

# THE WORD

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO

Philosophy, Science, Religion, Eastern  
Thought, Occultism, Theosophy,  
and the Brotherhood of  
Humanity

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H. W. PERCIVAL, *Editor*

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# THE WORD

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## GHOSTS.

### Desire Ghosts of Dead Men.

**S**EVERAL desire ghosts may at the same time feed in the atmosphere or through the body of the same living man. The natures of the ghosts so feeding may be similar or different. When two desire ghosts of similar natures are feeding on one man, there will be a third ghost, which will also feed, because there will be a conflict between the two as to which of them should possess the man, and the psychic energy generated as the result of conflict attracts and feeds desire ghosts of dead men which delighted in conflict.

Of the desire ghosts of the dead who contend for possession of the body of a living man, that desire ghost which is strongest will take and hold possession when it has demonstrated its strength and ability to control him. When desire ghosts of dead men are unable to compel a likely subject to supply their wants through his natural desires, they try other means by which they may succeed. They try to induce him to take drugs or alcohol. If they can get him to become addicted to the use of drugs or of alcohol, they are then able to drive him on to excesses, to supply their wants.

The body and atmosphere of the alcoholic or the drug fiend offers a harbor to many desire ghosts of dead men, and several may at the same time or successively feed on or through the victim. The alcohol ghost feeds while the man is intoxicated. While intoxicated the man will readily do things which in sane moments he would not do. While a man is intoxicated one of the several desire ghosts of sensuality may prey upon him, in the acts which it impels him to commit. So the cruelty desire ghost will get the man, while inebriated, to say cruel things and commit cruel deeds.

Desire ghosts of the dead may stir up the evil passions in the intoxicated man and impel him to acts of violence. The blood-hungry wolf desire ghost of a dead man may then goad the drinker to assault, so that it, the wolf ghost, may absorb the life-essence of the life blood as it flows from the assaulted. This accounts for the change in the nature of many intoxicated men. This accounts for many murders. During one period of intoxication a man may have the three different kinds of desire ghosts feeding on or through him.

There is a difference between the habitual drunkard and the periodical drunkard. The periodical drunkard is one whose underlying motive is against alcohol and drunkenness, but who has also a lurking desire for alcoholic drinks and some of the sensations which intoxicating liquors produce. The habitual drunkard is one who has almost, if not quite, ceased to fight against the spirit of alcohol, and whose moral sense and moral motives are sufficiently effaced to permit him to be a reservoir where the alcohol desire ghost or ghosts of dead men soak up what they want. The temperate drinker who says, "I-can-drink-or-let-it-alone-as-I-see-fit," is between the habitual and periodic men. This overconfidence is evidence of ignorance for as long as he drinks there is the liability of being compelled to become one or the other of the two kinds of stills, around which desire ghosts swarm, and where they comfort their insatiable cravings.

Besides the different desire ghosts of dead men which spring from each of the three roots of desire named, sexuality, greediness, and cruelty, there are many other phases of

the ghosts, which one will detect and know how to treat when he understands the examples heretofore given, and when he understands how they apply to people beset and troubled by such desire ghosts of the dead.

It should not be supposed that because desire ghosts of dead men feed on living men, that all living men feed desire ghosts.

Perhaps there is no one living who has not at some time felt the presence of a desire ghost, which he attracted and fed by giving vent to lasciviousness, ugliness, vulgarity, envy, jealousy, hatred, or other explosions; but desire ghosts of dead men cannot become familiars of, nor obsess and feed on, all living men. The presence of a desire ghost may be known by the nature of the influence which it brings.

Certain vampires are desire ghosts of dead men. Desire ghosts prey upon the sleeping as upon the waking. Above (*The Word*, Oct., 1913) have been mentioned the vampires, which are the desire ghosts of dead men, and which prey upon living bodies in sleep. Vampires are usually of the sensuality class. They nourish themselves by absorption of a certain immaterial essence they have caused the sleeper to lose. Usually they approach the dreaming sleeper under the guise of a favorite of the opposite sex. But the attractive appearance is, after all, only the disguise of a sexual desire ghost from among the vile and evil dead.

Protection may be had by the victim if the victim really dislikes his or her part as a field of operations for the foraging dead. Protection is had by an effort at being chaste. The effort must be not a sham; it may be an humble effort, but must be an effort, made in waking hours and sincerely and honestly. Hypocrisy in the presence of the Higher Self is an occult sin.

No vampire ghost of the dead or of the living can enter the atmosphere of a sleeper unless his thoughts and desires during waking hours have permitted passively or cooperated positively with the intent of the ghost.

## BARON LAZAR VON HELLENBACH.

By Eduard Herrmann.

**T**HIS philosopher came from an old, aristocratic family, well known in Austria. His grandfather, Baron Alexis Hellenbach, led a retired life at his country seat in Paczolay (Hungary), devoting all his time to studies and alchymistic experiments. His grandmother had the gift of clairvoyance. As often happens, nothing of this was transmitted to Baron Wilhelm, the father of our philosopher, who preferred to lead a rather gay and restless life, squandering much money in extensive travels, alone as well as in the company of musical artists. Music was his greatest passion. His son, Baron Lazar Hellenbach, inherited from his father the love for music, but the predilection for mystical and occult studies from his grandfather. He was born on September 3, 1827. About the circumstances under which he came to this world, he says:

"Chance often seems to play a certain part in fostering superstition. An old castle belonging to our family had an ugly additional building, constructed especially for lying-in, because of a superstition that all male children born in the castle itself could not live long. My father and also my mother did not pay any attention to this idle talk, and my mother remained in the old castle. But strange to say, my two younger brothers died in the swaddles. Shortly after, my father moved to another house where I was born. After my grandmother's death we again lived in the old castle. Two younger brothers were born there, and there died after a few months. All my four brothers were strong, healthy children. In fact, we all belong to a race full of energy."

Hellenbach had all the advantages which a wealthy aris-

tocratic family could bestow. Inclined to study, and loving music, he devoted much time to the development of his talents in science and art. In modern times Hellenbach was the first thinker who taught us to consider every human life from an exact mathematical basis. He pointed out that a rythmical periodicity governs the whole organic and inorganic world; that we may find a periodical rythm with fixed numbers in the life of man, and also in the musical scale, in the colors of the rainbow, and in the proportions of the chemical elements. He treats this question at full length in his work, "The Magic of Numbers." Here I can only refer to the periodicity of his own life, the principal number of which is nine. Accordingly, we find that the most important periods in his life embraced cycles of nine years.

His boyhood he passed in Vienna from 1833-1842. Here he went to public school and received an excellent education both in the sciences and in music.

From 1842-1851 is the period of his higher studies and his travels.

In 1851 he married and then lived nine years in the country, devoting himself to agriculture, for which he had a great predilection.

Next comes his political activity, from 1860-1869, which brought him much honor, and more vexation.

The following nine years, 1869-1878, were devoted to financial undertakings, and this period was the least satisfying and least happy of his life.

The last nine years, from 1878-1887, signify the flowering time of this great and noble soul, who always wrote and fought for a higher contemplation of the world, and for the greater morality.

It has been mentioned that Hellenbach inherited from his grandfather the predilection for mystic things and it is doubtless due to his long continued experiences and researches in the realm of supersensual happenings, which finally gave to his philosophy a decidedly theosophical touch; yet he never belonged to the Society and became only partly acquainted with its teachings after his most important books

had been published. It was his good fortune to become acquainted with sensitive persons, mediums, who, belonging to his aristocratic circle, were not obliged to make a business out of their peculiar gifts. But he also experimented with Miss Fowler, Mr. Slade, Hansen, Eglinton, Bastian, and less known mediums, and exchanged ideas with Crookes, Zoellner, Aksakow, Du Prel and many other scientists. It is safe to say that all his statements are based on personal experiences, which were so carefully managed that there can be very little suspicion of fraud or self-deception left. But more than all his supersensuous observations, did his logical mind and his power of rational thinking, in combination with his love for truth and for morality, contribute to make his philosophy convincing and important. Hellenbach is not only a continuation, but rather a completion of Schopenhauer, and still more of Kant; for he begins where Kant had to end, because he could not yet get psychological proofs for his conjectures regarding the soul or spiritual man. Kant says that the soul and the "I" of our consciousness may well be one and the same subject, but not one and the same personality, Hellenbach declares: "My philosophy develops out of this statement, as Newton's law of attraction develops out of Kepler's laws". In regard to Kant's other saying—that it will sometime be proved that we all stand in an indissoluble connection with the denizens of the spiritual world—it must be stated that Hellenbach never wearied of trying to find those proofs that Kant so confidently expected.

Hellenbach was a charming man; his fine aristocratic manners, his goodness of heart, his self-control, his great learning, made him a favorite wherever he appeared; although his writings, especially his book against "the prejudices of humanity", made him many opponents and even enemies among the clergy and the scientists, yet he could well say: "For the anathema of the church and of journalism I am indifferent," and, "I do care as little for the contradiction of professors as for their appreciation or silence." Public opinion he did not respect at all, knowing how easily it is influenced by unscrupulous men and by the daily papers, for



which he had the greatest contempt. Self-reliance and courage were the leading traits in his character, but not less pronounced was the high nobility of his mind and his love of mankind. He was well versed in all the sciences, had an excellent memory, great wit and presence of mind. Masterly was his ability to explain in a few words the most intricate system of philosophy, and this prerogative pertains also to his writings.

Hellenbach was exceptionally gifted for music, not only as a player, but also as an improvisator. Those who have heard him improvise on the piano cannot forget the charming impression these beautiful sounds made on the listener.

Another gift, still more remarkable was that of his political foreknowledge; whatever he predicted in this respect took place. Thus, in 1859, he foretold the union of Italy. In 1862 he advised Austria to return Venice to Italy, which it did not do; but Austria lost Venice in 1866. In 1868 he wrote a pamphlet: "Causes and effects of the next war," in which he prophesied the German-French war, the victory of the Germans, and the downfall of Napoleon. At the same time he called attention to affairs in the Balkans, the necessity for the independence of Rumania, Servia, and for the creation of Bulgaria. He saw the Russian-Turkish war coming. In 1887 he wrote that the next great European war would be brought about by Russia, on account of the small Balkan States, whose destiny it was to become a federation of Slavic States, belonging neither to Russia nor to Austria. His favorite prophecy, however, was the great federation of the European States, which would forever abolish wars in those countries. He said that Russia indirectly and the United States of America would be the cause for such a federation or Areopagus. The seven States of this federation would be: Germany, Austria, Italy, Spain, France, England, and Sweden-Norway. "When this is going to happen", he continues, "is difficult to say; but it will hardly be erroneous to designate the middle of the twentieth century as the latest term for the regeneration of Europe. Unfortunately, this process of development will not run off peacefully, but will have to



be bought by bloody fighting and heavy sacrifices. Even great catastrophies are possible". The first part of his dire prediction has already come true; let us hope that the second part, "the federation for eternal peace in Europe", will also come true—then at least we will know that there is a higher purpose behind this incomprehensible world tragedy.

Let us take a short general survey of his philosophy, in order to understand it better when we begin to study it more thoroughly. Hellenbach taught the immortality of the human soul, and its possible perfection through repeated incarnations. The philosopher Eduard von Hartmann gives a concise resumé of his teaching in the following words:

"Hellenbach is an individualist and asserts the indestructibility of the individual will, in death, by the supposition of an ethereal body (which he calls metaorganism) hidden in the cell-organism, in which he places the soul. The individual will, residing in the ethereal body, lives its real life in a four dimensional beyond, which may be compared with our three-dimensional existence as the day life of man with his nightly dreams. The experience of his different incarnations are preserved in the soul, so that all the incarnations together represent the real process of development of an individual. The true well-being of the soul serves a principle for ethics. Since the ethereal body or the soul builds up and sustains the organism of the cells (the outer body), it represents the organizing principle, in favor of which Hellenbach fights energetically against materialism. He does not deny the pessimism of our three-dimensional (terrestrial) life, but he confronts it with the transcendental optimism of the higher life, and of the development of the whole world. By way of exception, souls, which are freed from the material body, may exert an influence on physically embodied men if the men possess little 'phenomenal prepossession,' that means, if they are mediums. This opens the realm of Spiritism, for which Schopenhauer showed a great interest. Of all his pupils Hellenbach was the most indefatigable in spiritistic experiments and studies."

Hellenbach teaches a continual existence and consciousness of the soul. The difference between life and death is in

his opinion only a change in the mode of perception. He does not attempt to give an explanation about the origin of the soul, but he maintains that it exists, by asking: "How do our organs originate? What in us is it that really perceives? Where is to be found the source of our feeling of responsibility, the basis for ethics, and for what we call conscience? The answer to all these questions can only be: Some subject; for something must exist which thinks and feels uniformly and has a sense of responsibility. Furthermore, it is evident that this forming, perceiving, thinking and feeling subject in us always remains one and the same, although everything else in our organism is changeable and fleeting."<sup>1</sup>

This ever-remaining subject or soul is the intelligent force, without which the building up of many celled organism, like the human body, is entirely impossible, "The human organism is the manifestation of the soul. Our conscious existence may be regarded as a dream of the soul",<sup>2</sup> because matter is only an appearance, and our conception of it is the result of our organization. "Without ear, no tone—without human brain, no material world. It is nothing but vibrations of unknown forces which attract us, repel us, and call up diverse conceptions in us."<sup>3</sup> Just so our personality is only an appearance, persona, the mask of the real actor, the soul. Hellenbach calls this personal appearance of man, "The mirror of his soul", because the body always reflects the state of development which the soul in its many incarnations has reached.

He asks: "Who can believe that great poets like Goethe and Shakespeare are only educated and not born as poets?" That means that they are not the result of their own previous development. Such great men, standing high above their parents and ancestors, make it especially clear that the soul must have had exceptional opportunities in former lives, in order to reach such a pinnacle of mental and moral greatness. Still more convincing is the fact that the process of development could not at all take place if, with the death of an indi-

<sup>1</sup>Vovurteile III., 99.

<sup>2</sup>Individualism, 4.

<sup>3</sup>Individualism, 254.

vidual, his acquired powers and faculties should be lost. "On the contrary", says Hellenbach, "all that I do for the cultivation of my mind is a capital turned to the account of my talents and faculties; my moral victories become a capital for character, and so does suffering, adversity, and disappointment, too."<sup>4</sup> But "The annihilation of individuality at death, which materialism teaches, would be a useless, purposeless torture for millions of beings, the continuation of individuality is the source of continuous development."<sup>5</sup>

Hellenbach also teaches that there is a purpose in the destiny of man. In the decrees of fate he recognizes the effects of causes set up by each individual in former lives. This is exactly our teaching of Karma, which this philosopher did not know, but which was revealed to him by his own rational mode of thinking.

Kant, in his "Dreams of a Ghostseer", says it will somewhere and sometime be proven that we are able to receive impressions from the supersensuous world, and Hellenbach, as a disciple and admirer of Kant, devoted a great part of his life to the finding of those proofs, knowing well that our materialistic-thinking humanity can only be influenced by facts and proven experiments. He knew that it would be of the greatest importance to find proofs for the continuance of life and consciousness after the death of the physical body; consequently, he studied this question experimentally until he was satisfied that he had found enough proofs for any thinking man. Like Wallace, Crookes, Zoellner and Aksakow, he first established the existence of a strange force acting in and through mediums; later he became convinced that this force was used by invisible beings, intelligently acting by means of the body of mediums; and, finally, he accepted Paracelsus and St. Paul's spiritual body as a proven fact, and called it, first metaorganism and then ethereal body. This body he considers as lasting from incarnation to incarnation, although modified by the different experiences of every earth life. It is invisible to our imperfect senses, but serves as model for our physical body, since the millions of cells con-

<sup>4</sup>Vovurteile III., 7.

<sup>5</sup>Philosophy, 238.

gregate around the ethereal body, and thus create the material, visible and tangible physical body. It may be interesting to mention here that the Vedanta likewise teaches the continued existence of the sukshma sharira (ether body) from one incarnation to the other, while the Buddhists deny that. Certain it is that Hellenbach fought for this view as long as he lived. He had many opponents to fight, especially among scientists. He says (Vovurteile II., 42):

"The men of science know very much, but often think very little, because otherwise it would be evident to them that there are only logical and mathematical impossibilities, while everything that is given in the experience must be, and is, possible. All our knowledge in reference to nature rests on experience, and must adapt itself to experience."

In spite of all his experiments with mediums and sensitives, Hellenbach is very much opposed to those fanatics who accept the mediumistic revelations without critical judgment. He is severe with the spiritists, and strongly protests at being himself called one of them. He says: "As little as one becomes a Mohammedan by merely visiting a mosque, just as little am I a spiritist, because I make experiments." Again, "The greatest hindrance to an objective investigation and discussion of spiritistic phenomena, are the spiritists themselves. Of them I can say: God protect me from my friends—of my enemies I am not afraid."<sup>6</sup>

To the question: What can we know of the transcendental, or supersensuous world? He answers:

"We can know that the supersensuous world exists and we really live in it, although our brain is only partly able to conceive it. That is not much, but it is enough to teach us that there is nothing to hinder our perfection, which cannot be prevented by any hindering chances of life. When we leave this cell-body, we do not change but remain what we have been. One must not forget that to die is not to know and understand all, but simply to look at all things in a different way.<sup>7</sup> It is wasting time to look for more supersensuous facts; the material collected by Wallace, Crookes, Zoellner,

<sup>6</sup>Vovurteile, II., 268.

<sup>7</sup>Vovurteile II., 280.

and myself, is sufficient for every thinking man to free himself from the religious and scientific prejudices—more spiritistic facts could only be valuable in so far as they, instead of increasing the belief in revelation, might serve as a foundation for transcendental physics.<sup>8</sup>

The strange manifestations of spiritism were to him only the means to an end; he wanted to demonstrate the survival of the soul after the death of the body, in order to destroy materialism with its ever-growing egotism. He believed with the great thinkers of old, that a higher civilization was impossible without a firm belief in the existence of another, and superior world; but he knew well that his time was not yet ripe for this belief. He says: "Slowly will the regeneration of humanity take place; practical deeds have to be preceded by fructifying thoughts. But I have a mighty ally if there are seeds of truth in my thoughts, and this ally is time, time leads every truth to victory as soon as it has found expression."

Hellenbach regarded a higher and more spiritual conception of the world as absolutely necessary for the higher development of the human soul. But this was not the only and last purpose of his lifelong work. His generous soul could not bear the thought that the great mass of people should forever be doomed to a life beneath the dignity of a human being. This was the reason for his entrance into political life, which gave him much trouble and disappointment, since he, the remarkable philosophical fighter, could not overcome the great egotism of his compatriots and contemporaries. In his work, "Prejudices" I., 29, he says: "As soon as we recognize that the social suffering is not an absolute necessity of nature, it is our highest duty to look with all our might for the solution of this riddle"—and his biographer, O. Plumacher, observes that the pith of Hellenbach's life-work is to be found in his social politics, where his reformatory ideas deserve the greatest attention, because they would bring about the most beneficent and far-reaching effects. For a time it looked as if he would be placed in a

<sup>8</sup>Tagebuch, p. 214.



position which would give him the power to realize many of his grand ideas, for to him was offered the place as Secretary of State of Austria. This he was obliged to refuse because his principal reformatory condition was not accepted. In his work, "Birth and Death," page 319, he says:

"Civilized Europe is today in that sad condition where the intelligent and ruling class does not know anything but the exterior, phenomenal side of our existence; it does not believe in any other responsibility than that which is imposed by law or personal honor; a consequence is the cynical egotism which we find in public and private life. The working population loses, through the bad example of the intelligent classes and through the irrational dogmas of the church, all belief in a supersensuous, transcendental responsibility—whereto does this lead us?" He warns us that with the lowering of morality and lessening of belief in a supersensuous world, the danger of a social revolution becomes greater and its consequences more terrible from day to day. "It is a disgrace," he says (Vorurteile I), "that human beings die from hunger, cold and misery; that poor children go to ruin from want of attention and are miserably sickly as soon as they are born. Public opinion believes this to be a law of nature, and scientists like Malthus and Ricardo even say that this cannot be changed. Is this truth or prejudice? Is not a state of affairs possible which could warrant that no human being should starve or freeze; that sick persons should be cared for; that every child should be protected by the community; that the living generation guarantees the physical and intellectual education of the coming generation? How beautiful it would be on this planet if humanity were a little more reasonable, a little less selfish! But like the surgeon or the general who, through vocation and habit, becomes unfeeling for the suffering of others, so have we become dull by constantly having the social misery before our eyes." This social misery is, in Hellenbach's opinion, not a necessity; it can be changed by practical legislation and by moral and physical encouragement of the lower classes. But in order to do this humanity has to become more philan

thropic, more affectionate. It must get a real understanding of what men need most; namely, sympathy, love, practical help. "Aspiration for a better existence is a more forceful motive for work than need, which only makes man dull and weak. Charitable gifts are often dangerous. There must always be instigation for work, even if not necessitated by pressing need; the aspiration for a better existence is the right impulse for work—but first of all the poor must be guaranteed employment; an existence worthy of a human being."

This, of course, necessitates great sums of money, which Hellenbach first proposed to get through an inheritance tax imposed on unmarried people; but strong opposition made this project impossible. He then appealed to rich and generous persons, especially to the Austrian masons, who readily responded to his call. With some influential and devoted friends he founded the Blue Cross Society, with the purpose of collecting a large fund, principally from bachelors and people without children, for the mitigation of suffering and poverty. Half a million was soon subscribed; but the office of state did not approve of it; in fact, suppressed it, because socialistic leanings were dangerous to the state. Hellenbach, the philosopher, made this observation in his book, *Vorurteile*:

"It is dangerous for the state if I, having no children, devote one part of my fortune to the humanitarian purpose of helping the poor—what a prejudice!" But he keenly felt the disappointment caused by this collapse of his noble idea.

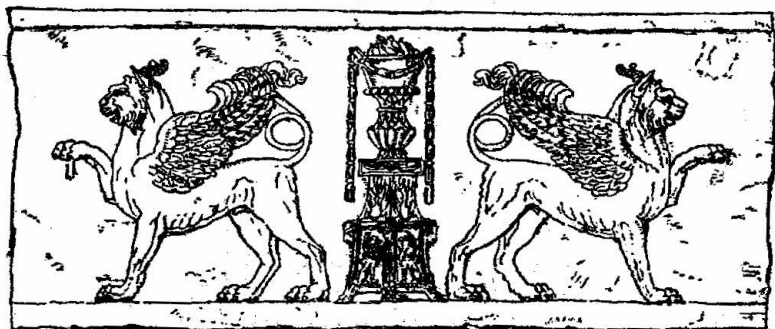
Hellenbach knew that the realization of his ideals could not take place before a better understanding and a higher aspiration should take possession of humanity. He never tired of showing his readers how empty and meaningless life is, when wholly devoted to materialistic and egotistic pleasures, and how important it must become when it is understood that human life is the school for a higher development of the soul; that those who suffer must have a greater chance for learning than others; that they progress most who are anxious and willing to help all who are in need

of help. "Love your neighbor as yourself," he says, "and, above all, love humanity; this is the first moral law." (Philosophy, 283.) That is brotherhood, as Theosophy teaches. Thus we find this philosopher to be an exponent and energetic defender of the three great teachings of our philosophy; namely, of Karma, Reincarnation, and Brotherhood. But what is more remarkable is that he did not receive this teaching from the same source that we did. His own mind was the Master who initiated him into this profound knowledge; or, in other words, the real man who—according to his teaching—persists through all incarnations, remembered in this one the teaching received in the last life and gave it the philosophical expression, which at once arouses the admiration and inspiration of all who take the trouble to study this noble philosopher. His death was in harmony with his life. No sorrow, no disappointment, no hostility could disturb the equanimity and peacefulness of his soul; death was unable to leave any trace of fear or terror in his face. He died, only sixty years of age, on the 24th of October, 1887, in perfect health. His valet found him lying on the couch, as if asleep, a peaceful, almost smiling expression in his face. Death came to him while he was reading one of his favorite books.

We, who cherish the memory of all the searchers after truth, whether they are or are not called Theosophists, cannot do greater honor to Hellenbach than to study his works and spread his teachings as much as possible. It is necessary for humanity to get a better understanding of the importance of life and death, of our work here, and of its inevitable consequences in both worlds. Let us remember the words which he wrote shortly before passing:

"Everything would be different on this planet, if everybody knew that our life here is only a passing episode and that all our actions will become transparent and will have consequences; that our doings will not only call forth objective transitory products, but also imperishable talents, faculties, natural disposition; that love, friendship and sacrifice bring fruits even after death, and that consequently there cannot be any worse nor more foolish maxim than to consider our material well-being as the only purpose in life."





## THE SCARAB OF DESTINY.\*

By Maris Herrington Billings.

(A thousand years lie between the time when the characters appeared in Egypt and their reappearance, as here depicted, in ancient Britain. The reader will find no difficulty in following the reincarnation of the characters in the present narrative.—Ed.)

### BOOK II—CHAPTER I.

#### LIFE IN ANCIENT BRITAIN.

ONCE again I saw a verdant valley between two ridges of mountains, and a glistening river, winding like a silver streak, with forest-clad hills and grassy meadows. After the glorious Nile it looked like a tiny stream meandering over its pebbly bed, but I could see that it was navigable for many miles.

On both sides of the river rose rugged hills; to the west a long chain of mountains wound away into the purple distance, and the red sandstone cliffs reminded me of the Lybian Hills. There stood a long low hill, and near it a conical-shaped mountain from which were rising spiral columns of smoke in wreaths of purple vapor.

Not far from the river stands a lone hill, rising twelve hundred feet above the sparkling river. Its rocky sides were thickly wooded, and like a giant sentinel it guarded the vale.

To the east a number of low ridges presented an extremely picturesque appearance in a series of rounded hills, crowned with verdure of many shades. Few, indeed, were the towns or villages. Here and there stood a hut, its sides daubed with wet

\*All rights reserved, including translation.



A PSYCHIC IMPRESSION OF REGINA  
(Who was the Princess Rancee in her Egyptian  
Incarnation)

mud, its slanting roof thatched with grass; all around stretched the primeval forest, with watery bog and breezy moorland lying between; and there lay a great lake (Ellesmere) teeming with waterfowl, in whose quiet waters the noon-day sun was reflected in a thousand silver ripples, as the wind swept over it with a soft caress.

"Surely," thought I, "I have seen those hills and vales before. That lone hill and the river look strangely familiar. As I live, 'tis the Wreken and dear old Salop. This, then, must be Britain in the long ago; but so altered that I can scarcely recognize it."

Nestling close to the river, I saw a walled city, with wide fields stretched around it. The walls that enclosed it were thirty feet high, well and solidly built; and four ponderous gates were open to let travelers pass through the town. Traversing the country as far as the eye can reach was a broad road which ran from south to north, passing through Uriconium (Wroxeter) and straight through the great forests like a broad grey band.

The town was composed of wonderful white buildings, which gleamed amidst the green foliage of the trees. The sunbeams shone on roofs of temples and sculptured shrines. Entering at the south gate one finds that the road is built of crushed stone with a broad grassy walk on either side. Slaves were now working in gangs on the different divisions, converting it into a splendid highway, and it was already lined with stately buildings. On the right stood the Public Baths; on the left, the Forum, and the Stadium. Street after street led in all directions, with mansions and villas interspersed with temples and shrines, while on every hand were the evidences of luxury and wealth. The majority of the buildings were of marble, beautifully sculptured with carved and fluted columns, while decorated arches crossed the wide road in many places.

Standing back from the Watling Street, on a slight eminence, was a magnificent villa of white stone, with stately pillars. A broad walk of tessellated tiles led up a series of terraces to the great entrance of the mansion. It was the residence of Ostorius Scapula, the Governor of Albania. This villa, like all Roman houses, was built around a square, which was open to the sky. In the centre was a marble basin, surrounded by beds of purple iris, now in full bloom, their long pointed leaves silvered by the spray from the splashing fountain. On the shadowy surface of the pool floated the pink and white buds of the water lillies as they gently swayed in the breeze.

The wind scattered the falling drops of water on the moist green moss, which grew in profusion round the edge of the basin. Out on the marble terraces in the sunlit garden, some peacocks were proudly strutting to and fro, their gorgeous plumage making a note of brilliant color against the background of marble seats and the dark green of the trees.

The atrium was a pleasant place this summer's day. The floor was inlaid with terra cotta tiles of red and white, forming a mosaic of beautiful design. On the walls were painted tender cupids upholding garlands of flowers. Around the room stood pedestals on which were gleaming statues of the Gods in marble and bronze. The ceiling was covered with a fretwork of gold and ivory, and on the gleaming floor were strewn the skins of tiger, bear and wolf, for in Britain marble floors were cold and cheerless. Throughout the room were scattered couches with frames of silver, ivory or bronze, decorated with the head of an ass, wearing a wreath of ivy. Each statue was likewise crowned, and garlands were hung around their necks.

On a couch covered with a richly embroidered cloth reclined a young and very beautiful lady. Her dress consisted of a tunic and peplus of white linen spangled with silver, and on her feet she wore white sandals, embroidered with silver threads, fastened with silver lacings, drawn crosswise around the ankle. She was tall and stately, with graceful figure; her head was crowned with a mass of beautiful red hair, which fell in clustering curls; her eyes gleamed with a peculiar light, and were the color of red wine, with a streak of topaz in their misty depths. Her fair white skin was flushed with faintest pink, and her lips of scarlet were parted in a smile, which showed a row of pearly teeth. A strikingly beautiful picture was Regina, the young wife of the Proprietor.

The Nomenclator cried, "Domina Flavia, most noble Lady," and from the vestibule there entered a handsome dark-haired olive-skinned woman, with dark lustrous eyes.

"Noble Regina, I give thee greeting. I have flown on the winged feet of Mercury to bear thee the latest news," said she.

"Thou art as welcome as the sunshine, Flavia," said Regina fretfully, and she shivered slightly as she drew around her a wrap of purple wool. "I shall never get accustomed to this awful climate. 'Tis always cold, the sky is always dark, and the winds blow so chill. I would I were back in sunny Rome. I am tired of this barbarous country."

"Well, thou can'st cheer up, Regina, for life doth hold out a ray of hope even for thee. Thy existence may be made brighter in the future. A courier hath just arrived from Londinium. The Seventh Legion are now on the way to Uriconium. They are but eight hundred stadia away, and now pleasure will hold sway in the station. Thy lord is but a poor governor, Regina, for he hath given no banquets, no festivals; he is always superintending the building of the road, or the bridges or the aqueduct. He hath no time to indulge in frivolities; but now things must be changed, for the Seventh are a gay legion, and Uriconium will be blessed for a short time with the presence of the legion.

"Aye, Flavia; Ostorius is old, and the joys of youth have lost their savor for him."

"Well, who thinkest thou is in command of the legion?"

"It would take me a year to think, which of his enemies Claudius hath banished to this dreary isle."

"Thou wilt never guess, so I will tell thee. 'Tis none other than the chaste, the virtuous, the holy Ricardus," she said lowering her voice.

"What! dost thou speak truly, Flavia?" said Regina, jumping to her feet, her eyes dancing with joy. "By the Gods, thou hast made me happy to hear thy news."

"Dost thou think then, Regina, that thou canst gain the victory that every maid and matron in Rome hath failed to win? Not that thou art not beautiful enough to win the heart of Apollo, but Ricardus was born heartless; he hath no use for lovely woman. The most desirable, the handsomest, the most eligible man in Rome is a born cynic. 'Tis a wonder the censors have not made him take oath to marry. He ought to be taxed for remaining a bachelor."

"Nay, Flavia, thou knowest not Ricardus. My heart is happy at thy news, for I have been praying to Venus for his presence here. I was afraid he might find a fair Egyptian, and I am sure he was destined for me. When I heard that Claudius had recalled him from the East, I begged my cousin Agrippina to use her influence to have him sent to Britain in command of this very legion, and now he will subdue these wild barbarians, and teach this unruly chief the power of the Roman Eagle."

"Dost thou wish for him a triumph?"

"Aye, I would accord him all honors. I would give my life to see him the greatest man in Rome; and to think that I shall soon hear his voice and see his dear face!"

"Hush," said Flavia, with a warning gesture. "Hast thou forgotten the fate of Valeria Messalina, and that thy beloved spouse was the one who publicly denounced her, and worked Claudius up to his vengeance? Surely we matrons should be wiser now."

"Nay, Flavia, she deserved her fate, for she was not only a wanton, but a fool as well. Her mind soared no higher than Narcissus or even a common slave. But Flavia thou dost not know," she said, lowering her voice, "that I have always loved Ricardus, even as a child. He was born in Alexandria, the same as I. His father, Antonius, was the Governor, and every year he gave a birthday feast for Ricardus. Those were the happiest days of my life, to go with my mother to the feasts at the Palace of the Lochias. I thought him then far handsomer than Apollo. He was my idol, my hero, and I worshipped him as a God. I was his little playmate; and I think he would have grown to love me in time, but Tiberius recalled Antonius to Rome. No sooner did I reach the Eternal City than Ricardus was sent by Caligula as Vice-Consul to Alexandria, and I have not seen him for seven years. When Agrippina told me he was the favorite, the darling of the Gods at the court of Claudius, I sent word back that one who had so much influence over the weak-minded Emperor would better be winning a Triumph in Britain."

"Well, Regina, thou hast my best wishes. I will aid thee all I can to blind Ostorius, and may Eros help thee win the charming Ricardus. For my part I think him too cold and haughty."

At this moment the curtains of the atrium parted, and a young girl of about eighteen entered. She made a low obeisance to both of the ladies, saying in a soft, musical voice, "Most noble Lady, I have come to ask if thou wilt have the blue peplus embroidered in gold or silver."

"Silver. Thou seemest never to remember aught I tell thee," said Regina snappishly. "Perhaps wert thou working on a toga for the noble Ostorius thou couldst remember his wishes."

The girl flushed to the roots of her fair hair; but she only bowed low and silently withdrew, her eyes full of unshed tears.

"Who is that?" said Flavia. "I have never seen her around thee before."

"Nay, Flavia, thou must have seen her, but thou hast forgotten her. 'Tis Nesta, the harpist, the special protégée of Ostorius. Did'st thou ever hate anyone without cause, Flavia? I hate that girl."

"Perhaps thou hast good cause, Regina."

"Nay, Flavia, Ostorius is too cold, too dignified to even look at a slave. 'Tis just a year since we arrived here. Ostorius came to assume the duties of Aulus Plautius and speed him on his return to Rome. Thou must know that when his wife, Julia, died here, Plautius begged Claudius to send some one to Britain to take his place, as he could not bear the sight of the home Julia had loved. Four years ago this maiden was captured in a raid on the Silures. They say she is the daughter of Caractacus. Julia fell in love with her, and having no children of her own, she lavished every care and attention upon her, intending to adopt the maid. She had her taught all the graces. But Julia died very suddenly—they say by poison administered by a slave. Plautius then gave Nesta to Ostorius, saying she was a hostage of Rome, and he regarded the maid as a freed woman, but I soon let her know her place. 'Twas night when we arrived, and I had gone to the cubiculum, tired and worn from the long journey. This maiden entered, carrying a lamp. I had never seen her before, but by all the Gods, Flavia, I scarce could refrain from plunging my dagger into her heart. I thought I had gone mad. I bade her begone before I harmed her; and my heart is filled with hate even now. But she is the chief singer, and plays the harp divinely. She can sooth Ostorius in his most savage mood, and she embroiders with threads of gold and silver wire, and makes the flowers with seed pearls and colored glass in all the dazzling hues of the east. 'Tis said Plautius had the velvet train of the Empress embroidered by Nesta, and she makes lace on a pillow as fine as cobwebs. So she is very useful, if she only keeps away from me; but I let her know she was but a slave in my famillia."

"Thou art very wise, Regina."

"So I think, Flavia; but now what will Ricardus do in this uncivilized country?"

"Thou canst teach him the lesson of love, Regina."

"Aye, if he be willing to learn, Flavia. I remember now 'twill be the natal day of Ricardus two days hence. He will be thirty-three years old. We must have a banquet that shall remind him of the old days in Egypt."

"Aye, that will be something to look forward to, Regina; but my friendly advice to thee is to keep thy love affair sub rosa. If thou dost win him, Regina, 'twill be by the help of Venus, who will send her son to plant the love darts in his callous heart. I will meet thee at the Baths, where I will tell thee about Octavia,"



she added in an undertone, for footsteps were heard approaching in the marble hall. A tall, stately man entered the room. His short-cropped hair was thickly sprinkled with grey, his black brows were finely penciled, his dark eyes shone with a soft light, his face was of the stern classic mould, characteristic of his race. His massive frame was in keeping with his majestic stature, and his hauteur and dignity was carried out in his dress. A white toga, bordered with a wide blue stripe, fell in graceful folds about him. On his feet he wore sandals with straps of leather, and a fillet of dull gold encircled his noble brow.

"May the blessings of the Gods rest upon you both," he said in a pleasant voice. "Art thou quite recovered, Domina Flavia?"

"Aye, noble Ostorius, 'twas only this wretched climate, and the insufferable dullness of Uriconium that caused my nerves to give way."

"Well, Domina, thou must make the best of the summer; 'twill not last long."

"My love," he said softly, turning to Regina, "thou wearest a smile. I am glad to see thee look happy. Art thou more content to share my exile now?"

"Flavia hath just been telling me good news, Ostorius. Why didst thou not tell me the Seventh Legion were on the Watling Street? Thou wilt surely give a banquet in honor of their arrival. 'Twill be more fitting than a sacrifice to Mars.

A look of sadness came over the fine face of the patrician.

"I suppose we must do something," he said sadly, "but thou knowest my aversion to banquets, Regina. When thou didst break the straw with me I was a happy man; and when thou didst wreath my doorpost with the wool dipped in wolf-fat, to keep out the witches, and they set thee with thy distaff and spindle within the door, I made a solemn vow, as I handed thee the keys, with the fire and water, that I would keep holy the marriage rite. Thou didst know when they parted thy locks with the spear that thou wert to be the bride of a warrior; and when thou didst repeat the sacramental rite, 'Where thou art Caius, there am I Caia,' Regina, I gave offering to the Temples, thanking the Gods for giving me thy fair young beauty, and I brought thee at once to this quiet vale, where I hoped to find peace and happiness. I begged the Emperor to let me come to Britain in place of Aulus Plautius, so that I might remove thee from the licentiousness of Rome; but I am afraid thou dost hanker after the flesh-pots of



Egypt. Hast thou not everything to make thee happy? Wherein, Oh Regina, have I failed?"

"Aye, I ought to be happy, Flavia," said Regina pouting, "if Ostorius but stay long enough in this wilderness, we shall become candidates to feed the flame of Vesta," and she laughed merrily. "There is but one road in the whole country. Ha! ha! and that the straight one." Then looking up at Ostorius, whose frown indicated pained disapproval, she added, "My noble Lord, we cannot be always dull. Let us have some brightness, I pray thee, in our lives. Wilt thou not give orders for a banquet two days hence? As Governor thou must show some hospitality," and she gaily patted him on the cheek, while behind his back she waved her hand to Flavia in farewell as he consented with an ill grace.

When Nesta left the presence of the haughty young matrons, she glanced at the setting sun, then made her way up a marble staircase to a balcony on the roof, from which she could gaze over the river and surrounding country for many miles. The western sky was all aglow, and the outline of the purple hills was vividly marked against the golden background. In the far distance was the long Mynd, while *Caer Caradoc* rose sharply defined against the brilliant sky. The river *Severn* caught the reflection, and a thousand ripples of gold sparkled on its placid waters. As the sun sank behind the hills and twilight stole over hill and vale, there could be seen on *Caer Caradoc* a gleam of light, a small glowing spark, like a falling star.

Every fine night it was the custom of the Welsh Chief to signal his daughter, and so crystalline and clear was the air, that the only proof of the distance of *Caer Caradoc* was the silence of the great waterfall, lying like a mass of snow against the green side of the mountain.

Nesta could see the light quite plainly. Slowly it moved up three times, then down, now from right to left, and finished with three rapid circles of fire. She watched closely, and when the tiny flame had quite disappeared she kissed her hands toward the distant hill saying, "Good night, my father, good night. May the God of all good preserve thee. If thou didst but know how my heart is longing, my *hieraeth* for dear Wales, thou wouldst not bid me stay in the Roman station. But tomorrow I shall see *Taliesin*. 'Tis some comfort to know that all are well in the camp."

## CHAPTER II.

## KISMET.

**I**N the west the golden sun was slowly sinking behind the Stretton hills. The light still lingered on the faint blue line that seemed to mingle with the clouds, and the far-away Welsh hills appeared like purple mist.

Along the Watling Street there marched a great body of soldiers, dressed in shining cuirass and red tunic that hung loose to the knee. On their heads were brazen helmets, ornamented with tufts of horsehair.

In addition to the infantry there were three hundred horsemen. The cavalry wore coats of mail made of steel scales, or chain work, and under this a close-fitting garment of leather, which reached to their buskins. They rode without stirrups, and had only a folded saddle-cloth which served for a blanket at night. Some of the soldiers carried light javelins, others heavy spears, and all had round shields and short swords. At intervals were officers carrying staffs on which blazed the Golden Eagle. These were of gilt metal and were regarded by the soldiers with a reverence which almost amounted to devotion. The cavalry carried bright-colored pennons, on which were embroidered the initials of the Emperor or the insignia of the Legion.

Leading this gallant company, rode three men abreast. In the centre, on a magnificent white horse, was Ricardus, the Commander of the Legion, carrying a golden standard in the form of a cross surmounted by a crown; and on either side of him, on prancing black steeds, rode the noble Sylvanus and Marius. The horses wore gay trappings and gilded bridles, set with colored stones which shone like jewels in the sun's declining rays, and their riders were dressed in chain armor inlaid with gold of Eastern workmanship, and mantles of scarlet cloth embroidered with gold.

"Dost think, Sylvanus, we can make the station tonight?" asked Ricardus. "I am weary of these interminable forests, this great waste of trees. Verulum, Luterdarium and Presidium are the only stations we have passed since leaving Londinium. I should call this the vale of desolation."

"Nay, call it rather the vale of triumph. In yonder chain of blue hills, where the sun is now fading, dwell the barbarians thou hast come to conquer. They are led by a fierce chief called Carac-

tacus. If thou canst subdue that man, thy name will go down in history. Thou wilt be accounted a great general and wilt be granted signal honors if thou canst bend him to the yoke and bring him in chains to Rome; the Senate will grant thee a Triumph."

"I have heard that these Britons are fearless fighters and brave warriors; but the clash of steel and the whirr of war chariots is ever the sweetest music to mine ears; so if we cannot reach Uriconium tonight, I propose we rest for the evening meal and march by moonlight."

"I doubt we make it, my Lord, for it lies at the foot of yonder distant hills", said Sylvanus, "and we must reach Sabrina El before we get to Uriconium."

At the command to halt, the trumpeter blew a blast on his brazen trumpet, and its melodious notes were repeated again and again by the echoes, whose elfin music rang softly through the forest glades with a peculiar charm. The long train came to a standstill, and the Legion turned aside into the shadow of the trees, whose leafy shade seemed to invite repose. The soldiers gladly threw themselves upon the velvet turf, where starlings ran hither and thither, and shy deer peeped from the leafy coverts beneath the giant elms and beeches. The startled fawns fled at the approach of these strange creatures.

While the meal was being served to the soldiers, my attention was drawn to Ricardus, a tall and handsome man, with clear-cut features, waving chestnut hair, and greenish grey eyes, his ruddy complexion tanned by exposure to sun and wind. He took off his helmet, flung aside his scarlet cloak, and sat on the green-sward beside his friend Marius, a dark-haired man with a grave face and kind eyes.

"Doth it never get dark in this land of woods, Marius?" said he, with a shrug of his shoulders.

"Truly, Ricardus, I know not. The daylight seemeth to merge into the dawn of another day."

The twilight shadows were purple and violet, and the pale green sky was suffused with a rosy light. The sun was leaving the weald to the slowly deepening twilight which gently lapses into the darkness of night in Britain.

After resting for two hours, the long procession resumed its journey through the gently rolling country with its meadows of vivid green and its forests of giant trees, over a road that

was firm and smooth, yet yielded to the horses' tread. The cavalcade swiftly passed. The moon arose while yet the daylight lingered, and its soft beams threw a silvery radiance over the sleeping earth and the long road that seemed to have no end as it wound between the forests of what are now Warickshire and Leicestershire.

I saw Ricardus gaze in wonder at the fleecy clouds, which hung so low in the sky that they seemed almost to touch the tops of the distant hills. There were layers of these clouds, of the lightest texture, like veils of white gossamer. Above them soared others, whiter and more fleecy, with vast intervening spaces of dark blue, in which the brilliant moon sailed with smiling face, with twinkling stars as her companions. A fleecy bank of cloud would hide her from view for a few minutes, then she would burst forth in renewed splendor, shining from the lofty dome of heaven on the Legion as they marched with measured tread through the silence of the summer night, until at last they came to a wide common where they encamped among the yellow gorse and the fragrant heather bells.

At the villa of the Propaetor all was in readiness for the great banquet given by Ostorius in honor of the arrival of the Legion. All Uriconium was in a flutter of excitement. The mansion was decked with green vines; festoons of myrtle and ivy entwined the pillars, while garlands of green leaves hung over the entrance and decorated the walls of the tessellated halls of this stately home. In the atrium every gleaming statue was crowned with fresh roses, and soft-shaded lamps cast a rosy glow over the marble floor. These massive lamps, of bronze or alabaster, burned perfumed olive oil, and had shades of rose-colored glass from Alexandria. Fragrant wreaths of roses lay in a flowery heap in the vestibule, waiting to decorate the heads of the expected guests, who began to arrive at sunset.

Senators in wide-bordered togas elbowed legionaries in scarlet tunics. Orators and poets made way for dame of high degree. The ladies were crowned with flowers and wore sparkling jewels on their arms and breasts; their peplums were of many colors: scarlet, blue, pink and yellow, with white predominating. As they entered the vestibule, slaves decorated each of the guests with a wreath and handed around perfumed ointment of nard or attar of roses, with which they might anoint themselves. The host then met them at the entrance to the atrium and kissed them on lips or hand, according to their rank.

The curtains on the opposite side of the atrium were withdrawn and disclosed the triclinium, blazing with light and flowers. Silver sconces held torches, which threw bright gleams on the gay and festive scene. At the ringing of a silver gong the guests filed in, taking their places on the couches which surrounded the table on three sides. These divans had frames of ivory, silver or bronze, and were covered with rare fabrics from the looms of the far East.

The table was spread with a cloth of gold, edged with lace of the same material. The corners were embroidered with bright flowers, in the center of which sparkled precious stones. Tall vases of flowers decorated the table, and fish, poultry, game and roast boar were the principal viands. Perfumed wines were served from tall alabaster vases wreathed with ivy, and a statue of Bacchus stood enthroned in the centre.

As soon as the guests had disposed themselves to their liking, a part of every dish was taken as an offering to the Gods; then ruby wine was poured into crystal goblets, and they drank to the health of every member of the party. Libations were poured to absent friends, and at each libation the guests poured a little on the floor as an offering to the Gods.

At the head of the board reclined Regina, beautiful as a dream. She wore a pale green diaphanous peplus, embroidered with a wide gold border. Her red hair was thickly powdered with gold dust, and crowned with pink roses. Her sandals were laced with gold braid and on her arms were bracelets glittering with jewels. Near her was Flavia, in a yellow peplus, with yellow roses on her dark hair.

Not far from the table, at the end of the triclinium, stood a latticed screen, the carved woodwork of which was garlanded with flowers. Behind this stood the slaves and dancing girls, musicians and singers, who furnished entertainment for the feast. Near the end of this framework stood Nesta, the harpist, dressed in a robe of coarse white wool, girdled round the waist with a blue band. On her head she wore a tight-fitting blue cap. This, with a leather band studded with brass discs, was the badge of the slave. Near her stood a great gilt harp and a small stool painted with gold. At a signal from Ostorius it was her duty to entertain the guests with her playing.

Regina wore a frown upon her pretty face. Ricardus, the guest of honor, had not yet arrived. Flavia leaned over and

whispered confidentially to Regina, "He hath stayed over long. Mark me, he is decorating himself for conquest, Regina."

Ostorius was losing his patience, for the absence of the young commander was delaying the feast, when suddenly the nomenclator announced the arrival of the patrician, and a sigh of relief went up from the assembled company as he appeared in the doorway.

Looking idly that way, Nesta saw a tall figure arrayed in the folds of a white toga. A narrow fillet of plain red gold confined his wavy chestnut locks, and his arms were ornamented in eastern fashion with two broad golden bands, fastened above the elbow.

A loud clapping of hands from those assembled greeted the new comer and his friend, Marius. Ricardus raised his hands in protest at the rousing welcome and as he stood thus, with outstretched arms, Nesta gazed at him in wonderment. Where had she seen that picture? She could have sworn she had seen the patrician before, standing in that very attitude; but nay, she must be mistaken. She had never seen him, for he had arrived in Britain but a few days ago; yet her eyes would stray to the head of the table where the gallant young Roman was paying marked attention to his fair hostess. The newcomer quite fascinated her; and the tone of his voice seemed to stir a long-forgotten chord in her memory.

Regina made room for him on her own divan; and when he recognized his former playmate he was exceedingly glad, for he had liked his little friend with the red locks, and had been fond of teasing her by telling her that had she lived in the long ago, she would have been sacrificed to Seth, the Egyptian God of Evil.

Regina was very careful not to make love too openly; but she let Ricardus know that those days in Egypt spent beneath the palm groves of Alexandria were the pleasantest of her life. Meanwhile, Ostorius watched each look and movement of his young and lovely wife with jealous eyes.

As the wine flowed, the feast grew more animated. Ostorius gave the signal to Nesta, and the divine melody of her music flowed from under her swift fingers. Wild stirring marches, that made the blood in the veins of every man present long for the call of the war trumpet, changed to a sad plaintive melody with a breath of the far-off hills, and every one thought of his home in a distant land. She stopped at the raising of Ostorius' hand, and Regina begged Ricardus to favor the company with a

song. "I have heard thou art one of the great singers of Rome," she said.

"I would do anything to please thee, Regina", he said in a low voice. "Thou hast but to command, and I obey."

He arose, and in the silence that ensued his glorious tenor voice sang the Phœnician Love Song, which was heard with rapture, for politeness demanded that all conversation should cease when an orator or singer arose to perform.

For a moment the girl at the harp stood as if petrified; then softly her fingers touched the strings in perfect harmony with the singer, and under her breath she hummed the words of the song as it fell from the lips of the gifted singer. She seemed to see a happy group of white-robed people clustered around her while she herself sang that same song. It caused the blood in her veins to tingle; it filled her heart with delight; and yet a feeling of fear stole over her. She seemed to be listening to something she had heard in a dim, hazy dream. She could not account for it, but a strange chill of fear came over her—a dim foreboding of coming sorrow.

Tremendous applause greeted Ricardus as the song ended. Then, as the feast went on, professional singers and poets arose and sang or recited, Greek dancers entertained the guests, and music and mimicry held sway, until most of the guests were lying under the table or murmuring foolish nothings to one another.

When Ricardus had finished his song Nesta retired, as she always did on these occasions, for Ostorius did not require her presence after she had fulfilled her part of the entertainment. Going upstairs to her cubiculum she sighed as she gazed around the tiny room. On a rough table stood a jug filled with pink heather. Nesta had saved these beautiful blossoms after weaving garlands all day for the feast. Idly she took them in her hand and mechanically began to weave them into a long garland.

"I wish I were a great Roman lady", she sighed. "How lovely they looked. I will dress up, just to see how I would look at a feast."

Off came the blue cap, and she uncoiled the fair and sunny hair, which was wound in tight braids around her shapely head. Her violet eyes were sparkling with mischief. She let her tawny hair fall in two long braids over her shoulders. She put on an old pale-blue robe that she had worn when Julia, the wife of Aulus Plautius, had been her friend and benefactor. She tied a band of yellow silk around her waist, and placed a wreath of heather on her head; then she caught up the long garland of flowers, fastened



it on her left shoulder and tucked it in her belt and laughed with glee.

"I wonder how I look?" she said. As she had no mirror, she decided that the only way would be to go out to the silent fish-pond and see her reflection in its placid waters. No one would see her; everyone was at the feast, and hours would pass ere they began to move; so, enveloping herself in a dark mantle, away she sped. At the outer door she met the great wolf-hound of Ostorius. The dog loved her, and followed her everywhere. She patted his shaggy head with loving hand, and away they ran to the distant pool. The feast was in full swing when the nomenclator announced a new guest, who had just arrived in Uriconium. Heraclitus, the newcomer, was an old friend of Ostorius. Hearing of the banquet, he had made his way to the villa, knowing that he was sure of a welcome from his friend, who made room for him on his own couch, and kissed him on both cheeks.

"Whence hast thou come, old comrade? The last time I saw thee thou wert commanding the Sixth Legion under Tiberius. 'Tis a wonder that Charon hath not long ago ferried thee across the Styx."

"Nay, good friend; I have but this moment arrived from Niciæ, Niciæ", was the reply.

No sooner had the word passed his lips than Ricardus repeated it to himself. It sounded like a long-forgotten bar of music. His brain began to whirl. It seemed as though the very word were calling to him in loving tones over and over again. Abruptly he arose from his place beside Regina. "Pardon me, most noble lady, I must leave the feast. I crave thy permission, Ostorius."

Ostorius nodded, thinking that the wine had evidently flown early to the head of the soldier, and Ricardus made his way to the garden. He walked past the tinkling fountain, out into the moon-lit grounds, to where the silent fish-pond lay gleaming in the silvery radiance. It was surrounded by a semi-circular marble seat and there, beside a statue of Mercury, he sat down, his head in his hands, trying to remember where he had heard the word Nicia, not as a city, but as the name of some dearly loved maiden. He sat in the shadow of the statue, held as it were by a spell. The moonlight brought into vivid relief each tree and shrub, and the sweet scent of the flowers pervaded the air. "'Tis just the night for a frolic of the nymphs", he said, and, as if in answer to his thoughts, his wondering eyes beheld a vision emerge



from the shadows on the other side of the pool. Into the moonlight stepped the figure of a girl, accompanied by a tawny dog. She stopped to pet the animal's head; and there, in a soft, clinging, blue robe, with a wreath of pink flowers on her golden hair, stood the maiden of his dreams, his ideal. It was thus that he had seen her a thousand times on weary marches, and beside the camp fires. As she stood gazing up at the stars, Ricardus arose, stretched out his hands, and cried out involuntarily, "My love, my love!" His voice broke the spell. The girl started, turned, and fled from his sight. For a moment he heard the swift retreating footsteps, then all was silent, save the far-away music and the voices of the singing girls borne on the breeze. Quickly he made his way to the spot where he had seen the vision. He ran hither and thither in pursuit; but no sign of the fugitive could he see, for Nesta, on hearing his voice, had turned hastily, picked up her discarded mantle, donning it as she ran, and was now hiding, quaking with fear, behind a laurel bush, not two feet from where he stood. Her heart was beating wildly. She saw the patrician looking in vain for her, and heard him say, "Nicia, my love; Nicia, where art thou?"

She concluded that he had been pouring too many libations to Bacchus; and she would far rather meet a prowling wolf than a Roman soldier, be he patrician or plebeian. She waited, trembling with fear of discovery, until he wandered off; then she made her way back to the shelter of her cubiculum, where she thanked her lucky stars that she had escaped his ardent embraces.

Ricardus went straight to his lodgings. What had he seen? Was it a sprite or a woodland nymph? Could the vision have been a maid of flesh and blood? He tried to remember every woman at the feast, but not one could he remember with the tawny golden braids and the wreath of pink flowers. Had she been there, he ought surely to have seen her, for it was an odd fashion. The ladies either wore their hair hanging loose or coiled high on the head after the Grecian mode.

Early next morning he sought out Marius, and entering his cubiculum with a free and light step, his cheery voice sending forth a ringing laugh like the ripple of a brook, he said, "Fie, Marius, thou didst pour too many libations last evening. Bacchus hath overwhelmed thee. Awake, Marius, and greet the fair Aurora. Let us hasten to the Baths. I need thy aid in hunting the fairest nymph that ever hid in forest glade. Now Marius,

collect thy wits, and tell me, didst thou behold at the banquet a maid with hair like strands of gold, wearing a blue robe decorated with pink flowers?"

"Nay, thou art still dreaming, Ricardus. What didst thou drink, Falerian or Cyprian, that thy visions last till morning? It must have been a good brand."

"Nay," said Ricardus, "I was never more in earnest. Didst thou see such a maid?"

"Nay, there was no such person at the banquet."

Then Ricardus told his adventure. "Dost think, Marius, 'twas a nymph?" he asked, stroking his chin reflectively.

"Strange it is, Ricardus; but I seem to see thy vision quite clearly. Perhaps she is an inmate of the villa who was not present at the feast. I will help thee find thine amorata, if she be mortal; for I see Cupid hath lodged an arrow in thine heart at last. But didst thou notice Actea, the little maid in the pink peplus, who sat next to me? Now there's a charmer for you. Regina doth not hold a candle to her bright and winsome face; her beauty and fascination were irresistible. That is my idea of a maiden; and she could talk as few women do now, being both wise and witty."

"I see thou wilt not have time to help me in my quest for a visionary maiden, for a real one hath caught thee sure and fast. The merry child of Venus must have been playing pranks last night. Marius, who knows? When we step around the corner we may meet our fate for weal or woe."

"Aye, Ricardus, 'tis so. I will make inquiries for thy mysterious nymph. Thou art far too hasty thyself. Be wise and cautious. If thou wouldst win her favor, plunge not where the Gods fear to tread. Keep thine own council; inquire of men, but *beware of showing thy interest among the women.*"

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*To be continued.*



## THE GRÆCO-BUDDHIST REACTION

By C. H. A. Bjerregaard.

**E**VERY study worth anything, which relates to the reaction of the civilizations of East and West upon each other, brings up the subject of Greek influence upon India under and after the expedition of Alexander the Great. No final results are yet attained, but every study and renewed effort is of value.

One of the latest contributions to a solution is by Edward P. Buffet, <sup>1</sup>and his form is rather novel. He casts his thought in story form. His book is a mine of information. In the following I make use of his translations and adaptations from Pali literature. Many of them are by himself, and the versification of both the Pali and the Greek poetry is nearly always original.

Let us imagine a young man seeking the truth on the Buddhistic path, encountering Greek modes of thought and being roused at the sight of a beautiful and intellectual young woman. With that thought, we can follow the main lines of his psychological development. With friends, especially of Greek character, he discourses on desire, courage, beauty, pleasure, anger, aspiration, prayer, providence, deity, kindness, cruelty, rectitude, perfection, and the various schools of philosophy.

The period selected is that of Asoka, who has been called the Buddhist Constantine. The time is the Third Century, B. C. The clash between the two civilizations may be described in such terms as "the will to refrain," characterizing Buddhism, and "the will to act, to live," as the expression of the Greek mind and tendency.

<sup>1</sup>The Layman Revato, a story of a restless mind in Buddhist India, at the time of Greek influence. By Edward P. Buffet, Jersey City, N. J., 1914.

A sharply defined influence of Greek civilization upon the Buddhistic is to be seen on the Buddhist sculptures of the Gandhara region near the modern Candahar in Afghanistan. The Greek technique is unmistakable. Buddha statues resemble the Greek Apollo, and the charge has been made that the Greeks taught the puritanic followers of Gotama idolatry.

The young Indian, Revato, of Mr. Buffet's book, found himself an evening in the house of the Greek architect Diomedes, and the conversation between him and the architect's daughter turned upon the cool nights and the need of fire. Sitting near pleasant flames, his thoughts condemned him when he recalled the Blessed One's rejoinder in the herdsman's cottage, and he recited from the Dhaniyasutta, which thus begins:

"'I have boiled my broth, I have milked my kine,'  
Said the herdsman Dhaniyo;  
'We dwell by the Mahi, I and mine,  
My hut is roofed and the fire's aglow;  
Now, Cloud-god, rain if thou dost incline.'  
" 'I have quelled my sloth, I have balked my spite,'  
Answering, Bhagava said;  
'By the Mahi dwelling a single night,  
My hut is roofless, the fire is dead;  
Now, Cloud-god, rain to thy full delight.'"

The daughter of the house, Prote, replied in the words of one of her native songs (by Alcaeus):

"Rages the Storm God, huge in his heaven;  
Winter lays hold on the swift-gliding waters;  
Deep in dense woodlands, wide on the ocean,  
Thracian tempest winds bellow.

"Abate thou the cold; heap fire-wood aplenty;  
Mingle with honey strong wine, unconsidered;  
Bind on thy brow soft, curled, woolen comforts.  
Gloom no guerdon hath, grief no emolument.  
Bacchus, Oh cure our sick souls with thy simples,  
Making us glad and forgetful."

The herdsman is the natural man, charged by the ascetic with sloth and spite and all the worldly passions and attachments. The Greek song reveals a joy of life, which will not

be discouraged by the "outside," the storm-god and frost. Its call is, "make us glad and forgetful." The Buddha stands unaffected on the Middle Path; he has quelled his sloth and balked his spite, and, as for the "external," he does not object; he even invites the cloud-god to rain to his full delight.

A young man might easily find his heart lulled by the Greek images of sensuous song and be intoxicated by the liquid fire-light and aromatic smoke of a Greek hearth-fire, even if a Greek woman did not throw a romantic spirit over it all. Greek presence and Greek feeling easily conquer Indian simplicity. The human heart seeks enlargement of life, not restraints.

Here is an incident showing the inherent tendency of the Indian mind to look deeper than the Greek, and to interpret poetry religiously in terms of Indian thought. Diomedes read a story to the young Indian about a man who was ship-wrecked on an island where dwelt a beautiful ogress, named Calypso. But she, unlike the ogress Yakkhinis of Lanka (Ceylon), instead of eating him, treated him kindly and kept him on the island eight years. Finally, when he became homesick, she gave him materials to build a raft and sail away. After he had voyaged for weeks, a great storm destroyed the raft. He clung to a plank for three days, and in the end, entrusting himself to the sea, without support, was cast alive upon the delightful shore of a river.

My reader no doubt recognizes the original Greek story, and some readers have perhaps indulged in symbolical interpretations of their version. Revato did so, too. He said: "What does it mean; escape from the ocean of Sangsara" (reincarnation) "to the shore of Nibbana" (Nirvana)? With sarcasm the Greek replied: "I should be interested to hear the poet's comment if your interpretation were suggested to him."

By a natural association of ideas Revato asked: "Where are the venerated books of your religion? Are you not at liberty to open them to me?" He thought that the Homeric story came from Greek sacred writings, simply because the conception of literature in a Greek sense was foreign to his mind. The Greek did not further enlighten him. Diomedes

left him to his own guesses by this cryptic answer: "Our religion is not one of books!" And that is, even to us of today, a loss. The very fact that the Greek religion was not one of books could easily have brought about a profound discourse with the Indian, whose religion was also none of books.

Diomedes suggested a reading from Greek philosophers and read from Herakleitos about "Flux": All things are in motion; nothing abides. No man passeth twice over the same stream; nay, the passer himself is without constancy. Life and death, waking and sleeping, youth and old age, are the same, for the latter change and are the former, and the former change back to the latter. Gods are mortals, men are immortals, each living in the other's death and dying in the other's life."

These thoughts and teachings naturally appealed to the Indian. They amazed him. They enunciated clearly the familiar principle of annica, impermanence. They answered perfectly to Gotama's annatta, "no self," or doctrine of the human personality and its unstable character. Anatta means the lack of any enduring ego wherein we might find refuge from dukkha, pain.

Revato immediately jumped to the conclusion that the Greeks must also have learned to value the impermanence doctrine. He thought that at heart they must have learned to despise the vanities of life. He had no idea of the subjective way of the Greeks in which they handled all doctrines, nor how intensely they loved life, even what a Buddhist called "the vanities of life." Indian as he was, and having imbibed with his mother's milk the doctrine of reincarnation, he burst out: "How do they evade the consequences in re-birth?" Diomedes cut off the conversation by the quick reply: "They are not concerned with rebirths," and, with an offhand remark on Pythagora's teachings on the subject, he forced Revato to listen to an extract from Parmenides, of Elea: "Being is. It is without beginning and indestructible; it is universal, existing alone; immovable in the hold of great chains, one and continuous without end; justice does not slacken her fetters to permit generation or destruction,

but holds Being firm. Only in name do things arise and perish, change their positions and vary in color. Without Being thou wilt find no thinking. It is not subject to division nor compounded of parts, but is all alike. It lies the same, abiding in the same state, on the same spot, like the mass of a rounded sphere, equally distant from the centre at every point."

One would have expected the Indian to protest against this philosophy, which was the opposite of that which before had roused his enthusiasm. This philosophy was Brahminical in character, the other Buddhistic. The absence of protest is explained by Revato's Buddhistic inclination. According to that he sought in the doctrine of anicca (anatta) a method of life. In Parmenides he saw only metaphysics. That is proved by his exclamation: "I can hardly believe that you are not repeating to me the very words of a Brahmin hymn! Who would have imagined that while our Ariya munis (Aryan Hindu sages) have been seeking truth by so many different paths, your Yonaka (Ionian) sages have been following in just the same devious ways?" To fortify his statements, he quoted the Upanishads and from Vedanta suttas on Tad Ekam—That One; Tat tvam asi—Thou art that.

Again Diomedes swung the conversation into another direction and asked about the practical outcome of the Brahminical creed. Revato answered: "The Brahmins who hold it are licentious," and made no reservations. This gave Diomedes the opportunity to make a statement, clearly showing the relationship of Aryan and Yonaka wisdom. He said: "The outcome in the West has been quite the reverse. They who adhere to virtue, like your Gotamo, are against him in theory, and agree with your Brahmins in their faith in The One. Such were Socrates and Plato, of whom I have yet to tell you, and austere Zeno, the stoic. While they learned of Herakleitos in outward things, yet in that which is vital they are to be counted rather as disciples of Parmenides."

Revato answered, and as clearly to the point as Diomedes had done, said: "Verily, Diomedes, you Yonas (Ionians)



have the quality of making your effects follow just contrary to the causes. You build up self-gratification upon impermanence of soul and abstinence upon its stability, whereas Ariyas in each case do the opposite."

The thoughts and ideas follow upon each other like waves dashing upon the shore. They chase each other, and, as they rise and fall, the sunlight gives them an apparent reality, a reality which disappears in the next moment, when they merge into each other and lose their momentary individuality. But the ocean and its water remains. And so it is when one studies the meeting of Aryan-Buddhistic and Greek thoughts. The human mind and its quest is the same; but, according to the position of the sun, its reflections differ and are as unsubstantial as the momentary individuality of the waves.

In the book is an interesting chapter, "The World Outside of Thought." In it Revato discourses on Nibbana (Nirvana) and queries whether logically there can be in it, as claimed, a sort of bliss superior to any kind of joy. Nibbana is well called sududdasa, "very hard to behold." It is the Ineffable, the Inconceivable; it is the atakkavacarra, "the Outside-of-Thought Sphere" which our understanding fails to grasp.

"Reach that Eternal Stage, that Utmost Height,  
So clearly pure, so subtle, hard of sight."

As a help to explain himself, Revato said: "You have heard the fable of the blind men who examined an elephant, each by feeling of a different part, and then vainly disputed among themselves what an elephant was like. Just so, we, who have sensed only a little portion of all that exists, cannot be made to perceive matters in which we have had no dealings. We know about Nibbana only two facts:<sup>2</sup> First, that it is the perfect condition, or rather, unconditioned; and second, that it is unlike anything with which we have had to do. Therefore, I make bold to argue that since we have experienced joy, joy can not make there its home; and since we have felt sorrow, that state must be sorrowless. But we

<sup>2</sup>This is rather a generalization on Revato's part than an ordinary systematic statement of Buddhist doctrine.

need not, on the other hand, presume Nibbana to be a stupid lethargy, such as an absence of pleasure and pain seems to us; for since torpor is a fact of our knowledge, torpor cannot there abide."

This last reasoning is not without logical strength and beauty. But Revato continues, and quoting a conversation between Vaccho and Buddha, he explains that fire, when it dies, does not go either to east, west, north or south. Neither does the arahat, the saint. The fire depends upon the fuel, and when that is all consumed, the fire is extinct. Just so it is when all properties by which we can describe the existence of the saint have been destroyed. But what happens? He that thus has been released from form and formlessness is, however, deep, immeasurable, unfathomable, like the ocean. To say that he is reborn would not fit the case; to say that he is not reborn would not fit the case. "That is the way of the Tathagato (Buddha)," said Revato.

The Greek conversationalist replied: "It is the life of the aeons, as we would say."

A little later, Prote, the Greek woman, added: "So far as I have learned your religion, Nibbana is to me blank nothingness; for in entering it, the consciousness and other attributes of life are destroyed, or rather, they are so sterilized that they have no power of re-creation after the natural death of the saint."<sup>8</sup>

The radical difference between the Indian and the Greek on this salient point of life shows how impossible it would be to reconcile the two, even if the question was referred to regions where logic is stultified by facts. At this occasion the Greek woman ended the conversation by quoting one of her Ionian poets:

Unwisely thou strainest for wisdom  
Withholden from human discernment.  
Fleeting is lifetime, and therefore,  
Forfeits his part in the present.  
Whoso pursues the prodigious  
Foolish, infatuate, silly,  
Are such men in my estimation.

<sup>8</sup>Prote, however, states the view taken by perhaps the most weighty western scholarship today.

Some time after, Prote and Revato were sailing upon the Hirannabahu river, and the occasion revealed how radically different the two were. Revato was concerned about the inner life, duty and destiny. Prote related herself to her cosmic surroundings. Like a true Greek, the mysteries of nature attracted her more than psychology and metaphysics. To her life was sweet. She banished sorrow, decay and disease from her mind. As if she were in an act of devotion, Revato heard her murmur: "Evening, thou bringest all that bright morning scattered. Thou comest from heaven, wearing a purple mantle. Thaumias (the wonder-worker and father of the Harpies and Iris) is hovering near us; see how the water reflects the lights of the sky and the dark of the banks. Do you hear that low sound over yonder? That's Pan (god of hills and woods) playing on his reeds. And do you see a flash of white among the trees? That's the flying robes of the Naiads and Dryads who are dancing around him?" Revato wished he had eyes and ears like those of Prote. But the Indian had not the sense of beauty and poetry, natural qualities of the Greek mind and heart.

