow from the faucet, which gives me a sense of inward peace and satisfaction. Suddenly the fine flow diminishes to

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a miserable dribble, and all my happiness is gone. I look eastward, to the next garden below on the slope; and see my neighbors busy there: their faucet has been turned on, and is flowing royally; and I know where the water is going. — The West-Asian faucet was due to be turned on in the two-twenties; now watch the spray from the sprinklers in the Chinese and Roman gardens. In those two-twenties we saw China split into three; and it rather looked as if the manvantara had ended. I shall not look at West Asia yet, but leave it for a future lecture. But in Europe, with Marcus Aurelius died almost the last Italian you could call a Crest-Wave Ego. The cyclic forces, outworn and old, produced after that no order that you can go upon: events followed each other higgledipiggledy and inertly; — but you can trace the Crest-Wave flowing east. Commodus was followed, after a year of scrambling, by the first emperor whose native language was not Latin: the Carthaginian-speaking Septimius Severus; — but it was the Illyrian legions that put him on the throne. Note that Illyria: it is what we shall soon grow accustomed to calling *Jugoslavia*. Severus's reign of eighteen years, from 193 to 211, was the only strong one, almost the only one not disgraceful, until 268; by which time the Roman world was in anarchy, split into dozens, with emperors springing up like mushrooms everywhere. Then came a succession of strong soldiers who re-established unity: Claudius Gothicus, an Illyrian peasant; Aurelian, an Illyrian peasant; Tacitus, a Roman senator, for one year only; Probus, an Illyrian peasant; Carus, an Illyrian; then that greatest of all statesmen since Hadrian, who re-founded the empire on a new plan,— the Illyrian who began life as Docles the slave, rose to be Diocles the soldier, and finally, in 284, tiaraed Diocletian reigning with all the pomp and mystery and magnificence of an Eastern King of kings. He it was who felt the cyclic flow, and moved his capital to Nicomedia, which is about fifty miles south and east from Constantinople.

One can speak of no Illyrian cycle; rather only of the Crest-Wave dropping a number of strong men there as it trailed eastward towards West Asia. The intellect of the empire, in that third century, and the spiritual force, all incarnated in the Roman West-Asian seats: in Egypt, Asia Minor, and Syria, as we shall see in a moment. But you note how beautifully orderly, in a geographical sense, are the movements of the Wave in the Roman world and epoch: beginning in Italy in the first century B. C.; going west to Spain about A. D. 1,— and to Gaul too, though there kindling chiefly material and industrial greatness; passing through Italy again in the late first and in the second century, in the time of the Flavians and the Five Good Emperors; then in the third like a swan flying eastward, with one wing, the material one, stretched over Illyria raising up mighty soldiers and administrators there, and the other,

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the spiritual wing, over Egypt, there fanning (as we shall see) the fires of esotericism to flame.

For it was in that third century, while disaster on disaster was engulfing the power and prestige of Rome, that the strongest spiritual movement of all the Roman period came into being. History would not take much note of the year in which a porter in Alexandria was born; so the birth-date of the man we come to now is unknown. It would have been, however, not later than 180; since he had among his pupils one man at least born not later than 185. According to Eusebius, he was born a Christian; and H. P. Blavatsky, in *The Key to Theosophy*, seems to accept, or at least not to contradict, this view. I think she often did allow popular views on non-essentials to pass, for lack of time and immediate need to contradict them. But Eusebius (of whom she has much to say, and none of it complimentary to his truthfulness) is, I believe, the sole authority for it; and scholars since have found good reason for supposing that he was mixing this man with another of the same name, who *was* a Christian; whereas (it is thought) this man was not. Be that as it may, we know almost nothing about him; except that he began life as a porter, with the job of carrying goods in sacks; whence he got the surname Sakophoros, later shortened to Saccas; — from which you will have divined by this time that his personal name was Ammonius. We know also that early in the third century he had gathered disciples about him, and was teaching them a doctrine he called *Theosophy*; very properly, since it was and is the Wisdom of the Gods or Divine Wisdom. An eclectic system, as they say; wherein the truths in all such philosophies and religions as came handy were fitted together and set forth. But in truth all this was but the nexus of his teaching: Theosophy, then as now, is eclectic only in this sense: that some truth out of it underlies all religions and systems; which they derive from it, and it from them nothing.

All through the long West-Asian pralaya,— West-Asian includes Egyptian,— the seeds of the Esoteric Wisdom remained in those parts; they lacked vitalization, because the world-currents were not playing there then; but they survived there like seed in the soil waiting for the rains. As they survived in India for H. P. Blavatsky to quicken them when she came, so they survived in Egypt from the Egyptian Mysteries of old; and as in India you might have found men who knew about them, but not how to use them for the uplifting of the world,— so doubtless you should have found such men in Egypt during the Ptolemaic and Roman periods. Hence the statement of Diogenes Laertius, that the Theosophy of Ammonius Saccas originated with one Pot Ammun, a priest of Ptolemaic times: who, perhaps, was one of those who transmitted the doctrine in secret. The seeds were there, then; and now that the Crest

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Wave was coming back to West Asia, it was possible for Ammonius to quicken them; and this he did. But it had not quite come back; so he made nothing public. He wrote nothing; he had his circle of disciples, and what he taught is to be known from them. Among them was Origen, who was born, or became, a Christian; but who introduced into, or emphasized in, his Christianity much sound Theosophical teaching: very likely he was deputed to capture Christianity, or some part of it, for truth. Here I may offer a little explanation of something that may have puzzled some of us: it will be remembered that Mr. Judge says somewhere that Reincarnation was condemned by the Council of Constantinople; and that in a series of learned articles which appeared in *THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH* recently, the late Rev. S. J. Neill contradicted this assertion. The truth seems to be this: Origen taught, if not Reincarnation, at least the pre-existence of souls; and, says the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*: "It is true that many scholars deny that Origen [read, his teachings] was condemned by this council [of Constantinople, A. D. 553]; but Möller rightly holds that the condemnation is proved."

Another pupil of Ammonius was Cassius Longinus, born in 213 at Emessa (Homs) in Asia Minor. Later he taught Platonism for thirty years at Athens; then in the two-sixties went east to the court of Zenobia at Palmyra,— whose brilliant empire, though it fell before the Illyrian Aurelian, was a sign in its time that the Crest-Wave had come back to West Asia. Longinus became her chief counselor; it was by his advice that she resisted Aurelian; — who pardoned the Arab queen, and, after she had paraded Rome in his triumph, became very good friends with her; but condemned her counselor to death. But Longinus I think had failed to follow in the paths laid down for him by his Teacher: we find him in disagreement with that Teacher's successor.

Who was Plotinus, born of Roman parents at Lycopolis in Egypt. It is from his writings we get the best account of Ammonius' doctrine. He was with the latter until 243; then joined Gordian III's expedition against Persia, with a view to studying Persian and Indian philosophies at their source. But Gordian was assassinated; and Plotinus, after a stay at Antioch, made his way to Rome and opened a school there. This was in the so-called Age of the Thirty Tyrants, when the central government was at its weakest. Gallienus was emperor in Rome, and every province had an emperorlet of its own; — it was before the Illyrian peasant-soldiers had set affairs on their feet again. A lazy erratic creature, this Gallienus; says Gibbon: "In every art that he attempted his lively genius enabled him to succeed; and, as his genius was destitute of judgment, he attempted every art, except the important ones of war and government. He was master of several curious but useless sciences, a

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ready orator, an elegant poet, a skilful gardener, an excellent cook, and a most contemptible prince." Yet he had a curious higher side to his nature, wherewith he might have done much for humanity,—if he had ever bothered to bring it to the fore. He, and his wife, were deeply interested in the teachings of Plotinus. Such a man may sometimes be 'run,' and made the instrument of great accomplishment: a morass through which here and there are solid footholds; if you can find them, you may reach firm ground, but you must walk infinitely carefully. It is the old tale of the Prince with the dual nature, and the Initiate who tries to use him for the saving of the world,—and fails.

Plotinus knew what he was about. Was it last week we were talking of the endless need of the ages: a stronghold of the Gods to be established in this world, whence they might conduct their cyclic raidings? What had Pythagoras tried to do in his day? — Found a Center of Learning in the West, in which the Laws of Life, physical, mental, moral, and spiritual, should be taught. He did found it,—at Croton; but Croton was destroyed, and all the history of the next seven centuries suffered from the destruction. Then — it was seven centuries after his death,—Ammonius Saccas arose, and started things again; and left a successor who was able to carry them forward almost to the point where Pythagoras left them. For the fame of this Neo-Platonic Theosophy had traveled by this time right over the empire; and Plotinus in Rome, and in high favor with Gallienus, was a man on whom all eyes were turned. He proposed to found a Point Loma in Campania; to be called Platonopolis. Things were well in hand; the emperor and empress were enthusiastic: — as your Gallienuses will be, for quarter of an hour at a time, over any high project. But certain of his ministers were against it; and he wobbled; and delayed; and thought of something else; and hung fire; and presently was killed. And Claudius, the first of the Illyrian emperors, who succeeded him, was much too busy defeating the Goths to come to Rome even, — much less could he pay attention to spiritual projects. Two years later Plotinus died, in 270; — and the chance was not to come again for more than sixteen centuries.

But Neo-Platonism was not done with yet, by any means. Plotinus left a successor in his disciple Porphyry, born at Tyre or at Batanea in Syria in 233. You see they were all West Asians, at least by birth: the first spiritual fruits of the Crest-Wave's influx there. Porphyry's name was originally Malchus (the Arabic *Malek*, meaning *king*); but as a king was a wearer of the purple, someone changed it for him to Porphyry or 'Purple.' In 262 he went to Rome to study under Plotinus, and was with him for six years; then his health broke down, and he retired to Sicily to recover. In 273 he returned,—Plotinus had died three years

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before,—and opened a Neo-Platonic School of his own. He taught through the last quarter of that century, while the Illyrian emperors were smashing back invaders on the frontiers or upstart emperors in the provinces. Without imperial support, no Platonopolis could have been founded; and there was no time for any of those Illyrians to think of such things,—even if they had had it in them to do so, as they had not:—witness Aurelian's execution of Longinus. The time had gone by for that highest of all victories: as it might have gone by in our own day, but for events in Chicago, in February, 1898. When Porphyry died in 304, he left a successor indeed; but now one that did not concern himself with Rome.

It was Iamblichus, born in the Lebanon region; we do not know in what year; or much about him at all, beyond that he was an aristocrat, and well-to-do; and that he conducted his Theosophic activities mainly from his native city of Chalcis. He died between 330 and 333: thus through thirteen decades, from the beginning of the third century, these four great Neo-Platonist Adepts were teaching Theosophy in the Roman world;—Ammonius in Egypt; Plotinus and Porphyry,—the arm of the Movement stretched westward to save, if saved they might be, the Roman west and Europe,—in Rome itself; then, since that was not to be done, Iamblichus in Syria. We hear of no man to be named as successor to Iamblichus; I imagine the great line of Teachers came to an end with him. Yet, as we shall see, their impulse, or movement, or propaganda, did not cease then: it did not fail to reach an arm down into secular history, and to light up one fiery dynamic soul on the Imperial Throne, who did all that a God-ensouled Man could do to save the dying Roman world. Diocletian, that great but quite unilluminated pagan, was dead; the new order, that subverted Rome at last, had been established by Constantine; and the House of Constantine, with all that it implied, was in power. But a year or two before the death of Iamblichus it chanced that a Great Soul stole a march on the House of Constantine, and (as you may say) surreptitiously incarnated in it, for the Cause of the Gods and Sublime Perfection. And to him, in his lonely and desolate youth, kept in confinement or captivity by the Christian on the throne, came one Maximus of Smyrna, a disciple of Iamblichus;—and lit in the soul of Prince Julian that divine knowledge of Theosophy wherewith afterwards he made his splendid and tragic effort for Heaven.

PARADISE OR PROTOPLASM?

T. HENRY, M. A.

THE CANON TASTES THE FORBIDDEN FRUIT



of Science.

FAMILIAR controversy has flamed out again recently in connexion with a speech delivered by Canon Barnes, a dignitary of the Church of England, before the recent annual congress of the British Association for the Advancement

DID MAN FALL FROM HEAVEN, OR DID HE RISE FROM THE MUD?

He said that Christian thinkers now find it necessary to abandon the doctrine of the Fall in its literal sense and the arguments deduced from it.

"It now seemed highly probable that from some fundamental stuff in the universe the electrons rose. From them came matter. From matter, life emerged. From life came mind. From mind, spiritual consciousness was developing."

He thinks no truly religious mind can find its faith impaired by an act of mental integrity; and we agree. Let him have the merit of a man who frankly says 'I don't know'; and let us hope that his flock will be edified.

But though he declines to take *Genesis* literally, he is equally cautious about taking it allegorically. He scents a subterfuge, a wish to shirk the burden of scientific revelations; and he is so resolved to stand by science that he will not be suspected of resorting to a weak device.

Under a later date Canon Barnes writes to the *Manchester Weekly Guardian* to comment on his own sermon and on the controversy it has raised. He explains that he announced his acceptance of the evolutionary hypothesis of the origin of all species including man, and that he was concerned to show that the assumption is compatible with theistic belief and with the Christian doctrine of personal immortality. But he considered that the *Genesis* narrative of the Fall is incompatible. The narrative (he says) is regarded as unhistorical, derived from primitive folk-lore in the Euphrates valley, a much-edited compilation. He admits that it is a good allegory within certain limits, but points to some of its inconsistencies, and hopes that it will not be allowed to divert people from an honest attitude towards the problems concerned.

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THE SCIENTIFIC GOSPEL

In our comments on this we do not propose to go into the details of this familiar controversy, but to emphasize the broad outlines and bring out the salient points. We of course agree that honesty is not merely desirable but imperative.

First, as regards the scientific gospel — if so we may call it. We can claim to be of a scientific turn of mind, and to be familiar with the facts revealed by science, with the laws it has formulated, and with the hypotheses it has constructed. The statement made in our first quotation, as to the scientific *Genesis* or cosmogony, is of course condensed and lacking in detail; but even so we opine that, if expanded, it would still be quite sketchy and leave many gaps. To us it seems that, even if we should accept implicitly and without reservation the entire scientific genesis, facts and speculations and all, from man back to the 'some fundamental stuff,' we should still feel that we had made about as much progress on the path of knowledge as a man who runs around the earth would have made on a voyage to the moon. In short, we should find ourselves just ready to begin. For it is just at this very 'fundamental stuff' that the real problem begins; all the rest is merely preliminary. In striving to pass from matter to what lies beyond, we fail to see the necessity of going back to the fundamental stuff at all, since that journey does not take us across the bridge, nor to any point nearer to the opposite shore.

We are far from accepting the teachings of science as to the origin of species and the descent of man. Much of it is unconfirmed speculation, some is in conflict with facts. Yet, even if we did accept it, we should have achieved nothing more than an idea of the history of the human organism; and the whole vast and all-important problem of the origin, descent, nature, and destiny of Man himself would be no clearer than before. Hence we should find an unlimited sphere open to religion, a whole domain of our mental life uncontested by science, and waiting to be filled.

It seems to us that the issues are very much confused, and that often an issue is imagined where there is no issue at all. We cannot see how the theories and discoveries of science can join in any internecine strife with the allegories of the Old Testament.

WHENCE CAME THE HUMAN SOUL?

Science has revealed the analogies that run through the successive degrees in the scale of animate beings, and it has imagined that this analogy implies that the forms were derived from one another successively

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But this is just the point where evidence is totally lacking. Nowhere can we find man coming from an animal, or one kind of animal coming from another kind. We do find that the body of man develops, in our own time, from the seed, through various successive stages to its complete form; and so far we have a visible evolution before our eyes. But whether the amoeba, the amphioxus, etc., have generated each other successively in a historical sense during past ages, we do not know and take leave to doubt.

But in any case what have we learnt about the origin of man the self-conscious Mind and Soul? What have we learnt about the origin of any kind of mind or soul? Science, as quoted by the Canon, may say that from matter, life arose; and from life came mind. But is this any better than *Genesis*? Is it any better than the earth resting on an elephant, and the elephant resting on a tortoise?

And why, to find the origin of my mind and soul, should we turn our eyes along the scale of organic forms or into the geologic past? Why not look into our own being, as we find it ready to hand today, and examine the contemporary evidence around us in our fellow-beings?