The contrast between the two manifested itself at another time, when Revato recited the law of Pativasam up-pada, of cause and consequence:

Not in the lofty air nor ocean hollow,  
Nor dark in some deep cave's perpetual night,  
Nor any other where, shall cease to follow  
The present power of a past unright.

Prote replied impatiently: "The worst that can be charged to one's account is impiety against the gods. With that they are more angry than with anything else; still they may be mollified, even for this, by our contrition and expiatory rites." And Prote, like Revato, recited poetry, quoting from the Ninth Book of the Illiad a passage which here appears in a new metrical form:

"Lofty and large the Immortals, still do they deign condescension;  
Moved are their hearts by fragrant incense and smoke of the altar,  
Sprinkled libations or vows which the penitent pay to incline them;  
For, ever there be a deliction, it leads to a prayer of appeasement.

Prayers of the contrite are daughters of Zeus, the offspring of Kronos, Halting and haggard and shame-faced watchers afar on transgression, Long outstripped by the fleet-foot Sin, whom following after, Over the world they wander to heal the harm that awaits them. Whoso holdeth in honor the daughters of Zeus, they will favor, Winning to pardon their father who reigns on the heights of Olympus."

No wonder if Revato called Prote an ahetuki or disbeliever in causation, an infidel.

I must come to an end with my extract from this storehouse of wisdom and delight, while I could fill many pages illustrating the way in which Mr. Buffet shows the post-Alexandrian Greek influence.

Of the art which is Graeco-Sytho-Buddhist, there is quite a collection in the Metropolitan Museum in New York. And my readers may profit greatly by consulting Foucher's "L'Art Greco-Bouddique du Candhara," and Grünwedel's "Buddhistiche Kunst in Indien," which has been translated into English by Burgess. In the New York Public Library are found many photographic reproductions of Indian temples published by the Archaeological Survey of India.

All these elements, speaking broadly, will show Hellenism as the natural human mind in forms of self-expression, and Buddhism as the passive and self-repressive mind.



## THE SWASTIKA IN RELATION TO PLATO'S ATLANTIS AND THE PYRAMID OF XOCHICALCO .

By M. A. Blackwell.

### PART V.—VASES II.

**T**HE Indian narrator in the Zuni creation myth says: "Is not the bowl the emblem of the Earth, our Mother? For from her we draw both food and drink, just as the babe draws nourishment from the breast of its mother. And round as is the rim of the bowl, so is the horizon."<sup>1</sup>

Nations of antiquity regarded the bowl or vessels of earthenware as sacred, because formed of the material of mother-earth. In Genesis we read: "And 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."

Examples of the vase and bowl as symbols of the earth-mother are given on Plates 20 and 21. The bowl also symbolized the feminine organ of generation. An example of this is given on Plate 20, Figure F, in which the child is shown within the vase. In Figure A, the hollow between two peaks curving towards each other, represents a vase. Stretching between these peaks is a band with eyes, meaning heaven. In Figure B, the nocturnal heaven with brooding eyes surrounds a double vase. This has been construed as meaning a receptacle hidden in darkness.<sup>2</sup> A calabash or gourd shaped like this double vase is used in Central America as a water vessel, and some travellers carry one; sometimes the gourds are finely carved. The natives carry some form of gourd or calabash, the commonest being hemispherical in shape and serves as a vessel for food and drink.

<sup>1</sup>F. H. Cushing, Fourth Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology, P. 518.

PLATE 20.

Fig. A.

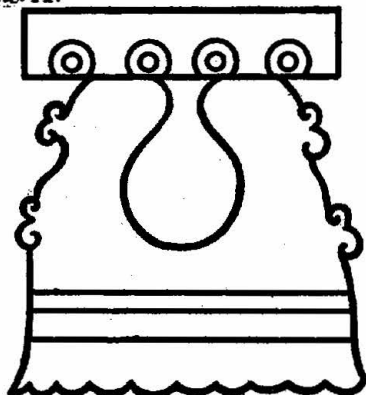


Fig. B.

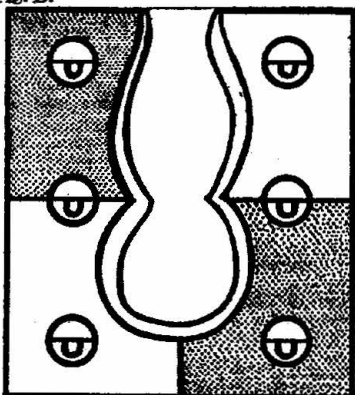


Fig. C.

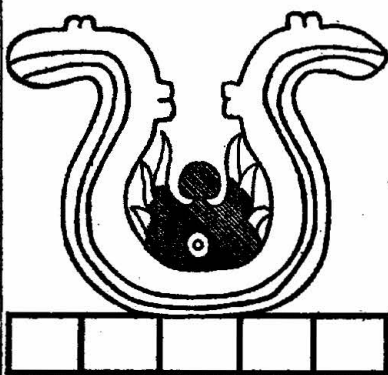


Fig. D.

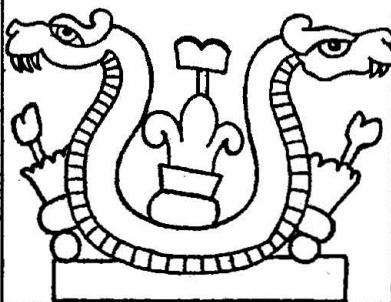


Fig. E.

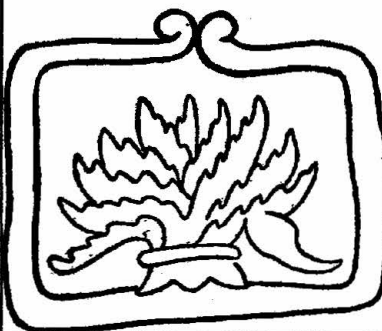
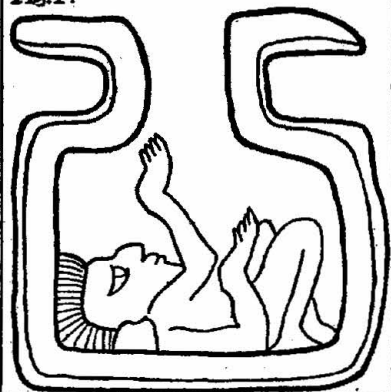


Fig. F.



FIGS. A TO F, SYMBOLS OF THE EARTH-MOTHER, FROM THE VIENNA CODEX. (MEXICAN MSS.)

PLATE 31.

Fig. G.

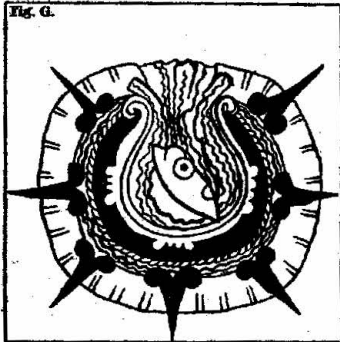


Fig. H.



Fig. I.

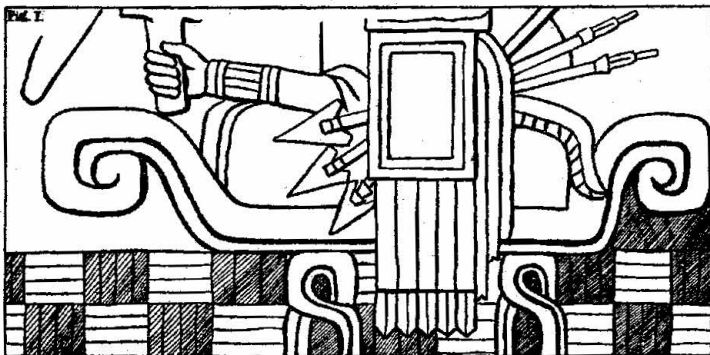


Fig. J.



MUT (EGYPTIAN) = MOTHER.

Fig. K.

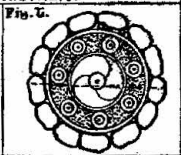
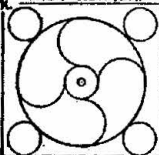


Fig. L.

Fig. M.



Figures G. and H.—Symbols of the Earth-Mother.

Figure I.—Remains of a sculptured figure on south side of stairway, Pyramid of Xochicalco. Note checkerboard design. This will be referred to in a later article.

Figure J.—Word for mother. Note calabash and egg forming part of this name. E. W. Budge, *First Steps in Egyptian*, p. 58.

Figure K.—Compare this Maya symbol with the Trojan Whorl on plate 16. *The Word*, September, 1914.

Figure L.—Shell-gorget from Tennessee. Wilson, *The Swastika*, p. 913.

Figure M.—Copan Stone. Note the 20 twists in cord corresponding to 20 days in a Maya month.



Within the vase, Figure C, is a "flaming fire," in the center of this flame is a seed, denoting germination.

A vase in the form of a double headed serpent is shown in Figure D. Within the vase is a plant, the flower of which appears to be issuing from it. This signifies fruition. Among its numerous meanings the serpent symbolizes the earth, and is found associated with the vase and bowl.

A Nahuatl word for flower is *xoch-itl* (pronounced *hoochitl*), which is analogous to a Maya word for vase, vessel, cup, *ho-och*, as well as *hoch* or *o-och*, meaning food and maintenance.<sup>3</sup> The relationship of these words with the words *hom*, pyramid, and *homo*, man, has been shown in Part IV. of this article.


In Figure E is shown an agave plant within the vase. The juice of this plant when fermented was the sacred wine of the ancient Mexicans, called by them *octli* and known among modern Mexicans as *pulque*. This sacred wine was regarded as "the drink of life," and its use was scrupulously regulated by the *octli*-lords, or rain priests, who administered it at certain dances to induce a mild state of intoxication in the participants. There were four hundred *octli*-lords, or rain-priests, and their emblem was the sacred vase. This is shown on their mantas and shields in the MSS. pictures. They also wore a gold ornament of vase shape, hanging from the septum of the nose. This ornament may have symbolized the consecration of the breath as the substance of life, or it may have meant that the breath of life divided itself as it issued through the nostrils and united again when inhaled.<sup>4</sup>

On Plate 21, Figure G represents a vase overflowing with water. Within the vase is a flint knife, which is the generator of the vital spark. Water and sun rays surround the vase; this symbolizes union of the above and below. Light, air and water mean the above, and the flint, emblem of the earth-mother and *Tezcatlipoca*, lord of the under-world.

<sup>33</sup>\*Zelia Nuttall, *Fundamental Principles of Old and New World Civilizations*, Peabody Museum Papers, Vol. 11, 1901, pp. 100 to 103.

Within the vase, Figure H, is a rabbit, its name, *tochtli*, is a rebus of the word *octli*, sacred earth-wine, which overflows the vase. The vase is surrounded by the nocturnal heaven dotted with stars, which are represented by black dots and eyes. The Mexicans called the stars the eyes of heaven. This entire symbol represents the union of the above with the below.

A divinity worshipped in Yucatan was called *Cum-ahau*, lord of the vase, designated in the MS. dictionary as "Lucifer (the lord of the underworld), the principal native divinity." Brinton believed that this lord of the vase was the god of fertility, common to the Maya and Mexican cult.

On one side of the projecting stairway of the Pyramid of Xochicalco are the remains of a sculptured figure of a king or chief. In the left hand he holds an oblong shield and three javelins, in his right hand is apparently part of an *atlatl*, spear-thrower. The mat beneath the bowl-shaped seat is of green and yellow checkerwork; the upright lines are green, the horizontal yellow; the background is red. Miss Breton believes that this figure had been surrounded by a blue border.<sup>6</sup> The twisted legs of the bowl-shaped seat are painted white. It is more reasonable to suppose these to be glyphs, not legs. The bowl-shaped seat, within which the figure is seated, is said by some authorities to be the earth-bowl, it is the same shape as the symbol for the basin of the Atlantic ocean. It is possible to interpret this as a lord or sovereign who ruled in the land of the basin of the Atlantic ocean. The Maya word *ahau* means king or sovereign and closely resembles the word *Alau*, which LePlongeon translated as "a word composed of three Maya primitives, *Al*—child, *a* for *ha*—water, and *u*—basin; that is, the child of the basin of water, of the ocean." The symbol for this word *Alau* in the Maya books  also represents the ill-fated land of *Mu* (Plato's Atlantis)

<sup>6</sup>Adela Breton, *Some Notes on Xochicalco*, p. 63, Plate V, *Transactions, University of Pennsylvania*, Vol. II, Part 1, 1906.

and the numerical 64 000 000, which was the number of lives lost in that cataclysm.<sup>6</sup>

The Maya letter U, meaning basin, also means moon, month, collar, necklace. A name in the Egyptian for mother is Mut, which is analogous to MU, name for the ill-fated mother-land of the Mayas. We should remember that the Egyptians said that the land of the gods in the west sank in an awful catclysm.

The vase and bowl were emblems for the land of Mu (Atlantis), so also were the cross and swastika.<sup>7</sup> These same symbols are applied to the heavens, earth and mankind. If the Atlanteans knew that the great laws which govern the universe, also govern man, as he is an epitome of it, they modelled their government on the plan of the human body; and in their religion made the body sacred as the temple of the living spirit, God. They clothed the knowledge of these laws in mysticism and symbology. Traces of all this are to be found in both hemispheres.

The plan of government in ancient Mexico and Peru were identical with Plato's Divine Politics as pointed out by Mrs. Nuttall, though she does not uphold the theory of an Atlantean island-continent. Much credit is due Mrs. Nuttall for her valuable work in deciphering ancient American MSS.

In the Bible, allusions are made to bowls and basins used in the ceremonies in the temple. There is a symbolic reference to the bowl in the 12th chapter of Ecclesiastes, which commences, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not . . . and desire shall fail because man goeth to his long home, and mourners go about in the streets, or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel be broken at the cistern. Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it."

This reference in the Bible to the silver cord and golden

<sup>6</sup>Le Plongeon, Pyramid of Xochicalco. The Word, October, 1913, p. 10.

<sup>7</sup>See articles on this subject in The Word, May to September, 1914, inclusive. Notes maps on Plates 1 and 2 in The Word, May, 1914.

bowl is paralleled in the symbols of the ancient Mayas and Mexicans.

The ancient Mexicans represented the heavens as a circle of cord, to which stars were attached. In the center of the circle were one or four stars. The Mayas used a cord as a symbol of heaven. Note figures at foot of plate 21.<sup>8</sup>

The cord around the vase shown in Figure G, Plate 21, connects the above with the below and apparently signifies the umbilical cord. In the Indian symbols the cord is found associated with the cross. The association of the cord with the bowl and swastika will be referred to in a later article.

<sup>8</sup>Zelia Nuttall, Fundamental Principles of Old and New World Civilizations, Peabody Museum Papers, Vol. II, 1901, pp. 10, 48, 100.

*(To be continued.)*

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## THE MOON GODDESS.

By M. A. B.

OLD and new world customs point to a common origin. According to Kingsborough, the ancient Mexicans believed the moon to be the cause of human generation. They placed it opposite the sun because its course continually crosses his. One name for the moon was Meztli, another name was Tectziztecatl, this second name also means a kind of sea-snail. On the head (of the idol) of the moon they placed a sea-snail to illustrate that just as the snail creeps from its shell, so man comes from his mother's womb.

The Egyptian women in childbirth invoked Isis, or the moon. The Jewish and Egyptian women held the moon in great respect as being the lesser of the two great lights which God had created. The moon is associated with the earth and the cult of the "Below," and the sun with the cult of the "Above."

## DESIRE AND DUTY.

By E. P. Cornell.

**A**S a preface, I should like to say that many of man's troubles come from this, that he is called on to be so many things at once; that he is in a wrong environment and in many cases does not recognize it, except by the friction, the rubs and knocks he gets; that he is really a mental and a spiritual being, associating with material things—and that is why he is worsted so often in the fight. Humanity is a great misfit. Here we find ourselves in the grossest kind of materiality; our efforts are made in and on gross matter; most of our leanings and relishes are of the ignoble and are aggravated in their baseness by the spark of mind with which we are endowed. And we are so contented with it all. We take it all as a matter of course and as to be expected. In spite of all crudeness, the spark still burns and in many instances points to better things. It is this spark of divinity and immortality, smouldering amidst the god and the brute, that makes man, and that makes possible any discussion of the opposite phases of desire and duty.

There are at work in the manifested universe two elements, which may be named roughly, matter and force; action? In the first place, man contacts his environment body and that which animates or controls the body; nature and a something working through nature. Differences arise when we attempt to describe the force or forces thus operating. But we might agree that there are blind, unreasoning forces, and a something which is intelligent in its direction. Whichever force is the stronger, for the time being, will be the predominating. What is called a "blind" force

may have sufficient impetus and strength to overcome another which by virtue of its intelligence should be the stronger, but is temporarily dethroned.

If we were to attempt to analyze the leading forces at work on man, what would we find them to be and what their action? In the first place, man contacts his environment through certain channels, termed the senses. By means of ignorance, passions and brutality, this strange mixture of these senses the ideas of the outer world are conveyed to him. Through these senses, works also the great primeval force of desire. From this complex unit, this creature of the senses, selfish in its isolation, is evolved the family, the community, the state, the nation. In each expansion different trends are given to desire; desire is directed into different channels, and modified by other forces. From being employed to obtain sustenance and shelter for one person, it is cut off in certain directions to flow more freely in others. More and more do the desires of the unit become subservient to the good of the collectivity, the family, the community, the state, the nation. The greatest good (which is the privilege of life along the most advanced lines possible to the community) to the greatest number, becomes the law of the enlightened community. Crude desire is changed to a higher form of desire, and then this is moulded by a still higher and dominating force, among the concomitants of which are the ideas of duty and sacrifice.

Man is a thinker, and has as the organ for thinking in the physical body the brain; thought through the brain connects man with the mental world. A third force is at work in man's evolution, which is a high force of the mind, and belongs to the spiritual as opposed to the material part of his make-up. It acts as faith, hope, love, charity, or brotherhood.

One of the most important of these forces is desire, in Theosophy termed "kama." Of this as an unmixed, unmodified force we know little. It is said to reach its perfection in the animal kingdom. In the natural order of things, man, the being with mind, should be an exponent of a higher force, a force which attains its perfection later in the scheme of evolution.



Desire as related to physical man appears, among other things, as an emptiness, a hunger, a lack, an incompleteness. It is a reaching out for something not already possessed in sufficiency. In the psychic man, desire expresses itself in the emotions. They are in the lower or destructive or disruptive aspect, hate, envy, jealousy, greed, malice, and in the higher, where desire contacts mind, we have love, sympathy, appreciation, kindness, sincerity, truth, fortitude, patience, sacrifice, brotherhood.

The physical man hungers for those things which are necessary to build up the body; the psychic man hungers for the things which affect the passions and emotions. One draws from the physical plane, the other from the psychic. But the mental man is working on a different plane; his food is that of thought and is above the desire plane, though affected by it. The spiritual man craves the things of the spirit; that is, the higher mind; he hungers and thirsts for righteousness, and is guided and moulded by the things of the spirit.

Desire is blind; it is unreasoning; it is selfish. Whatever has these characteristics may truly be said to be desire; but if this is so, then the opposite must also hold; that which sees has foresight; that which reasons, and that which is unselfish, acting for the good of others and sacrificing self, must belong to a different plane.

Therefore, we may expect from desire a blind pushing forward to attain its ends, a craving for gratification. This force is provided with sight, with the ability to gain its ends, by fair means or foul, with an illegitimate hunger for satiety, by the combination effected with the lower mind. The desires of the flesh are so much stronger than the influence of the incarnated mind that they divert it from its true field and bind it a not unwilling slave.

Each of these forces should be paramount on its own plane, and probably would be, could they act purely, in their integrity and entirety; but one is modified or accentuated by another. Thus, desire may so enslave and coerce the mind that the result is desire in a more injurious form than if it acted alone, or the mind may gain the control so that it



diverts the lower force into its own higher channels. Then desire can no longer be so called, but becomes a stream of force strengthening mind or soul. If we recall the articles which have appeared in *The Word* on "The Zodiac," we will remember that eventually it is desire which is raised to the plane of mind, ceasing then to be desire. In one way we may, therefore, call crude desire mind in the making. Or else, we may call mind a purified, exalted form of that force which in its lower aspect is termed desire.

But that complex being we call man rarely acts prompted by any one of the forces working alone. Desire is modified or intensified by mind; mind is diverted from its province as light bringer and searcher, and linked in bonds to desire. The higher mind speaks to us occasionally, but its whisper is silenced in the tumult of the voices of the emotions and ambitions. Man is so uncertain in his actions. At one time his motive seems pure and lofty; in a short time he would break all the higher laws. The same force does not act with the same intensity at all times. Man is diverted from his good intentions and deeds. Supinely he fails when the test comes; his fixety of purpose wavers and he chooses the easier way. Dark clouds obscuring the light of his intelligence close in on him, and he flounders along without a sufficiently strong desire for the good to call upon his will to aid him.

What is it that makes of desire this dreadful thing, takes it from its legitimate plane and uses and perverts it to ends never intended for natural desire? Is it not the mind which is the mischief-maker? Man as we know him is not pure mind any more than he is plain desire; he is a peculiar mixture of desire and mind, plus a something else which is to be his salvation; that is, his moral nature, the spiritual, the higher side of his mind, that is himself.

Desire is a great force in nature, and a legitimate and necessary force. We can no more kill our desire than kill out the light of the sun, and still live on this earth. It is not the nature nor province of desire to be moral and to be far-sighted. That belongs to mind, the light-bringer, the god. But in practice, Lucifer is content to be the fallen angel;

linked with desire he rather enjoys his role of devil; and inasmuch as mind allows itself willingly to be overcome and used by desire, it is mind that is at fault for our shortcomings. It is mind that brings responsibility. With responsibility the question of blame or merit arises, and man stands or falls by this one thing of responsibility.

Desire instigates some to commit murderous acts, others to raise a cathedral for the worship of God. It urges one to deeds of violence and revenge; it prompts another to use his best efforts to bring about peace on earth—but it does not act alone. It is either desire which has dragged mind down from its lofty home to do desire's bidding, and achieve desire's base ends, or it is mind which is elevating desire and utilizing it to build on a higher plane.

Desire has but one object, the gratification of its momentary wish or longing; it does not work for the future, for it cannot plan of itself. Only when in conjunction with some other force is it in a condition to obtain its ends by diplomacy, by expediency, by plotting and laying plans.

Desire uses mind for its own ends so long as it is stronger than the mind. It cannot see, but it uses the sense of sight. It cannot plan, but it uses the powers of mind to attain its ends in this way. It cannot reason, but it is so insidious that the mind will reason for rather than against it. Desire, reinforced by a filtering of mind, has a grip on some of the free parts of the mind, the mind which is enthralled with the things of the senses, and does not realize, does not want to realize, that it is the stronger and should be the leader. During this time desire is the master of the mind, the intelligent servant.

Desire, which is unthinking, uses thought, desire, which is blind, uses the foresight of mind; desire, which is unreasoning, uses mind to reason and think and attain its ends; the mind, dazzled by the things of the senses, is a willing slave. This combination of desire and mind gives us the thinking, feeling, human being. But there is another force at work in man; there is his mental spiritual nature to be taken into account. Sometimes man wants to know rather than to feel.

From the spiritual part of his mind man has a knowledge of what is his duty; that is, a debt owed, payment to be made for kindness or help given, a squaring of accounts, doing services. This requires a mental operation, the ability to compare, to weigh and balance, to judge, to find one's place in the scheme of things. It needs the moral standard to recognize that there are requirements of the individual to his adjustment in the different positions he holds in life, and it means the exercise of conscientiousness.

Duty is almost always opposed to pleasure. Pleasure is a gratification of the senses or emotions; duty is the performance with a Spartanlike determination of what is required under existing surroundings. Therefore, duty is in many cases disagreeable; it often means a turning of the back upon comforts and the luxuries. Desire says, I want; duty, I must. In rare cases, duty and pleasure are synonymous; then one's life is cast in pleasant places—when we thoroughly enjoy doing that which the highest in us tells us we ought to do. There are some who can say the fulfilment of duty is but the carrying out of their desire; that is, the desire to do one's duty is stronger than the desire for those things which are sacrificed by thus performing our duty. It means a subjection of desire to the dictates of the intelligent and spiritual part of the mind.

A man may go on for years doing things which gratify his desires until some flagrant act is committed, and he is restrained. Desire is thwarted and a law for the higher good of the community is enforced. When the restraint is self-imposed, a force not from the plane of desire is operating; a force that takes its rise in a higher part of the being. It is necessary that the one shall restrain himself or be restrained for the good of the many.

Take a river flowing along between the shade and verdure of its grassy banks; it follows its natural course, winding along the way of least resistance. This is one of its aspects. Then spring freshets come. The river will overflow its banks, forced up by the weight and power of waters rushing down from the mountains, and will carry away the village houses and farms in its path, and leave destruction

and death. Another phase is seen where a man has built a system of irrigation by which water is carried far away into arid stretches, which theretofore were worthless without its life-supporting qualities. It is no longer a mere stream, with inviting banks and the joy of boys because of the swimming holes; it is no longer a menace to those living near it; it is a factor advancing civilization, and yet it is the same river. The river-being, we may say, is the same, but is in one instance a pleasant river; in another a flooding torrent, and in another an irrigation ditch. Only in a similar limited way can one say that the performance of duty or of self-sacrifice is at the instigation of desire. That force, which in certain instances operates as desire, must be conquered, subdued, guided, so that it ceases to exhibit the traits of desire. Then it becomes the willing means to carry out what the mind sees as duty.

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**I** KNOW not whether there be, as is alleged, in the upper region of our atmosphere, a permanent westerly current which carries with it all atoms which rise to that height, but I see that when souls reach a certain clearness of perception they accept a knowledge and motive above selfishness. A breath of will blows eternally through the universe of souls in the direction of the Right and Necessary. It is the air which all intellects inhale and exhale, and it is the wind which blows the worlds into order and orbit.

—Emerson, CONDUCT OF LIFE.

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# THE RITUAL OF HIGH MAGIC.

By Eliphas Levi.

Translated from the French by Major-General Abner Doubleday. Annotated  
by Alexander Wilder, M. D.

## CHAPTER III.

### The Triangles of the Pentacles.

**T**HE Abbé Trithemius, who was the master of Cornelius Agrippa in magic, explains in his "Steganography" the seat of conjurations and evocations in a very philosophic and natural manner, but perhaps on that account too simple and easy.

"To evoke a spirit," says he, "is to enter into the dominant thought of that spirit, and if we raise ourselves morally higher in the same line, we will carry this spirit with us, and he will serve us. Otherwise he will carry us into his circle and we will serve him."

To conjure, is to oppose to an isolated spirit the resistance of a current and a chain. Cum jurare, to swear together; that is to say, to perform an act of common faith. The more enthusiasm and power this faith has, the more efficacious the conjuration. Hence new-born Christianity silenced the oracles. It alone possessed inspiration and energy. Later, when Saint Peter had grown old—that is, when the world believed it had legitimate reproaches to make against the Papacy—the spirit of prophecy came to take the place of the oracles; and the Savonarolas, Joachim de Flores, John Husses, and so many others in their turn, agitated all minds and expressed in lamentations and predictions of calamity, the inquietude and secret revolts of all hearts.

Thus one may be alone to evoke a spirit, but in order to conjure with it, he must speak in the name of a circle or asso-

ciation; and this is what is represented by the hieroglyphic circle traced around the magus during the operation, and which he ought not to leave unless he wishes instantly to lose all his power.

Let us fairly approach here the principle and important question. Are real evocations and conjurations of a spirit possible, and can this possibility be scientifically demonstrated?

To the first part of the question we can at once reply that all things, the impossibility of which is not evident, can and should be provisionally admitted as possible. To the second part we say that, by virtue of the great magic dogma of the hierarchy and universal analogy, we can kabalistically demonstrate the possibility of real evocations. As to the phenomenal reality of the result of magic operations conscientiously accomplished, it is a question of experiment, and as we have already said, we have verified this reality for ourselves and shall by this Ritual enable our readers to renew and confirm our experiments.

Nothing perishes in Nature, and all that has lived always continues to exist under new form; but even anterior forms are not destroyed, since we refind them in our memory. Do we not see in imagination the child that we knew, who is now an old man? Even the traces which we thought were effaced in our memory, are not really so, since a fortuitous circumstance evokes them and recalls them to us. But how do we see them? We have already said that it is in the astral light, which transmits them to our brain through the mechanism of the nervous apparatus. On the other hand, all forms are proportional and correspondent to the idea that determines them; they are the natural character—the signature of this idea, as the magi say, and as soon as the idea is actively evoked the form is made real and produced.

Schroepffer, the famous illuminatist of Leipzig, had cast terror throughout Germany by his evocations and his audacity in magic operations was so great that his reputation



became an insupportable burden to him. Afterward, he permitted himself to be borne along by the immense current of hallucinations which he had allowed to spring up. Visions of the other world disgusted him with this, and he killed himself. This story should render individuals circumspect, who are curious in regard to ceremonial magic. Nature cannot be outraged with impunity, and we cannot without danger sport with unknown and incalculable forces. It is for this reason that we have refused, and always shall refuse, to gratify the vain curiosity of those who ask to see, in order to believe; and we reply to them what we said to an eminent English personage who assailed us with his incredulity. "You have a perfect right not to believe. On our part we shall neither be more discouraged nor less convinced."

For those who will come to tell us that they have scrupulously and courageously performed all the rites, and that nothing came of it, we shall say that they would do well to stop there; and that it is, perhaps, a warning of nature, who refuses to do these anomalous works for them; but nevertheless, if they persist in their curiosity, they have only to begin anew.

The ternary, being the base of the magic dogma, should necessarily be observed in evocations; it is, therefore, the symbolic number of realization and effect. The letter Schin is ordinarily traced upon kabalistic pentacles which have for their object the accomplishment of a desire. This letter is also the mark of the scape-goat in the mystic Kabala, and Saint Martin observes that this letter interpolated in the incommunicable tetragram has constituted the name of the Redeemer. This is what the mystagogues of the Middle Ages represented, when in their nocturnal assemblies they exhibited a symbolic goat, wearing upon the head between the two horns, a lighted torch. This monstrous animal, whose allegoric form and strange worship we shall describe in the fifteenth chapter of this Ritual, represented Nature devoted by a curse, but redeemed by the sign of light.



The Gnostic love-feasts<sup>3</sup> and the Pagan obscure representations, which succeeded each other in its honor, sufficiently reveal the normal consequence which the adepts wished to draw from this exhibition. All this will be explained, with the rites of the great Sabbath of Black Magic, now decried and regarded as fabulous.

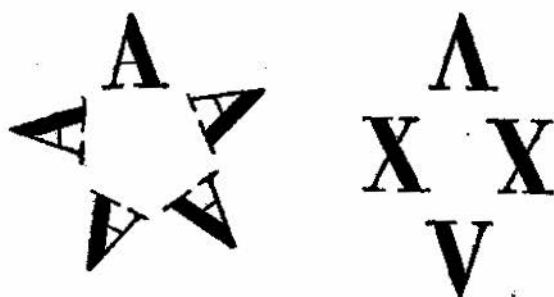
In the great circle of evocations we ordinarily trace a triangle, and it is highly necessary to observe in which direction the apex is turned. If the spirit is supposed to come from heaven, the operator should keep himself at the apex, and place the altar of fumigations at the base. If the spirit ascends from the abyss, the operator should be at the base, and the chafing-dish at the apex. Besides, he should have upon his forehead, his breast, and on his right hand, the sacred symbol of the two united triangles, forming the star with six rays, whose figure we have already reproduced, and which is known in magic under the name of pentacles or Solomon's seal.

Independent of these signs, the ancients made use in their evocations of the mystic combinations of the divine names which we gave in the Dogma, after the Hebrew kabalists. The magic triangle of the Pagan theosophists is the celebrated ABRACADABRA, to which they attributed extraordinary virtues, and which they represented thus:

ABRACADABRA  
ABRACADABR  
ABRACADAB  
ABRACADA  
ABRACAD  
ABRACA  
ABRAC  
ABRA  
ABR  
AB  
A

<sup>3</sup>Aganai, Jude, Verse 12. An early Christian festival or Eucharist.—A. W.

This combination of letters is a key to the pentagram. The principal A is repeated five times and reproduced thirty times, which gives the elements and numbers of these two figures.



The isolated A represents the unity of the first principle, or of the intellectual or active agent. The A united to the B represents the fecundation of the binary by the unit. The R is the sign of the ternary because it represents hieroglyphically the effusion which results from the union of the two principles. Eleven, the number of letters of the word, adds the unit of the initiate to the denary of Pythagoras; and the number 66, total of all the added letters, forms kabalistically the number 12, which is the square of the ternary and consequently the mystic quadrature of the circle. Let us remark in passing that the author of The Apocalypse, that clavicule of the Christian Kabala, made up the number of the beast, that is, of idolatry, by adding a six to the double senary of the Abracadabra: which gives kabalistically eighteen, a number assigned in the Tarot to the hieroglyphic sign of the night, and of the profane, the turretted moon, the dog, the wolf and the lobster; a mysterious and obscure number whose kabalistic key is nine, the number of initiation.

The sacred kabalist expressly says on this subject: "Let him who has intelligence (that is to say, the key of kabalistic numbers) calculate the number of the beast, for it is the number of man, and this number is 666."<sup>4</sup> It is truly the

<sup>4</sup>Apocalypse, xiii. 18.

dekad of Pythagoras, multiplied by itself and added to the sum of the triangular pentacle Abracadabra; hence it is the epitome of all the magic of the ancient world, the entire programme of human genius that the divine genius of the evangelist wishes to absorb or supplant.

These hieroglyphic combinations of letters and numbers belong to the practical part of the Kabala, which, from this point of view, is subdivided into Gemara and Témurah. These calculations which now appear to us arbitrary or uninteresting, then belonged to the philosophic symbolism of the Orient, and had the greatest importance in the teaching of holy things, which emanated from the occult sciences. The absolute kabalistic alphabet which combined primary ideas with allegories, allegories with letters, and letters with numbers was, what was then styled, the "keys of Solomon." We have already seen that these keys, which have been preserved even to our days but completely unknown, are nothing else but the play of the Tarot, whose antique allegories have been remarked and appreciated for the first time in our days by the learned archæologist Court de Gebelin.

The double triangle of Solomon is explained by Saint John in a remarkable way. "There are," he says, "three witnesses in heaven, the Father, the Word (verbe), and the Holy Ghost; and three witnesses on earth, the breath, water and blood." Saint John thus agrees with the masters of Hermetic philosophy, who give to their sulphur the name of ether, to their mercury the name of philosophic water, to their salt the name of dragons blood or menstrum of the earth. The blood or the salt corresponds, by contrast, with the Father, the azotic or mercurial water with the Word or Logos, and the breath with the Holy Spirit. But things of high symbolism can only be well understood by the true children of science.

To the triangular combinations were united in magic ceremonies, the repetition of names three times, and with

<sup>1</sup>Epistles of John I. 7.8.

different intonations. The magic wand was often surmounted by a little magnetized fork, which Paracelsus replaced by a trident, the representation of which we give here.



The trident of Paracelsus is a pentacle expressing the sum of the ternary in the unit, which thus completes the sacred quaternary. He attributed to this figure all the virtues that the Hebrew kabalists attribute to the name of Jehovah, and the thaumaturgic properties of the Abracadabra of the Alexandrian hierophants. Let us recognize here that it is a pentacle and consequently a concrete and absolute sign of an entire doctrine, which has been that of an immense magnetic circle, as well for the ancient philosophers as for the adepts of the Middle Ages. In restoring to it, in our days, its primitive value by the knowledge of its mysteries, could we not give back to it all its miraculous virtue and all its power against human disease?

The ancient witches when they passed the night at the junction of three cross-roads, yelled three times in honor of the triple Hekate.<sup>6</sup> All these figures, all these acts analogous to figures, all these dispositions of numbers and characters,

<sup>6</sup>Hekaté or the goddess of the underworld was originally the Egyptian deity Isis (called also Hakte), and resembles the Bhavani of India. The many-breasted statue was common to all three. She was the chief divinity worshipped at Samothrake; and was represented under three forms: as Queen of heaven, as the Great Mother, and as regent of the world of the dead. Artemis or Diana the Ephesian goddess, Rhea, Kybelé, Ishtar and Brimo were identical with the threefold Hekaté. The ancients credited Orpheus with introducing her worship. It is certain that she was an Amazonian goddess. The moon, the sea and underworld, were under her superintendence; also industry, and magic art.

are only as we already said, instruments of education for the will, whose habits they fix and determine. They serve moreover to bind together in action all the powers of the human soul, and to augment the creative force of the imagination. They are the gymnastic of thought, which is exercised in realization. Hence the effect of these practices is as infallible as nature, when made with absolute confidence and unshakeable perseverance.

"With faith," said the great master, "we might transplant trees into the sea, and displace mountains."<sup>7</sup> Even a superstitious practice, even a senseless one, is efficacious, because it is a transformation of volition into actual reality. Therefore a prayer is more potent if we go into a church than if we make it by ourselves; and it will effect miracles, if, in order to make it an accredited sanctuary—(that is to say, made magnetic with a great current through the abundance of visitors) we go a hundred leagues or two hundred leagues, asking alms and with bare feet.

People laugh at the worthy woman who deprives herself of a pennyworth of milk in the morning, and goes to carry to the magic triangles of the Chapels a little penny wax taper, which she leaves to burn. It is the ignorant who laugh, and the worthy woman does not pay too dearly for what she thus buys of resignation and courage. Strong minds are very supercilious to pass, shrugging their shoulders. They revolt against superstitions with an uproar which makes the world tremble. What results from this? The houses of the strong-minded crumble and the rubbish is retailed to the purveyors, and to the purchaser of wax tapers. They willingly allow it to be cried out everywhere that their reign is forever over, provided they always continue to govern.

Great religions have never had but one serious rival to fear, and that is magic. Magic produced occult associations which brought on the revolution called the Renaissance; but the human mind, blinded by foolish loves has come to realize

<sup>7</sup>Gospel according to Matthew, xxi. 21.

the allegoric history of the Hebrew Hercules, who in shaking the columns of the temple buried himself under the ruins.\*

Masonic societies now no longer know the lofty reason of their symbols, as the Rabbis do not comprehend the Sepher Yetzirah and the Zohar, upon the ascending scale of three degrees, with the transversal progression from right to left and from left to right of the kabalistic septenary.

The compass of G .: A .: and the square of Solomon, have become the gross and material level of unintelligent Jacobinism, realized by a steel triangle. Behold, it is for heaven and earth.

The profaning adepts to whom the illuminated Cazotte predicted a bloody death, have surpassed in our days the sin of Adam. After having rashly plucked the fruits of the tree of Knowledge, with which they did not know how to nourish themselves, they cast them to animals and reptiles of the earth. Hence began the reign of superstition, and it should endure up to the time in which true religion will be constituted anew upon the eternal basis of the hierarchy of three degrees, and of the triple power which the ternary exercises fatally or providentially in the three worlds.

\*Judges xvi. 28-30.

(To be continued.)

p. 116



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# THE WORD

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## GHOSTS.

### Desire Ghosts of Dead Men.

**I**T would be unjust and against law if desire ghosts of dead men, and of which living men are not usually aware, were allowed to attack and prey upon the living. No desire ghost can act against the law. The law is that no desire ghost of a dead man can attack and force a living man to act against that man's will or without his consent. The law is that no desire ghost of a dead man can enter the atmosphere and act on the body of a living man unless that man gives expression to such of his own desire as he knows to be wrong. When a man gives way to his own desire which he knows to be wrong he tries to break the law, and the law cannot then protect him. The man who will not allow himself to be held by his own desire to do what he knows to be wrong, acts in accord with the law, and the law protects him against wrong from the outside. A desire ghost is unconscious of and cannot see a man who controls his desire and acts in accord with the law.

The question may occur, how does a man know when he is gratifying his own desire, and when he is feeding a desire ghost of some dead man?

The line of division is subjective and moral, and indi-



cated to him by the "No," "Stop," "Don't," of his conscience. He is feeding his own desire when he gives way to the natural impulses of the senses, and uses his mind to procure their wants for the senses. In so far as he is procuring the objects of the senses to maintain his body in health and soundness, he serves himself and obeys the law and is protected by it. Going beyond the natural reasonable desires of the senses he comes under the notice of the desire ghosts of dead men of like desires, who are attracted to him and to use his body as a channel to supply their cravings. When he goes beyond the natural wants, he is fashioning a desire ghost or ghosts for himself, which will take form after his death and prey upon the bodies of living men.

Objectively, this state of a desire ghost feeding on a man may be observed by the wide field of action or the manifold satisfaction of the desires of a man. This is so because he is not acting for himself alone, but the extraneous influence of the desire ghost instructs, acts, and brings about conditions for the living man to act under for the ghost.

Desire ghosts obsessing a body may be ousted and kept out. One of the ways to expel them is by exorcism; that is, the magical action of another person upon the ghost in the obsessed. The ordinary form of exorcism is that by incantation and ceremonial acts, such as wearing symbols, bearing a talisman, burning fragrant incense, giving draughts to drink, so as to reach the desire ghost and drive it out through taste and smelling and feeling. With such physical practices many charlatans prey upon the credulity of the obsessed and their relatives who would see the obsessed rid of the indwelling devil. These practices are often employed by such as follow forms, but have little knowledge of the law concerned. Exorcism may also be performed by those who have a knowledge of the nature of the indwelling desire ghosts. One of the methods is that the exorciser, knowing the nature of the desire ghost, pronounces its name and by the power of the Word commands it to depart. No exorciser with knowledge will compell a ghost to leave an obsessed person unless the exorciser sees that it may be done according to law. But whether it is according to law can-

not be told by the obsessed nor his friends. That must be known to the exorciser.

One whose atmospheres are pure and who is powerful by virtue of his knowledge and righteous living will by his presence expel the ghosts in others. If one who is obsessed comes into the presence of such a man of purity and power, and is able to remain, the desire ghost has to leave the obsessed; but if the desire ghost is too strong for him, the obsessed is compelled to leave the presence and get out of the atmosphere of purity and power. After the ghost is out, the man must obey the law as he knows it, to keep the ghost out and to prevent it from attacking him.

An obsessed person may oust the desire ghost by a process of reasoning and by his own will. The time to make the effort is the period when the man is lucid; that is, when the desire ghost has not control. It is almost impossible for him to reason or oust the ghost while the ghost is active. But to oust a ghost the man must be able to a degree, to overcome his prejudices, analyze his vices, find his motives, and be strong enough to do what he knows to be right. But one who is able to do this is seldom liable to be obsessed.

Getting rid of a strong desire ghost, such as obsesses a drug fiend, or a thoroughly vice-ridden person, requires more than one effort and requires considerable determination. But any one with a mind can drive out of his body and out of his atmosphere those little desire ghosts of dead men, which seem inconsequential but make of life a hell. Such are the sudden seizures of hatred, jealousy, covetousness, malice. When the light of reason is turned on the feeling or impulse in the heart, or whatever organ is preyed on, the obsessing entity wriggles, squirms under the light. It cannot stay in the light. It must leave. It oozes out as a muculent mass. Clairvoyantly, it may be seen as a semi-liquid, eel-like, resisting creature. But under the light of the mind it must let go. Then there is a compensatory feeling of peace, freedom, and the happiness of satisfaction for having sacrificed these impulses to the knowledge of right.

Everyone knows of the feeling in himself when he tried to overcome an attack of hating or lusting, or jealousy.

When he reasoned about it, and seemed to have accomplished his purpose, and to have freed himself, he said, "But I will not; I won't let go." Whenever this came up, it was because the desire ghost took another turn and a new hold. But if the effort of reasoning was kept up, and the light of the mind kept on the feeling, so as to keep it in the light, the seizure finally disappeared.

As stated above (The Word, Vol. 19, No. 3), when a man has died, the totality of the desires which actuated him in life go through different stages. When the mass of desire has reached the point of breaking up, one or several desire ghosts are developed, and the remainders of the desire mass pass into many different physical animal forms (Vol. 19, No. 3, Page 130); and they are the entities of those animals, generally timid animals, like deer and cattle. These entities, too, are desire ghosts of dead man, but they are not predatory, and do not haunt nor prey on living beings. The predatory desire ghosts of dead men have a period of independent existence, the incident and characteristics of which have been given above.

Now as to the ending of the desire ghost. A desire ghost of a dead man always runs the risk of being destroyed, when it ventures out of its legitimate sphere of action and attacks a man who is too powerful and can destroy the ghost, or if it attacks an innocent or pure person whose karma will not allow the ingression of the desire ghost of the dead. In the case of the strong man, the strong may kill it himself; he needs no other protection. In the case of the innocent, protected by the law, the law provides an executioner for the ghost. These executioners are often certain neophytes, in a third degree of the complete circle of initiations.

When desire ghosts of dead men are not broken up by these methods, their independent existence comes to an end in two ways. When not able to get maintenance by preying on the desires of men, they become weak and break up and are dissipated. In the other case, after a desire ghost of a dead man has preyed upon the desires of the living and is of sufficient strength, it incarnates in the body of a ferocious animal.

All the desires of a man, gentle, normal, ferocious, vicious, are drawn together during antenatal development of the physical body, at the period of reincarnation of the ego. The entrance of Noah into his ark, taking all the animals with him, is an allegory of the event. At this time of reincarnation, the desires which had produced a desire ghost of the former personality, come back, generally as a formless mass, and go into the foetus through the woman. That is the normal way. The physical parents are the father and mother of the physical body; but the incarnating mind is the father-mother of its desires, as of its other non-physical traits.

It may be that the desire ghost of the former personality resists entrance into the new body, because the ghost is still too active, or is in the body of an animal not ready to die. Then the child is born, lacking that particular desire. In such case, the desire ghost, when liberated and if still too strong to be dissipated and to enter into the atmosphere as an energy, is attracted to and lives in the psychic atmosphere of the reincarnated mind, and is a satellite or "dweller" in his atmosphere. It might act through the man as a special desire at certain periods in his life. This is a "dweller," but not the terrible "dweller" spoken of by occultists, and of the Jeckyl-Hyde mystery, where the Hyde was the "dweller" of Dr. Jeckyl.

*(To be continued.)*



# THE SWASTIKA IN RELATION TO PLATO'S ATLANTIS AND THE PYRAMID OF XOCHICALCO.

By M. A. Blackwell.

## PART VI.—VASES III.

THE Zuni Indians of the Pueblos linguistically stand alone, so far as research shows. Cushing tells us that though they are of a single linguistic stock, there are two distinct and persistent types of physique among them. They also show that they have inherited, not borrowed, the numerous survivals of art, customs, myths and institutions of at least two peoples. These two peoples had, up to the time of their final coalition, developed along different lines.

That the Zunis are descended from two or more peoples and are the heirs of at least two cultures, is shown in their legends, especially in the myths of creation and migration.<sup>1</sup>

In the Pueblo regions, the potter's art was extensively practised and reached a high degree of perfection. Cushing states that on examining the large collection of this pottery it seems to be the product of four distinct peoples, or else represents four different eras, with an inclination to the chronologic division.

Language seems to indicate that the earliest water vessels were tubes of wood or sections of cane. In the ritualistic recitation, these wooden tubes or sections of cane are said to have been vessels that the "creation-priests" filled with the sacred water from the ocean of the cave-wombs of earth, whence men and creatures were born. The name for one of these water vessels is "shó tom me," from shó e, cane or canes, and tòmm me, a wooden tube. The priests placed restrictions upon the use of names which were applied to vessels of certain shapes.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> to \* F. H. Cushing, Fourth and Thirteenth Annual Reports, U. S. Bureau Ethnology, Articles on Zuni Indians.

This people of the Pueblos have a peculiar way of personifying phenomena, and even functions. In decorating their pottery they attempt to portray every phenomenon of nature that is mysterious or sacred to them. On food and water vessels the encircling lines are left open instead of being closed. See Figure A, Plate 22. Ornamental zones are often left open. The exception to this rule is, that on pitchers and certain sacred vessels the circles are closed.

The open place in the circles has a significance. The Indian women make all the pottery. When asked why they take such care to leave these lines open, they say that to close them is "á k ta ni, fearful"; that the little space through the line or zone on a vessel was the "exit way of life or being," and this was all. How it came to be first left open or why regarded as the exit trail, they can not tell.

When the mythology of these people and their ways of thinking is studied, clues are obtained to the meanings of the symbols that decorate their pottery. Cushing states that when a woman has made a vessel, dried, polished and painted it, she will with an air of relief tell you it is a "made being". Her statement is confirmed as a sort of article of faith, when you observe that as she places food beside and also inside of it, she seems to vaguely give a personal existence to something in or about the vessel.<sup>3</sup>

One wonders how these people came to regard food and water vessels as possessed or accompanied by conscious existences. Cushing says that "the Zuñi argues actual and essential relationship from similarity in appearance, function, or other attributes of even generically diverse things."

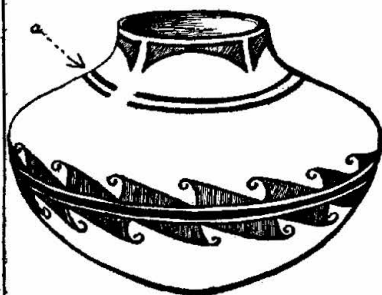
The noise made by a pot when simmering on the fire is said to be the voice of its associated being. They say this also of the sound it gives out when struck. When a pot is broken or suddenly cracked, the sound given forth is the cry of the being as it escapes or separates from the vessel. The Indians say that this being has departed from the vase, because it never resounds when cracked as it did when whole.

This supposed being never cries out violently unprovoked, but attains the power of so doing by imitation; for this



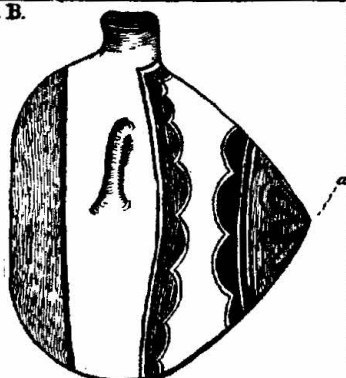
## PLATE 22.

Fig. A.



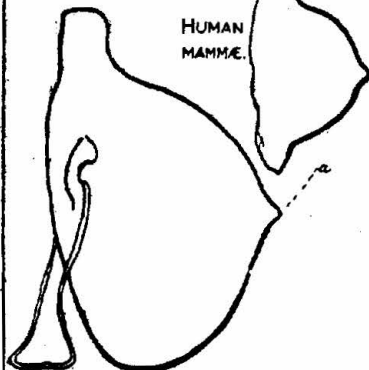
ZUNI WATER VASE.

Fig. B.



ZUNI CANTEEN.

Fig. C.

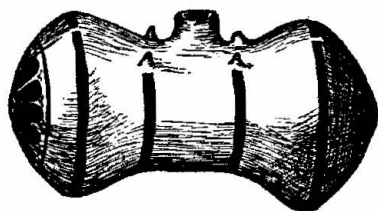


ZUNI CANTEEN.

Fig. D.

HUMAN  
MAMME.

Fig. E.



ZUNI HUNTER'S DOUBLE-LOBED CANTEEN.

Fig. H.

ARCHAIC VASE FROM CYPRUS.  
CESNOLA.

Fig. I.



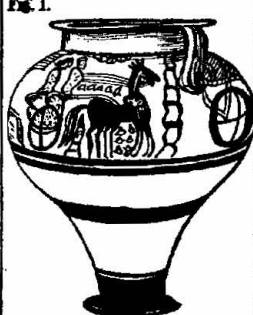
ZUNI PAINTING OF A DEER.

Fig. G.



ZUNI PAINTING OF A SEA-SERPENT.

Fig. I.

ARCHAIC VASE FROM CYPRUS.  
CESNOLA.

The Zuni Indian paints a diamond or triangle over the region of the heart, as shown in Fig. F; compare this with the ancient vases from Cyprus, showing same style of decoration.



reason, no one sings, whistles, or makes strange or musical sounds resembling those of earthenware, during the process of polishing, painting or finishing. The Indians say that the being thus incited, would strive to get out, and in doing so would break the vessel. Another reason for believing that the vessels have a conscious existence is because the vessels hold water. The Zuñis say that "water contains the source of continued life." The vessel holds the water, the source of life "accompanies" the water, hence its dwelling place is in the vessel with the water. The vessel is supposed to also contain the treasured source, irrespective of the water—as do wells and springs—or even the places where they have been. If the encircling lines inside of the eating bowl, and the encircling lines outside of the water jar were closed, there would be no "exit trail" for this invisible source of life, or for its influence or breath.<sup>4</sup>

The oral annals of these Indians tell of many droughts, when plants and animals and men have died. It may be for that reason they worship water and have come to regard water as the milk of adults, that they speak of it as such, and of its being the all-sufficient nourishment which the earth yields—they regard the earth as the mother of men.

Plate 22, Figure B, shows the form of a canteen that is used on long journeys. This form was used when the race were cliff and mesa dwellers. The canteen was suspended by a band across the forehead so that it hung against the back, leaving the hands and feet free for climbing. The form of this canteen is the same as that of the human mammary gland. Compare Figures B, C, D. The Zuñi name for this canteen is "mé he ton ne." The name of the human mammary gland is mé ha na, which also means mamma. The opening of this canteen may originally have been at the spot marked "a," but, as it was liable to leak, the opening was placed above. A curious superstition is connected with the closing of this spot marked "a" on the canteen, Plate 22. When a Zuñi woman in making one of these vessels by the coiling process, and has almost completed it to the apex, before she inserts the nozzle she prepares a little wedge of clay, and while closing the apex with this

clay she turns her eyes away. When asked why she looks away from it, she says that it is "á k ta ni, fearful" to look at the vessel while closing it, as any one of the following may happen to her: she may become barren, or if she bears children they will die during infancy; she may become blind; those who drink from this vessel may be afflicted with disease and waste away. Cushing says that it is possible that the Zuñi woman supposes that in closing the apex of this artificial mamma, she closes the "exit way" knowingly (in her own sight), and voluntarily closes the exit way for the source of life in her "own" mammae. So for this reason she believes the privilege of bearing infants may be taken from her, or that anyway she deserves the loss of the sense (sight), which enabled her knowingly to "close the exit way of the source of life."<sup>5</sup>

Another form of vessel the Indians make is the canteen, Figure E, Plate 22, which resembles Figure B doubled. When making this curious double form the women turn the eyes away when closing the ends, during the moulding process. As the ends of this vessel do not so strongly resemble the "mamma vessel," they place four little conical projections to represent the mammaries of the game animals and not the human beings. They have a reason for this. This is the canteen the hunter carries. The proper nourishment for the hunter is the game he kills; hence, the source of his life, like that of the young of his game, is symbolized in the canteens by the mammaries of the game animals. When this canteen is decorated, the ornamental bands around the neck are interrupted at these little projections. It seems they regard paint and clay as barriers to the "exit of the source of life."<sup>6</sup>

This same idea of leaving lines open or unconnected is applied to other forms of decoration. In painting animals a line is drawn from the mouth to the heart, and a space is left down the center or on either side of the line. This is called o ne yáthl kwá to na, the "entrance trail" of the source or breath of life. The shape of the heart is usually that of a triangle or of a diamond. When Stevenson asked the Zuñi Indians what this line from the mouth to the heart

meant, they informed him that it was intended to denote that "the mouth speaks from the heart." A similar decoration is shown on one of the ancient vases from Cyprus. See Figures F, G, H and I, Plate 22.<sup>7</sup>

The Zuñis use the semicircle to represent the rainbow, also the circle of the heavens. The obtuse angle is emblematic of the sky. The zigzag line represents the lightning. Terraces represent the sky horizon. Modifications of the last named are emblematic of the mythic "ancient sacred place of the spaces," and so on. By combining several of these elementary symbols a "mythic idea" is beautifully expressed.

On Plate 23, Figure J, is a very ancient "sacred medicine jar" obtained by Cushing in the Southwest, it shows as decoration the "rain totem." Below this jar are shown the ancient and modern rain symbols.

In Figure K the dotted line marked A points to the angle which represents the sky. The dotted line B points to the "ancient place of the spaces," that is, the region of the sky gods. The dotted line C points to the cloud lines, and the dotted line D to the falling rain. This combination symbolizes the storm, which was the objective of exhortations, rituals and ceremonies to which the jar was an adjunct.<sup>8</sup>

The Zuñi mythology and symbols are paralleled in the Egyptian. This is shown by a Zuñi woman's belief that she has made a being from the clay, just as the Zuñi gods, makers and finishers of men, are similar to the god Khnemu of Egypt, who, out of clay, upon a potter's wheel, made the first man. On Plate 24 are reproduced two vignettes. In one the heart is represented as standing over a vase. The other is a representation of a heart, Figure Q, which closely resembles a vase; the text for this is as follows:

"The chapter of a heart of carnelian. Osiris Ani, triumphant saith: I am Bennu, the soul of Ra, and the guide of the gods in the Tuàt (underworld). Their divine souls come forth upon earth to do the will of their kas; let there-

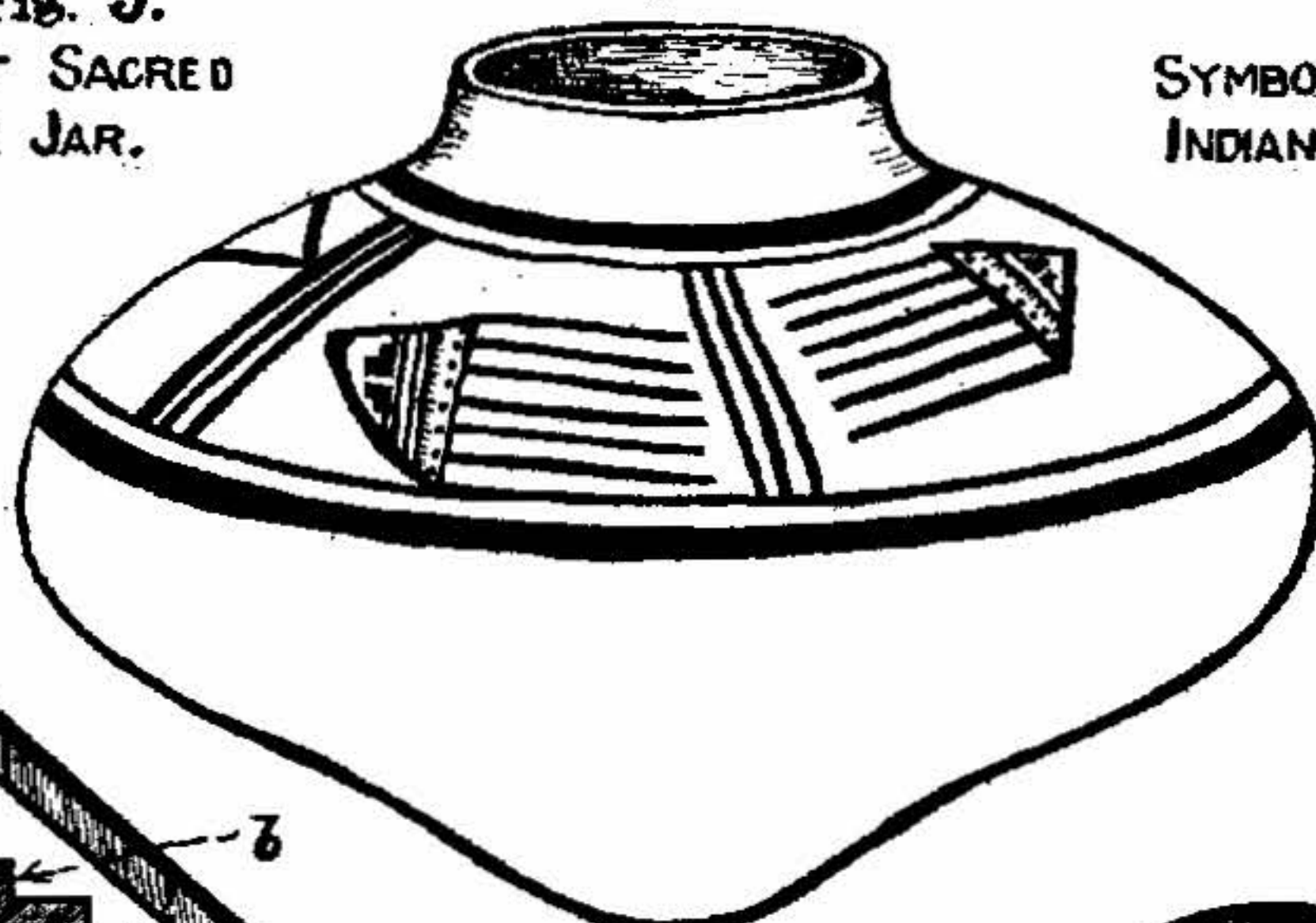
<sup>7</sup>J. Stevenson, Second Annual Report, Bureau Ethnology, 1881, p. 333.

<sup>8</sup>F. H. Cushing, U. S. Bureau Ethnology, Fourth Annual Report.



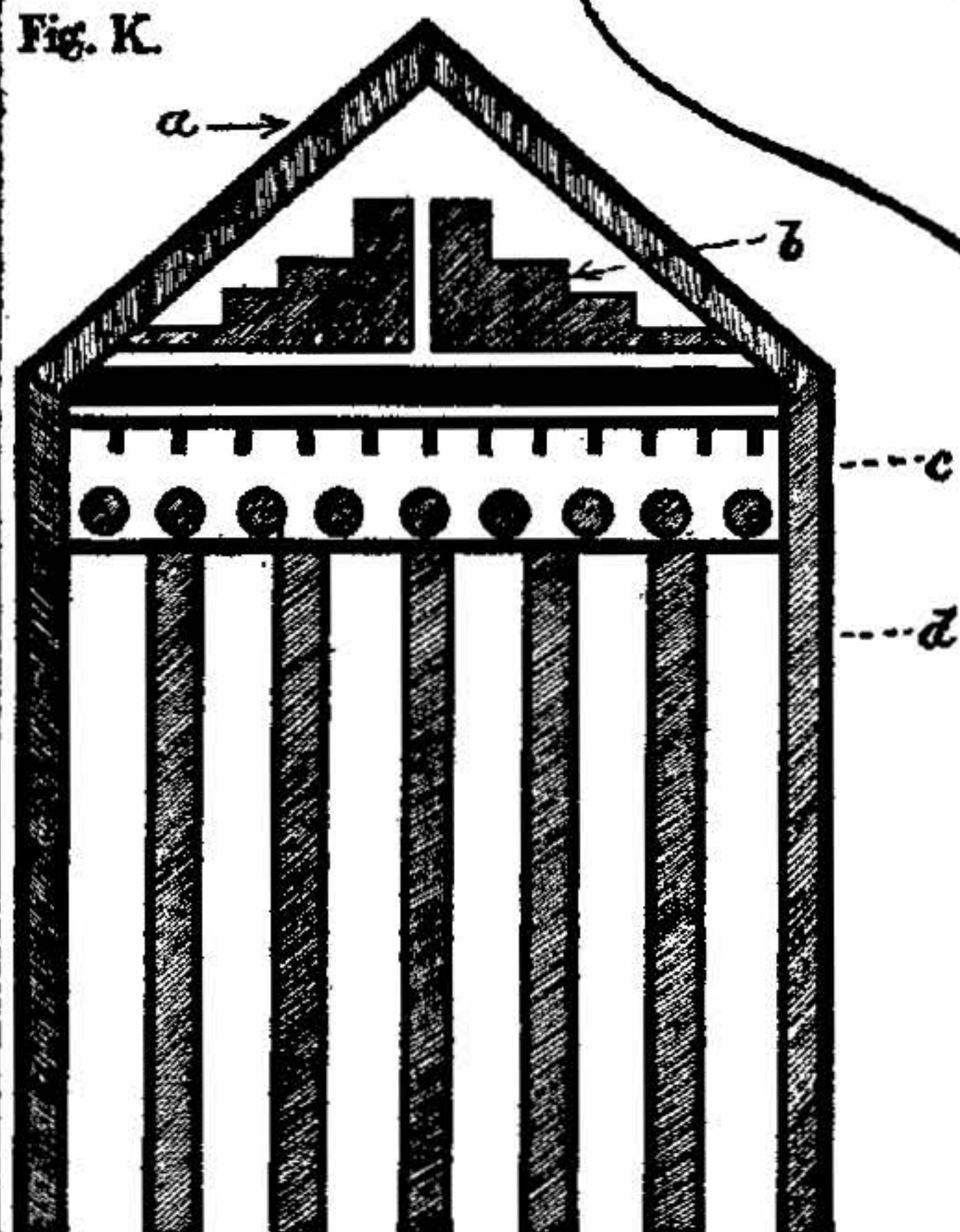
## PLATE 23.

Fig. J.  
ANCIENT SACRED  
MEDICINE JAR.



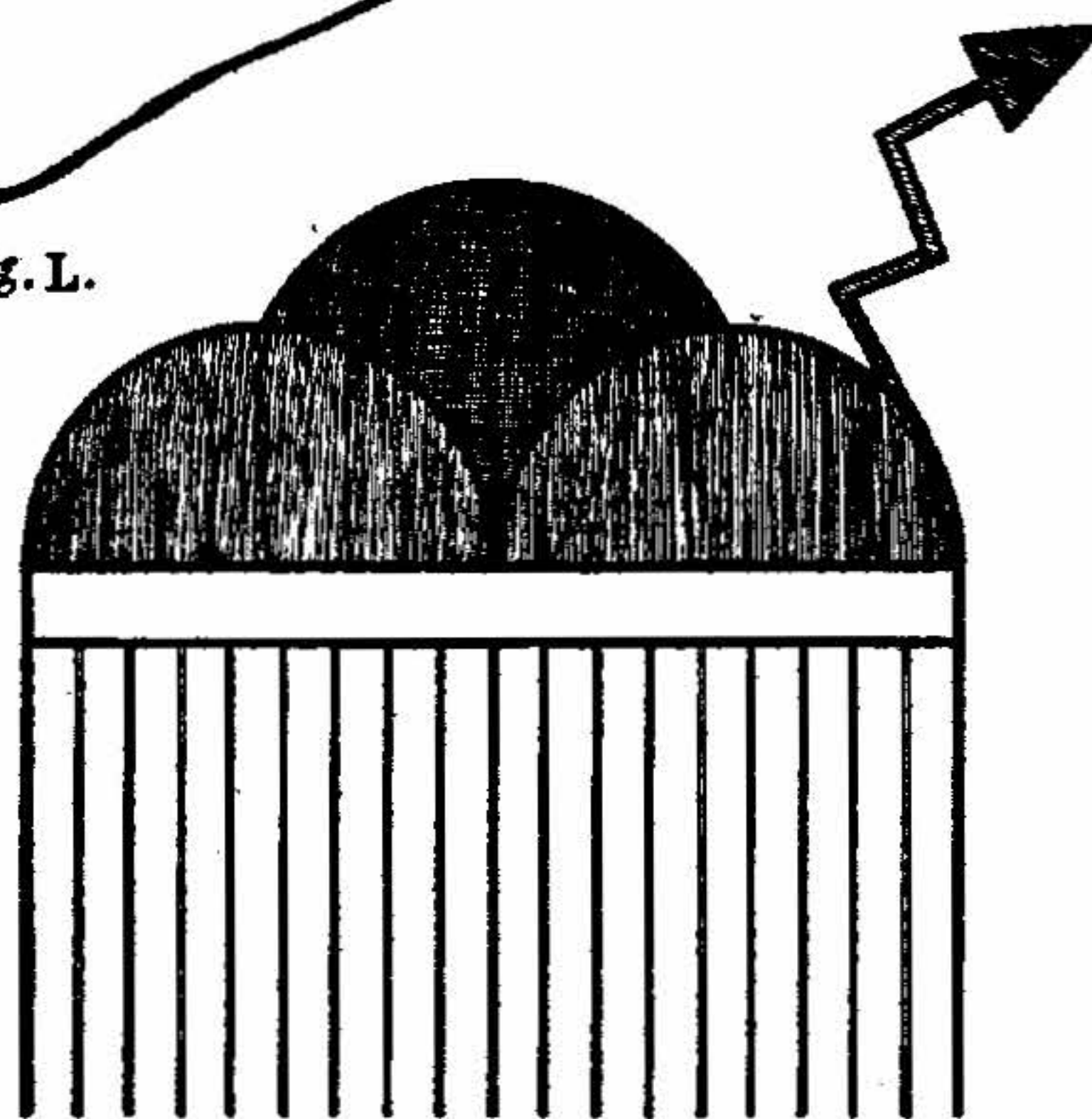
SYMBOLS ON AMERICAN  
INDIAN POTTERY.

Fig. K.



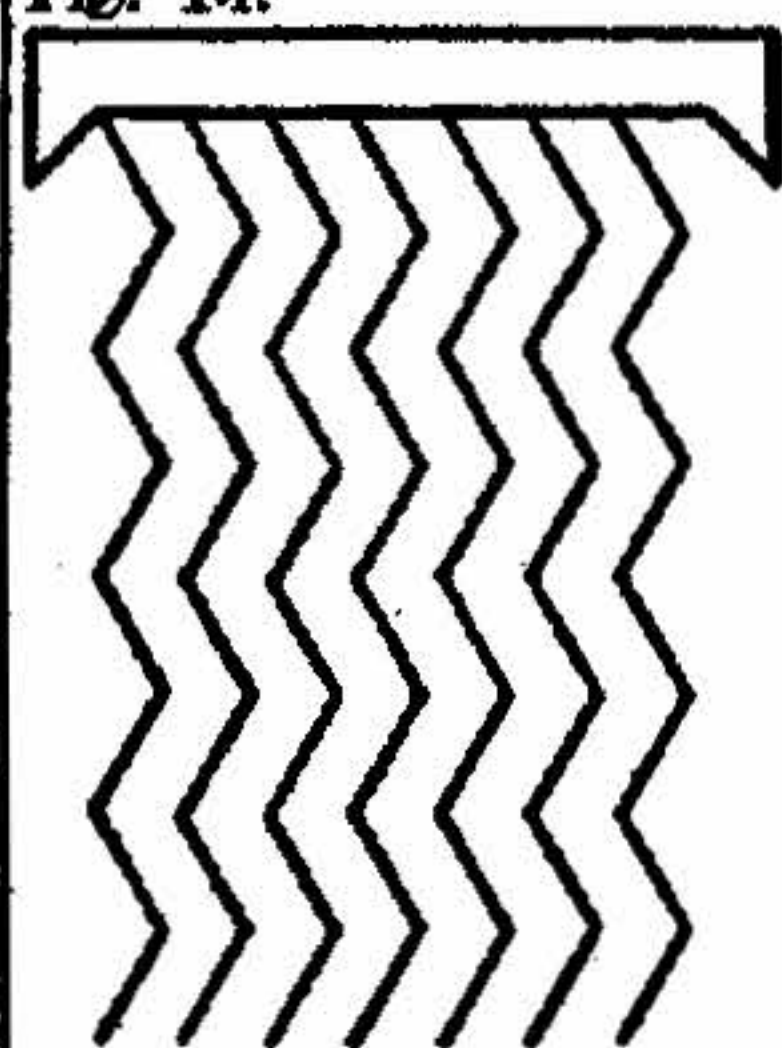
ANCIENT RAIN OR STORM SYMBOL.