To sum up: we recognise what science has done, and also its profound limitations. And we see that *Genesis* is a much-edited and corrupted allegory. But we do not accept the usual scholarly views as to folklore. We believe that these cosmogonical myths are far more than the mere vaporings of humanity's childhood. The story of the Creation and Fall are found elsewhere in Asia, and also in ancient America, Africa, Polynesia, and other places. It is necessary to consider mythology as a whole and not merely to study any particular myth as if it were unique. And we take the view of these myths expounded by H. P. Blavatsky.

"The Secret Doctrine was the universally diffused religion of the ancient and prehistoric world."— *The Secret Doctrine*, I, xxxiv

"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."— I, xxxvii

"In Century the Twentieth some disciple more informed, and far better fitted, may be sent by the Masters of Wisdom to give final and irrefutable proofs that there exists a science called *Guptâ-Vidyâ*; and that, like the once mysterious sources of the Nile, the source of all religions and philosophies now known to the world has been for many ages forgotten and lost to men, but is at last found."— I, xxxviii

THE ANTIQUITY OF CIVILIZATION

In a word, we take so greatly enlarged a view of human history that the Canon's problem takes on quite a new aspect. It is the contention of H. P. Blavatsky and the conviction of Theosophists that humanity — even civilized humanity — has lived on earth for millions of years,

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during which ages (comparatively small as geological time is reckoned) it has passed through many phases both of exaltation and depression; waves of high civilization and culture have swept on from land to land, alternating with waves of barbarism and ignorance. It has been one of the great aims of H. P. Blavatsky and her pupils to interpret adequately the evidence supplied by archaeology. From this evidence we find that there must have flourished in the far past, earlier than the remotest ages to which ordinary history reaches, great civilizations able to construct buildings vaster and more wonderful than any that we can find in our own times. Witness for example the Cyclopean architecture of Peru. Further, we find in the ancient literature of India, Egypt, and other lands, the actual records of a culture ancient and profound. It is maintained by H. P. Blavatsky, and accepted by Theosophists as a consequence of their studies, that the knowledge and wisdom attained by these mighty civilizations of the far past has never been lost, but is preserved, constituting what has been called the Secret Doctrine or Wisdom-Religion. Such stories as those of *Genesis* are mutilated and decayed records of the teachings of the Secret Doctrine.

TWO CREATIONS OF MAN

In the Bible, for instance, we are told of two creations of man. In the first creation (in chapter two) man is made of the dust of the ground and is a 'living soul'; but in the second creation (in chapter one) he has the divine intelligence breathed into him and becomes a God, knowing good and evil. This is one of the teachings of the Secret Doctrine, by which it is shown that man's physical organism is that of a perfected animal, but that Man himself did not exist until this physical organism was endowed with Manas — self-conscious thought. This is a thing of which the scientific theories of evolution take no account; and indeed it is evident that, if man is to be evolved from the lower organisms, this evolution can only be accomplished either by the influence of some extraneous power or else by making the lower organisms more potent than the man whom they produce. In either case the question of the nature and origin of the human mind and soul is not solved.

In short, whatever the *body* of man may have done, the intelligence of man has descended from the eternal and universal Intelligence. All matter is raised and evolved by means of the universal life acting in it; and science studies the visible effects of this evolution without explaining the cause.

So far, then, from finding an irreconcilable conflict between science and the Bible, we realize that both science and the Bible must be pressed

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into full service, together with archaeology, the study of symbology, anthropology, and everything else we can lay our hands on, in order that we may try to arrive at something like an adequate and comprehensive view of the whole vast subject. It is right for the churches to abandon their old dogmas and literal interpretations of corrupt translations of corrupt Hebrew texts; but the religion of science is scarcely sufficient in its present form to provide food for all man's aspirations. Man is a Soul, infinite in possibilities, incarnate in an animal body. He is the heir of long ages, not of childishness or bestiality, but of knowledge and dignity. His Soul is immortal, and incarnates from age to age in mortal vestures, its temporary abodes, the instruments which it uses to accomplish its great purposes. Such is Man: a pilgrim through the halls of terrestrial experience and trial.

It is an essential part of the teachings of the Wisdom-Religion that Man was a spiritual being before he became a physical being; that he is an incarnate deity; and that the most important part of his evolution consisted in the union between the divine and the terrestrial, whereby the complete Man was produced. At least three distinct lines of evolution are recognised: the terrestrial, which modern science is trying to unravel; the spiritual, consisting of the gradual descent of the divine towards its state of incarnation; and the Mânasic, pertaining to self-conscious Mind. Natural evolution, such as produces the various kingdoms of organic beings, mineral, animal, and vegetable, is caused by the interaction between the universal Life and Matter; but this kind of evolution cannot unaided produce Man. Such is the teaching of the Secret Doctrine. To produce Man it was necessary that the faculty of self-conscious Mind should be imparted, to serve as a link between the divine and the terrestrial. Thus Man is a triad, a trinity: by means of his self-conscious human Mind he unites the divine with the terrestrial.

APES FROM MAN, NOT MAN FROM APES

And since the Canon champions modern science, we may remind him that not a few eminent authorities have indorsed the view maintained by H. P. Blavatsky long ago, that the anthropoid apes represent a descending and degenerative side-shoot from the human stem, and are not in the line of human evolution at all. The 'missing link' is still missing, and seems likely to be. We are quite as loyal to ascertained fact as any conscientious divine can be; but we find that the more archaeology and anthropology proceed, the less evidence do they find that Man has ever progressed along the lines mapped out for him in theory. The man of countless ages ago seems to have been of the same type as the man of

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today. And here, to avoid the imputation (sometimes heard) that this implies a static condition and no progress, it must be pointed out that the individual human Souls are progressing all the while, though the bodies by which they climb may change with great slowness throughout the cycle of evolution. To take a simple analogy: we know that babies are born continually; but this does not imply that men do not grow up.

REAL MEANING OF THE FALL

The meaning of the story of the Fall has been gone into at considerable length by H. P. Blavatsky, and has often been treated by her pupils; but a brief summary is all that can here be attempted. In brief, then, we have a somewhat corrupted allegory of that epoch in human evolution when Man acquired his gift of self-conscious Mind, and thus lost his former state of innocent irresponsibility and was thrown on his own will and choice. This gift is symbolized by the Serpent, which endowed Man with the power to do wrong and equally with the power consciously to do right. The result is a probation (or temptation). Man makes a mistake and brings suffering on himself; but this suffering is attended with the promise of future reinstatement.

Is the drama allegoric or historic? It is both. It refers, as has been said, to a definite event in human evolution; but it also represents what takes place continually both in man the race and in man the individual — a continual falling away from light and a continual self-redemption by virtue of the inherent divinity within. There was a time when Man definitely chose the fruits of the tree of knowledge, when he was given a choice, being both warned and encouraged. And there are always times in our life when we throw off heedlessness and take on responsibilities, thus incurring the risk of error but gaining the hope of greater achievement. The important part of the doctrine of the Fall is the Resurrection. We have within us the power to redeem ourselves; for the same Will that caused us to fall can raise us again.

To sum up this article. We accept the findings of science, so far as they represent solid fact, but reserve the right to question what is mere speculation or what is contradicted by facts. We recognise the existence of vast fields of inquiry untouched by science. We regard the Bible story as one out of very many allegorical records of the teachings of the Secret Doctrine, and to be interpreted by comparison with the rest of these records. And we maintain that the facts disclosed by archaeology as to the immense antiquity of civilization change the whole aspect of the questions involved. Finally, the real nature of Man, as an incarnating Soul, must be borne in mind, if evolution is to be properly understood.

CaSO₄!

H. TRAVERS, M. A.

THE President of the British Association, in his address on oceanography, alluded to the "celebrated myth of 'Bathybius.'" In the sixties of last century samples of Atlantic mud were taken from great depths and preserved in alcohol. When examined by Huxley, Haeckel, and others, they were found to contain what seemed to be a very primitive protoplasmic organism, and this was supposed to be widely diffused over the ocean floor and to afford food for the denizens of those darksome abysses. This was Haeckel's celebrated Bathybius, origin of all creatures — your ancestor, reader, and mine, through who knows what links of animal forms from the gastropod to the ape that lives in the forest trees. But alas for Haeckel's sublime genealogical tree; it was rotten at the root. For Buchanan and Murray in 1875 proved that this all-pervading protoplasmic urschleim, which (like great Brahm himself) was the origin of all creatures, was actually —

"An amorphous precipitate of sulphate of lime, thrown down from the sea-water in the mud by the addition of alcohol."

So that you and I, reader, are descended from sulphate of lime. What a heritage! May we prove worthy of our sublime (or rather sulphate of lime) forbears! Still there is much food for hope that, considering the progress we have made since then, we may one day rise as high above our present level as we now stand above the level of amorphous gypsum. Such are the marvels of evolution.

But note that the Bathybius was actually created on the spot by the people who collected him. He had not existed before. It was the alcohol that precipitated him. They tried to preserve him, but merely created him; and finally he was destroyed. Thus we have another analogy with Brahm, in his triple aspect of creator, preserver, and destroyer. One is reminded of the analyst who found arsenic in the stomach of the deceased, and of the learned judge who elicited the important fact that there was arsenic in the materials used for making the test.

As to this same Bathybius, we find the following in *The Secret Doctrine*:

"The speck of the perfectly homogeneous substance, the sarcode of the Haeckelian *monera*, is now viewed as the *archebiosis* of terrestrial existence."

This is followed by a footnote which says:

"Unfortunately, as these pages are being written, the '*archebiosis* of terrestrial existence' has turned, under a somewhat stricter chemical analysis, into a simple precipitate of sulphate

CaSO₄!

of lime — hence from the scientific standpoint not even an *organic* substance!!! *Sic transit gloria mundi!* — I, 542

In a footnote on page 164 of Volume II we find a quotation from Haeckel himself as follows:

“How did life, the living world of organisms, arise? And, secondly, the special question: How did the human race originate? The first of these two inquiries . . . can only be decided empirically [shrieks by H. P. B.] by proof of the so-called Archebiosis, or equivocal generation, or the spontaneous production of organisms of the simplest conceivable kind. Such are the Monera (Protophytes, Protamoeba, etc.), exceedingly simple microscopic masses of protoplasm without structure or organization, which take in nutriment and *reproduce themselves by division*. Such a Moneron as that primordial organism, *discovered* by the renowned English zoologist Huxley, and named Bathybius Haeckelii, appears as a continuous thick protoplasmic covering at the greatest depths of the ocean, between 3000 and 30,000 feet. *It is true that the first appearance of such Monera has not up to the present moment been actually observed*; but there is nothing intrinsically improbable in such an evolution.”

In the reference first given, H. P. Blavatsky states that the homogeneous primordial element, alleged to be the origin of all material organisms, is simple on the physical plane alone; but that, “even on the next higher plane” it would be pronounced as “something very complex indeed.” Haeckel’s Archebiosis has to be traced to its pre-terrestrial archebiosis.

In the next reference she continues the same theme, pointing out that we are required to believe that evolution has proceeded solely from a marvelous protoplasmic slime — which has “up to the present not been actually observed”; and yet we are denied the belief in the influence of omnipresent intelligence — an influence patent to all — as the cause of evolution. And finally on page 190 of Volume II we find this question:

“What lies ‘beyond’ Haeckel’s theory? Why *Bathybius Haeckelii*, and no more!”


I think we are beginning to realize better now that, however far back we may trace a line of physical evolution, we are no nearer the great mystery than before. In fact the problem is made worse in one respect at least; for, as we narrow down the physical proportions of the organism, so do we provide a smaller vehicle for all those marvelous properties with which we must fain endow it. We find, in short, that our urschleim, our protoplasmic speck, our biologic atom, has usurped the place usually occupied by the original Creator: he is the origin and maker of all things. It is clear that we must go beyond the physical plane altogether, in order to seek the causes which give rise to it. And, this being the case, why is it necessary to go back to the amoeba at all? Is it any easier to jump from the amoeba to the ultra-physical regions beyond than to jump from our own complex human organism to the same regions? In that organism we can still find the protoplasmic speck, if it is necessary to have such a bridge.

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The gap between mind and matter is no doubt a most interesting and important question, and one on which it might well be possible to say much more that would be highly suggestive. But the important point to bear in mind with respect to the evolution of organic forms is that the *idea* must always precede the *form*. Evolution cannot proceed blindly and experimentally towards a non-existent ideal or goal. Hence we must infer that the entire plan of evolution has already existed in the world of ideas before it became manifest to our vision in the world of physical forms.

WHY TEMPORIZE WITH THE ENEMIES OF OUR OWN HOUSEHOLD?

R. MACHELL

NE of the first things that a student of Theosophy learns, is the duality of human nature; and the learning of this lesson brings about a complete change in his position with regard to enemies and friends: for the duality in nature must be taken into account in every case, including his own personality. In fact, it necessitates a complete change in his estimate of those he considers to be his enemies or his friends. Later he will come to realize that his worst enemies are precisely those that have crept into his own household in the guise of friends: and he will in time perhaps decide that his real household is within his own personality: he may then come to understand that it is only the enemies in his own character that can really injure him, or allow him to be hurt. Truly, a man's worst enemies are they of his own household.

Opposition calls out strength, and develops the most desirable qualities in one who is struggling against a host of supposed enemies. Even in the midst of the battle the fighter may learn that defeat can only come to him by the treachery of some of his own. It has been well said, "Protect me from my friends, and I will defend myself against my enemies."

"Love your enemies!" is an injunction that is seldom understood, when first heard. It is an impossibility to love one's enemies, without, in the act, changing the attitude of mind that saw enmity in the opposition that in fact is necessary to one's growth. Opposition is not really enmity. Perhaps the injunction to love one's enemies should be changed in form, and the word 'understand' should be substituted for 'love.' There is a French saying: "*Tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner*," "to understand is to forgive." When a man understands his own nature and

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that of other people, he becomes strangely tolerant of their opposition and strangely bitter against the treachery of false friends, those of his own household. To understand one's own nature fully is perhaps the last word of human wisdom: the first step in that direction is to recognise that it is at least a duality, and probably a complexity of a sevenfold character: but the duality is enough to begin with.

To realize that there is the possibility of untold good and undreamed of evil in one's own heart, is to take a big step towards the understanding of life and its problems. Then the determined identification of self with the good side of this complexity, which we call ourself, enables one to see the possibility of good in another, who may be for the moment wholly under the influence of his lower nature. Such a person becomes at once an object of pity rather than of aversion. And when one sees the beauty of a soul peeping out through a veil of iniquity one can no longer hate the victim of delusion who acts like an enemy.

This kind of tolerance is not the same as temporizing with recognised evil: on the contrary, it is the clear distinction between the two natures. To be in a state of enmity is to be deluded by one's own lower nature. To meet attacks strongly and determinedly does not entail looking on one's opponents with hatred or enmity nor does a fight with one's own lower nature require one to assume an attitude of self-contempt or of self-condemnation.

To confess oneself a miserable sinner is to identify one's self with the deluded lower nature, which asks nothing better than to be mistaken for the real self. The confident assertion of one's own divinity, even when one is fully aware of the as yet unconquered strength of the lower nature, is an assumption of an attitude that goes far to secure the victorious realization of what may at first seem but an empty boast.

To see clearly one must open one's eyes; to go forward one must stand up; to grovel in the dust of self-abasement is to stay down, with a fair chance of being run over where one lies in the mud of a false humility. I think that true humility is only possible to one who has a clear comprehension of his own essential divinity, and a full realization of the essential divinity of every other human soul. For the ordinary mortal, humility is merely hypocrisy, an attempt of pride to escape detection: it is an accentuation of egotism. The true humility is simply self-forgetfulness, which is of very rare occurrence.

But how are we to know the enemies of our own household? How can we distinguish friends from enemies, when both are so near?

Theosophy teaches that man is divine in essence; but it is evident that there are very many self-styled Theosophists whose essential divinity is completely masked by a very earthly lower nature, which latter in some

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cases attains to almost unearthly ugliness. And it is such as these that are often loud in their talk of brotherly love, and in their profession of wide tolerance for the most abominable abuses. Such as these are indeed enemies in the Theosophical household, and they must be treated as such, or they will mislead others more ignorant than themselves. No wise man fears opposition; what he dreads is treachery: the real enemy of Theosophy knows this, and works accordingly.

Theosophy is spiritual wisdom; and the enemy is the monster egotism. It is pride, ambition, selfishness; and it works by subtle insinuation, by argument and criticism, in order to destroy faith, and to foster suspicion.

It has been said that self is the enemy of Self: and in that lies the difficulty of dealing with the danger. Without the knowledge of the duality in human nature, the problem would be eternally insoluble. It was to meet this difficulty no doubt that the churches or their founders invented a devil and a personal God; which might serve as symbols of the internal duality in man, but which soon came to be looked upon as external realities.

How can we distinguish our enemies from our friends in the strange confusion that exists in the human heart at this stage of man's evolution?

We must first learn to distinguish the two forces constantly at work in our own nature, before we can recognise either friend or enemy outside, with any degree of certainty. Yet we have been given instruction in such works as *The Voice of the Silence*, and *Light on the Path*, from which we can fashion a simple test. The touchstone of right action is purpose; and this can be tested by the selfishness or the selflessness of the life or by the general trend and bearing of the teaching and counsel offered by those who pose as teachers, guides, or critics. To apply such a test safely a man must first have proved its value as a test for his own conduct.

All the troubles of man come from this one cause, the delusion of self; which causes us to mistake the false self or the personality for the true Self, which is universal. This mistake leads to the struggle for self-aggrandisement, which is the effort of each particular self to get for itself more of the things desired than naturally falls to his lot, or to protect his possessions from the greed of others.

All modern civilizations have been built up on some such basis of personal competition. The 'struggle for existence' has been used as an excuse for the struggle for possessions; and this struggle is now destroying civilization before our eyes. It is the glorification of the false self, the attempt to put the illusive personal self in the place of the universal spiritual and selfless self, for which we now can hardly find a name, so utterly has it been forgotten in the world. Therefore we preach brother-

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hood, and practice it. The life of the Theosophist, who is on the right path, is a path of progress towards the elimination of all merely selfish motives and the substitution of the ideal of service for that of self-aggrandisement.

One evidence of the rightness of this line of self-development is the happiness that results from working with nature instead of against her laws. The constitution of our organization declares that brotherhood is a fact in nature and asserts as the first object of the Society the demonstration that it is a fact in nature, and the making of it a living power in the life of humanity. The need of this teaching has been widely recognised; but many men seem to believe that brotherhood can be established by violence; which is a manifest delusion. The reason why nations are willing to go to war in the interest of peace is that 'the enemy in the household' has played upon the love of power and the desire for authority in the hearts of the people to lead them on to self-destruction, deluding them with the lure of self-aggrandisement, which is spiritual suicide, or the triumph of the lower self.

A man who is completely under the domination of his lower nature is insane, whether he be declared mad or not; and a nation is as surely insane when selfish motives control its policy: it is on the path of self-destruction; we have only to read the events of history to see the truth of this. And we can see clearly that fine phrases are no protection against the evils that spring naturally from wrong action. We have seen that the enemy of our own household is always ready to wave the flag of altruism, or patriotism, or even of peace, while stirring up trouble which must end in war. We must search our own hearts to find the real motives for our own acts; and having learned to recognise the enemy there, we may know him again when we meet him in the wider field of national life; and when we meet him we must not temporize with him out of respect for his fine clothing or his venerable appearance. The path of progress is the path of effort, and of obstacles to be overcome; but the real enemy is not the opponent who openly challenges the pioneer or the reformer. The real enemy is rather the false friend, who seeks to stand well with both sides hoping to draw profit from both, or aspiring, perhaps, to rise to power by playing one party against another.

Theosophy has been openly attacked by sincere opponents, who, in their attempts to shake its foundations, have actually done good service to the cause of truth by spreading a knowledge of its fundamental principles, and by the very arguments they have used to refute the ancient teachings. Such opponents are the friends of truth, and will find their place in the ranks of true Theosophists some day.

But very different are the attacks that come in the guise of devotion

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to principles while insinuating criticism of the Theosophical teachers who have led the movement. Such enemies nearly wrecked the Society during Madame Blavatsky's lifetime, and the most venomous of the attacks against her leadership were made under cover of a professed devotion to the principles of Theosophy, or to those who were her teachers. Similar attacks shortened the life of her successor William Q. Judge, but failed to disintegrate the Society. And when Mr. Judge appointed Katherine Tingley as his successor he bequeathed to her a legacy of the same kind. The enemies who first attacked her were of the Theosophic household, and they professed the deepest devotion to the principles of Theosophy, merely seeking to destroy the outer and visible head of the Movement, in order to replace her by another of their own selection. But Katherine Tingley did not temporize with these enemies, she forced them to declare themselves; thus putting them where they belonged, in the ranks of open opponents, whose open attacks could only serve to strengthen the Movement. She has constantly worked to force secret enemies out into the open, where they may have an opportunity to see themselves in a true light, and where they will be powerless for evil. In doing this she is helping them to find themselves, and is not seeking to punish them. The idea of punishment is one that is foreign to Theosophy: for the law of Karma takes care of all readjustments in human affairs; it leaves the Theosophist free to forgive the enemy and ready to help him again to find the path, when the time comes for his return to sanity in this life or in a later one.

Insanity is invariably characterized by an accentuation of vanity, egotism, pompous pride, or abject self-contempt. Self in some exaggerated form fills the whole field of consciousness, self-exaltation, self-indulgence, self-mortification, self-destruction. And, as egotism is the dominant note of human character at this stage of man's evolution on earth, this kind of general insanity has led many a philosopher to speak of this earth as a vast lunatic asylum. In the same way many of the ancients looked upon the Sun as the home of man's spiritual consciousness, and as the source of spiritual illumination. But they were careful to explain that the true Sun is not the visible solar disk or orb, nor was the moon that we see the real source of the disturbing influence supposed to emanate from the true moon. Duality was recognised in these forces also.

If we study life we are bound to find evidence of the duality in everything. And nowhere is it more marked than in our own human nature; for man is at a turning-point in evolution, and seems to be vacillating continually between opposing forces, as if he had lost his bearings and had forgotten the object of his existence. And this general kind of insanity has been aggravated by the horrors of the last few years; so that

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there is an enormous increase of insanity that has not yet been officially recognised as such, because it is so general. It is called by many polite names, and is attributed to many causes; but it shows itself in a loss of mental balance; which incapacitates a man for right thinking and clear judgment. In such a condition a man is peculiarly open to suggestion, and is liable to be seriously influenced by his supposed friends, 'they of his own household,' who have their own desires to serve. These suggestions, coming from such a source as that of a trusted friend or relative, may be accepted unconsciously, and adopted without question; till the man's whole nature has been perverted from its original honesty. Vanity may help to blind him, and to convince him that he is thinking for himself all the time, while in reality he is being 'led by the nose' in ignominious slavery: and this because of his failure to recognise the duality in himself and in his intimate associates. Some one of these otherwise lovable friends may have allowed the lower nature to get control, and, under this influence, may have developed characteristics entirely unworthy of the higher side of the nature, thus becoming an enemy, while still holding the position of trusted friend and counselor. Such a one should be brought face to face with this false self and given the chance to recover self-control, so as to paralyse the evil influence. But who shall do this, if the one most concerned refuses to see the facts, and fails to realize that the true self of the trusted friend is temporarily at the mercy of a lunatic, an egotist, crafty, cunning, ambitious, and malignant?

It takes courage and determination to face such a situation; and a weak man will probably temporize and excuse, and will end by submitting to the evil influence, which he should have immediately recognised and challenged as the enemy in disguise.

These tragedies are of constant occurrence; and cause utter bewilderment to those who have no sufficient philosophy of life to help them.

It must also be remembered that weak-willed people are liable to be unaccountably and suddenly invaded by impulses to commit actual crimes that would horrify the normal mind of the one to whom they come perhaps as messages from some spiritual source, being in fact but the floating thoughts of vicious natures thrown off in moments of passion, like moral disease germs, that fasten on a weak-willed victim and make him their tool. Such things are not mere fancies, but are the common facts of daily experience.

It was to make men and women strong and clean and self-reliant, and proof against such suggestions, that Katherine Tingley created the Râja-Yoga School, in which children are taught the duality of their own nature, and are trained to combine all their faculties in one harmonious whole, and to place this beautiful human instrument at the

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disposal of the spiritual self, or the real self. To accomplish the complete mastery of the lower by the higher is the aim of Râja-Yoga. One who has attained to this perfection is a god-like being in comparison with the helpless hysterical creatures that are to be met on every side today in ever-increasing proportions.

True Râja-Yoga does not temporize with the enemies of its own household, but challenges them to come out and show their true character. Râja-Yoga is uncompromising in dealing with enemies of this kind; but is also compassionate in resisting the evil, without retaliation or desire to punish. In the pure atmosphere of Râja-Yoga, justice and mercy are seen as but two aspects of the one harmony that is perhaps beyond the reach of ordinary terms to express. And Râja-Yoga, as practised at Point Loma, is no dream, but a rule of life that makes life worth living, a thing of joy and beauty: but in Râja-Yoga there is no temporizing with the enemies of our own household; the enemies are challenged.

THE POOL IN THE MEADOW

LEOLINE

O LITTLE pool in the meadow green,
As pure as a baby's smiling face,
How sweet to find your dimpled sheen
Within this fresh and quiet place!

All day you hold your magic glass
For bird and bee and dragon-fly,
For bending clover in the grass,
And every pearly cloud on high.

O little pool, you are sometimes sad;
You quiver with a dream of pain,
When all the light that made you glad
Is quenched in tears of silver rain.

And then when falls the quiet night
From out the zenith's purple deep,
How near you bring the far-off light
Of shining worlds that watch our sleep!



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THE BANISHED DUKE, ADAM, ORLANDO, THE MELANCHOLY JAQUES,
AND ATTENDANTS IN THE FOREST OF ARDEN

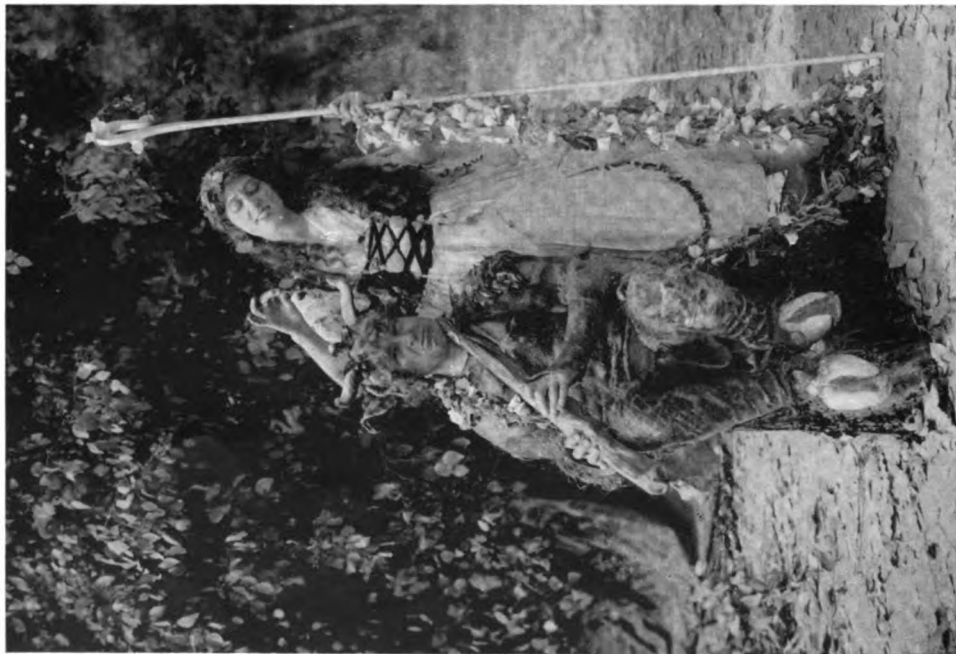
Duke: "Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy.
This wide and universal theater
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in."—Act II, Sc. vii



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SHEPHERDS AND SHEPHERDESSES, ONE OF THE NEW FEATURES INTRODUCED BY
KATHERINE TINGLEY IN THE RECENT PRESENTATION OF 'AS YOU LIKE IT.'
IN THE OPEN-AIR GREEK THEATER, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

"In these delightful pleasant groves
We celebrate the joyful Spring!"



**MERRY CLOVEN FOOTED PAN AND HIS
SHEPHERDESS CAPTOR**

Another unique feature in the Rāja-Yoga presentation
of Shakespeare's *As You Like It*.



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

**ROSALIND AND CELIA DISGUISED AS GANYMEDE
AND ALIENA IN THE FOREST OF ARDEN**

Rosalind: "Whither shall we go?"

Celia: "To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden."
— Act I, Sc. iii

IMPULSE VS. PRINCIPLE

H. T. EDGE, M. A.



WE notice in a column of editorial comment that a certain professor has been advocating "go-as-you-please" schools, conducted on the principle of "Do what you will"; with the belief that the natural interest of pupils in subjects which attract them will advance their education better than the usual methods of a set syllabus and time-table. As we have not the whole of his argument, and the fragmentary comment may not do him justice, it will be better to omit names, and confine our remarks to the general question raised. The editor, by the way, opines that the doctrine of "please yourself" is quite sufficiently applied to the world's affairs at present, without any aid from the schoolroom.

We do not know what may have been the experience of the advocate of such a theory and policy of education, and can only say that experience in tuition usually leads to quite other conclusions. It is generally found, in a schoolroom as in other associations of people working together, that order, direction, and leadership are indispensable. The pupils themselves feel this, and would, we imagine, be the first to object to any go-as-you-please method. Assuming for the moment that it is good for a single person to go as he pleases, it does not follow that it is good for a dozen or a score in one room to do as each one of them pleases. It would mean that each one would have to do as the others pleased; or that the quiet ones would have to do as the boisterous ones pleased. In such circumstances the entry of a teacher bearing the ensigns of authority and discipline would be found welcome to all desirous of accomplishing anything and wishing protection against their more unruly associates. Pupils desire to be shown how, to be led, advised, encouraged — commanded. They do not like to be told to learn as much as they like, or as much as they think they can; they insist on having a definite lesson set. They like to have their times mapped out. In short they love order and system.

This is not to say that young pupils will not be disorderly and disobedient and lazy and self-willed. They will be all of these. But such things are only their weaknesses. They may yield to these obstacles in their nature, but their real wishes are otherwise; and what they need and desire is the guidance and help of a wiser head and a stronger hand to enable them to overcome these weaknesses. The man who advocates a go-as-you-please policy, advocates an alliance between the teacher and

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the weak side of the pupils' nature. Ordinary common sense has preferred that the teacher should ally himself with the pupils' better nature.

Both teachers and pupils would quickly find that the "natural interest" of the young pupil would lead him hither and thither, attracting him violently to one study, only to relinquish it for another when the first difficulties set in. Older people may have acquired enough foresight and self-control to carry them through painful drudgery; but we can hardly expect this of children. And consequently we have to supply these qualities for them in the shape of school discipline and definite syllabuses and time-tables.

There may be bad teachers and bad schedules; but this should induce us to correct them, not scare us into adopting weak teachers and no schedule at all. If indeed our only choice be between the weak teacher and the foolish one, we are in a sorry plight; but may we not hope that teachers who are both wise and strong will be available? This is the kind the pupils respect and obey.

All this is of course very trite; but the blame for saying it must be thrown on those who have given the occasion. We can only conclude by saying that we cannot see that anything new has happened lately, either in human nature or in circumstances, which would justify us in setting aside the ordinary usages of common sense and practical wisdom in favor of a diametrically opposite policy.

But, setting aside the particular subject of school, something remains to be said on the question of go-as-you-please in general.

It is indeed true that there is too much go-as-you-please — theoretically at least — abroad in our midst today. Even on the assumption that a man, by following his inclinations, would prosper, he would nevertheless become the creature of his inclinations, no matter how estimable and innocent these might seem. And it is supposed to be well understood that mere individual inclination cannot be made the controlling force in human affairs. A man who obeys inclination obeys a motley crowd of attractive and repulsive forces, and his will and his faculties become servants and followers rather than lord and master. To follow inclination may be a safe and sound rule for the animal kingdom, whose inclinations are confined within narrow and unsurpassable limits, and whose proclivities are adjusted to each other by a larger supervising intelligence which each creature unwittingly obeys. But with Man the case is widely different, because he is endowed with the human mind, a faculty which imports into desire an element of infinite exaggeration and turns the humble instinct into a consuming and insatiable fire.

This again is all very commonplace wisdom. In the case of Man it has always been recognised that some higher rule must be found than the

IMPULSE VS. PRINCIPLE

rule of personal inclination; and in Religion we see the manifold endeavors of man to understand and interpret the higher laws of his own nature.

Go-as-you-please is found to be impracticable by every man, woman, or child outside of a desert island. A married man has to observe some other law, willy nilly. And the same in various degrees and ways of all other men who rub up against their fellows.