Fig. L.



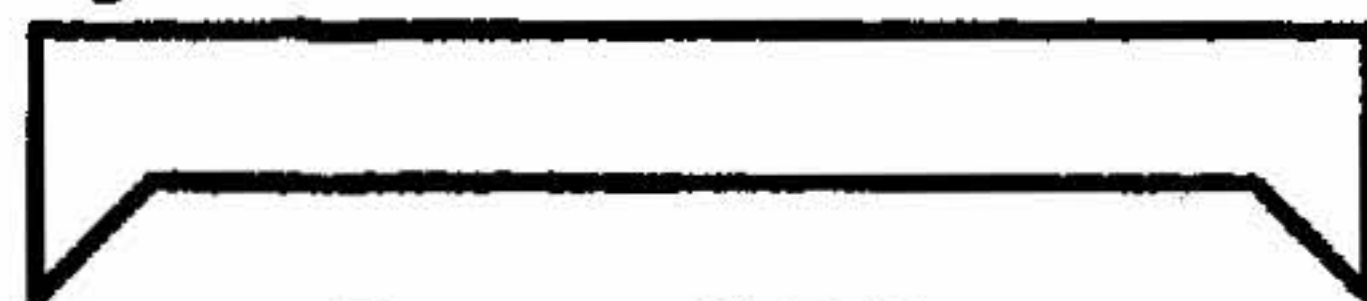
MODERN RAIN OR STORM SYMBOL.

Fig. M.



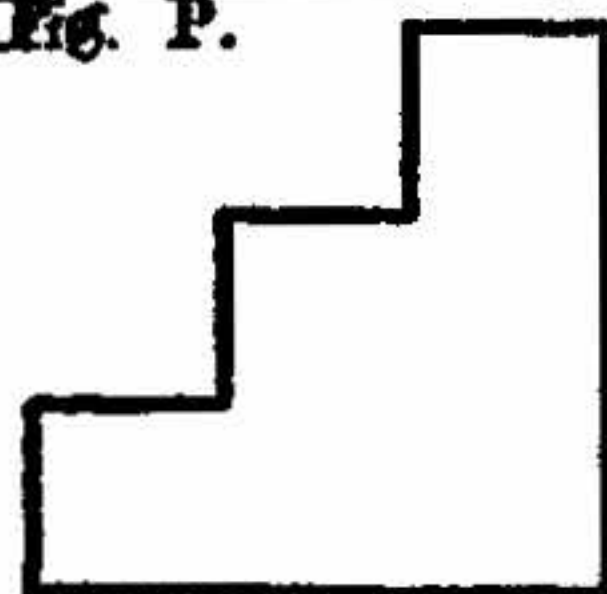
EGYPTIAN DETERMINATIVE OF  
RAIN, STORM-CLOUD, THUNDER.  
(BUDGE)

Fig. O.



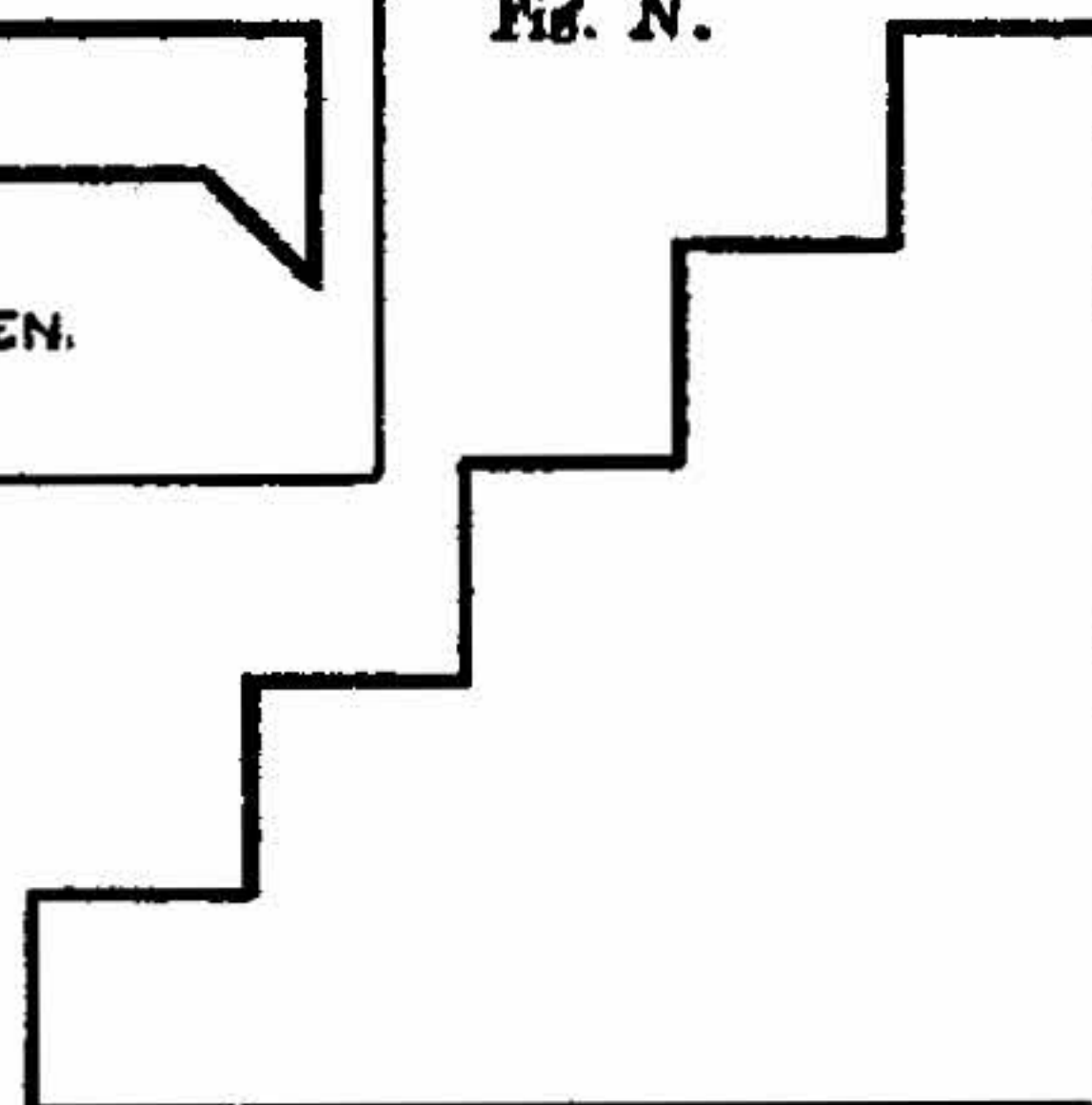
EGYPTIAN, PET=HEAVEN.

Fig. P.



MAYA SYMBOL FOR THRONE  
ALSO FOR 3 (OZ)  
(LE PLONGEON)

Fig. N.



EGYPTIAN AMULET OF THE STEPS,  
THRONE OF OSIRIS.  
(BUDGE)

fore the soul of Osiris Ani come forth to do the will of his ka."

It has been shown that the ka meant a man's or a god's double. An ordinary man has one ka, but a god has several. In another text the ka is referred to in connection with the god Khnemu. This god Khnemu was a fellow worker with Ptah in carrying out the mandate for creation which was uttered by Thoth. At Philae, the god Khnemu is shown in the act of fashioning man on a potter's wheel. The name Khnemu means "moulder," "fashioner," and so on.<sup>9</sup>

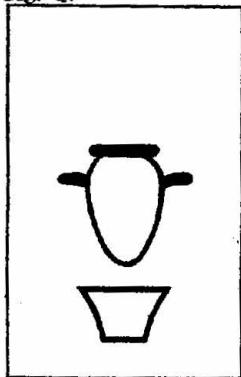
The text to Figure Q is entitled, "The chapter of not letting the heart of Osiris, the scribe of the holy offerings of all the gods, Ani, triumphant, be driven from him in the underworld. He saith: My heart, my mother, my heart, my mother! My heart whereby I came into being! May naught stand up to oppose me at (my) judgment; may there be no opposition to me in the presence of the sovereign princes (Tchatcha); may there be no parting of thee from me in the presence of him that keepeth the balance! Thou art my "ka," the dweller in my body, the god Khnemu who knitteth and strengtheneth my limbs. Mayest thou come forth into the place of happiness whither we go," and so the prayer continues.

Budge tells us that the god Khnemu was the first member of the great triad of Abu (or Elephantine). The views the Egyptians held concerning this god changed in the course of their long history. Texts show that Khnemu held an exalted position among the ancient gods of Egypt. It is known from ancient papyri and Gnostic gems that this god was of great importance among certain semi-Christian sects for two or three centuries after the birth of Christ. The god Khnemu is mentioned in the text of Unas, which contains archaic forms of words and language not found in later texts, thus showing that Khnemu was one of the gods of the pre-dynastic Egyptians, who lived before the archaic period. Khnemu is portrayed in several aspects, sometimes in the form of a ram-headed man, with the sceptre and the

<sup>9</sup>E. W. Budge, *Books on Egypt and Chaldea*, Vol. VI, *Book of the Dead*, I, pp. 145-150. See *The Word*, August, 1914, p. 261; also *The Word*, September, 1914.

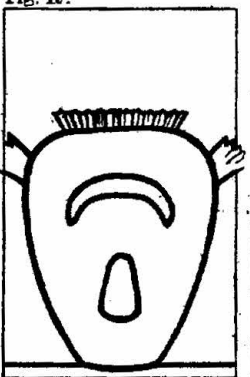
## PLATE 24.

Fig. Q.



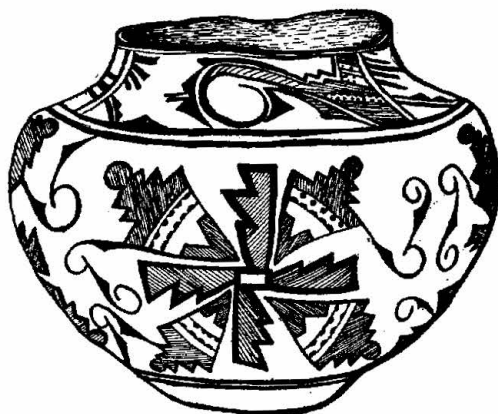
VIGNETTE:  
A HEART STAND-  
ING ABOVE AVASE  
FROM PAPYRUS  
OF NU.  
E.W. BOOSE

Fig. R.



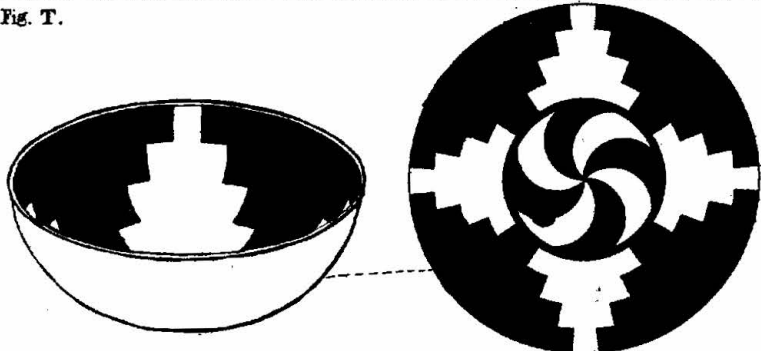
VIGNETTE:  
A HEART.  
FROM PAPYRUS  
OF ANI.  
E.W. BOOSE.

Fig. S.







ZUNI WATER VASE—RARE EXAMPLE. (U.S. BUREAU OF ETHNOLOGY 7, 547, 1880-1.)

Fig. T.



BOWL SHOWING SWASTIKA AND STEP PYRAMID. ARKANSAS POTTERY, PEABODY MUSEUM  
COLLECTION (WILLOUGHBY.)



emblem of life  in his hands. He wears the white crown to which  is sometimes attached plumes, uraei, a disk, and so forth. In one example quoted by Lanzone, this god has the head of a hawk, indicating he possessed a solar aspect. As a water-god he is shown with outstretched hands over which flows water. He is sometimes shown with a jug  above his horns, which indicates his name. The name  of Khnemu is connected with the root Khnemu, to join, to unite, and with Khem, to build. Astronomically, the name refers to the "conjunction of the sun and moon at stated seasons of the year." From the texts of all periods it is known that Khnemu was the "builder" of gods and men. According to statements made by his priests at Elephantine, the chief seat of his worship, the god Khnemu made the first egg, from which sprang the sun. He made the gods, and fashioned the first man upon a potter's wheel. He continued to "build up" their bodies and maintain their life. Research shows that in ancient times he was a river god, and regarded as the source of the Nile.<sup>10</sup>

The steps or terrace-like figure that the Zuñi refers to as the "ancient sacred place of the spaces," or region of the sky gods, is similar to the Egyptian symbol of a flight of steps, at the top of which the god Osiris sat. These steps were also used as an amulet, usually made of green or blue glazed porcelain. The Egyptian glyph for the tempest closely resembles that of the Zuñi shown on Plate 23.

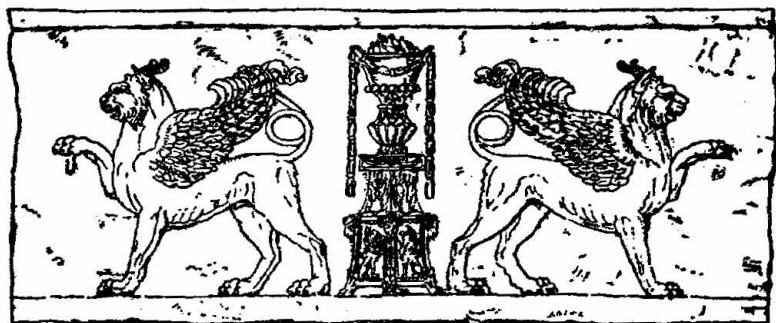
The Zuñi has no general name equivalent to "the gods," but has two expressions which relate only to the higher creating and controlling beings, the "causes," Creators and Masters and All-Fathers, the beings superior to all others in wonder and power, and the "Makers" are well as the "Finishers" of existence. These last named are classed with the supernatural beings.<sup>11</sup>

<sup>10</sup>E. W. Budge, *Gods of the Egyptians*, Vol. II, p. 50.

<sup>11</sup>F. H. Cushing, *Second Annual Report, Bureau Ethnology*, p. 10.

*(To be continued.)*





## THE SCARAB OF DESTINY.\*

By Maris Herrington Billings.

### CHAPTER III.

#### EGYPTIAN MAGIC.

**A**T noon, on the day after the banquet, the Watling Street was gay with crowds of people, basking in the summer sunshine. There were Romans of high degree, senators and nobles, driving superb horses, attached to gaily decorated chariots, at full speed along the level road. Patrician ladies reclined in sumptuous litters, borne by black slaves, lying back with a languid air that belied the bloom of perfect health depicted in their robust forms and shining eyes. The sturdy British maidens gazed with envy and admiration on these beautiful creatures, who seemed like beings from another world to eyes unaccustomed to all this splendor. Here and there stood a thoughtful senator, in flowing toga edged with a border of blue or red. From a nearby rostrum an orator was addressing a small crowd, his graceful gestures keeping time with the rhythm of his words; while the skin-clad Welshmen stepped with free-born air past all this wealth and magnificence.

Among the crowd was Nesta, making her way to the Emporium, where she bought the materials wherewith to embroider

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the borders on Regina's robes. After making her selection of gold and silver wire, beads, and colored threads, she paid for them with new coin just issued by the Emperor Claudius; and once again in the streets, she directed her steps to the Forum. Not far away stood the beautiful temple of Jupiter, in front of which was a flight of broad marble steps. At the foot of these steps stood a small crowd, gathered round a Welsh bard, who, with harp and staff, traveled through the country singing ballads of great deeds.

This particular bard, an old man, with long white beard, was seen in Uriconium once every full moon, when, standing on the Watling Street, near the shrine of Jupiter, he would pour forth his lays in a powerful voice of great flexibility. He was dressed in a long robe of coarse blue wool, tied with a girdle; his feet were covered with deer skin sandals, and his harp of dark oak was strung with sinews. His listeners were mostly native Britons or slaves, for these ancient bards with their barbaric dialect held no charm for the noble Romans. At this time, however, the Roman masters were very tolerant, and did not interfere with the religion or amusement of the conquered race.

Taliesin was one of the most celebrated of the Welsh poets, and was idolized by the natives. The bards were the daily press and the historians of the battles. They used to herald the doings of the great folks, and they met with only kindness and consideration from all classes wherever they went.

When he caught sight of Nesta his face lit up with a glad smile. She made her way to the steps of the shrine, and sat down. To the delight of the crowd Taliesin unslung his harp and began to chant a favorite ballad in the Welsh tongue they loved so well. Nesta began to sort her purchases. At every fifth line something seemed to go wrong with the rhyming of the ballad, but every fifth line was meant for Nesta alone. Taliesin gave her all the news of her father and people, telling her just what they were doing for the defense of their mountain fastnesses against the hated invaders.

"Thy Father would know, how many sheep are in the fold," sang Taliesin, and the girl on the steps could have been seen raising her hands rapidly, opening and shutting her fingers as if to exercise them.

"When do they take to the hills away, rang the voice of the bard. Nesta held up ten fingers, which meant that they depart in ten days.

'Thy Father bids thee leave for Caer Leon far away,  
Repairing to thy aunt, the first convenient day.  
And there he bids thee stay, he will not long delay,  
At the meeting of the Chiefs he'll surely have his say.  
He sends by me the golden torque,  
Thy safety guard where ere thou walk,  
In yonder lane when the moon is bright,  
Dafydd send in the quiet night  
Nos da fy anwyl rhien, Nos da fy anwyl rhien.'\*

When the Welsh word of farewell had been spoken, Nesta came down the steps and made her way to the bard, who gave his hand in greeting to many in the crowd, and among them to her. She pressed it in token that she understood his message. Taliesin then went on with his melodious chant, and Nesta rapidly walked down a side street where she was joined by a sturdy old man, clad in wolf-skin, with cow hide sandals on his feet.

"Good morrow, Dafydd, thou wilt meet Taliesin at the rising of the moon in the river lane. He will give thee the torque."

"Aye, aye, I will be there; and when thou comest to the garden to gather the roses I will drop it in thy basket for thee," said he. Dafydd was the henchman of Caradoc, and when the Romans, under Aulus Plautius, carried off the Chief's little daughter, Dafydd had volunteered to go into slavery to be near the little princess and faithfully he watched over her.

Being a skillful gardener, he now worked in the gardens of the Propraetor. For many reasons Caradoc desired his beloved daughter to be reared in the household of the Roman Governor, for in her he had a faithful ally who never failed him. He knew every movement of the Roman soldiers, their number, just where they would camp, and in what direction the invading party would set out to harass the British. Thus it was that the Welsh Chief could never be caught napping.

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In the soft grey gloom of the darkening twilight Ricardus and Marius made their way to the villa of Ostorius. They received a warm welcome from the stately host, who was anxiously waiting to consult Ricardus on matters of great importance. He led him at once to his sanctum, leaving Marius to entertain the pouting Regina, who frowned sullenly when she saw Ostorius lead Ricardus away.

After a few perfunctory words Marius asked Regina, "Who

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\*Good-night, my Princess.

is the fair haired Diana in blue, with pink flowers in her hair, who graced thy feast?"

Regina frowned as she tried to remember. "Perhaps thou dost mean Cassandra. She hath seen thirty summers; but in thine eyes perhaps she is as beautiful as Diana, and thou wouldst call her a maiden. Her hair is far from light, being as dark as Erebus."

"Hast thou any fair maiden with thee as a guest?"

"Or did I but fancy I saw a nymph at the feast, who doth haunt my waking dreams."

"If thou didst see a vision at thy side 'twas the young maid Actea, the daughter of Crispus, and thou must be color-blind, for her peplus was pink as the roses she wore, and her hair black as the raven's wing."

"Ah, then Bacchus did turn my brain early, and I saw things in a contrary light," he said, laughing heartily.

At this moment Ricardus entered with Ostorius. He seated himself on an ivory stool, far from the couch of Regina, and his manner was cold and haughty. He was no longer the smiling patrician, who, only the night before, had given glance for glance, and had pressed the slender fingers of Regina with fervent caress beneath the table cover.

In a few moments he arose, saying, "With thy gracious permission, noble lady, I will walk in the garden. My head doth still remind me of yester-night's bacchanalian revel."

Once outside, he sought the fish-pond. Seating himself, he gazed at the spot where he had beheld the maiden the night before; then he walked around the pool, looking carefully in every direction. There, lying at his feet, was a strand of pink heather. "Part of the garland she wore," he muttered, picking it up and carefully putting it in the folds of his toga. "Then she was no vision, but a mortal maid of flesh and blood," and turning to the statue he said: "If thou wilt but let me find the maid I saw in my vision, I will offer at thy shrine a white heifer."

An hour or more passed before he returned to the villa, and, giving a sign to Marius, they took their departure.

Scarcely had the curtain fallen behind them when Regina turned and struck a silver gong at her side. She was white with rage and annoyance. She had not had one moment alone with Ricardus. She was angry with Ostorius for taking him to his sanctum, angry with Ricardus for going out into the garden

and not asking her to accompany him, and with Marius for being there at all. As she leaned forward to strike the gong her hair caught in the frame of the triclinium in such a way that she could not get it loose. Nesta appeared, in answer to the call.

"Where is Lucia?" demanded Regina. "Send her to me."

"Noble lady, thou didst send her to the Lady Flavia. She hath not yet returned.

"I wish she were in Hades!" said Regina. "My hair hath caught in the frame of this couch. Release it for me."

Nesta came over, and in trying to get her hair away, gave it an accidental tug.

"Oh! said Regina, with a scream of pain, "How darest thou hurt me so?" A queer orange light was blazing in her eyes, and quicker than a flash she pulled a golden bodkin from her hair and savagely stabbed the girl in the arm. The sharp and polished instrument made a deep wound.

Regina drew it out with a jerk, and when she saw the blood spurt she let it fall with a cry. Perchance the wound was deeper than she intended. Well, what of it? The girl was no better than a slave in her eyes; and a Roman lady thought nothing of giving a thrust of the dagger to a careless or idle slave. One slave more or less was of no moment to a wealthy patrician. Still Regina knew that Nesta was high in her husband's favor, and she was really ashamed of the violent temper that made her do it. At this moment Ostorius entered, and saw the situation at a glance.

"Thou hast better curb thine angry passions, Regina," he said sternly. "What hast the maiden done to offend thee?"

"She pulled my hair while releasing it from the frame. I own I did forget myself," she answered haughtily.

Ostorius took a piece of scented linen from the folds of his toga and bound up the arm of the frightened girl, then bade her retire to her cubiculum.

When Nesta had gone he told Regina in no gentle tones that he would not have her harm her, as she was a hostage and might prove no mean asset. "Perhaps she will yet prove the means of deliverance of myself or some Roman noble, were we to fall in the hands of the Britons."

Regina tossed her head. Little cared she for the wild barbarians or their noted chieftain; and, if truth were told, she thought the Gods would confer a favor were they to let the stern

Ostorius fall into their hands; but, she only said, "Keep her out of my sight, then," and swept from the atrium.

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Two days had passed since the stabbing of Nesta, and Regina was on her way to the Baths to meet her friend Flavia. This great white building, with its ornate pillars, was a much frequented place. It was the fashionable club of the day. Here the ladies met their dearest friends and foes, and discussed the latest fashions from Rome, the latest mode of hair dressing, and the last divorce in high life. Here they waited the courier from Londinium, who bore the letters from Rome; and on his arrival, how the ladies' tongues did wag! They reveled in gossip and scandal in that long ago, just as they do now, and thought that Agrippina would make a much better ruler for Rome than Claudius, and clamored among themselves for votes to let her wear the toga.

Every woman of rank and fashion in Uriconium envied Regina. She was the leader of fashion, and was surpassingly beautiful. Her cosmetics and perfumes were copied by every woman in the station, in the hope of gaining the same result, for her complexion was the admiration of her friends and the envy of her enemies. She was also clever, versatile and witty, and spoke Greek with fluency. She could sing and dance divinely, and could discuss many an abstruse question of law and government with grave and thoughtful senators; but she possessed a most ungovernable temper.

She was reclining in the luxurious frigidarium of the Baths, beautiful as Aphrodite, and Flavia was regarding her with jealous eyes, but could not help admiring the faultless form before her.

"Well, Regina, and how speeds thy love affair?" she said in a low tone. "I hear Ricardus doth visit the villa almost daily."

"Well, the love affair prospers not at all," said Regina, frowning. "Aye, he comes to the villa, 'tis true; but to converse with Ostorius on the disposition of the troops. They are to have a decisive battle, and crush this reptile Caractacus once for all. I can never see him alone, for Marius is always with him; and Flavia, I am quite certain he hath been bewitched, he doth act so strangely. That first night he responded to my little overtures. Then he left the banquet early; and the very next day



he was a changed man. Since that night I have not received one loving glance from his eyes. He sits in the garden for hours and gazes at the moon, and his eye doth watch the entrance to the atrium as if he were waiting for someone to appear. His mind is always in the clouds, and when one is talking to him he is far way."

"That is strange news, Regina, thou hast not given him a love philtre?"

"Nay, I wish that I could. I would give him a charm were we in Rome."

"Hush," said Flavia, "speak low. I know where thou canst get one that will work better than the Roman charms if thou art brave enough to venture."

"Just try me. I would go through Hades to get him if I thought 'twould do any good."

"Thou knowest Blodwen, my slave. She is a very wise woman. She once loved the centurion of Aulus Plautius, but Sempronius would have none of her, she being only a slave. So she gave him a love philtre, and behold he wedded her within the month; and for a while they were happy but he was killed in the next raid, and she doth weep for him even yet."

"Can she make the philtre?"

"Nay, 'tis made by a wonderful woman, the head of the Ovyte Order. She dwells below the Dale, past the sandstone cliffs, and close to Marnwood. 'Tis a long way for women; and dangerous, too, for the Ordovices, in spite of the penalty of losing a hand, or being captured as slaves, still steal the cattle on dark nights, and the depths of the forest are full of wolves. Blodwen is British; she is not afraid. I will send her down the river in her coracle, and let her bring back this priestess, if thou wilt give her coin enough to make the journey worth while."

"And will the priestess come, on the promise of a goodly sum in the new coins?"

"Aye, and we two can meet her in the forest at the top of the Dale. And Blodwen can tell her to bring her serpents. Perhaps it were as well we secured some of that, Regina, while we have the chance," she said in a whisper.

"What! doth she supply the poison as well?"

"Aye; what hast thou, Regina, a ring?"

"No, an old Egyptian bracelet, from Alexandria, made in the form of a serpent. Its hollow head contains the poison.

Thou hast but to caress thine erstwhile lover, and on pressing the stone, the fangs dart out and enter the base of the brain."

"And doth it make him mad?"

"That depends on the poison. Should it be the snake poison, which is very hard to obtain, in three days thy discarded lover dies a very natural death, from chills and fever. It doth not take effect for twenty-four hours after that fond caress," said Regina, calmly and coldly, as if discussing a new peplus.

"Then I will send Blodwen to thee in the morning. I hear thou didst lose thy temper, and didst use the dagger on the fair harpist."

"Aye, but 'twas only a scratch; she is better now, and will play at the evening meal. I hope thou art coming to-morrow, Flavia, for Ostorius hath bidden the Greek dancing girls perform, and one doth play the flute with uncommon skill. Thou wilt find it amusing. Fare thee well."

On the morrow, when Blodwen reported to Regina, she received a small bag of gold coins, and a scroll of parchment which enabled her to pass through the Roman lines.

Regina bade her bring the sorceress up the river to her at the top of the Dale, and told her to promise Calan a large sum of gold, with freedom for the worship of her order. The Ovytes were always ready to cater to those in authority, in order to gain immunity for their peculiar rites and ceremonies; and this, therefore, was the inducement held out to the priestess for coming to see the wife of the Proprietor.

So early that day, Blodwen made her way to the river, and taking her coracle, she paddled down the stream. By carefully avoiding the many fords, and keeping to the channel, she made the journey to Marnwood.

When the dying sun cast its ruddy beams aslant the western sky the slaves at the villa laid the evening meal in the tablinium, or small banquet hall. Ostorius entered the room, accompanied by a number of well-known Romans, among whom were Ricardus and Marius, with a number of officers from the camp, and clapping his hands, Ostorius commanded that the guests be served. The couches were soon filled, and Regina shrugged her dainty shoulders as she saw Ricardus take his place at the end of the couch reserved for Ostorius.

It was a quiet little gathering, and those assembled indulged in the discussion of the topics of the day. The theme of conversation had been the easy rule of the Emperor Claudius, whose

reign, after the cruelty of Tiberius and the horrors of Caligula, was accounted far too mild.

"Tis said," quoth Marius, "that Claudius would abolish even the wild beasts in the Arena."

"Oh, fie! The people must have some amusement. We shall have nothing left but the Olympian Games," said Regina.

"Nay," said Sylvanus, "we shall have plenty of amusement soon. Already the Roman populace howls for the death of the new sect."

"Who are they?" said Flavia.

"Why, the Christians, who believe not in our Gods. They will not worship at the shrines, nor give offerings to the temples. They are enemies to the human race. They poison the fountains and aqueducts; and they worship an unknown divinity called Christus."

"I have heard that they eat young children," said Flavia.

"Well, at least they disdain our worship, and call us Pagans."

"What dreadful creatures!" said Regina. "Flaying alive were too good for them."

"Well, the old faith must be protected; and we patricians must do our best to defend it," said a tall senator.

"These Christians are gaining many adherents, and are doing their best to upset and destroy our worship of the Gods," said Sylvanus.

"Then we must hinder them from doing mischief," said Ostorius. Stern measures are best. A few examples in the Arena will cool their ardor for new Gods. That will crush the reptiles."

"By all the Gods, we are to have some excitement at last to liven the weary days!" said Regina.

"Aye, even now the Senate hath passed a law that all who are suspected of belonging to the sect must make obeisance and worship the Gods. If they refuse to cast incense on the altar, they are imprisoned and the Roman populace already howl for their death. What sayest thou, Ricardus? Wouldst thou condemn them for worshipping their unknown God?"

"Nay, rather let each man think for himself, say I, and have the courage of his convictions. I have heard many discussions in my day. Egypt doth worship one set of Gods, Greece another, Rome still another. Then why not let the Christians have their God? The act of worship is peculiar to man, and he

is ever prone to waver in his allegiance. We cannot all be right. We must have many false religions, more or less beautiful, poetic, or absurd; therefore, let each man choose his own God, according to the dictates of his own heart. This Christus God of the Christians led an upright and holy life, healing the sick, making the blind to see, and teaching forgiveness and the doctrine of peace. Truly, methinks, that were the straight road to the Elysian fields, to one who can follow that noble example.

"The natives of Britain have a religion which quite interests me, and the new poet Lucan hath written a poem which is very popular in Rome just now, and hath aroused our curiosity concerning these Druids and their mysterious worship."

"Dost thou know the poem, Ricardus?" said Regina, leaning forward. "Come, let us hear it, for 'tis new to us in this benighted place."

"Aye, aye, let us hear it, Ricardus," said a chorus of voices, and Ricardus arose and recited in his beautifully modulated voice, the latest poem by the gifted young poet, Lucan.

Oh, Druids who are free from war's alarms,  
The woodland hath for them its charms;  
From worldly cares their hearts are free  
To teach to youth the mystic sign of three.  
They hunt the leafy coverts of their groves,  
This tribe who a singular religion love.  
To them, and them of all the earth alone  
The Gods reveal themselves, else are unknown.  
If dying mortals' doom they sing aright  
No souls descend to Hades, in endless night,  
Nor after death to grisly Pluto go  
To seek the dreary silent shades below  
But forth they fly, immortal in their kind,  
And other bodies, in new worlds, they find.  
And life runs on, an endless race;  
Death, like a line, does but divide the space.  
A stop which can but for a moment last,  
A point between the future and the past.  
Thrice happy they, beneath their northern skies,  
Who that worst fear, the fear of death despise.  
No care for this frail body thus they feel,  
But rush undaunted on the pointed steel,  
Defy the power of death, and bravely scorn  
To spare a life that will so soon return.

Ricardus chanced to glance toward the screen where sat the slave girls waiting to amuse the company, and, standing near the gilded harp, he saw one with shining eyes and flushed cheeks. Round her arm was a linen bandage, and he found himself wondering where he had seen that girl with the dark blue eyes and wounded arm.

Ostorius gave the signal, and Ricardus watched her play. While the soft melody floated and vibrated on the perfumed air, it carried him away to the land of dreams. He seemed to be listening to fragments of songs heard in the long ago. Somewhere a girl in white had played a harp, in just that attitude.

Her white fingers began to play the melody of his Phoenician Love Song. She was quite unconscious of the act; but his heart was beating wildly. A red flush mounted to his brow. "That is the maid I am seeking. 'Tis she, 'tis she!" he muttered, "my ideal! the maid of my dreams!"

After the banquet he said to Marius, "I have found her. 'Tis the maid who plays the harp. Oh! how my heart doth long for her. I feel that life hath no greater bliss than to hold that maiden in my arms."

"Then, my dear friend, thou hadst best purchase the slave."

"I will, Marius. Offer Ostorius a large sum for the gifted maid. If he declines to barter her, I will ask her in marriage; for I love her. I feel that she belongs to me from a long-forgotten past. 'Tis fate, and wed her I will," said Ricardus.

"Well, curb thine ardor until I gain thee a favorable reply; and do not forget that should Ostorius refuse thy modest request, she is still in the gift of Claudius, and he will refuse thee nothing within his power. 'Tis well to be the favorite pupil of the Roman Emperor; but be patient, or thou wilt spoil all by thy impetuosity."

When Marius made the proposal to Ostorius, he was told that Nesta was considered as a hostage, and that money would not buy her; and Ricardus resolved to have her by fair means or foul. He despatched a letter to Claudius by the next courier, begging the Emperor to give him the maid in marriage. In the meantime he was determined to make her acquaintance.

The moonlight shone through the tiny aperture that served as a window to Nesta's cubiculum. Her eyes and brain were tired from working on the everlasting embroidery, demanded of her deft fingers by Regina's selfishness. She lay on her

couch, but sleep seemed to have forsaken her. Her mind dwelt with strange persistency on the handsome patrician. His face would come before her quite plainly, and at times she seemed to see him lying at her feet, looking up at her with loving eyes. She heard the soft tones of his musical voice, always murmuring words of love. She took herself to task. What had she to do with the noble Ricardus? She tried to shake off the impression, but as she dozed off again, the vision would return, plainer than ever. She found herself repeating, "My dear love, I am thine own love who will love thee forever"; and being heartily ashamed of these wayward thoughts, she resolved to banish them, and went to sleep.

Next morning she awoke, shuddering from head to feet. She had dreamed a horrid dream, and was more than thankful to find herself lying on her couch. So vivid had been the awful vision that she could scarcely believe it was only a dream, until she saw the sun's rays lighting up the tiny cubiculum.

She resolved to go to the augurs and ask them the meaning of her strange dream; yet she felt a strange reluctance to laying bare the secret of her girlish heart, even to these men whose business it was to interpret strange dreams and omens to high and low.

Early that morning Regina ordered her slaves to have her chariot at the door, as she would go driving on the smooth Watling Street before going to spend the day with her friend Flavia; so Nesta found time hanging heavily on her hands. She practiced on her harp, finished the work she had in hand, then went for a walk, taking the big hound Gelert with her for company. She walked along the bank of the Severn, a much frequented promenade at Uriconium. Here the willows bent their slender branches and kissed the shining water; the trees were festooned with eglantine and wild roses; and great masses of pink bloom filled the air with their sweet perfume.

Nesta had just turned a bend in the river, when she came face to face with the noble Ricardus. She hung her head in confusion and dismay, and would have passed on in silence, but Ricardus held out both hands to her.

"Surely, the Gods have been kind, sweet maid. Cupid hath directed thy footsteps. I was just sighing my heart away, which burns with the flames of Eros, trying to contrive some way to get speech with thee."

"I beg thee to pass on thy way, my Lord. 'Tis not meet that an humble slave, as I am should speak with thee; therefore, I beg thee to refrain."

"Nay, Nesta—see, I have learned thy name—call thyself not slave to me. I shall boldly ask thee in marriage of Ostorius."

A frightened look came into the violet eyes, raised appealingly to the gray ones above her.

"Oh! I pray thee, noble Ricardus, do not think of it. Only last night I dreamed an awful dream, which bade me beware of thee. Even now I was on my way to the augurs," she said trembling. But he only caught her hand saying, "Sweet one, I will interpret thy dream for thee. The Gods bid thee be happy, divine one. They set the example of love; and we mortals will follow in their footsteps. I love thee, dear one; and I will have thee, though the Emperor himself forbade the marriage. Thou shalt have riches and honor; and they are as naught compared with love. Thinkest thou that Claudius rules the world? I would defy him, if he forbade me to espouse thee."

"Thou hast retained my hand a long time, my Lord. I would prefer to have it in mine own keeping", she said demurely, "and I beg to remind thee that though the Emperor of Rome is 'Master of the World,' he, nevertheless, is not all-powerful."

"Whom dost thou think is greater than Claudius then?"

"The God who rules the destinies of men. Thou and I art far removed in religion, and social standing, and——"

"Nay then, I will waive rank, for art thou not a princess in this land? As for religion, if thou canst not worship the Roman Gods, I promise to believe in thine."

"Nay, my Lord, thou wilt not, for I believe in one God—the infinite Creator and Bestower of all good, the one all-powerful and just God. Ours is the ancient hidden religion. We believe in the procreative power of the Sun, and in our great Mother, Nature, who reproduces all things. The sun is our guide. Clouds may obscure it for a season; but it exists, nevertheless, in all its warmth and splendor, giving vitality to creation, and light to day."

"Wilt thou not teach me, oh fair Priestess, for thy sake, to become a Druid? For I learn they are allowed to marry. I will be a son to thy father; and gladly will I renounce Rome and her glories to become a barbarian in this sea-girt isle, if thou wilt nest with me; for thou art my religion, my all."



"Nay! nay! thou art talking impossibilities. The Gods are against thee. Thou mayest laugh, my Lord, but naught could tempt me to disobey the admonition of my dream. I dreamed I was lying in a gloomy dungeon, laid out for burial. I thought I opened my eyes and saw bending over me a woman dressed in a strange barbaric fashion, in a black gauze robe, with broad bars of gold, with a golden snake coiled around her head. Her hair was like sunshine, her skin of a creamy tint, like the petals of a white rose; her eyes were blazing with a lurid light, and in her upraised hand she held a slender dagger, which she was about to plunge into my helpless body. 'Thinkest thou to match thy brains against mine? Let not thy heart turn to Ricardus. Fly, fly, from temptation; for I will kill thee if thou dost encourage that love, by even a glance. I bid thee therefore beware, she said to me. Then the woman changed into a glittering black and yellow serpent, which fixed its beady eyes upon me, and seemed to paralyze me with fear. As it glided nearer and nearer to me I awoke. Of a truth, it was real to me, my lord."

While the girl was speaking, a strange puzzled expression came over the face of Ricardus. He could see the woman of her dream quite plainly, and a sickening aversion came stealing over his soul at some vivid dream of his own. He came to himself with a start, and heard Nesta saying, "I am frightened my Lord, by this vision. So thou wilt promise not to try to carry out thy foolish plans. If thou dost love me, thou wilt refrain from thy pursuit of me, for I am sure thy love-making will cost me my life. I feel a strange premonition in my heart. 'Tis but an idle pastime for thee, but to me it means life itself."

A strong conviction stole over Ricardus that she was speaking the truth. "I will refrain from speaking to thee, dear love until the departure of the Legion", said he, "but I will love thee until death. That thou canst not forbid. I will worship thee from afar, and behold thee as a star in yonder firmament; and if I return successful from the battle, in those hills yonder, then I shall claim thee of Ostorius; and, should he refuse, I will ask thee of the Emperor."

"And if thou dost succeed in planting the Roman Eagle on those dear hills", she said passionately, "thou dost still cause me sorrow; for are they not my country, defended by my people. I would that I were among them", she added sadly. "I thank thee for thy courtesy; but between me and thee, it must ever be Vale! Vale!"\*

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\*Farewell.

She turned swiftly and left him; and he gazing after her, with a strange, longing feeling, that he had the right to comfort her, if only he knew how, said, "There is a sweet influence in love which lets us share intuitively the moods and joys and sorrows of the object of our affections", and he could but admire her dignity and bearing. "Though a barbarian, she is in very truth a royal princess," said he as she passed out of sight.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### THE LOVE PHILTRE.

**I**T was midday and the earth was filled with sunshine. On the left of the Severn lay a forest glade. It was quite a climb from the rippling river to the top of the hills, but a winding path led upward, and, once there, the land was flat and covered with tall beeches and wide spreading oaks.

Here the feathered songsters were warbling in one glad choir, as Blodwen lightly stepped across a purling brook, that merrily danced over the white pebbles, singing its glad song, as it rushed on its way to join the river far below. She extended her hand to the two ladies, to help them over the stepping stones, and bade them follow her into the quiet woodland grove, where Calan the Ovyte priestess awaited their coming.

A most imposing person was Calan, a tall stately woman about thirty years of age, with a face of great beauty, such as Greek sculptors gave to their Goddesses. Her hair, brown in the shade, with golden gleams fell in luxuriant and wavy masses to her shoulders. Her eyes were dark brown, lustrous and brilliant, with genius and passion shining in their depths, and, aided by a perfect mouth and shapely nose, made her one who would attract attention and admiration anywhere.

She was dressed in a white robe, embroidered with a peculiar pattern in square resembling a Phoenician border. It was held at the waist by a girdle of gilded leather, embossed with cabalistic signs. On her head she wore a white cap, with long streamers. Encircling this cap was a wreath of bay leaves. On her arms, above the elbow, were two broad golden bands, and two smaller ones were on her wrists.

By the crown of bay leaves, I knew that she had acquired the degree of the Ovyte Bard; and by the golden torques, that she had passed the upper as well as the lower degree of the Order.

Black magic had been brought into Britain by the Phœnicians, who also introduced Moloch worship and human sacrifice with the Ovyte worship of the Serpent; for in extreme cases they were accustomed to appease their angry Gods with human sacrifice.

They never gave quarter in battle and when they were conquerors, they killed the prisoners, shutting them in huge wicker cages and burning them, not as a sacrifice to Moloch, but as a satisfaction to the spirits of their friends slain in battle, and to appease the vengeance of the living relatives. A widow could demand one for a son, or a maiden could replace a slain lover. The Ovyte religion was to the Druidic religion as darkness to light; the doctrine of the Druids being good, and that of the Ovytes evil.

Calan greeted the matrons with a slight inclination of her head; then, turning to Regina, she asked her will. "Most noble Lady, I have come at thy bidding to aid thee gain thine ends, for I would have the parchment that leaves our Order free to worship in our sacred groves. If we are compelled to bow to the Roman yoke, we would still prefer to worship our own Gods."

"Thou shalt have the scroll, if by thy sorcery, thou canst grant my desires", said Regina, haughtily.

"Send away thy companions to the edge of the wood, to watch that we be not disturbed. Lady, now state thy desires to me", said the sibyl.

"I would have a love philtre that I can give without harm to the man I love, for now he doth turn coldly away from me."

"He loves another, a fair maiden with golden hair", said Calan, watching the beautiful Regina as she stood before her in her scarlet peplus with its gold trimming and large buttons or bullæ, admiring the gold fillet around her head which proclaimed her to be a lady of the highest rank.

"Thou must make him forget the one to whom he has given his heart," she said, and from the folds of her robe she took a small package, wrapped in linen.

"This, fair lady, would bring any ordinary man to thy feet; but", closing her eyes for a few moments, she said dreamily, "this man is fated to love but one woman, and with an all-absorbing devotion. Their love is written in the stars, which are even now in conjunction; and nothing but the powers of magic can separate them. He must be given the most powerful philtre we know of, in order to turn his thoughts to thee. I see also that a tall and powerful man doth stand between this love and thee", said Calan carefully noting the effect of her words.

"Aye, 'tis true", said Regina, "and I would remove that obstacle from my path. Great and wonderful sibyl, canst thou fill the head of this snake?" And she laughed a cold, ringing laugh, as she slid the golden bracelet from her arm. For that I must have the parchment of indemnity; hast thou brought it with thee?"

"Aye, here it is, sealed with the Great Seal of the Governor." Regina did not say, however, that it was she who had used that seal of her own accord, and that Ostorious knew naught of the parchment which bore his name.

The sibyl took the paper, and carefully tucked it away in her bosom. Then she went to a basket made of reeds, and lifted out a great green serpent, which she laid in coils on the grass; and from the same receptacle she took a short wand like an arrow, with a feathered tip, and a small copper cup with a long handle.

These she laid on the ground.

From her robe she brought forth a small flute made of hazel-wood, and, putting it to her lips, she began to play a low sweet melody. It was a quaint old chant, that stirred Regina with delight. She found herself trying to remember where she had heard that weird music, and wishing she had the flute, herself, for she was quite sure she could play those seductive notes.

The snake raised its head and began to sway gently in time to the music, then it raised its long sinuous body half its length, and stood poised.

Calan now picked up the wand and dipper, saying, "I will show thee how we obtain the snake poison, for thou art a fearless woman to sit thus and watch the charming of Nehushtan."

"Oh, I love snakes; they fascinate me with their beauty", replied Regina.

Calan smiled as she took the feathered wand and thrust it at the snake, who with angry hiss darted its fangs at the feathers. Calan now proceeded to make the reptile angry. As it repeatedly thrust its fangs at the offending object, she deftly placed the cup under its head, until she had the bottom covered with a pale yellow substance. Then, taking her flute again, she lulled the angry reptile until it sank in a coiled heap at her feet. She then carried it to the basket and returned to Regina, holding in her hand a small vial containing a colorless liquor, which she emptied, drop by drop, into the cup containing the poison.

This caused it to sizzle and boil for a few minutes; then she produced a small silver spoon, and, taking the bracelet from Regina, she filled the hollow head with the mixture.



SNAKE CHARMING BY PRIESTESS OF THE OVYTE ORDER.

"The patient will not show signs of a fatal nature until three days after it is administered", she said calmly, as she handed it to Regina, who was careful to deposit it in a small bag of deerskin which hung from her girdle. "And now for the philtre", said she.

Calan lowered her tones, as she said, "To be positively effective, thou shouldst repeat these mystic words at the death of a maiden", and she whispered them in her ear.

"Thou meanest I must come to the grove and witness one of thy orgies, thy ceremonies," said Regina starting back.

"Nay, that is not necessary; thou hast sacrifices enough of thine own. Human life is cheaper among the Romans than with us," answered Calan with dignity. "After repeating the words I have given thee, sprinkle some of this powder on the meat, whereof the man shall eat, and in three days he will love thee forever. I have never known it to fail," said Calan musingly.

Regina grasped the small package with eager hand, and put it in her bag beside its baleful neighbor. Then she arose and called Flavia, who quickly responded. Then turning to Calan, Regina said, "Thou wilt tell my friend of her future, whether it be bright or dark for her."

"Give me thy hand," said the sibyl, looking into Flavia's eye. "Thy wish will be granted. Thou wilt soon wear the segmentium and thou wilt marry an old man of high rank, and cross the sea to a sunny clime; but oft wilt thou regret, with aching heart, the blessings thou dost now cast away."

Regina handed Calan a bag of golden coins. Then she bent her head in salutation, bidding them farewell.

The two ladies left her sitting on the mossy bank, while they made their way to the sumptuous barge which awaited them on the river. Meanwhile Blowden led Calan down a steep path to her waiting coracle, and paddled back to Marnwood.

*(To be continued.)*



## THE 19TH AND 20TH CENTURY.

By **Baron L. Hellenbach.**

Translated and commented on

By **Eduard Herrmann.**

### CHAPTER I.

#### WAR AND THE PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.

**H**ELLENBACH calls attention to the fact that in former times the mightiest rulers and conquerors did not have more than one hundred thousand men in their standing armies, although they ruled over countries of more than one hundred thousand square miles. But Louis XIV. had a standing army of three hundred thousand men in a much smaller empire, and since his time the standing armies of the European countries have become greater and more expensive. Everybody feels that it cannot go on at that rate; the expense is too great and the danger for the peace of the world is too formidable. There must come a change, brought about either by violence or by reason.

The first is more probable on account of the ambition, egotism, and greed of the rulers and nations. We may find the cause of almost all wars if we look at their effects, which consist mainly of territorial changes, and these come wherever the territorial conditions are inadequate. If the territorial conditions answer to the requirements of development, then the exciting cause for war is wanting.

Now, the first question would be: Which territorial conditions are efficient, and which are not? The answer is in general: Those are efficient which are in keeping with the material and national development and with the freedom of a nation.

If we consider the past history of Europe we find that out of many small kingdoms, larger empires have developed; this



happened in Spain, France, England, Germany, and Italy. But we also see the opposite taking place in the East of Europe, where Greece, Servia, Montenegro, Bulgaria, and Rumania became independent states out of the larger empire of Turkey. Both conditions have one principal cause, the national idea.

Nationality is a great factor in the formation of states, but the greatest factor is the right of self-determination of the people, and this right ought always to be respected. Where it is suppressed, there the fight begins; and sooner or later that which is appropriate will be victorious over that which is inappropriate. There are many such burning questions of a national nature in Europe—Ireland, Alsace-Lorraine, South Tyrol, the Germans and Ruthenians in Austria, the Slavs and Slovaks in Hungary, the Poles—all have national ambitions and await merely the favorable moment in order to realize them. Those are the compelling causes which will extricate Europe from its intolerable position.

Henry IV. of France was not only a knightly monarch, but also a humane and kind man. He wanted to establish universal peace by means of a confederation of the different states, but his time was not yet ripe for this idea; even the nineteenth century is not prepared for it, but the twentieth century will teach us the absolute necessity of such a step; without it disarmament is impossible.

The ethnographical map of Europe shows that, excluding Russia, there are five great nations; namely, the English, French, German, Spanish, and Italian nations. Then there are two groups of smaller nations, Sweden and Norway, and the Balkan States. That those nations may in the course of time become a federation and form the United States of Europe, is by no means impossible; on the contrary, they may be compelled to do so by the ever-growing power of Russia and of the other non-European great states; the exorbitant preparation and readiness for war demand such enormous sums that the dissatisfaction of those who have to pay for it, will necessitate a change. The readiness for war which sucks up all the powers of countries must stop, the sooner the better, and this is impossible without confederation. To

bring the latter about, the boundary lines of the different states have to be regulated according to the self-determination of the people, which will probably always be in favor of the ethnographical boundary lines.

The English statesmen have not learned anything from history, otherwise the liberation of the American Colonies in the last century ought to have taught them how to treat Ireland. The English always came too late with their concessions and the three million colonists set themselves entirely free. It is interesting to compare the speeches of the Whigs, the actions of the Tories, and the fight of the Americans in the eighteenth century, with those of Gladstone, Salisbury, and of the Irish delegates in the nineteenth century. He who undertakes it will agree with my saying that the English statesmen have learned nothing from history; and the same is the case with the Hungarian statesmen.

It is only natural that in a federation the most important nation should exercise a hegemony, but nothing more; all states must enjoy the same privileges, otherwise the national fire will burst out into a dangerous flame. Only after the map of Europe has received that form which the material, national progress, and freedom requires, will war and the readiness for war find its unblest end. The difficulty consists in finding the ways and means to give that form to Europe, because national and dynastic egotism furnish formidable obstacles, which are aggravated by tricky diplomats who believe themselves able to dam the irresistible stream of evolution with a pile of paper writings.

The "burning question" of readiness for war stands in close connection with the burning national tendencies. To solve it is necessary, because two other urgent questions cannot be satisfactorily solved as long as the readiness for war hinders every other action of the states. I am speaking of the two dreaded spectres, socialism and communism, which are bound to exercise a great influence on the future political formation of Europe.

Nobody will deny that the conditions, as they now are in Europe, cannot so remain. France has already a national debt of twenty thousand millions francs, which will grow to

forty thousand millions in the twentieth century, because the mutual contention in better and more modern weapons knows no bounds.

Austria has at least two millions of soldiers who have to be fed and clothed and armed, while Genghis Khan, who was the mightiest monarch of the world, ruling over Asia, then the most populous part of the globe, had only seven hundred thousand soldiers in time of war.

To what end shall this lead?

A change of these conditions is possible in three ways: A universal monarchy, or a universal republic, or a federation of the European states. That, in consideration of the national idea, only the last way can be chosen by future generations will be seen by the following considerations:

### SOCIALISM.

Socialism is a burning question, for it is not denied that it is constantly gaining ground and spreading apprehension and unrest. Without being in sympathy with the contestable theories of the social democrats, the fact remains that thousands of workingmen are drawn into the socialistic propaganda; not by their own fault, but by over-production, crises, and other calamities, which deprive them of work. Usually the state has ordinarily neither the means nor the knowledge to help, and so tries to suppress every expression of dissatisfaction by force, and thereby makes the evil greater. It is indeed a burning question; let us try to find its fundamental causes, as without knowing them we are unable to foresee the further development of this question.

Two inventions have brought about a great revolution in the development of humanity, the art of printing, and the power of steam. The first called forth the intellectual, the second the material changes, because they shifted physical work from man to the powers of nature, made the workingman dependent on capital, and impaired his intelligence and ability with the progressing perfection of machinery. Here is to be found the source of the socialistic movement. The

workingman wants continuous work, adequate wages; in one word, a guaranteed existence, and his share in the profit. He wants to be protected against competition and over-production. This the state could only do by means of a monopoly; consequently socialism wants monopoly.

The European states have, in fact, two monopolies, which work excellently in every respect; namely, the postal and the telegraph services. The profits derived from them are not lost to the masses, but are gains for the benefit of all, and not for contracting parties or capitalists.

Now, why should this not also be possible in other lines of business? Socialism says it is possible in all lines; which is undoubtedly going too far, because a monopoly in the whole field of production is not possible, while a monopoly in some branches would be of great advantage for the community, because it would enable the state to guarantee the workingman's existence. The twentieth century will undoubtedly progress along these lines. The more the state gains by such monopolies, the less will it have to tax its citizens. The exploitation of the many by the few will have to cease; and this is the sound kernel in the propaganda of socialism, as thereby the greatest obstacle to a realization of universal brotherhood will in time be removed. If the railroads, the banks, the savings banks, the insurance and transport institutions are monopolies in the hands of the state, then the excessive exploitation of the masses by individuals and their disproportionate enrichment will be limited. The capitalist will be obliged to invest his money in commerce, production, industry, or in other parts of the world.

All these projects and theories are conservative, though they look radical, whereas the acts of ministers and parliaments though seemingly conservative are in fact radical, because they prepare an explosion, a violent overthrow, by ruining the population. The governing class is unable to bring about a change, because it is itself disgracefully dependent on capitalists. The European governments are now in the same position toward the great capitalists as were the German emperors and French kings of old toward their vassals; they cannot move before they have emancipated them-

selves from them, and that will cause a great outcry of the capitalists and their submissive journalists. But it will be in vain, for one thing is certain; the twentieth century will destroy the power of capitalists; it will introduce state monopolies and guarantees of all kinds, while the agricultural and industrial production will remain open to free competition, for that is necessary and cannot be changed. Much further socialism cannot go, because the egotism and rudeness of the masses is still too great; it forms insurmountable obstacles for more and higher reforms, which can only be introduced after many generations.

It is a fact that socialism exists and makes progress among the laboring class; it is a fact that that class is entirely dependent on capital; other facts are, overproduction in many branches, uncertainty of work, lack of employment, and, consequently, need and poverty among thousands. The gift of divination is not needed to see that a change in these conditions can be brought about by a justly-drawn line between free competition and state monopoly.

The Europe of the twentieth century can and will find the means to guarantee, by confederation and proper monopolies, the existence of its citizens. Those who call this Utopian forget that all new ideas are in the beginning called Utopian; thus the practical use of railroads, of steamers, of gas, of electricity, was called Utopian at the commencement of the last century. Today we cannot get along without them. Only that is Utopian which conflicts with the national, social, economical interests and those of true freedom, while all ideas which further those interests are good, practical, and feasible. The principal thought of socialism is to further the well-being of all, instead of a few individuals. It is a reasonable thought, a good and brotherly thought, which deserves to be realized. If humanity waits too long with the peaceful realization thereof, then it will undoubtedly be enforced by violent means. Now let us take a glimpse at the third burning question: Communism. Only by analyzing its origin and mode of operation, can we get a true picture of the future.

THE WORD  
COMMUNISM.

The best writers on national economy and social politics consider communism and property rights to be insoluble opposites. In my opinion, the opposites can be neutralized by introducing collective property rights. We know by experience that in Europe there is not only no collective property, but an enormous collective debt. If in any one state the interest paid on the public debt is one third of the income of the state, if the other third is eaten up by preparations for war, then it is no wonder that need and misery drive the population into the ranks of communism. It is incredible, but true, that the European states do not spend more than one third per cent. of the entire income for humanitarian purposes, while war and national debt swallow up seventy per centum. Of what use is it to indicate the ways and means for a change of this evil, as long as its causes are not or cannot be removed? The misery of the masses can be mitigated if the incurring of debt and militarism cease. It is necessary and possible to interest every citizen in home life and industrial undertakings by making him a partner in it. It is necessary and possible to guarantee to each one a minimum of existence without taking from him the impulse for work, without curtailing the right to own property, and even without hampering the accumulation of wealth. In order to understand this a short excursion into the realm of philosophy is necessary.

Man has an ardent desire to enter physical life. His parents did not give him life; they only made possible his entrance to it<sup>1</sup>; consequently, he owes them and all his ancestors a debt which he has to pay to the next generation. He who does not take upon himself the burden of conserving and educating the next generation has not paid his debt, and the state is entitled to ask a legitimate portion of his property after his death; the heirs to this legacy are all the citizens of a state. This hereditary tax becomes the collective property of the citizens, and will in time so accumulate that not only can the national debt be paid therewith, but many other social questions be solved. How quickly such collective prop-

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<sup>1</sup>Kant, Lectures on Metaphysics.



erty would grow I have shown elsewhere; here it is sufficient to state that socialism and communism would be things of the past if the state possessed so many thousand millions of collective property as it now has debts. Through such a common property, the glaring contrast between rich and poor would, in the course of time, disappear without hurting in any way the impulse for gain and work. To substitute the state for private capitalists in all the branches where it can be done without hurting production, is to cripple the extremes of socialism; to abolish militarism, and to gather a common property by means of the inheritance tax mentioned, is to annihilate communism. Both measures do not harm, but further the freedom of business.

The twentieth century will not reach the height of human development, but it will have to inaugurate many improvements, and especially a tolerable existence for all, if Europe is to be saved from a catastrophe and general bankruptcy. It should not be overlooked that through the obligatory military service every citizen is now a soldier, and that a revolution in the twentieth century would take on dimensions quite other than in times past. The question of caring for, and educating the masses cannot be postponed much longer if catastrophes shall be avoided.

So far there is only one European state which has recognized the necessity of not only giving an excellent education to all its citizens, but also of making at least a beginning in the care for their physical well-being. "The German state spends yearly two hundred and fifty million dollars on its workingmen in giving them a compulsory insurance against accident, sickness, incapacity to work, and old age. Pensions for workingmen's widows and orphans are likewise provided. Every German employee who earns less than twelve hundred dollars a year can, with a degree of security, look forward to a comfortable provision for himself and for the people dear to him, when his own forces fail."<sup>2</sup>

This is a beginning in the right direction, in actual brotherhood; but how much more could be done for the welfare of the masses if militarism and the costly preparations for war could be done away with.

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<sup>2</sup>Dr. B. Dernburg, "Germany and England."



The communists will not gain a thing by the projected abolition of private property; on the contrary, it would hurt them very much. The communistic ideas are a disease of our time; but who is to blame for them? Only those who carelessly encumber the work of future generations by incurring enormous debts through war and preparations for war, and the others who, as representatives of the people, use their temporary power for egotistic purposes instead of for the true interests of the nation, as is their duty. Selfishness in many forms is the watchword of our time, and the greatest menace to all is that it not only destroys the moral sense of a people, but arouses antagonism, enmity, and, finally, deadly hate among the classes. See how public calamities like the ignorance and poverty of the masses, or the terrors of war, are often turned into a piece of good fortune for single individuals; how the need and want of the many become the gain of the few. Is this the brotherhood which Christianity has taught for two thousand years? The great inequality of the property rights is dangerous for the community, and an evil which can be corrected only by the abolishing of public debts and the substitution of state wealth. The apostles of eternal peace and of collective property will be derided in the nineteenth century; the twentieth century may possibly deplore to have them abused.

If we look at diseased Europe of the nineteenth century, we see a combination of police states doing everything to hinder their inhabitants from robbing and killing each other, but the states themselves do the same things by wars, preparations for war, enormous taxes, and all kinds of diplomatic artifices. We see socialists with impossible demands, communists and nihilists with dynamite and petrol, destroying the ties of social order. We see the states armed to the teeth, in debt over their ears—and to what end? Because national egotism denies to the people the right of self-determination; because personal egotism brutally fights the struggle for existence, and because the leading politicians though reading history do not understand it. If this were not so Russia would know that no empire can last which is composed of heterogeneous elements. What Alexander of Macedonia, the Roman Caesars, the Arabian and Turkish Caliphs, the

great Carolingians, what Genghis Khan, and Tamerlane could not do, that will surely not be accomplished by the Russian Tsars, especially not in our time. The Roman Empire lasted a little longer because it had a superior culture, which is surely not the case with Russia. The dream of a Slav Empire, reaching from the Pacific to the Atlantic ocean (see Testament of Peter the Great), will cause a terrible awakening if an attempt should be made to realize it. In the same way the English, French, Germans, Italians, Magyars, ought to know what is legitimate and possible; the different governments and representatives of the people ought to know with what problems they had better occupy themselves."

But first of all, have we honestly the good will and the desire to help progress along wherever it is possible? Selfish egotism must be overcome; we must feel with those who are in need and poverty and misery; and our strongest desire should be to create conditions on our earth under which every man, woman and child could live a life worthy of a human being. A strong desire leads to intense thinking, which may be compared to the Marconi wireless, because it distributes the thought waves over an immense area and is able to influence all minds receptive to it. In this way the thoughts of love, brotherhood, helpfulness, of necessary social, political, and moral changes are silently spread far and near, and arouse similar desires and thoughts all over the world. Thoughts are then followed by actions, as can be seen in every great world movement, and thus the desires of humanity are finally gratified, no matter if their effects are good or bad.

Theosophists who know of the law of Karma, have as their duty to weigh all new ideas in the scale of reason and to consider carefully their inevitable consequences. If we find that they lead to the physical, intellectual, and moral progress of humanity, we should make them our own ideas, and so spread them by silent thoughts, by words, by deeds. Only in this way can we become true co-workers with those great souls who always stand faithfully behind humanity, leading it through the karmic whirlpools which the torrents of human passion have created.

## THE RELIGIOUS IDEAL AND SOCIAL RECONSTRUCTION.

By Helen M. Stark.

THE Christian Church has always held belief to be of supreme importance, but a fictitious value has been given to a certain sort of belief by the assumption of its retroactive effect. According to this view it mattered not at all how evil the life of a man had been, nor to what degree his mere existence had been a plague spot in his community, from which, day by day, vile emanations had poisoned the currents of thought and feeling of his associates. He could at any moment, and he usually chose that moment in which he found himself without the strength for further sinning, in which the fires of hell flamed lurid in his death-haunted imagination—by the mere assertion of belief in a certain statement of faith, wipe out the whole effect of a long career of evil-doing, perfectly rehabilitate himself in his human relationships, and set himself right with his God.

Abhorrent as this practice seems to a spiritually enlightened mind, we must admit that it naturally follows the illogical and destructive dogma of the time. Accepting the hideous doctrine of eternal punishment, some such arrangement had to be made if any were to escape the rigor of Christian condemnation. An easy way being provided, man accepted it and acted upon his belief in the efficacy of the death-bed repentance. This is logical, quite what might have been expected, but deleterious to the high moral standard of living.

The reaction against this view boldly declared that righteousness of life was of supreme importance, and that it mattered not at all what a man believed if he lived nobly. This system of ethics disregards or discredits belief, but it overlooks the fact that no man would act nobly unless he

believed loftiness of conduct to be essential to well-being and happiness.

Whether good or bad our conduct is the fruit of our belief—and this statement is supported by the sacred scriptures—"The man consists of his faith; that which his faith is, he even is that," and, "If any man speaks or acts with a pure thought, happiness will follow him like a shadow that never leaves him." But it is essential, if belief is to be of value as the initiator and controller of action, that it be a heart-belief and not a mere lip-belief. For it is as a man thinketh in his heart, that he becomes, not as he thinketh in his vocal organ, as he repeats a memorized but not understood creed. Lip-belief, thoughtlessly accepted, but unasimilated through lack of effort and reflection, can affect the conduct only lightly, while the thought that is actually built into the mental structure, becomes a foundation stone of character. In fact, the only true unit of character building is the ideal, and the ideal is but a fixed idea that becomes the pattern, the mold of character to be. A steadfast, undeviating line of thought, becomes in time the line of action, for the life in an action is threefold, two parts being invisible. Desire breeds it, thought shapes it, and the act bodies it in the physical world.

Inasmuch as the religious ideal is that which comes closest to the heart, and most dominates the brain, the bearing of the religious ideals of the citizens upon the society in which they live cannot be safely disregarded. Civilizations are built around a central religious ideal, and are shaped and molded by the thoughts that flow from that ideal. This vital core, this heart plexus, may be located in each of the great religions of the world. The idea which dominated the ancient Aryan root-stock was duty, Dharma is the Sanskrit word for it. That which ruled in Egypt was Knowledge; that in Persia, Purity; that in Greece, Beauty; that in Rome, Law; that in Christendom, the Value of the Individual and Self-sacrifice. Each of these traits of human perfection, has ensouled a great religion, and established a type of civilization. An interesting and instructive comparison may from this standpoint be drawn between the civic structures of the

East and of the West. In ancient India the unit of the national organism was the family; in the West it is the individual. A social system based on the family as the social unit must be a system of mutual duties; a social system based on the individual as the social unit must be a system of mutual rights. Throughout the East, duties, not rights, have been the basis of human society; on duties was built a system in which each had his place, his work, his obligation. This produced a condition of order and harmony, very beautiful, yet not destined to endure. The next stage in human growth is that in which we now find ourselves; that turbulent process of the unfolding, the intensification of the individual.

There is in the religion and civilization of Christianity a dual note; first, the strengthening of the individuality; second, the sacrifice of that individuality in the service and for the well-being of others. In the religion of Christianity the first idea, dealing with the individuality, is but tacitly expressed; in the social system of Christianity it is actively expressed. The second principle, that of self-sacrifice, is positively expressed in the religion of Christendom, but in the civic life it is at present only dimly beginning to be felt, and along this line must lie the work of any reformer who may hope for the success, which slowly but surely comes to one who works in harmony with the law of the cosmic age; who builds toward the fulfilment of the cyclic plan. The tacit expression of the importance of the individual is found in the stress laid on the one earth life in the determination of the whole future and eternal destiny. The submergence of the idea of reincarnation reduced the full period of human preparation and perfection to one earth life and magnified its importance out of all due proportion, and it vastly increased the cosmic dignity of the being to whom this far reaching power of choice was given. The general effect of the belief that it is within the power of a puny human personality, on one hand to lift his voice and intercede with the absolute ruler and king of the universe, or on the other to disobey him, to flout this deity and to interfere with his plan for human growth, has been, more than that of any

other blasphemy on earth, to magnify the importance of man, to minimize the power of God, and even to dwarf the universe itself. Moreover, the Christian teaching, based on the Hebraic idea of a fixed earth, with its revolving firmament, studded with sun and moon and stars, all supposedly created for man's benefit and convenience, made man as truly the centre of life as was his earth the centre of the physical system.

Man's salvation was God's chief concern; for man God descended to earth and took human birth; for the sins of man God died on the cross and established the "way to salvation." Man's behavior pleased or grieved God, made him content or jealous and wrathful. "God is angry with the wicked every day," they said. Naturally, under this instruction, man's conceit grew apace, and in his own mind his value in the scheme of things rose to an enormous figure.

If we compare this with the simpler, saner view which considers and accepts the laws of reincarnation and karma, if we contrast these two conceptions and realize the effect of each upon human life, we shall at once understand the wonderful impetus given to individuality by the Christian religion. Having given this impetus, having generated the tremendous force that lies within the highly individualized human being, the questions that now arise are: "How shall this mighty power, this splendid fund of energy, be utilized; how shall it be guided and controlled that it may be ever directed to constructive ends, ever conserved for beneficent purposes?"

The answer to these questions lies in the second principle of our Western ideal, the one so insistently, yet so fruitlessly, presented by the Christian Church. It lies in the acceptance and the practice of the law of self-sacrifice. Very far have we gone in the opposite direction, very far indeed are we from a true conception of the law which must now come into operation, submerged in the blood of battlefield, consumed in the flame of the nihilists' torch, crushed and ground to powder between the upper and nether mill-stones that are now forming, between the two classes into which men are now arraying themselves, the oppressor and the oppressed.