At the present time we find that go-as-you-please is asserting itself over go-as-you-ought; or, in other words, impulse is asserting itself against principle. And it is a regrettable fact that so much of what passes as science should be found lending its sanction to the former rather than to the latter. This is because the restricted sphere of modern science has concentrated its attention on the lower and more external aspects of human nature; while neither science nor accepted religion affords us adequate information as to the higher and more important parts of our make-up.

Reverting to the subject of tuition, we point out the antagonism between the self-will of the pupils and the will of the master; but nothing is said about the *higher nature of the pupils*. Yet it is this third factor that solves the problem, affording the good instead of the choice of evils. The aim of the master should be to call into play the self-controlling power of the pupils, thus rendering them obedient to a higher law recognised by both. This again is a not unfamiliar principle of practical philosophy, but appears to require continual restating. But Theosophy, by its teachings, provides what may be called an intellectual sanction for this principle; for Theosophy shows the dual origin and dual nature of Man, and how he derives both from physical Nature and from the spiritual source of universal life and intelligence that rules throughout Nature. In a word, Theosophy recognises as a practical fact the existence in Man of a superior fount of power and guidance, upon which he can call for aid against the wayward and destructive impulses of his lower nature. And it is to the evocation of this power in each and all the pupils that we must look for the securing of true guidance and discipline and order.

It is evident from the above that the go-as-you-please proposition implies a weakness and lack of resource in the teacher; an attempt to achieve by weak compliance what one has failed to do by personal force of character and efficiency in one's profession. And we find the same in the world today: people left at the mercy of their personal caprices, or of those caprices of the crowd which are not the less harmful because collective,—because there is no visible authority able to champion and urge the claims of *principle*.

We must try to avoid the notion that humanity today has achieved


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some new step in its evolution that renders it superior to the time-honored allegiance to conscience and principle; and we must understand instead that humanity is but passing round a sharp corner and needs more than ever a strengthening of its safeguards against the storms that shake it.

Theosophy reaffirms the eternal principles of human conduct, based as they are upon laws of Nature; and restates them in language suitable to the intellect of today. It substitutes for the scant and inadequate treatment of human nature accorded by science and accepted religions the masterly interpretation of human nature derived from the undying traditions of the Wisdom-Religion. It makes for order and stability.

WAS THE TELESCOPE KNOWN IN ANCIENT TIMES?

C. J. RYAN

 HE puzzling question of the amount of scientific knowledge possessed by the ancient peoples of the earth becomes more insistent every day. It is no use for the superior persons who delight in assuring the vanity of this age that it is the only really scientific period, and that "we are the people," to declare that the ancients were ignoramuses, dreamers, who only worked on empiric rules, and so forth, for there are numerous facts which confute these slanders. To most persons, brought up in the scholastic atmosphere of contempt for former ages which got on without newspapers, steamships, trains, or our modern brand of religion, it is difficult to realize the possibility that many scientific facts, recently discovered, may have been quite familiar to the learned scholars in the temple-colleges of ancient Egypt, India, Chaldaea, and elsewhere. But it is not unreasonable for us to modify our prejudices when definite information reaches us of some antique observation of a truly scientific nature which cannot easily fit into the theory of primitive ignorance.

Another cause for suspecting that we are living in a great illusion when we think modern civilization is the highest efflorescence of human progress, is the enormous antiquity of mankind. The geological age in which man's relics — bones or implements — are recognised, is being pushed back farther and farther; a few years ago the race was allowed forty or fifty thousand years; remains were then found (or *admitted* after having been found long before) from the late Tertiary, then earlier, and now the primitive flint implements called eoliths are generally accepted as of

WAS THE TELESCOPE KNOWN IN ANCIENT TIMES

human manufacture — *and they have been found in the immensely ancient Oligocene at Boncelles.*

According to the testimony of the breaking down of radio-active minerals into lead and helium, the Oligocene is not less than six million years old! What, then, has mankind been doing all these ages? Vegetating in the most primitive way, until the Chaldaean age in the Old World and the Chimus in the New, a few thousand years ago, ten at the outside? How absurd this sounds when placed nakedly! The truth is, as it has always been taught in the East, that there have been innumerable rises and falls in civilization, and that progress is extremely slow.

In *The Scientific American Monthly* for June there is an article by Dr. Heinrich Hein upon the possibility of the ancient Babylonian astronomers possessing telescopes, which shows that the problem is not decided in the negative. Dr. Hein offers some very interesting information which makes it probable that optical aid was not unknown in very ancient times, in Mesopotamia at least, but he also omits to mention some facts of great significance in proof of considerably greater astronomical knowledge in antiquity than is generally known. He says that there is no indication in the writings of the Greeks, Romans, or Arabs that before Galileo (in 1609 and later) any one had ever perceived the crescent form of Venus. He is partially in error here, as will be shown. He says, however, that some years ago the following prophecy was discovered, written in cuneiform characters as uttered by some ancient Babylonian astrologer:

"When it cometh to pass that Venus hideth a star with her right horn and when Venus is large and the star is small, then will the king of Elam be strong and mighty, holding sway over the four corners of the earth, and other kings will pay him tribute."

Dr. Hein commenting on this, says:

"This is immediately repeated with the exception that the word *right* is replaced by *left* and the name Elam by that of Akkad. Akkad signifies Babylonia, the arch enemy of Elam, and these two nations were in ancient days (c. 2,000 B. C.) the only two great powers in Asia Minor, and were engaged in a struggle with each other for the mastery of the world as known to them, *i. e.*, for the rulership over the whole of Asia Minor. The blotting out of a small star by the 'horn' of Venus must have been such an extraordinary occurrence as to induce the astrologer to connect it with the greatest prize in his power to offer, dominion over the four corners of the world. There is absolutely no doubt that the Babylonian word in question signifies horn. Hence it really looks as if the Babylonians had recognised the phases of Venus."

Dr. Hein then considers the possibility of sharp-sighted persons seeing the horns of Venus in Mesopotamia. But he, points out, even if Babylonia has very clear air, so have many other places. In Europe the planet often shines brightly enough to throw a shadow, and surely the Arabians live under a brilliant and transparent sky. He mentions an astronomer, Heis, who had such penetrating sight that he could easily see Venus, Jupiter,

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and Mercury in daylight, and eleven stars in the Pleiades where the normal person sees six, but Heis did not report seeing the crescent form of Venus.

Babylonian texts also speak of the 'horns' of Mars. Now Mars, of course, being an outer planet is never seen as a crescent, but at certain times it is distinctly gibbous, that is to say, a large proportion of its surface is in shadow, and the effect is like that of the Moon when about nine days old; the shape is so far from circular that it might easily be called horned. Mars, when strongly gibbous, is so small, hardly more than 15", that it could not possibly be visible to the naked eye. • Venus is about 55" in diameter when at the clearest crescent phase, and even this is far too small for any shape to be distinguished without optical assistance. The mention of the horns of Mars, therefore, adds to the probability that the Babylonian astronomers either had some kind of telescope or learned their science from some others who had. There is of course the third possibility that 'horns' has a mystical or symbolical significance, as it has elsewhere in the Semitic tongues.

Regarding the possibility of the Babylonians knowing that Saturn had a ring, Dr. Hein is rather vague, saying that only a direct mention of the rings in a cuneiform text would be convincing. Others have thought it more than probable that the Babylonians knew about the rings, and this in spite of the well-known fact that the astronomers of the seventeenth century, Galileo and his successors, found it very difficult to recognise the true shape of the rings though they had telescopes of a simple kind. Galileo's glass, which showed Jupiter's moons and the phases of Venus, did not define Saturn's ring unmistakably.

Dr. Hein speculates as to the kind of telescope the Babylonians might have had, but only mentions the possible use of the concave mirror — the reflecting form. He refers to the story of Archimedes projecting the concentrated rays of the sun by means of mirrors against the Roman fleet at Syracuse in 212 B. C. and thereby setting ships on fire, in support of the possibility of the existence of concave mirrors in antiquity.

Dr. Hein does not seem to be aware of certain facts which, from quite ordinary, matter-of-fact evidence, make it more than probable that the ancients knew a great deal about the planets, including the crescent shape of Venus and Mercury, the gibbosity of Mars, the Rings of Saturn, and even the four moons of Jupiter and possibly seven moons of Saturn!

Tests to determine whether the half-moon or crescent shape of Venus can be seen by persons of unusually keen vision were made a couple of years ago in the brilliant atmosphere of Algeria. Drawings of the planet, well lighted and free from the distracting glare which makes Venus such a difficult object for the telescope at twilight and dawn, were made and examined by specially sharp-sighted Algerian college students at

WAS THE TELESCOPE KNOWN IN ANCIENT TIMES

varying distances. No shape could be distinguished until the pictures were near enough to appear twice the diameter of the planet at its position of best definition of shape. Full reports appeared in the scientific journals of this valuable proof of the impossibility of seeing the crescent shape of Venus or Mercury without a glass.

Furthermore, an ancient Irish astronomical text-book contains the statements that in certain positions Venus and Mercury are horned like the New Moon. This text-book was translated, at least for the most part, into the Irish language from a Latin version of a work by Masch Allah, an Arabian or Jewish astronomer of the eighth century A. D. It was translated into Latin in the thirteenth century and into Irish about 1400. How did the Arabs (or the translators in 1400, if they added the information which is not likely) know anything about the phases of the inferior planets long before Galileo's telescope was thought of (1609) unless they had seen them or had received the true teachings from earlier scientists who had observed their shapes by means of telescopes? And these early observers may have been Chaldaeans or Egyptians or Hindûs, or even men of nations now utterly lost to history, such as the Atlanteans.

We know that the Chaldaeans had a good deal of knowledge of astronomy. The Babylonians used the sun-dial and had fairly accurate ideas as to the relative distances of the sun, moon, and planets from the Earth. Professor Rawlinson thought their knowledge was much greater than the Romans and Greeks believed, and he gives evidence to show that the Chaldaeans observed the four larger satellites of Jupiter, the ring of Saturn and *seven* of its satellites, some of which are very small and require a large telescope to show them.

Dr. Hein suggests that the Babylonians used the reflecting form of telescope with concave mirrors, and that this would be conclusively proved if we were quite certain that they did see Saturn's ring, etc. But is it not much more probable that they used the refracting telescope? Such a form of telescope consists entirely of transparent lenses, and a lens was actually found in the ruins of Nimrud, Assyria. Professor Sayce, in *Babylonian and Assyrian Life* (1914) says:


"The lens, which is of crystal, has been turned on a lathe and is now in the British Museum."

A magnifying glass is needed properly to read the minute writing on many of the clay tablets. The carved reliefs of Baal or Ninib, in which the god is standing within a ring, are very significant, for he has been identified with the planet Saturn, according to Prof. Sayce.

According to the teachings of Theosophy, the ancients possessed far more knowledge than our attitude of mind allows us to suspect, and we are slowly rediscovering many things that were once well known.

'AS A MAN THINKETH, SO IS HE'

GERTRUDE VAN PELT, B. SC., M. D.

N old saying is this, with as much meaning for the one who utters it as he has taken steps in his evolution. Every day of growth reveals a little more of its meaning. But like a long woodland path, which seems always to be ending a few stretches ahead, each new vantage point uncovers fresh vistas. All this is true over the long familiar roads. But after the message of Theosophy has been heard, the spell of centuries is broken. Suddenly there is a change, and instead of woodland paths or even journeys round the earth, worlds within worlds open up to the eyes of the soul, and multiply each vista a thousandfold. The chains of old customs melt; the entangling cords of creeds and dogma burst; new currents rush into the stifling air of narrow prejudice; and lo! the openings seen ahead, behind, in all directions, seem in comparison with the old myopic vision, to be lost in the haze of infinity. Such is the magic of the message of Theosophy.

It is not surprising that man should be as he thinks, for he is essentially a thinker. He is much else potentially and inclusively, certainly. But here and now, he is developing the faculty of thought. The common objective view of him is delusive, and will not bear analysis. He is plainly only inhabiting his visible organism, the workings of which his brain-mind does not at all understand. It is quite outside of this consciousness, though his intimate connexion with it reports as pain anything going wrong; just as through other nerve-currents he is affected, without understanding and generally without recognising it, by discord in his nation, his race, or in the world. But the workings of his body are a mystery which forever escapes him. Some wonderful artisan, of course, must understand them, and must have hosts of smaller and smaller entities working under and with him. Such exquisite co-ordination reveals plainly an exquisite intelligence of some sort. Systems within systems and organs within organs are functioning together in such perfect harmony and co-operation that they seem like one. Study of the human body offers suggestive analogy for thought in meditating on the universal order. Every organ has its separate little brain, with cells built up into special tissues to accomplish a definite purpose — no two alike. The duties of each are quite distinct. All fed from the same reservoir of life, yet each having the selective intelligence to take from the universal supply just what it needs and no more. We find small centres, whose business it is to secrete fluids for specific needs; others, to collect from

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the general organism, fluids for excretion; some to prepare the different kinds of food for digestion; others to take it up. Indeed, so intricate are the various transformations, that no one yet has been able to follow them with any certainty. Then there are channels and vehicles for distribution to the remotest circumference, and so on, almost without limit; and the whole of this marvelous world, bound together by two separate nervous systems, not only with a general headquarters, but also each part with every other, a maze of detail. The least injury gives a signal, apparently without lapse of time, to small bodies, known as phagocytes, which flock to the scene of trouble to offer relief. If the injury is grave, they come in myriads and devour the poisons which might otherwise wreck the general organism. Without hesitancy hosts of them offer up their lives, dying in uncountable numbers. No social or civic fabric has ever approached in efficiency such perfection. And yet of all this colossal system of workers, this army of masters and servants, co-ordinators and guardians, man is absolutely ignorant. If all goes well, he is quite unconscious of them, and for the most part does little but inject discord and difficulties through carelessness or greed. The little that has been learned of the human organism fills volumes, and all the knowledge has been gathered so far, as one might study a stone or a tree.

So man can hardly be said to be his body. The ancient teaching is that the real man dwells in Manas or the thought-principle, for the purpose of developing it. The earth is said to be a man-bearing planet, and the evolution taking place upon it, that which accords with a period between two Manus, or supernal intelligences. Its duration is billions of years, or the time it takes to perfect a man. What is to be learned in that time, through the unlimited experiences which this globe offers, is *how to think*; and at each stage the actor in the drama is 'as he thinks.'

Now, the average human being can scarcely be said to have developed the faculty of thought to any extent. Thoughts rush into his mind from any quarter without his volition, and he is quite carried away following them one after the other with as much deliberate aim as a butterfly exercises in winging its airy paths. He is unable to distinguish his own thoughts from those which have simply floated in as motes or dust specks float before the eyes. Let the average man watch his mind just as he is dropping to sleep, just before unconsciousness closes the scene; and he will be surprised at the aimless, useless pictures photographed on his mental retina. In waking moments, some minds suggest a kaleidoscope filled with broken bits of glass, and presenting a new delusion with each turn. Even when the ordinary man attempts to use purposely this exquisite instrument with which he is endowed, and to concentrate his thoughts upon a chosen subject, extraneous ideas or pictures dart in from

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every side; creep round the corners of his mind; yet more, wander impertinently across his direct field of vision, as if they were living entities, sporting disrespectfully with the owner of that mind. Those even who have gained enough freedom from such annoyances to make much progress in study, find themselves more or less at the mercy of unwelcome thoughts; enough so, doubtless, to fill the mental atmosphere with dust and smoke.

But the perfected man will be something quite different from all this and beyond human imagination. From what is revealed in the ancient teachings, it is clear that no thought unbidden will ever cross the sacred portals of *his* mind. All within will be pure and clear like the diamond; illuminated with the light of intuition. There will be no need for lenses, retorts, or edged tools, in studying the human body, for by the inherent force of his will, he may through his mind enter all the precincts of any organ, even to the finest cell; become it or them, as it were, temporarily, and know what the cell knows; how it makes its myriad transformations; what the organs do; what are the now uncounted steps between a grain of wheat and a muscle fiber. He will be able through the wonderful, unguessed power of mind to enter the life of a tree; a pebble; to expand into the life of the earth in its totality; to discover what makes of it one vast organism, just as does the lord of his body make of it the same. He will be able to sweep from earth to its sister-stars, and learn their relation to each other and to him, as part of the mighty whole. The solar system itself will hold no secrets from him, — but beyond that he may not go, as perfected man. It must be another order of evolution, which will cross these boundaries. Thus saith the ancient teaching, supported by an unassailable philosophy; an array of formidable facts, arranged in masterly order, maintained by analogies and logic, which leave the teaching in perfect poise — incontrovertible.

The enormous difference between the present “grub” state and perfected man lies in the quality, bent, and power of mind. Many now latent centers will, of course, become active, and there are to be physical transformations following the inner growth; but essentially, the evolution is to be mental and spiritual. At any moment, during the many hundreds of millions of years these changes will consume, it will always be true that “as a man thinketh, so is he.” He is at just that point in his evolution that the character, force, and direction of his mind indicate.

Instructions are given, as they always have been, how to make this journey through time in the right way and with the least pain. The Golden Rule, the injunctions to purity of mind and heart, the curse pronounced upon selfishness in its manifold forms, running through all the religions, are not sentiment, but the statement of law in the moral world, as inflexible as the law of light or gravity. Break it, and the

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natural consequences follow, increasingly serious the higher and more comprehensive the law. Thus, the effects of a conscious and deliberate violation of a moral law are infinitely more far reaching than that of any physical mistake. The universal purpose has been interfered with much nearer its centre. The one who is guilty of it has allied himself to that extent with the lower evil forces; becomes indeed an evil force, and has to meet with scientific exactness from the Higher Law, a discipline equal to his opposition to it.

As said, the whole of the enormous period of earth-life — an eternity for human realization — is consecrated to the development of mind. The one who is using it is the one who is evolving it, which, of course, implies that mind is simply an instrument, and no more the man than is his body. It is more delicate than the poise of a feather on a knife's edge. It is more swift than the lightning. The merest whiff will waft it from zenith to nadir, in a flash. It is more powerful than the wind; as vast as space. How great must be the real man within, to control such an instrument!

The difficulty and mystery seem to lie in this, that man sees and knows no earth through that which he is in the process of creating. He cannot know until he has created; he cannot create until he knows. The situation might suggest a deadlock. But it is not so hopeless as it seems. From the over-world, shining like a star, is the light of intuition; within, is the still, small voice — the voice of conscience. These two open channels from the world of actual knowledge, make always possible growth of the lower evolving mind, and, consequently, increase in knowledge to be gained through it. There is always enough illumination for the next step ahead. More comes after taking this in accordance with the Higher Guidance. For man understands on this plane, as he creates his organ of understanding. He has to forge his own sword, and with it cut his own path, blazed by ancient heroes. No savior is coming down to do the work for him. No outside power can remove the difficulties. To make a god means supereffort and aeons of training, and the perfected instrument, mind, is the insignia of his title. Thus the Ego in man is not only greater than his present mind, but above and beyond the final achievement a veritable Titan, though buried, hedged in, and, at times, well nigh overpowered. Like a king in his natural Home, he is practically and verily at any given moment in this world, 'as he thinks.'

The mysterious position has been variously compared by the ancients to a labyrinth; a rock to which the Great One is chained; a perilous journey; an agelong pilgrimage, and so on.

It might likewise be compared in one aspect to a closed mine, buried deep in the world of matter. The divine miner must by a self-emitted

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ray of light, that ray which comes to him from the over-world, discover the infinite treasures which lie therein; must carve his road to freedom. Many will be the false alleys he will construct, leading back to the starting point; leading to spots of torture; ending in cul-de-sacs. And each one until reclosed will be there to beguile or deceive. But victory comes at last. Other miners can be heard, working all about, and like blind leading the blind, will shout their counsel. Beyond, in the fresh, sweet air, are those Herculesees, who have in bygone ages toiled through similar mines and unearthed their gems; forged their swords of will, and mastered the demons of the underworld. They call continually to their comrades of a later age. Their voices penetrating to the deepest layer can reach those who listen. They are the great Teachers of man. They teach him how to find the secrets of life, and how to act. They bid him shun the deathly fumes of hate, anger, envy; and should he meet them unawares, instead of adding to them, like poisons, they bid him to awaken love, the universal transformer of all things ugly, mean, or low. Thus only shall he gain the strength to open the Way to the Light. It is these directors who make it possible for man to finally work his way out of his dungeon of matter.

Theosophy proclaims the existence of World-Teachers, who are sometimes known; more often, not. Indeed, it is itself indisputable evidence of their presence and interest in human affairs. They are a philosophical and practical necessity. Synthetic knowledge is only possible to those who have already mastered the knowledge *they* synthesize. Life is unthinkable without them. Nothing is clear until they are mentally perceived. Read *The Secret Doctrine* to realize the full import of this. Half evolved beings cannot give the key they have not yet found. Moral sense demands them. Do we, even at this stage, throw our children into life without an effort to enrich them with our past experience? On the contrary, the divine element in us, though still obscured, forces us to furnish schools and study opportunities for growth in the interest of the youth. Those refusing this are stigmatized as a disgrace to human kind. Are we likely to be less generous, less responsible, to feel less concern for the welfare of others after we have suffered and enjoyed for ages; after we know with a keenness not now imaginable, just what it means to overcome and be strong? Shall we be selfish after having gained that which is the reward of an absolute surrender of self? Nor are They. Indeed, They are said to be not only masters of wisdom, of knowledge and life, but masters of compassion. Though possibly not essential, up to a certain degree of growth, to know that such men exist and labor for the world, the knowledge of it is always a help, an inspiration, a clarifying influence in the mind. For noble examples always inspire effort.

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One often hears that it matters little what one believes if he only lives aright. But this is one of those muddy mixtures of truth and error which leaves nothing clear. Wrong thinking does not produce right living. Nor do narrow, provincial, grotesque beliefs lead to the mountain tops, though occasionally we find one reaching them in spite of such handicaps, when love and compassion have grown great enough to lift him, temporarily, quite above their influence.

The truth is, we have two minds, which act and react upon each other; one, belonging to our essential permanent nature, generous, great, all-knowing, and functioning in its natural element: the other, little, personal, selfish, functioning here on earth and in the process of becoming. One furnishing, so to say, the back-ground, and revealing its presence in the individual through color, quality, atmosphere, right motive, or character — occasionally, as in genius, sending down real thoughts, perfect, beautiful, ripe; the other, busy with the things of the day, and all involved with ambitions, sensations, fears, joys, emotions of every kind. The task which lies before every one is to bring these two minds *en rapport*; little by little to prepare the vehicle for more and more of the higher mind to enter. When the vehicle is perfected, there will be the descent of the Holy Ghost; the higher mind will dwell in it, expand it, and we shall have man completed — millions upon millions of years hence.

But meantime, many things happen. Selfishness clogs the channel between the two minds, so that messages seldom pass. This is said to be a characteristic of this present civilization — great intellects, using their energies for selfish and hence evil ends. The finale for them, unless they alter their ways, must be dissolution through self-generated poisons. Then we have spiritual aspirations and longings filtering down upon an ill-regulated and illogical lower mind. Witness the numerous erratic cults, known as fads. We see lower minds, many of them, full of distractions, aimless, whose incessant chatter makes it impossible for the higher to gain their attention: and again, lower minds all awry with wrong conceptions; willing and anxious for guidance, but misinterpreting the meaning. There must have been many medieval ascetics who realized intensely the spiritual world, and longed for it, yet wasted and contracted their lives through torture of the body, and seclusion from their fellows. They had no real idea of brotherhood. Their minds were saturated with the false teachings of anthropomorphism; their wills and faculties harnessed to the crude desire for a personal heaven. Sound basic beliefs would have checked them here and there, before they became enveloped in delusions. Their undeniable devotion to duty and their ability for self-control, would have led them into useful paths and shown them the *true* way to dominate their bodies, had they been guided by the light.

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The play of currents between the higher and lower natures is verily infinite, but our observations of life, and the evidence of actual teachings given to the world at the turn of the tides, make it plain that it is of great consequence not only how we think, but what we think; whether, in other words, we are approaching truth or receding from it. It is of supreme importance in what light we regard others and ourselves. The 'worm of the dust' theory leads in quite a different direction from the 'Ye are gods' teaching.

There was once a youth who had known only toil and drudgery during his short life. Held in servitude by a cruel and powerful master, life offered nothing attractive within his narrow horizon. He was growing stooped and careless, even ambition was being smothered under oppression. One day, when heavily trudging over the highway, he met a venerable man of lordly mien, who said, "Youth, I have tidings for thee. Thou art a prince. When but a babe, thou wert stolen from thy father's castle, robbed of thy heritage, since when thou hast been reared in the prison of mean thoughts. But lift thy eyes and take courage. Tell no man of this, but when the hour is ripe thou shalt be restored." As suddenly as the old man came, he vanished. A magic change took place. The youth straightened himself to his full height. Fire came into his eyes. His step became elastic; his form grew supple with energy. His manners softened; his mind developed. "If I am a prince," said he, "I must have noble thoughts." And thus rapidly the new standpoint produced a transformation.

Dogma has grown out of a distortion of this truth that it matters what one thinks. In the past, men in high official positions, with limited minds and minds not always honest, have formulated their own narrow conceptions of some of the great teachings, often drawing inferences which had no relation to the real facts, and then have used their power to force their opinions on the ignorant masses. To put men's bodies in chains is terrible, but it is nothing to the sin of enslaving the mind. This has been the crime of the Christian era, and it produced a race of mental cripples. Finally, shut off from rational contemplation of spiritual matters, the racial energy flowed in a material direction with such force that in many natures the higher faculties atrophied, and spiritual realities became an absolute blank to their consciousness.

Teachers of dogma do not bear the credentials of spiritual guides. These know that man is a thinker and must evolve through thought. Whatever else comes or does not come to him at any time, thought must be free, if he is to grow. *Bodily* fetters *may* be made by the thinker a means of growth sometimes, but mental shackles, never. And yet the truths about man, his nature, his history, and destiny: about life as

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a whole, its purpose, and all vital questions, must be presented. They must be taught, explained, reiterated, in every new race and new age. The real Teachers do this unfailingly, but they lay not a feather's weight to coerce belief. They have no dogmas. This is one of the signs by which they may be known. They give truths which shine by their own inner light, but offer them freely, to be accepted or rejected by any or all. *Give*, however, is not the right word. Truth must be won. No language can shape it to form. Even the best use of words can only beckon in its direction, and each one in his time must pass beyond them. Though more subtil symbols than words may be used to convey it, still all must prepare themselves through their own efforts to receive such teachings. Moreover, with every step onward, the formulated truth changes its aspect. As no two beings are, it is said, in exactly identical positions, the same words can never have precisely the same meaning for them. Dogma puts splints on the mind; holds it chained to a dwarfed conception, and, in time, kills out spiritual discernment. Where, except in Theosophy, can such complete, profound, comprehensive teaching be found, with an absolute exclusion of dogma? This is one of the marks by which it may be known from the outside as Truth. The final evidence comes to the thinker, who in accepting it as Guide finds he has verily entered the Land of the Gods; that fetters drop off; that horizons stretch to infinity; that harmony supersedes confusion and that Light discloses beauty in the forms which had seemed grotesque in the semi-darkness. It is not to be expected that a simple intellectual assent will discover all this,—the real man, the thinker, being beyond intellect, which is only one of his gateways. The pleasure in music lies deeper than a knowledge of the mathematics of harmony; or in art, than a mastery of its technique.

The great thing is to know that thought is the instrument which shapes destiny, that even the lightest cloud has had its source in the thoughts of this or some previous life; that bitter fruits are the trail of the serpent of evil thoughts; and that sooner or later every thought comes to the surface as a crystallized joy or sorrow. The greater thing is to know that all have latent the absolute power to select and direct their thoughts; that they actually can close the door upon petty, unworthy ones, and invite those which are beautiful and ennobling; that no exterior god or demon forces arbitrarily any event, whatever may be the seeming contrary evidence; and that there is no need to retain any quality which makes one unloved, unhappy, or useless. The greatest thing of all is, after knowing all this, to call upon one's will and translate it into action. "He who conquereth himself, is greater than he who taketh a city." In fact, it is this last only which can transform simple information into personal knowledge.

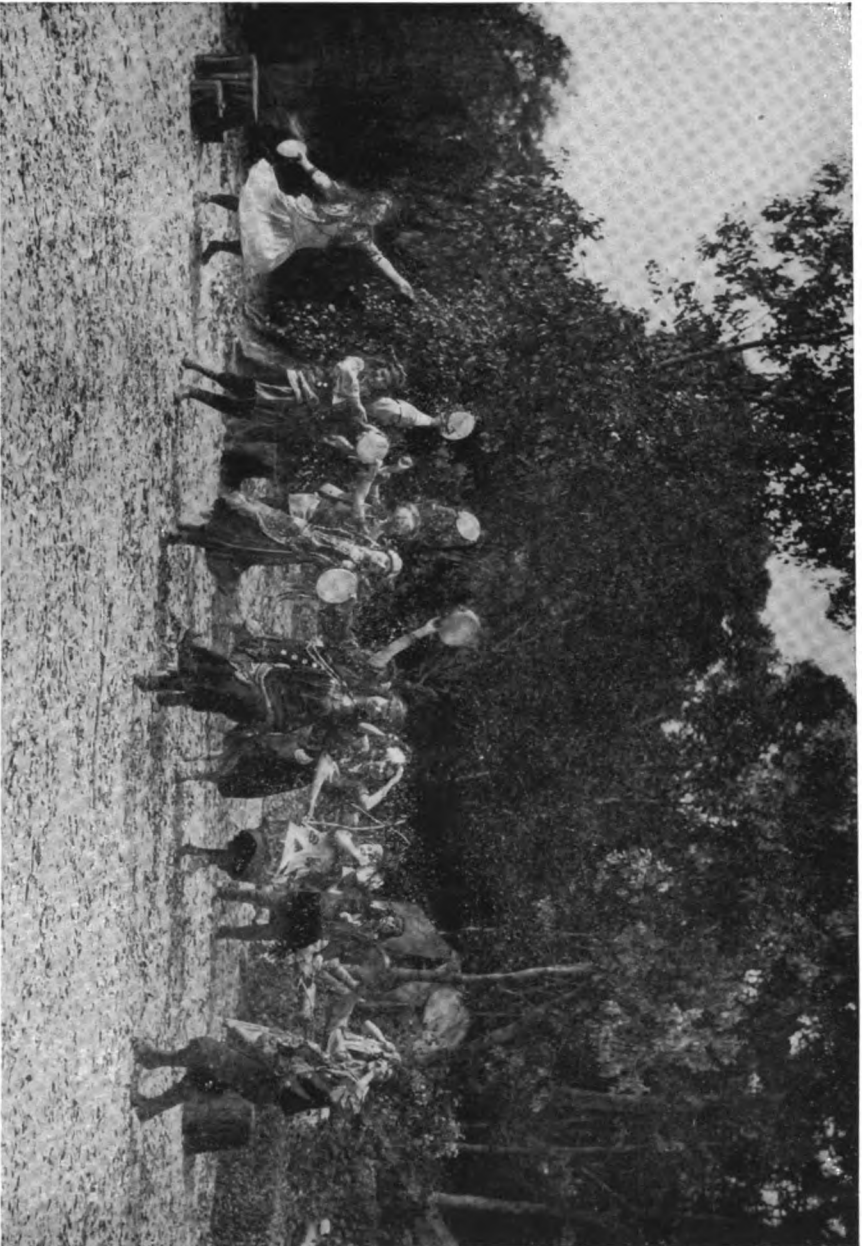
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In the words of Mme. Blavatsky: "We stand bewildered before the mystery of our own making and the riddles of life that *we will not solve*, and then accuse the great Sphinx of devouring us. But verily there is not an accident in our lives, not a misshapen day or a misfortune, that could not be traced back to our own doings in this or another life." She came to proclaim and awaken the god in man. She came as the herald of a new age.

Gods cannot be vanquished. Failure then is impossible to those who persevere. Out of this consciousness grows courage. What is there to fear for one who knows that only eternal harmonies endure; that beneath the ceaseless ebb and flow of life's tides, there is an undertone, strong as all the worlds, shaping the motions to the destiny of gods; that out of the refuse of the world-stuff, out of the sorrows and failures of life, even out of its horrors, time weaves a luminous garment of splendor, and Mother Earth, after dire devastations, mantles herself once more in loveliness.