Before men will actually accept this, to them destructive teaching of self-sacrifice, they must be convinced that it is not destructive; that it is a safe and sound basis on which to build; in other words, that it is practical. To do this we have to go further, perhaps more scientifically, with a work already widely begun—the teaching of brotherhood. The brotherhood of Man is rooted in the fatherhood of God, in the One Life which animates all forms. This being true, that which injures another can not be permanently good for any of us. The health of the body politic, as well as the health of the body individual, depends upon the healthy working of every part; if one part is diseased the whole body suffers. In the body individual the diseases most to be dreaded, most destructive, most difficult to cure are those which involve the cell, which result in the destruction of the tissue. In the body politic the disorder most to be feared is that which affects the happiness, the contentment of the human unit; this disorder breeds the ferment and the fever of rebellion, of violence, of terror.

On this point science is explicit. The man of science builds up, in ever more complicated groupings, that which he calls individuals of various classes. He will tell us that which we call our body and look upon as wholly our own, is a very complex social system in which myriad of individual cells live. Each lives its own life of birth, growth, decay, and death, each following a line of evolution quite as important to the whole as is our own.

These cells joined together form the second grade of individuals, tissues; tissues joined together form the third grade of individuals, organs; organs joined together form the fourth grade of individuals, plant animal and human bodies. These joined together form the fifth grade of individuals, communities. Communities joined form the sixth grade, nations; and nations joined, form the seventh, humanity. This is not an allegory; it is a dry statement from a textbook on physiology, for science beginning at the opposite extreme, beginning in the study of diversity, has arrived at the unity of humanity, in which all religions have begun. Science recognizes the brotherhood of bodies, re-

ligion the brotherhood of souls, and thus we are provided with a dual basis for the teaching of practical brotherhood. It matters not where we find it first, if we are but willing to accept an aspect of our own truth from a brother as earnest and sincere as ourselves, who has chosen to seek the door of truth by some other path than ours. All paths sooner or later lead to truth; tolerance and sympathy enable us to walk the path which arrives there soonest.

From the other side, the side of religion, we receive no uncertain statement as to the brotherhood of man, that true and all embracing brotherhood that includes the great and the small, the weak, the strong, the good, the evil; on this point we have not been left without instruction. Every great religious teacher of the world has unequivocally declared to a deaf and inattentive world the basis and the mission of our human brotherhood.

These have said to us: "He that seeth all beings in the Self and the Self in all beings, he hateth no more" (Hindu). "He who by causing pain to another wishes to obtain pleasure for himself, he, entangled in the bonds of hatred, will never be free from hatred" (Buddhist). "Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us? Why do we deal treacherously, every man against his brother?" (Hebrew). "God . . . hath made of one blood all nations of men, for to dwell on all the face of the earth. . . . We are all the offspring of God" (Christian). "No man is a true believer unless he desireth for his brother that which he desireth for himself."

If these declarations mean anything, they can mean but one thing, and that is the spiritual brotherhood of all men. Realizing that we may fairly enough ask the question: Why has man been allowed to lose sight of it; why, if he ever knew it, has he forgotten this spiritual brotherhood of all that live? The answer is that it is the natural condition of the present stage of growth, a stage necessary to man's development. Primitive man needed to develop growth, courage, endurance; he needed to master the terrific forces of nature, and open the doors of her treasure houses. The only prize that could unfailingly urge him on in this long

and seemingly unequal struggle was the prize of material wealth and the power arising from it. This was yesterday's lesson. But man is the least plastic, the least amenable of all God's children. It has been difficult to make him see the vital point in a revealed religion, very difficult indeed to bring him under the yoke of discipline; but once he becomes interested in a certain piece of work, he goes about it with such intensity, that he is almost certain to overdo it. He will put his own interpretation on the lesson before him and then proceed to learn it too well. He has learned this lesson of taking thought for the morrow far too well. He has grown to feel that his strength depends upon his material holdings, he feels himself to be safe only when intrenched behind worldly wealth and power; but he is passing that point now. He must now learn to know himself as a creature of light, one whose real strength descends from the limitless realm of the spirit, but does not arise from the dust of the earth. As long as we wear physical bodies, we must continue to nourish them at the expense of our lower organisms, and that which we appropriate for ourselves cannot be used by another; but the lesson of the age is that we should take no more than we need for the sustenance of our physical lives, and that we be equally concerned to see that every other inhabitant of the earth receive a similar sufficiency. Beyond this material accumulation is a dead weight, a useless impediment to progress. Insure a simple but sufficient means of physical comfort to every man, and lay a heavy burden of taxation on surplus accumulation, and the tendency to hoard will soon be forgotten. Even the Israelite soon saw the foolishness of attempting to corner the daily output of manna.

To conservative minds these demands will spell ruin and wreckage. They say there will be no incentive to effort, the very structure of our industrial life will be endangered or destroyed. But it need not be so, indeed it would not be so. It is only a change of attitude, a change of motive, that is needed. Substitute a new ideal, and the splendid harvest of this civilization, in some ways the greatest the world has known, will become the heritage of the people, instead of a

dead weight that bears them down, a soulless engine of destruction exploiting weakness, crushing beauty, deadening aspiration. This new ideal is the beauty and the glory of unselfishness, the deep and pure joy of giving. This thought is not entirely foreign to us now; we know it well within the family circle, and to some extent within the reach of friendship, and the man who acknowledges a religious ideal knows it in its most beautiful and fervent form. Whenever we are able to extend this thought farther, to include the community, the city, the state, then shall a new age begin its dawning, then shall the phrases: Honor in business, public service, patriotism, be no longer mere empty words, lacking the light of the spirit. They will have become radiant badges of courage for which men strive, which men may proudly wear.

It is now, before this new standard of public service is established, that the fear of death and destruction may well occupy men's minds, for our boasted civilization today faces a fearful arraignment, and it will soon have to answer at the bar of human judgment. Modern civilization seems a failure. It has failed to make the masses of the people happy. Look at the faces of the poor; they are the faces of a saddened people, bowed with the burdens of life instead of radiant with the joy of life, as all living beings should be. Until the people are happy we have no right to boast of our society; it is not society, it is a sweltering chaos of social units. "From each according to his capacity, to each according to his needs"; that is the law of the family, and some day it will be the law of the state; for it is the true social law. As the knowledge of the laws of reincarnation and karma become again widespread among men, the duty and obligation of the elders to the youngers and the claim of the youngers will be recognized; help, protection, training, will be gladly rendered by the elders, and the evolution of the younger children of the human family quickened.

This can only come about by religious effort and the religious spirit. Not out of any ideal of material well-being, but out of the religious ideal, must spring the spirit of true sacrifice that is joy. Only out of the religious ideal can

come the brotherhood which all the time exists in all its splendor in the world of spirit, and which, in time, shall surely illuminate our lives while we are still within this mortal sphere. It is always the spiritual sight which is the true vision, and the testimony of this spiritual consciousness, which has so long been ignored in the West, is beginning to be seen as a factor in the administration of the most matter-of-fact affairs of the worldly life, not merely as the pleasure or the pastime of the mystic or the fantastic. And this spiritual consciousness now speaks for unity, for brotherhood, for service and for sacrifice. As it unfolds we shall see the development of a nobler social state.

This spiritual consciousness is a thing of no outer compulsion, it must awaken in the heart of every man. It is now awakening; look for it and you will see it growing in your neighbors; you will find it illuminating your own life. It is the outgrowth of discrimination in relative values, in the realization of the dependability of the law of human growth. The stronger a man is in spiritual strength and knowledge the less he insists upon his own rights and dignities; he knows he may safely rest upon the law, and there is within his heart a glorified self-consciousness that scorns all outer measures of great or small; that knows itself not in relation to outer things but in relation to the true measures of the spirit. Herein lies freedom, and such freedom as no man-made scheme can confer. For such a man has knowingly set his feet upon the path that opens ever upward, and all the forces of earth and heaven work with him. Says the Voice of the Silence: "Help Nature and work on with her; and Nature will regard thee as one of her creators and make obeisance. And she will open wide before thee the portals of her secret chambers, lay bare before thy gaze the treasures hidden at the very depths of her pure virgin bosom. Unsullied by the hand of Matter, she shows her treasures only to the eye of Spirit—the eye which never closes, the eye for which there is no veil in all her kingdoms."

# THE RITUAL OF HIGH MAGIC.

By Eliphas Levi.

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## CHAPTER IV.

### The Conjunction of the Four.

**T**HE four elementary forms separate and specify by a kind of rough outline, the created spirits whom the universal movement disengages from the central fire. Everywhere spirit works and fecundates matter by life; all matter is animated; thought and soul are everywhere. In seizing upon the thought that produces the diverse forms, we become the master of forms and make them serve for our use.

The astral light is completely filled with souls that it disengages in the incessant generation of being; souls have imperfect wills which can be dominated and used by more powerful wills. They then form great invisible chains, and can occasion or determine grand elementary commotions. Phenomena ascertained in the processes of magic and all those recently verified by M. Eudes de Merville have no other causes.

Elementary spirits are like young children. They torment those more who busy themselves with them, unless one has control of them by means of superior rationality and great severity.

These are the spirits which we designate under the name of "occult elements."

They are those who often prepare for disquieting or fantastic dreams. They are those who produce the movements of the divining rod, and the raps on walls and furniture. But they can never manifest any other thought than our own, and if we are not thinking, they talk to us



with all the incoherence of dreams. They reproduce good and evil indifferently, because they are without free will and consequently have no responsibility. They show themselves to ecstasies and somnambulists under incomplete and fugitive forms. This occasioned the nightmares of Saint Antony, and, very probably, the visions of Swedenborg. They are neither souls in hell nor spirits guilty of mortal sin; they are simply inquisitive and inoffensive. We can employ or abuse them like animals or children. Therefore the magus who employs their help assumes a terrible responsibility, for he will have to expiate all the evil which he makes them do, and the greatness of his torments will be proportionate to the extent of the power which he will have exercised through their agency.

In order to control elementary spirits, and thus become the king of the occult elements, we must have previously undergone the four trials of the ancient initiations. As these no longer exist, it is necessary to supply their place by analogous actions, such as exposing oneself without fear in a conflagration, of crossing a gulf upon the trunk of a tree or upon a plank, or scaling a steep mountain during a storm, or getting away from a cascade, or from a dangerous whirlpool by swimming. The man who fears water will never reign over the undines; he who is afraid of fire cannot command the salamanders; as long as we are subject to dizziness we must leave the sylphs in peace, and not irritate the gnomes; for inferior spirits only obey a power that is proved to them by showing itself their master even in their own element.

When we have acquired by boldness and practice this incontestable power, we may impose upon the elements the mandate (*verbe*) of our will, by special consecrations of air, fire, water, and earth. This is the indispensable beginning of all magic operations.

We exercise the air by blowing from the direction of the four cardinal points while saying:

*Spiritus Dei ferebatur super aquas, et inspiravit in facian hominis spiraculum vitæ. Sit Michael dux meus, et Sabtabiel servus meus, in luce et per lucem.*

*Fiat verbum halitus meus; et imperabo spiritibus aeris hujus, et refrænabo equos solis voluntate cordis nei, et cogitatione mentis meæ et nutu oculi dextri.*

*Erorciso igitur te, creatura aeris, per Pentagrammaton et in nomine Tetragrammaton, in quibus sunt voluntas firma et fides recta. Amen. Sela, fiat. Qu'il en soit ainsi.<sup>1</sup>*

Next we recite the prayer of the Sylphs, after having traced in air their sign with the plume of an eagle.

### Prayer of the Sylphs.

Spirit of light! Spirit of wisdom! whose breath gives and takes away again the forms of all things! Thou, in whose presence the life of being is a shadow which changes, and a vapor which passes away. Thou who ascendest the clouds and movest on the wing of the winds. When thou breakest forth, infinite spaces are peopled! When thou inhalest, all that comes from thee returns to thee! Endless movement in eternal stability, be thou eternally blest! We praise thee and bless thee in the changing empire of created light, of shadows, of reflections and of images; and we long unceasingly for thine immutable and imperishable light. Let the ray of thy intelligence and the heat of thy love penetrate even to us; then what is movable will become fixed; the shadow will become a body; the spirit of the air will become a soul; the dream will become a thought, and we shall no longer be borne away by the tempest, but shall hold the bridle of the winged steeds of the morning, and shall direct

<sup>1</sup>The Spirit of God brooded upon the waters, and breathed into the face of man the breath of life. Let Michael be my chief and Saltabiel my servant in the light and by the Light.

Be my breath by the word; and I will command the spirits of this atmosphere, and will bridle the horses of the sun by the will of my heart, the thought of my mind, and the winking of my eye.

I exercise thee, creature of air by the Pentagram, and in the name of the Tetragram, in which are firm will and true faith. Amen, Selah; so be it. So mote it be.

the course of the evening winds that we may fly into thy presence. O spirit of spirits! O eternal soul of souls! O imperishable breath of life! O creative inspiration.<sup>2</sup> O mouth which inspires and respires the existence of all beings in the flux and reflux of thy eternal Word, which is the divine ocean of movement and of truth. Amen!

We exorcise water by the imposition of hands, by the breath, and by speech, while mingling in it the consecrated salt, with a little of the ashes which remain in the perfuming-pan. The sprinkler is made with branches of vervain, of periwinkle,<sup>3</sup> of sage, of mint, of valerian, of ash and of basil, tied by a thread from the distaff of a virgin, with a handle from a walnut-tree which has not yet borne fruit, and upon which you will engrave with a magic bodkin the characters of the seven spirits. You will bless and consecrate separately the salt, and the ashes of the perfume, in saying

#### Upon the Salt.

In isto sale sit sapientia, et ab omni corruptione servet mentes nostras et corpora nostra, per Hochmaël et in virtute Rauch-Hochmaël, recedant ab isto fantasmata hylæ ut sit sal cœlestis, sal terræ et terra salis, ut nutrietur bos trituraus et addat spei nostræ cornua tauri volantis. Amen.<sup>4</sup>

#### Upon the Ashes.

Revertatur cinis ad fontem aquarum viventium, et fiat terra fructificans, et germinet arborem vitæ per tria nomina,

<sup>2</sup>Genesis, ii, 7. "And the Lord God formed man (Adam), spore of the ground (Adoux), and breathed into his face the breath (nasama or inspiration) of lives; and he was a living soul."

Job, xxxii, 8. "There is a spirit (ruah) in man, and the inspiration (nasama) of the Almighty maketh intelligent."

<sup>3</sup>An evergreen plant of the genus Vinca, having a blue or purple blossom.

<sup>4</sup>In this salt be wisdom, and may it preserve our minds and bodies from every corruption, through Hochmaël (the Wisdom of God) and in virtue of Ruch-Hochmaël (the Spirit of the Wisdom of God), withdrawing from it the fantasies of matter that it may be the celestial salt, the salt of the earth, and the earth of salt, that the ox may be nourished that treadeth out corn, and give to our hope the strength of the flying cherub. Amen.

quæ sunt Netsah, Hod et Jesod, in principio et in fine, per alpha et Omega qui sunt in spiritu Azoth. Amen.<sup>5</sup>

In mingling the water, the salt, and the ashes.

In sale sapientiæ æternæ, et in aqua regenerationis, et in cinere germinante terram novam, omnia fiant per Eloim Gabriel, Raphael et Uriel, in sæcula et æonas. Amen.<sup>6</sup>

### Exorcism of the Water.

Fiat firmamentum im medio aquarum et separet aquas ab aquis, quæ superius sitcut quæe superius, ad perpetranda miracula rei unius. Sol ejus pater est, luna mater et ventus hanc gestavit in utero suo, ascendit a terra ad cælum et rursus a cœlo in terram descendit. Exorciso te, creatura aquæ, ut sis mihi speculum Dei vivi in operibus ejus, et fons vitæ, et ablutio peccatorum. Amen.<sup>7</sup>

### Prayer of the Undines.

Terrible king of the sea! Thou who holdest the keys of the cataracts of heaven, and who encloseth the subterranean waters in the hollow places of the earth! King of the deluge and of rains, of springtime! Thou who openest the sources of streams and fountains! Thou who commandest the moisture (which is like the blood of the earth) to become the sap of plants! We adore and invoke thee! Speak to us, ye moving and changeable creatures! Speak to us in

<sup>5</sup>Let the ashes return to the fountain of living waters, let the earth become fruitful and sprout forth the Tree of Life by the three names, which are Netsâ (victory), Hod (eternity), and Isiod (fountain), in the beginning and the end, by the Alpha and Omega, which are in spirit Azoth. Amen.

<sup>6</sup>In the salt of eternal Wisdom in the water of regeneration, and in the ashes which generate the new earth, let all things be established by the Eloim (gods or angels), Gabriel (Power of God), Raphael (Wisdom of God), and Uriel (Light of God), for ages and ages. Amen.

<sup>7</sup>Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters, and let it separate the waters from the waters—that which is above as that which is below, and that which is below as that which is above, to the accomplishing of the wonders of the One Thing. The sun is its father; the moon its mother, and the wind carried it in its womb; it ascendeth from earth to the sky, and returneth again from the sky to the earth. I exorcise thee, creature of water, that thou mayest be to me the mirror of the living God in his works, the fountain of life, and the cleansing of sinners. Amen.

the great commotions of the sea, and we will tremble before thee. Speak to us also in the murmur of the limpid waters, and we will desire thy love. O immensity in which all the rivers of being lose themselves, which ever spring up anew in us! O ocean of infinite perfections! Height which beholdeth thee in the depth! Depth which breathes thee forth in the height! Bring us to the true life through intelligence and love! Lead us to immortality through sacrifice, in order that one day we may be found worthy to offer thee water, blood, and tears, for the remission of sins. Amen.

We exorcise fire by casting in it salt, incense, white resin, camphor, and sulphur, and by pronouncing three times the three names of the genii of fire: Michael, king of the sun and of lightning; Samael, king of volcanos; and Anael, prince of the astral light. Next by reciting the prayer of the Salamanders.

#### Prayer of the Salamanders.

Immortal, eternal, ineffable and uncreated Father of all things! who are borne upon the incessantly rolling chariot of worlds which are always turning; Ruler of the etherial immensities where the throne of thy power is elevated; from whose height thy dread-inspiring eyes discover all things, and thy exquisite and sacred ears hear all; Listen to thy children whom thou hast loved from the beginning of the ages; for thy golden, great, and eternal majesty is resplendent above the world and the starry heavens. Thou art raised above them O sparkling fire! There thou dost illumine and support thyself by thine own splendor; and there comes forth from thine essence everflowing streams of light which nourish thine infinite spirit. That infinite spirit nourishes all things, and renders this inexhaustible treasure of substance always ready for the generation which fashions it and which receives in itself the forms with which thou hast impregnated it from the beginning. From this spirit those most holy kings who surround thy throne, and who compose

thy court, derive their origin. O Father Universal ! Only One! O Father of blessed mortals and immortals!

Thou hast specially created powers who are marvelously like thine eternal thought and adorable essence. Thou hast established them superior to the angels who announce to the world thy wishes. Finally thou hast created us in the third rank in our elementary empire. There our continual employment is to praise thee and adore thy wishes. There we incessantly burn with the desire of possessing thee, O Father! O Mother! the most tender of all mothers! O admirable archetype of maternity and pure love! O Son, the flower of sons! O Form of all forms; soul, spirit, harmony and number of all things. Amen.

We exorcise the earth by the sprinkling of water, by the breath and by fire, with the perfumes proper for each day, and we say the prayer of the gnomes.

#### Prayer of the Gnomes.

Invisible King who has taken the earth as a support, and who has dug abysses in order to fill them with the omnipotence! Thou whose name makest the arches of the world tremble! Thou who makest the seven metals circulate in the veins of stone; Monarch of seven luminaries! Rewarder of subterranean workmen! bring us to the desirable air and to the kingdom of light. We watch and work without respite. We seek and hope by the twelve stones of the Holy City, for the talismans which are buried by the magnetic nail which passes through the center of the earth. Lord! Lord! Lord! Have pity upon those who suffer! enlarge our breasts! Let us free and raise up our heads! Exalt us! O stability and movement! O Day invested by night! O Darkness veiled in light! O Master who never retainest the wages of thy workmen! O silvery whiteness! O Golden Splendor! O Crown of Diamonds, living and melodious! Thou who bearest the sky upon thy finger, like a ring of sapphire! Thou who hidest under the earth, in the kingdom of gems, the



wonderful seed of stars! All hail! Reign; and be the Eternal Dispenser of riches, of which thou hast made us the guardians. Amen.

We most observe that the special kingdom of the Gnomes is at the North; that of the salamanders at the south; that of the sylphs at the east; and that of the Undines at the west. They influence the four temperaments of men (i. e. the Gnomes, the melancholic; the Salamanders, the sanguine; the Undines, the phlegmatic; and the Sylphs, the bilious). Their signs are as follows: the hieroglyphs of the bull for the Gnomes, and we command them with the sword; of the lion for the Salamanders, and we command them with the forked wand, or the magic trident; of the eagle for the Sylphs, and we command them with the holy pentacles; finally with Aquarius for the Undines, and we evoke them with the cup of libations. Their respective sovereigns are, Gob for the Gnomes, Djiu for the Salamanders, Paralda for the Sylphs, and Nicksa for the Undines.

When an elementary spirit comes to torment, or at least to annoy the inhabitants of this world, we must conquer it by means of air, water, fire and earth, blowing, sprinkling, burning perfumes, and tracing on the earth the star of Solomon and the sacred pentagram. These figures should be perfectly regular, and made either with coals from the consecrated fire, or with a reed dipped in diverse colors which we mix of pulverized magnet. Then, while holding in the hand the pentacle of Solomon, and taking by turns the sword, the wand, and the cup, we pronounce in these terms and in a loud voice the conjuration of the four.

Caput mortuum, impeert tibi Dominus per vivum et devotum serpentem.

Cherub, imperet tibi Dominus per Adam Jotchavah! Aquila errans, imperet tibi Dominus per alas Tauri. Serpens, imperet tibi Dominus tetragrammaton per angelum et leonem!

Michael, Gabriel, Raphael, Anael!

## THE RITUAL OF HIGH MAGIC

Fluat Udor per spiritum Eloim.

Maneat Terra per Adam Iot-Chavah.

Fiat Firmamentum per Iahuehu-Zebaoth.

Fiat Judicium per ignem in virtute Michael.<sup>8</sup>

Angel with the dead eyes, obey or flow away with this holy water.

Winged bull, labor or return to earth; if thou art not willing that I prick thee with this sword.

Chained eagle, obey this sign, or withdraw before this breath.

Moving serpent, crawl at my feet, or be tormented by this sacred fire and be dissipated with the perfumes I burn therein.

Let the water return to water! Let a fire burn! Let air circulate! Let earth fall upon the earth, by virtue of the pentagram which is the morning star, and in the name of the Tetragram, which is written in the center of the cross of light. Amen.

The sign of the cross adopted by the Christians does not belong to them exclusively. It is also kabalistic, and represents the contrasts, and the quaternary equilibrium of the elements.

We see by the occult stanza of the Lord's Prayer, which we have indicated in our Dogma, that there were primitively two modes of making it, or at least two very different formulas to distinguish it. One reserved for the priests and initiated; the other granted to neophytes and the profane. Thus, for example, said, "To Thee;" then he added, "belong," and continued while carrying his hand to his breast, "the kingdom"; then to his left shoulder "Justice," to the right

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<sup>8</sup>Dregs of matter, the lord commandeth thee by the living and devoted serpent.

Cherub, the Lord command thee by Adam Jot-Havah! Wandering Eagle, the Lord command thee by the wings of the Bull. Serpent, the Lord commands thee by the Tetragram, the Angel and Lion!

Michaël, Gabriël, Raphaël, Anaël.

The water floweth by the spirit of Eloim.

The Earth remaineth by Adam Jot-Havah.

The Firmament was made by Iahuehu-Zebaoth.

Judgment is made by fire in the strength of Michael.

shoulder, "and mercy." Next he joined the two hands adding "in the generating cycles."

Tibi sunt Malchut et Geburah et Chesed per æonas.\*

Sign of the Cross absolutely and magnificently kabalistic, which the profanations of Gnosticism have caused the Church militant and official to completely lose.

This sign, made in this way, should precede and terminate the conjuration of the Four.

In order to control and subject elementary spirits we must never yield to the defects which characterize them. Thus a light and capricious mind can never govern the sylphs. An effeminate, cold, and changeable nature will never control the undines. Anger irritates the salamandas, and covetous rudeness renders those whom it enslaves the sport of the gnomes.

But it is necessary to be as prompt and active as the sylphs; as flexible and attentive to images as the undines. As energetic and strong as the Salamandas; as laborious and patient as the gnomes; in a word, we must conquer them in their strength, without ever allowing ourselves to be enthralled by their weaknesses. When we shall be well fixed in this disposition, the entire world will be at the service of the wise operator. He will go out during the storm and the rain will not touch his head; the wind will not derange even a single fold of his garments; he will go through fire without being burned; he will walk on the water, and will behold the diamonds through the crust of the earth. These promises which may seem hyperbolical are only so in the minds of the vulgar; for though the sage does not do materially and precisely the things which these words express, he will do many greater and more wonderful. In the meantime it is not to be doubted that individuals can direct the elements by the will to a certain extent, and change or really stop their effects.

Why, for example, if it is ascertained that certain indi-

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\*Thine art, Malchut (the kingdom), and Gebura (the power), and Hese (the mercy), forever.

viduals in a state of ecstasy lose their weight for the moment, *or at will* could we not walk or glide upon the water? Saint Medard's convulsionaries felt neither fire nor sword, and begged as a relief the most violent blows and the most incredible tortures. Are not the strange ascensions and wonderful equilibrium of certain somnambulists a revelation of these hidden forces of nature?<sup>10</sup> But we live in an age in which men have not the courage to confess the miracles they witness; and if anyone says, "I have seen or have done myself the things which I relate," he will be told, "either you are making sport of us or you are sick." It is better to keep silence and act.

The metals that correspond to the four elementary forms are gold and silver for air; mercury for water; iron and copper for fire; and lead for earth. Talismans are prepared from them, having relation to the forces which they represent, and to the effects proposed to be obtained.

Divination by the four elementary forms named Aeromancy, hydromancy, pyromancy, and geomancy, is made in diverse ways, which all depend upon the will and transparency or imagination of the operator.

In truth the four elements are only instruments to aid second-sight.

Second-sight is the faculty of seeing in the astral light.

This second-sight is as natural as the first sight, or the sensible and ordinary sight, but it can only act through the abstraction of the senses.

Somnambulists and ecstasies enjoy second-sight naturally; but this sight is more lucid as the abstraction becomes more complete.

The abstraction is produced by astral intoxication; that is, by a superabundance of light, which completely saturates the nervous system, and consequently renders it inactive.

<sup>10</sup>If, as has been affirmed, the force known as gravity be a form of polarization, is it not reasonable that bodies attracted by the earth would, by a reversing of polarity, arise up from it instead? How do birds mount up rapidly in the air, if not by virtue of a power of this nature?—A. W.

Sanguine temperaments are more disposed to Aëromancy; bilious to pyromancy, phlegmatic to geomancy, and melancholic to hydromancy.

Aëromancy is confirmed by oneiromancy or divination by dreams; pyromancy is supplemented by magnetism; hydromancy by divination with crystals; geomancy by fortune-telling with cards. These are transpositions and perfectings of methods.

But divination, in whatever manner we may operate, is dangerous, or at least useless, for it disheartens the will;<sup>11</sup> consequently it restricts freedom, and fatigues the nervous system.

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"A Hebrew prophet says: "He that consulteth spirits will not sow."

*(To be continued.)*





# THE WORD

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## GHOSTS.

### Thought Ghosts of Dead Men.

**W**HAT was said of thought ghosts of living men ("The Word," Vol. 18, Nos. 3 and 4) concerning their creation, process of building up, and the matter of which they are composed, matter of the mental world, in which they are is true of the thought ghosts of dead men. Almost all thought ghosts are thought ghosts created by men while the men are alive in their physical bodies; but in rare cases a mind, having departed from its physical body, may under exceptional conditions create a new thought ghost.

There are three great distinctions between desire ghosts of dead men and thought ghosts of dead men. First, the desire ghosts of dead men are created after death, whereas the thought ghosts of dead men were created during life, and continue to exist in the mental world long after the death of the physical body of the person who created the thought ghost. Second, the desire ghost of a dead man wants and affects the body of a living man, and is fed through the desires of the living man, which are strong, passionate, and often unnatural; whereas, the thought ghost of a dead man



affects not the body, but the mind of one person, and often the minds of many living persons. Third, a desire ghost of a dead man is a veritable devil, is without conscience and without morality, and is a persistently active mass of selfishness, rapaciousness, cruelty, and lust; whereas, a thought ghost of a dead man is the same thought ghost it was when the man was alive, but the man furnishes no vitality for the continuance of the ghost. Thought ghosts of dead men are harmless by comparison with the desire ghosts of dead men.

The thought ghosts left by the dead are those mentioned above ("The Word", Vol. 18, Nos. 3 and 4) as the formless thought ghosts and as the more or less defined thought ghosts; further, thought ghosts such as the poverty ghost, grief ghost, self-pity ghost, gloom ghost, fear ghost, health ghost, disease ghost, vanity ghost; further, the ghosts produced unconsciously, and such as are produced with intent to accomplish a certain purpose (Vol. 18, pp. 132 and 133). Then there are the family thought ghosts, of honor, pride, gloom, death, and financial success of the family. Then the racial or national thought ghosts, of culture, war, sea power, colonization, patriotism, territorial expansion, commerce, legal precedents, religious dogmas, and lastly, the thought ghosts of a whole age.

It is to be clearly understood that a thought is not a thought ghost. The thought ghost of a dead man is not a thought. The thought ghost of a dead man is like a shell, empty of the original thought of him or of those who created it. There is a difference between the thought ghost of a living man and the thought ghost of a dead man, which is similar to that between the physical ghost of a living man and the physical ghost of the man after death.

During the life of the man, the thought ghost is alive; after the death of the man, the thought ghost is like an empty shell; it acts automatically, unless the thought of another acts according to the impressions he gets from the ghost. Then he prolongs the existence of the ghost. A man can no more fit himself into the thought ghost of a dead man or fit the thought ghost of a dead man into himself than he can do this with the physical ghost of a dead man; but a living

man can act in accordance with the impressions he receives from the thought ghost of the dead.

A thought ghost is attached to and haunts the mind of the living, as the physical ghost may be attached to and haunt a living body, when that body comes within range of its influence. In the case of a physical ghost, the range of the magnetic influence does not exceed a few hundred feet. Distance does not count in the case of a thought ghost. The range of its influence depends on the nature and subject of the thought. A thought ghost will not come within the mental range of a man whose thoughts are not of a similar nature or concerned with a similar subject.

Generally speaking, it is true that men's minds are agitated by the presence of thought ghosts. Men do not think, their minds are agitated. They believe they think, the while their minds are only agitated.

A mind approaches the process of thinking when it is direct and held to a subject of thought. How rarely this is done is evident if the operations of one's own mind or of the minds of others are examined.

Thought ghosts of the dead are obstacles to independent thinking; they remain in the mental atmosphere of the world and, after the vitality which was in them has departed, are inert weights. Such thought ghosts are preferably companions to those who lack independence of thought. The people of the world are ridden by thought ghosts of the dead. These thought ghosts affect people through certain words and phrases. These ghosts are conjured up by the use of these words, when the meaning of these words as originally used is not there. "The True, the Beautiful, and the Good", refers to certain Greek terms used by Plato to embody great thoughts. They were terms of art and power. They had a technical meaning of their own, and which was applicable to that age. These three terms were understood and used by men of that age who were on that line of thought. In later days, when people no longer comprehended the thought that Plato had given to the terms, the words remained as shells. When translated and used in modern tongues by people who do not understand the

thought conveyed by the original spiritual Greek terms, these words carry merely thought ghosts. There is, of course, still a semblance of power in these English words, but the original meaning is no longer there. The true, the beautiful, and the good, in the modern meaning, are not able to put the hearer directly in touch with Plato's thought. The same is true of the terms "Platonic Love", "The Son of Man", "The Lamb of God", "The Only Begotten Son", "Light of the World".

In modern times the phrases "Struggle for Existence", "Survival of the Fittest", "Self-preservation Is the First Law of Nature", "Latter Day Saints", "The Book of Mormon", are becoming or have become vehicles for thought ghosts. No longer is conveyed by these popularized terms what the originator expressed, but they are empty phrases clothing devitalized, unsystematic mental impressions.

A thought ghost is an impediment to thought. A thought ghost is an obstacle to mental growth and progress. If a thought ghost is in the mind of people it twists their thought to its own dead and contracted form.

Every nation is beset by thought ghosts of the thoughts of its own dead men, and by thought ghosts of the thoughts of men of other nations. When a thought ghost—not a thought—is received from another nation it cannot but work harm to those who receive it, and to the people of the nation; for the needs of a nation are expressed by their thoughts for their own time and that particular people; but when that is taken by another nation which has other needs or is of a different age, the other people who take it do not understand the law which governs the needs and the time, and therefore cannot use the thought ghost, as it is out of time and place.

Thought ghosts of dead men are obstacles to progress and are especially powerful in their hold on minds in the schools of science, on men working in the courts of law, and on those engaged in maintaining a religious system.

The facts ascertained by scientific research have certain values, and should be aids to establish other facts. All facts as ascertained phenomena are true, on their own plane. The

theories relating to facts and what causes the phenomena and what is concomitant of them, are not always true and may become thought ghosts, which beset other minds in the line of research and impede them from establishing other facts or even seeing other facts. This may be due to the thought ghosts of living men, but is usually caused by the thought ghosts of the dead. The vague theory of heredity is a thought ghost which has prevented men from seeing clearly certain facts, what these facts come from, and from accounting for other things not connected with the first set of facts.

Heredity may be true as to physical formations and features of a person, but it is less true as to the psychic nature, and it is not true as to the mental nature. Physical shapes and qualities are often transmitted by parents to children; but the rules of transmission are so little known, that several children of a single couple are not looked upon with surprise even if they are totally dissimilar in body, not to speak of their moral and mental conditions. The thought ghost of a scientific theory of heredity is so wedged into the physicist's thoughts, that these thoughts have to conform to the ghost, and so such cases as of Rembrandt, Newton, Byron, Mozart, Beethoven, Carlyle, Emerson and other striking instances, are left out of sight, when the unthinking multitude accepts the "Law of Heredity". That "law of heredity" is a thought ghost of dead men, which limits the research and thought of the living.

Thought of heredity is not the thought ghost of heredity. It is good that peoples' minds be concerned with thought of heredity; the thought is free and not limited by the theories of the ghost; the few facts known about the derivation of physical forms should be kept in view and thought about; thought should circulate around these facts and act freely and under the impulse of inquiry. Then there is vitality in thought; new avenues of research will open and other facts be established. When natural thought, in consequence of inquiry, is active, it should not be permitted to rest, and become fixed by the statement of the "law of heredity".

When a man's mind is suffered to be focussed by a

thought ghost, the man cannot see any fact, nor get any thought except that for which the thought ghost stands. While this is generally true, it is nowhere as patent as in the case of the law courts and the church. Thought ghosts of the dead are the supports of the authority doctrines of the churches and the precedent doctrine of the law and its archaic antagonism to modern conditions.

Thought ghosts of the dead prevent the vitality of independent thought from nourishing the spiritual life of religion, and doing justice in the courts of law. Only such religious thought is permitted as is patterned after the thought ghosts of the dead. The technical and formal procedure and usages in courts today, and such antiquated institutions as governed the transactions and the conduct of the people under the common law, are fostered and perpetuated under the influence of the thought ghosts of dead lawyers. There are continuous changes in the realms of religion and law, because men are struggling to rid themselves of the ghosts. But these two, religion and law, are strongholds of thought ghosts, and under their influence any change in the order of things there is resisted.

It is well to act under the influence of a thought ghost if there is nothing better to pattern after, and if one has no thoughts of his own. But persons or a people, under new conditions, with new impulses and thoughts of their own, should refuse to be ridden by thought ghosts of the dead. They should put an end to the ghosts, explode them.

A thought ghost is exploded by sincere inquiry; not by doubting, but by challenging the authority of what the ghost stands for, as scientific, religious, and legal slogans, canons, standards, and usages. Continued inquiry with the effort to trace, explain, improve, will explode the form and dissipate the influence of the ghost. Inquiry will reveal the origin, history, reasons for growth, and the real value of that of which the ghost is a remnant. The doctrines of vicarious atonement, forgiveness of sins, immaculate conceptions, apostolicism of the Catholic Church, the persistent doctrines of extreme formality by the judges in jurisdiction—will be exploded together with the thought ghosts of the dead.

## WAR.

By J. M. Bicknell.

**W**HEN war breaks out in the world, there is no scarcity of critics who expatiate on the horrors of war, who are quite ready to point out that nation on whom rests the blame, and who can state specifically how the war could have been avoided. Such a critic usually takes side with some one of the contending nations, in which case, all those peoples who refuse to yield to the demands of his people are in the wrong. To have so yielded would have avoided war. Neutral nations commonly extend their sympathies in the direction which they think most favorable to themselves in the development of those interests of like nature to those that gave occasion for the present war.

In itself war is not to be regretted. Given certain conditions, war follows as a natural consequence. War is nature's remedy to get rid of unfavorable conditions—conditions that have become chrystallized and impervious to the influence of the higher self. It is unfortunate that man has not advanced beyond the social conditions which render war necessary. But man, taken in bulk, is still animal. He is still a soldier in the great natural struggle for bodily existence and for bodily gratifications. So long as man is confined to this plane of action, nothing but the extremest suffering can turn his attention to higher things.

No one man nor set of men is wholly responsible for war, but the responsibility rests on the whole social fabric. Man is selfish. He would prosper at the expense of his neighbor. He would take advantage of all foreign peoples, and would



exploit for his own purposes the less knowing of his fellow citizens. As long as man acts from that view-point, so long will there be wars.

When war is going on, there is much useless effusion about the horrors of the battle-field, and about the sufferings of the destitute and grief-stricken women and children. As if that were not a part of war. Of course, it is terrible. But where is this desolating grievance to be found? It is found in the fact that a majority of men are so low in development that they will permit war, and in the fact that the leaders of the world are willing, for their own temporary advantage, to hold that majority to its present condition. Therein lies the trouble. The prevalent conditions of human society are adverse to the laws of evolution and to the higher purposes of life. Man can not stand still. He can not be permitted, polyp-like, to become fixed and satisfied with physical gratifications. The laws of life are such that when man persists in a course of conduct which forms an obstacle to his higher evolution, his own acts, without intention on his part, combine to bring about the proper remedy.

A close observer of human society is in no wise surprised at war. In the first place, it is almost universally true that each person is for himself first, as against the world, and thinks himself entitled to all the physical wealth and gratification that he can get for himself. This view is so prevalent that one is not blamed for holding it. It is looked on as a matter of course. In the next place, he is for his family before all other families. Then he is partial to his country as against other countries; then to his State as against other States, and he looks with hostile eye on the commercial prosperity of all foreign governments. That is, the whole social structure is based on individual selfishness.

This individual selfishness develops into professional selfishness, social selfishness, the selfishness of organizations, political selfishness, commercial selfishness, and national selfishness. All have the same purpose in view, the gratification of self. But some are more intelligent than others. The most intelligent use the less intelligent as henchmen and tools. They are all against the people; but

the most intelligent schemers lead. The bulk of the people are satisfied with superficial explanations. A nominal profession will do them. Accordingly, the leaders pose as valiant champions and promoters of reforms, charities, and religion. Especially are they fond of conspicuous acts of benevolence, acts that receive world-wide advertisement. The ignorant populace is not supposed then to inquire how such philanthropists procured their money. The sending, as a gift, of a ship-load of provisions to the destitute of some foreign nation is heralded to the world by subservient newspapers, while hundreds die at home of starvation, unnoticed.

The monopolists of provisions and the makers of ammunition and war materials want war. Governmental leaders, at times, favor war as a means of attaining their own grasping ends, or of diverting the attention of the governed from the methods by which they obtained and hold their power. Office-holders stand by each other and by the chief leaders in business. Contradictory precedents are treasured up and preserved as apparent authority for any biased opinion the court may be inclined to render.

The consequence of it all is that society lines up in two parties, the exploiters and the exploited. The intelligent leaders, by devoting their superiority to selfish and unjust ends, commit a great wrong. On the other hand, the bulk of the people get just what they deserve. When fifty or sixty millions of people are sunk so deep in a state of mental apathy that they will permit a few hundred men to determine their very existence, what they shall have, and when they shall go to the battle-field and expose themselves as a target to be shot at, for reasons of which they are wholly ignorant, nothing short of war, death, and suffering will arouse them. They are like the child that had to be burned in order to learn that fire is hot. Up to a certain point man will learn in no school but that of physical pain. Those intelligent but scheming leaders are the involuntary teachers of the remainder of the people. The leaders are not entitled to any credit for their teachings, their object being selfish, but they have developed some faculties, for which they will have their reward. The greater number of persons in any nation are

those who have buried their talents. Most persons are passive. They are not interested in the reasons for things. They attach themselves to some party, and then leave it to their leaders to manage affairs. They never investigate what is being done, further than to hear and to believe what the leader and his henchmen say. If they read the news, it is only their party organ, while all other papers are rejected as untrustworthy. They do not try to really know anything about the principles and purposes of government. At sound of the party shibboleth, they throw their hats in the air, yell for their candidate, and vote for the veriest trickster in the neighborhood. A friendly slap on the shoulder, a small present favor, the intimation of future recognition of him or of some of his friends, business dependence or connection—any of these things will win votes. The voter will likely never afterward make the least effort to know what the man he voted for has actually done in his official capacity. It is almost impossible to get the attention of the multitude fixed on and interested in anything that does not offer immediate physical recompense. They act as if the whole universe was made for no other purpose than to dress, eat, drink and have children, and enjoy bodily pleasures for a few years. They connive at the corrupt and selfish methods of their leaders, because each one desires the privilege of using the same methods against those of his own level and below him.

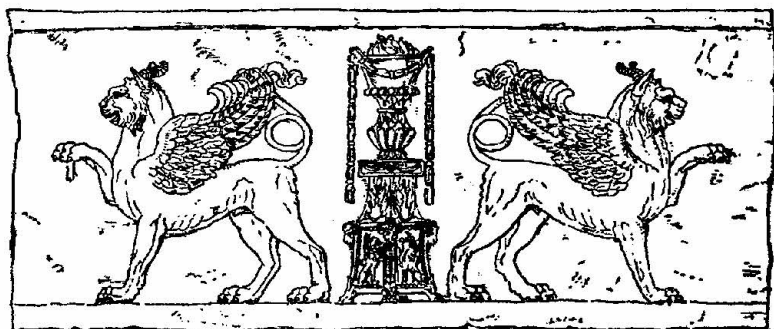
When man gets in this condition, nothing but extreme pain and deprivation will arouse him from his lethargy and compel him to think. This is precisely what the methods of the more intelligent leaders of society finally accomplish, and without intention on the part of the leaders. Human progress is like chemical action. Different elements unite to form a compound that resembles neither of the elements. The forming of the compound necessitates the obliteration of the elements. So has it been with every important step in the progress of the human race. The results have not been directly intended by man, but they have been brought about by a combination of those things he did intend. War is a compound of variety of human methods. Its tendency

is to obliterate some of the previous elements. It is a germicide. It is the bursting of a boil. It is purifying, not to a degree of completeness in any one case, but sufficiently purifying to remove some obstacles from the path of human evolution.

Neither does the foregoing views mean less real sympathy for those who suffer from the results of war. The sympathy of the world is that of a mother who gives her child something that is not for its benefit, just because it cries for it. The sympathy herein recommended is that which is for the good of all men, and especially for the final good of those suffering ones. The proper and important thing is that man learn well the lesson that all wars teach. That lesson is that nations have been entertaining an incomplete and erroneous purpose of life. The higher powers that control the universe look down on the horrors of war with composure, and apparently without a symptom of regret. It is only the children taking their medicine. It is for their good. The sun shines down on the battle-field as brightly and with as little concern as it shines on a field of corn. The solid earth itself is built up from the remains of animal and human life—all fallen in the struggle of life. When we look at war alone it seems shocking, but, if we consider the great world-tragedy, war becomes a petty passing event.

The earth has its seasons to correspond with each month of its year. The sun has its months of over two thousand years each. It is now in the beginning of a new month, a month which no one now living on the earth ever experienced in his present personality. The sun has recently entered the sign Aquarius. What this new season is to bring to the earth is not known, at least, to the inhabitants generally. War may not suffice to teach mankind its lesson. Present conditions and environments may need to be annihilated, old continents submerged and new ones arise from the ocean's bed free from the evil influences of present thought-forms.

One can not judge human progress by the conditions of a lifetime. Life is real, and for eternity. The laws of evolution must be obeyed, which means that all is safe.



## THE SCARAB OF DESTINY.\*

By Maris Herrington Billings.

### CHAPTER V.

"HELL HATH NO FURY LIKE A WOMAN SCORNEO."

THE sun was sinking in a blaze of crimson and gold, and the gray clouds were softly illumined with a mellow golden light. As Regina reached her home, she hastened to change her peplus for the evening meal. When she entered the triclinium she found Ostorius in no pleasant mood, because of her long delay; but she swept to her place at the head of the board with a majestic air, and noting that Ricardus was reclining near her, she gave him an amorous glance, as she took her place, the unmistakable light of love dancing in her eyes.

After a cold salutation, Ricardus turned his eyes on the screen, where the dancing girls awaited the usual signal. As the evening wore on, Regina noticed that the attention of Ricardus was centered on that screen. His eyes always strayed to the place where sat Nesta the harpist.

When she played, his face was a study; forgotten were his neighbors on either hand; his soul was far away. Strange pictures were ever passing through his brain. He saw a great river bathed in sunshine, and a sweet figure playing softly on a golden harp.

Regina spoke to him rather sharply several times before he returned to earth.

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"Hath the music bewitched thee, or art thou asleep?" said she, getting angry at last. She had been gracious and fascinating, but now she was growing fierce and sullen, for she was jealous of those persistent glances toward the slave.

Ricardus turned with a start, rudely awakened from his dream, by the tones of her voice.

"I hear that Marius hath offered to buy our harpist, but he doth not give her a glance. She could play forever, and, if Actes were near, I wager that he would not hear a note of the music. 'Tis thou that seemest to be enchanted", said Regina.

"Aye, I would give a thousand sesterces for the maid, could I but call her mine", said Ricardus, dreamily, scarcely realizing to whom he spoke; and he did not notice that Regina's eyes shone with a tigerish gleam, nor did he see the cruel orange which blazed in their dark depths. Leaning toward Ostorius, Regina whispered, "Dismiss Nesta. The music doth weary me tonight", and at the signal Nesta gladly went away.

The following morning, Regina sat on the marble seat, near the fishpond, and frowned at she tapped her sandalled foot in vexation. Naught saw she of the lovely landscape or the gorgeous peacocks, which strutted about in the sunlight, spreading their tails and gracefully trailing their plumage before her, as they waited for the corn with which she usually regaled them.

On his knees at the edge of the pond was Dafydd, the Welsh slave, patiently pulling the docks and weeds from among the purple Iris.

Ricardus called at the villa, and hearing that his host and hostess were both out, he made his way to the garden. A shade of annoyance crossed his handsome face when he saw Regina seated on the marble bench, but he bowed low over the fair hand extended to welcome him.

"Good morrow friend", said Regina, her heart in a flutter. "Surely the Gods have taken pity on my loneliness, to waft thee hither."

At last she had him alone! Now for her woman's wiles! "I will show thee the beauties of our garden, Ricardus. Come", she said, leading the way down the shaded path, where the giant oaks met in an arch of greenery overhead. As her feet pressed the velvet turf, it seemed to her as if she had walked just this way with her companion before, and the sense of something disagreeable impending made her resolve that this was her chance, now or never, to win Ricardus.



"Thou art not looking well", said Ricardus bluntly.

"'Tis a wonder thou dost notice that I am pale, Ricardus. My heart is breaking at thy coldness; hast thou not eyes to see? In Alexandria, as a child, I loved thee; and I love thee now Ricardus, yet thou art cold and distant. Canst thou not understand? Eros hath scorched my heart. I cannot live without thee. Oh, say that thou wilt love me!" She flung her arms around his neck, and pressed her burning lips to his in a warm caress.

Ricardus drew back haughtily, deliberately raised his hands and taking her by the wrists he forcibly removed the clinging arms from around his neck, saying coldly, "Thou dost forget thyself. I have never made love to thee, that I am aware of."

Tears of mortification filled Regina's eyes. "Yet I am accounted the most beautiful woman in the station", she pouted. "How canst thou be so cold?"

"I dislike the licentiousness and debauchery of these times", he replied coldly. A woman should be the wooed and not the wooer", and "I believe, with thy husband, in keeping sacred the marriage vow."

Regina tossed her head and laughed. She folded her arms, and regarded him with a haughty stare, that would have annihilated any ordinary mortal.

"Indeed thou art a holy man, Ricardus. No love-making! No freedom of action! I would rather be buried in the Catacombs than live thy doleful life. Truly thou art wedded to Mars. Thou shouldst worship only at that shrine. Thy chastity should assure thee a future among the immortal Gods", she said sarcastically.

"I crave thy pardon, Regina, if I have seemed to fail in respect to thee. But it were best I leave thee, for our sentiments do not agree", and, swinging on his heel, he turned and walked away.

Regina slowly gathered up her long peplus, and made her way to the marble seat. The glow of anger caused a scarlet flush to dye her cheeks. She sank upon the bench, her beautiful hair fell onto her shoulders, and she covered her face with her hands, and broke into a passionate fit of weeping; but the weeping did not last long, for when she saw Flavia approaching, she dried her tears. Her radiant eyes were flashing fire; her emotions were tigerish, and vengeance and hatred dominated her as she made her way to the pool. Ricardus should be made to love her yet. Ah, she had not yet given him the love philtre and when he came

to her with the love light shining in his eyes, then she would laugh at him and despise him.

The Lady Flavia advanced and bent to greet Regina with a kiss. Her quick eye noted the fallen hair and the flushed cheeks of her friend. "Thou dost not look happy, Regina. Pray what ails thee. Hast thou been troubled with a bad dream?" said she with a smile.

"No; a stern reality", said Regina with a frown. "Sit down, I have something for thine ear." Flavia obeyed, pointing meanwhile to the kneeling slave, only a few feet away.

"Stone deaf", said Regina, with a wave of her hand: "and what knowest the barbarians of Latin? Flavia, wouldst thou believe it possible for Nesta the slave to have bewitched Ricardus?"

"Aye, 'tis often done. Perhaps she hath taken a fancy to the handsome patrician; and she hath access to greater charms than we; for 'tis more than likely she is learned in the magic spells of the Druids. How doth he act toward her, Regina?"

"'Twas last night I noted that Ricardus seemed as though in a trance. His eyes never left the screen, and when she played the harp, he was like one dazed. I spoke to him, and he heeded not. Ostorius spoke to him, and Lucullus laughed, and 'twas not until Marius gave him a dig in the ribs, that he came back to earth. I bade Ostorius give the signal, and had the girl retire, and the moment she disappeared, Ricardus woke up and became himself again. But he soon made his escape, and came straight to this seat; for I watched him, and made Marius lead me hither. And 'twas Marius that said, 'Mercury hath bewitched Ricardus.' Domina."

"That is strange, Regina, but, why not get rid of the slave?"

"That is easier said than done, Flavia."

"Have her flogged within an inch of her life, for some trivial offense", said Flavia.

"Ostorius will not allow the lash on that fair white skin. He hath strictly forbidden it."

Flavia thought quickly. "Two days hence 'tis festival of Vesta. Command her to lay a votive offering on the shrine and make public obeisance to the Goddess."

"Nay, she is a barbarian. She will not bow to Vesta. She doth pass all the statues of the Gods in the villa with disdain. She avoids all processions, and I do not think she would enter a Roman temple."

"Didst thou not hear what Sylvanus said, that if they did not make obeisance to the Gods in Rome, they were accused of

being Christians. If that scene were enacted in the temple here, where the mob know not restraint, and with all these legionaries fresh from Rome, the soldiers would make short work of a slave who dared offend the Goddess in the temple", said Flavia, with a shrug of her shoulders.

"Aye, Flavia, I see through thy plan; and Ostorius could not hold me responsible for the temper of the plebeians. Now I know what Calan meant. 'Tis then I must repeat the mystic words, so the charm will not fail," she muttered. "It shall be done, Flavia. I will command her to carry a brace of white doves and lay them on the altar of Vesta for me."

At this moment the kneeling Briton arose to his feet and hastily picked up his weeds, cramming them into a large reed basket. Adjusting the creel to his shoulders with a strap, he walked away with clenched hands, leaving the two ladies to discuss what they would wear in the procession at the festival.

Dafydd made his way to the place where the weeds were dumped, then, going to the Major Domo of the establishment, he said, "Master, the moles be running so thick around the pond that they be spoiling the lily beds. Mought I ask thee to let me go to the smiths to get a steel snare. I'll be ridding the place of the vermin in a day, if I but have the trap."

The overseer nodded, and gave him some small coins. "Thanks, master", and Dafydd hurried off. Once in the town he turned sharply to the right, where he made his way to a small hut. A woman dressed in a coarse woolen garment, answered his summons.

"The time has come, Gwenny", he said in Welsh. "Thou wilt have a stout coracle hidden under the alders at the big stone tonight. We will make our way to Areconium, and, once across the Wye, we shall make for the Usk; then we can defy the Romans. Thou wilt send word to my mother to be ready for our coming. 'Tis a long journey for the maid. I would we could have a couple of ponies at Rodynfach."

"Aye, aye, thou canst depend on me, Dafydd", answered the woman, who was his cousin, and dearly loved Nesta; she would have risked her life for her princess.

It was near sunset before Dafydd caught sight of Nesta on the balcony, where she was reading the golden flashes from *Caer Caradoc*, which were longer than usual.

"We are preparing for battle", said she. After the last signal had died away, Nesta saw Dafydd making signs to her from the garden, so she sauntered in the direction of the fish

pond, picking roses for the evening garlands as she went. Dafydd brought her the basket and as he bent over it he told her in Welsh what he had heard Regina plan.

Nesta proudly flung up her head. "I bow to the false Gods of the invaders! Never! I would die first!"

"This very night thou must go, Nesta. I will have all in readiness for thy escape. We can make Rodynfach before daylight. There we can lie hidden for a day or two. Then we can make our way to Caer Leon. Thy father will be at the autumn conclave of the chiefs."

"'Tis well, Dafydd. At the midnight hour, then, I will join thee at the big stone on the bank of the river."

When Nesta retired that night she took from a peg on the wall a warm red woollen kirtle, and donned coarse sandals of horsehide. Then from an old chest she took a small bundle wrapped in linen. When she opened this there was disclosed to view a band of gold rings of Phœnician workmanship, the rings being interwoven in a peculiar manner, and fastened with a large round flat clasp. On the back of the clasp were engraved strange runic characters. These rings with the clasp, formed the insignia of the Welsh chief, which Caradoc had sent by the bard Taliesin. The golden torque of Caradoc was known to every Ordovice in North Wales, and to most of the Silures. It would insure shelter, food and conveyance for Nesta on the journey, for every Welshman had sworn to aid the bearer of the golden torque. Nesta carefully adjusted it about her neck; then, wrapping herself in a dark mantle, she made her way out into the sleeping garden, which was full of shadows.

The trees loomed in faint black masses against the lighter sky, and all was silent as she glided from bush to bush, and flitted from shadow to shadow, making her way to the river, which glittered like silver under the rays of the full moon. At the big rock stood the silent figure of the faithful Dafydd, patiently awaiting her coming.

Nesta stepped lightly into the coracle, and Dafydd took the paddle in hand, and skillfully guided the light craft down the dangerous fords.

As they swiftly passed down the stream, the moonlight showed a glorious scene of wooded hill and dale. Through a vista in the trees, against the clear light of the horizon was seen the Wrekin, guardian of this silent vale. By wooded banks, which loomed on either side of the dale, they floated down the river along a pathway of glistening ripples, between the droop-

ing willows, and the wind softly sighed among the silvered leaves of the alders. The splash of the falling paddle was the only sound heard on the quiet night air. On past Marnwood and the green island, where now stand the ruins of Buildwas Abbey, on, on through the primeval forest swept the coracle, till it came to a place where the hills rose on either side of the river.

The days of our northern climate were at their longest, and almost before the twilight had faded from the west, the faint rose flush of day was breaking over the hills.

Soon they reached the White Horse Ford, with its white waves breaking in foam upon the rocks. A little further, and the coracle was hidden in the flags among many of its kind, and the fugitives alighted near a cluster of rough huts, which has now grown into the fair old village of Bewdley. Here they were met by Dafydd's brother, who acted as a guide. On the side of a hill, a couple of miles from the river, stood a small hut constructed of logs daubed with clay and thatched with reeds curiously plaited together.

The hut which consisted of two rooms, commanded a fine view of the surrounding country, and the air was sweet with the perfume of broom and gilly-flowers. This was the home of Myfanwy, mother of Dafydd, who gave Nesta a warm welcome.

Everything was scrupulously neat and clean, and on some loose stones was a small fire, made of peat and clay mixed together. A rude shelf contained some clay mugs and rudely fashioned bright tin plates.

Myfanwy had a warm meal waiting, of stewed rabbit and acorn bread,\* with unsalted butter, clotted cream, and wild strawberries; for the native Britons fared well. The mountain streams were well filled with fish; the woods were full of game, wild boars and deer roamed everywhere; and rabbits, ducks and hares could be had for the laying of a snare.

After the meal, Myfanwy bade Nesta crawl up to a small space under the eaves, where she slept snugly through the greater part of the day, while Owen faithfully kept guard, to warn the fugitives of danger.

Great was the consternation in the villa when at noon it was discovered that Nesta the singer was missing as well as the old Briton, Dafydd, the gardener.

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\* Little cakes made of meal obtained by pounding acorns into flour. They were of a somewhat bitter taste.

An ominous frown gathered on the brow of Ostorius, as he entered the atrium, and demanded of Regina what she had done to the girl to cause her flight.

"Thou seemest to trouble thyself over much about the maid. I trust thou wilt see her head brought back shortly, as Cassia's was a few months back", said Regina, laughing as she recalled the sickening sight.

Ostorius called a centurion, and commanded that the fugitives be brought back alive, but not in chains, as he did not consider Nesta a slave. Although a pagan, and scrupulous in his attendance on all the ceremonies of the Gods, and one of the most devoted worshippers at the Temple of Jupiter he spent large sums on sacrifices, and, when he poured libations, he used only the purest wine. Ostorius was a just man, charitable and compassionate; he was very angry at the flight of Nesta, for he had ever tried to be kind to her.

When Ricardus heard the news, his face grew pale. "By all the Gods! surely 'tis not true!" he said to Ostorius.

"Aye, but 'tis true, but she cannot have gone far from the station, and she will soon be brought back", he answered confidently.

"Not in the usual way?" faltered Ricardus. "May I not help thee to look after the runaway? With thy permission, I could let Marius take a corps and seek the maiden. I beg thee, Ostorius, to spare her life."

"And why?" said Ostorius coldly, noting the extreme agitation of the patrician. "Because of her wonderful skill on the harp?"

"Didst thou not tell me she was a hostage", faltered Ricardus, his face white and drawn.

"Oh, I remember, Marius offered to buy the maid", continued Ostorius. "Hast thou too taken a fancy in that direction? I may sell her to him now, as a just punishment. But things of greater importance demand our attention, Ricardus. The Legion must move at once. Last night the Ordovices again swept over the border, and carried off a large herd of cattle. Tomorrow at sunrise the Legion will march in battle array to yonder stronghold of the barbarian chief and annihilate his forces."

All was excitement in Uriconium when the soldiers prepared for the long march on the morrow. But to-day they made merry at the festival of Vesta; and scarcely had the shades of evening fallen, when from hill to hill blazed the signal fires of



the Welsh, which told every Briton in the country of the impending battle on the morrow.

## CHAPTER VI.

## CAER CARADOC.

**A**MONG the Stratton hills stands a conical shaped mountain known as Caer Caradoc; on the top of the mountain was the camp of the Welsh Chief Caradoc, called by the Romans, Caractacus.

Nature had formed the bulwarks of this stronghold. Its steep and rocky sides, with the river guarding its base, formed an almost impassable barrier, especially for men in armor mounted on war horses.

Caradoc had fortified his stronghold by a wall of loose stones which served as a rampart, and in the center stood a circular tower built of rough stones, in the lower chamber of which were stored the javelins and arrows of this brave band. On the far side of the mountain a narrow winding path led through thorny thickets to the glen below, affording means of escape from this mountain eyrie.

In a hollow formed by a ring of stones burned a bright and crackling fire of brushwood. The dancing flames lighted up the countenance of a man who stood with folded arms not far away. Caradoc was a man of medium height, with soft brown eyes; his brown hair fell in waves to his shoulder, and a beard of lighter hue adorned his finely cut features. His well proportioned figure and his shapely limbs denoted great physical strength. As he stood thus with the light of the watch fire\* casting its ruddy glow on his handsome face, I saw that he wore a pensive look.

His dress consisted of a rough jerkin of untanned hide, reaching to his knee, with sandals of the same material. A long narrow strip of leather, wound around the leg from knee to ankle, formed his leggings. He wore a gold collar of twisted wire, and two plain gold bands adorned his left arm, but his right arm above the elbow was bare, for the golden torque which denoted his rank was missing, having been sent to Nesta.

Around his head he wore a band of dull red gold, something after the Roman style. He now proceeded to address his followers, who stood around in picturesque attitudes, clad in jerkins made of wolf, bear, and sheep skin, with the hair still on.

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\* This fire was a signal to every Briton within sight of Caer Caradoc of impending battle.

In impassioned tones Caradoc bade them fight to the last breath for their beloved country.

"This battle will decide the fate of Britain. Our liberty, or our eternal slavery, dates from to-morrow. Remember our brave ancestors; they drove the great Caesar himself from our shores, and shall we hold back while there is one man left alive to hold aloft the Golden Dragon?"

"Nay, nay," answered the Britons with a wild yell. Then Taliesin arose, and to the accompaniment of his harp he sang a wild and stirring battle hymn, which was taken up by the musical voices of all the men, until the hills echoed and re-echoed with the glorious melody, and it seemed as though voices from the unseen were borne back on the breeze in answer to the fervent words.

When the last notes of the song had died away Taliesin knelt at the feet of Caradoc and craved leave to speak in behalf of the men.

Arise, oh, Bard! thy favor is granted thee ere thou dost speak. On the eve of battle we can well afford to be gracious", said Caradoc, with the winning smile that endeared him to all his men.

"Nay, chief; as yet thou hast not heard our plea. Nevertheless we beseech thee to grant us thy promise. Oh, Caradoc, thou knowest the love of thy people is with thee; and we hope to conquer in the coming battle. Gladly will we lay down our lives in the defense of our dear land; but, one and all, we ask thee to give us thine oath that, if thou seest the battle is going in favor of the foe, thou wilt not be taken prisoner; for thou art our only hope. If thou art safe, the Cymry can rally round the banner, until we conquer or die. The Arch Bard hath prophesied that Wales shall always belong to us, and that, to the end of time, the Welsh shalt dwell in the West of Britain. Nesta is but a girl, and would make a poor leader against the powerful Romans."

"Wouldst have me turn my back on the foe?" said Caradoc with a frown. "Methinks, my people, ye are growing faint-hearted."

"Nay, oh chief; but if thou wilt flee when the odds are against thee, thou wilt lead us another day. Should the Romans take Caer Caradoc and thee, thy people are undone indeed."

Every man fell on his knees at the feet of their beloved leader, for Caradoc was the idol of his people. They begged him to promise that if the invaders seemed likely to gain the day, he would flee.

Caradoc was deeply affected, as he said, "My people, ye think more of me than of yourselves. When the Romans shall succeed in taking the round tower I will flee to yonder hills, where ye can join me upon the slopes of Cader Idris. I see that the twigs have not been propitious," he said, turning to a Druid priest standing near. "Dost think it well to let the band know that the signs are bad for the morrow?"

"Why not, oh chief? Could they have a more glorious end than to fall fighting for their country?"

"Thou hast led them on to this speech to-night, and thou deniest me the end I would desire should the hated Romans win the battle.

"Nay, oh beloved chief; the stars predict that thou wilt not die in battle, but that thou wilt cross the sea to a far country, and the danger lies near thee now. That, oh Caradoc, means that thou wilt be a prisoner of Rome; and thou hast heard the fate that is meted out to their captive kings."

Without a word Caradoc turned to his men, and said, "Light the beacon fires. Let every Briton know that to-morrow we give battle to the Romans."

Then the old priest arose and softly began to chant in a low voice, which gradually rose to a mournful wail. Every one joined in, for the Welsh sang as spontaneously as the birds; and when the last soft tones died away the silence of the night became oppressive. The shadows deepened in the primeval forests, surrounding the camp, and soon all was wrapped in slumber.

## CHAPTER VII.

### SUBCONSCIOUS MEMORIES.

**T**HE gray twilight was stealing over the valley when Myfanwy once more served Dafydd and Nesta with a warm meal. The room was lighted by candles made of bull-rushes dipped in the fat of animals snared for food. Myfanwy had prepared a basket, well supplied with provisions for the long journey across country, and the fugitives made their way through the silent forests of Wyre.

The oaks and beeches loomed black and vague, casting weird and dancing shadows on the undergrowth, where the checkered moonlight fell. But Dafydd knew every path and glade, and toward morning they reached the hut of a shepherd, where they intended to stay hidden during the day; but the shepherd, after serving them with warm milk, advised them to push on.

"The air be full of rumors that Roman scouting parties are searching villages near the river for two escaping slaves of the governor. Thou hadst best take to the hills, Dafydd. Danger besets thee here on every hand. The watch-fires blazed on every hilltop last night."

"Then they are going into battle to-day," said Nesta. "Oh, my dear father! I pray he will not fall, Dafydd."

"Nay, Nesta Vach† What said the Druid priest? Did not the twigs say that thy father would yet rule in peace?"

"True, true, Dafydd. Let us hope it will all come right in the end."

The sun was now casting his golden beams athwart the grassy glades and lighting up with radiance the brown holes of the giant trees, every leaf of which was sparkling with the morning dew. The birds were pouring forth their matins in glad chorus, and in the tree-tops I heard the song of the mavis and the merle. The turf, smooth as velvet, yielded beneath their feet; squirrels hopped from limb to limb; wood pigeons told their sweet story of love, and a startled rabbit stood upon his haunches and gazed at the intruders.

The trees were wound with a species of tiny glossy ivy, as if decorated for a fete of the Fauns and Satyrs; and beneath were massed ferns and moss, in fantastic beauty, dotted with wild bluebells and star-eyed daisies.

Toward noon the travelers came to a clear river,\* tumbling in wild cascades down the side of a forest-clad hill. The way then led by mossy banks that bordered the stream, where huge trees cast their grateful shade. Nesta watched the water-birds at their graceful play, and the fish sporting in the clear water. The river flowed beneath hanging boughs of sycamore trees, and through the soft green of flower-strewn meadows, as it danced merrily on its way to join the Wye.

Here they lingered in the shelter of the forest till near sunset, when they met a lone Briton driving a herd of goats. After a short parley he was shown the golden torque of Caradoc, and agreed to shelter the fugitives for the night. From his host Dafydd learned that the Romans were storming Caer Caradoc.

At sunrise next morning they were on their way to cross the Wye, and at sunset they had just breasted a high hill. To the west, long, low clouds blended into a landscape of enchanting beauty, where green forests, on the rolling hills, stretched away

† A Welsh word signifying "dearie."

\* The Monon.

into the distance; below them lay the verdant valley of the Wye in all its pristine loveliness; and to their right was a blue lake, sparkling in the sun's declining rays.

Glancing to the left Dafydd saw a troop of Roman soldiers preparing to camp for the night. He hastily drew Nesta back into the shadow of the trees, and led the way down the opposite side of the hill till he came to a place where some low bushes grew in profusion. Pushing these aside, he said to Nesta, "Llewellyn's cave will have to be our shelter to-night, for the Romans are between us and Evans."

Behind the bushes Nesta saw the opening of a large cavern. Dafydd struck a flint and lit a small pine torch to see that no wild beast was sheltered therein. The fitful gleams of the torch lit up the place with a thousand dancing lights, which were reflected in the shining spar, encrusting the long stalactites which hung from the roof and flashed like diamonds at every turn he made. The cave was dry and spacious, and Dafydd proceeded to set out the evening meal.

"Now if thou canst gather a few dry leaves, to heap in yonder corner, I will watch the Roman camp. When the night grows darker I will have to leave thee for a short while, Nesta. If I can but make my way round the lake I can get a couple of ponies, and to-morrow we could meet them on the other side of the river, and ride thence to *Caer Leon*. Once over the Wye, we can snap our fingers at the Romans."

"But are we not in Welsh territory now?" asked Nesta wearily.

"Aye; but the Roman Stations abound even here. If I fail to get the ponies, we shall have to go down the Wye in a coracle, and that is dangerous."

"I hope thou wilt not tarry long, Dafydd", she said in a trembling voice.

"Nay, I will be back in a couple of hours. Creep thou into the cave and sleep, and thou wilt be quite safe. I doubt that those soldiers be looking for us; they be making their way to some station," he said cheerfully, as he waved his hand in farewell; and with sure steps he ascended the hill in order to watch them.

Nesta gathered the leaves, heather and gorse, and laid them in a large heap, just inside the entrance to the cave; then she spread them out and made a fragrant bed, but as long as the twilight lasted she would not go inside for she felt a strange reluctance to enter.

The moon arose, flooding the picturesque valley, and Nesta

gazed long on a scene of surpassing beauty. Dafydd came to bid her farewell as he went away. Then she sat thinking of the Roman villa. She knew how soon she would be missed. She pictured the pursuit, and believed that, if they captured her, dire punishment, if not awful death, would be meted out to her. The band the badge of slavery, was still upon her arm, and could only be removed by a smith. It proclaimed her to all Roman eyes as the missing slave of Ostorius.