"NATURE conceived the idea of us before she formed us, and, indeed, we are no such trifling piece of work as could have fallen from her hands unheeded. See how great privileges she has bestowed upon us, how far beyond the human race the empire of mankind extends; consider how widely she allows us to roam, not having restricted us to the land alone, but permitted us to traverse every part of herself; consider, too, the audacity of our intellect, the only one which knows of the gods or seeks for them, and how we can raise our mind high above the earth, and commune with those divine influences; you will perceive that man is not a hurriedly put together, or an unstudied piece of work. Among her noblest products nature has none of which she can boast more than man, and assuredly no other which can comprehend her boast. What madness is this, to call the gods in question for their bounty? . . . Suppose that such men as these say, 'I do not want it,' 'Let him keep it to himself,' 'Who asks him for it?' and so forth, with all the other speeches of insolent minds: still, he whose bounty reaches you, although you say that it does not, lays you under an obligation, nevertheless; indeed, perhaps the greatest part of the benefit which he bestows is that he is ready to give even when you are complaining against him."

— SENECA, *On Benefits*; xxiii, (Translation by A. Stewart)



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THE GYPSY DANCE

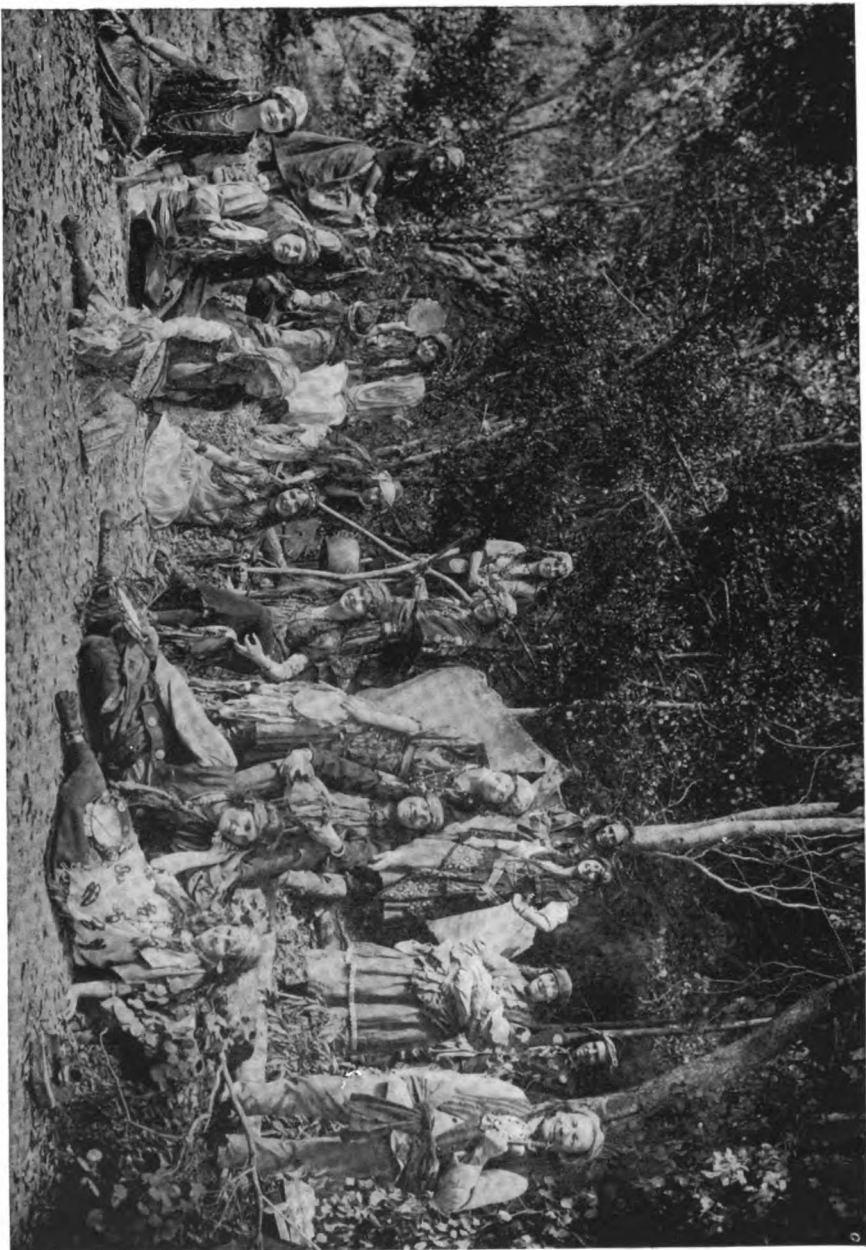
Another spectacular feature introduced by Katherine Tingley in her recent presentation of "As You Like It".

"Come with the gypsy bride,
And repair to the fair!"



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TABLEAU IN THE GYPSY DANCE



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AFTER THE DANCE

"In the Gypsy life you read
The life that all would like to lead."



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THE GYPSY ENCAMPMENT

ATOMS OF SOUND

MAGISTER ARTIUM



CORRESPONDENT in the *English Mechanic* says:

"Science now recognises the atomic structure of both electricity and light, and by deduction from their correlation the other physical forces, those of heat and sound, must also possess an atomic structure. The atoms of both heat and sound, however, have yet to be discovered."

The inference is somewhat violent. Because two forces are correlated, and one is atomic, therefore the other is atomic. Also there is a certain delightful freedom in speaking of the structure of a force, as being atomic or otherwise. Atomic matter we are familiar with, but atomic force demands an additional scratching of our head. We supposed that science had pronounced electricity and light to be substances or grades of matter, and that the atoms spoken of were small units of this matter. We have also gathered that, when there is a vagueness as to the terms matter and energy, the word atom can be replaced by the word quantum. So light and electricity are either energy divided into quanta, or matter divided into atoms. Time has been spoken of as atomic, or as being divisible into ultimate indivisible units or quanta. But should we classify time as a form of matter or as a form of energy? It doesn't strike one at first sight as coming conveniently under either head. True, one has heard of people staggering under a load of years, but the expression is metaphorical and scarcely implies that time is a ponderable substance. Again, one has heard of the flight of time, but seeks in vain to recall an instance of such flight being violently arrested and thereby developing heat by the transformation of kinetic energy into its thermal equivalent.

Atoms of sound is, we confess, a notion that had not occurred to us; but that was merely an oversight which we are glad to have corrected. In a natural attempt to conceive this idea, to reduce it to some sort of mental equivalent, we find ourselves asking first what is sound. Is it a sensation in my head or a form of vibratory motion in the particles of ponderable matter? Both definitions are given, but the latter is clearly the one here intended. So we have a piece of solid matter, whose particles are vibrating around points at the rate of so many times a second; and we are asked to conceive this state of affairs as being atomic in structure. Perhaps one vibration might be suggested as the atom of vibration.

With regard to heat, the difficulty in conception does not seem so

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great. One has only to resuscitate the old phlogiston theory, by which heat was regarded as a substance which enters or leaves bodies. If told that a hot body does not weigh any more than a cold one, we can take refuge in the belief that heat is a substance unaffected by gravity; but then what about Rumford and Davy?

In lucubrations like that quoted at the head of this article we observe the confusion of thought and want of metaphysical proficiency which characterize the mental sphere of many people. Not the least among these confusions, and one that has been characteristic of scientific thought, and often pointed out, is the neglect to discriminate between entities and abstractions. If sound is merely the name given to vibrations of a certain order, then it is a descriptive name and stands for an abstraction or mental category. In this sense it belongs to the same class of terms as height, weight, complexion, etc., as applied to the human species. It is absurd to speculate as to the structure, atomic or otherwise, of sound, if the word denotes merely an abstraction such as this. But behind this we discern, lurking in the mind of the speculator, the notion that sound is something more than this, that it is an entity, some mysterious force, power, agent, or substance, which exists of itself independently and provokes in physical matter those vibrations that are classified under the name of sound. And surely this is the truer view. It may well be that sound exists thus independently, and that the rôle played by physical matter is that of rendering sound perceptible to our physical senses.

In certain ancient philosophies, with which Theosophy is to some extent concerned, sound is represented as among the most mysterious and occult potencies, and is said to be the characteristic quality of that species of superphysical matter known as âkâsa. It is a creative force, connected with that which in Occult Science is known as the Word. Much of interest on this question will be found in *The Secret Doctrine*.

Nineteenth-century science was prone to define the primal forces by their physical effects, thus reducing them to abstractions, *modes* of motion or of energy. It recognised nothing more real than these same effects. The trend of twentieth-century science is to regard them rather as things in themselves, capable of existing apart from physical matter and of exciting effects therein; and this is the view which the mind instinctively takes. We no longer regard electricity as a mere mode of energy in matter, but as an independent substance or force (the meaning of these terms is much confused). The same is probably destined to happen to our notions of heat and sound.

All this bears closely on the present revolution in ideas by which our ground-notions of time and space are becoming so modified. It was sufficient for the temporary purposes of nineteenth-century science to refer

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phenomena to a postulated temporal and spatial framework; but now our greater refinements in research require that we shall recognise the artificial and temporary character of this framework; and, though we must still keep some framework in the back of our minds, if we are to think at all, yet we shall have made notable progress by this new recognition.

THE GARDEN OF EDEN

H. TRAVERS, M. A.

"And the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden; and there he put the man whom he had formed.

"And out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight, and good for food; the tree of life also in the midst of the garden, and the tree of knowledge of good and evil.

"And a river went out of Eden to water the garden; and from thence it was parted, and became into four heads. . . .

"And the Lord God took the man, and put him into the garden of Eden to dress it and to keep it.

"And the Lord God commanded the man, saying, Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat:

"But of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it: for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die."



Runs the familiar story, and equally familiar is its sequel. We know how the Serpent tempted the woman, telling her that, if she ate of the forbidden fruit, she would not die, but that "Ye shall become as Gods, knowing good and evil"; and how she ate of the fruit, and gave to Adam, and he also ate. Then their innocence fell from them, and they were driven forth from the garden of Eden, to labor for their bread in the outer world.

There is something about this story that lingers in the memory; nor can its undying charm be accounted for solely by its familiarity to our childhood's ears. Perhaps the reason may be that the story is *true* in a sense; and perhaps there is something about a *truth* that forces itself home to our conviction despite the obstacles of doubt and misunderstanding. We have been taught to believe that the story is folk-lore and superstition; and indeed such a belief is a natural reaction against the unintelligent literal dead-letter interpretation which we have had driven into us at the Sunday-school. But despite these misunderstandings and scoffs, we still feel the charm of the story and it will not die.

It is but natural that devout readers of the Bible should have sought

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zealously to fix the geographical location of the Garden of Eden. So much of the narrative is associated with places that can actually be fixed or even visited today. The particulars as to the river which parts into four streams might seem to afford a clue. Yet how uncertain this clue is may be seen from the variety of the conjectures arrived at. We give a few.

Josephus thought that the four rivers were the Euphrates, Tigris, Ganges, and Nile. Calvin believed Eden to have been at the mouth of the Euphrates on the Persian Gulf. General Gordon and others were strongly of the opinion that Eden was in one of the Seychelles Islands in the Indian Ocean. Others, who have heard something of American archaeology, think that Eden was in Yucatan. Still others believe it was at the North Pole, which, according to Geology, was formerly warm.

And we have H. P. Blavatsky's authority for the following statement:

"The Garden of Eden as a locality is no myth at all; it belongs to those landmarks of history which occasionally disclose to the student that the Bible is not all mere allegory. Eden, or the Hebrew Gan-Eden, meaning park or garden of Eden, is an archaic name of the country watered by the Euphrates and its many branches, from Asia and Armenia to the Erythraean Sea."— *Isis Unveiled*, I, 575

But now let us set against this another circumstance. Turning to a book called *Myths of the New World*, by Professor Daniel Brinton, we find the following:

"Constantly from the palace of the Lord of the world, seated on the high hill of heaven, blow four winds, pour four streams, refreshing and fecundating the earth. Therefore, in the myths of ancient Irân there is mention of a celestial fountain . . . whence four all-nourishing rivers roll their waves toward the cardinal points; therefore the Tibetans believe that on the sacred mountain of Himâvata grows the tree of life Zampu, from whose foot once more flow the waters of life in four streams to the four quarters of the world; and therefore it is that the same tale is told by the Chinese of the mountain Kuantun, by the Edda of the mountain in Asaheim, whence flows the spring Hvergelmir, by the Brâhmans of Mount Meru, and by the Parsees of Mount Albors in the Caucasus. . . .

"The Aztec priests never chanted more regretful dirges than when they sang of Tûlan, the cradle of their race, where once it dwelt in peaceful happiness, whose groves were filled with birds of sweet voices and gay plumage, whose generous soil brought forth spontaneously maize, cacao, aromatic gums, and fragrant flowers. . . . The myth of the Quichés but changes the name of this pleasant land. With them it was Pan-paxilpa-cayala, where the waters divide in falling. . . . Once again, in the legends of the Mixtecas, we hear the old story repeated of the garden where the first two brothers dwelt. . . . 'Many trees were there, such as yield flowers and roses, very luscious fruits, divers herbs, and aromatic spices.' "

And we might go on quoting indefinitely from many other sources. It seems clear that the Eden story is no monopoly of the Hebrew Christian Bible, or of the ancient Hebrews, or even of their predecessors the Chaldees. It is everywhere, even as far removed as America. How are we to reconcile this with the other statement — that the Garden of Eden was the country watered by the Euphrates? Elsewhere, too, H. P. Blavatsky speaks of Eden as referring to a land now submerged beneath

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the sea, and of the Eden mentioned in Ezekiel as referring to the ancient continent of Lemuria.

Evidently the story is one of those whose meaning is of both universal and particular application. The same can be said of the Flood, the Tower of Babel, and the confusion of tongues. Every people, including as before the American aborigines, has its story of the Ark or something similar; every people has its sacred mountain. But though the story is always the same in all essential respects, there are local differences. The sacred mountain is always some mountain in the country known to those who tell the story; the kind of birds, trees, etc., differs correspondingly. Here is therefore a case of adoption and adaptation. But let us seek further light in the meaning of the legend.

It describes the existence of a unit of humanity, figuratively spoken of as Adam and Eve, in a state of innocent bliss, with every bounty which heaven and earth can afford, but as yet without the power of free choice between good and evil. Man was in the child-state. The drama provides two deific powers, one called in the Hebrew Jahveh or Jehovah, and translated "the Lord God"; the other called the Serpent. Now the Serpent is a universal symbol of wisdom. In every religious cult we find it, and the serpent-mounds of this country are as familiar as are the snake-dances of certain Indians. Even in the Bible the Serpent is spoken of in this sense, as in the well-known passage: "Be ye wise as serpents and harmless as doves." But for some mysterious reason it has been with us a symbol of evil. The Bible, however, is an ancient oriental book; and the narrative itself shows us that this Serpent had power and wisdom in no way inferior to that of Jehovah. It persuades the man and woman to taste of the tree which Jehovah had forbidden them to taste, assuring them that his threat of death was untrue, and that they should thereby become wise. And we are told that, upon eating the fruit, their eyes were opened.

Taken in connexion with the corresponding accounts in the allegories of other peoples, we may infer that man received at the hands of the Serpent the gift of free-will — man's curse and man's blessing; the power that begins by causing him to err, but ends by saving him. In short, in reading this story, we find ourselves present at an initiation, during which man is tested and offered a choice. He is at once forbidden and persuaded to taste the fruit. It is ridiculous to suppose that the Serpent acted as an enemy of the Lord God, and the Lord God was an all-powerful deity who yet was unable to control his own subjects. Such is indeed the absurd version of the story to which many of us have been accustomed, and it is small wonder that our faith has been severely tried by it. We all know the childish question: "Mother, why doesn't God kill the devil?"

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Man, then, chooses the perilous gift and takes upon himself by his own choice the responsibility for his actions. He had received from his creators everything they could give; but how could they give him wisdom? This was a thing that could not be given, but must be chosen. So man was permitted to choose, and he chose wisdom.

The result was that he lost his innocence and could no longer remain in Eden. So does a man lose his childhood when he grows up; so does the unconsciousness of infancy vanish when the self-consciousness of youth sets in. And he goes forth into the outer world. And what use did he make of his new power? There can be little doubt that he made a wrong use of it and went astray. There can be little doubt that he suffered and still suffers, as he cherishes ever in his heart the memory of that lost Eden and never ceases from his endeavor to regain it.

The allegory, therefore, refers in its larger meaning to one of the earliest chapters in the history of mankind. It will be acknowledged that the accounts given in Genesis are somewhat confused. There are two accounts of the Creation of man: one in the first chapter, the other in the second. In chapter i the animals are created first; in chapter ii man is created first. In verse 7 of this chapter we read:

"The Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul."

The Lord God is Jehovah Elohim, as we find by referring to the Hebrew original; and the word which is translated 'living soul' means 'animal soul,' as is pointed out in Young's Biblical Concordance. This, then, was the first creation of man, whereby he was made a perfect animal being, but was as yet not endowed with his characteristic Intelligence. In the other account we read that:

"God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness. . . . So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him."

The word translated God here is the Hebrew Elohim, meaning Spiritual Powers or Divine Beings, and it is to be noted that the plural pronouns *us* and *our* are used.

Now a double creation of man is to be found in the ancient allegories and mythologies all over the world, as a study of comparative religion shows us. And it should be taken into account in interpreting the Bible. Failing in this, through lack of knowledge, our commentators have jumbled the accounts as if they both referred to the same event; and thus they have left the discrepancies and contradictions unexplained. Further, in the story of the Garden of Eden, we have yet another account. For here we find that man is at first mindless, and afterwards receives the gift of mind and his eyes are opened and he becomes as a

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God. — So in this account the two creations are again represented.

Lest it might be thought that this interpretation is arbitrary and fanciful, let it be said again that it is arrived at by a study of the ancient religions of the world, with a view to finding out their points of agreement. It would not be possible to go into this subject now, but anyone interested will find plenty of facts in H. P. Blavatsky's works and other Theosophical literature.

The next meaning of the Eden story is that which refers to the golden age of different races. As said before, various races in various lands have adapted the story, localized it, and colored it according to their own particular surroundings and ideas. In this case it refers to the golden age of the various races. Our present race is the Aryan Race, or Fifth Root-Race; and we belong to the fifth subrace of this Fifth Root-Race. The Golden Age of the Aryan Race occurred long long ago while its earlier subraces were flourishing. And it occupied a part of Central Asia. It has dispersed and given rise to many smaller subdivisions, as our history-books tell us. It is well-known that there is a great similarity in the legends of members of the Aryan family, extending even so far as fairy-tales and nursery rimes; also that their languages all belong to one family. Every one of these scattered races, too, preserves legends telling of a golden age in the past, when man was sinless and happy, which gave way to ages of decline. The Eden story is such an allegory.

Only today I read in a magazine that there exists a prevalent belief that man, as a race, is decaying. The golden ages are all in the past, it is said. The writer must surely have forgotten that the retrospects towards past golden ages are always accompanied by prospects towards golden ages yet to come. Is not *Paradise Lost* but the prelude to its sequel, *Paradise Regained*? The path of evolution is a spiral curve, which advances by a succession of ups and downs. That this is no mere speculation, but a fact, is seen if we observe evolution on the small scale. Is not our life made of ups and downs? Does not day follow night, and night day; winter follow summer, only to be succeeded by another spring? The life of a race may be compared with the life of a man. The golden age of childhood, with its glow of the heaven-world whence came the newly incarnate Soul, passes away; but we look for a return to the heaven-world after death. Every race passes through its seven ages; and of these seven the first three are in a descending curve, the fourth is the lowest, and the last three are an ascent. This explains why our Fifth Root-Race is now but a little beyond its lowest point, and has glories both behind and before it.

Finally the Eden story refers to the drama of the human Soul. Each one of us is a Divinity dwelling in a house of clay. We are conscious of

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our Divinity — however dimly; and this consciousness forbids us to sleep the sleep of indifference. It impels us ever onward. It is the presence of the Divine Flame in man that fills him with restless insatiable aspirations and drives him ever forward in the pursuit of satisfaction. This satisfaction he can never find in the things of sense; for such things cannot avail to satisfy man's aspirations. He seizes upon one thing after another, only to fling it away in disappointment; for in it he finds not that which he sought — that which alone can satisfy. The ardor of romantic attachment may beckon him onward and upward, holding out prospects of a richer fuller life; yet he seizes the shadow and misses the substance, and the shadow melts in his grasp. He is disappointed; and often, because his ideal has escaped him, he petulantly cries that there is no ideal. He tries cynicism, but that cannot satisfy, and he must enter anew on his perpetual quest.

And what must be the end? He must sooner or later realize that, before he can enter Eden, he must become a child once again. He cannot carry his earth-stained garments therein. He must be pure, free from selfishness and desire. He uses his temptations as opportunities, "mounts on stepping-stones of his dead selves to higher things," and finds that the great Tempter was in reality the great Teacher.

Paradise Regained! There is a watchword for all of us. And the regaining of this Paradise is a matter within the power of every man. I do not refer to any special powers, I speak but of the consolations and encouragements which such a faith can give to the humblest student of life. But is Paradise nothing but a land with golden streets and flowing with milk and honey? Or is it a land of feather-beds — whether actual material feather-beds or feather-beds for the pampered soul? Nay, such a paradise would be intolerable to the healthy and vigorous Soul. We must recognise that all experiences are welcome to the vigorous Soul, as equally providing opportunity for self-expression and achievement. I would regard the Paradise rather as a condition of knowledge and wisdom, of inward poise and strength, from which we have departed, and which we seek to regain.

The power which carried man down the hill is the very same power that can carry him up the ascending slope that lies before him. His power of choice, and all his accumulated strength and determination will furnish the momentum. It is not in his own personal desires that he trusts; he finds out that those are erring guides. He seeks a higher power in the depths of his nature. He cries, with the Psalmist:

"Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me. Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy holy spirit from me. Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me with thy free spirit."

THE POWER OF IDEALS

And the God which he addresses is the One Eternal Spirit dwelling in the hearts of all men. But supplication is of no use without effort. We dare not abrogate the freewill with which we are endowed. We must use the powers we possess. And if we wait in expectancy for a salvation to be conferred on us by someone else, we shall grow weary with the waiting. We must put our own shoulder to the wheel and resolve to win back the joy and peace that are our heritage.

The Bible also contains the promise of paradise regained; but if we are to take it in the dead-letter sense, we shall make as little of it as some people have made of the Eden story. We shall have a picture of the Deity creating man, then allowing a demon to interfere and spoil his work, then petulantly driving out the man and cursing him; and finally repenting and offering to save man on certain extraordinary conditions. But the Son of God, who is sacrificed to save man is the Divinity in man himself, sacrificed by being incased in matter and made to undergo the experiences of worldly life. But it is destined ultimately to be man's savior, and then truly will the promise have been fulfilled and man will be fit to re-enter Eden — this time not in the innocence of ignorance but in the majesty of knowledge.

THE POWER OF IDEALS

MAGISTER ARTIUM

FROM an article entitled 'Effective Idealism,' in the *Hibbert Journal* for July, we glean the following impressions. That many people who contemplate high ideals of world-love fail in effectiveness because their ideals are too broad and vague. As the world is too large to be comprehended in an act of devotion, we are prone to select from it certain few aspects, which appeal to our sympathies, and to love those; like one who feels his heart warm and expand in the presence of beautiful nature, but is soon irritated and disgusted by the intrusion of some unwelcome aspect or person. And this is perhaps really a species of self-love.

It is sometimes said that a love of the world will induce a love of our neighbor; but it may be the other way round. A love of our neighbor may induce a love of the world.

The attempt to apply a high and vague ideal may do harm as well as good; such ideal being an affair of the imagination rather than the heart, and hence not being adapted to actual circumstances. On the other

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hand, one who loves his neighbor, whose heart is sympathetic and conduct amiable, does actual practical work.

Such are the impressions given by the article; and the writer seems to find a difficulty in realizing how such love as the latter kind can be fruitful on a large scale; instancing the case of a man in prison, whose activities were reduced to mere kindliness of behavior towards his fellow-prisoners and keepers. How could such acts, all unknown as they were, influence the world for good? They could develop the man's character, so as to render him a power for good if he came out of prison, but what more? They could influence the other men whom he contacted and so render their conduct useful to the world. But still, what more?

Here is where we need more faith in the power of thought, in the power of heart-life. Here is where we are cramped by our materialism.

There is a school of thought which dwells on the power of mind, but it is preoccupied with narrow and selfish applications of the principle. It bids us be well and happy, make money and dominate our fellows, succeed in our loves, and (inferentially) in our hates.

Thus co-operation is needed among the schools of thought. Some are denying the power of mind; others are admitting it, but restricting it to unworthy objects.

If we feel that we cannot move the world, but can only influence our immediate sphere, why let physical geometry interfere with its laws of material force and distance, when our souls dwell not in that kind of space, nor are limited by that kind of force? Stone walls do not a prison make, except for the outer man.

The philosopher who is full of bright schemes for mankind, but cannot stand cold mutton, may live to grow disgusted with his impracticability, and learn to find more self-expression and joy in cultivating the qualities of adaptability and simple service than in spinning beautiful cobwebs in his irritable armchair. Let him have faith that thus he is really accomplishing more good for mankind. Even physically his usefulness will be vastly increased; for the wisdom gained by sympathy will enable him to say the right word at the right moment, and to help along at every opportunity instead of making difficulties as has been his wont. And if his body is within stone walls, his mind is behind no iron bars, while his soul is yet more free than his mind. Let us not limit ourselves by trying to imagine that the activities of the mind and soul are fettered by the conditions of physical space and energy. To cherish high ideals, and to realize them to the extent of the opportunities afforded us — what more can we do or hope to do? And if we but try it, we shall find the sphere of those opportunities expand beyond the range of our utmost aspirations.

OFF NEWBURYPORT BAR

OUT of the chambers of the sea the gale
Blows through the ancient town. And all its breath
Is bitter with the salt spume that has knit
Fans of white fire above the straining tops
Of masts that quiver to their fall. All night
Hollows of the horizon heave vast sighs;
We hear great organ-music through our dreams,
Or wake to tremble at the helpless cry
Of surges roaring into nothingness.

But in the narrow ways of streets and courts
And under battling boughs, though wild sound smite
Pulses to stillness, yet is the sight forfend
Of all the plain of the dim deep whose wreaths
That soar and sink are powdered into air
Blown thinner than a ghost. Nor ours to see
Torment of watery tumultuousness,
Nor any seething of the shoaling seas
In heartbreak of dull twilight; nor when clear
The moon along the edge of the clouds runs out
To touch the leaping spray, and hurrying hides
In caverns of the night and storm, while gulfs
Of black and silver burst in monstrous shapes
Hovering and swooping; nor when springing day
A swift and sudden arrow shoots and wakes
The cock of sacrifice upon his spire
To splendid life.

He, on his spindle set,
Nor veering in the teeth of the blast that sings
In mighty rhythms from the outer east,
Looks with defiant eye across the bar
That, vague with changing phantoms of the foam,
Rears all its flashing crest from march to march
Of the low sand-dunes.

He, and he alone,
Sees lines of parting coast, and one long league
Combed white as wool where the broad breaker tears
The tide incoming to suck down the shore

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With every plunge of its mad shock that plays
With continents for counters. Wide and wild —
Again the gracious gold of morning lost —
He sees in gloom the gray expanses meet
Gray heaven, if that be heaven which bends so low
It mantles jets and shafts and flying falls
Of spinning scud and the chance wave that looms
Like some wan giant vanishing in cloud
Upon the swell.

He, when in one great sheet
The rending mists let out a sudden sea
With bout of blast and billow, on his watch
That compasses meridians of storm,
Sees at broad anchorage the fishing-craft,
Stripped to the challenge of the tempest; sees
Far off the fated barque whose broken mast
Rakes the last verge, and up whose slant deck ride
The hungry hordes that ravage her, the while
She drifts through weltering furrows to the land
That lies in treacherous wait beneath its mask
Of shallows that in the sunshine of yestere'en
Played green and azure beauty over sands
Tarnished and tawny.

Still within the east
That, sullen, gathers back its bitter breath,
He sees gaunt wings that shine in flame and snow,
Skim in wide circles, sweep and dip to snatch
The long tress streaming weed-like through the wave
That glasses dead illusion, sliding on
From slope to slope and ever shoreward tossed
Where the fierce ledges wade to meet their prey.
And with the passing of the day he sees
The Ipswich and White Island lenses fire
With racing sparkles all the red-lipped pack
Rolling and ravening beneath. He sees
Across the waste of tumbling waters then
Spent sailors clinging to the shrouds that ring
To dreadful music, multitudinous song,
Far born and swollen full of death and doom,
Voice breaking into voice above their graves,
Their shifting graves — while all the lights of home
Begin to tremble through the evening air,

TALES OF CATHAY

The purple evening that the great gale leaves
Still shaken with long soughs and sobs.

But we,

Shut in among our streets and narrow ways
From all the gusty tumult of the seas
And yeasty evanescence, only know
The room that like a rose with firelight blooms,
And the worn woman screening with her hand
The pane through which she peers, then shuddering turns
To mark the little children at the hearth
Watch with strange thrills, half terror and half sport,
Her mounting shadow climb and follow her
And crouch and sink upon her like a pall
As the ash gathers and the brand burns black.

Harriet Prescott Spofford in the North American Review

TALES OF CATHAY

H. T. PATTERSON

FAR away, to the south of Cathay, lies the land of Ind. Noted is that land for its sandal, its pomegranates, its elephants, its tigers and its venomous snakes, its temples, its sages, and its saints. Of eld, wise were the people of that land, great were they in the building of mighty fanes; but not peaceful were they, as are the children of Cathay, nor did they know the teaching of Tao. Yet, perchance, had they in their own teachings that which was acceptable, for the teaching of each is according to the needs of each, and it were ungenerous to belittle that teaching which is not ours, for, mayhap, we understand it not.

In that beautiful land of Ind, where the sun shineth more hot than it doth in this our land of Cathay, for it lieth nearer the mid-circle of the earth, there are many potentates, inasmuch as that land hath not one ruler, as hath the land of Cathay, but many, some of greater and some of lesser dignity, but all lesser than the great Chan who ruleth over the flowery kingdom, which hath the Dragon of Wisdom emblazoned on its flag as an emblem.

Now, in that beautiful land of Ind there did dwell of yore, as sover-

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eign thereof, a ruler noted for his much riches, for the justice of his rule, for his much great wisdom, and for the saintliness of his life. This mighty potentate belonged to the Kshatriya class, for in that land all the people are divided into classes: the one called the Kshatriya; the other, the second, the Brâhmana; the other, the third, the Vaiśya; the other, the fourth, the Śûdra, for thus are they divided and named. The Kshatriya class are they that fight and hold sovereignty; the Brâhmana class are they who conduct sacrifices and religious ceremonies and rites; the Vaiśya class are they who barter, who buy and sell; the Śûdra class are they who till the soil and serve.

Now it is so that there is ever rivalry and dispute between the Brâhmana class and the Kshatriya class. The one sayeth that it is the holier, inasmuch as it conducteth the ceremonies of offerings to the Gods, that it eateth no flesh, neither of beast, nor of bird, nor of fish, that it uniteth man and woman in wedlock, and that it presideth at the burning of the dead, for in that land do they burn the bodies of those who have departed unto the home of their ancestors, and they bury them not as do we. And the other, the Kshatriya class, likewise, claimeth superiority, for that it ruleth and governeth the state, and protecteth the people so that they can follow their avocation and perform their duties, each in his own way, even though it be the living in seclusion in the forests and apart from men.

Once upon a time, times and times before our fathers' fathers' day, there ruled in that land of Ind a sovereign of the name of Lalla Das. Powerful was he and mighty was the army which guarded his kingdom and his throne. Great were his palaces, and wonderful the riches and the treasures of art therein. Uncountable was the store of his silver, his gold, and his precious gems — rubies, diamonds, pearls, emeralds, sapphires, amethysts, carnelian. But greater than his power, his wealth, and the extent of his domain, was his wisdom and the sanctity of his life. The noise of this did reach from the one to the other sea by which the land of Ind is surrounded, for that land extendeth far to the south — even from the great mountain chain which separateth it from the land of Cathay — between the two seas, even to a point where the land mergeth into the ocean; and beyond that be many isles, one greater and the others lesser, but of them we know not excepting that there be such.

It did so behap that in another kingdom, — which lay to the west of the kingdom of Cathay — where there be wild beasts of many kinds and serpents venomous, there dwelt a hermit, the fame of whom, for his much sanctity and his austerities, had reached even so far as had the fame of Lalla Das, the great king. Now be it known that the heart of that hermit was stirred by emulation and envy in thinking of that great king, who

TALES OF CATHAY

practiced not the austerities and lived not the life of an anchorite, yet, forsooth, was esteemed even holier than those who dwelt in the forests, and lived on herbs and roots, and drank the water from the snow-capped range. Therefore, with his bowl suspended from his neck, clad in his long yellow robe, and his turban about his head, did he proceed toward the city of that great king, even the city of Lalla Das.