Nesta was not cast in an heroic mould, and these gloomy fancies got on her nerves, as she sat beside the bushes, near the entrance to the cave, which loomed black and shadowy behind her. The loneliness of the forest became unbearable. Now and then an owl would screech to its mate, its melancholy wail being repeated by the echoes from glen to glen; and at last the howl of a distant wolf and the barking of a fox in the coppice below made her seek the silent gloom of the cave. The darkness of its further recesses sent a cold chill of terror over her as she lay down, but she could get a glimpse of the moonlit sky; and presently, in spite of her fears, she fell asleep. She awoke with a start to find a soft rain falling, so she was obliged to creep further into the cave. Then a strange chill came over her.

The darkness seemed peopled with misty forms. She thought she saw long oblong cases lying all round her, and a strange and sickening odor filled the air. "Where have I smelt that before? I feel so cold—just as if I were lying among the dead—as if I were buried!" she whispered in terror.

She sat up, a huddled heap of misery, with her heart beating wildly, but she dared not move. At last the rosy light of dawn came creeping up the eastern sky, and she arose, cramped and weary. She did not know that in the long, silent night she had passed through a strange experience very common to mortals. Her subconscious mind had reverted to a former existence. She did not know that in a former existence her body had lain for centuries in a cave in the Mokattam hills, and that her subconscious mind recognized the strange mummy odor after the lapse of a thousand years.

Dafydd was nowhere in sight. Softly Nesta imitated the call of the cuckoo; but no answer came. As she stood in perplexity, wondering where he could be, there arose in the clear, blue overhead a burst of sweet high notes like the strains of a flute, until the air quivered with the melody. It came nearer and nearer, and she watched with delight as the small brown atom wheeled and dropped to earth.



"The sky lark! How I love thee, sweet little bird! But thy song doth leave a note of sorrow in my heart. I feel as if thou wert a messenger of woe to me," she said sadly. "Where can Dafydd be? Can anything have happened to him? I wonder he tarries so long!" And wonder she did indeed, for she never saw Dafydd again.

On leaving her, he had made his way round the edge of the lake, opposite the camp. He was proceeding with great care, when to his consternation he beheld a couple of legionaries coming directly toward him. The only thing he could do was to plunge into the lake up to his neck, and stay there; and there he had to stay for more than two hours, for every soldier in the camp seemed bent on strolling round the lake. When at last the rain and mist drove them to shelter, Dafydd was so cramped with the cold water that he could hardly stand.

He made his way to the hut of his friend the shepherd of Monow, where he fell across the threshold in a faint. They laid him on a rude couch; and when he awoke he was in a raging fever, and babbled in delirium for days of shining rivers and woodland glades where the fleeing Britons could roam at will, free as the creatures of the forest from fear of the accursed Romans.

As the hours dragged wearily on and Dafydd came not, Nesta reconnoitred the other side of the hill and found that the soldiers had gone. Then she made up her mind that she could not stay another night in the cave.

"I feel sure 'tis the abode of evil spirits. Rather will I face capture than enter there again," she said.

She ate what remained in the basket, and waited until the day began to wane. The peaceful loveliness of the sky, the beauty of this enchanting valley, and the orange light of the glowing sunset filled her heart with wonder, and seemed to give her courage, and as faithful Dafydd had failed to return, she determined to make her way to the distant town whose white buildings she could just discern above the tops of the trees to her right. She knew it must be the Roman station of Areconium\* and she hoped to find the friend whom Dafydd had mentioned. Her white gown was tucked up around her waist, and, in her short red kirtle and coarse sandals, and her dark mantle of rough wool, she looked a typical British maiden, as she walked into Areconium, in the fading light of evening. She

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\*Now Ross.

made her way to the river, where she made inquiries for Evan ap Evan the fisherman. He was soon pointed out to her, and it needed only the sight of the golden torque to secure his services, for he was a loyal Briton, and had followed Caradoc through more than one skirmish against the Romans.

So he took her to his wife, who sheltered her for the night; and at early dawn his coracle was dancing on the waves, ready to take her down the river to his brother at Blestinium.† Here Nesta proposed to wait until Evan returned to Areconium to try to obtain news of Dafydd who, she hoped, had obtained the ponies, so that they could make their way to Pontypool.

The river flowed between its wooded banks, and gazing into the silver surface of the limpid water that, like a mirror, reflected the deeper blue of the sky, Nesta watched the swallows flying in the cloud-flecked firmament above, and losing themselves in the green of the reflected woods.

The coracle glided on, propelled by the vigorous hand of Evan, past long stretches of forest, and mossy banks where the green grass grew to the water's edge, past the great cliffs which cast their shadows over the sunlit water, until at last Evan brought it round with a graceful turn of his hand, and they had reached Blestinium. Nesta was glad to seek repose in the humble hut of Griffith ap Evan. At set of sun, Nesta was talking to the gude wife, and praising the chubby baby, who, with thumb in mouth, was staring at the stranger, when suddenly upon the quiet air sounded the musical notes of a trumpet. Nesta stood as if petrified; for well she knew the blast of a Roman centurion.

Outside, the world was wrapped in mist, and a grey haze enveloped every tree and bush. "The river!" gasped the woman. "Jump in to the coracle and paddle out to the middle of the stream. The fog will hide thee."

"Aye, aye; they cannot see me in the mist. I will return when thou wilt stand on the bank and sing the song we love, Gwylt Walia."\*

Her flying feet soon brought her to the place where the coracle was moored. She jumped in, and softly paddled to the center of the Wye, where the current was deep and strong; then she drew in the paddle and let the coracle drift. "'Tis better to get away from the vicinity," she thought. "I can paddle back when all danger is past."

Flocks of sea-gulls followed the coracle, and the fluttering of their white wings was some comfort to the lonely girl,

†Now Monmouth.

\*Wild Wales.

as she floated through the silent grey mist; but Nesta did not know the Wye, nor did she realize how fast the treacherous current was bearing her along. She could see only a few yards around her, for the mist enveloped her like a white pall. A soft rain began to fall; the chilly fog pierced to the marrow of her bones; and gradually it began to grow darker. Nesta caught up the paddle, but found to her surprise that she could make no headway against the swift tide, so she gave it up in despair.

The mist grew into the darkness of night; vast black shadows loomed in the gathering gloom on either side of the river. In a circle, just around the coracle, shone a faint blue light, an unearthly radiance like the glare of summer lightning. Nesta grew strangely afraid of this queer light, and sat pale and still, with beating heart, as if held by an uncanny spell.

The waves became high, and crested with white foam; the wind began to moan, and blew down the valley with increasing violence; and whistling through the tossing trees it seemed to wail like lost spirits. The coracle began to rock as it breasted the waves, and Nesta realized that a storm was coming. "This is horrible", she moaned. "I am afraid of the darkness; and I am doomed, for the coracle will never outlive a storm like this. Oh whither am I bound? Shall I live again, according to our faith, or shall I awake in the Elysian fields of the Romans, or will grizzly Pluto stand ready to claim my soul? I am afraid, afraid!" she moaned. "Yet there must be some higher power. The gulls that flew before the wind feared not the storm; the chattering sparrows trust to Nature; I will pray to that great Power that guides the dumb creatures of the forest", and clasping her hands she said, "Oh, thou mighty One, Thou that madest this earth and sky, give me thy guidance through the storm, teach me as Thou dost the deer of the forest and if life is at an end, keep my soul from Pluto."

Then, lying in the bottom of the coracle, she crossed her hands upon her breast. Unconsciously she made the sign of the cross, then fainted from terror, and merciful oblivion came to her as the coracle tossed upon the rising waves. It seemed incredible that such a small boat, a mere frame-work of wicker, covered with deer-skin and daubed with pitch, roughly shaped, and almost alike at both ends, could live in those waves; yet Nesta spent the long night tossing in the fragile little craft, and it bore its silent burden out into the Severn, and down to the waters of the Bristol Channel.

*(To be continued.)*

# THE SOCIAL AND POLITICAL CONDITIONS OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

By Baron L. Hellenbach.

Translated from the German and Commented on

By Eduard Herrmann.

## PART II.

**A**FTER acquainting ourselves with the causes and tendencies of the three burning questions in the nineteenth century, namely, preparations for war, socialism, and communism; after seeing that the destructive, ruinous readiness for war can be overcome by a federation of several nations—socialism by sane monopolies, and communism by the inheritance tax imposed on bachelors and childless people—our next step will be to trace the tendencies of the twentieth century, and to picture its social and political conditions.

The state will own the railroads, the savings-banks, the insurance and transportations business; it will drive the capital out of all positions where it draws interest without work and risk. If to this great income of the state is added the inheritance tax of persons without direct heirs, then the amortization of the national debt and the formation of a collective fund, which becomes larger from day to day, is only a question of time. Such a public property could do much for the citizens, provided that the public debt is not increased, and that the state does not spend more money than it takes in. Without this provision an increase of the State receipts is not a blessing but a curse, because it furthers the schemes of politicians and militarists. With the abolition of State debts, the conditions in Europe would become better even without the measures proposed above, only more slowly. The happiness of humanity depends entirely on the obviation of war and of readiness for war.

We know the causes and effects of war, and we understand that wars will cease in Europe if the existing inefficiencies can be abolished. A nation of, say, three millions can well be conquered, but not subjugated for any length of time, if it resists; we need only point to Switzerland, the Netherlands, America, Lombardy, and the small Balkan States, which enforced the right of self-determination even against superior antagonists. The right of self-determination will become the law of nations; this will probably not entirely abolish the readiness for war, but it will, at least, reduce it to a bearable measure.

Presuming a seven-fold membership of the European federation, and giving to each of the seven states a perfectly ready, well trained army of one hundred thousand men with a reserve of the same number, then we would have a million and a half of soldiers. Add to this army a proportionate navy, which is necessary on account of the ever-growing power of non-European States, then the federation would not easily be attacked by any other power.

The reduction of the standing armies to one-third or one-fourth of its present strength would not hurt the imposing power of a European federation; but I fear it cannot be done without severe fighting for the purpose of regulating the boundaries, thanks to the wisdom of diplomats and the egotism of nations. This fighting is inevitable and will take place partly during the nineteenth, but principally in the twentieth century. The East is full of inefficiencies and it is to be desired that Russian arrogance, French chauvinism, or other causes precipitate the unavoidable fight; for the most burning question is the eternal readiness for war, because, as long as that exists, an amortization of the public debt is out of the question, and States loaded with debts can do nothing for the social questions. These questions cannot be banished from the world, though it is sometimes attempted—they have to find their synthetic solution. The twentieth century will therefore be obliged to form a European federation which essentially diminishes the readiness for war; which changes the passivity of the States into activity; which, through well organized monopolies and in-

surances of all kinds, especially through the inheritance tax, guarantees the existence of its citizens.

The result of the fights which must unavoidably precede will correspond to this picture. Just as the club law had to give way to the idea of State, so will war be obliged to disappear before the humanitarian idea; no doubt is justified in this respect, for humanity progresses in spite of all vacillations and relapses. It is not possible to designate the order and manner in which those events will come to pass, but we can say something about the burning questions of the different States:

The Irish question has no significance for Europe on account of the insular position of Great Britain; but it certainly paralyzes the power of England which has two mighty neighbors of her colonies, America and Asia. On England rests a heavy guilt in regard to its treatment of Ireland, whose present condition is only the reaction against the oppression of former times. It is not necessary to read the writings of the Fenians, for it suffices to know what Disraeli, Wellington, Robert Peel, John Russel, confessed in Parliament, in order to state that no people were ever maltreated as were the Irish.

According to the Encyclopedia Britannica, during the famine in 1739, one-fifth of the population perished; and in the famine of 1845 and the following four years, over one million (1,030,000) died. The laborers received starvation wages, and had to pay exorbitant rents in labor for their miserable cabins. Irish landlords were formerly in position of slave owners and consequently very tyrannical. No wonder that the population tried with desperate means to change their terrible lot. To sin against the right of self-determination of a people can never do any good to the State, and there cannot be any doubt that in the twentieth century Ireland will receive its autonomy. Gladstone was right on this point.

Much more important for the peace of Europe is the question of Alsace and Lorraine. At the beginning of the twentieth century the participants in the war of 1870 will have died out and a new generation will have grown up.



Then it will be decided whereto the population gravitates. Force is not in order; fortune of war sometimes smiles upon one and again upon another; Alsace and Lorraine have to be conquered by moral means. Supposing that all the European questions were solved, with the exception of those two countries, each one of them would have to bear the burden of millions of marks yearly for war preparations, while a war would cost thousands of millions. The two countries are not worth so much, neither for Germany nor for France, and it is clear that the inhabitants of Alsace and Lorraine alone have to decide to whom they want to belong. It cannot be denied that the Prussian government never had the talent to acquire sympathy—although it is very efficient. But the conditions in France are still less suitable to hope for anything good; France has decidedly gone back, although the material condition of its citizens has improved. The political life has gained nothing because the bulk of the population is not interested in public matters and may just as well be governed by a despotic ruler as by a band of Jacobins.

The conditions in France being somewhat unstable, uncomfortable, it is not probable that Alsace-Lorraine should have a great longing to be conjoined to France; they will probably remain German. But in the present condition of Europe the state of feeling in France and in Alsace-Lorraine is very uncomfortable for Germany, which is surrounded by three great neighbors who tend to check her actions. Germany is obliged to suffer every humiliation from Russia, on account of the French neighborhood; not to speak of England.

The impulse for a regeneration of Europe will probably come from the south-eastern part, because there the measure of inefficiencies is full. Whatever may happen, the future formation of the Balkan States will accept the form of a federation of smaller States; but whether this will be done through Austria or Russia nobody knows.

Bulgaria, Rumania, Servia, Greece, all are anxious to know if they will be protected by the European powers, respectively by Austria, or if they shall be delivered up to Russian despotism. In both cases the final result, namely the freedom and confederation of these countries, will be the

same, but it will make a great difference whether the federation is brought about through Austria, or through a revolution against the Russian protectorate, after the destruction of Austria. The second way would be a very blooded one.

The Austrian policy seems to be in favor of a division of the Balkan States, which is a grave mistake; the same must be said of Austria's inner policy, because its statesmen do not understand that the Germans, Italians, and Ruthenians cannot forever be kept in the monarchy against their will.

The right of self-determination, of equal rights, must be accorded to every nation, great or small, and the future of a monarchy depends solely on the condition of making allowance to the interests of its different nationalities. The different nationalities will always incline to that government which guards and protects their material, national interests, and those of freedom. It is a delusion to believe or to hope that the Balkan States, which are larger than Germany and have more inhabitants, will receive their laws from Berlin, or Vienna, or St. Petersburg. The inner quarrels may make this possible for a time, but finally the better understanding, that is, the necessity of a strong federation, will triumph.

But the questions of Ireland, Alsace-Lorraine, and the Balkan States, are only of secondary importance, and may be dragged along for some time, if only everything else were in order.

The natural configuration and federation of Europe on a basis of the right of self-determination and the interests of nations, will be brought about by three factors, which can, fortunately, not be meddled with by diplomats; the ever-increasing financial misery of the European States, the flourishing example of the United States of America in the twentieth century, and the greatness of autocratic Russia.

The financial position of European countries needs no further explanation; it is: thirty-three per cent for the army, thirty-three per cent for the debt, and thirty-three per cent for humanitarian purposes. Against those figures the America of the future will form a contrast which cannot be without a great retrospective influence on Europe. The social-political conditions of America and of Europe are the result

of the migrations of peoples. One of them destroyed the Greek and Roman culture and empire in order to call another one into being; it came from Asia in great swarms. The second migration began with the discovery of America, and still continues; it is carried out not by devastating armies, but by peaceful settlement. Its creation, the United States of America, has already in the nineteenth century outstripped Europe; it has founded the most important State of the world. The condition of America in the twentieth century can be described in a few words: Greater in extension, in population, in production, in wealth; no State debts, no militarism, only a modest, payed army.

It cannot be doubted that the European nations will have the desire for similar conditions, and that for the reorganization of Europe the threatening danger of the near East will be more effective than the prosperity of the far West. The greatness of Russia and its ruthless aggressive policy will finally arouse the European powers and necessitate a political movement, culminating in the sentence: "Europe for the Europeans."

Napoleon I. is said to have remarked that in fifty years Europe would either be a republic or Russian; this has so far not come true. The republican form of government has nothing to do with this question, for we know that the protectorate of Cromwell and the consulate of Napoleon were more monarchical than the government of England or Italy now is; and the abolishing of dynasties by a revolution has always borne evil fruit. We have better and more humane means to protect the right of self-determination of great nations against impossible demands. But in spite of this, the prophecy of Napoleon might come true if the monarchies should prove to be an insurmountable hindrance to the further development of humanity, or if the princes should consent to surrender Europe to the ambitious successors of Peter the Great. Napoleon was right in so far as Europe is much more democratic now than it was in his time; it has, in fact, received a constitutional form of government. In regard to the Russian influence which he foresaw, it cannot be denied that Europe was always treated in a disgraceful, humiliating way by Russia, especially in the Bulgarian ques-

tion. But even if Russia should entirely dominate in Europe, the federation of the different States, the diminution of armies, the monopolies, would in time still come to pass.

In the meantime, nobody is anxious for Russian despotism and dominion (least of all the Jews, who have always been treated in the most cruel manner by the Russians. In 1905 there were seven hundred and twenty-five pogroms in Bessarabia, Cherson, Tauria, Poltawa, Tschernigow, Kiew, Wolhynia, Jekaterinoslaw, in which at least eight thousand men, women and children were killed and wounded. In Odessa alone, one thousand persons perished, and the sums of which the Jews were robbed run up into millions. The well-known writer, Prince Urussow, former governor of Bessarabia, makes the Czar directly responsible for this terrible bloodshed. "Since 1903," writes the prince, "the whole world knows that the Czar himself is in thought and feeling an enemy of the Jews.")

The Asiatic autocracy, which is a curse to Russia, proved to be a blessing for Europe. Think only of the consequences if Russia had defended the autonomy and freedom of Poland and of Bulgaria! All the Balkan States would now be under a Russian protectorate, which would mean a continual menace to the peace of Europe.

Whoever guarantees national freedom to those countries may command their services; Pan-Slavism, the nightmare horror which frightens only those who do not understand this question, has nothing to do with it, because the majority of the Balkan population is not Slavic, but rather a mixture of different races. Thus, the Bulgarians do not want to be considered Slavs; they claim to have Tartar and Turkish blood flowing in their veins. Neither Serbia nor Bulgaria, nor Montenegro are very anxious to become a Russian province, which is the secret design of Russia, and if they sometimes seem to incline more to Russia, the cause is to be found in the conservative status-quo politics of Austria and England, both of which do not seem to understand that there is such a thing as the right of self-determination of a people.

Every nationality which is opposed by the Turks, Magyars, or Germans, will accept any protection from any

country, but in spite of this will the smaller States soon recognize that their independence can only be preserved by a federation among themselves. Whether this will be brought about by Russia or Austria, or independently of both, is difficult to foresee, but certain it is that it will come. It is in the true interest of every European nation to pay regard to the right of a people's free choice in government, and no nation can be benefited by replacing right by might.

The nineteenth century has already seen the future federation of Europe in embryo. The alliance of Germany, Austria and Italy is such a beginning, and could be made much more cordial and sincere by fixing their boundaries for all times in a rational and satisfactory way. Those three States could send invitations to other powers, in order to consider the ways and means for a reduction of the army budget. Spain, Belgium, Holland, Sweden and Norway have no reason to vote against saving money, and a greater security of their national existence. Such an agreement, based on the interest of each and of all States, is possible and feasible; but unfortunately, nobody believes that it can be done without fighting, because it is still regarded disgraceful to give up an unnatural right without a stroke of the sword. For this reason **WAR WILL COME**, and those who fought **FOR THE NATURAL RIGHT OF THE PEOPLE** and were victorious in the last century, will also be victorious in the twentieth. Unfortunately, the war will come; millions of men will have to die, thousands of millions of debts will be incurred; then, at length, that will be called good by diplomats which could have been brought about without shedding of blood, without tears and sorrow and misery!

By paying such an enormous price the people will buy their natural right of self-determination! and this right, when once attained, will last, because the contrary is too costly, and because the common sense and progressive education of the masses will not consent any more to useless shedding of blood and brutal destruction of productive culture, accompanied by an ever-increasing burden of debt. Man will finally understand that a country may be conquered, but not ruled against the will of the people; and that



the forceful conquering of a country is not productive of greater power, but of endless tribulations and embarrassments.

The federation of States necessitates an international forum which has to decide possible differences and other pursuits. Such an Areopagus for the preservation of peace is a healthy institution which must be given all the power necessary to punish any breach of peace. In olden times a disturber of peace was punished by the demolition of his castle, by imprisonment, and death. There is no reason why originators of violent acts, especially of wars, should be treated more gently in our time, especially since they do not risk their own lives and fortunes, but those of others. This is mostly always the case where certain persons in high positions have the power to conclude secret treaties, which eventually bring about wars that are neither necessary nor desired by those who really have to pay for them with their lives, liberty or fortunes.

Let us hope that with the better education of the masses, they will begin to understand that the power to declare and to wage war ought to rest exclusively with the people and that no single person, be he monarch or president, or minister, ought to have the power to take away from them the right of self-determination in such an all important question.

The condition of Europe in the twentieth century will be in so far different from the past as:

(1) The inner-European wars and the readiness for war will be done away with through a confederation of the seven principal States.

(2) The dominating position of private capital will be abolished, where this can be done without endangering property, business, and production. The State will become the greatest property holder.

(3) The public debt will be redeemed and a collective fortune started by abolishing the preparations for war and by regulating the inheritance tax.

In this way the twentieth century will, at least in its second half, know only the struggle for a BETTER EXISTENCE, and not for existence in general, as is now the case.



The great majority of men are overworked, underfed, perishing beasts of burden, which cannot be led to their higher destination without the amelioration of material existence and the universalizing of education."

To this is opposed the egotism of the minority, which has hardly ever been greater than in our time. This egotism is continually fed by the materialistic view that this life is all man has, and that, consequently, he ought to make the best of it, not by acquiring knowledge, friendship, love, virtue, happiness—no, by accumulating money in order to satisfy the inordinate cravings of his lower nature. By doing this he not only destroys his own happiness and that of other beings, but he also arouses the opposition, anger and hate of those who are less gifted, maybe less selfish, and, consequently, less successful than he is. If this is done for any length of time, the accumulation of envy, jealousy and hate becomes so great and overwhelming that a terrible explosion is unavoidable; and then we have the great thunderstorms of human passions, which are recorded in history as revolutions, wars and cataclysms of all kinds. We have not yet learned that **SOLIDARITY** is the law of nature and of men, and that peace, happiness and progress is impossible as long as we do not understand and practically apply this law. Solidarity means coherence, oneness, in nature, community of interests among men—brotherhood! The philosophical systems and even the religious teaching of the nineteenth century have not sufficiently emphasized the brotherhood of men, otherwise the egotism of our generation could not be so great that the selfish exclamation of Madame Pompadour, "After us the deluge," should become the motto of our own generation—and that is, unfortunately, the case.

The neighborly love of the few may mitigate the suffering of a few, but humanity can only be helped if the solidarity of their interests lives not only in the words of the rulers, but in the heart, in the conviction of all, or, at least, of the majority of men. This alone can save us from the deluge with which Europe is threatened in the twentieth century.

## CHRISTIAN RITES IN ANCIENT LEGEND

By C. H. A. Bjerregaard.

**T**HE New Testament came into existence as a description of the sacrificial life of Jesus. It may be poetically called the drama of Jesus; a drama written in his honor. All other persons have places there only because of their relation to Jesus. The New Testament is a tragedy.

The subject and the method of treatment resembles the Greek Dionysian drama. Much of its contents can best be understood by study in the light of the Dionysian drama. To avoid giving offence, let me state that the Dionysos I am speaking about is not Bacchus, the god of drunkards and much licentiousness. Dionysos is a great God; symbol of the Divine Spirit as it evolves. Dionysos is the manifested Word (Logos), a son of Zeus, the highest of the Gods. The death of Dionysos was one of the subjects of the ancient sacred mysteries. The Dionysian tragedy arose from choral songs to the honor of the God. The drama describes the life and death of Dionysos. All the persons in the drama are there for his sake, and for his sake only.

I claim that there is a Dionysian spirit in the New Testament drama. It arose gradually, and, in the same way as the subject, developed in the Dionysian choral songs in honor of the God. The New Testament is not of one piece nor of one generation. It is a collection of various literary pieces put together in the course of a long period, perhaps of a century or more. Like the Dionysian drama, the New Testament is an evolution of a simple idea. It was probably first published by Peter at the time of his meeting with Cornelius; and, since then, given a four-fold development in the gospels,

a philosophical content by Paul, an ethical character by James, and a mystical one by John, in the Apocalypse. Every stage of this development is a choral song in honor of the Christ.

It was especially the Eastern Church in the early Byzantine age that retained the form of the ancient mysteries. In weak form they were also seen in the Church of the Middle Ages, and still later in the Russian Church, but it was especially the Byzantine age that was mystagogical in a clear and unmistakable way.

Mystagogia meant a sacred initiation into the mysteries, either by actual admission or by instruction in their meaning. He who initiated was the mystagogue. Above all else the eucharist was a mystagogia, a wonder, and as such was expressly called a mystagogia. All other official acts of the priest were also of that order. Cyril of Jerusalem is the first who writes on the subject, but the most important exponent is Dionysius, the Areopogite, a famous mystic. Dionysius is an idealistic theologian when he writes. Every rite and ceremony or ecclesiastic act is symbolical in a special sense, and so permeated with "other worldliness" that he indeed must be stupid who cannot see the mystery "shining through."

A strong argument in favor of the ancient mysteries is this, that the opponents of Christianity constantly asserted that the truths and morality advocated by the Christians were already known and practiced in the Greek Mysteries; hence Christianity has no special claim upon them. The point of interest, therefore, is the universal validity of the mysteries. When we inquire what were the truths taught and the morality practiced by both alike, we shall learn that the main characteristics of both were that they were religions of immortality, and both assured their initiates an immortal life.

As a religion of salvation, the mysteries, especially the Eleusinian, used the religious and poetic myth of Koré in its ritual and mystic rites. As a religion of salvation, Christianity used the poetic legends which, taken together, constitute what is called the life of Jesus, the Christ.

No one could be initiated into the mysteries, no one could, in the days of true Christianity, become a member, who was conscious of any crime, especially of murder; no notorious or wicked person could approach either of the two. That was the *sine qua non*, but both asked for more. They asked for purity of heart and an inherent longing for spiritual life. As to exclusion on the ground of crimes, no argument is necessary. The exclusion on the ground of an impure heart is seen when it is understood that the Inner Life is lived on a plane of life beyond all kinds of strife. That longings for a spiritual life are necessary preliminaries, appears from the fact that spiritual longings are the only motors that lift the soul out of externals.

In the ancient mysteries the rites consisted in seeing, handling, and kissing sacred objects.

In Christianity, the chief rite is that of the Holy Sacrament. It corresponds to the mysteries of the ancients. In themselves, bread and wine used in the Christian Mysteries are not mysterious. Any one may both see, handle and kiss them in everyday life. Both, however, assume a mystic character during the consecration and are, to the devout or initiate Christian, ever afterwards his Lord's flesh and blood. The emblems have the same power as the objects shown in the ancient mysteries; namely, that of conferring the eternal or immortal life. The ancient mystic was introduced to the divine sphere by sublimating natural objects, and transmuting them in the idea. The Christian mystic is introduced to the divine sphere by eating his god, and thus partaking in his divinity. The difference between the two is not in the idea, but in form.

Of what value can mysteries, ancient or Christian, be to us?

Strictly speaking, there were no Greek Mysteries. That is to say, Greece did not originate the so-called Greek Mysteries; they were imported from Thracia, whence also came the Muses, the divine Goddesses whom people are accustomed to associate intimately with Greek life. Ares, Mars, the wild war god, also came from Thracia. The mysteries that thus came down from Thracia are usually named the

Dionysian or Orphic, and they swept down like a raging mountain torrent, and did as much damage as wild floods do before they are guided into channels. They came under the form of a boisterous, singing and dancing crowd of men and women, especially raving women. Every spring, in the early days of the mysteries, these crowds, intoxicated with wine and their own frenzy, came down from the northern mountains. Every person in the crowd carried sharp pointed lances and knives, with which, in their fury, they cut themselves, and others; and, licking the blood thus drawn, they regarded their lances, the blood, and the licking of it, as a sacrifice to a god called by various names. The whole had a phallic character. If oxen, lambs, or children came in their way, they tore them to pieces and ate the living, warm flesh, and drank the blood. The significance of these acts, or rites were symbolical.

The sacrament of bread and wine, or of the Lord's flesh and blood, is the survival of a Dionysian rite. Nonnus was a Greek poet of Panopolis in Egypt. He lived in the fifth century and wrote a vast epic called the "Dionysiaca" in forty-eight books. The poem is one of our chief sources of knowledge about the Dionysian or Orphic legends.

According to Nonnus, Zeus had a son by his own daughter, Persephone, whose name was Zagreus, sometimes called Dionysos Zagreus, and also "the horned child." Zagreus was to inherit Zeus' throne and thunderbolt. Zagreus corresponds to the Son born of Mary, overshadowed by the power of the Highest, and destined to inherit the kingdom.

Now, Hera, Zeus' spouse, the counterpart or element of balance in the divine economy of the universe, was always on the watch for Zeus' natural children, of which there were many, and did all she could to destroy them. In the case of Zagreus, she caused the Titans, wild and ungoverned nature powers, to storm his throne and to tear his body to pieces and devour it. Athene, the virgin and goddess of light or mind, saved his heart and brought it to Zeus, who gave it to Semele, another earthly love, and she bore Zagreus again; that is to say, the second Zagreus. That was at Thebes in Egypt. This Zagreus lived and came to honor under the name of Dionysos.

This part of the Dionysian story is also seen in the life of Jesus. The power of balance in life, also called death, pursues him from the moment of his birth. The Titans, the lawless forces of life, finally overcome and destroy him. His legend is preserved by Athene or history, and he is reborn by another power, the church, and comes to honor as the Savior.

Now comes the most interesting point in the legend. Zeus destroyed the Titans by his thunderbolt, and their ashes were scattered over the earth. Of that kind of earth mankind was made. For that reason, we are as we are; on one side Titanic, or wild, ungoverned nature forces; and, on the other side, divine, because the divine child was eaten by the Titans. This double nature in man is already found in the Babylonian creation legend. This divinity thus laid into our nature, by virtue of our creation out of the Titans' ashes, is the Dionysian power in us; it is that power which we are conscious of in our best and most exalted moments, and it is one of the powers we want to cultivate and cherish.

The first ritualistic form of this legend was that of the Maenades. The story is best told in the "Bacchae" of Euripides. The word Maenades means "the Frenzied ones" and signified those wild and mad women who formed the boisterous processions. The earliest presentation of Zagreus, the symbol of the god, whom they carried along in their train, was an ox or a goat; sometimes a stolen child. The women were always running, screaming and doing what they could to excite themselves. When they had become thoroughly mad, and without reason or sense, they worshipped the sacrifice, kissed its prominent parts, then tore it to pieces and ate it while the blood was still warm. For their excesses after that, we have no names.

The idea of the whole performance was that of transubstantiation. In their fury and frenzy, they awakened the "god within"; they "communed with the deity" and experienced exalted feelings. They were lifted beyond themselves, and as they recovered their reason and mental balance when coming out of the passion, they formed for themselves a theology. Such a theology arose later. It goes by the name of the Orphic theology, and has its most spiritual exponent



in Plato. In fact, Plato's philosophy is disguised Orphicism, or pure Greek Mysticism, the metaphysics, psychology and ethics of the mysteries. Plato's philosophical results show what can be drawn from the fire of the passion, if the person who is aflame is able to reduce the fires to rational powers. A mysticism like that of the Orphic Mysteries can reduce the fires, understand them, and utilize them. Orphicism, then, is the subsequent form of the Dionysian Mysteries; the second form of Greek Mysteries.

According to the ancient myths, Orpheus was a poet of great power, whose song could tame the wild beasts, and move rocks and trees. He was torn to pieces by such wild and mad Maenades just described, either because he opposed their orgies or because he to them was or became the god whom they sacrificed in their fury in order to partake of divinity by eating their god. The Orphici, or initiates of the Dionysian Mysteries, called themselves after him. As early as the sixth century B. C., Orphicism was fully developed. Orphicism, successor to the Dionysian cults, was much modified; its central idea was the necessity of purification by religious rites. Without purification the soul of man could not come into full possession of its inherent divinity. It was much elaborated by Pindar, Pythagoras, Empedocles, and Plato. In Plato's time members of the order were called saints, or the holy ones (Rep. II. 363), and they were organized into societies.

Orphic theology taught that the world is nothing but the body of Zeus, or the Supreme. That idea expressed in the language of Paul, that in God we live and move and have our being, is an idea that persists in all the ancient mysteries of the Orient, and far down into our own day. Such persistency points to an essential truth, otherwise the idea could not have survived the tests of the ages. This idea is the dynamic of all mysticism.

The psychology is not less interesting. From Plato's dialogue, "Cratylus," we learn that the body, as Socrates says, is in reality the grave of the soul; or, we may say that the body is a "sign" by means of which the soul expresses itself; or, we may say that we are now in the body as a result

of former karma and can in no wise escape our surroundings because we have made them ourselves. This latter statement is now-a-days forcefully taught by theosophists. Among the early Church fathers, Clement held the same view. From this doctrine of karma Orphicism starts as a religion of deliverance, like Buddhism and Christianity. On the basis of karma it preaches salvation, from what is variously called "the circle," or "wheel of generation", or "circle of necessity", or the long, weary journey from birth to death, and rebirth, again and again. And Orphicism teaches that salvation is possible because the soul originally is pure and holy. Part of the salvation scheme was observance of certain modes of life, details of which may be found in the Pythagorean "Golden Rules". In the main, Orphicism preached against animal food, beans and eggs, and advocated various forms of ascetic life. It had many ceremonies symbolical of purification. When all souls shall have been saved, then "the restoration of all things" takes place; a doctrine emphatically taught also in Christianity. The story of the Divine Drama is the aesthetic element of the mysteries. The Divine Drama is the story of Nature's death in the fall and rejuvenescence in the spring, and of the soul's travel through bodily life till spiritual life. The Divine Drama was shown the initiates by means of a series of ceremonies and theatrical tableaux.







# THE SWASTIKA IN RELATION TO PLATO'S ATLANTIS AND THE PYRAMID OF XOCHICALCO.

By M. A. Blackwell.

## PART VII.—PYRAMIDS I.

IN all parts of the world there are ruins of temples and monuments of pyramid form which are accurately oriented. This orientation shows that the builders of these monuments had a knowledge of astronomy. The generally accepted theory is that pyramids are tombs. Bayley says he believes "that in form and intention they originally symbolized the four-fold immovable A, the Universal Maintainer, the Primal Peak and Great First Cause, oriented due East, West, North and South."<sup>1</sup>

We find the pyramid as a decoration on ancient bowls and vases. The bowl and vase symbolized man and the land of Mu (Atlantis).<sup>2</sup> The pyramid symbolizes man, fire and perfection, God. Many of the names associated with the pyramid mean "fire" or "great light."

In our alphabet the letter A is shaped like a pyramid, and, as is known, is derived from the Greek alpha, which means the beginning, first or chief of anything. In the Maya alphabet, one of the symbols for the letter A is also of pyramid form, thus . This form doubled thus  for the same letter.<sup>3</sup> Other signs are an eagle  akhoom, and a reed  aak.

Bayley states that "aak may have meant primary, Great A; and akhoom, Great Sun." Small

<sup>1</sup>Bayley, *The Lost Language of Symbolism*, Vol. II, pp. 163, 164.

<sup>2</sup>The Word, Sept., Oct., Nov., 1914; and Nov., 1913, Plate 5, p. 104.

model pyramids with adorations to the sun inscribed upon them have been found within Egyptian tombs.

The oldest monuments such as pyramids and obelisks were consecrated to the Sun-god. Their form is a representation of the sun's rays, and their name in the Egyptian language bears that meaning.<sup>4</sup>

In America at Teotihuacan, are the ruins of two immense pyramids. The largest was known as the "Enclosure of the Sun," and the smaller one as the "Enclosure of the Moon." A colossal image of the sun covered with plates of gold crowned the summit of the sun pyramid. The summit of the moon pyramid was crowned with an image covered with silver. It is related that the soldiers of Cortes stole the precious metal from these images, and later the Bishop Zumarraga ordered the monuments destroyed.<sup>5</sup> At the time of the Spanish Conquest these pyramids were of great antiquity; the past history of Teotihuacan was lost in a mist of tradition.

The historian Orozco y Berra translated the name Teotihuacan as "the place of the masters as keepers of the gods," or "the place where the gods are adored." The association of gods with pyramids and mountains is found in most religions. The step-pyramid or terraced mountain is the Zúñi Indian's symbol for "the ancient sacred place of the spaces;" that is, the region of the sky gods. He combines this symbol with the bowl and vase and refers to it in his creation myth as follows: "Is not the bowl the emblem of the earth, our mother? For from her we draw both food and drink, just as the babe draws nourishment from the breast of its mother; and round as is the rim of the bowl, so is the horizon, terraced with mountains whence rise the clouds." This myth alludes to the medicine bowls which have no handles, but Cushing applies the same meanings to the symbols on the "prayer-meal bowl," which he states are intentionally emblematic. The prayer-meal bowl, see Figure A, Plate 25, is one of the appurtenances of the "ka ka," a sacred dance of

<sup>4</sup>Mankind: their Origin and Destiny, by an M.A. of Balliol College, Oxford, p. 606.

<sup>5</sup>Zelia Nuttall, Fundamental Principles of Old and New World Civilizations Peabody Museum Papers, Vol. II, 1901.

the Zuñis. In this bowl the terraces on either side of the handle represent the "ancient sacred place of the spaces." The handle represents the arch of the sky; sometimes the rainbow figure is painted on it. The tadpoles symbolize the spring rains. The dragon-fly typifies the rains of summer. The frog, maturing later, symbolizes the rains of the later seasons. Sometimes the figure of the sacred butterfly replaces that of the dragon-fly or alternates with it. The butterfly symbolizes the beneficence of summer. The Zuñis believe that butterflies and migratory birds bring the warm season from the "land of everlasting summer."<sup>6</sup>

A Mexican name for pyramid was *teocalli*—the House of God. *Calli* means house (temple). *Teotl* means a lord or god. In the composition of words, *teotl* was used to signify things celestial or supremely beautiful. In the Mexican picture writing *teotl* was a name given to the image of the sun. The title was also applied to the living representative of a tribal ancestor. After death this representative also became a tribal ancestor. *Teotl* was a title applied to all lords or rulers. All dead lords were termed "teotle." In some phases of symbology *teotl* signifies a star.<sup>7</sup>

A Nahautl word analogous to *teotl*, is *toltecatl*, meaning the builders, masons, artificers. These *toltecas* were held in high esteem. Their totem was a bird, the inhabitant of the air. These *toltecas* were the ancient masters; superior people of a highly cultured commonwealth, an ancient center of civilization from whom the ancient Mexicans, and others, derived their culture and knowledge. These masters or builders have been identified with the ancient civilization of Tullan. Tullan or Tollan was the traditional place of origin of many tribes. The destruction of this great and ancient center of civilization was the theme of native songs of lamentation, even at the time of the Spanish Conquest. The tradition tells of a vast state being destroyed by violent cataclysms and of the race being almost annihilated at the time.<sup>8</sup> Archaeologists have not yet agreed as to the site of this

<sup>6</sup>F. H. Cushing, Fourth Annual Report, U. S. Bureau Ethnology. See also *The Word*, Nov., 1914.

<sup>7</sup>Zelia Nuttall, *Fundamental Principles of Old and New World Civilizations*, Peabody Museum Papers, Vol. II, 1901.

ancient Tullan. The name toltecas is sometimes written tultecas or toltecs.

The Zuni legends refer to a time when the earth had been covered with water, and of occurrences of violent earthquakes. They also tell of how their ancestors sought for a stable resting place.


Terraced figures sometimes are referred to as "air pyramids." They represent the "above and below." They also represent the upper and lower elements. See Figures on Plate 25.

The step pyramid is a sign in the Maya and Egyptian alphabets for the sound of dz and z, as follows:



The Egyptian amulet of the steps has two meanings attributed to it, "to lift up to heaven, and the throne of Osiris." In funeral vignettes, the god Osiris is portrayed as seated upon the top of the flight of steps, holding in his hands the symbols of sovereignty and dominion.<sup>9</sup>

The pyramid as a symbol sometimes crowns the head of goddesses, gods, kings and queens. This is frequently seen in American picture writings and carvings. Dr. Le Plongeon told me that this Maya three-step pyramid means, "he or she who is king or queen upon the throne."

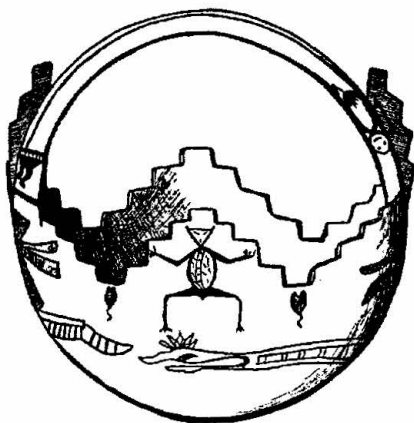
The  Egyptian amulet of the step pyramid was usually of green or blue glazed porcelain. This is paralleled in America. Father Sahagun described an ornament, *xiuhtelli*—the turquoise or grass green pyramid. This ornament or emblem is in the form of an oblong plaque, the narrow ends of which are cut to represent air pyramids with steps. The plaque is painted blue, with a round plate of burnished gold in the center. The gold plate represents the central divinity. The blue plaque symbolizes the sky, water and air, which constitute the "above." This plaque was an emblem of the Mexican god *Xiuhtecuhtli*, literally the "Azure Lord," lord of the year and of fire. This god is shown

<sup>9</sup>E. W. Budge, Books on Chaldea and Egypt, Vol. II, p. 62.



## PLATE 25.

Fig. A.



ZUNI PRAYER-MEAL-BOWL.

Fig. B.

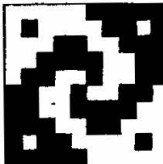
MEXICAN GOD.



XUNTECUTLI—THE AZURE LORD.

MAYA AND EGYPTIAN  
LETTERS O AND U.

(FEMININE)

MAYA AND EGYPTIAN  
LETTERS H, T AND Z.



(MASCULINE)

EXAMPLES OF THE ABOVE AND BELOW.

THE DARK PART USUALLY REPRESENTS THE BELOW. NOTE PYRAMID STEPS  
AND CURVES. NOTE FORMATION OF SWASTIKAS FROM LETTER SYMBOLS.

Figure A. The pyramid-steps on the sides of handle represent the region of the sky-gods. Figure B, from "The Life of the Indians," by Zelia Nuttall, is painted in bright colors. The designs of "The Above and the Below" are painted in the codices and are carved on the ancient ruins of Central and South America.

on Plate 25, Figure B. The sides of the square stool upon which he sits are cut or formed like steps. This is to symbolize that he is in the skies, as he is resting above the terraced air pyramids. The banner above his shield is called *pantli*, a word analogous to *pan*, meaning above. The Center and the Above are symbolized by his conical ear ornament. His shield has a cross and four small circles. In the center of the shield are spiral lines, typifying rotation. The shield is surrounded by a cord.<sup>11</sup> These symbols have been referred to in previous articles of this series on the swastika.<sup>12</sup> This god has several titles. He is the Blue-lord, Lord of the Year and of Fire. Sometimes he is called the "Lord of the Four Winds, also the Four Times Lord." Sometimes he is portrayed with a blue bird, *Xiuh-totl*, on his head dress. The bird, symbol of the air, shows his connection with the sky regions.

This Maya symbol  *ah cam*, means "He of the Throne." It is composed of the three step pyramid and the sign , which is one of the symbols for the letter H in the Maya and Egyptian alphabets. This letter H also symbolizes power, the masculine, virility, and so on.<sup>13</sup>

One can construe this step pyramid as meaning the king or monarch ruling the land; but a deeper meaning could be, that man rules himself when he has attained complete mastery over his body and mind; that is, when spirit—God in man—rules, he is then upon the throne. In the Bible we read, "the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are."<sup>14</sup>

Who were the masters referred to as gods in the legends, these culture heroes of so many peoples?

We scoff at some of these tales and regard them as childish superstitions of inferior races; but we forget that in our Bible these statements are paralleled. We read in Genesis, "when men began to multiply on the face of the earth, and daughters were born unto them, that the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair; and they took them wives of all which they chose. And the Lord

<sup>11</sup>Zelia Nuttall, *Fundamental Principles of The Old and New World Civilizations*, Peabody Museum Papers, Vol. II, 1901.

<sup>12</sup>The Word, May, Oct., Nov., 1914.

<sup>13</sup>LePlongeon, *Sacred Mysteries*, p. 94. See The Word, June, 1914, p. 183.

<sup>14</sup>I. Corinthians, chap. 3, ver. 17.

said, My Spirit shall not always strive with man, for that he also is flesh; yet his days shall be an hundred and twenty years. There were giants in the earth in those days; and also after that, when the sons of God came in unto the daughters of men, and they bare children to them, the same became mighty men which were of old, men of renown.

"And God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually. And it repented the Lord that he had made man on the earth, and it grieved him at his heart. And the Lord said, I will destroy man whom I have created from the face of the earth; both man and beast. . . . And God looked upon the earth, and behold, it was corrupt, for all flesh had corrupted his way upon the earth."<sup>16</sup>

Who were these sons of God that took as wives the daughters of men? The Bible makes a distinction between men and godmen. Who were the giants referred to, the mighty men of renown? Did they build those enormous ruins that lie scattered over the earth? There must have been giants in the Polynesian Group and on Easter Island. No normal man could have handled those blocks of stone without machinery. Easter Island is still an unsolved riddle to the scientific world.

Some of the stones in the Pyramid of Xochicalco in Mexico, weigh several tons. It is a cause for wonder to men of our day how those stones were taken up the mountain and set in place with such accuracy.

The nations of both hemispheres had legends of a Paradise lost, of a flood, of giants, culture heroes, referred to as gods; and of a time when all men were under one rule.

We read in Genesis, how men, wishing to build a tower and city that would reach to Heaven, commenced to build the tower and city of Babel. But the Lord confounded the language of the people and scattered them abroad upon the face of the earth. "And they left off to build the city." The city of Babel spoken of, could not possibly have been the Babel or Babylon in the valley of the Euphrates, for the simple reason that this last named city was completed, also the tower; whereas the city of Babel in the Bible was not completed; so it distinctly states. Another reason that

<sup>16</sup>Genesis, chap. 6, ver. 1 to 12.

it could not have been the city in the valley of the Euphrates is, the Bible states that "the whole earth was of one language, and of one speech" when men commenced to build the city and tower of Babel.<sup>16</sup> We know that many tongues were spoken on earth when the city of Babylon was built in the valley of the Euphrates. History and research prove this. "The confusion of languages" could not have occurred during the building of a city that we know was finished and whose government flourished contemporaneously with surrounding kingdoms.

Was not the city of Babylon modelled after some other city called Babel? Le Plongeon tells us that the name Babel is a word composed of two Maya vocables; ba, ancestor; and bel, the way of; meaning in the way of our ancestors. Therefore, the city was built after the way of the ancestors of the Chaldeans. The Chaldeans had a legend of the flood, of gods, and so on. The Egyptians said they were taught by gods who ruled over them, and that the land of the gods sank in the west. The Mayas said their superior ancestral people came from the east from a land that sank in a fearful convulsion of nature.<sup>17</sup>

Surely the Azore Islands are the peaks of the submerged mountain range of the lost Atlantis, the Garden of Eden, the site of which has never been satisfactorily located.

If the earth was "of one language, and one speech" after the flood, how many thousands of centuries passed before the era began which we allude to as historic? Many civilizations could have arisen and fallen.

In ancient and modern languages are many words that puzzle philologists. Are not these "root words" of that one language and one speech spoken of in Genesis?

In the future, scientific research will show that the "one language" is based on the human body and the laws governing its creation. There is evidence to support this statement.<sup>18</sup>

<sup>16</sup>Genesis, chap. 11, ver. 1-10.

<sup>17</sup>The Word, 1914, pp. 98, 99, 102-107.

<sup>18</sup>The Word, May, 1914, p. 115. Note Plates 11 and 15 in The Word, Aug., Sept., 1914.

*(To be continued.)*

## THE PERFECTIBILITY OF MAN.

By O. N. Schou.

**A**MONG the important theosophic teachings stands that of the Perfectibility of Man. What a great thought, and how ennobling to man and how needful in a time when religious dogmas and clever speculations of learned become insufficient for a growing mass of inquirers, who yearn for light, to know their true nature and the purpose of life. These questions answered, life would have a new meaning. It would no longer be spent in an aimless or material existence, but would be filled with hope and confidence and constant endeavor to reach perfection.

This theosophic teaching, when rightly understood, will bring such a change about. It satisfies our intellectual as well as our spiritual natures. It is in harmony with our true being, of which perfection is the fulfillment. Men respond to this thought as men have done in the past and will continue to do, as soon as they become ready for it.

If we ask for indications that perfection is possible, we may find in regard to ourselves that our point of view broadens from youth to old age; that however well we have done a thing, still we know it could be improved upon; and also that we reach out in our ideals for that which is yet beyond our realization.

If we cast a glance at various branches of the human race, we find them in different stages of mental capacity and moral development; and if we look at single individuals we see a wide range of minds, from the most primitive men to the leaders in thought; and higher still, the great teachers

that appear at certain cycles revealing the mysteries of life, and from whom originate the great religions that influence the thought and ideals of men throughout millenniums. The differences we notice in the development of individuals, in general, indicate the various stages at which they have arrived on their long evolutionary journey, the end of which must be a full expression of that which is to be evolved. An examination of the known history of humanity and of our own natures points clearly toward an advance for the individual, which must necessarily end in a state higher than we at present can comprehend. By a study of ancient scriptures and authors as well as mythology, this teaching often appears and in various ways, sometimes more or less hidden in a symbolical garb.

We find in the old Testament that "God created man in his own image." By this the physical man is certainly not meant; it refers to a superior principle, the mind, and not to form. By virtue of the mind man is a potential god; this may be unfamiliar to many and sound strange at first, but it is the underlying meaning of all true religions. In the same scriptures we find, after the fall of man, that the Lord God said, "Behold, the man is become as one of us, to know good and evil."

Although man is now subject to death, still the tree of life was not done away with, for his death would only be temporal, and the tree had to serve its purpose in time; for when at last man gains dominion over all living things on earth, which means dominion over self, his lower nature, he then will eat his fruit and thus become consciously immortal and know that he is a god, a perfected man.

In the New Testament are several passages that deal with the perfectibility, among which is the one in the Sermon on the Mount, where Jesus, while teaching how to attain the higher life, says: "Be ye therefore perfect even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect."

In Greek mythology we find Hercules engaged in the great work of regeneration; he represents man, and his twofold nature is shown in those of his parents, for his mother was mortal and his father divine, the god Jupiter. His



twelve labors are easily seen to be symbolical. If we look for their real meaning, they appear to refer to the fight and conquest of our earthly nature from which issue the enjoyments of a life of ease and what the world can give of pleasure. It is through his father's part in him that he carries on the fight by which his whole being is raised, and, victory gained, his labors are ended. He builds his funeral pyre and, freed from earthly limitations, ascends to heaven, where he is received among the gods and his father gives him a permanent place.

The allegory of Hercules and his twelve labors shows that only the strong and determined mind can fight his way to perfection and also that earth is the place where perfection is won. Hercules is therefore rightly called "The Champion of the Earth," for he conquered all the opposing forces that sprang from it, and directed those he found to be of use in his struggles.

With the significance of the ancient records, in pointing to these truths in life, one may wonder why the churches of today and for centuries back have failed to perceive the value of ancient lore. What we now have of theological dogmas shows, to a great extent, a materialistic conception of spiritual things, thus men have been made unworthy beings relying on the suffering of one who was pure that they may escape at the end of their lives from what they deserved. Having lost sight of the teaching of rebirth, men naturally lost the idea of perfection. Those that are about to die know they are not perfect; and the Bible does not teach that we shall work for it in heaven, but here on earth.

The Church has taken away the ideal of perfection and put salvation from hell in its place, or as some have it, salvation from total destruction, thereby removing the earnest desire and work for progress. What is the necessity of a life of constant restraint and endeavor, when the purpose of life is simply to get saved, and salvation is open to all, including the lifelong criminal and the man of good deeds, if he only believes what is necessary.

In this state of affairs Theosophy comes with a guiding light, ready to solve the questions of life and re-establish

the first principles in a manner suitable to the new age. From a study of Theosophy, we find it is nothing new, but the heart of every true religion and philosophy, and that it was taught in the sacred mysteries of old, as well as by Jesus to his chosen disciples, the masses then being not ready to receive such teaching. Now it is different; now it is open to all to understand. It depends upon the individual how he shapes his life, whether he will or will not enter deeply into Theosophy.

What is it that may become perfect and how? Man is a complex being and not merely the visible form we know. It is that immortal principle in man's constitution by which he identifies himself as I, by virtue of which he is a rational thinking being. This earth alone can furnish the conditions where perfection can be realized, for it is only through innumerable incarnations into physical bodies that the real, the inner man goes through his strenuous process of becoming, till he is fully illuminated and enters into a conscious union with God: the Universal Mind.

All matter is conscious and every unit of life, however primitive and minute its vehicle of expression, will, according to the all embracing plan of evolution, at a certain stage in its unfoldment, become man. Some units now are men. Up to this point, the unit has passed through innumerable forms in the various degrees of the lower kingdoms, and when it became a man it received a divine spark, its intelligent light, by which it knows good from evil and is thus ready to commence its great quest, the development of its latent divine power within.

All men desire progress, because of a universal call through their higher nature, but we know that the majority of men do not know how to interpret the call and that many are hardly aware of its presence. While all environments and walks of life are not equally favorable to such call, we should remember that a blessing often takes the disguise of misfortune and should therefore not feel cast down by difficulties, but learn to find this cause in ourselves. Then the disguise disappears and the apparent misfortune is seen to be our shield and opportunity for progress. If we knew the

depth of our nature and the traps that surround us in life, we would not question our Karma.

Performance of the duties, of whatever kind, that we know inwardly have to be done by us, will carry us on comparatively quickly from one condition to another, for we are then in line with the law and take up our duties as the law presents them. When we understand this and can act without selfish purpose we begin to learn the great art of living, about which the Bhagavad-Gita has the following: "Therefore perform thou that which thou hast to do, at all times unmindful of the event, for the man who doeth that he hath to do, without attachment to the result, obtaineth the Supreme."

To perform rightly the actions that duty prescribes is necessary to all growth toward perfection. It is also said that superior to devotion through actions is the mental devotion. It leads us on intelligently and is the path of knowledge, the short road leading to the highest attainment, and the road, which in the Bhagavad Gita, Arjuna is advised to follow by Krishna, his highest consciousness and teacher. This mental devotion must be sought and what we have of it must be nourished; for otherwise it dies down. Theosophy gives the key to an unlimited store from which to draw such nourishment. The important factor is, how much are we willing to sacrifice of that which is fleeting and temporal to gain the real? The temporal belongs to our lower nature and it cannot understand the aspirations of the mind. This lower nature is ignorant and rejects any restraint that infringes upon a life of ease and worldly enjoyments.

Although the mind knows that it must gain dominion over and control of the lower nature, it is often led astray by it, and forgetting to fight is defeated. What we give up of the lower self is a sacrifice to the Higher Self, and we receive in return faith and strength, which support the right attitude for mental devotion. This devotion is of the heart as well as of the head and is practiced through a comparative study of scientific, religious and philosophic thought—a careful analysis of how we meet our experiences in life, through meditation on our inner being—and aspiration toward the higher life.

We find that all men come from the same source, are the same in essence, are under the same law and filled with the similar hopes and fears, and therefore in aim and spirit are united as a great brotherhood; that our life is interwoven with those of our fellow men, and that progress or failure of one effects all. These ideas break down the barriers of prejudice, give an open mind and sympathy toward all. Only by growing ever closer to humanity in service and in spirit can we follow in the steps of those who have attained, for he who works for self alone ends in confusion and cannot know the whole.

The only path that leads to the final goal is of thought and not of the senses, for the evolutionary wave as it swept through manifestation has reached the beginning of the race where thought is being developed. Only by being with or ahead of the wave as it passes on through the different stages till it ends in a period of rest can we accomplish what evolution makes possible.

One who thus shapes his life responds more readily to those of the higher planes who guide the race, and he becomes with each life a better channel through which they may work, and in time he will know of their presence and get his mission in the world. As he goes on he interprets through his awakening faculties all that he perceives through the senses, and sees their true value. Whatever subject he centers his thought upon will reveal its inner meaning, till the law of life is known to him in full. Then he is consciously immortal, his memory unbroken and all his lives on earth are known to him.



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# THE RITUAL OF HIGH MAGIC.

By Eliphas Levi.

## CHAPTER V.

### The Flaming Pentagram

Translated from the French by Major-General Abner Doubleday. Annotated by Alexander Wilder, M. D.

**W**E now arrive at the explanation and consecration of the holy and mysterious Pentagram. Here let the ignorant and superstitious close the book. They will only see darkness in it, or will be scandalized.

The Pentagram—called in the Gnostic Schools the Flaming Star—is the sign of intellectual omnipotence and self-derived power. It is the star of the magi. It is the sign of the word made flesh; and, according to the direction of its rays, this symbol, absolute in magic, represents good or evil, order or disorder, the blessed lamb of Ahura-Mazda and of Saint John, or the cursed he-goat of Mendes. It is initiation of profanation; it is Lucifer or Hesperus; the morning or evening star. It is Mary or Lilith; it is victory or death; it is light or darkness.

The pentagram with two points up represents Satan, or the he-goat of the Witches' Sabbath; it represents the Savior when it points only a single ray into the air. The pentagram is the figure of the human body with four limbs and a single point which represents the head. A human figure with the head down naturally represents a demon; that is intellectual ruin, disorder, or madness.

Now if magic is a reality, if this occult science is the true law of the three worlds, this absolute sign, this sign ancient as history and beyond history, should and really does exert an incalculable influence over spirits divested of their ma-

terial coverings. The sign of the pentagram is also called the sign of the microcosm, and it represents what the kabalists of the Book of Sohar call the microprosope.

Complete knowledge of the pentagram is the key of the two worlds; it is absolute philosophy and natural science. The sign of the pentagram should be composed of seven metals, or at least traced in pure gold upon white marble. It may also be drawn in vermillion upon a lamb-skin, free from defects and stains, symbol of integrity and light. The marble ought to be virgin; that is to say, never having served for other uses. The lamb-skin should be prepared under the auspices of the sun. The lamb should be slain at Easter with a new knife, and the skin cured with salt that has been consecrated by magic operations. The neglect of a single one of these apparently difficult and arbitrary ceremonies prevents the success of the great works of science.

The pentagram is consecrated with the four elements. We blow five times upon the magic figure; we sprinkle it with consecrated water; we dry it in the smoke of five perfumes, which are incense, myrrh, aloes, sulphur and camphor, to which may be added a little white resin and ambergris; we blow five times in pronouncing the names of the five genii, who are Gabriel, Raphael, Anael, Samael, and Oriphiel; then we alternately place the pentacle upon the ground to the North, South, East and West, and at the center of the astronomical cross, and we successively pronounce the letters of the sacred tetragram. Next we say in a low voice all the blessed names of the mysterious Aleph and Tau reunited under the kabalistic name of Azoth.

The pentagram should be placed on the altar of perfumes, and under the tripod of evocations. The operator should also wear a copy of it upon his person, together with that of the macrocosm; that is to say, of the star with six rays composed of two crossed and superposed triangles. When we evoke a spirit of light, the head of the star, that is to say, one point must be turned toward the tripod of evocation, and the two lower points in the direction of the altar of



perfumes. It is the reverse if the question relates to a spirit of darkness; but in that case the operator must hold the end of the wand, or the point of the sword, upon the head of the pentagram.

We have already said that signs are the active expression of the will. Hence the will should give its expression complete in order to transform it into action, and a single neglect, representing an idle or a doubtful word, strikes the entire operation with falsehood or impotency, and turns against the operator all the forces which have been expended in vain. It is necessary then to refrain absolutely from magic ceremonies, or to perform all of the details scrupulously and exactly.

The pentagram traced in luminous lines upon glass by means of the electric machine, also exerts a great influence over spirits and strikes terror into phantoms. The ancient magicians traced the sign of the pentagram upon the threshold of their door to prevent bad spirits from entering, and to hinder good ones from leaving.<sup>12</sup> This constraint results from the direction of the rays of the star. Two points outside repelled bad spirits; two points inside retained them prisoners. A single point within captured the good spirits. All these magic theories based upon the single dogma of Hermes, and upon the analogous deductions of science have always been confirmed by the visions of ecstasies, and by the convulsions of cataleptics calling themselves possessed by spirits.

The "G" which the Freemasons place in the midst of the flaming star, signifies "Gnosis and Generation; the two sacred words of the ancient Kabala. It means also Great Architect, for the pentagram in whatever way we look at it represents an A.

By placing two of the points above and one below we can see in it, the horns, ears and beard of the hieratic he-goat of Mendes, and it becomes the sign for infernal evocations.

<sup>12</sup>Compare the first visit of Mephistopheles to Faust, in which he is imprisoned by the pentagram.—A. W.

The allegoric star of the magi is nothing else but the mysterious pentagram, and those three kings sons of Zarathustra, led by the flaming star to the cradle of the microcosmic god, would suffice to prove all the kabalistic and truly magic origins of the Christian doctrine. One of these kings is white, the other black, and the third brown. The white offers gold, symbol of life and light; the black, myrrh, image of death and darkness; the brown presents incense, emblem of the divinity of the conciliatory dogma of the two principles. Afterward they return home by another way, to show that a new worship is only a new route to conduct humanity to the one religion, that of the sacred ternary and of the radiant pentagram—the only eternal catholicism. In the Apocalypse St. John sees this same star fall from heaven to earth. It is called wormwood, or bitterness, and all waters becomes bitter. It is a startling image of the materialization of dogma which produces the fanaticism and bitterness of controversy. It is to Christianity itself that the words of Isaiah can be applied: "How art thou fallen from heaven, brilliant star, which was so splendid in the morning?"

But the pentagram, profaned by men, always shines without shadow in the right hand of the true word, and the inspiring voice promises to him who shall conquer to put him in possession of the morning-star; the solemn reinstatement promised to the star of Lucifer.

As we see it, all the mysteries of magic, all the symbols of the Gnosis, all the figures of Occultism, all the kabalistic keys of prophecy, are summed up in the sign of the pentagram, which Paracelsus proclaims the grandest and most powerful of all signs. Need we be astonished after this at the confidence of the magiste, and at the real influence exercised by this sign over the spirits of all hierarchies? Those who do not know aright the sign of the cross, tremble at the aspect of the star of the microcosm. The magus, on the contrary, when he feels his will grow feeble, turns his eyes toward the symbol, takes it in his right hand and feels himself armed with intellectual omnipotence—provided he is

truly a king, worthy of being led by the star to the cradle of divine realization; provided he **knows**; provided he **dares**; provided he **wills**; provided he keep silent; provided he understands the uses of the pentacle, cup, wand and sword; provided in short that the intrepid glances of his soul, correspond to those two eyes which the upper part of our pentagram always presents to him open.

*(To be Continued.)*





# THE WORD

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## GHOSTS.

### Ghosts That Never Were Men.

**T**HERE is a general belief and always has been, that there are races of beings which are not men, and which are not the ghosts of living men, nor the ghosts of dead men. These beings are ghosts that never were men. They are referred to by various names: gods and half-gods, angels, devils, fairies, elves, spunkies, kelpies, brownies, nymphs, imps, hobgoblins, oreads, hyads, dryads, naiads, nereids, fauns, satyrs, succubi, incubi, elementals, gnomes, undines, sylphs, and salamanders.

In earlier times, the belief in such beings was universal. Few doubted their existence. Today, in thickly populated places, these elemental beings exist for man in printed legends and story books only. Nurses and mothers, if they come from the country, still tell of them to the little ones, but Mother Goose rhymes have the preference.

What has become of the spirits whom the North American Indian believed to cause earthquakes, rains, storms, fires, and who peopled the forests, who rose from the lakes and the rivers, who danced over the waterfalls and sported

in the moonlight, who whispered in the winds, whose fiery shapes flashed in the red dawn or the track of the sinking sun?

Where are the nymphs, the fauns, the satyrs, that played in the streams and groves of Hellas? They took part and had a place in the life of the people of those days. Today people do not know of these entities, except that in out-of-the-way places, in Scotland, Wales, Ireland, in the Carpathian ranges, they are said to exist.

The alchemists of Arabia, France, England, Germany, wrote extensively about the four classes of elementals, the beings who peopled the occult elements of fire, air, water and earth. Some of the alchemists, Geber, Robert Fludd, Paracelsus, Thomas Vaughn, Roger Bacon, Khunrath, spoke of their acquaintance with these beings.

The elemental beings are not to be uncovered by the scalpel of the anatomist. The magnifying glasses of the biologist will not open the way to their abode, nor will the test tube of the chemist reveal them, their doings, their realms, and rulers. The material views and thoughts of modern times have banished them from us, and us from them. The supercilious attitude of science toward all that is intangible, invisible, and without commercial value, puts a ban on any who would give attention and serious thought to the elemental races. Excommunication in the Middle Ages has today its parallel in the casting out of a heretic from the ranks of established university-dressed-and-fed teachers of science. To poets and artists, license is given to occupy themselves with these unrealities; it may be because they are suffered to be fantastic.

The teachers of modern science ridicule the lore about the elemental people. The fathers of modern science sat at the feet of Aristotle, who believed in the elemental races. Paracelsus and Von Helmont, the discoverers of important elements of modern chemistry, claimed to be able to command some of the nature spirits.

From the Greeks we have our philosophy, our art, the desire to shun the base, and our aspirations for virtue. It

is not becoming the learned to ridicule what was not a mere belief, but was looked upon as a fact by these Greeks.

The subject of ghosts that never were men, will be treated here under two broad headings: first, their place in evolution, and their natures and doings; second, their relation to man.

Matter is of many states, planes and worlds. The matter of a world is again divided into many planes and degrees. The beings of a world are conscious of certain states of the matter of their own world, but not of all of the states of the matter of that world. The states of matter of which the beings of any world are conscious, are usually the grosser states only of the matter of that world. The matter of which they are conscious is related to the matter of the bodies of that world. To become conscious of other matter than that of the kind of their bodies, their bodies must first be attuned to the touch of that other matter. The beings of the physical world are not conscious of the beings of the psychic world, nor of the beings of the mental world, nor of the beings of the spiritual world. Each of the worlds is of one element, and that element is the matter of that world.

The element of every one world is divided into various states and planes. There is one primal element for that world, but that primal element is unknown to the beings of that world who are conscious only of the plane on which they act in their bodies. Our physical world is surrounded, penetrated, supported, by the three other worlds, the psychic, mental, and spiritual. The elements of these worlds are earth, water, air, and fire.

By these elements are not meant the earth we walk on, the water we drink, the air we breathe, and the fire we see as flame. Within these phenomena is that by which the at-present unknown four elements may be known.

The spiritual world is of the element of fire. The manifested universe begins and ends in this world. In it are included the three other manifested worlds. Fire is the spiritual element, the element of the spiritual world. Fire is the Spirit. The world of Fire is the Eternal. In its pure



sphere the other worlds have their places, one within the other. In it there is no darkness, misery, death. Here all beings of the manifested worlds have their origin and end. Beginning and end are one in the Eternal, the Fire. The beginning is the passing out into the next world; the end is the return. There is an unmanifested side and a manifested side of the fire sphere. The fire of that world does not destroy, does not consume. It endows its beings with the fire, the true spirit, and immortalizes them. The matter in that world is latent or potential. The fire is the active force.

Within the manifested part of the fire world, is the mental world. That world, the matter of which is life matter, atomic matter, is the sphere of air. This air is not our physical atmosphere. It is the second element in the manifested universe, and at present unknown to physical investigators. Neither the matter nor the beings of the air sphere can be perceived by human senses. The air sphere and what is in it is perceived by the mind; hence it is called the mental world. Not all beings of the air element have mind. Whereas the sphere of fire was the Eternal, the mental world is the time world. Time has its origin in the mental world, which is in the manifested part of the Eternal. In this world the periods of the lives of all beings in the life world and in the two lower worlds are regulated. There is an unmanifested side and a manifested side of the sphere of air. In the mental world are no forms in the sense in which beings of sensuous perceptions perceive or know of forms. In the mental world are mental forms, not sensuous forms. The beings in the spiritual and mental worlds have not forms as we perceive forms; our perception of form being by mass, outline, and color.

Within the manifested half of the sphere of air is the sphere of water, the psychic world. This is the world in which our five senses function. Of course, what is here called water is not the chemical compound of hydrogen and oxygen. Matter in this world is molecular. This is the world of forms, of shapes. The sphere of water is the world of sensations and emotions. The astral world is compre-

hended in this psychic world, but is not co-extensive with it. What is known as the astral world, is the downward or ~~in-~~volutionary part of the manifested side of the psychic world. The sphere of the element of water has an unmanifested and a manifested side.

Within the manifested side of the sphere of water is the sphere of earth. This sphere of earth is by no means our physical earth. The earth element or sphere of earth has its manifested and unmanifested sides. The manifested side of the sphere of earth is here called the physical world and has four planes, the solid, the liquid, the gaseous, and the fiery, as radiant. There are three more planes of the sphere of earth, but they do not come within the range of our five senses, and these three planes of the unmanifested side of the sphere of earth are unperceived by us.

To perceive objects on the three upper or unmanifested planes of the sphere of earth, man must have developed or have been endowed at birth with senses attuned to those three planes. Persons who see things, or hear or smell things that are not physical, generally suppose they perceive in the astral; but in fact, in most cases, they perceive on the unseen planes of the sphere of earth.

The purpose of this outline is to make plain how the worlds in which the elemental beings are, reach into each other; and to make plain how the sphere of earth comprises and is interpenetrated by the three other spheres. Each of the elements of the other three worlds is in contact with and acts through the sphere of earth. The four states of physical matter, solid, fluid, airy, fiery, correspond to the four great spheres of the four occult elements, earth, water, air, fire.

*(To be continued.)*

# THE NINETEENTH AND TWENTIETH CENTURIES.

By Baron L. Hellenbach.

Translated from the German and Commented on

By Eduard Herrmann.

## CHAPTER III.

### The Belief of the Nineteenth Century.

**H**ISTORY teaches us that good can only be acquired through excess of evil, and that the reason for this is to be found in the egotism of nations, dynasties, and individuals who, without regard for the welfare of others and future consequences, act always for their own momentary advantage. The difference in time, culture, and religion was never able to exert a perceivable influence or change on this state of affairs. The history of the Roman and French Republics, of the Asiatic despots and the Occidental Caesars, of the English, Turkish, German, and Russian dynasties contains almost nothing but an uninterrupted chain of crimes and cruelties, of intrigues and corruption; the forms have now somewhat changed, but the nature of the thing remains the same. The people could then, as now, be restrained by force and punishments only. It must always have been that way, because the founders of religion always, but vainly, tried to substitute a transcendental egotism for this inextinguishable terrestrial one, by promising disproportionate rewards and punishments in another life.

In spite of this, all the revealed and unrevealed religions have proven to be insufficient; probably because humanity was not convinced of the inner truth of those teachings and

of the infallibility of the prophets. A thief and murderer always hopes to escape punishment; if he were convinced that this is impossible it is not likely he would steal or murder. The future rewards and punishments did not even satisfy the believers, especially since the gods could be reconciled through offerings, and by mediation of the priests.

It is true there are examples of unselfish patriotism on the throne as among the people, quite independent of religion and education. The Maid of Orleans, for instance, was free from ambition; she acted out of pure patriotism, for she wanted to return to her hut after the crowning of Charles VII., and when she was at the pinnacle of her glory. Unfortunately she was twice prevented from doing so, much against her will. Nero, the monster, received an excellent education. Henry the Fourth, who three times changed his belief, was kindly disposed, which proves that all is a matter of character and not so much of religious belief or outside influences. He who is firmly convinced of a future reward may commit a rash act when he is in passion, but he will try to lead a life in conformity with his belief.

So far only the terrestrial consequences were deemed worthy of consideration. Egotism without regard to anything is called "the struggle for existence." Heartless robbing and plundering of one nation by another is called "patriotism." Violent acts, cunning, fraud, and in former times, murder also, committed by the political powers, is called "state policy." The crimes committed by Christian and Mohammedan fanaticism are known everywhere; all was done in the interest of the churches. It would be wrong to attribute the softening of manners and customs to the influence of religion, for the belief in its divine origin was in former times more general than now, and it cannot be denied that with the ever-growing scepticism, or in spite of it, we have become more and more humane and benevolent. Now, as in the past, religion is only for the populace; priests and statesmen never cared for it—so says history.

Zoroaster, the oldest founder of a revealed religion known to us, personified good and evil in two godheads.

The useful and beautiful was the work of Ahuramasda, the harmful and bad was brought about by Angraminjus; the first must be cultivated, the second opposed. Zoroaster's moral teaching was simple and beautiful, but few practised it, although he preached that a moral life enabled the soul to return to Ahuramasda, the greatest felicity, while the consequences of evil acts were terrible in this life as in the one to come. The history of the Bactrians and Persians proves that kindness and justice were not practised; the ruling powers probably neither believed in the existence nor in the revelation of Ahuramasda.

The creed which Moses taught stands far behind that one of Zoroaster. Jehovah was a terrible god; but it must not be overlooked that Moses had to deal with a people which was so neglected and uncivilized that he deemed it necessary to keep the generation emigrating from Egypt, forty years in the desert, and to let it die out there, because he did not consider it able to conquer a country and found a State. Nobody can say that the Jewish belief of old had a very ennobling influence on its followers, although we find that six hundred years before Christ the Jewish law commanded: "Thou shalt surely open thine hand unto thy brother, to the needy, and to the poor in thy land." If neither the Assyrians, nor the Egyptians, nor the Romans have to say good things of the Jews, it is probably because they preferred to obey that other law, which is to be found in the same book: "When thou drawest near a city to fight against it, and it will make no peace, but will war against you, then thou shalt besiege it; and when the Lord, thy God, delivereth it into thine hand, thou shalt smite every male thereof with the edge of the sword." Moses was, like Mohammed, more of a great law-giver than an inspired prophet.

The teaching of the Brahmans is not much better. The reformation of the Indian religion, through Buddha, can be counted among the revealed religions, because Buddha affirmed to remember his former incarnations, which remembrance enabled him to clearly recognize the nothingness and

worthlessness of life and to preach against the desire for it. The Brahmans misused their power just as did the priests of the Roman Catholic church, and Buddha occupies the same position in regard to the old Brahmanic belief as Luther does in regard to popery. But the egotism of the believers could not be diminished by the Buddhistic teaching, that only a perfectly unselfish devotion can free the soul from re-incarnation.

Zoroaster's, Moses', and Buddha's teachings are not to be blamed. The Christ has given a teaching of brotherly love; but what has the church made of it? The deeds of the sultans disappear when compared with the cruelties and arrogance of the popes; and if the belief could not influence the Vicar of Jesus Christ, what was to be expected of the other believers? Buddha and Jesus preached a religion of hope for those who suffered; but their promise of reward and future life was too weak a motive to destroy the egotism of man. Mohammed taught fatalism, and promised sensual joys to all who should fall in battle. He succeeded in creating a warlike, conquering nation, for in one hundred years the Arabs had conquered everything from the Euphrates to the Atlantic ocean, even Spain; but his moral teachings he did not even observe himself, much less his adherents. He was a very sensuous man who excused his outbursts of passion with a special permission from the holy Gabriel. Moses and Jesus he recognized as prophets; but of the Jews and Christians he rightly said that they did not keep and practise their teachings.

In the eyes of the strictly monotheistic Mohammedans, the Christians, with their Holy Trinity, and saints, necessarily appeared to be heathens; and it cannot be denied that the belief of the Mohammedans was more rational than the mystic superstition of the Christians of those times. The first caliphs of the Arabs gave to the conquered warriors the choice between the Koran, equal rights, tribute, tolerance, or death, while the Christian emperor Basilius robbed fifteen thousand Bulgars of their eyesight. A brilliant exception was the much maligned Genghis Khan, who esteemed



all the priests of all the religions and gave them the same rights, although he himself believed in pure monotheism without any forms and rituals. He was the greatest monarch of all times, who treated the vanquished Chinese with rare moderation, and the cruelties committed later by the Mongols were the work of his successors and their generals.

Spiritism, the newest religion, which acquired in ten years more adherents than the older religions in a century, does not seem to have reached its desired goal, because the revelations of mediums and somnambulists are not much different from those of dreamers. In dreams we sometimes find traces of a higher mode of perception which are of value to the student; the same is true in regard to the revelations of Spiritism, which are so plentiful and contradictory that almost every new medium causes a new sect to spring up. A beneficent influence of Spiritism has so far not been observed. Maybe that time will bring order and reason out of this chaos.

What the old religions and their reformers could not do, namely, to overcome the egotism of men, was also too much for the philosophers. Nearly all of the philosophers believed in another life, and taught that our future condition depended on our present mode of life; they were consequently in accord with the priests, who, in addition, threatened with eternal punishment, and promised eternal reward. They appealed to the egotism of man, but all was in vain!

Adherents of the different sects and religions almost always willingly sacrificed the future and eternal joys for present advantages, which can only be explained by the fact that no religious and philosophical system had that degree of certainty and evidence which is necessary to dissipate scepticism and to give a strong conviction. Education and usage produce a worthless formalism which is more or less observed, but which has nothing to do with the inner truth of the teaching; they also modify our manners. In so far religion may have had an ennobling influence, but the dogmas never were of any use, because they did not carry conviction; and the bad example of the more intelligent

classes of necessity had to undermine the belief of the masses.

The interests of the churches and of the State made use of all the vices and crimes whenever they were convenient for them. The religion of the educated man of all times and all nations was in truth an eternally vacillating scepticism, somewhat modified by outward observance of the usual forms and usages. Scylla carried a picture of Apollon on his chest, and at the same time robbed the treasures of his holy temples; the bandit goes to mass before he executes his robberies; the highborn lady fasts on Good Friday and goes to church now and then because she does not want to lose all the chances with heaven—just as one plays in the lottery. This lack of certainty promotes the ethical development of our character because it makes virtue a real merit, but it also makes the struggle for existence so much harder. Scepticism finds an excuse in the great number of different teachings and metaphysical views. Kant was a thinker whom nobody will accuse of lack of knowledge and reasoning power. His friend and biographer, Hasse, relates that Kant was three times asked about his opinion of life after death; once he said that he did not expect **"anything definite;"** another time that **"he did not know what was coming,"** and a third time he was in favor of **"reincarnation."** If even a Kant did not know what was coming, one may be sure that the others did not know it either; but he did not deny the possibility that **one day it might be known,** and he even indicated how this greatest riddle of humanity may be solved.<sup>1</sup>

If religion is destined to exert a really deciding influence on the actions of humanity, it must not remain a possible, probable, rational **belief;** it must become **knowledge;** it must be able to dissipate all scepticism; it must convince at least the more intelligent classes, because a long fight with the priestly hierarchy is to be expected.

If we look for the kernel common to all religions, if we remove the dross which was added, in the course of time, by

<sup>1</sup>"Dreams of a Ghostseer," and "Lectures on Metaphysic."

priests and commentators, we find sentences which are in full accord with the views of great thinkers. If we point out of the teachings of Zoroaster, Buddha, Laotse, Confucius, Kapila, Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato, Jesus, St. Paul, Tertullian, and the Neoplatonists and Kabbalists, that which is common to all, we get three distinct statements.

(1) Man represents not the highest degree of evolution in the world; there are higher beings, even one highest being, possible.

(2) The birth of man is not the beginning, and death is not the end of his existence.

(3) The condition after death stands in close connection with our mode of life.

This view appears as revelation, tradition, or as philosophical teaching, without any other proof; it was and still is the instinctive belief of humanity. The isolated opposition of materialism is the doubt; conviction is here just as impossible, because the proof is lacking for materialism as well as for the religious teachings.

If the assertion of our continued existence and of the consequences of our mode of life shall not remain a dead letter, like most of all religious teachings, then its truth has to be proven; for it is not yet a proof if the above assertions are found to be the inner kernel of all the important religious and philosophical systems. If this proof could be found, it would not be without great influence on the conditions of humanity. Education would change the vacillating belief into a firm conviction, because higher intelligence and greater understanding (which is so dangerous to the existing religions) enables men to judge for themselves. It makes a great difference to impart a belief to children which, with riper judgment, must grow paler and paler, until it finally dies out, or a belief which becomes stronger and stronger with growing reason and understanding. Everybody knows that Henry VIII. of England was an immoral, sanguinary tyrant, and it is also known why he founded the Anglican Church. Considering the great differences in the profession of faith and the emancipation of the more intelligent classes,

it is no wonder that masses of people cannot be longer held together by the authority of the priests. Only a generally acknowledged, rational, proven, not revealed religious teaching could exert a decisive influence.

Europe is in such an unsettled state in regard to religion and metaphysics that a reaction must soon occur; the evil consequences of the want of a generally acknowledged and effective moral principle are to be seen everywhere.

The question arises now, if and how a change can be brought about. It is a fact that the way which we have so far traveled does not lead to the desired end; the belief which is founded on a supposed revelation, or a divine will, on matter or force, on protoplasm or monads, does not suffice to explain the riddle of the world and of man. The progress of the natural sciences has done away with so many legends of the different beliefs that we may ask if there remains nothing left which is in harmony with the laws of nature and with experience. This is the way which leads to the discovery of statements, which are able to banish the doubt of the most important points in regard to human destiny and the future. The circle in which human hope and belief are moving will become smaller, but more distinct.

Those readers who believe that there is little cause for my confident language in regard to this picture of the future, may not forget that it is much easier to infer from effects to causes, than to estimate the motives of human actions. The laws of organic and inorganic nature are more transparent and reliable than the laws of social movements. It is not impossible for Russia to discover great gold mines in the Ural, or to find a minister of finance like Colbert, or a general like Napoleon, who would retard progress for a century; but it is impossible that any substance or force takes rise out of nothing, or returns to nothingness; it is impossible that an effect can be without a cause. With this as a foundation and an uninterrupted series of observations, it is possible to predict the belief of the coming centuries. This belief will do away with the seat of St. Peter, as well as that of the Dalai Lama and of the Kalif; more, the regeneration of our meta-

physical views will coincide with that of our social-political conditions, because the unavoidable collapse of the modern conception of the world must propagate greater knowledge among the masses and cause emancipation of the public opinion.

My hope for a thorough reformation of our world philosophy taking place in the twentieth century is based on the fact that our scientific cognition of nature and metaphysics will be supplemented by sensuous perception, objective experience of facts beyond our known laws of nature.

That the objective experience can have only a relative validity for us is clear, because our cognition will forever be modified by our senses. If we, for instance, observe that somebody has a supersensuous and for us, incomprehensible faculty of perception, like Swedenborg, or the poet Zschokke, then this or any other mystical fact is an experience which stands in contradiction to the laws of nature as known by us. This fact neither belongs into the province of physics nor of metaphysics; if under metaphysics we understand, with Kant, **that which lies outside of our experience.**

Kant distinguishes an outer and an inner experience; the first belonging to physics, the second to psychology, while metaphysics is "cognition a priori."

If we accept this classification then we have to insert what Zoellner calls "transcendental physics," which embraces all the psychic activities attributed to the "psychic force," as Sergeant Knox and Professor Crookes termed it, or to Aksakow's Animism, or to Spiritism and to the general phenomena of mediumship.

It is significant that the German thinkers, Kant and Schopenhauer, laid such great stress on facts which are ignored, suppressed, and opposed by the *diis minorum gentium*; they undoubtedly recognized the importance attaching to them." And the importance is great indeed when the teaching of Jesus has, after nineteen hundred years, not been able to diminish the egotism of humanity; when not one of all the many philosophical systems and dogmatic beliefs has convinced the nations of the earth that brotherhood is the

law of nature, which conditions all happiness and true progress. Who believes still in the immortality of the soul, or in the dogma of a punishing and rewarding God? One need only read the ecclesiastical history to get the conviction that the churches were always anxious for one thing only; to erect the well-being of their hierarchy on the ruin of the general interests.

That the materialistic view must, of necessity, lead to the grossest egotism has already been mentioned, and the philosophy of Schopenhauer and Hartman is directly opposed to all human progress, because it stipulates the negation of the will to live, as a necessary postulate.

The solidarity of humanity is not recognized by our ministers, our representatives of the people, nor by our Journalists. Many of them are full of prejudices and ever ready to sacrifice the well-being of the community to their own selfish interests.

Such is the belief of the nineteenth century. Who will deny that we need another philosophy, a higher teaching, which is able to point to the terrible consequences which the scrupulous egotism must, of necessity, bring upon humanity? The belief of the twentieth century must be based on a higher knowledge; it must rest firmly on the known laws of physical nature and on the laws of the immortal soul; which laws will be fully known by future humanity.

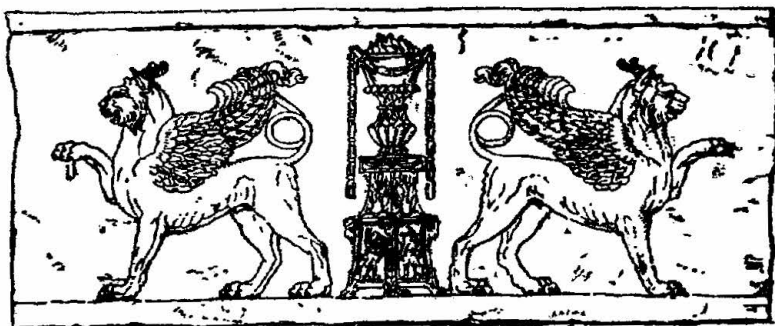
"Daily, thousands of beings are pushing into terrestrial existence and hourly a few thousand pay this entry into physical life with death. Taken all together, this one life is a very passive business, as acknowledged by all the great philosophers and founders of religions. For the majority of human beings, life is far from happy, and for the minority it is simply unbearable. Why, then, this thronging into life? Even if its conditions should improve with time, why should billions of men be sacrificed in order to prepare a questionable better existence for coming generations? Is there an answer to these portentous questions; an answer which is possible, probable, reasonable, and which can give us some certainty, some new hope?



There is an answer which fulfills all these conditions; which removes all doubts and which is not based on revelation or fiction, but simply on logical conclusions. I prefer to confess my ignorance if I cannot give a reasonable answer, instead of inventing a metaphysical system which has all the explanations of the phenomenal world ready beforehand, as is done by modern naturalists and philosophers. All that is offered here rests on a firm foundation, and it suffices to answer the questions mentioned above. Plenty of doubts and unsolved questions will always remain, but one thing stands above every doubt, and that is the passing state of our life on earth and the continuation of our individual development!" To make individual development possible, the struggle for existence has to take on milder forms, and human endeavors must be directed into higher paths—which can only be done by practical brotherhood and by a teaching which makes it certain that terrestrial life is only one phase in the immortal life of the soul.

*(To be continued.)*





## THE SCARAB OF DESTINY\*

By Maris Herrington Billings

### CHAPTER VIII.

#### BEACON LIGHTS.

THE warm sunlight filtered in through the half drawn velarium of the sumptuous atrium of the Villa Ostorius, and the soft splash of the dripping fountain was the only sound that Regina heard as she paced the floor, awaiting the coming of Flavia, to whom she could pour out her woes. When that dame arrived, she was full of sympathy for the hardships Regina had to endure.

"By the Gods, 'twas a shame to send Ricardus to those far-off hills. Ostorius was the one to have gone in command of the Legion; but nay, Ostorius stays in Uriconium, while Ricardus, who is a stranger to the warfare of these fierce natives, is in charge of the troops."

"May Jupiter and Mars be with him, and grant him success," said Flavia. "Hast thou made any impression, Regina, now the slave has gone?"

"Nay, he hath a heart of stone. I managed to sprinkle some of the love charm on his meat, and wouldst thou believe it, Flavia, 'twas a roast quail, and he sent it away without touching it; and I am sure that black Nubian devil of Ostorius has eaten it."

Flavia leaned back and laughed merrily. "Of a truth they will think thou art up to the tricks of Valeria Messalina."

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But Regina frowned at her levity. "If Ostorius had done his duty, Ricardus would have been left in charge of the garrison."

"Methinks, Regina, that the victorious Ricardus will not allow his glance to fall on thy fair face until thou dost wear the purple segmantum\* and the wreath of cypress. A divorce will not answer. I saw him on the Watling Street the day the troops departed. His face wore such a doleful look I thought thou hadst given him the philtre and that he was love-sick. He was very pale, with dark shadows beneath his eyes. I told Octavia he must have lost his best friend, therefore, the sooner thou dost give thy lord and master a loving caress, the better chance thou wilt have when the Legion returns. When thy lord has taken his departure for the realms of Pluto, then, and not till then, wilt thou win the man of thy choice.

"Perhaps thou art right, Flavia," said Regina, and they laughed softly.

If they had not been so absorbed in themselves, they would have seen a shapely white hand grasp the curtain that divided the atrium from the triclinium. At the sound of Flavia's high-pitched tones the hand was silently withdrawn, and Ostorius listened with a white set face to the plot which these two fair women were concocting to deprive him of his life. He made his way back to his sanctum, and threw himself on a couch. His whole attitude was one of extreme despair. He bowed his head in grief, his faith in women utterly destroyed and broken. To think that the fair young creature whom he had made his wife, and whom he had worshipped with an idolatrous love, could thus calmly contemplate his death! A grim smile came to his lips as he ordered his chariot and left the villa. Toward evening he returned, and went straight to the cubiculum of his beautiful wife.

Regina greeted him with a smile, and would have approached him, but he kept at a safe distance and said, "Thou art looking pale, Regina, I will order thee a draught of wine. Syra," he called to his Nubian slave, "bring me the wine from my sanctum."

When the slave returned, bearing the golden vase, Ostorius himself poured it into the goblet. Regina looked askance at this attention, for Ostorius was not wont to thrust attentions upon

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\*The badge of widowhood.

her. As he handed it to her, she noted the queer look in his eyes. She laid it down, saying carelessly, "I do not think I need it. I will not take it now."

"I command thee to drink, my pretty one," he said, softly. "What! Dost thou fear poison? From *me*, Regina, who loves thee so dearly? My lily blossom, sweetest flower that grows, thy conscience knows that thy mind is like the petal of the white lily; no black thoughts could soil its purity. Thy dear love is all mine, and thou dost love thy mate as the cooing dove. Drink, as thou lovest me, drink."

Regina was now afraid, and began to tremble. Ostorius held the goblet out to her, and she was forced, under his compelling gaze to drink. She noted that it tasted rather acid, and she felt giddy and stumbled towards a couch. Ostorius bent over her and said, "Now, thou beautiful friend, suffer the tortures of the damned for a brief space. I heard thy talk with Flavia in the Atrium this morning."

"And thou hast poisoned me!" she gasped.

Ostorius laughed. "If thou thinkest that thou deservest such a fate, be sure it will be meted out to thee," and bowing to her prostrate form he left the room.

Regina felt everything begin to grow dark. Her head felt heavy as lead, and her body was numb; yet her brain was active, and for two hours she suffered the most awful horrors, waiting for death to come and relieve her misery. At last she sank down, down, into a dark fathomless abyss of blackness, and knew no more.

About the tenth hour Ostorius entered the cubiculum and gazed long at the silent figure. He bent over her and carefully removed her ornaments one by one, including her rings and the dull gold Egyptian bracelet. He did not know which piece of jewelry contained the poison, but he was quite sure it was one of the pet trinkets with which she was wont to adorn her person. Then he called Syra, and gave his orders in a tense voice. Regina was wrapped in a dark mantle, and taken to a barge on the river Severn. Ostorius himself escorted the litter that bore her unconscious form. The barge was then rowed down to the coast, and at the mouth of the Severn the sleeping form was transferred to a galley bound for Rome.

When Regina regained her senses she found herself on the open sea, with the blue water rippling against the sides of the low, cumbrous vessel.

Crispus, the Commander, handed her a scroll on which she read:

"Thy brilliant intellect is needed at the Court of Rome, where thy cousin Agrippina will, without doubt, find use for thy special talents. The climate of Britain never agreed with thy constitution. Henceforth, thou art free to devote thy life to furthering the aspirations of the empress. Thou art a snake in human form; and hereby I divorce thee. Consider thyself free to kill the next fool who shall be caught by thy bright eyes."

P. Ostorius Scapula.

Regina shrugged her shoulders, saying, with a laugh, "If the old fool ever comes to Rome I'll owe him something for the agony he made me suffer."

The vessel bearing Regina to Rome made slow headway crossing the channel, owing to heavy gales; but Crispus was an able commander, and knew how to sail his cumbrous vessel. He was a man of few words, with a frank, open countenance, with white hairs that commanded respect. His sole object in life was to obey Ostorius and safely convey Regina to Rome; so he poured numerous libations to Neptune, imploring that God to send him favorable winds and enable him to reach Rome in safety.

As for Regina, she cared not a whit what Crispus thought of her; but she deplored his taciturnity, which left her nothing to do but watch the ever-changing sea, as the dark, low vessel plowed her way across the foam. Regina was cheered by the glad thought that every day brought her nearer her beloved Rome. She was well aware that her dower of great beauty and fascination, which had been buried in Uriconium, would make her a power in that wonderful city. There she would shine, a bright, particular star in that high sphere to which her rank and birth entitled her.

Before her lay great possibilities. The Emperor Claudius was in his dotage. He was considered only half-witted by his contemporaries. He was called weak-minded because he preferred to spend the sunny days in his library than rule turbulent Rome. He was a great scholar, and had written the History of Rome in forty-three volumes. He considered this infinitely better than wrangling over abstruse questions in the Senate.

For years he had been a private tutor, with no idea of ascending the throne, and was by nature timid and good-natured. When Caligula was assassinated, he had been hiding behind some curtains, trembling with fear, and was dragged forth by the preto-

rians. This body of men numbered six thousand in Rome, and had the power to enforce their demands that the old man be made Emperor; so, much to his own surprise, Claudius heard the Senate proclaim him Emperor and Ruler of Rome. He was fifty years of age, and had been married for two years to Agrippina, a widow with one son, named Domitius. She was a proud and haughty woman, who grasped the reins of power with a firm hand, that she might indulge her insatiable avarice, her boundless ambition, and her unparalleled cruelty. She not only ruled poor Claudius, but the Empire as well. From the moment he donned the amethyst robes, his life was forfeited, for she determined that none but her son Domitius should sit in the chair of state.

Agrippina was the foremost suffragette of her time. She allowed no man to take precedence of her. She insisted upon appearing beside Claudius in the Senate, sitting on the right hand of the throne on all momentous occasions, and, during public ceremonies, she took the lead. She it was who gave audience to ambassadors and foreign princes, and she also took a hand in the administration of justice.

She was a crafty and designing woman, and all that stood between her son and the throne was the young son of Claudius, a pale, dreamy-eyed boy of twelve, who inherited his father's tendencies. He cared only for peace and study, and his chief delight was attending the schools of philosophy, or listening to some brilliant orator. His highest ambition was that some day he might mount the rostrum himself. He rebelled with all his puny strength when they tried to make a Spartan of him and train him as a Roman. He shuddered at the thought of pain, and sickened at the sight of blood. He was naturally delicate, and it was not his fault if his flabby muscles failed to hold in check the fiery steeds given him to drive on the concourse. Claudius did his best to harden his only son, but he saw that he was not made of the material to make a ruler for Rome. He lacked force of will like himself, and few were the men that ever lived capable of holding the reins of power over the Empire, and few indeed with sufficient strength to govern without abusing that power; for Rome was demoralized in more ways than one. So all Claudius could do was to pray that the Gods would preserve the boy, or take him to themselves. Agrippina made no secret of the fact that she hated and despised the pale lad who stood like a specter before the throne of the Caesars.

By skillful insinuations, she made Claudius believe that Bri-



tanicus looked more like Narcissus than his mother, Valeria Mesalina, whom he strongly resembled, and that patrician blood never cringed and trembled as did his. This, she argued, plainly denoted the plebeian strain. Under this influence, she persuaded Claudius to disinherit the boy and adopt Domitius as his heir, thus signing his own death warrant as well as that of his young son. In that way, she gave to history one of the greatest monsters and tyrants the world has ever known.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE CONQUEST OF CARADOC.

**R**ICARDUS rode from Uriconium that summer morning at the head of the Seventh Legion. In their glittering armor, with golden eagles and flying pennons, they crossed the Severn, and made their way to the distant mountains, where Caradoc lay strongly entrenched. His position was well fortified. At the base of the mountain ran a wide but shallow river. This had been thickly planted with sharp pointed stakes so that when the Roman cavalry should plunge in, the stakes would rip open the horses. But nothing daunted that brave Legion. On came the Roman cavalry, like a black cloud, led by their indomitable leader. He waved his battle-axe on high, and bade the men follow him up the steep and rocky path; but Sylvanus noted that the horses were being wounded as they plunged into the river and that their blood was turning its waters to a crimson flood, and said, "Stay, Ricardus; thou hadst best call a halt. Leave the horses in the shelter of yonder thicket, and climb the accursed hill on foot. We have the Welsh lion at bay now and can throw out skirmish lines and hem him in. His sun hath set, Ricardus, for he is caught, like a hare, in his own trap."

"After all, Sylvanus, I hear he is a brave man", said Ricardus, "and I hate to see a valiant man in chains. He hath fought eight long years for this little corner of the earth. Methinks Rome, in all her might, could well spare him his freedom to live."

"What cares Caesar for his people or him? He hath disputed every inch of ground we have gained; and he hath to learn to his sorrow that Rome is Mistress of the World."

"But he will die fighting for his country, as many of us may do to-day."

"Wilt thou give the order for the assault, or shall I? If we can ward off these accursed arrows, we can reach the top and the day will be won."

"Aye, thou hast spoken truly, Sylvanus. I will lead the way. On, on, my men!" he shouted, "Advance for the everlasting glory of Rome. Let us win the top of yonder hill."

Off went Ricardus, holding his shield as a cover against the descending arrows, and his example was followed by his men. Over the rough stones and rocks he went, with a free and easy grace, lightly vaulting from rock to rock. Showers of arrows fell rattling on the upturned shields, and many a well aimed shaft pierced breast-plate and helm, for the desperate archers overhead were adepts at stringing the long bow, and they pulled them to some purpose as the wild cheers of the rapidly advancing Romans rang in their ears.

The Welsh were nimble as goats. Caradoc had posted some of his forces on the steep ascent, and soon the Cymry were fighting hand to hand with the enemy. Higher and higher climbed the Romans, presenting a solid line of shields to the foe, and using their javelins with great effect, each foot of the way savagely fought by its noble defenders.

The carnage was fearful. The hillside was covered with the dead, some of whom rolled down to the stream below, which carried on its flowing bosom many a sad memento of the battle. The defenders, seeing that the Romans were gaining ground, hurled down the loose stones of the ramparts and ran to meet the coming foe.

Animated by their undying love of home and country, they flung themselves headlong on the advancing line of steel; but the skin-clad Welshmen were not a match for the mail-clad Romans, who ran the Cymry through the body with their pointed javelins. Still, on they came, yelling like frenzied madmen, bounding over the bodies of their fallen comrades until they, too, fell pierced by many a wound and the grey rocks were littered with the dead and dying.

They had been urged on to deeds of heroism and deathless courage by the white-clad Druids who in their war-songs taught them that souls did not perish, but passed after death to other lives; so the men cast away all fear of death and rushed undaunted on the gleaming steel.

The blue banner of Caradoc, with its red gold dragon, flashed in the sunny noon; but in the dying light of day Ricardus planted the Golden Eagle on the summit of Caer Caradoc.

There was a wild mingling of the foes as they met on that limited space. Ricardus seemed to bear a charmed life; and standing near the great white standard, with its golden initial of the Emperor, he wielded his battle-axe with no small effect. All round him lay the slain as he stood in the centre of a struggling mass of soldiers, stubbornly fighting for the planting of the standard that proclaimed the victory of Rome.

Ricardus now made for the dark-eyed man with the golden fillet round his head, to take him prisoner; but the Welsh, with a wild yell, rallied round their chief. Every man threw himself in front of Caradoc, and they so surrounded him that he seemed to vanish into thin air; his escape being rendered less difficult by Taliesin, who snatched the golden fillet from his head. All was now confusion. At a given signal the Welsh turned and fled, leaving the wounded to the mercy of the Romans. Pell, mell, down the ravine, and through the thorny thickets, they rushed, as the Roman legionaries glittering in brass and scarlet, won the summit of Caer Caradoc.

The two brothers of Caradoc were badly wounded, and were taken prisoners, but when Ricardus learned who they were, he had them treated with every kindness and consideration due their rank.

When Caradoc made his escape, he ran like a deer down the mountain path through the thick undergrowth, for more than a mile, and was joined by a few devoted followers. They crawled into a small cave, known only to themselves, and waited until they heard the trumpet sound the slumber signal in the Roman camp before they ventured out. It had been decided that the band should separate, and that Caradoc should seek refuge with Cartismandua, Queen of the Brigantes, who he had known in his youth, and who, he was sure, would aid and befriend him now until his scattered forces could rally round him; for his faithful followers would rally to the blue banner of Wales until every one was cold in death defending it.

In a drizzling mist Caradoc made his way to Ellesmere, and skirting the lake, on through the fens, coppice and dingle. By day he hid in the fern brakes, and at night slept beneath the tangle of oak and hazel bushes. At Chester he secured a stout

mountain pony and came to *Caer Efrog*, near *Eboracum*\* to the great Stone Tower where dwelt *Cartismandua*.

When the queen of the Brigantes heard who craved admission at her gates, she smiled, and went to meet him.

"So, thou hast come at last to ask of me a favor? Thou art not aware, *Caradoc*, that I had been waiting for years for thee to cross my threshold."

"Nay, Oh Queen; I did not dream that thou didst bear me in mind", said *Caradoc*, somewhat surprised.

"Then learn, *Caradoc*, that there are some things and some people a woman never forgets", she said with a cruel smile.

The Queen ordered her retainers to lay a meal before the famished chief, and when he had supped *Cartismandua* came in herself and brought him wine in a stone vessel. He drank to her health, at her laughing command; and soon after a serving-man led him to a stone walled chamber, and he was glad to lay himself down on a bed of clean rushes laid upon the earth floor, with a wolf-skin for a covering. He fell into a deep sleep, and when he awoke he found himself loaded with heavy chains, his feet hobbled, and his wrists manacled.

"What treachery is this?" he demanded of the guard, who paced before his door. In answer *Cartismandua* swept into the room, her black eyes flashing with fire. "So thou wouldst know the reason of thy plight, Oh *Caradoc*? Thou hast forgotten; but not I", and she laughed. "Dost thou remember when we were youth and maid? We walked on the hills together. Hast thou forgotten the value of *Llangollen*, and the sweet love words thou didst coo in mine ear, until the yellow-haired *Glwadys* came between us? Thou didst choose her for thy bride, and thou didst laugh at me when I told thee how I loved thee *Caradoc*, handsome stripling that thou wast. Dost thou remember flinging me aside at sight of *Glwadys*, and laughing in my face? That laugh still echoes through the years. I swore to be revenged, and bided my time; and now it has come. I am going to deliver thee into the hands of the Romans; and thou, the proudest of Welsh princes, shalt walk at the tail of their gilded chariots, before thou art thrown to the wild beasts."

She threw up her hands and laughed wildly.

"Hast thou no pity within thy breast, woman? No heart?" said *Caradoc*.

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\*York.

"Thou didst tear it out in the long ago", said she.

"Turn me loose, Cartismandua. Let me fight my way back to Snowdon. Do not yield me up like a trussed fowl. For the honor of Wales, I pray thee let me go."

"Nay, I have waited and longed for this one hour of my life, and now the triumph is mine, mine!" she screamed. "Even now I have sent to Eboracum for a centurian to lead thee to the commander of the Seventh Legion who is not far away."

Caradoc turned his face to the wall and said never a word. The centurian soon arrived with ten soldiers, and the Welsh Chieftain was delivered to him, and was then taken to Shropshire and brought before Ricardus.

When the patrician saw the noble countenance of Caradoc it reminded him in a vague way of Nesta, the girl he loved; and a wave of pity surged through his heart for the fallen chief, who stood so proudly before him.

"Thou art a brave man, Caractacus, and thou didst make a gallant stand for thy rights; but thou must make obeisance to the throne of Caesar, for in this world Might stands for Right", said Ricardus, sadly; "and the sooner we learn our lesson the better. If I have thy chains removed, which I like not to see upon a brave man, wilt thou give me thy word of honor not to try to escape? Thou hast been delivered to us at the hands of a disappointed woman, they tell me; and I feel for thee, for I think, in fair fight, 'twere many a long day ere thou wouldst stand in chains before us."

"Noble Commander, thou hast my word, that of a Welsh chieftain, which shall never be broken to friend or foe, for I desire to go with thee to Uriconium. After that trust me not, for I shall make every effort to join my followers in the hills."

"And why only to Uriconium?"

"Because I would risk my life to see my Nesta; to have my faith in womankind restored."

"Nesta, the harpist of Ostorius?" said Ricardus softly.

"Aye, the same comely maid."

Over the face of Ricardus came a look of determination. He called an armorer, and ordered him to remove the chains of Caradoc; and henceforth he treated him more as a friend than a prisoner, showing him every consideration and kindness; but he did not tell Caradoc that he doubted he would find his daughter at Uriconium. When they came in sight of the station, Ricardus

left Caradoc with a guard of soldiers, and proceeded to the villa of Ostorius, where he found a sad and heavy-hearted man.

"Wouldst thou, Ostorius, care for the Triumph Claudius hath promised to the one who captured Caractacus?"

A light came into the eyes of Ostorius. "A Triumph, Ricardus, is the greatest honor a soldier may desire; but as well try to capture a weasel asleep as Caractacus. He is too wary a bird to be caught; so I doubt that I will ever win the Triumph."

"If thou wilt promise to deliver a scroll to Claudius from me, on the day thou arrivest in Rome, the Triumph shall be thine. I promise to deliver Caractacus into thy hands on one condition, that thou wilt treat him as a captive king and a noble prisoner of war."

"Thou must have weighty reasons for foregoing a Triumph thyself, Ricardus. 'Tis the greatest honor life holds for the Roman soldier."

"Aye, Ostorius, 'tis the old story; the love of a fair woman holds me back. I love thine absent harpist, and I will stay in Britain until I find her; and I could not lead the father of the woman I love as a chained captive through the streets of Rome."

"Mark me, Ricardus; thou art throwing away the gold for the dross. Once I thought as thou dost; but there is no woman on earth worth the honor and glory of a Triumph. They will all repay thee with treachery", he said bitterly. "But how didst thou capture the Welsh lion?"

"Through the very thing thou hast just mentioned, a woman's treachery."

When Ricardus had told the tale, the heart of Ostorius went out in pity for the prisoner, and he readily gave promise to treat him with all due deference; for he had his entire sympathy.

The heart of Caradoc was sore within him when he found that Nesta was gone, but he listened to the story of the runaways with a calm face, deeming her safe in *Caer Leon* long ere this.

## CHAPTER X.

### LIFE AMONG THE DRUIDS.

THE rosy dawn had scarcely shot her golden gleams over the land, when down a grassy glade of the forest, sparkling with the morning dew, came a number of young men, led by a venerable old man with a long white beard and snowy locks. A



wreath of oak leaves encircled his head; he wore a white robe, and around his waist a red sash; on his neck was a collar of gold, crescent shaped, from which hung a lunette of blue glass, which represented the ark or sacred boat. This was Merion, the Druid priest, expounding to his scholars the sacred mysteries of the Druidic Order.

"Thou knowest, my sons," he said in a mellow voice, "that Britain is the original home of Druidism. We are the ministers of sacred things, and the young are sent to us for instruction in our religion. The Druids are held by all in the highest reverence and esteem, for among all the religions of to-day we, and we alone, know the truth of the old hidden religion, that of the true Unnameable God.

"We do not think it right to commit these sacred things to writing, although we can write in Latin and in Greek; hence, the necessity of your learning by heart, verse after verse of our mystic lore. Our life is made easy, for we are exempt from taxes; we are not expected to take part in warfare; hence we are free from all public burdens; but ye have much to learn and no idle moments to lose, for ye must know how to cure the sick, and stricken in mind; ye must know how to make salves for wounds and physic for pain, and become skilful in compounding the herbs which Nature has given for the benefit of mankind. Ye must know the three deadly wounds at sight; the cloven skull, the open viscera, and the punctured lung.

"The Romans are overrunning our beloved land; they are masters and tryants of the greater part of Britain, but they are masters of the world as well; yet we Druids will keep the flame burning; our bards shall keep the language alive; nor shall any nations but the Cymry rise from their graves in this corner of the earth, for 'tis an old saying that Wales will always be Wales, and the Welsh will live here till the end of time, while other nations will come and go.

"The Romans will leave us to our old faith; but in years to come that faith will suffer, and year by year its adherents will grow fewer, until at last it will die out. So it behooves each and every one of you to be faithful to his trust. Our religion differs from that of the Ovytes as light from darkness; so keep your lives pure and holy. Our religion is the Doctrine of Good, the Ovyte that of Evil. By good conduct and blameless life each one may aspire to the chair of the Arch Druid. Remember

always that death holds no terror for us; souls do not perish, but after death and dissolution we pass on into other bodies. Cast all fear from your hearts, be brave and courageous, and strive ever to teach the young. So shall ye keep our faith alive.

"As the sun is now risen and we have reached the temple, let us proceed to worship."

On the top of a high hill was a flat space, on which was set a ring of twelve huge monoliths, which represented the twelve signs of the Zodiac. In the centre stood the Logan or rocking stone, so balanced that a child could move it with ease. This was the throne on which the High Priest was accustomed to stand, with staff in hand, observing the position of the Sun, and declaring the solstices, summer and winter; hence they were called sun worshippers.

"Now", said Merion, "bring me the twigs of divination, and lay them on the altar."

These twigs were of hazel, and were thrown from the hands haphazard. From the direction in which they lay, the priest would read his augury. Raising his hands to the sky, Merion sang in a melodious voice a strange chant or invocation. The young men, clustered around, responded in a pleasing monotone; and all things seemed to swell the song of earth's thanksgiving for the light of heaven.

Who can say what visions of the unknown God filled the heart of Merion, as he stood thus with face upraised to the summer sky, and offered the morning orisons according to the form hallowed by his order for ages past.

The service over, he dismissed his class with a wave of his hand, and walked through the golden gloom of the forest to a small clearing, overlooking the bay. With some curiosity he watched a hump-backed dwarf, climbing the rugged cliff with difficulty, and bearing on his shoulder a strange burden.

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Through the long night the coracle, in which Nesta lay, breasted the white-capped waves. The rising sun peeped above the horizon, its rosy gleams turned the mist into a veil of gold, and the light sparkled on the dancing waves, that seemed never to have known mist and fog. The wind swept the coracle with its motionless burden toward the shore, where rose a high cliff of grey rock, which shone vividly against the dark green of its forest-clad summit. Below lay a shingly beach, on which the

creasted waves were dashing themselves against the base of the cliff, and the white foam was falling in showers of spray back to the green sea.

A giant wave carried the coracle inshore and dashed it against the face of the cliff, throwing the girl high up on the shingle, and as the tide was on the turn, she was soon left beyond reach of the water. She had not been lying there long, when a large head with a shock of unkempt hair peered over the edge of the cliff, surveying with practised eyes the flotsam and jetsam left by the tide. He soon spied the drenched figure of the girl, and, jumping up, he made his way down a narrow path to the shingles below.

It was Brian, a hump-backed dwarf with a wolfish face in which cruel black eyes gleamed with an unholy light. He was dressed in the scarlet tunic of a deceased Roman, with a black wolf-skin for a mantle. His skin was painted in blue bars with woad, and a more hideous-looking creature would have been hard to find.

With sure steps he made his way to where Nesta lay. First he turned her over to see if she were drowned; then he looked for jewels, and espied the golden torque around her neck. He fumbled at the clasp, which he found hard to undo, but at last it lay in his hand. He weighed it carefully; and as he could not read, the engraved symbols were nothing to him, he looked carefully around then tucked it in his tunic. Then he saw the leather band with its brass discs. This was worth more to him than the collar. She was a slave; and he would get a reward for returning her to her owner. He knelt down and put his ear to her heart, and could detect just the faintest fluttering. Then he noted the fair white skin and the long golden hair, and said, "Ah, why return her at all? I will keep her for myself", and the savage light of lust came into his cruel eyes as he glanced hastily around to see that not a living creature was near.

All he heard was a plover piping overhead, and the hoarse cry of a raven on its homeward flight, but no living soul met his glance. He therefore stooped and threw Nesta over his shoulder, and made his way with great difficulty up the steep path. Once on the top of the cliff, he laid his burden down that he might take breath; then, once again lifting her over his shoulder, he made his way slowly through the fern brakes along the well defined forest path, beneath the verdant foliage of the wide-spreading trees.

He had almost reached the cave wherein he dwelt, when, glancing up he saw a sight that made him turn quickly and lay his burden down behind a bush in a bed of ferns. Then he came sulkily forward with a bundle of twigs which he had hastily picked up.

He had seen the venerable Druid priest Merion, who stood with folded arms, awaiting his coming.

"Well, Brian, where hast thou laid thy burden?" said the priest sternly, eyeing the panting creature before him.

"Why here, to be sure," said Brian, holding up the twigs.

"Enough! Where is the woman thou wert carrying but a moment ago?"

Thou didst see me then? 'Tis a maiden I found on the shore; but she is quite dead. I meant but to bury her in yonder cairn."

"Aye; thy heart is larger than thy body Brian; but I will make certain if life is over for the poor child. Lead the way."

Merion bent down, and tenderly laid his ear against her heart, then he arose, with an angry light flashing in his blue eyes.

"Thou didst know full well that the maiden is not dead. Carry her to my home. I know thy purpose full well. Thou didst intend to bear her to thy cave. Lift her," he sternly commanded.

The dwarf made no movement to obey.

"Thou dost not wish to save her life?" said Merion. "Then I shall take her myself", and suiting the action to the word, he lifted Nesta in his strong arms and swiftly strode away. About a mile away stood a mud-walled hut, with roof of thatch, standing in a wilderness of flowers, surrounded by a clear space of green turf, and commanding a beautiful view of the ever-changing sea.

In the open doorway sat a girl of about twelve years of age, with a wise premature look on her quaint face; for Arla was the constant companion of her wise grand-sire. When Arla saw her grandsire's burden, she arose without a word, and going within the hut she shook the pillows of goose feathers, and spread the skins on a rude couch. Then she filled a kettle with water from a neighboring stream, and hung it on the crane.

When Merion laid his burden down upon the couch, she helped him to restore her to life. She ran to a rough cupboard in the corner, and brought the medicines he required. She unlaced the wet sandals and chafed the cold feet. She brought all the

skins and covered Nesta, and then put a large heated stone to her feet. Merion poured the restoratives down her throat, and chafed her hands as he anxiously watched the effects of the potions.

For a long time Nesta gave no signs of reviving, but at last her violet eyes opened and gazed at the fire. She closed them again, and murmured drowsily, "Hades is not as bad as I thought."

A wave of thankfulness came over her as she realized that she was no longer in the tossing coracle, and was on a very comfortable bed, but it was hours before she could sit up and talk.

"Where am I, good father? At first I thought I had taken a journey across the Styx", she said in her sweet low voice.

"Thou art in Wales, the land of the Silures", answered Merion. "Whence comest thou?"

"Of a truth my father, yestere'en I was on the river Wye at Blestinium."

"Child, that were well nigh impossible. What brought thee so far?"

"The coracle. If thou didst find me in it."

"Dost thou mean to tell me that the coracle brought thee through the channel in last night's storm?"

"Thou seest me here, good father. How did I get here?"

"Thou wert washed ashore."

"Then the Gods preserved me from Neptune."

"Stop maiden! Speak not of thy Roman gods under this roof, for herein dwells a Druid"

"Full well I know thy white robe, my father, for the religion of Britain is mine as well as thine; but though I may look Roman, I am Welsh, and proud of it."

"Forgive me, my daughter. I thought thou wert a Roman, from thy manner of speech and thy dress."

"Nay, good father, I am Nesta, the daughter of the Chief, Caradoc", she said proudly. "I have been held in Uriconium for four years, and was on my way to join my father at Caer Leon, when I was carried off to sea in the coracle."

"My Princess, thou wilt forgive an old man", said Merion making obeisance.

"Forgive thee? Thou hast been my friend. Hast thou not saved my life? My father will bless thee forever."

Nesta rapidly recovered under the tender ministrations of the devoted Arla, and the two girls became warm friends.

"I will send to Caer Dydd\* to see if all is well with thy father, Nesta. A week has passed since we last saw the watch fires blaze from hill to hill, telling the news that the Welsh were going to battle with the Romans. As soon as possible I will send thee with a trusted escort to Caer Leon."

But trouble was brewing for Nesta. When Brian saw Merion carrying the maiden away, he was livid with rage. He had meant to revive her, and keep her as his slave; for not a woman in the community, old or young, could be induced to keep house for the ugly dwarf. And now this one, young and beautiful, had been cast by the incoming tide at his very feet. Why should he let himself be robbed of his lawful prize? Nay, he would get her back.

When the purple shadows of twilight fell, Brian made his way to the hut of Merion, and peeping through the open doorway he saw a large room, with neatly sanded floor, the rafters of which were black from the smoke of a fire built on a ring of loose stones. Above it was suspended a large caldron, by a chain which hung from the roof. The room was illumined only by the ruddy glow of the firelight, and on a wooded stool sat Nesta, while Arla danced around her. The child had loosened the glorious hair, which covered Nesta like a mantle of gold. When the child tired of her play, Nesta espied an old brown harp, which she brought to the stool. Softly she began to play, and Arla sank at her feet in a trance of delight, while Merion stood with bowed head, listening to the tunes he loved.

The picture only served to inflame the dwarf's anger. He was determined to possess that maid at any cost. He knew at a glance that the high bred maiden was not for him; but Merion should not have her, nor should anyone else in the community. Was she not his by right of salvage from the sea? He turned away, and a cruel light shone in his black eyes as he made his way through a coppice of young oaks, down a rocky path that led to a small village. Here, nestled in the hollow of the hills, was a cluster of rough huts. He ran to a group of skin-clad men, and told them that early that morning he had found the body of a maiden washed ashore.

"She was quite dead", he said impressively, "and I would

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\*Cardiff.



have thrown her back into the sea, but Merion came along, and with magic arts hath breathed her back to life. She was a maiden of the sea, with long yellow hair, and she can sing and play on the harp and enchant men's souls so that all will run after her, and follow her to the sea to the shining caves where dwell her kind; and ye know full well that the Goddess of Destruction, who lives in the North, lieth in wait for the souls of the drowned. This maiden hath escaped her nets, and 'tis most unlucky to rescue one whom the goddess hath claimed. Not only will she work woe to Merion, but bad luck will come to the whole village."

Intense silence reigned during this recital.

"What did she look like, Brian?" said one. "Did she have feet, or the tail of a fish?"

"Nay; she looked like a Roman, and had sandals on her feet; and she had a leather band on her arm."

"Then she is a slave, Brian. Is she young and good looking?" said a tall man, "Then we will draw for the prize. Thou art too ugly to possess the fair maid. Let's have it out. Shall we fight for it, and the winner take the prize?"

Brian shook his fists at the laughing men, and slunk away; and they swore that Merion should give the girl to the one who should be lucky enough to draw the longest twig.

Next morning a strange procession wended its way to the hut of the priest. All the single men of the village, the widows, and the old women who need a slave to work for them, were on hand to draw for the prize; and the whole population of the village assembled to see who should win her.

The giant of the village was spokesman, and demanded that lots be cast for the maiden, as all drift of any value cast up by the sea was usually divided amongst the people, and as Nesta could not be divided, they had agreed that she was to go to the lucky one. The Druid priest faced the mob, and, raising his hand, he said, "My children, this maiden is not a Roman slave, but the daughter of your Chief, Caradoc. Behold your Princess!" and every man craned his neck.

"'Tis a lie!" said an old hag, "'Tis a likely tale! Merion doth want the wench for himself; but methinks 'tis little work such a one could do."

"If she be our Princess, where is her proof?" said a black-bearded man. "The leather badge bespeaks another tale to

my mind, and no daughter of Caradoc is she, but a Roman."

Nesta stepped to the front, and said proudly, "Know ye Silures, that I am your Princess. Behold the torque of Caradoc, my father and your Chief!" She put her hand to her neck, and lo! it was gone! A look of blank dismay came over her and incredulity was depicted on every face.

"She doth not even speak our tongue as we do," said a woman. "Thou art a Roman slave. Even here we know the badge of the conquerors. Merion would better give thee to me, for I can claim thee for my lost husband, who was killed in the last fight with the Romans; and I will be kind to thee, for thou art but a slip of a girl", she added, and pity came into her eyes, as the rough and burly men crowded near.

"Nay!" said Merion, "the maiden dwells with me until I can send word to Caer Caradoc to prove her story", and turning quickly, he thrust Nesta within the door of the hut, and pulled it to behind him.

An angry hiss arose from the crowd; but Merion was a much beloved priest. He now argued with his flock for some time; and at last they sullenly dispersed. They met a little later, however, to listen again to Brian's weird tale. He declared that she was only alive by the dread charm of the Druids and the magic arts of Merion, and told them he had watched the body for hours, from the top of the cliffs.

For three days Merion carefully guarded Nesta day and night, never leaving her alone; for well he knew of the murmuring going on in the village. The people regarded Nesta as a being from another world, and the tales told by Brian had now assumed wonderful proportions; but never a word said he of the golden torque, which was tucked into a cleft of the rocks in his cave. Merion called Nesta to him and said, "My child, on the morrow I have to preside at the midsummer rites of our Order. I will take thee with me, and will try to protect thee, for I hope to save thee; I cannot leave thee here. I had read thy fate in the stars. Trials await thee, and all the evil planets are in the ascendant. In three days the moon will change; and if I can tide thee over this, thy future will be bright. I have one way in which I hope to aid thee, if thou wilt trust me with thy life."

"Aye! Father, and why not?" said Nesta calmly. "Thou meanest by charm?"

"Aye! I will give thee a charm to drink, made of herbs of the field; and if thou art in danger of violence from the mob I will give thee the signal to drink. Thou wilt fall as one dead. I will then claim thy body for burial in the sea, which will appease the people who demand that thou be thrown back, or given up to them. I will take thee out to sea, and there I will revive thee. My trusty friend, Cadwallader, will be waiting in a large coracle and I will transfer thee to his care and he will take thee up the Usk to Caer Leon."

Nesta took the tiny vial which he offered her, without a tremor. It seemed quite natural to her to follow the priest's instructions and death held no terror for this British maiden, as she said, "With all my heart I thank thee, father."

The sun had scarcely risen next morning, when Merion took the two girls with him to the great Druid Temple on the hill. Every Briton for miles around was present at the ceremony, which was very picturesque.

Through a long vista of the forest, came a procession of white-robed maidens, leading two white, gaily decorated bulls, which were to be slain on the altar. Then followed the twelve bards in their blue robes, crowned with bay leaves; then Merion, in white, with a red sash from which hung a crescent-shaped sword in a bright scabbard. The maidens waved green branches of white ash, and chanted the mystic hymn of the Druids, which rang through the forest, awakening the sleeping echoes on the neighboring hills.

Nesta and Arla walked among the maidens, Merion hoping by this ruse that she would escape the eyes of the people, but after the sacrifice of the bulls she drew close to Merion, for she had noticed the scowling glances cast upon her. From time to time she saw the hideous dwarf gliding here and there among the people, and when the ceremonies were over the dwarf jumped upon a large rock and in a loud voice demanded justice.

"Let the Roman maiden be tried according to our law", he screamed.

"To the bed of justice! To the bed of justice!" cried the people in response.

The twelve bards looked gravely at one another.

"So be it, Merion. The maiden will have to take her chance", said one; and they formed a ring, with Nesta in their

midst, and led the way to the depths of a green grove near by, followed by the excited mob.

## ROME.

TO Regina the voyage was long and tedious; but one bright morning Crispus dropped the anchor in the beautiful harbour of Niciae. Regina stood at eventide on the prow of the vessel and gazed around her with delight. In the distance could be seen the lofty range of mountains, whose summits are crowned with eternal snows.

In that clear air each mighty peak was sharply defined against the illumined sky. The West was all aglow with the wondrous light seen only in Italy, for no pen can describe or do justice to its beauties.

Overhead the sky was sapphire blue. The horizon was flecked with rose-colored clouds lined with gold, floating in a sea of copper, which shaded through all the yellows from deepest orange to palest primrose. Then it merged into pale green, and again blended into the violet and purple hues of the mountains. The rippling waters of the bay reflected the flame-colored sky in all its beauty, and the galley seemed to float in a sea of fire as she swayed at her moorings, her sails flapping idly in the evening breeze.

Even the callous soul of Regina was moved at the grandeur of the scene, as she gazed on those snowy heights bathed in the light of the dying sun. But no thoughts came to her of the Master Mind, whose hand had painted the gorgeous clouds and reared those mighty peaks to His everlasting glory.

"See Rome and die," she murmured, "Let me forget there is such a desolate land as that of Britain, with its cold grey skies and never-ending rain. The barbarians are welcome to it. Oh, beloved Rome, mistress of the world and queen of my heart. Within thy walls is all that is desirable in this world. There life with all its pleasures lies before me, and this gift of the Gods is far too sweet to be buried in yonder sodden isle. Although I dread the passing out of the sunlight into the darkness of Erebus, it will be far more pleasant to contemplate in Rome. Ah, let me die there; let my funeral pyre be within sight of the Temple of Apollo. That is all I ask of the Gods," she said aloud. "I would

rather be burnt in Rome than lie in the damp earth of Britain beneath their cold stones. May the Gods preserve us, and Venus protect her devotees—but methinks these are dismal thoughts for me on the eve of entering Rome.

"My devoted Crispus, make thyself miserable while I ask thee what news of Rome thou hast gleaned today while replenishing our larder. Tell me, dost thou know what manner of man my cousin Domitius, has turned out to be?"

"Fair lady, I would scarce call him a man. 'Tis but three months since he left off the golden bulla and donned the toga pretexta. He is a typical Roman, in spite of his ruddy hair and blue eyes, and he excels in the games. He is a splendid driver, and his great ambition is to be a poet; and they say he possesses no mean ability in that line. But he will not amount to much, for he has the family failing, Domina."

"Pray, what is that?" said Regina, laughing. "Making love to the women? He were not a Julian if he were deficient in that art."

"Nay, he is tainted with the hereditary disease of the family, and the Gods alone know where his uncurbed passions will lead him."

"As well the taint of madness as the mixed blood of Britannicus," said Regina coldly.

"May the Gods defend that lad; he is to be pitied, for he certainly is not responsible for his mother's failings," Crispus answered sharply. "I heard in the Forum that Domitius is proclaimed heir apparent on condition that he weds the lady Octavia."

Regina caught her breath. "Ah, that is good news, Crispus. The son of Claudius lacks the nerve and courage of a Roman; he is too much of a Greek, as Rome would soon find out did he ever wear the purple." She waved her hand graciously.

"Thy misery shall have an end, Crispus. I see by thy frowning face that I lack the power to warm thy cold blood. Thou hast lived above the fishes so long that Neptune has congealed the blood in thy veins, and thou art longing to be gone," she said, laughing merrily, as the old man turned on his heel with a curl of his lip and strode away to the lower deck to inspect the slaves.

Regina resumed her reverie. What possibilities lay before her in those few words: Domitius, Emperor! If Ostorius had only divorced her by decree of Senate, then she would have backed herself to win Domitius. Ah, why did the bracelet fail.

She had come so near throwing her white arms around his neck; but there, she would work in silence the next time if he came to Rome. If that old fool Claudius were not so chicken hearted, the Imperial edict could be obtained. "But I will see that Ostorius meets the grim spectre there. For death stalks everywhere through her vast halls," she murmured to herself.

She leaned over the low rail, planning the details of a glorious future, wherein she saw herself standing on a golden pinnacle, and all Rome at her feet.

The moon rose out of the water, a great golden disc. Above the distant horizon it threw out of infinite space a glittering pathway that rippled in silvery waves until they kissed the dark sides of the cumbrous vessel. She took it as an augury, a good omen that she would in time tread the silver path to glory and the throne.

The following day Crispus, having taken on fresh water and supplies, commanded the sails unfurled. To the rhythmic singing of the oarsmen, the galley dipped her prow into the shining water, and rounded the point of Ventimiglia, on her way to Rome.

A few days more, and she dropped her anchor in the Porta Augusti, and with a sigh of unutterable relief, Regina found herself on the quay of the old city.

Beautiful Rome, seated on her seven hills, with her belt of verdure-clad mountains. With all the warmth of her fiery nature, Regina loved it. To her it was the fit abode of the Gods, with its ornate temples and shrines. With the sun shining in all its brilliance out of a cloudless sky, this wonderful city defies description. Here were brought all the choicest treasures of the world, to enrich and embellish this gorgeous Capital of the Caesars. Regina reveled in its art and beauty, for the Romans were justly proud of their architecture, their palaces, temples, and lofty columns that seemed to touch the sky. They were the greatest builders in the world, and, though ages have passed, Time has not obliterated the work of their hands.

Wherever their conquering armies trod, they left behind them mementoes in solid masonry; they constructed the most durable roads and bridges the world has ever seen.

Borne upon the shoulders of four gigantic Nubians, Regina reclined in her litter. As it passed along the Via Sacra, her heart thrilled with the pleasure of the returning exile. She kissed her hand to the stately Pantheon with its gleaming facade, em-



bellished with the statues of the Gods. The Circus Maximus, with its background of purple hills, conjured in her mind's eye many a scene of triumph to come.

"Ah, how different," she thought to herself, "the stately Patricians, in the graceful togas, from the uncouth, uncultured Britons."

She could not see that many a jaunty Roman wore a haggard face and carried a heavy heart. Despair was plainly written on many a noble countenance, for behind all the glitter and glory of wealth, lay corroding care for the morrow. Many a one she passed was embarked on the sea of reckless desire, self-indulgence, vain regrets, which inevitably lead to misery and death.

On reaching the Imperial Palace, Regina was warmly welcomed by the Empress, a cold, proud woman, detested by every family in Rome.

Regina soon became the prime favorite at Court, because of her wonderful fascination and great beauty. Her quick repartee won her a host of admirers. But she was careful of her reputation, for she determined to win the head and heart of Domitius. On him she tried all the powers of a clever, designing woman; but the youth thought Regina old in comparison with himself, he being only seventeen and she twenty-three, and his susceptible heart had been caught by the beautiful daughter of Claudius. This grey-eyed, bronze-haired beauty was very alluring, and her coldness only increased his passion. His love for his stepsister was worthy of the man, for his crafty ambition knew it was the golden steps that led to the throne. Therefore he favored it openly, yielding to Regina's flattery only when it suited his caprices.

Regina was quick to see the Gods were against her in the affair at present. She knew she could not wed; but that did not prevent her getting Domitius under her sway, and becoming the evil genius of his life.

*(To be continued.)*





# THE SWASTIKA IN RELATION TO PLATO'S ATLANTIS AND THE PYRAMID OF XOCHICALCO.

By M. A. Blackwell.

## Part VIII.—Pyramids II.

**I**N prehistoric times the pyramid or cone was a universal symbol of the primal Fire. Fire and the Sun were symbols of an invisible God. Through the agency of fire all things were created, in water. The fire or heat of the Sun sustains life.

The Greeks applied the name pyramid to the whole structure, but this was a mistake, as the Egyptian name *pir-em-us*, referred to the altitude of the pyramid.<sup>1</sup> The derivation of this word puzzled the philologists for a long time. The Egyptian word designating pyramid in the Mathematical Papyrus of the British Museum, read, "ab-mer"; but the name given to a side of the figure  is written "peremus."

This papyrus was analyzed  by Prof. Revillout. In it was explained that the word "Peremus signifies 'going forth from the large'; 'large' in this sense meaning the superficial extent of the base of the building. When applied to a pyramid, it means the base, or square of the structure. A line vertically elevated from the center of this square 'going forth'; that is to say, 'from the large'—would give the dimensions, and accurately define all measurements of the structure, this being the line which governed the construction of the pyramid."<sup>2</sup> *Pur* or *pyr* is Greek for fire. The Greeks sometimes called the lightning *Pur Dios*, namely, the Fire of Dios or *Dyaus*, the light, the sky.<sup>3</sup>

The ancients of both hemispheres kept fires burning upon the summits of pyramids. In ancient America the sacred fire was guarded by chosen virgins. The theory that all beings owed their existence to the fiery element was more

<sup>1</sup>Encyclopaedia Britannica, Vol. XX, p. 122, Edition 1898.

<sup>2</sup>Funk and Wagnalls, Standard Dictionary, Edition 1898. See Pyramid.

<sup>3</sup>H. Bayley, The Lost Language of Symbolism, Vol. I, p. 310.


or less clearly expressed by the Aztecs. In their prayers they invoked "fire, the most ancient divinity, the father and mother of all gods."<sup>4</sup> The fire god was supposed to dwell in water. Xiuhtecuhtli, the Blue-Lord, was also Lord of the Fire, and also bore the title of Ueueteotl, the old-old-god.<sup>5</sup> The Maya festival of Tupp-kak, the extinguishment of fire, held in honor of the rain god Chaac, has been referred to in Part IV. of this series on the swastika. Chaac means red. Red was a color of the gods, and a round red disk symbolized the flaming sun. This sign was the origin of a seal. The word seal means Fire-god.<sup>6</sup>

The Maya word for fire is Kak. At Itzamal, Yucatan, there was a pyramid dedicated to the goddess Kinich-Kak-Moo. The ruins of this pyramid still exist. This goddess was said to appear in the form of a macaw. The colors of this bird were red, green, blue, and yellow. Offerings to her were placed on an altar in front of the sanctuary, where the people could see. At noon every day, she descended from Above and kindled a fire to consume these offerings.

This suggests the fabulous bird, the Phoenix, born of fire. This word has been resolved by Bayley to "fo en ix, the Fire, the One Great Fire."

"The Chinese call the yellow phoenix, to fu (resplendent fire?) and say that whenever the world is peaceful the note of the to fu 'will be heard like the tolling of a bell.' The Chinese Supreme God of the world is worshipped under the name of Fuhi, Foe or Fo."

In Japan the phoenix is known as the foo and sometimes as ho or O. Their god of wisdom is represented as encircled by fire. Fuji is the name given to the cone-like sacred fire-mountain. This name "in all probability meant feu, fire, ji, Ever-Existent."<sup>7</sup>

The Maya word kak, fire, has this symbol . Variants are given on Plate 26, Figure A.

The pyramid and tree symbolized God or man. The fir

<sup>4</sup>Encyclopaedia Britannica, Vol. IX, p. 231, Edition 1898.

<sup>5</sup>See previous article in The Word, Dec., 1914.

<sup>6</sup>The Word, Sept., 1914, p. 334; Aug., 1914, p. 272.

<sup>7</sup>H. Bayley, The Lost Language of Symbolism, Vol. II, p. 162.

tree was symbol of the fire of life because its tapering form resembled a flame. For the same reason its seed-cone was taken for a symbol of the element of fire, and therefore is seen borne in the hands of deities on the most ancient Syrian sculptures.<sup>8</sup> A name for Jehovah, IEU, is analogous to that of the yew tree. Analogous to this is Feu, fire.

The Mayas believed that after death they would repose beneath the shade of a celestial tree of great beauty. A name for this sacred tree of life was yaxche. Yax or yaax means green, also blue. Ché means tree. Another name for the tree of life is "ua-hom-che," uah means a certain kind of life. Hom is an ancient name for pyramid, mound or artificial elevation.<sup>9</sup> Sanctuaries were built on the top of artificial pyramids, see Figure C, Plate 26.

In ancient America it was believed that a tree enclosed male and female elements. We know from the study of botany that trees possess sex, but the American applied this belief to the human in connection with the tree. They also believed that superhuman beings in human form dwelt in the trees.

A tree with shoots or flames issuing from it is carved on the Pyramid of Xochicalco. This carving is on the south side of the second story, see Figure B, Plate 26. The three shoots or flames issuing from the tree, enter the two-step-pyramid to the right. This two-step-pyramid is composed of the symbols for the letters M and H. The letter M symbol signifies the feminine, and H the masculine. (These are shown on the Plate opposite. Duality and union are here symbolized. The tree may have originally symbolized God, and that the complete symbol signified that God dwelt with man and woman.

Pyramids are associated with the worship of gods and with the worship of the sun or fire. The Mexican name Teocalli, meaning the house or temple of God, was also applied to the pyramid. The Pyramid of Xochicalco is supposed to be a model of the temple on the hill of Atlantis. There may

<sup>8</sup>C. W. King, *The Gnostics and Their Remains*, p. 133.

<sup>9</sup>Zelia Nuttall, *Fundamental Principles of Old and New Worlds*, Peabody Museum Papers, Vol. II, 1901.

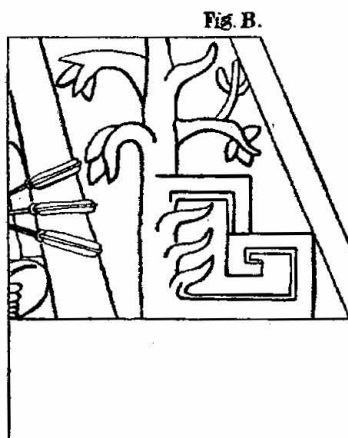
## PLATE 26.

VARIANTS OF  
FIRE SYMBOL.



TROANO MANUSCRIPT  
B. DE BOURBOURG

SOUTH-WEST CORNER,  
SECOND STORY,  
PYRAMID  
OF  
XOCHICALCO  
PEÑAFIEL,  
MONUMENTOS  
MEXICANOS  
Nº 193.



M SYMBOL.  
AND



H SYMBOL.  
MAYA AND EGYPTIAN  
ALPHABETS.

FIG. C.



RUINS AT UXMAL.

THE BUILDING AT THE TOP OF THE PYRAMID IS VARIOUSLY KNOWN AS THE  
HOUSE OF THE DIVINER, THE SANCTUARY, THE DWARF'S HOUSE.

THE CORNER OF A PALACE SHOWS AT THE LEFT. (LOOKING TOWARD THE NORTH-EAST)

THE WORD "UXMAL" MEANS THREE TIMES REBUILT.

be foundation for this as the largest pyramid in America at Cholollan has the name of Tollan, and Tollan or Tullan was the name of the ancient center of civilization destroyed in a terrible cataclysm. The masters or culture heroes (gods) came from Tullan or Tollan.<sup>10</sup>

The name or word Tulan means "that which has everything in abundance" (namely, Paradise).<sup>11</sup> The name of Tulan was always applied to the metropolis of a state, as it was the center to which all products were brought. Tulan may be derived from the word, tulum—a fortification, an enclosed place which is entire or whole.

Reversing this word Tulan, we have an Egyptian word.<sup>12</sup>



As there is no R in Maya, the letter L takes its place. For example, Naa-rut becomes Naa-lut. This word reversed becomes Tul-aan. There is no F in the Maya, but an explosively pronounced P takes its place. Thus the second word An-rut-f, reversed becomes P-tul-na or Patulna, as the case may be. These sounds may be translated as radicals. The American Cakchiquel legend stated that the "ancient men" said there were four Tulans; one in the East, one in the North, one in the West, and one "where the god dwells."<sup>13</sup>

The four sided or square based pyramid looks like


<sup>10</sup>See previous article, The Word, Dec., 1914.

<sup>11</sup>Brasseur de Bourbourg, Troano Ms. Vocabulary. Pio Perez, Spanish-Maya Dictionary.

<sup>12</sup>E. W. Budge, First Steps in Egyptian, Glossary, p. 303.

<sup>13</sup>Zelia Nuttall, Fundamental Principles of The Old and New Worlds, Peabody Museum Papers, Vol. II, 1901.



this elevation, a raising, of the plan of the garden of Eden. The  cross represents the four rivers in the garden of Eden. "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."