Now wit ye well that that fair city, the capital of Lalla Das, was in a large plain, rich in grain and cattle. And that fair city was walled about on all sides with high walls, and in that city were broad avenues, and the greatest of these were in the midst of that city, the one, the first, running north and south; the other, the second, running east and west. These two were the greatest of the avenues, very wide, with trees large and fair on either side thereof; and between the trees were figures and statues of the Gods; some with many arms and many heads, with crowns upon their heads, and with weapons in their hands, many and of divers kinds. At each end of these avenues was a gate, massive and well guarded, with the guards ever on watch, guards at either side of each gate and in the room which was above each gate. Ever, at the setting of the sun, were these gates closed, and at its rising were they again opened.

Beyond the city, to the west thereof, was another and a lesser city, which was upon an high hill. Well built was it and fair, and those who approached from the west were wont to rest in that city over night, before they did enter the great city, even the capital of Lalla Das.

Ananta, for such was the name of that hermit who journeyed to meet and look upon Lalla Das and ascertain the wisdom of him, entered not that fair city upon the hill, as he was asked to do by the governor thereof — for Lalla Das had prescience of the coming of that hermit and had bade that he should be received and entertained with all courtesy and respect — but he did pass the night outside of the gates of that city, sleeping upon the hard ground, unprotected from the harshness of the air, and from the beasts and serpents that were wont to be thereabout. And, lo! before the sun had risen, had Ananta made his ablutions in the cold water of that tank which was without the walls of that city, though albeit there were many crocodiles in that tank, fierce and waiting for their food. But they disturbed him not. There, having repeated the gâyatri, which sayeth, "Unveil, O thou that givest sustenance to the universe, that face of the true sun now hidden by a vase of golden light that we may see the truth and do our whole duty on our journey to thy sacred seat," and having eaten a little rice from his bowl, he did pass onward toward Jhunpur, the capital city of Lalla Das, consenting not to ride upon the elephant which had been sent to meet him.

As he left the city upon the hill he did perceive, in the distance, below

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

him, Jhunpur, even the capital city of Lalla Das. Beautiful was that city of Jhunpur as it glistened beneath the golden rays of the morning sun. The breezes made to flutter the silken banners on the walls, the large towers were outlined against the clear blue sky, the gilded domes of the temples and their spires were gorgeous in the rosy dawn, the castles were fairy-like, as though they had been sculptured by divine architects, their walls the color of the tusk of the elephant when that tusk is old and creamy-colored with age.

Then came he to the western gate of the city, where were the guards; and beyond the guards at that gate was the broad avenue leading onward; and on each side thereof were soldiers, clad in full armor, with swords drawn and raised; and behind the soldiers could Ananta see the trees and the statues, both of men and of Gods; and behind the trees were pleasant walks, one on each side of that avenue; and behind these pleasant walks were the homes of the rich and the mighty, great palaces, adorned with sculptured tracery, even as finely wrought as is the most costly lace.

Now was Ananta amazed at that which he did behold, and ye shall marvel not over much thereat, for, as aforesaid, he was wont to dwell in the forest, and never before had he been in a city, albeit it were one of small size and insignificant in splendor. As Ananta gazed at the wondrous things lying before him, a soldier, clad in rich armor, stepped up to him and bade a Śûdra, who stood nigh beside him, to place a water-jar, full to the rim, upon the head of Ananta. Then did the general, for such was the soldier clad in rich armor, say unto Ananta, in a stern and commanding voice: "Lo, the avenue upon which thou art about to enter leadeth to the assembly hall of Lalla Das, great and powerful amongst the princes of the earth. Upon either side, as thou hast seen, are warriors with drawn swords, sharp and well-tempered, ready to strike. Our great sovereign, even Lalla Das, hath commanded that thou shalt approach him through this avenue, with this jar, filled to the rim thereof, borne upon thy head, and if thou spillest, upon the way, the liquid therein, even to the least drop thereof, then will thy life be reft from thee by that soldier with the drawn sword, sharp and well-tempered, before whom thou spillest that sacred fluid, even to the least drop thereof."

At this was Ananta dismayed in his heart, but he said naught, and the rather walked steadfastly to the throne of the king, even the king Lalla Das, seeing naught either at the right hand of him, nor at the left hand of him, for his mind was utterly bent upon the carrying of the precious liquid and the spilling of it not, even to the least drop thereof. Thereupon did the good king, even Lalla Das, when Ananta had reached to the throne, step graciously therefrom and order that the vessel be

TALES OF CATHAY

taken from the hands of Ananta, even that hermit of the forest. Then, taking the hand of that hermit in his own he did seat him by his side upon the throne, even at his own right hand. Then said he unto Ananta: "Tell me, I pray thee, what didst thou see as thou camest from the gate, down the avenue, unto the throne?"

At this was Ananta wroth and angered, even more than he had been heretofore, and he replied: "Ungracious is this the treatment which thou hast had shown unto me. Lo, hearing of thy greatness and of the holiness of thy life, I did come to see thee and to hear thy wisdom, and, now, without cause, hast thou let make that I should be treated thus shamefully, and therein hast thou shown unto me great disrespect and unkindness. Verily, do I believe that thou art not better but that thou art worse than other men."

Then did Lalla Das, the great king, answer him thus: "Nay, be not anangered. I did know that in thy heart thou didst disbelieve that a king could follow the path of righteousness. Therefore, did I put this trial upon thee; for, as thou, in fear lest thou shouldst stumble and spill of the liquid in the vessel which thou wast ordered to bear upon thy head, didst look neither to the right hand nor to the left hand, but didst keep steadily upon the way to this my throne — which I deem as of little worth, excepting as it be serviceable to my fellow-men and all creatures — so do I, on my way to that far-off throne which is the goal of the soul, turn neither to the right hand nor to the left hand, lest, peradventure, I should fall by the way, being destroyed by the enemies who ever await to ensnare the soul on its pilgrimage through the land of Myalba, even on its pilgrimage through this our sorrowful earth."



"I WILL now tell you a few things. The lust of the eye is for beauty. The lust of the ear is for music. The lust of the palate is for flavor. The lust of ambition is for gratification. Man's greatest age is one hundred years. A medium old age is eighty years. The lowest estimate is sixty years. Take away from this the hours of sickness, disease, death, mourning, sorrow, and trouble, and there will not remain more than four or five days a month upon which a man may open his mouth to laugh. Heaven and Earth are everlasting. Sooner or later every man has to die. That which thus has a limit, as compared with that which is everlasting, is a mere flash, like the passage of some swift steed seen through a crack. And those who cannot gratify their ambition and live through their allotted span, are men who have not attained to TAO."—CHUANG TZU, page 396, (Translated by Herbert A. Giles)



F. J. Dick, *Editor*

MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

SUNDAY MEETINGS IN ISIS THEATER

‘THE Great Hunger,’ was the subject of an address by Mrs. E. M. S. Fite of the International Theosophical Headquarters, on Oct. 10th. Taking as her text the familiar stanza from the forty-second Psalm, “As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God,” the speaker gave a Theosophical interpretation of the great hunger of the spirit that is experienced by every sincere seeker after a knowledge

Materialism	of God and an explanation of the mystery of sentient
has obscured	life. She said: “We have but to look into the faces
Man’s Divinity	of people all around us, whether in cities or in districts
	remote from the congregations of men, to realize that

the Great Hunger is not confined to individual instances, but is universal. No two may manifest it in an identical way, but it manifests sooner or later in everyone, consciously or unconsciously, and is born of the eternal urge within that each soul has towards its Divine Source. This Great Hunger, or the search for God, may be likened to water in its effort to regain its own level — for it is the spirit seeking to rise to the Divinity whence it came.

“We make the finding of God infinitely difficult for ourselves because we start the search from without. We look upon ourselves individually as separate, apart from life as a whole; we stand aside and view life about us as having no direct relation to us other than what we choose to permit. . . .

“How is each of us to go about the finding of God? No one can find Him for us; it must be and has ever been an individual search. But with the Theosophical teachings to draw upon no one can justly complain that he is left alone to grope blindly in the search. Theosophy is a spiritual treasure-house which to the conscientious seeker will reveal untold riches. It teaches that man’s Divinity is the factor which places him supreme in the kingdoms of the universe, and that he has lost the consciousness of his Divinity, very largely, through ages of materialism. Under Theosophy what has heretofore appeared somewhat in the nature of a Chinese puzzle, with apparently no way to solution, begins to straighten out and take reasonable shape; it appears to have a *raison d’être*, and one is led by easy stages, by steps both reasonable to the brain-mind and satisfying to the intuitional nature, to an understanding of the truths which lead to God.”

MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

Professor C. J. Ryan of the Theosophical University at Point Loma, continued, on Oct. 17th, the subject of a previous lecture: "Reincarnation and Some Criticisms Discussed."

Referring to the common criticism, "If Reincarnation is true, then why don't we remember our past lives?" he said: "The **Subconscious** records of psychology are rich in observations showing that the absence of the recollection of an event is not proof that it did not occur. We remember very little that has occurred to us in this life, and, as Mme. Blavatsky says, 'It is not the fact that our memory has failed to record our precedent life and lives that ought to surprise us, but the contrary, were it to happen.' For those who would pursue the subject further there is much information in Theosophy. The true Ego, in its endeavor to guide and help the personal self, does have the knowledge of past experience clearly before it. When the conscience warns us against wrong-doing, what is that but the voice of the Higher Self which knows the foolishness of such a course?"

"As I suggested in my previous lecture, we should find the constant memory of our past lives an intolerable burden. Few, if any, persons have led consistently noble and heroic lives through the ages, and there would be very much — perhaps nearly everything in some lives — that we should like to cancel. In respect to clear vision of the past, only very advanced, well-balanced souls, could endure the pressure of such painful memories. For most of us the agonized cry would be for oblivion. The weird legend of the Wandering Jew depicts the sufferings of a man who remembered too much. The Theosophical teaching is that when man becomes strong and godlike, when he is so splendidly balanced that nothing can shake him, the knowledge of the past opens itself to him.

"Another curious objection is, 'If kings and rulers have to return and incarnate in lower stations in life, how can we say that progress is the rule of life?' This displays a false notion of real progress, which is identified by the objector with rank, power, riches and position in the eyes of men. The real self is not looking for such things.

"Reincarnation is not a dogma to be accepted on faith or rejected on prejudice. It is a scientific fact which can stand the closest scrutiny. A close study of its fundamental principles brings forth very practical results."

Dr. Gertrude W. van Pelt, Secretary-Directress of the Râja-Yoga College at Point Loma, spoke on Oct. 24th upon 'The New Cycle.' Stating that the idea that humanity is at the beginning of a new era is not a new idea but one that is already accepted by thinkers, she emphasized the need of personal responsibility in the matter and quoted William Q. Judge as saying, "This is a transition age, and he who has ears to hear will hear what has thus been said. We are working for the new cycles and centuries. . . . What we do now in faith and hope for others and for ourselves will result

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

Man is the similarly on the plane to which it is all directed. If
Creator of we neglect our duty now, so much the worse for
his Destiny us then. Hence, we are working for a change in
the mind and the spiritual perception of the race."

Supplementing this statement, Dr. van Pelt said further: "This brings out the truth so often insisted upon in Theosophical literature, that we are the creators of our destiny. If the conditions in the world are hard and painful, the blame cannot be thrown upon an unseen God, but upon our very selves, and the only possible atonement lies in bending all our energies to purifying and sweetening that which we have in the past contaminated. It will probably be thousands of years before many of the seeds sown now will come to their fruition; yet come they must. Nothing is lost, not even a thought. Science in its theory of the conservation of energy cannot be more exacting than is the moral law, taught in every religion. The Bible says, 'Till heaven and earth pass away, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass away from the law, till all things be accomplished.'

"The fact to be seized is that the magnitude of the present time for the whole of humanity cannot be over-estimated. Knowing the meaning of seed-time in our little mundane year, may we cast such seeds upon the deep, majestic current now silently stirring beneath humanity's consciousness, as will carry it forward into glory. In the words of Katherine Tingley, 'The whole aim of Theosophy . . . is to direct your attention to the brighter future which lies before each one of you. The consciousness of Divinity is the key to human life. In finding it we unlock the door to the grandeur of soul-life and its golden opportunities, for only through the recognition of it can the universal brotherhood of humanity be established and become a living power instead of a hopeless dream.'"

The Theosophical meeting on Oct. 31st was conducted by the Students of the Râja-Yoga University of Point Loma, short addresses being given by Montague Machell and Frances Hanson Ek.

Mr. Machell, who spoke upon 'Theosophy, the Beacon Light for Humanity,' opened his address by referring to the report on Theosophy recently submitted by the Conference of the Bishops of the Anglican Church at Lambeth Palace, London, which states that "The Committee recognise frankly that there is nothing in the Christian faith which precludes sympathy with the pursuit of the three stated objects of the Theosophical Society."

Commenting on this, he said:

"Theosophy puts man in his proper place in the universe and shows him how to take and hold that place. In this day of material progress the lamp of spirituality in the world's life burns low. Spiritually we are yet in the Dark Ages, and if we are to stem the tide of disintegration and license which is sweeping humanity off its feet, a strong, clear light is needed to point the

THE CASE OF ROY WOLFF

way. Theosophy is that light, for it can give mankind a new hope and show them that despite greed, spoliation, competition, vice, and unrest, the heart of life is Justice, Brotherhood, and Peace. These are the watchwords of the new age, for as Theosophy declares 'Brotherhood is a fact in nature.' "

Mrs. Ek took for her subject 'Stepping-stones to the True Life,' and said in part:

"Stepping-stones are means of progress and advancement; and certainly the first stepping-stone to the true life is the knowledge that there is a life deeper, richer and more aspiring than the life which is lived by so many in the present age, devoid of spiritual aspiration and true knowledge. It is not necessary to retire from the world or live in seclusion, exempt from worldly temptation, in order to lead the true life. Theosophy teaches that it may be lived in daily contact with our fellow-beings, and that it is by the smallest actions of everyday life that we build character and grow spiritually strong. Unselfishness! What a rare drop in this world of troubled waters! What power it has for upliftment! For it is selfishness that is the ultimate cause of the woes of the world today. Theosophy is the religion of unselfishness."

THE CASE OF ROY WOLFF

WITH regard to the efforts recently exerted by various individuals and associations, including the International Brotherhood League, Point Loma, Calif., to obtain commutation of the sentence of death passed upon Roy Wolff, the following announcement has been made:

"Sacramento, Oct. 14.— The sentence of death imposed on Roy Wolff, aged seventeen, for the murder of Elmer Greer in Kern county, was commuted today by Gov. William D. Stephens to life imprisonment."

— *Associated Press.*

Theosophical University Meteorological Station

Point Loma, California

Summary for October, 1920

TEMPERATURE		SUNSHINE	
Mean Highest	67.58	Number hours actual sunshine	272.80
Mean lowest	54.32	Number hours possible	351.00
Mean	60.95	Percentage of possible	78.00
Highest	73.00	Average number hours per day	8.80
Lowest	45.00		
Greatest daily range	22.00	WIND	
PRECIPITATION		Movement in miles	4120.00
Inches	0.18	Average hourly velocity	5.54
Total from July 1, 1920	0.32	Maximum velocity	24.00

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society

Founded in 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

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 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 San Diego Union

ESTABLISHED 1868

THE PIONEER NEWSPAPER of Southern California

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Meetings for enquirers Thursday afternoons at 4 o'clock
Reading Room and Free Loan Library open daily 1.30 to
4.30 p. m. Standard Theosophical Literature, Point Loma
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THE RÂJA-YOGA COLLEGE

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Unsectarian-Humanitarian

KATHERINE TINGLEY, Foundress and General Directress

The Râja-Yoga system of education was originated by the Foundress as a result of her own experience and knowledge. Râja-Yoga is an ancient term: etymologically it means the 'Royal Union.' This term was selected as best expressing in its real meaning the purpose of true education, viz.: the balance of all the faculties, physical, mental and moral.

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One of the most important features of this system is the development of character, the upbuilding of pure-minded and self-reliant manhood and womanhood, that each pupil may become prepared to take an honorable, self-reliant position in life.

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The Râja-Yoga College comprises two general departments of instruction: (1) The Râja-Yoga Preparatory School and Academy, for boys and girls respectively (separate buildings). (2) The College proper, for students following the collegiate courses.

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The Teachers

The staff of teachers is formed of men and women specially trained for their duties by long experience in scholastic work, and is composed of graduates of European and American Universities, and of specialists in other lines.

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The Theosophical Path

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