In the first chapters of Genesis where the accounts of creation and of the Garden of Eden are given, there seems to be a distinction between the man as created in the image of God and the man (Adam) formed from the dust of the ground. In the first chapter, God on the sixth day created man in his own image, "in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them. . . . And God saw everything that he had made, and behold, it was very good. And the evening and the morning were the sixth day. Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them. And on the seventh day God ended his work which he had made; and he rested on the seventh day, from all his work, which he had made. And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it, because that in it he had rested from all his work which God created and made. These are the generations of the heavens and the earth when they were created, in the day that the Lord God made the earth and the heavens, and every plant of the field before it was in the earth, and every herb of the field before it grew; for the Lord God had not caused it to rain upon the earth, and **there was not man to till the ground.** But there went up a mist from the earth, and watered the whole face of the ground. And 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.**"

Here is a statement that after the seventh day, man was formed from the dust of the ground; yet on the sixth day God had created male and female in his own image and

blessed them. The Lord God took the **man he had formed** and put him in the garden of Eden. The man was forbidden to eat of the tree of knowledge of good and evil. The next statement is, the "Lord said it is not good that man should be alone: I will make him an helpmeet for him. . . . And the Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, and he slept; and he took one of his ribs, and closed up the flesh thereof. And the rib, which the Lord God had taken from man, made he a woman, and brought her unto the man. And Adam said: This is now bone of my bones and flesh of my flesh; she shall be called Woman because she was taken out of Man."

The statement is here that after Adam had been placed in the Garden of Eden, the woman was made to be his helpmeet, therefore she was not made in the image of God on the sixth day. Who were the beings created in the image of God on the sixth day? Did superman and superwoman ever exist? If not, then why does the sixth chapter of Genesis state that the sons of God saw that the daughters of men were fair, and took them as wives? Why does it state that the mighty men of renown were children born from these unions?

Why have all nations of antiquity legends of gods or masters who taught them, if there was not some foundation for such a statement? May not the "divine right of kings" have had some foundation in the fact that a superior race lived on earth in prehistoric ages? Some of the ruins in Central and South America show that highly civilized peoples did once rule there. The tribes living at the time of the Spanish Conquest were degenerates of older civilizations.

Is there not hope that our race may in the course of evolution rise to greater heights than this of today? Have we reached the limit of knowledge and possibilities?

The serpent is associated with the tree of Paradise in the American Codices. This is paralleled in the Bible. In the Garden of Eden, the serpent who tempted the woman said, "Yea, hath God said Ye shall not eat of every tree of the garden?" And the woman said unto the serpent, 'We

may eat of the fruit of the trees of the garden; but of the fruit of the tree which is in the midst of the garden, God hath said, "Ye shall not eat of it, neither shall ye touch it, lest ye die." And the serpent said unto the woman, 'Ye shall not surely die. For God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods knowing good and evil.'

After Adam and the woman had eaten the Lord God condemned them. He said, "**Behold, the man is become as one of us, to know good and evil; and now, lest he put forth his hand, and take also of the tree of life, and eat, and live for ever.**"<sup>14</sup>

Why did the Lord God say "the man is become as one of us"? Does not this imply that there were superior beings? Why did the serpent say to the woman, "your eyes shall be opened and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil"? May not the serpent have been a wise man and not a snake? It is not reasonable to suppose that snakes talked like human beings. The snake was a symbol. The gods or culture heroes are referred to as snakes. In the ancient city of Chichen Itza, the walls have serpents carved on them, and this was the city of the wise men, or serpents. Itza means wise man (or serpent). Chichen means the mouth of the well.

The serpents carved on the Pyramid of Xochicalco are a fine piece of work and show that the race who built that monument possessed a high state of civilization.

The Maya culture hero was named Kukulcan. This signifies serpent, or Divine Four. The Mexican feathered serpent-god, Quetzacoatl, has been identified with Kukulcan. The culture hero had his home in Tullan.<sup>15</sup>

In pre-historic times there must have been a center of civilization, the governing race of which impressed their religion and culture on the aborigines of both hemispheres. The legend of the loss of this land was related at the dawn of written history. It is reasonable to suppose that this land

<sup>14</sup>Genesis, First three chapters, The Bible, Oxford Edition.

<sup>15</sup>Zelia Nuttall, Fundamental Principles of Old and New Worlds, Peabody Museum Papers, Vol. II, 1901.

## PLATE 27.

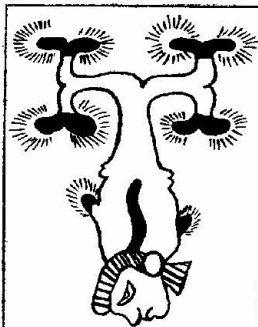


Fig. D.

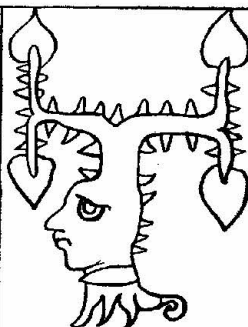


Fig. E.

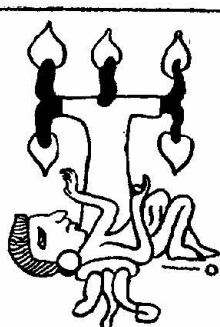


Fig. F.

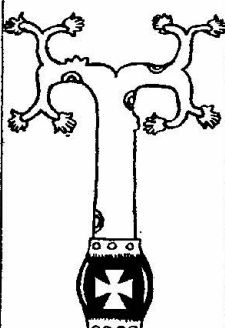


Fig. G.

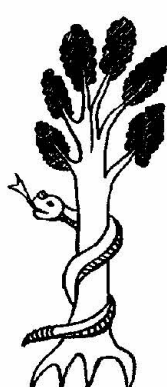


Fig. H.

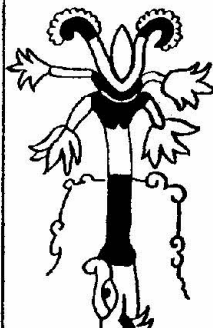


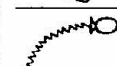
Fig. I.



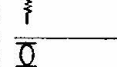
ĀB.



ĀB



ĀB.



AB, MER



MER= PYRAMID TOMB



MER= TREE.



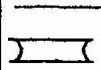
MER= EYE.



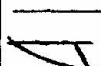
MER= TO LOVE.



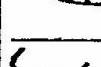
MER.



MER.



MER.



MER.

In America tree symbolism applied to the celestial tree, the world tree and the tribal tree. It also symbolized a lord, governor or first ancestor. The celestial tree symbolized heaven and the regions of heaven. The tree banded in dark and light zones signifies the above and the below. An example is given in Figure 9, which shows the root of the tree as a serpent head (wisdom), and the trunk and top of the tree reaching up into the zones of heaven for light.

In these trees are combined cross and tau forms. Divinity, or Four in One, Ruler of the Four Quarters, could be the significance of Figure E. Figure H is a mural painting in the ruins of Chichen-Itza.

An Egyptian name for pyramid is "ab-mer." Under Figure J are given words and phonetic signs which have the sound of the two syllables ab and mer. They are symbolically related to the pyramid.

lay in the Atlantic Ocean between the two continents, as all evidence points to this spot.

The following words with a few translations are interesting for comparison.<sup>16</sup> On the Plates are given other examples.

Maya—Ku, god. Kukul, holy, divine. Ku-na, temple the house of god.

Maya—Kuk, kukum, feather. Kul, chalice.

Maya—Ku, the ancient pyramids or places of adoration.

Maya—Kubel, the road, the origin of the gods. Bel or Beel, means road, life, custom, works.

Accadian—Ku, holy, divine. Tul-ku, the holy altar. Gu, the urn.

Chinese—Kul-kun, central cosmical mountain.

Egyptian—Chu, the brilliance or light. Ku (xu) a spiritual part of man.

Egyptian—Khu, spirit.

Egyptian—Ka, double of a man or god (the astral). Ka, title of a king, usually rendered by "bull."

Maya—Ka or kaa, bitterness, sorrow, secretion, filled.

Maya—Kaah, to manifest, to raise, to lift up.

Maya—Can, four, serpent. Ca-an, heaven. Canal, above.

Maya—Tulum, name of an ancient city, castle or fortress, enclosure.

Maya—Tul, to overflow. Tul as a suffix to a numerical adjective is used to count persons, angels, gods.

Maya—Tulan, that which has everything in abundance (namely, Paradise). Tulan, name of an ancient city.

Maya—Tulacal, all, entire, complete.

Maya—Ho, ancient capital of Yucatan which figured as the head or center of the cross on the map. Hool, the head.<sup>17</sup>

<sup>16</sup>Authorities consulted for list of words. Brasseur de Bourbourg, Le Plongeon, Pio Perez, Zelia Nuttall, Velasquez, Spanish-English Dictionary.

<sup>17</sup>The Word. May, 1914. p. 105.

(To be continued.)

## ABOUT THE BLIND AND DEAF.

By George W. Harper.

**T**HE education of a child that never heard a spoken word, or of one who never saw the light of day, is a great accomplishment. When the deaf child was taught to talk by means of a sign language, and spell with an alphabet made with the fingers of a hand, it was thought the acme of the work had been reached. So with the blind child. Taught the shape of the raised letters, his delicacy of touch enabled him to comprehend them, and spell out words. This was a feat of which the one in whose brain the idea originated had a commendable pride.

So when there was another move on the chess board of progress in the education of the silent child, who had become so on account of disease, infirmity or affliction of some nature or character that left the auricular organism a blank, an effort was made in the schools for the deaf to teach them to continue or resume the spoken language of their early childhood. But the progress was not to stop here. It was found that the lips made certain motions, as did also the glands and muscles of the throat in the formation of each spoken word. Then the idea of teaching these unfortunates to read speech from the lips took shape, and through patience and perseverance the work was accomplished with more or less success with different pupils.

The children who dwell in unbroken night have likewise had an advancement along the lines of their education in reading and writing by the invention of the Braille system, whereby the raised letters have been replaced by a system of punched holes in paper. This enables them to write and correspond with each other.



The opening up of the beauties of the world to the blind when we can talk to them, make them thereby understand and comprehend, does not seem such a great task when we give them sight through the ear, and the giving to the silent children hearing and speech through the eyes of the medium of signs does not present such great wonder working as to call it miraculous. Neither does the restoration of speech to those who once possessed the faculty, but the accomplishment of lip reading, by which spoken words are comprehended by those who hear not, is something akin to the miraculous. Is not the aid of telepathy called into play?

But if we count this one of the wonders of the latter half of the nineteenth century, what shall we say of the great work of teaching the child who never heard a sound, or spoke a word, to pronounce intelligent words and to read lips? It is a marvel, if not a miracle, and, as it has been accomplished, it presents the problem of the capabilities of an indwelling latent mind when aroused to action, presenting a train of ruminations to the end of which our comprehension cannot reach. Does it say to us that when we were created in God's image we were created with a mind and power to grasp and attain that which under ordinary circumstances would be impossible? That there is something vague and mysterious about these possibilities is shown by the wonderful discoveries of the century through which we have but recently passed. Among these are to be cited the application of steam, the sending messages by the aid of electricity, by electric illumination, by harnessing electricity for power, the conveying of the human voice over the telephone, wireless telegraphy, telepathy, and the preservation and repeating of the human voice by the phonograph.

But back again to the education of the silent ones, and those who live in the darkness of a continuous night. The accomplishments have been noted, the advancement of their instruction spoken of, and pronounced wonders almost akin to miracles, even though the silent ones have eyes through which, as it were, to see and talk, and those whose eyes are closed to the world and all its beauties, ears through which

they are made to comprehend them. It is thus shown that in the loss of one organ the other is greatly developed for double duty. But what are we to say of one who has lost the faculty of hearing, speech, and sight? While we recognize that nothing is impossible with the Creator, we cannot conceive that this work could be accomplished without intervention beyond the abilities or power of mortal. We have illustration of these in Laura Bridgeman, of Connecticut, and a man educated at the school for the deaf at Washington Heights, New York City; not very notable cases, but probably in full play of mental faculties, so far as progressed and of such proficiency as to be marvels of wonder.

A very interesting case, and one of a sad ending, was that of a young girl in Illinois, bereft of the faculties of sight, speech and hearing, which came to the knowledge of the Institutions at Jacksonville when the writer was connected with that for the deaf. After a consideration of the matter of her education, and obtaining from the legislature a special appropriation for the employment of a teacher, she was accepted at the school for the blind. Her teacher gave her devoted attention, and during the first school year the work of the patient and faithful teacher began to bear fruit, and the second year she advanced so rapidly that she began the expression of thoughts and ideas with great promise. In her fourth year at school she wrote home a very affecting letter to her mother, saying she had forebodings of some great change, which was sorely depressing her. That night she was taken ill, and in three days she was a corpse.

But what shall we say of those who with like opportunities only, and born of parents of mediocre intelligence, so far outstrip others in the race for knowledge, and who hunger for what the world has hidden from them, knowing that—unless they delve in the hidden caves and chasms to bring forth the secret treasures of knowledge, traveling in the paths that others have gone before to possess the arcana, over whose road, though so often traveled, there is no smooth path—each must beat down for himself the bushes and brambles that would impede his progress.

That this wonder-working can be accomplished by minds beclouded with such disadvantages presents a problem that can be solved in no easy manner. Then a theory must arise for it, and why not take into consideration that minds are continually growing and strengthening, moving forward toward greater accomplishments than have been known before. An Edison rests not with his first discoveries in the realization of electricity. He is not satisfied with having advanced beyond Morse and his telegraph, who passed beyond Franklin and his captive with his kite. So with Marconi, with his wireless telegraph, going beyond Field with his Atlantic cable. Bell was not satisfied with the telephone, but after working for some years in the late hours of night, when he could work undisturbed, plan and study alone, brought to light some of the principles adopted by the Wright brothers in their flying machine in making improvements upon those of Santos Dumont.

But now the question arises, do all these things come as the accomplishments of the mature years of one life-time? Are there not other minds, the minds or spirits of those whose mortal part has passed beyond life, which are controlling the minds of those in active life, and are thus moving them to action?

Staff writers frequently say that when a subject and data is given them, they begin work without a thought beyond the first word, and that an invisible force seems to form the words that drop from the pen. Some of the best thoughts from the rostrum and the pulpit have been given in like manner.

To turn again to one dwelling in silence and darkness, and we bring forth for illustration a woman whose accomplishments are a marvel. I speak of Helen Keller, who, though blind and deaf, has been taught speech, and, having passed the primary stages of an education, went through college with the sciences and languages, passing most credible examinations. Since her graduation she has been a contributor to the magazines, and has thus been making her way in the world. She tells of the hard time in first master-

ing the rudiments, but when at last there opened up to her silent tongue, to her deaf ears, to her sightless eyes, a new world beside the one of silence and dark night through which she had been groping, she heard, she saw, and was ready to give forth acclaims of praise had her tongue been so loosened that she might do so. A hungering and thirsting for more was awakened within her that could be stilled only with continual feeding, in answer to the cry for more, and she grew in it day by day. Was this the promptings of some good and great spirit, or was it the return and embodiment of some spirit reincarnated to progress toward perfection?

There was a continual unrest, Miss Keller tells, with new thoughts and new ideas. In the winter of 1892, when quite a child, she wrote a charming little story, entitled the "Frost King," inspired, as she thought, by her teacher having illustrated to her the beauties of the leaves from the trees when they are colored by the frost, and told her of how the frost destroyed the flowers and cut down the green plant of life. This little story she sent to Dr. Anagnos, of the Perkins Institution for the Blind, at Boston, where she had been in school. He was so well pleased with this evidence of a growing literary disposition in one so young, and with such impediments as were her lot, that he had the story published in the Institution reports. It attracted wide attention and comments for a time, both on account of its nicety of diction and the precocity of its author, she being then only twelve years old.

Miss Keller says this was the pinnacle of her happiness, from which, however, she was soon rudely dashed to earth, bowed down with grief and shame, almost heartbroken, and yet she could not account for the reason. It had been discovered that "Frost King" was almost a repetition of "Frost Fairies," a story by Miss Margaret F. Canby, which had appeared before Miss Keller was born, and of which neither she nor Miss Sullivan, her teacher, had knowledge. The similarity of the two stories was so great as to at once raise the cry of plagiarism, and those doubting Thomases who are loth to accord a just meed of praise to one who has conquered

difficulties under unfavorable and trying conditions were loud in their attempts to cry down this child. And as though these were not enough, Dr. Anagnos, who had at first been so well pleased with the story and her effort, joined with those who, notwithstanding her asseverations, and that of her companion instructor, in proclaiming her not alone a plagiarist, but a fraud and a cheat.

That Miss Keller was honest in this matter, that she knew nothing of the story of the "Frost Fairies," which was published and out of print before her birth, there can be no question.

What shall we say then? Reincarnation or spirit influence?\*

\*It may have been neither. It may have been an unconscious reading from the astral light by Miss Keller of "Frost Fairies," as there recorded by the author. So are many independent discoveries made, thoughts obtained, stories and poems composed, which, to the ignorant, seem piracy and plagiarism.—Ed.



## SOCRATES THE REPRESENTATIVE OF INDIVIDUALISM.

By C. H. A. Bjerregaard.

**S**OCRATES is the giant that tears the fabric of Greek notions asunder. He does it by irony. Irony is only a negative force, but is nevertheless the beginning of personal or independent life. Irony makes Socrates a personality, an independent man, and makes his work, as he calls it, the work of an accoucheur; and the child he helps into the world is individualism. Socrates, himself, is the first child, this accoucheur, the irony, has brought into the world. He is the representative of individualism.

An individualist can and will not consider another, be this other the neighbor, a wife, or society, or anybody else.

He who is intense, aims first of all at being and living as a human existence, at being earnestly himself. This is difficult to understand for our age because the moderns are too learned, weighed down with knowledge of details, to realize what intensity is. The moderns have thrown themselves headlong into the stream, so that they do not even know what it is to exist. They can act—the modern culture is one great activity—but they cannot contemplate.

Individualism places the individual outside human society, apart from it. It directs the individual to care for itself only, and to look upon human society as confusion. It holds that the individual only finds Deity in solitude and silence. It stands sharply against socialism—rightly or wrongly. It declares that socialism destroys individual worth and endeavor. It will, therefore, awaken the individual to isolated existence and self-realization. And it declares that individualism is the only ground on which a life can be lived consistently and with power—in intensity. The foundation on which Individualism rests is Faith or restored immediacy.



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# THE RITUAL OF HIGH MAGIC.

By Eliphas Levi.

Translated from the French by Major-General Abner Doubleday. Annotated by Alexander Wilder, M. D.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE MEDIUM AND THE MEDIATOR.

**W**E have said that in order to acquire magic power two things are requisite: (1) To free the will from all servitude, and (2) to exercise it to control.

The sovereign will is represented in our symbols by the woman who bruises the head of the serpent, and by the radiant angel who forces down the Dragon, and holds him under his foot and beneath his lance.

Let us declare here, without circumlocution, that the Great Magic Agent, the double current of light, the living and astral fire of the earth, was figured in the ancient theogonies by the serpent with the head of a bull, of a goat, or of a dog. It is the double serpent of the caduceus, it is the archaic serpent of the Book of Genesis, but it is also the brazen serpent of Moses coiled around the Tau—that is to say, the generating lingham. It is also the he-goat of the Sabbath, and the Baphomet of the Templars. It is the Hylé of the Gnostics. It is the double tail of the serpent which forms the limbs of the solar cock of Abraxas; finally it is the Devil of M. Eudes de Mirville, and is really the blind force that souls have to conquer, in order to free themselves from the fetters of earth; for if their will does not deliver them from this fatal magnetism, they will be absorbed in the current by the force which has produced them, and will return to the central and eternal fire. Hence the whole operation of Magic consists in disengaging ourselves from the folds of

the old serpent; then in placing one foot upon his head, and in leading him whither we please.

"I will give thee all the kingdoms of the earth," he says in the Gospel myth, "if thou wilt fall down and worship me." The initiate should reply: "I will not fall down, and thou shalt crawl at my feet; thou shalt not give me anything, but I will make use of thee, and take what I wish, for I am thy lord and master"—response which is included, but veiled in that which the Saviour made to him.

We have already said that the devil is not an individual being. He is a misdirected force, as we have elsewhere indicated. An odic or magnetic current, formed by a chain of perverse wills, constitutes this bad spirit, whom the Evangelist calls "legion," and who hurries the swine into the sea: a new allegory of the dragging away of beings spontaneously vile, through blind forces which can set evil dispositions and illusions in motion.

We may compare this symbol to that of the companions of Odysseus or Ulysses, changed into swine by the sorceress Kirkè.

Now observe what Ulysses does to protect himself and deliver his companions. He refuses the cup of the enchantress, and commands her with the sword. Kirkè is nature with all her voluptuousness and charms. In order to enjoy her, it is necessary to conquer her. Such is the meaning of the Homeric fable; for the poems of Homer—veritable sacred books of Ancient Greece—contain all the mysteries of the chief initiations of the East.

The natural medium, therefore, is the serpent—always active and seductive—whom we must always resist by controlling idle wishes.

An amorous magus, a gluttonous magus, a wrathful magus, an idle magus, are impossible monstrosities. The magus thinks and wills; he loves nothing with desire, he repels nothing with passion. The word passion represents a passive and receptive state, and the magus is always active and victorious. The most difficult thing in the Higher

<sup>1</sup>Gospel according to Matthew, IV. 9.

Knowledges is to arrive at this realization. Therefore, when the magus has developed himself the Great Work is accomplished—at least, in its instrument and cause.

The grand agent or natural mediator of human omnipotence, perhaps, can only be subjugated and directed by an extra-natural mediator. This is an enfranchised will. Archimedes demanded a point of support beyond the world in order to raise the world. The point of support of the magus is the noëtic cubic stone, the philosophic stone of Azoth; that is to say, the dogma of absolute reason and universal harmonies, evolved through the sympathy of contraries.

One of our writers, the most prolific and least settled in his ideal, M. Eugene Sue, built a romantic epic<sup>2</sup> upon an individuality which he tries to render odious, but which becomes interesting in spite of him. So much power, patience, boldness, intelligence, and genius does he accord to it. He makes him a kind of Sixtus V, poor, sober, without anger, who holds the entire world interlaced in the net of his learned combinations.

This man excites at will the passions of his adversaries, destroys some by others, attains everything which he desires, and that without noise, display, or charlatanism. His object is to deliver the world from a society which the author of the book considers dangerous and nefarious, and to attain that object he allows nothing to stand in his way. He is badly lodged, badly clothed, fed like the poorest, but is always attentive to his work. The author, in order to keep to his intention, represents him as poor, dirty, hideous, loathsome to touch, frightful to behold. But if this very exterior is means of disguising action, and of accomplishing it more surely, is it not a proof of a sublime courage?

When Rodin shall be Pope, do you think he will still be badly clothed, and dirty? Then M. Eugene Sue has failed in his intention. He wishes to brand fanaticism and superstition, and he attacks intelligence, force, genius: all the great human virtues. If there were many Rodins among the

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<sup>2</sup>Le Juif Enceurt.

Jesuits—if there were even but one, I would not give much for the success of the opposite party, notwithstanding the brilliant and clumsy pleadings of its illustrious advocates.

To will a right, to will a long time, to will always, but never to covet anything, such is the secret of power. Jasso put this magic arcanum in action in the persons of the two knights who came to deliver Rinaldo and destroy the enchantments of Armida.<sup>3</sup> Hence they resist the most charming nymphs as well as they do the most terrible wild animals; they remain without desires and without fear, and they attain their object.

It results from this, that a true magician is more suitable to excite dread than he can be amiable. This I do not deny; and while acknowledging how sweet the charms of life are, while rendering justice to the graceful genius of Anakreon, and to all the juvenile efflorescence of the poetry of love, I seriously invite the estimable friends of pleasure to consider the superior knowledge merely as a matter of curiosity, but never to approach the magic tripod. The great achievements of science are mortal to voluptuousness.

The man who delivers himself from the chain of instincts will perceive his omnific power at first by the submission of animals. The story of Daniel in the lion's den is not a fable; and more than once during the persecutions of new-born Christianity this phenomenon was renewed in the presence of all the Roman people. A man has rarely anything to dread from an animal that he does not fear. The bullets of Gérard, the lion-killer, are magic and intelligent. Only once did he run a real danger. He had permitted a companion to accompany him, who was afraid, and then looking upon this imprudent person as already lost, he also was afraid, not for himself, but for his comrade.

Many persons will say that it is difficult and even impossible to attain such a resolution; that force of will and energy of character are gifts of nature. I do not deny this; but I also know that habit can make nature anew. The will

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<sup>3</sup>Yasso; Gierosolyma Liberata.

can be perfected by education, and, as I have said, all the magic ceremonial has only for its object to prove, exercise, and habituate the will thus to persistence and energy. The more difficult and compulsive the practices are, the more effective they are. This ought now to be understood.

If it has been impossible up to the present time to manage the phenomena of magnetism, it is because there has not been found a magnetiser initiated and truly enfranchised. Who can really flatter himself that he is such? And have we not always new efforts to make over ourselves? Nature will certainly obey the sign and speech of him who feels himself strong enough not to doubt. I say that nature will obey. I do not say that she will contradict herself or that she will disturb the order of her possibilities. The curing of nervous maladies by a word, a breath or a contact; restorations to life in certain cases; resistance to mischievous wills, which itself is capable of disarming and overthrowing murderers, even the faculty of rendering oneself unseen by disturbing the sight of those whom it is important to escape—all that is a natural effect of the projection or withdrawal of the astral light. Thus Valentius was dazzled and overcome by terror on entering the temple of Caesaræa. In like manner, Heliodorus had before been struck by a sudden dementia in the temple of Jerusalem and believed himself whipped and trodden under foot by angels.<sup>4</sup> Thus Admiral Coligny impressed profound awe upon his assassins and could only be killed by a furious man, who threw himself upon him after

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<sup>4</sup>Maccabees II, iii, 24-29. "Now as he was there present himself with his guard about the Treasury, the Lord of Spirits and the Prince of all power, caused a great opposition, so that all who presumed to come in with him were astonished at the power of God, and fainted and were sore afraid. For there appeared to them a horse with a terrible rider upon him, and adorned with a very fair covering; and he ran fiercely and smote Heliodoros with his fore foot; and it seemed that he that sat upon the horse had complete harness of gold. Moreover, two other young men appeared before him, notable in strength, excellent in beauty, and comely in apparel, who stood by him on either side, and scourged him continually, and gave him many sore stripes. And Heliodoros fell suddenly to the ground and was compassed with great darkness; but they that were with him took him up and put him in a litter. . . . He by the hand of God was cast down, and lay speechless without all hope of life."

turning his head to one side. What rendered Jeanne Darc<sup>5</sup> always victorious was the magic spell of her faith and her marvellous boldness. She paralyzed the arms of the men that wished to strike her, and the English seriously believed her to be a magician or sorceress. In truth, she was a magician without knowing it; for she believed herself to act in a supernatural manner, whilst she employed an occult force, always and universally subject to the same laws.

The magnetizing magiste should command the natural medium, and consequently the astral body which makes our soul communicate with our organs. He can say to the material body: "sleep!" and to the siderial body: "dream!" Then things which are seen change their aspect like visions of hashish.<sup>6</sup> Cagliostro, it is said, possessed this power, and aided its action by fumigation and perfumes;<sup>7</sup> but the true magnetic power ought to dispense with these auxiliaries, which are more or less destructive of the reason and deleterious to health. M. Ragon in his learned work on "Occult Masonry," gives the formula for a series of compounds proper to exalt somnambulism. It is doubtless a knowledge not to be rejected, but which prudent magistes should be very careful not to use.

The astral light is projected or sent forth upon others by look, by voice, by the thumbs, and by the palms of the hands. Music is a powerful auxiliary to the voice, and thence comes the word enchantment.<sup>8</sup> No musical instrument is

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<sup>5</sup>I have read that the name was Jeanne Darc, not d'Arc. It is therefore Jeanne, Jane, Johanno; but as she was a peasant there was no such patrician surname. It has been sometimes denied that she was burned; but asserted that she lived to rear a family at Domremy. A. W.

<sup>6</sup>*Cannabis Indica*, or Indian hemp. The gum of hemp has been employed for many centuries as a "witch-herb," as well as aconite, belladonna, stramonium, and opium, to produce visions and enable the spirit or noetic principle to leave the body unconscious, and have communication itself with other minds and spirits elsewhere. Trance or ecstasis is of this character. The human spirit is believed to take its original form under this condition. Many of the conceits of the "Thousand and One Nights" exhibit traces of the hashish dream. It is also supposed that the assassins of Mount Lebanon, who were followers of the famous Sheik-al-jebel, or Mountain Patriarch, were intoxicated with hemp when performing their religious, and especially their Thug-gish offices. A. W.

<sup>7</sup>Many perfumes purify the atmosphere by ozonising it; others narcotise the inhaler, or enchant him, as the gaseous emanations from the ground or from water, cast the priestesses of Apollo at Delphi and Branchidai into ecstatic conditions. A. W.



more enchanting than the human voice, but the distant sounds by the violin or harmonica can augment its power. We thus make ready the subject that we wish to subdue: When he is half-asleep, and so enveloped by this charm (or song) we extend the hand toward him, and command him to sleep or to see, and he obeys in spite of himself. If he resisted it would be necessary, while looking fixedly at him, to put one thumb upon his forehead between the eyes and the other thumb upon his breast while touching him lightly with a single and rapid contact: then breathe slowly, respire softly a hot breath, and repeat to him in a low voice "sleep," or "see."

*(To be continued.)*





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## GHOSTS.

### Ghosts That Never Were Men.

**T**HE spiritual world and the mental world and the psychic world generally spoken of, are only those parts thereof which blend into the sphere of earth. The ordinary man does not reach and does not even think beyond the sphere of earth. The physical man depends for his continued physical existence, upon his physical organs. The four elements are not perceived nor understood, nor appropriated in their pure states, but only as they are affected by the medium of the physical. The solid, liquid, airy and radiant states of the physical world are the intermediaries, through which come and from which are extracted the four elements from the spheres of fire, air, water, earth, needed for the creation and nourishment of all physical bodies.

The various physical bodies have organs by which they extract from the solid, fluid, airy and radiant parts of the physical earth, what they are in need of for their existence. The sphere of fire appears in our physical world—that is, on the four lower planes of the sphere of earth—as light.

The earth beings are made up of the elements of all four

spheres. But the element of the sphere of earth largely preponderates in all earth beings. The four aspects or states of man are nourished by solid food, liquid food, airy food, and fiery food. The sphere of earth represented by the solid food and the sphere of water represented by the liquid food are perceived in those forms, because they belong to the worlds of the senses, the psychic and the physical worlds. Air and light, representative of the mental and spiritual worlds, are not perceived through the senses, because the sphere of fire and the sphere of air are beyond sense perception.

It is the mind within the senses which perceives the elements of fire and of air operating through our physical sphere of earth. The element of air operating through our physical sphere of earth is perceived by the mind, acting through the senses, to be the gases of chemistry. Light is not seen by the senses. Light is representative of fire. Light makes things visible, but is itself invisible to sense. The mind perceives light, the senses do not. Man's physical body needs the gross earth element represented by solid food, the liquid earth element represented by water, the airy earth element represented by the atmosphere, and the fiery earth element represented by light. Each of these earth elements is a medium for the transfer of the corresponding pure element from the sphere of fire, air, water, earth, into man's physical organization. His body has certain systems which are used for the coming-in and going-out of those elements. The digestive system is for the solid, the earth element. The circulatory system is for the liquid, the water element. The respiratory system is for the air element. The generative system for the fire element.

Man, then, has in him the four elements. He does not touch them in their pure states, but only in so far as the four elements are tangible within the manifested portion—which is only a small portion thereof—of the sphere of earth. Man does not even there contact the elements in their pure states; the elements, nevertheless, maintain their pure states, though he is not conscious of that, for the reason that they are not sensible to his five senses as at present developed.

The sphere of fire maintains its character throughout the sphere of air, water, and earth; but it disappears in these spheres to the beings of these spheres, because the beings are not able to perceive the fire in its own state. They are able to perceive it only when the invisible fire is in combination with the elements they can perceive in their spheres. The same is true of the sphere of air and the sphere of water active within the sphere of earth, which are therefore imperceptible and unknown in their pure states to human beings on earth.

The element of fire is the least changing of all elements. The sphere of fire is the spirit, origin, cause and support of the other spheres. By its presence in them it is the primal cause of the changes in them, while in itself the least changeable in the manifestations of those spheres. The Fire is not the change, it is the primal cause of change in the other spheres.

The sphere of air is the vehicle and the body in which the Fire clothes itself in involution.

The element of air is life. All beings in the sensuous world receive their life from this world. Sound, time, and life are the three characteristics of the sphere of air. This sound is not vibration; it is the substratum of vibration. Vibration is perceived in the watery and earthy worlds. The sphere of air is the link, medium, and passage between the sphere of fire and the sphere of water.

The sphere of water is the formative element. It is the element in and through which the finer elements of fire and air above it, and the grosser element of earth below it commingle and blend. They commingle; but the commingling is not caused by the sphere of water; the cause of the commingling is the fire. In this sphere those three elements take form. Mass, vibration, gravity, cohesion and form are characteristic of the sphere of water.

The sphere of earth, of which, it will be remembered, only a part is manifested and sensible to man, is the grossest of the spheres. Into it the grossest parts of the other spheres precipitate and condense. The four occult spheres of the

universe are then known to man only in the gross aspects they have when clouded and obscured in their appearance in the physical world, and that only to the degree in which his five senses can give him contact and cognizance.

And yet, in this humble world, there is made by the Fire the adjustment of the disturbances in all the spheres. Here the counteractions are started. The balance on which the compensation is started and made, is the body of man.

All these spheres are necessary for the existence of our universe as it is. If the sphere of earth were withdrawn, which is the same as saying, if the element of earth were withdrawn, the physical world would disappear. The elements known to chemistry are only specializations of the sphere of earth. If the sphere of water were withdrawn, the sphere of earth would necessarily be dissolved, as there would be no cohesion and no form, and no channel through which to transmit life. If the sphere of air were withdrawn, then the spheres below it could have no life; they would die. When the sphere of Fire withdraws itself, the universe disappears and is resolved into the Fire, which it is. Even the gross aspects on earth of the occult elements will illustrate these propositions. If the light were withdrawn from the atmosphere, breathing would be impossible, because men cannot breathe immovable air. If the air were withdrawn from the water, all the beings in water would cease to exist, because the air transmits to the water oxygen, which the water animals, by means of gills or other organs, draw in for their sustenance. If the water were withdrawn from the earth, the earth would not hold together; its particles would crumble and fall apart, since water is necessary to all forms on earth, and is even in the hardest rock.

These four elements may be found, in some respects, and to a certain degree represented in theosophical terminology as the four "rounds" mentioned by Madame Blavatsky. The first round is comprehended in the element here spoken of as the sphere of Fire; the second round in the element of air; the third round in the element of water; and the fourth round is the present evolution in which the universe is, in

the element of the earth. Two rounds are to be included in each sphere, except the fourth round, which is related to a single sphere. According to the theosophical teaching of Madame Blavatsky, three rounds are yet to come. The fifth, sixth, and seventh rounds to come correspond to the intelligent or evolutionary states of the spheres of water, of air, and of fire.

As to the seven theosophical principles, atma, buddhi, manas, and kama, prana, linga sharira, physical body, they, of course, refer to man in his present state in the sphere of earth and in the sphere of water. Atma-Buddhi does not manifest as such, any more than does the Fire, the Eternal. Manas, the intelligent principle, is of the sphere of fire; kama belongs to the line of evolution of the sphere of water. Prana belongs to the sphere of air; the linga sharira to the sphere of water.

*(To be continued.)*





## GENIUS, IDEALISM AND BROTHERHOOD.

By C. H. A. Bjerregaard.

**T**HE subject is "genius, idealism and brotherhood." I shall deal with it from the standpoint of the mystics and occultists. Be not surprised at some expressions I shall use, nor because I speak about the world of the formless as a more true and real world. After all, the tangible is not the real; it is fleeting. The truth is as the Taoist says: "It is the ground which we do not tread upon, which supports us."

That which some mystics call the formless, an artist may call the ideal. For genius, a mystic would say "the heavenly soul," and a Christian, "the indwelling Christ." Brotherhood in the New Testament sense means "The Kingdom of God." Better than all these terms and states, is that of Love. It includes them all, and much more. In that the mystics are teachers, and there are none better.

And what do I mean by love? I will let Jacob Boehme explain:

"In the water lives the fish—

The plant grows in the earth.

The bird flies through the air—

The sun shines in the sky.

In the fire the salamander must exist—

And the element of Jacob Boehme is God's own heart."

In the simple way characteristic of Rabindranath Tagore, he sings in "The Gardener," which is a collection of his songs, about two birds:

"The tame bird was in a cage, the free bird was in the forest.  
They met when the time came; it was a decree of fate.—

The free bird cried: "O, my love, let us fly to the woods."  
The cage bird whispered: "Come hither, let us both live in  
the cage."

Said the free bird: "Among bars, where is there room to  
spread one's wings?"  
"Alas," cried the cage bird, "I should not know where to sit  
perched in the sky."

The free bird cried: "My darling! sing the songs of the wood-  
lands!"  
The cage bird said: "Sit by my side. I'll teach you the  
speech of the learned."

The forest bird cried: "No. oh, no! songs can never be  
taught."  
The cage bird said: "Alas for me, I know not the songs of the  
woodlands."

Their love is intense with longing,  
But they never can fly wing to wing.

Through the bars of the cage they look,  
And vain is their wish to know each other.

They flutter their wings in yearning,  
And sing, "Come closer, my love!"

The free bird cried: "It can not be,  
I fear the closed doors of the cage."

The cage bird whispers: "Alas, my wings are powerless  
and dead."

These two birds shall illustrate the subject, genius, ideal-  
ism and brotherhood.

The free bird lives in the open; is on the wing like genius; sings songs never taught it; and keeps company with the far-away things. The tame bird lives in a cage; does not spread its wings, but perches, satisfied, on sticks; knows the speech of the learned, and keeps company with man, who addresses it with pet names. Dissimilar, and though "they never can fly wing to wing," they are, nevertheless, related; "their love is intense with longing." They are bound together with the same rhythm of love as human beings in a brotherhood or sisterhood. The free bird symbolizes genius; the tame one expresses philosophy, more especially idealism in the old sense of the word. Both point to that psychic kinship which unites mankind into a union, a brotherhood.

Let me quote Tagore once more. The poem is called "Clouds and Waves," and is found in the collection called "The Crescent Moon."

"Mother, the folk who live up on the clouds call out to me—  
We play from the time we wake till the day ends;  
We play with the golden dawn;  
We play with the silver moon."

"I ask, 'but how am I to get up to you?'"

"They answer,

'Come to the edge of the earth;  
Lift up your hands to the sky,  
And you will be taken up into the clouds'."

"'My mother is waiting for me at home,' I say. 'How can I leave her and come?'"

"Then they smile and float away.

But I know a nicer game than that, mother.

I shall be the cloud and you the moon.

I shall cover you with both my hands, and our housetop will be the blue sky."

"The folk who live in the waves call out to me—

'We sing from morning till night;  
And on and on we travel and know not where we pass.'

"I ask, 'But, how am I to join you?'"

"They tell me:

'Come to the edge of the shore and stand with your eyes tight shut, and you will be carried out upon the waves.'

"I say, 'My mother always wants me at home in the evening—how can I leave her and go?'"

"Then they smile, dance, and pass by.

But, I know a better game than that.

I will be the waves and you will be a strange shore.

I shall roll on and on and on, and break upon your lap with laughter. And no one in the world will know where we both are."

In this poem, Tagore has lifted the subject of genius and talent into the mystic plane. It is easy to see where genius is and also where the charming boy and the mother are. They are related as are the free bird and the tame in the cage. Our sympathy and love are with the boy and the mother.

What does the word genius mean? Originally it meant a tutelary deity, a spirit usually good, but also sometimes evil. A genius in that sense controls, aids, or guides humanity and its individual members. In modern parlance some talk about them as masters, gurus, guides, or spiritual ancestors. It is only in a derived sense that a human being is a genius or a bearer, a representative of that which we call the transcendental. Even human and limited beings are called gurus, masters, guides, saints, or teachers and leaders, but it is always understood that geniuses are different from genii. The difference is, that genii are above us, and are masters independent of tuition; while geniuses are men among us, taught by a higher power, and influenced, though they are not unfree.

They are the guides of humanity; they are the bearers of the ideal, and an idealism not from them is but a poor human substitute for the real. A brotherhood not inspired by genius is not of the eternal nature, however valuable it may be. Leaders in idealism and brotherhood must be geniuses at least. What is understood by the formless? It is that which thought, feeling, imagination and the senses cannot reach. Push thought as far as you can; there is still some-

thing left beyond which mind cannot grasp. You may imagine that you have arrived at the center of the forest, when you have penetrated far into it. But woodmen and mystics familiar with life in the woods know that before them lies another mystery which seems to hold the center, and also, that when they have arrived there, the center is still farther away. The endless seems to stare you in the face. Of that endlessness the formless is. That which the thought cannot grasp is the formless. That which refuses your embrace is the formless.

The formless is not empty. Thought, your feeling, your imagination, your intelligence testify to that. The formless is nearer the fullness; near the real. Speaking in art terms, it is the ideal. In religious terms it is divinity. The formless is the realm of genius. It is the home of genius, if such a term be permissible.

Compared to earth existence, the formless is what we would call a moral world, a world of feelings and emotions. A world of love and not of intellect or the senses. The formless is not the spirit world. The spirit world is the world of spirits, of ghosts of departed human beings. The ghosts of the dead live in it.

The people who live in the clouds and the waves, live in the formless. The formless is not emptiness nor vacancy. "Nay," says the Mystic Weaver (Kabir), "the formless is in the midst of all forms;" and he sings "the glory of forms;" and why? Because he is a mystic, and as such he knows that forms come out of the formless. It is so his experience. He knows of flames which burn without a lamp; of a lotus which blossoms without a root. He asks us: "Have you not heard the tune which Unstrung Music is playing?" Is this fancy or saying beautiful words which after all have no meaning? Nay, "He is a real Sadhu who can reveal the form of the formless to the vision of eyes."

This is tantalizing language, I know, but my excuse is that I am talking mysticism! And mysticism is not a matter of intellect or understanding. It is a life, an experience; it must be lived. To understand it, one must live it. No understand-

ing of anything else is worth much when compared to mysticism.

The common understanding of genius is this, that it is free from the trammels of law, and is of remarkable endowment and phenomenal capacity. This quality of genius is ascribed to poets, because they are always on the wing. Artists are supposed to be of the nature of genius or other-worldliness in their visions; orators need genius in order to lift their audience out of sluggishness and sleep.

The transcendental nature of genius may be understood from the following stanzas of Kabir, a Mohammedan mystic of the fifteenth century.

O, Sadhu! my land is a sorrowless land.

I cry aloud to all, to the king and the beggar, the emperor  
and the fakir—

Whosoever seeks for shelter in the Highest, let all come and  
settle in my land!

Let the weary come and lay his burdens here!

It is a land without earth or sky, without moon or stars;

For only the radiance of truth shines—

Naught is essential save truth.

This "land without earth or sky, without moon or seas" is the sphere of genius. No emptiness and no subjective illusion! It is transcendently real. Its soil is the ground which supports us, though we do not tread on it. The common sense mind can neither see it nor understand it.

A genius is usually spoken of as masculine, because he expresses the plastic power of nature. Hence the masculinity of the following definition also by Kabir.

He has neither form nor formlessness.

He has no name.

He has neither color nor colorlessness.

He has no dwelling-place.

The guru neither eats nor drinks, neither lives nor dies:

Neither has he form, line, color, nor vesture.

He has neither caste nor clan nor anything else—how may I  
describe his glory?



There can now be no difficulty in understanding the exalted quality of genius. When Kabir represents himself as a genius in a derived sense, he sings:

I am neither pious nor ungodly,  
I live neither by law nor by sense,  
I am neither a speaker nor hearer,  
I am neither a servant nor master,  
I am neither bond nor free,  
I am neither detached nor attached.  
I am far from none; I am near to none.  
I shall go neither to hell nor to heaven.  
I do all works; yet I am apart from all works.

Though this is the character of a genius, using the term in a derived sense, it is certainly high enough to be a model and a call for most people on the Path, not to speak about ordinary humanity. It is almost as definite as the foregone description of genius in the transcendental sense. Even talent does not reach high enough to be measured by such a rod. This self-assertive and rebellious language does not mean that Kabir and similar mystics are profane or mad. It means that by their enthusiasm and mystic flights of genius they are free from isms and limits, and are in union with the supreme.

Let us now return to the birds. I take it that the free bird symbolizes genius in the highest sense, and the tame bird genius in a derived sense.

The free bird is self-conscious of strength and is without fear. The refrain of its song is "my place is the placeless, my trace is the traceless." It defies relationships; it is "neither of this world, nor of the next, nor of paradise, nor of hell"; it is not of nature's mind, nor of the circling heavens. It is of self and of the formless. Such is the thought to be heard in its wood-notes. The tame bird represents a soul encircled by the social environment of human conventions and knows "the speech of the learned." It recognizes that it does not know the songs of the woodland, and would "not know where to sit, perched in the sky." The tame bird utilizes the facts of life as it finds them and stands related to

something tangible, an honorable, but slow and uninspiring surrounding. The tame bird prayed, and said:\*

This is my prayer to thee, my lord—strike, strike at the root of penury in my heart.

Give me the strength lightly to bear my joys and sorrows.

Give me the strength to make my love fruitful of service.

Give me the strength never to disown the poor or bend my knees before insolent might.

Give me the strength to raise my mind high above daily trifles.

And give me the strength to surrender my strength to thy will and love.

This is a wonderful prayer. Its spirit is the means of self-realization; it is humble devotion, but it is tame—the song of a tame bird soul! It is oriental in submissiveness. There is no occidental self-valuation in it. It has no strength of its own; it begs, it implores for strength. It is a prayer by souls born and bred in cages and fear, souls without wings. In contrast with this prayer of the tame bird, there is something rebellious in the song of the free bird. It will out! out! It will out and into its native element, the universal. If the free bird could have read “the language of the learned” as did the tame bird, it might have expressed itself like Kabir did and quickly shown the illusoriness of the temporal and phenomenal. It would have sung:

“There is nothing but water at the holy bathing places; and I know that they are useless, for I have bathed in them.

“The images are lifeless; they cannot speak; I know, for I have cried aloud to them.

“The Purana and the Koran are mere words; lifting up the curtain, I have seen.”

This is freedom. Surely the free bird neither shut his eyes, nor closed his ears, nor mortified his body, nor crouched in the dust before an unknown god.

In the second poem of Tagore's, I quoted, we can see the qualities of genius in the clouds and waves. The clouds are airy beings which it is impossible to catch at their play, be it at the golden dawn or near the silver moon. They are as

\*Tagore; Gitanjali, 36.

illusive as genius when chased by a definition. The clouds and genius smile and float away out of your reach, out of your hand. Similarly, the waves. Who has ever bottled up their singing in a system, or tracked their travels? Like genius, they sing as they please and they run wherever they like. There is no parallel between their freedom and human cunning, hence human cunning cannot catch them. The heart of this poem, "The Clouds and the Waves," throbs behind any thought the human brain might sustain, and behind all feelings. If you listen closely you may perceive a call from the mystic presence of the Beloved. Genius calls in the poem.

"The folk who live up in the clouds" live in "the placeless and play with the traceless." The way to them is by way of "the edge of the earth," and when the boy does not see how he can leave his mother "they smile and float away." They are not moved by human feelings. They are elementary.

When the boy asks "the folk who live in the waves" and who "travel and know not where they pass," how he can join them, they tell him to shut his eyes and the waves will carry him out to them. How cruel! He should sacrifice his young life for theirs, the elemental! How much more human was he, when he suggested to be the waves to roll on and on and finally break upon his mother's lap with laughter. Which is the better? The human or the transcendental? Tagore drew a parallel between the two birds when he said:

"Their love is intense with longing,  
But they never can fly wing to wing."

This stanza is of great importance for the understanding of the criticism and genius of his poem. The longing here spoken of is the mystic life. It means a going out of heart to heart; an uplift of heart, not merely reflections on the delights of love. Reflections, even contemplations, do not give us the mystic life. Longings or mystic love proceed from interior centers. By them and in them do we look in, not out, and along the vistas of life and nature. Hence the tame bird is not to be despised. Though it cannot fly into the open, it can turn into itself. Genius is ever near if we wish to learn and to be lifted.

Try this experiment: Next time you see a sunset in gloriously hued clouds, let that sunset be to you like a goodnight kiss from the sun, and you will realize how near genius is and you will be aware of the Divine Presence and find yourself in the fellowship of life eternal.

Having defined genius as I have, it follows that idealism must also be re-defined. I will do it in the spirit of that which I have already said about genius. First, we must get away from that which is called idealism in philosophy and art. Idealism shall not be to us merely a term, but a sublime existence, an existence which transcends the ordinary life decidedly. Idealism as a form of the life of a mystic, is itself a life, an existence; not recognizable by intellect, but perceived and lived in the inner consciousness. It is a form of the inner life.

In the history of philosophy, we hear of forms of speculative systems, called idealism. If we can lift them out of their marrow intellectual quarters, expand and spiritualize them, then they may become useful externals for a preparation to uplift the soul. The oldest idealism of that kind lies buried in Platonism. In the philosophy set forth by Plato, principally in "The Republic," he tells us that the universe moves according to rhythmic measures and modes, and has its existence in certain definite forms. In geometry we know of five such forms, polyhedra; they are the forms of bodies. When we talk psychologically, we move by forms called body and soul. If the conversation takes a mystic and occult turn, we talk about "inner" and "outer," and so forth. If we expand these forms and give them that life spoken of as that of a genius of a high order, we come to the right kind of idealism, a kind of idealism suitable for mystics and occultists.

If we examine the method of our lives, whether the method is conscious or not, we shall find that our life is formal; that is, we have lived or ought to have lived in a certain definite way, a way determined by the quality of our life. We discover also that that method of life, or that form is no chance affair, but is in accord with eternal laws. All things and

minds have their definite form, and that form must be respected in dealing with them. Ask artists, engineers, writers, biologists, and each in his sphere will bear testimony to this.

Every flower of the field obeys a given form of its existence. Species do not blend or lose type. Form is their constructive principle of law. Every human being, to be truly human and of spiritual value, develops after an inherent form. And every spiritual teacher worth anything, starts his pupil on an endeavor to discover that form or constructive law.

The philosophical idealism, which expresses itself by form only and which lies buried in Platonism, is usually called objective idealism. Besides Plato, the German philosopher, Schelling, is a master of it. It suffers from a lack of just that something which genius could have supplied, if the fathers of the system could have risen beyond themselves and learned from the old Zoroastrian Oracles that "the center of the sphere of intelligence holds the fountain of virtue." Virtue in the ancient languages means genius. Platonism lacks that genius which adores the Supreme in all and in every creature and details of creatures. Mysticism has many charges to make against Platonism. Mysticism could supply it with the life it needs, if in no other way, at least by teaching it the meaning of the well-known scholastic formula: "God exists in all things by presence, by power, and by essence." That formula deals with life rather than with thought.

All that which can be said about form is very well and is true realism, but the mystic is not satisfied. Said the Lawa'ih or "Flashes of Light," (Jami):

Philosophers devoid of genius find  
This world a mere form of the mind;  
'Tis a form—but they fail to see  
The great idealist who looms behind.

The mystic demands both the outer and the inner. In this case his criticism is like the judgment passed upon the fishes who said they did not know what water was and demanded to see it. Said Genius:

O, ye who seek to solve the knot!

Ye live in God, yet know him not.  
 Ye sit upon the river's brink,  
 Yet crave in vain a drop to drink.  
 Ye dwell beside a countless store,  
 Yet perish, hungry, at the door.

Those who see nothing but form are as ignorant as are the fishes. That is only too common in our day. God is considered to be outside the world instead of as the soul of it. When mystics talk about God, people are apt to think they talk about a strange guest who has come to visit.

This was that form of idealism, philosophically called objective idealism. In the history of philosophy, there is also known what is called subjective idealism. It cannot be denied that the promulgators of this form, Bishop Berkeley and Johann Gottlieb Fichte, were intellectual giants; but genius, as I have defined, cannot be attributed to them. Their strength was mental, and their failure was mental also. We hear the speech of a giant when Berkeley declares "there is nothing beyond mind and its phenomena." It is a declaration which defies the cosmic world outside of mind. But pure subjectivism is nothing but solipsismus and incapable of seeing its own origin or creating itself. Fichte is more profound and nearer the cosmic truth when he declares that "all thought forms are found in the Ego." All our experience in creative work proves that whatever we do, is done according to patterns within us. Objective idealism also says so. If we lift this form of idealism into the sphere of genius, it becomes ideal with the energy of the universal Ego and we get the power of miracle-making. Idealism as known to philosophy must be expanded and lifted out of its intellectual surroundings and limitations into the plane of clarified idealism before it can be directly useful to us in a mystic life, and before it is a direct expression of genius.

How can that be done? How can something impersonal become personal? Let me show. Take a bundle of hay. No chemist, artist, scientist, or any man can turn it into milk. But hand it to a cow, and the miracle is soon performed. Nature transmutes herself in the cow, which becomes the intermediary. The cow does not do it consciously, of course.



She remains unconscious, but being an organic creator, she is halfway personal. Another and better illustration: A landscape is personally outside of us. Most people cannot see it as clearly as the migratory birds. Let an artist use color, measurement, and genius, and the miracle is done. His reproduction of the vision is no copy. No copy is possible. It is a transformation by means of forms known to genius.

Religion and miracle are almost synonymous terms. All religions present to the world a savior, who is the personal form of the Great Impersonal, the Formless. Religions never compromise on the subject. They cannot do it. They stand for the personal and for miracle. In marriage certain impersonal or cosmic forces acting through human desires create personalities, and thus the impersonal is lifted into the personal; the impersonal, so to say, opens its eyes in man and enters in some degree, the sphere of love. In spite of the popular conceptions, this activity of child-birth is not our personal work. It is a cosmic activity in us. An impersonal force uses us personally. We become the means of the Impersonal for its own purposes. But we may be glorified by it and lifted into the sphere of Genius and Ideality and the Formless. The same activity of the impersonal and the same end is attained when we are the medium for creation of thoughts and loves. These, too, manifest genius and the ideal.

Mystics and occultists may well be called specialists in this matter of miracle-making. Transmutation is the key to all their doings; and translation of lower into higher is their aim. The acts represent genius and idealism lifted out of a plane and into the transcendental. The mystics and occultists are the ones to lift subjective idealism out of intellectual limitations and into genius.

Berkeley and Fichte could get help from Angelus Silesius, the great mystic, if they were willing to learn from such a genius. Angelus Silesius said:

Eternity is time  
And time is eternity,  
Except when we ourselves  
Would make them different.

This mystic saying is not intellectual philosophy. The metaphysical dualism is overcome by genius and is lifted into a sphere beyond seasons and events.

The third form of philosophic idealism is that attributed to Frederik Hegel, and often called panlogism. The name panlogism is an apt designation because this system faces both ways in the dilemma of the mind, and declares that "things and minds are only different manifestations of our universal creative thought." By that declaration it approaches very near to the ideas of Kabir and of the mystics I have mentioned. That declaration also approaches genius, when genius speaks in positive terms, but it fails utterly when genius and the mystic speak negatively. To expand Hegel's idealism, it is therefore necessary to handle it after the pattern of Buddha's method. But to lift it, it must be filled with the enthusiasm of the mystic and occultists. These three forms of idealism suffer because they have been kindled intellectually only, and not by genius or mystics. If genius or mystics had handled them after the philosophers had given them birth, they would have looked differently and been of more use to the world.

The practical outcome of these criticisms of the philosophical idealistic systems is this, that we must have mystics and occultists to teach us how to use them rightly if we seek union with God by way of wisdom, Gnana yoga. It would be better still to start idealism from above, the spheres of geni, rather than from the planes of geniuses.

And now about the relationship of genius and idealism to the brotherhood idea. The mystic or genius, according to my definition, is always something of a practical worker as regards the outside world. This fact is only too often overlooked or ignored by those who are not mystics. A quotation from St. Teresa will explain this. She was as much of a mystic as a saint, as much of a practical woman with a splendid gift for organization as she was a mystic. This was her doctrine: "Those whom God has drawn together into our monasteries must not contemplate only their cells, but must help their neighbor and feel a burning desire to assist him." These words are not merely of the same kind which modern

sociologists and socialists repeat, in season and out of season; they are words of brotherhood; they are the refrain of all her doings to build up a spiritual society for the salvation of the world. Her Order was founded to fight the disintegrating forces of the world by "prayer, by tears and by love." This is idealism.

I do not favor an idealism or brotherhood of sentiment. I want an idealism like that of St. Teresa's, and that of St. Francis of Assisi. They did not look to ideas as objects of worship; they were led by ideas and they fought by ideas, hence they accomplished something; they made idealism something real; they made the brotherhood idea an organic element in the human constitution. Ideas which make idealism a power are fundamental forms of the cosmos; they are energies and are in mythology often called gods. In the Old Testament they are called angels. When St. Teresa fought "by prayer, by tears and by love," she did not act from out her own selfhood; she became the voice of eternal energies—genius. Her tears became floods of heavenly light and life, to wash away the vulgarity and brutish nature of her audience, and, her love lifted the world's misery out of the way and set it free to follow its true course. Such is idealism as a mystic understands it. And such is the idealism preached by mystics.

St. Francis of Assisi is another illustration. He was a true idealist and a man who lived for brotherhood.

St. Francis understood the imitation of Christ to be simply a ministry of love. He knew no theology, and proceeded in the right and only way to build a brotherhood; namely, never to utter a single hostile word; not to hear one and not to look at evil done. He did not lay down rules for his followers; he even broke the norms of the church whenever it seemed right to him to do so. Without being ordained, he preached to the people, and without possessing authority, he consecrated his friend, Clara, as a nun. Pope Innocent III., who was otherwise a heresy hunter, sanctioned Francis's sermons to the people, and even his unecclesiastic brotherhood. How is this wonder explained? I think the explanation is simple: St. Francis's idealism was not a thought, not a philosophical system, but it was a vital force. It was a direct knowledge of the Divine in his soul. He even forbade

his brethren to own copies of the scriptures. God in the heart, was the core of his doctrine, and the only scripture needed.

To be consistent and to live out such a simple doctrine, make it answer all questions and solve all mental and moral problems, implies a soul literally not of this world, but fixed in the ideal. Such a soul is genius. What is still more marvellous, is that St. Francis's idealism did not make of him or his followers recluses and ascetics. St. Francis condemned asceticism and insisted on his followers living in the world, radiating life and seeking no profit from their labors. In this lies the mystery of the success of his labors for brotherhood.

His brotherhood was literally made by him; its ideal character was from above; its working energy came from his brother Sun, his sister Moon, the dear Stars, his brother the Wind, and mother Earth. On his death-bed he composed a wonderful and strong song, praising his "brother Death." Where in the brotherhoods you know of, have you heard anything like it? And yet it ought to be so that we were on friendly terms with death! The legend tells that a flock of singing birds descended on the roof of the cottage in which he lay dying, and that the song of these "little sisters" accompanied him across the bourn.

When you hear people talk about idealism and brotherhood, use St. Francis as a measuring rod. If you hear notes of cosmic love and influence of cosmic consciousness come to you, listen and remember!

Only those who can co-ordinate man and beast, and who have discovered the beauty of nature, even in trivial things, are New Age Idealists. And those who can see their God in all things and draw the lines of his beauty, on body and on stone and on the ripples of the river, they live in blessed company. They are men and women of genius, of idealism, of brotherhood.

In conclusion:

"Our forefathers had political tyranny to overcome—human slavery to eradicate—civil and religious liberty to win—a system of popular education to inaugurate, and with it all the wilderness to tame and a new land to develop."

What do we do? What will you do?



## THE NINETEENTH AND TWENTIETH CENTURIES.

By **Baron L. Hellenbach.**

Translated from the German, and commented on

By **Edouard Herrmann.**

### How Can We Get Knowledge of Truth?

**A** CHILD enters the world, supplied with all his organs, and, although they exert an influence on his senses, still he does not know anything of his surroundings. Only gradually does the child experience the different effects and look for the causes producing them, thereby acquiring a knowledge of the outer world. The conclusion, from effect to cause, is therefore the source of our cognition, and we owe the progress of natural science and of our culture to the necessity which brings about the effects of certain causes. We know, therefore, with absolute certainty, that every change, every effect, must have a sufficient cause. Before a complicated phenomenon, the working causes of which we cannot find, we look for a hypothesis which is able to explain the fact without contradiction and to satisfy our need of casuality. In the course of time those hypothesis are partly changed, partly laid aside, until views nearer the truth are held. This is the course science has taken. It cannot be different with problems which touch the supersensuous or metaphysics; problems concerned with the aim and destiny of the human race.

The great number of revelations and philosophical systems extant unfortunately proves that this riddle is not yet

satisfactorily solved, or if one of the many hypotheses should be correct, that it is not yet generally accepted, or at least not so formulated as to explain the riddles of biology and psychology. It therefore neither satisfies our need of causality nor the claims of reason. But it is true that few men judge, considering these scientific questions; the greater number believes what seemingly divine revelations, or traditions, or public opinion have said. If one proposes the question: "What has humanity in general believed, and what does it still believe the purpose and future of its existence to be?" the answer will be, that the majority of men take our physical existence to be a passing condition and that metempsychosis, palingenesis, or reincarnation seems to be the kernel of the oldest and most wide-spread belief. Not only the faithful, but also the rational thinking majority of men, among them the German philosophers Leibnitz, Herbart, Drossbach (Individualists), Schopenhauer, Hartmann (Pantheists), have expressed the opinion that man has a transcendental basis, usually called soul, underlying his physical appearance, whose repeated entrance into the biological process is possible and admissible. With one philosopher it is a monad, representing itself as man; with the other, it is an impersonal god who tortures himself through physical life, in order to lose the taste for it. Only few men believe in special creation with an eternal existence following it; while fewer see nothing else in the human appearance but a chemical product, which disappears as it began. In the course of this work different views shall be criticised; now we will consider all the possible and thinkable cases, because one of them must correspond to truth, provided we do not leave out any of the possible cases.

The real man either does, or does not begin his existence at birth; death either does, or does not end his existence. This gives four possibilities. The case that the soul pre-exists before birth, but is destroyed after death, is not accepted by anybody, consequently only three hypotheses are left: first, materialism, according to which birth and death are the beginning and end of the soul; second, creationism, according to which the soul is created at birth by the power-



ful word of God, after which creative act it lives forever; and third, the belief of the majority, which holds that birth and death are not the alpha and omega of the human appearance, but only a passing condition—like a dream. The possible repetition of this passing state is attributed either to chance, or to a designed probation and education, or to the will to live, manifested by a god. Should we select, of these hypotheses, that one which shall finally be proven to be correct, then it might be possible to convince some of my readers. But in order to convince all of them we will have to point out the impossibility or insufficiency of the other hypothesis. An example may illustrate:

G. E. Lessing believed in reincarnation, and explained it not by the doctrine of punishment and reward, nor by chance, nor by the will to live, but by the necessity of a higher "education of the human race." It is true that he does not give proofs for this assertion, but at the end of his treatise he proposes one dozen questions which clearly demonstrate his view and his conviction that his contemporaries cannot bring forward any reasonable grounds against him.

Certainly it is reasonable to suppose that the purpose of our short and sometimes abruptly terminated life, is education, and that this purpose cannot be fulfilled in one life. But is that which seems reasonable to us, always that which is right? A reasonable view suffices to demolish an unreasonable one, but it does not give certainty; otherwise humanity would not have partly lost this oldest belief.

Lessing's conviction is founded on a firm belief in a divine providence and guidance. He regards that which is unreasonable as a necessary state of transition which cannot last. Now one may believe in a divine guidance, but it can neither be proven nor disputed; to do this one ought to have a clear conception of divinity, which is hardly possible for human reason to have. Nevertheless, his conclusion cannot be denied a practical value. A hundred years ago Lessing could have rightfully predicted the abolishment of slavery and bondage, religious and political freedom, with the same reason. In like manner and with the same right one may say that war and preparations for war must in time

cease because the burden which present and future generations have to carry is too heavy. That which is reasonable, useful, true, will always in time triumph over that which is unreasonable, harmful, and false, even without divine intervention; therefore the reasonable is always that which is admissible. In spite of all this, the reasonableness of a hypothesis alone cannot cause a firm conviction or certainty; for how many things have already been considered reasonable and moral? We need only go back a hundred years in our study of history, in order to become entirely distrustful of human judgment and morality. We must travel another road.

The return of the human soul into earth life presupposes its continuation after death; and the continuation after death necessarily presupposes its existence during life, which is frequently denied by superficially reasoning naturalists. It is therefore clear that this problem can be explained, and we can get a firm conviction only by a thorough examination of the two contradictory statements in question. We have first to prove beyond a doubt that the mechanico-chemical explanation of the origin, development and function of the organisms is inadequate. Natural science has discovered many conditions of the organic life, but eminent naturalists have never confounded these "conditions" with the real cause of organic becoming, as child-like materialism has done; this materialism denies a priori the existence of a soul or of any other "qualitas occulta"; in its opinion this hypothesis is superfluous, unscientific, unworthy of a strong mind.

It is therefore necessary, first to prove the existence of a factor which causes life and organization; because only then can it be of any use to speak about its continuance and re-entry into physical life. We therefore have a threefold task before us; we have to prove the existence and then the continuance of the transcendental substratum or soul, before we can speak of its reincarnation. We will treat this hypothesis in the usual way; dismissing that which is untenable and considering the rest in the light of experience, of the need of casuality and of reason.

If in all organisms possessing will and the powers of sensation and thinking, we presuppose an unknown force, which is distinguishable from the known chemical forces, and if we call that unknown force "soul," then it is natural to put the following questions: Has man a soul or not? Has that soul a continuance and a pre-existence or not?

If these questions must be affirmed then we are able to form a reasonable opinion in regard to the possibility, probability, and necessity of reincarnation, in the other case, of the inacceptability of this teaching. We should not be surprised that our ancestors were not able to decide these questions with certainty, because the laws of nature pertaining to them have been recognized and proven only in this century.

### **Does a Soul, a Subject, Live in Us?**

Darwin, the founder of modern biology, was modest enough to confess that he could not answer the question relating to the origin of organic life. As is usually the case, his followers spoke in a higher key. They believed they had discovered a sufficient reason for organic life in the motion of carbon combinations; in the electric tension of protoplasm. But this explanation for the sudden appearance of life seemed to other naturalists a little too far fetched, and in this perplexity one conceived the idea that life was brought to earth by aerolites. Natural science has not answered the question how unicellular organisms are brought to life. But since we can hardly detect in them traces of organization, we shall rather consider the multicellular organisms, which possess distinct organs, because on such beings the inadmissibility of the above mentioned hypothesis can be more clearly pointed out. Suppose the coming to life of a unicellular being is explained—which is by no means the case—how would a multicellular organism originate, according to modern biology?

If in protoplasm first one and then more cells segregate themselves, a lump of cells is produced; and it cannot surprise us that the inner cells differentiate themselves from the

outer, on account of the different conditions of life (struggle for existence). It is said that these lumps of cells transform themselves into the mother-water for multicellular individuals; that one of the cells is suddenly transformed into a germ-cell which receives from somewhere the faculty to organize a new lump of cells. This new lump now modifies, by means of adaptation and the struggle for existence, its organization, and in a new germ-cell stores up the faculty for creating a more and more perfect organism, until, out of a lump of protoplasm, man is evolved—always by means of the higher faculties which are stored up in the germ-cell.

We do not ask why a cell in a lump should be induced to change itself into a germ-cell, since neither fight for existence nor adaptation can urge it to do so; we do not ask what may induce the many cells of an embryo to unite in order to form the eyes, ears lungs, since fight for existence or adaptation cannot take place in the womb; and we do not ask why these new formations do not happen in our time; why, for instance, goitres, parasites, and other new formations never produce organized lumps of cells; why there are not men with three arms, or with wings, who bequeath this peculiarity to their offspring; why even our domestic animals only change the physiologic-material and never the morphologic form, although adaptation and heredity should, in such different circumstances and in such long spaces of time, certainly bring about those changes.

Although natural science has never answered these questions, yet we will content ourselves with looking for the primal conditions of each organization.

If we see a locomotive, we know that to build it the necessary material as iron, copper, brass and the workshop with its vehicles was a necessity. Besides, purpose and ability to build it was also necessary; for the locomotive has a clearly defined purpose, consequently there must have been somebody to conceive that purpose, to make use of the necessary conditions, and to be able to construct it.

Since the animal organism is a much more complicated machine than a locomotive, we must infer that its construction without a purpose and without the ability of an organi-

zator, is impossible. Kant says that organisms without teleology are unthinkable and that it is useless to wait for a second Newton who would be able to make the purposeless generation of a little blade of grass intelligible. If a thinker like Kant, who writes much more modestly and cautiously than Haeckel, Vogt, or Büchner, expresses himself so positively, then it is indeed fairly doubtful that carbon should ever become man. Now, seeing that man is a very complicated machine, that all his senses are highly artistically organized for a distinct purpose, we are perfectly justified in looking for the bearer of this purpose and ability in the embryonic development of man. In fact, we are obliged to do so if death should really be the absolute destruction of man; for we shall later point out that everything gets a different aspect if death is not the destruction of the individual subject (the soul), but only of the person; and it does not make any difference whether this subject is the product of carbon or of the omnipotence of a god. To make this clear we will consider the following case:

Suppose we should find a telescope hidden deep in the ground; who would maintain that at a far distant time the high temperature of the earth had melted the metals in such a way that they formed a brass pipe; the silicious earth became glass lenses; and chance brought them so together as to form a regular telescope? Now it is a proven fact that our piano, organ-pipes, cables, camera obscura, are only imperfect copies of our ears, larynx, nerves and eyes; the eye, especially, is a far more wonderful, although analogous instrument, than the telescope. To believe that the cells grouped themselves together without a purpose, simply by chance, in order to form such an artistically perfect and useful instrument as the human body, would be more absurd than the thought of a telescope accidentally come together.

Had the scientists taken to heart Kant's saying, that without teleology the organisms are unthinkable, then they would not have made the ridiculous attempt to demolish the barriers between inorganic and organic nature. He who cannot see that there is a difference between the crystallizing of a crystal and the growing up of the claws of a crab,

is not born to be a thinker. That the cells are forced to form a claw presupposes a purpose, the original cause of which we shall consider later. The cells of the crab cannot do more than propagate and accommodate themselves to the conditions of life; the teleological direction must therefore be somewhere else.

But it is not only the origin and development of organism, but also their functions, which indicate the necessity of a factor unknown to us. How should the millions of cells composing a human body attain to a uniformly thinking subject? It is true that ants, bees, and men create a social organization for common purposes, but never an organism having a uniform self-consciousness with only one independently thinking and feeling "Ego." This error of the naturalists may have been caused by the following circumstances.

Conceptions are accompanied by functions of the brain, but these functions are by no means identical with the conceptions, as Robert Mayer, one of the most eminent naturalists justly remarks. Outer forces exert an influence on us; we feel them according to our organization; we distinguish between them, seek to find their causes, and acquire thus the conception of a world which reacts on us, and of a personality which comprises our "Ego." This causes our conception of the world and our personality to be dependent on the organization. This may be the reason why some fanatic Darwinians made the mistake of identifying the subject (the soul) with the personality. The intelligible subject projects itself far above consciousness; human consciousness cannot function without the soul; on the other hand, the soul cannot have human feelings and conceptions without the organism of cells, just as we cannot observe the planetoids without a telescope, and the infusoria without a microscope, although in both cases we first need a seeing eye, the faculties of which are modified, magnified by the instruments. The brain does not think, but is the instrument for human thinking. Thus we must not confound the unperceivable subject which is only discoverable through reasoning, and always remains the same—with the personality of our consciousness. The personality of our consciousness is only a conception, a picture.



The new-born child at once manifests a will; it is an individuality which seeks nourishment, and feels pain; but the consciousness of being a human personality develops much later. the human faculty of recollecting offers the same difficulties to the materialistic philosophy<sup>1</sup>.

But we have other proofs for the existence of an independent factor, which makes itself sometimes directly known in some unconscious functions. The instinct of animals, especially in their care for the young, many actions of night-walkers, the phenomena of somnambulism, the correct selection of remedies, true dreams, and especially supersensuous perceptions, are striking proofs of an inner faculty of perception, which is not identical with that of the senses, which cannot be voluntarily acquired, and which must have a carrier somewhere. Those facts point to a transcendental, unknown substratum of the human appearance; they are so annihilating to the doctrine of materialism, that naturalists like Haeckel, Vogt, or Büchner, have simply to deny them—a procedure which is very convenient, but has absolutely no bearing on facts. We could quote Plato, Cicero, the second sight of the Scotchmen, and the testimony of many physicians; but to do so would be superfluous, because every reader probably knows of such cases; those who do not may read Du Prel's "Philosophy of Mysticism." There is so much material that Schopenhauer calls all those ignorant, who deny the facts; unfortunately, he is only partly right, because, as Seneca says, there are many who rather smite truth in the face than confess an error.

We will now explain the occurrence of this inner perception by an analogy, that everybody may understand how one single case of supersensuous perception—be it experience in sleep, dream or visions—suffices to assure the existence of a transcendental substratum (or soul) in the human appearance, together with all its consequences:

If we plant a climber around a scaffold made of wood and wire, the species of the plant will decide about the form and size of the leaves, just as the ground, the climate, the cul-

<sup>1</sup>Du Prel, "Philosophy of Mysticism," Chapter VI.

ture will influence the growth of the climber. Cell will join cell; but the form, the morphological shape, will be determined by the scaffold, even if it cannot be seen on account of the exuberantly growing cells. Under favorable circumstances such an arbour will give protection against the rays of the sun as well as against rain and wind. But if for any reason the plant begins to become sickly, there will be places through which sun-rays, raindrops, winds, may penetrate; at the same time the view from the bower will be enlarged. Should a person now be in the bower, he would receive impressions which were formerly unperceivable, and he could see objects which formerly were invisible. If we continue this analogy, if we apply it to the organism of cells, we understand how it is possible that sickly, sensitive or abnormal individuals may possess a higher and to us unintelligible sensibility and perception. It is also difficult to understand how naturalists could believe that the climber would form by itself, without a scaffold, that is, without the purpose of the builder, a symmetrical, a certain design-revealing arbour; and still less comprehensible is it how educated men could believe that it is the climber which perceives, and not the man living in the arbour.

We know for a certainty that man with his eyes and ears perceives only a part of the number of vibrations, which he distinguishes as colors and tones; all other vibrations above, below, or between, he does not perceive; and he would deny their existence did not some of them act chemically, like the ultra-violet rays. An alteration or delay of the human threshold of sensation is not only possible but probable if we consider the enormous number of living individuals. It is to be expected that in the development of so many millions of men there must occur some disturbances, since no development is entirely free from disturbances.

All riddles, unsolved by natural science, give us the assurance that neither the origin, nor the development, nor the function of the human organism can be explained without a fundamental factor, which is as yet unknown to us. This inner factor is a subject, a soul, which causes the teleological

nature of our organism and makes possible the unity of our self-consciousness, both of which cannot be produced by the germ-cell.

Thinkers like Plato and Kant, Kepler and Newton, have never doubted this statement, and would not be able to conceive how one could believe otherwise. Another fact is that the existence of the organizing principle has never been doubted by individualists, nor by pantheists; and those who do not belong to any philosophical school, appeal to the creative omnipotence of God, because any effect needs a sufficient cause.

Common sense can never concede that bricks, lime, sand, wood, can alone build a house; and if a motion of the earth should carry the house to another place, common sense cannot believe that the house has moved itself to that place. Just as little can common sense believe that albumen alone is able to build a wonderful organism, and that the millions of cells in that organism can think and function as a unit and feel as one single subject. Common sense is right, for every effect must have a sufficient cause. This is the fundamental law of all our knowledge. Have the naturalists found that sufficient cause? None who read them believes that they have found it.

There is a Subject living in us, which wills, feels, and thinks in a human way. This is absolutely sure; and consequently the first one of the three hypotheses is disposed of. The world conception of the materialists and modern illuminators is impossible, and the coming century will be delivered from it, because the numerous investigations made on somnambulists and hypnotic subjects have brought to light many facts which are incompatible with modern teachings."

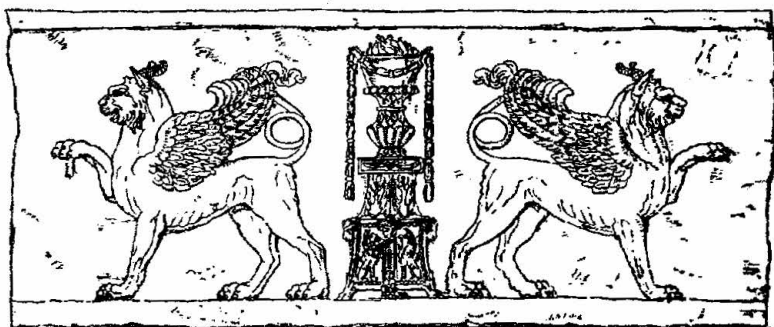
As we have seen, Hellenbach, before attempting to discuss the probable destiny of the human soul tries first to establish the fact that man has a soul. Beginning with the cells, which, according to the materialistic teaching, are not only the builders of the body, but also the cause of the intelligence manifesting through that body, he shows: First, that the millions of cells could as little construct such a mar-

vellously perfect instrument as is the human body, as a million of workingmen could build a gothic temple without a purposeful, designing intelligence—this is the teleological argument of Kant. Secondly, he shows that the combined consciousness or intelligence of the millions of cells can under no circumstances produce the immensely superior intelligence manifesting through the body as human consciousness, and much less that other incomprehensible intelligence which orders the cells to build up and sustain the body in just that useful form and in no other. That this mysterious intelligence (which we call the human soul) must be the real architect of the body is clearly proven by the fact that under certain circumstances (trance, somnambulism, hypnotism) it is able to describe the inner organs correctly and to indicate effective remedies.

Long continued experiments have also proven that the hidden subject or soul is able to see and hear without the use of eyes or ears, to read and transmit thoughts, and to move ponderable objects without touching them<sup>2</sup>. All these things go far to prove that man is by no means that simple mechanical organism of the materialists, but a very complex and teleological study. The researches in hypnotism, spiritism, and modern psychology, have undoubtedly caused much suffering and error, but they have at least established the fact that there lives in man an intelligence, which is greater than his waking consciousness, and that it has powers which surpass those of the physical senses. This mysterious, hidden intelligence we call the soul. Its probable destiny will be considered by Hellenbach in the next issue of *The Word*.

<sup>2</sup>For scientifically proven cases, see F. W. H. Myer's "Human Personality."





## THE SCARAB OF DESTINY.\*

By Maris Herrington Billings.

### CHAPTER XI.

#### TAMING THE LION.

ONE fair evening I saw Ostorius riding along the Appian Way, mounted on a powerful grey horse, in his scarlet tunic and white caracalla. With shining breast-plate and helmet, in which waved a great plume of red feathers, he was an imposing figure, attended by his body-guard or soldiers.

I sighed as I saw the patrician pass through the Prætorian Gate. What fate awaited that noble roman within those dull grey walls? For he was on his way to the Palatium to have a private audience with Claudius. I trembled lest he encounter the fair Regina.

When, at length, he stood in that magnificent corridor, with its great pillars of Numidian marble, I feared for his safety, until a eunuch came and led him to the library, where sat the Emperor Claudius. He arose from his high-backed chair of ivory, and, extending his hand, he welcomed Ostorius with a friendly smile, for he was glad to see the noble Protaetor.

Claudius listened with pleasure to all that interested him concerning that far-off isle which his legions had conquered, and, with a glad smile, he took the scroll of parchment which Ostorius had brought from Ricardus, his best-loved pupil in the old days, and smiled as he read:

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\* All rights reserved, including translation.

"Beloved Emperor and most revered Master:

Ricardus sends thee greeting. Ostorius brings to thy feet the Welsh Prince, Caractacus. I could not bring him to Rome. Oh, beloved Master, for Cupid hath pierced my heart. I am desperately in love with his charming daughter, and I would ask they blessing on our nuptials. Instead of a Triumph, Oh Caesar, I would ask thy clemency for the captive chief. I pray thee to spare his life. I would stay in Britain until the maid is found. Ostorius doth consider her as thine hostage. Wilt thou command him to give her to me in marriage? This is the only Triumph my heart desires. May all the immortal Gods grant thee long life and happiness.

Thy devoted pupil,

RICARDUS."

The emperor smiled as he read. "So the boy has been wounded at last, Ostorius. Thinkest thou 'tis a desperate affair, or is it merely a passing fancy, that will change with the waning moon?"

"Oh, Caesar, methinks 'twill last Ricardus for his life. The maid was fair to look upon, but of a serious turn of mind. She will make him a good wife, if ever he doth find her; but 'tis more than likely she hath perished, for I learned that a maiden had been carried down the river from Blestinium, in one of their frail native boats; but I told Ricardus naught. Hope will keep him alive. If she escaped to the hills, he might as well follow an eagle in its flight."

"Give him the maid, Ostorius; with my blessing on the union. The Senate hath granted thee the highest ambition of the soldier; the gift of a Triumph is thine, and thou art appointed to the supreme command of this glorious city on the day of thine entry, a week hence. May the Gods grant thee all good gifts, my friend," and Claudius arose as a signal that the audience was over.

A week after the audience, the camp of Ostorius became all activity, as the summer dawn was breaking over the hills, for the great day of the Triumph had arrived. The Roman populace made haste to secure a good vantage ground from which to gaze upon the captive Lion of Britain. In all the public squares, and along the streets, grandstands had been erected, and beautiful sculptured triumphal arches had been built, under which the procession would pass.

On the clear air of morning was heard the notes of a brazen



trumpet, and through the Prætorian Gate came the first of the long procession. A band of musicians came first, followed by a regiment of cavalry, with waving banners, the horses being gaily decorated, and the men in shining coats of mail. They were followed by a train of white-robed priests; and after them came a hetacomb of white oxen, wreathed with flowers, and led by black slaves. These were to be sacrificed at the shrine of Mars, the God of War. Next came chariots, ornate with white and gold, in which rode generals; governors and tribunes; next, a long line of skin-clad Britons, followed by the blue banner of Caradoc; then a band of happy children, robed in white, scattering flowers in the path of the victor, all along the stretch of the Appian Way, and singing hymns of praise in honor of Ostorius. The trumpeter announced the approach of the victor, who wore a purple toga with a wide border of gold, and was crowned with a wreath of laurel. In his hand he carried a sceptre of gold and ivory, surmounted by the Golden Eagle. He rode in a gilded chariot, drawn by four white horses, and was preceded by lictors bearing the Roman standards.

Ostorius was guarded by a body of cavalry, after which, walking alone, his head proudly erect and his hands chained behind him, came Caradoc. His noble air so touched the Roman people that many who had thronged to see him, sighed as they thought of the fate that awaited him. Caradoc trod the weary way with a free-born air that not all the magnificence of Rome could daunt. He was followed by officers of the army, and last of all came the victorious Seventh Legion, their weapons wreathed with laurel, and their bright armor gleaming in the sunshine.

All along the route the people were wild with delight. Beautiful women threw flowers and gems to the returning soldiers, and exclamations of joy greeted them on every hand. As the procession passed slowly along the crowded streets, Caradoc thought of his loved island home so far away; and as his eye glanced carelessly over temple, arch and tower, he wondered what Rome could see in the rude huts of Britain.

The people flocked to the circus maximus to witness the combats between the wild beasts, for five hundred lions had been provided for this amusing spectacle. The Romans needed some excitement to while away the hours before the evening carnival; for that night revelry would reign in Rome.

At last the procession halted before the Senate Chamber. In this great hall, with its many pillared corridors, Caradoc beheld an assemblage of grey-bearded Senators, seated in chairs of ivory, each one holding in his hand a wand and enthroned in their midst sat Claudius the Emperor, in whose soft dark eyes a smile seemed to linger. Two lictors led Caradoc to the foot of the throne.

"If thou dost value thy skin, Briton", whispered one, "kneel and make obeisance to Rome. On thy knees speak with Caesar." But Caradoc stood erect, and quailed not before the might of Caesar; and as he stood thus, none would have known from his commanding figure and fearless mien that he was the captive chieftain.

When all present bent the knee, he alone stood sternly erect. "Slaves prostrate themselves at the feet of their masters. I will not kneel, free-born Briton that I am", he said to himself.

Claudius noted his haughty demeanor, and turning to Ostorius he said, "This, I presume, is the captive Prince of Britain."

The eyes of Caradoc flashed fire, and a flush mantled his cheek. "I am that British Prince, Oh Caesar; and before I am condemned to die an ignominious death, I claim the right of free speech, as one king to another."

Claudius raised his hand, as a lictor stepped forward.

"Speak on, Caractacus. What hast thou to say?"

A silence that could be felt, fell over the vast assemblage at the audacity of the captive, who now spoke in a clear and ringing voice, in well chosen Latin.

"Lord of Rome, and Master of the World; 'tis true thy banners now wave over my island home. Yet will I not address thee as a slave, but as one warrior should address another. Thou canst not blame me for defending my rights until they were wrested from me by thy might. Even now I would still be marshalling my faithful hosts against thy mighty legions, were it not for Fate's detaining hand, and my blood would have helped to swell the crimson flood on the field of battle in defense of my native land. But, Great Caesar, thou who hast Rome and all her palaces, I marvel what thou canst see in Britain's humble cots and woodland bowers. They are worthless to thee, but dearer than life to us; for there we are free; and free we shall remain until the end of time. The Ordovices and the Silures will never be conquered by force of arms. I

should never have graced this Triumph of thine but for a woman's perfidy. I have spoken, great Emperor; now do thy will. Since I reign no more on Britain's throne, to me it matters not, if life or death be my lot. Of what use fame or glory, if I have lost mine heritage of freedom; for death is not dishonorable to those who fear it not."

A low murmur of applause greeted this outburst, for the informal speech had touched a chord in the hearts of the whole assembly.

Claudius bade the lictors unbind the hands of Caradoc.

"Thou art a wise prince, Caractacus", said he. "Perhaps thou wouldst like to go back to thy beloved land and govern thy people for me; for thou dost care more for a throne than I. As my vassal, with freedom in Britain, I will send thee back to find that daughter of thine. Only one promise and the oath of allegiance will I require of thee Caractacus, thou wilt promise me to bestow thy daughter in marriage on the noble Ricardus."

Caradoc was overwhelmed at this kind of speech of the Emperor, and involuntarily bent his knee to the kindly old man, who extended his hand for him to kiss.

Claudius then turned to those around him, saying, "My countrymen, we will avoid the reproach of dishonoring our victory. This brave prince before you shall not be put to death. We captured him not in fair fight, but he was handed over to us in chains by the duplicity of one whom he thought his friend. It is my will to set him free; and he shall govern his people for Rome. We set no bounds to our dominions, Oh, Prince, nor to thy liberty. In the name of the Immortal Gods, I set thee free; and mayst thou prove as faithful to Rome as thy dearly loved Britain."

The Senate rocked with applause. Caradoc knew not what to make of it, for he had never dared hope to leave Rome alive; and it was a lucky day for him that Agrippina was not present on this momentous occasion, or he had never seen Britain again.

Claudius became a good friend to Caradoc, and held him in high favor. He governed Wales for many years, and the obstinate Silures were at last induced to accept the Roman power under his regime.

On the eve of his departure for Britain, a friend invited Ostorius to accompany him to a banquet given by Domitius Ahenobarbus.\* The company were in a furore of excitement,

\* Nero.

for the favorite mistress of Nero was to furnish the sensation of the evening in a wonderful dance. She was to represent Proserpine, with Satyrs and Fauns, in a forest, in the Love Dance. Great was the surprise of Ostorius, when the lovely dancer appeared, to recognize none other than Regina, clad in a costume that would have made Mother Eve to blush. He turned hastily away and made his way to the street, his heart broken to think that he had ever believed a pure womanly soul could dwell in that beautiful body.

He returned to Britain; but his career was over, for he only lived two short years, then died, worn out with care and sorrow.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE FINGER OF FATE.

THE expectations of Regina had not been fulfilled. In the first place, the noble Ostorius was the hero of Rome. The Senate had followed the example of the emperor, and refused to grant her a decree, and that idiot Domitius had espoused Octavia; but Regina still hoped, for Octavia was but a pebble in her pathway. As the first favorite of the empress she felt pretty sure of her ultimate success, for Agrippina found in her young confidant a worthy accomplice to aid her in all her wicked schemes.

Of late the health of Claudius had been far too good to suit the plotters. Some of his acts were notorious, and characterized as imbecile. "His mind must be unhinged to grant a pardon to that barbarian Caractacus without even demanding a ransom or promise of indemnity against future raids of his people on the Roman stations. The sooner Claudius took the voyage with Charon, the better it would be for the good of Rome and all concerned," argued Agrippina. "And now he has begun to show a disposition to change the decree in regard to the succession. Britannicus is beginning to lose his bashful ways, and only yesterday he won a hard-driven race in the Circus. The Lanestra has been giving Claudius high praise of his work in the gymnasium; so it is time, Regina, to work before he alters that decree."

Regina nodded acquiescence to the plan. "It is only helping the old man on the long journey a year or two before his time. When is it to take place? I am quite agreeable; but do it neatly Augusta. Do not, I pray thee, have the blood of the

victim spatter the marble pillars, as in the case of Caligula. A woman should show more refinement in her cruelty than a man," said she with a shrug of her white shoulders.

"By the flame of Vesta, then thou shalt do it thyself, Regina. He has been far too kind to thee; he will never dream that thou wouldst hand him the poisoned cup," replied the empress, sarcastically. "He would suspect me, his wife; but not thee, for he grants thee all favors."

"On the contrary, he withholds my freedom and showers the favors on Ostorius; but Domitius has promised to alter these conditions for me the moment he becomes the ruling power. 'Twill be his first imperial gift to me," she answered proudly.

"I understand now why thou art the bosom friend of Octavia. She is an apt pupil of thine, and thou art teaching her the best way to lose Domitius. His love will vanish when the serpent of trickery and deceit raises its head among the orange blossoms. But take heed that thou, too, dost not over-reach the mark. He is fickle as the wind that blows; he is like his father before him. I bred Domitius; and I know the strain better than thou dost. Here's to Claudius. Requiscat in pace," said she, raising a goblet to her lips and draining its contents. "May Nemesis overtake him ere Aurora rises from her golden bed."

"Then it is to be tonight," said Regina carelessly. "In giving Claudius the wine, I will also give Domitius the Golden Laurel. As thou wishest, Augusta, so it shall be; the act may serve a good purpose in the future. and I agree, on condition that Domitius witnesses how gracefully I can lull the senses to oblivion."

That evening, as the confiding old emperor sat with his family at the evening meal, the fair white hand of Regina handed him his golden goblet filled to the brim with ruby wine. Scarcely had his lips touched the rim, when something in the tense faces around him seemed to rivet his attention. He set it down untasted, and, turning his large brown eyes on Regina, he said:

"So thou hast administered the fatal dose; thou, Regina, whom I trusted. Thou thinkest that I have lived too long; and so I have. All the honors of Rome are not to be compared with one faithful friend. Mayest thou meet with Pluto himself when thou comest to the shores of the Styx. As for me, I am ready to take the long journey into the unknown"; and, taking up the goblet, he drank to the Gods that ruled Rome, saying, "May they deal justly with all those who have driven me to this end."

He died within the hour, and Domitius ruled in his stead.

Regina still held sway over Nero, as she had before he became Emperor. She aided and abetted Octavia in her numerous flirtations, taking care to call Nero's attention to his wife's infidelity, until the tiger within him rose to the surface, and he caused the death of Octavia.

Then came a courier from Britain, bringing the news that Ostorius had died in his chosen exile, where he had preferred to remain among the barbarians than receive all the honors which Rome would have lavished on this, one of her favorite sons.

At last Regina was free to wed; but Nero had changed his mind, and had fallen under the spell of Poppae Sabina, a pale, pretty blonde, who had already borne her husband three children. Nero was not going through the marriage rite with any woman who could not produce heirs to the throne.

But Regina dominated this weak and cruel man. She it was who instigated him to his most atrocious crimes, for she seemed possessed by the very spirit of Evil itself.

Regina had uttered a fervent prayer to die in Rome; but time sped by on velvet wings, until one evening, as she lay ill of Roman fever, she thought how little she had gained. Nero was mad; there was no question of that. He had just threatened her life, saying that some fine morning he would send his centurion with a scroll; for he was growing tired of her tantrums, and unless she gave up her latest lover, a Roman general by name of Galba, he would do as he said. He suspected Regina of instigating treason, and he feared her power—some intuition warning him to beware of the tall soldier, whom he had sent away on a long expedition.

The air was sultry and heavy. Regina must have fallen asleep, for she dreamed that Rome was shaken to its very foundations by an earthquake. She awoke, still hearing crash after crash like the boom of distant thunder.

She clapped her hands; no servient slave answered her imperious summons. She was alone in her magnificent palace. She got to her feet and staggered to the roof of the portico. What a sight met her despairing eyes! The sky was darkened by great clouds of black smoke that whirled aloft in gigantic curves. The air was thick with vaporous fumes, behind which rose a wall of lurid flame, coming, with giant strides, ever nearer and nearer; and right in its very path stood her palatial home. In the narrow streets below her, the people were rushing madly in every



direction, gesticulating wildly to each other, as they endeavored to escape the holocaust of fire. The streets were bright as day, and in the vivid red glare Regina saw temple and shrine, palace and hovel, lean forward, then fall with a resounding crash. In vain she tore her hair and stretched forth her arms imploringly to the fleeing multitudes. In vain she promised, at the top of her voice, to make her preserver rich for life. No one took the slightest notice of that white-robed figure swaying so pitifully on the roof. On they flew, each one bent on saving his or her own life.

Regina staggered back into the atrium, and sat on the marble bench beside the fountain. She looked around her with wild eyes on all the beautiful objects of art that Nero had lavished upon her. There she sat listening to the dull roar of the falling masonry, helpless and alone, she waited. She could not walk another step; but her senses were keen and alert, and she hoped to be rescued from the approaching flames.

After what seemed an age, she saw that tiny wreaths of pearl-grey smoke were beginning to circle in fantastic whirls through the great open roof; but she shut her eyes, for each gleaming white statue of god or goddess, faun and satyr, still smiled on, while Pan still held to his marble lips his cold pipes, and their faces seemed to grin with delight at the sounds of destruction all around them. She seemed chained by an invisible power to the marble bench, for her limbs were powerless to move.

Presently the marble pavement beneath her feet became so hot that she threw herself into the basin of the fountain, where the silvery jets still played on. She hoped to drown herself in its cool depths; but the water began to run away, as if bewitched leaving the basin comparatively dry. The smoke grew so dense, it almost choked her. Thanks be to the Gods, this was the end; but no, she revived. It was now quite dark, and all around her danced the flickering flames, that reminded her of fiery serpents as they darted here and there, licking with hissing tongues the costly fabrics and rich rugs, as they made their way with incredible swiftness to everything inflammable.

Suddenly Regina saw a tall figure wrapped in a scarlet cloak enter the courtyard, now all aglow with bright-hued flames leaping and dancing in fantastic grandeur. On came the form, seemingly regardless of the fire.

"Thanks be to the Gods, I am saved," she gasped, her heart leaping with joy.

She heard a low laugh that echoed in silvery peals round that vast chamber.

"Sometimes the gods doth answer prayers; thine hath been granted, oh, mortal. Once more thou hast thrown away the gifts given thee, and thy reward is just," said a soft voice in measured accents.

Regina sank back, benumbed with despair; and even as she did so, each marble pillar, now transparent with the red glow, bent forward. There was a sullen roar, a mighty crash, as the stately columns collapsed, and the roof fell in, leaving the villa a heap of smouldering ruins, from which rose in a shower of sparks and flying marble chips, all that was left to mark the funeral pyre of Regina.

A few miles away Nero, in a burst of frenzied madness, was gesticulating like a baboon, and pouring forth an impassioned poem to the God of fire, and promising his frightened courtiers in honeyed words that he would replace the filth of Rome with a city of gold that should live as long as the world should last.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE BED OF JUSTICE.

WITH mellow, golden rays, the sunlight lit up the long vistas of oak and hazel, beech and elm, and kissed the fair hills that rose above the deep blue sea near Penarth, in Britain.

In a gigantic grove of oaks, old as the earth itself, was a wide clearing with green turf soft as velvet. In the centre stood a large artificial mound called *din Brehon*, or the Bed of Justice, which was sixteen feet long and sixteen wide.

When this great mound had first been constructed, a large hole had been dug in the ground. Then the high priest, in the presence of a vast throng of people, had thrown in a handful of ashes, a piece of coal, and a tile. These were the sacred symbols of truth; and the mound was composed of layers of these materials. It was here that all disputes were settled by law, a Druid priest presiding.

The laws of the Druids were inexorable. They were slow to condemn; but when once sentence had been pronounced, there was no retraction from their judgment.

On this bright summer morning, the long procession wended

its way to the great circle. The men were clad in shaggy skins of wolf and bear, and their brawny chests and limbs were painted with blue woad, in rude designs of sacred symbols, and all of them were armed with flint-headed arrows, adzes, or clumsy swords. They squatted on the ground or leaned against the tree trunks, awaiting the convening of the court, for here, "in the eye of light, and the face of the sun", was to be decided the fate of the Roman slave. To this superstitious race, to keep one who had escaped from drowning, was the worst of luck; besides, was she not a Roman—one of the hated invaders? The multitude decided beforehand that she should die.

At length a bard in a blue robe came forward, and standing on the mound, he blew three blasts on a ram's horn, calling in a loud voice, "Oh he! O he! O he!" In this manner he called the court to assemble, and to this present day the formula is used in our Courts of Justice as "Oyez! Oyez!"

Merion now arose and assigned three bards as judges. But Brian jumped up on the mound and demanded that an Ovyte be given equal rights, to sit as judge in the south east. This he claimed according to the rights and privileges conferred upon the Ovytes by Prydain, son of Aedh, an ancient King of Britain.

Brian insisted that twelve men be chosen from the people as Rheith Wyr, or jurors, not bards, as Merion would have wished.

Brian now made his claim, saying, "The maid is mine, because I found her dead upon the shore. Merion, by magic arts, hath returned her to life. I claim the Roman slave as my property for I have lost my father and two brothers in battle; therefore I demand the maiden in lieu of these victims slain by war. If she be not given to me, then let her be thrown back into the sea, for woe will follow in her train."

Merion now arose, and his mellow voice rang loud and clear, as he said: "My children, ye have known me for many years, and I tell ye all that this frail girl who has been cast upon our shores, is no hated Roman, but one of ourselves. She is the daughter of Caradoc, our loved Commander. What think you will be the punishment of this peaceful village, when our Chief finds that ye have put his fair child to an untimely end. Ye will not condemn the maiden until the messenger returns from Caer Caradoc. He may arrive at any moment now."

"No Cymro is she", said a man in the crowd, "but a Roman

who will spy upon us and bring the hated invaders down upon us."

Few of the Silures knew that Caradoc had a daughter; and Nesta had no insignia of her rank to prove her claim. All she could show was the hated leather badge which still encircled her arm; and truly she was very different from the rough British women around her. She was indeed more Roman in appearance than British.

Death to all Romans!" shouted a frenzied voice; "Let her be sacrificed as a propitiatory sacrifice in order to keep the Romans away."

The mob howled and hooted, "Give her to the sea."

"If thou givest her not to me," shouted Brian, "then let her be thrown back to the sea, whence she came."

Merion, seeing that the rising temper of the mob was beyond control, leaned over and said to Nesta: "'Tis time for thee to drink the draught, my child. Be not afraid, for I will protect thee."

Louder grew the clamor of the now frenzied mob, who yelled, "Let her be sacrificed to Calan. Let her be thrown in the sea. 'Twill prove if we be telling the truth. If Merion hath given her magic life, she will not sink. Nay, she will not sink—witches never do."

"Aye! Aye! To the sea! Throw her off the cliff; 'tis a good test." A giant arm reached out to take the terrified girl by sheer force, but before he could touch her Nesta toppled over and fell as though lifeless at the feet of Merion."

Standing on the mound, he lifted the maiden in his arms saying in a loud voice, "Oh! ye people; behold ye have killed your Princess! Touch her not, least the curse fall upon ye all. Behold the daughter of your Chief, and mark ye, the day of reckoning is not far off, when this corner of Wales shall run with blood; for Caradoc will make ye pay dearly for this day's work."

A clap of thunder, followed by a vivid flash of lightning now dispersed the crowd, who hastened to seek shelter. Merion carried the slender form home, and once more laid it on the couch, while Arla hastened to get restoratives; but alas. Merion knew too well that restoratives would not avail, for the maiden was dead. She had died of fright at the cruelty of her people who should have loved and cherished her. After a few days'

watching, Merion buried her in a stone cromlech on the side of a hill; and the Welsh princess was left to her long sleep.

Caradoc always sorrowed for his daughter Nesta. Six months after she had been laid in the stone cromlech, Taliesin wandering with harp and song, heard at Penarth the story of the yellow-haired Roman castaway, who claimed to be the daughter of Caradoc, and went to Merion for confirmation of the story.

Not long after a troop of one hundred Ordovices led by Caradoc himself came to that quiet village, marched straight to the cave of Brian, and hauled out the miserable dwarf.

Caradoc sternly looked at the cowering wretch at his feet.

"Where is my golden torque?" he said sternly. "Answer ere I have thee flayed alive!"

And Brian led the way to the cave and silently pointed to the cleft in the rock where, hidden among some leaves, lay the glittering band. This was silently handed to Caradoc; who was now certain that his Nesta was sleeping beneath those huge grey rocks.

"Do with the wretch as ye will", he said to his men, as he turned to the cromlech; and his barbarians lost no time in burning Brian alive.

Caradoc arose from Nesta's grave a quiet, stern man, who was never known to smile again.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

WHEN Dafydd recovered from his long illness he was possessed with only one idea. Failing to find any trace of Nesta he returned to Uriconium, disguised by means of woad and a long, flowing beard; he hid during the day and lurked around the public places at night, and thus picked up the news.

He learned from his cousin the details of the Battle of Caer Caradoc and of the capture of his beloved prince. When he heard that even now he was being taken in chains to Rome, the end of the world had come for Dafydd. He swore to kill all who laid a hand on the idol of Wales. To his untutored mind the ignominious end of Caradoc was the worst that could befall him. If the Welsh Lion had fallen in battle, it were glory; but this!—his heart burned with an undying hatred for all Romans

and everything Roman, and his mind brooded day and night on the one whom he regarded as being the author of all this woe namely, the noble Ricardus, now Commander at Uriconium.

On every hand Dafydd heard only the highest praises for the patrician, who ruled so wisely and so well that even his foes became his friends.

Marius had wedded the pretty little Actea, and mortals could not be happier than they. He had given up the sword for the plowshare, and had set up his Lares and Penates in a pretty villa embowered in roses. He was laying out a fine tract of land, which would be made into vineyards, when spring should again bless the land, and cared not what fate held in store for Britain, since he had gained the dainty maid of his choice, who loved the tall grave man with an idolatrous affection.

Ricardus had never ceased to send out search parties in the hope of finding some trace of Nesta; and a very large sum was offered to the Briton who would give information of the Welsh Princess. As for himself, he spent hours pacing the meadow by the river where the Gods had vouchsafed him a few minutes' bliss in speaking to the girl he loved.

Above a bend of the river Severn, not far from Welling-ton, stands the Wrekin, a lonely hill which all Salopians dearly love because it used to be one of the hills from which the beacon fires sent their ruddy flames, proclaiming great events in English history. Half way up this hill is a narrow cleft in the rocks, which is popularly supposed to have originated at the same time that the Veil of the Temple was rent in twain. This cleft is called the Needle's Eye, and commands a fine view of the valley below. In it Dafydd was wont to crouch, quite hidden from view. Across his shoulder was slung his bow and a quiver of arrows. For days he had eaten no food, and his eyes were wild and gleaming like stars. He was burning with the one desire to kill the Roman who had captured Caradoc, his beloved Chief. There he was now, that white-clad figure, walking to and fro on the other side of the river. He it was who had brought his idol to Uriconium and delivered him to the Protætor, who in turn had taken him to Rome to be thrown to the wild beasts, where the people laughed as they saw the victims torn in pieces. That stately Roman should live no longer All that Dafydd lived for was this hour of triumph. He carefully selected a long, thin bronze arrow from his quiver, and ran



his fingers lovingly along its length. The head of this arrow was slightly tinted with green, as if from verdigris. This arrow Dafydd had kept for many days to kill Ricardus, who now was walking in the sun-lit meadow far below him. Carefully he fitted the arrow to the bow, and with a soft whirr it winged its flight. Aimed by a steady hand and a sure eye, straight on it flew into the breast of Ricardus.

For a moment Ricardus staggered back under the shock of the impact. He looked all round the valley, not a soul was in sight.

"Methinks Diana must be hunting", said he, with a faint smile, as he pulled the arrow out with a jerk. Then he saw the green-tinted arrow head. "Poisoned!" he said slowly, "then there is no help. Charon will ferry me o'er the Styx ere another sun hath set. My beloved, I am coming to join thee in the realm of stars; and gladly do I take leave of this Vale of Tears. for I know, dear one, that thou hast gone before me, for of late all my dreams have been of thee, floating in a sea of light and beckoning me to follow thee."

He raised a small whistle to his lips and blew a silvery blast, then threw up his arms and fell face downward on the turf; and when his soldiers came running, in answer to his call, they found him unconscious. When they saw the bronze arrow they shook their heads. Sadly they lifted their loved commander and bore him to the great room in the round tower that guarded the southern gate, and sent for Marius. Everything known to them was done to relieve the great pain from which he was suffering, but just as the morning star was fading and the rosy streaks of dawn were flushing the eastern sky, he passed away.

A squad of soldiers had been sent to search the Wrekin but not a sign of any human being did they find. Not a Briton had been seen in the vicinity, but the Romans knew that the arrow was of very ancient British make; and some went so far as to say that Ricardus had been killed by the Gods.

The soldiers, who loved him tenderly, bathed the body in rare perfumes and robed him in his richest tunic, with a white abbolla fastened on the shoulder by a gold clasp. He was then laid upon an ivory couch strewn with roses, the door of the tower was wreathed in cypress, and the body lay in state for a week. According to the Roman belief, Charon would row the soul across the Styx for the payment of a small toll, and a golden coin was therefore placed in his mouth to meet this demand.

The funeral took place at night, and every soldier carried a flaming torch. The body was carried on an open bier covered with a purple velvet pall, borne by eight of his body-guard and on the bier lay the badges of his rank, his sword and helmet.

The soldiers marched with arms reversed to the sound of sad music. Before the bier were borne images of Ricardus and his ancestors, and after the soldiers followed the musicians, singing and wailing women, who were hired for the purpose to sing his praises; then came the buffoons and dancers, and a tall Roman who represented Ricardus walking at his own funeral. An oration was delivered by Marius in his honor; a touching tribute to the memory of his friend. The body was then sprinkled by the priests with water. They buried him in a deep grave not far from the river; and hundreds of years after the great stone coffin was discovered, and the beautiful Abbey of Buildwas was built upon the spot; for the Benedictine Monks claimed that it was a holy place since they had found the Remains of a Saint buried there.

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The picture ceased, and a voice from the silence said to me: "Come again, and see thy friends as they pass through another phase of existence."

I had been sitting before the mirror for many hours, but I could hardly wait for the purple twilight to come again, so that I could return and see through what trials we were next to pass. My Roman life had been so quiet, so peaceful; and the dainty Actea, my bride—I would I knew her now. How and when thought I, shall I behold her again?"

*(To be continued.)*








# THE SWASTIKA IN RELATION TO PLATO'S ATLANTIS AND THE PYRAMID OF XOCHICALCO.

By M. A. Blackwell.

## PART IX.—THE FIRE SWASTIKA.

IN ancient times the swastika was symbol of the sun and of fire. The swastika with arms bent to the right usually signifies the East, which is masculine. The swastika with arms bent to the left symbolizes the west, or feminine.

In India in remote ages these   forms of the cross and swastika were used to produce the holy fire. When the holy fire, Agni, was to be produced, two sticks were laid crosswise on each other before the sacrificial altars.<sup>1</sup> The ends of these sticks were bent and fastened with four nails  so as to prevent the wooden frame from moving. There was a small hole at the point where the two sticks joined. In this hole or socket was placed the end of a third piece of wood shaped like a lance, Pramantha. This lance was rotated rapidly, by means of a cord made of cow's hair and hemp, till fire was generated by friction in the socket.<sup>2</sup>

Twastri, the divine carpenter,  was father of the holy fire (Agni). He made the  and the Pramantha, by the friction of which the divine child was produced. The mother of the holy fire was the divine Mâjâ (Maya), who represents the productive force in the form of a woman; every divine being has his Mâjâ. The swastika is called the mother and is the place where the divine Mâjâ principally dwells. The name of child is given to the weak spark (Agni), immediately upon leaving the lap of its mother, the swastika. This new-born divine child is laid upon straw. Beside it "is the mystic cow, that is, the milk and butter

<sup>1</sup> & <sup>2</sup> Schliemann, Troy and its remains, Chap. vi. pp. 104, 105.

destined as the offering." In front of the child is the holy priest of the divine Vâju (Vayu) who waves a small flag-shaped fan to kindle life in the almost expiring child. The child is then placed upon the altar where it receives a mysterious power from the holy sôma, the juice of the tree of life, which is poured over it, and from the purified butter.<sup>3</sup> This mysterious power is beyond the comprehension of the worshippers. The glory of the child shines upon all around it. Angels (dêvâs) and men shout for joy, sing hymns in its praise, and prostrate themselves before it. To the left of the child is the rising sun. To the right is the full moon on the horizon, both appear to face in the glory of the new born god and to worship him.

The transfiguration of Agni took place at the moment when one priest laid the young god upon the altar, and another poured the spiritual sôma upon the child's head. It was then immediately anointed by spreading over it the butter of the holy sacrifice. By being thus anointed Agni receives the name of the Anointed (akta). Through the combustible substances Agni has grown enormously. In the richness of his glory he sends forth blazing flames. He shines through a cloud of smoke, which ascends like a pillar to heaven. His light unites with that of the heavenly orbs.


The god Agni, in his glory and splendor reveals to man the secret things. He teaches the doctors. He is Master of the masters and receives the name of Jâtavêdas, he in whom wisdom is in-born.<sup>4</sup> Agni is the god of the pure light—the true soul of the world, and is the equivalent of the Maya god Ku, the Supreme Intelligence. The Mayas believed Fire to be the breath which emanated directly from Ku. This fire or breath was the agent by means of which all things were produced and kept alive.


The Greeks transformed Pramantha into Prometheus, who stole fire from heaven in order to place the spark of the soul in earth-born man. The fire symbols engraved on the Trojan whorls, which were excavated by Schliemann on the hill of Hissarlik, are similar to those of India, and the symbols used by the ancients in America.


On some of the Trojan whorls is this sign  
It is also a Maya symbol. It is the letter N.



This sign doubled, forms the fire swastika, which forms part of the inscription for the name of the fire god Kak. This N, considered as a composite sign, means "power, wisdom, knowledge." It gives the word "Ca-n," which always implies power. When this N sign is doubled and crossed it forms a symbol for the Maya X. In the inscription of the god's name it signifies the female forces of nature. The meanings of these symbols alter when used in composition with others. It is possible to read the inscription of the fire god's name as Kak, Kaak, or Chaac, Chah. The complete sign is esoteric. Kak is the fire god and Chaac is the god of rain and of fertility. They are one and the same god. As all things were created in water through the agency of divine fire, it can be seen why the same symbols were used to represent the different divinities or creative forces of nature. Thus the cross and swastika are fire and sun symbols. They are also water symbols and stand for the gods that represent these forces.

The inscription of the name Kak or Chaac is shown on Plate 28, Figure B. The fire swastika  which forms part of this name and which is the Maya letter X, has the sound of English "sh." This sign placed before a noun indicates the feminine. It is a contraction of "ix," the feminine article. It is the feminine principle, the matrix. It is the first letter in many words relating to water and generation.

This sign  ch, of the Maya alphabet, is the equivalent of the Latin K. When this cha is pronounced hard it has the sound of dja.<sup>5</sup> This cha is the radical of the word chab, "to create, to bring forth from nothing, to animate, to give breath or life." It is also radical of chah, a drop of water. This sign ch, is part of a Maya variant for the letter H. It stands for ah, the masculine article, the male forces. See Figure C. Plate 28.)<sup>6</sup>

The next sign  is composite. The circle represents the horizon. The center boss symbolizes the sun.

<sup>5</sup>The ch in this word is pronounced hard like the English G or J, according to Pio Perez. Some authorities give it the sound of K. If the ch is pronounced soft it has an entirely different meaning. When the hard sound is to be given, a line is drawn across the H.

## PLATE 28.

Fig. B.

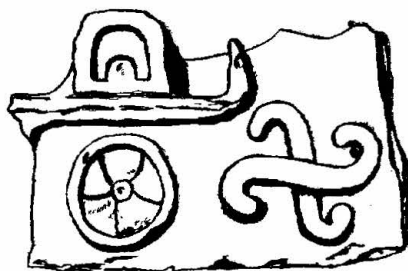
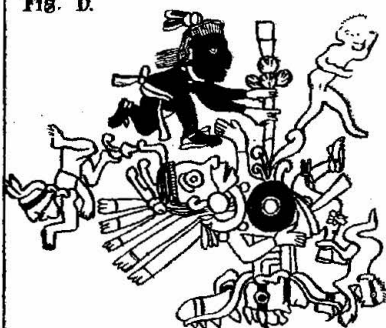
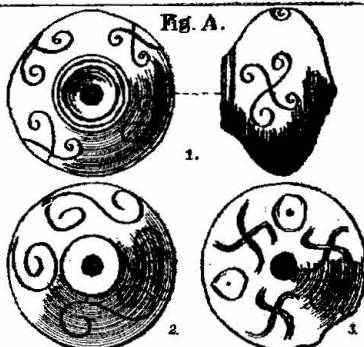
NAME OF THE MAYA  
FIRE GOD KAK.

Fig. D.



KINDLING SACRED FIRE.

Fig. A.

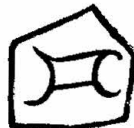
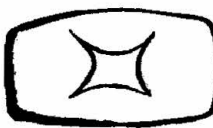
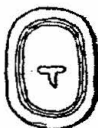


TROJAN WHORLS. (SCHLIEMANN)



CH.

Fig. C.

A VARIANT  
OF THE  
MAYA LETTER  
H.VARIANTS OF THE  
MAYA LETTER N  
ESOTERIC MEANING  
"ENGENDERED"  
COMPARE WITH FIG. A.VARIANTS  
OF "IK."

- Fig. A. Whorls excavated on hill of Hissarlik by Schliemann.  
 Fig. B. Inscription at Uxmal deciphered by Le Plongeon.  
 Fig. C. The symbol 'ch' doubled becomes a variant of the Maya letter H.  
 Fig. D. A priest kindling the sacred fire on a prostrate figure. Note the face in the serpent's jaw beneath this figure. (See Zelia Nuttall Fundamental Principles of Old & New World Civilizations, Peabody Museum Papers, Vol. II, 1901, p. 92.)  
 Compare the figures on the Trojan whorls with the symbol for the Maya letter N, and also with the symbols given on Plate 25 in The Word, December, 1914.



The five rays stand for the numerical five "ho." The complete sign symbolizes the world with the Deity, the sun, shedding its rays over it. The circle also represents a drop of water or the sun. The circle indicates the sun when it has a dot or central point.<sup>7</sup>

The idea of fire being generated in one "sacred" spot and distributed to the cardinal points is shown in American symbolism. Two examples are given on Plate 28. The bowl or circular vessel is placed on the body of a prostrate figure. A priest kindles the fire by friction in the bowl.

The Figure shown on Plate 29, is seated cross-legged in the center of a fire swastika. He is Cum-ahau, the Lord of the vase or bowl. He wears a necklace of skulls, from which is suspended the face, a sun symbol. The bowl in his hand has in it a glyph variant for the word "ik." This word means, spirit, breath, life, air, wind. Brasseur de Bourbourg states that this word is the equivalent of the Mexican god Echécatl, who was the quickener, or life giver of the world. He also says that it is identical with the Egyptian god Kneph and with the Greek *Εἰκτών* which Iamblichus translated as "spiritus universi."<sup>8</sup>

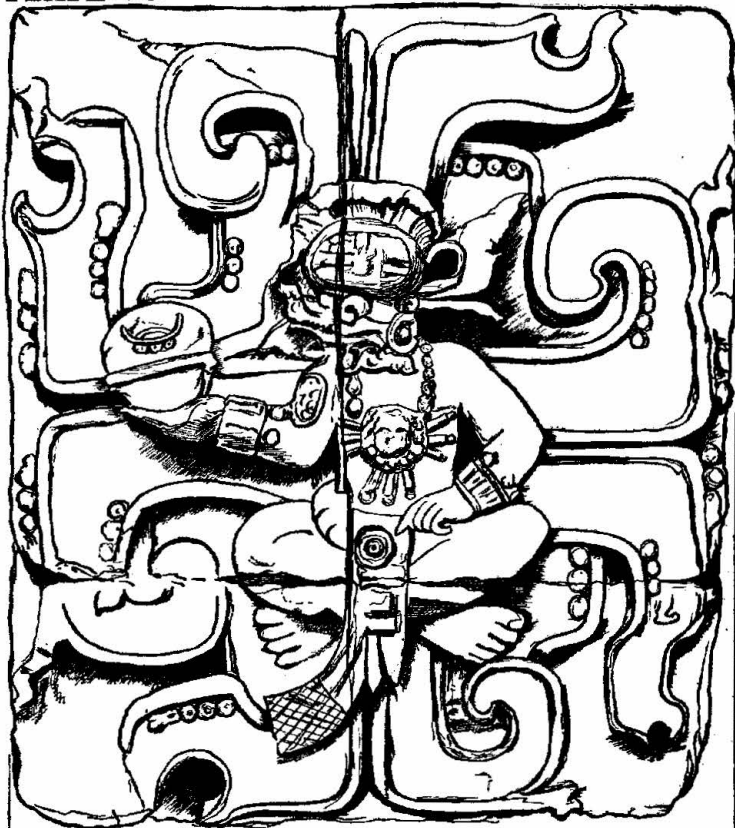
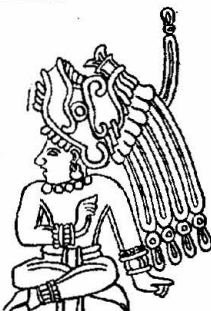
The bowl symbolizes the earth and the feminine. In this case it may represent life being given by the god seated in the center of the swastika. He is Lord of the breath or life. Along the edges of the swastika are the seeds of life production accompanied by a symbol resembling the calyx of a flower. These seeds, three in number, are being carried to the four cardinal points.<sup>9</sup> All the flames of the swastika do not curve in the same direction. Some turn in and others point out. On the head of the figure, is the symbol of a cross which partly covers the face. This cross signifies creation from "above." This divinity is also Lord of the Four Regions, as he is seated in the center of the swastika (or cross). Ho was the name of the center of the cross and was the capital of the land on the ancient maps. It was so named

<sup>7</sup>Le Plongeon, Mayapan and Maya Inscriptions. Also Queen Moó and the Egyptian Sphinx, pp. 256 to 258.

<sup>8</sup>Brasseur de Bourbourg, Troano Ms. Vol. II, Vocabulary.

<sup>9</sup>Zelia Nuttall, Fundamental Principles of Old World and New World Civilizations, Peabody Museum Papers, 1901.

PLATE 29:

VARIANTS HAVING SAME SIGNIFICANCE  
ESOTERICALLY "TEMPLE".

XOCHICALCO FIGURE.

## COPAN SWASTIKA.

THIS SCULPTURED SLAB IS ONE OF THREE. THEY DIFFER ONLY IN MINOR DETAILS AS TO THE POSITION OF THE GLYPH. THE BOWL IN THE HAND OF THE FIGURE IS HELD AT A DIFFERENT ANGLE IN EACH OF THE SLABS.

THE FIGURE IN THE CENTER OF THE (FIRE) SWASTIKA IS LORD OF BREATH AND LIFE, LORD OF THE BOWL.

THE SYMBOLS ON THE MAXTLI (BREECHCLOTH) WILL BE CONSIDERED LATER. NOTE HOW THE MAXTLI PASSES OVER THE FEET. COMPARE WITH XOCHICALCO FIGURE.

The above slab is broken in four. The conventionalized serpent head on the figure symbolizes the "Divine Generator". Casts of these sculptures are to be seen in the Museum of Natural History, New York. The ruins of Copan are in (Spanish) Honduras, Central America.

because the head or center of the cross symbolized divinity, "the head which governs."

The left hand of the god in the center of the swastika points to a symbol on his maxtli. This symbol closely resembles the glyph carved on the pyramid of Xochicalco. This glyph is said to be a "plan of the temple of Poseidon on the hill of Atlantis." These symbols are shown on Plate 29. The maxtli passes "over" the feet and touches the flame to the right hand side. This may be construed to mean life passing outwards, in contradistinction to the seated figure on the Pyramid of Xochicalco, where the maxtli passes "behind" the feet, as though conveying the idea of life suppressed. This would be consistent with the theory that the pyramid commemorates loss of life in the sinking of a land beneath the ocean.

The following list of words is of interest for comparison:

Maya.	
Ik.	To blow. The 19th day in the series of 20 which constitute the Maya month. Wind, air, breath, life, spirit, vapor.
Ikal-ha	Wind of or on the water.
Chac-ikal.	Hurricane, a violent storm.
Chaac.	God of the rain and of fertility.
Kak or Kaak.	Fire god, fire, to burn, to consume by fire, to kindle, to dry.
Kakal	Home, house, hearth, rampart.
Ahau	Lord, king, prince, noble. Name of the 16th day of the Maya calendar. A period of twenty years in the ancient calendar.
Ahau.	Signifies the cane in the vessel of water.
Cum.	Vase, urn, vessel, cup, calabash, caldron.
Cum.	Any gulf in which are whirlpools; whirlpool, a round earthen pot.
Kom.	A valley, hole, depth, pit, heart.
Kum.	Large vessel (for liquids), soft smooth, pliant, a calabash.
Kanan.	That which is necessary, which is precious.
Kanchaac.	Hurricane.

Kanha.	The rain storm.
Kanab.	The sea.
Kaanaat.	Great intelligence, genius.
Xaa.	To flow.
Nax.	To shine in the darkness, as fire; the divine spirit floating on the surface of the waters; or the phosphorescence of the water in tropical seas.
Xaab.	The abyss of water in which took place the generation xab.
Nau.	Vase, urn; ancient name for the sea of the Antilles. To flow, to glide, to melt, to sink. It also means the body of the mother, the abode, dwelling.
Nen.	Crystal, mirror, a glass which shows forms reflected.
Nen-ha.	Means the mirror of water

Words from the English language which are now obsolete are analogous to the Maya words which commence with the radical ho.

#### English.

Ho.	He. Who (obsolete), also spelt Hoo.
Hoo	A low hill, how (obsolete).
Hod, Hode.	Hood (obsolete).
Hood.	To cover or furnish with a hood or something resembling it, a cover for the head (this is from the Anglo-Saxon hod).
Hool.	Whole (obsolete). This word is identical with the Maya Hool, head. <sup>10</sup>

<sup>10</sup>Authorities for list of words. Pio Perez, *Maya-Spanish Dictionary*. Brasseur de Bourbourg, Troano Ms. LePlongeon, Queen Moo. Collot's French-English Dictionary, 1910 edition. Velazquez, *Spanish-English Dictionary*, 1910 edition. Funk and Wagnall's *Standard Dictionary*, 1898 edition.

*(To be continued.)*

# THE RITUAL OF HIGH MAGIC.

By Eliphas Levi.

Translated from the French by Major-General Abner Doubleday. Annotated by Alexander Wilder, M.D.

## CHAPTER VII.

### The Septenary of the Talisman.

**C**EREMONIES, vestments, perfumes, characters and figures, being necessary, as we have said, for employing the imagination to educate the will, the success of magic operations depends upon the faithful observance of all the rites. These rites, as we have stated, have nothing fantastic or arbitrary in them. They were transmitted to us from antiquity, and always subsist through the essential laws by which analogy is made actuality, and from the relation which necessarily exists between ideas and forms. After having passed several years in consulting and comparing all the conjuring books, and all the most authentic Magic Rituals, we have succeeded, not without difficulty, in reconstructing the ceremonial of universal and primitive Magic. The only genuine books that we have seen on the subject are manuscripts traced in conventional characters, which we have deciphered by the aid of the polygraphy of Trithemius. Others are entirely in the hieroglyphics and symbols with which they are ornamented, and disguise the truth of their images under the superstitious fictions of a mystifying text. Such is, for example, the "Enchiridion" (manual) of Pope Leo III, which has never been printed with its true figures, and which we have remade for our special use from an ancient manuscript.

The rituals known under the name of "Clavicules of Solomon," are very numerous. Several have been printed, others remain in manuscript and have been copied with great care. There exists a beautiful specimen of them, elegantly penned, in the Imperial Library. It is ornamented with pentacles and characters which are, for the most part, again found in the magic calendars of Tycho-Brahé and Duchén-

teau. Finally, there exist clavicules and printed conjuring books, which are mystifications and shameful speculations of low book-stores. The book so well known and decried by our fathers under the name of "Petit Albert" belongs, on one side of its editing, to this last category. It contains nothing genuine but some calculations borrowed from Paracelsus, and some representations of talismans.

When the question relates to realization and ritual, Paracelsus is an imperative authority in magic. Nobody has accomplished greater works than his, and for that very reason he conceals the power of ceremonies, and only teaches in occult philosophy the existence of the magnetic agent of the omnipotence of the will. He sums up also the whole science of characters in two signs, which are the macro-cosmic and micro-cosmic stars. This was saying enough for adepts, and it was important not to initiate the vulgar. Paracelsus, therefore, did not teach the Ritual, but he practised it, and his practice was a succession of miracles.

We have stated how important the ternary and the quaternary are in magic. From their union is composed the great religious and cabalistic number which represents universal synthesis, and which constitutes the sacred septenary.

According to the belief of the ancients, the world is governed by seven secondary causes, secundae as Trithemius calls them, and these are the universal forces designated by Moses under the plural name of Eloim, the gods.<sup>1</sup> These forces, analogous and contrary to each other, produce equilibrium by their contrasts and regulate the movement of the spheres. The Hebrews call them the seven great arch-angels<sup>2</sup> and give them the names of Michael, Gabriel, Raphael, Anael, Samael, Zadkiel, and Oraphiel. The Gnostic

<sup>1</sup>This term signifies energies, and is used in the Hebrew Bible as the equivalent of angels, the collected energies that in synthesis constitute the idea of God. The exalted meaning given that term by the moderns is nowhere equivalent to the common import of the word in ancient time. The Latin term, Deus or dieus, Sanskrit Dyau, is from the word dii, day, light, glory. Hence "Zeus," "deity" and even "devil" are terms formed from this common root. A. W.

<sup>2</sup>The Magi or Wise Men (a saphim) of Babylon taught the existence of the seven superior angels before the Hebrews, and indeed the latter borrowed the idea from their Semitic kindred, at the time when the orthodox Colleges of Rabbinit were in Assyria. The Persian Scriptures also treat of Seven Amesha-spentas, of whom Ahura-Mazda is chief. The Gnostics also copied the Persian system.



Christians name the four last Uriel, Baraikiel, Sealtiel, and Jehudiel. Other nations attributed to these spirits the government of the seven principal planets and gave to them the names of their great divinities. All believed in their relative influences, and Astronomy divided the ancient heaven amongst them and attributed to them, each in his turn, the government of the seven days of the week. Such is the reason for the diverse ceremonies of the magic week, and of the septenary worship of the planet.

We have already observed that the planets here are signs, and nothing more. They have the influence that universal faith attributes to them, because they are still more truly stars of the human mind than stars of the sky.

The sun—which ancient magic always regarded as fixed—can only be a planet for the common people; therefore it represents in the week the day of rest which we call, without knowing why, dimanche, and which the ancients named, Day of the Sun.

The seven magic planets correspond to the seven colors of the prism and to the seven notes of the musical octave. They represent also the seven virtues, and by opposition the seven vices, of Christian morality.

The seven sacraments are equally related to this great universal septenary. Baptism, which consecrates the element of water, is related to the moon. Religious penance is under the auspices of Samael, the angel of Mars; confirmation, which gives the spirit of intelligence and communicates to the true believer the gift of tongues, is under the auspices of Raphael, the angel of Mercury; the eucharist substitutes the sacramental realization of God made man, for the empire of Jupiter; marriage is consecrated by the angel Anael, the purifying genius of Venus; extreme unction is the safeguard of the sick, ready to fall under the scythe of Saturn; and the order which consecrates the priesthood of light is more specially marked with the characters of the sun. Nearly all these analogies have been remarked by the scientist Dupuis, who deduced from them that all religions were intrinsically false, instead of recognizing the holiness and

perpetuity of a one dogma, constantly reproduced in the universal symbolism of successive religious forms. He did not comprehend the permanent revelation transmitted to the spirit of man, by the harmonies of Nature, but only saw a comedy of errors in this chain of ingenious images and eternal verities.

Magic operations are also seven in number; 1st, those of light and riches under the auspices of the sun; 2d, works of divination and mysteries, under the invocation of the moon; 3d, works of skill, science and eloquence, under the protection of Mercury; 4th, works of wrath and chastisement, consecrated to Mars; 5th, works of love, favored by Venus; 6th, works of ambition and politics, under the auspices of Jupiter; 7th, works of malediction and death, under the patronage of Saturn. In theologic symbolism the sun represents the Logos or Doctrine (Verbe) of truth; the moon, religion itself; Mercury, the interpretation and science of mysteries; Mars, justice; Venus, mercy and love; Jupiter, the Savior restored to life and glorified; Saturn, God the Father or Jehovah of Moses.<sup>3</sup> In the human body the sun is analogous to the heart, the moon the brain, Jupiter to the right hand, Saturn to the left hand, Mars to the left foot, Venus to the right foot, Mercury to the sexual organs, which correspondence has sometimes caused the genius of this planet to be represented under an androgyne figure.

In the human face, the sun rules over the forehead, Jupiter the right eye, Saturn the left eye, the moon reigns between the eyes at the root of the nose, whose two sides are governed by Mars and Venus. Finally Mercury exercises its influence upon the mouth and chin. These ideas among the ancients form the occult science of physiognomy, since imperfectly rediscovered by Lavater.

The magus who wishes to occupy himself with works of light, should operate on Sunday from midnight to 8 o'clock A. M., or from 3 o'clock P. M. till 10 o'clock P. M., as follows:

<sup>3</sup>Saturn or Kronos was the Adar-melek of Assyria. The electric fire, thunder and storm, were his dominion. He was called Ramana (Syriac, Rimmon), the god of wind and Spirit at Nineveh and Kalah, and the god of Wisdom at Babylon. Yao (Jehovah or Yava) was his arcane designation. A. W.

He will be clad in a purple robe with a tiara and golden bracelets. The altar of perfumes and the tripod of sacred fire will be surrounded with garlands of laurel, heliotrope and sunflowers. The perfumes will be cinnamon, male incense, saffron and red sandalwood. The ring will be of gold, with a chrysolite or a ruby. The carpet will be of lion-skins; the fans will be of hawk's feathers.

On Monday he will wear a white robe embroidered in silver, with triple collar of pearls, crystals and selenites. The tiara will be covered with yellow silk, with silver characters forming in Hebrew the monogram of Gabriel, such as we find in the occult philosophy of Agrippa. The perfumes will be of white sandalwood, camphor, amber, aloes and the white pulverized seed of cucumbers. The garlands will be of *Artemisia*<sup>4</sup>, *Selinotrope*<sup>5</sup> and of yellow *ranunculus*.<sup>6</sup> Curtains, garments and objects of a black color must be avoided, and he must have no other metal about him than silver.

On Tuesday—the day of wrathful operations—the robe will be of the color of fire, rust, or blood, with a girdle and bracelets of steel. The tiara will be encircled with iron, and he will not make use of the wand, but only of the magic stiletto and sword. The garlands will be of wormwood, abrinthus and rue, and he will wear on his finger a ring of steel, set with an amethyst for a precious stone.

On Wednesday—the day favorable for the Superior Knowledge—the robe will be of green or of a rayed stuff of different colors. The collar will be of pearls in a hollow glass containing quicksilver. The perfumes will be benzoin, mace, and storax; the flowers, the daffodil, the lily, the touch-me-not, fumitory and sweet marjoram; the precious stone will be agate.

On Thursday—the day of great religious and political works—the robe will be scarlet, and he will wear on his forehead a tin plate with the sign of the spirit of Jupiter, and these three words, Giarar, Bethor, Samgabel<sup>7</sup>. The per-

<sup>4</sup> Mugwort, or Roman *Artemesia*.

<sup>5</sup> This name is not found in Lexicons. It may be Parsley, called in Greek *Selinor*, or the moon-seed, *Menispermum*.

<sup>6</sup> The *Ranunculus bulbosa*, the cuckoo-bud, crowfoot, buttercup, goldencup or yellow daisy.

<sup>7</sup> The East, the South, and the West—literally, the Aurora, the House of Light, and the Power of the West.

fumes will be of incense, ambergris, balm, paradise seed, mace and saffron. The ring will be ornamented with an emerald or a sapphire. The garlands and crowns will be of oak, poplar, fig tree, and pomegranate.

On Friday—the day of works relating to love—the robe will be of sky-blue, the curtains will be of green and rose, the ornaments of polished copper. The crowns will be of violets, the garlands of roses, myrtles and olive; the ring will be ornamented with a turquoise. Lapis-lazuli and beryl will serve for the tiara and the clasps; the fans will be of swan's feathers, and the operator will wear on his breast a copper talisman with the sign of Anael, and these words, Aveeva Vadelilith.<sup>8</sup>

On Saturday—the day of funeral ceremonies—the robe will be of black or brown, with embroidered characters of orange-colored silk. A leaden medal will be worn around the neck with the sign of Saturn, and these words, Almalec, Aphiel, Zarahiel.<sup>9</sup> The perfumes will be the diagridium<sup>10</sup>, scammony, alum, sulphur and asafeditae. The ring will have in it an onyx; the garlands will be of asp, cypress, and black hellebore; on the onyx of the ring a double headed Janus will be engraved with a consecrated graver.

Such are the ancient splendors of the secret worship of the magi. It is with a similar apparatus that the great magicians of the Middle Ages proceeded to the daily consecration of pentacles and talismans relating to the seven spirits. We have already said that a pentacle is a synthetic character, summing up the entire magic dogma in one of these special conceptions. Hence, it is an accurate expression of a complete thought and volition; it is the signature of a spirit. The ceremonial consecration of this sign attaches to it yet more strongly the intention of the operator, and establishes between him and the pentacle a true magnetic chain. Pentacles may be traced indifferently upon virgin parchment,

<sup>8</sup>Latin, *Ave Heva, Vade Lilith*—Welcome, Eve; go away, Lilith! Jewish babes wear a similar talisman. The tale of Lilith, Adam's first wife, is given in a former note.

<sup>9</sup>Literally—The king (Moloch), end of Darkness, and god of births.

<sup>10</sup>From *dakrudion*, a variety of the bindweed, a plant of the *Convolvulus* family, probably the *C. Tricolor*, which has a flower yellowish at the center, white in the middle, and of a fine sky-blue on the border.

paper, or metals. A piece of metal bearing either pentacles or characters, and having received a special consecration for a determined purpose, is called a talisman<sup>11</sup>. Gaffarel, in a learned work on "Magic Antiquities," has demonstrated by the Superior Science the real power of talismans. The confidence in their virtue is, moreover, such in nature that we willingly wear souvenirs of those we love, with the persuasion that these relics will preserve us from danger and ought to render us more happy. We make the talismans with the seven kabalistic metals, and engrave upon them on favorable days and hours, the signs willed and determined upon. The figures of the seven planets with their magic squares are found in "Petit Albert" according to Paracelsus, and it is one of the rare accurate pages of this book on popular magic. It must be remarked that Paracelsus substituted the figure of Jupiter for that of a priest—a substitution which is not without a well-marked mystic purpose. But the allegoric and mythologic figures of the seven spirits have, in our day, become too classic and vulgar to be traced successfully upon talismans; it is necessary to recur to signs more learned and expressive. The pentagram should always be engraved on one of the sides of the talisman with a circle for the Sun, a crescent for the Moon, a G for Venus, a crown for Jupiter, and a sickle or boomerang for Saturn. The other side of the talisman should bear the sign of Solomon; that is to say, the six-pointed star made of two superposed triangles; and in the center should be placed a human figure for the talismans of the Sun, a cup for those of the Moon, a dog's head for those of Mercury, an eagle's head for those of Jupiter, a lion's head for those of Mars, a dove for those of Venus, a bull's head or buck's head for those of Saturn. The names of the seven angels must be added either in Hebrew or Arabic, or in magic characters like those in the Alphabets of Trithemius. The two triangles of Solomon can be replaced by the double cross of the wheels of Ezekial, which we find on a great number of ancient pentacles, and which is, as we have made known in our Dogma, the key to the trigrammes of Fohi.

<sup>11</sup>An Arabian word, *tilism*; from the Greek, *apotelesma*; a symbol exercising a mysterious astral influence on the destiny of the carrier. A white camelian with a name or magic word engraved on it was the favorite form of talisman.

(To be continued.)



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## GHOSTS.

### Ghosts That Never Were Men.

**A**N elementary being, a god, a spirit, a ghost, rules each of the four spheres. There is the earth god, which is the spirit or ghost of the earth, and the god of the sphere of water, and the god of the sphere of air, and the god of the sphere of fire—all of them elementary beings, none of them an intelligence. The god of the sphere of earth and the god of the sphere of water are conceived in terms of the senses. The god of the sphere of the air and the god of the sphere of fire are not conceived and not conceivable in terms of the senses. Each is worshipped by the elementary beings of his sphere, according to the state of their development. Man may and often does worship these elemental gods. Man worships these ghosts according to his mental development. If he worships through the senses, he generally worships an elemental ghost. The beings other than man may not have mind, and they worship and obey simply according to their development, similarly as animals act according to their instinct.

Many a subordinate ghost desires and brings pressure to bear on his devotees that he be worshipped as the Supreme



Being. The status and character of each god, however, can be seen in the homage and worship paid him and the acts done for his glorification.

Every subordinate god is comprehended in the Supreme Ghost of that sphere. It may be truly said by the beings in each of the spheres, with regard to the supreme god of that sphere: "In him we live and move and have our being." All the worshippers of any ghost are contained in the body of their ghost.

In the god of the earth sphere, the ghost of the earth, are included all other subordinate earth ghosts; and they are more numerous than is generally known or even supposed. National gods, racial gods, and tribal gods are among the number, no matter by what name they are called.

Man is a mind, an intelligence. It is his mind that worships. It can worship according to its development only. But whatever the development of the mind, and whichever of the elemental gods it worships, each mind worships its own particular god as the Supreme Being. If man has a plurality of gods, then the Supreme Being is to him the most powerful of his gods, as Zeus among the Olympian gods was for many Greeks.

Whether the man worships the Supreme Being as the Universal Intelligence without form and not in sensuous terms, or worships it as a ghost, anthropomorphized and endowed with human qualities no matter how excellent and all-comprehensive, or worships elemental ghosts or mere images, will be known by the terms in which he addresses or speaks of his ghosts.

There is the Supreme Intelligence, ruling over all the four spheres. What the Supreme Intelligence is cannot be described nor understood in terms of sense. To say that it is the Supreme Intelligence, is as much as is necessary to enable man to reach it by his individual intelligence. Over the four great elemental gods of the spheres, are intelligences, that is, minds. They are the Four Intelligences of the Spheres.

Within the spheres and under the great gods, as distinguished from the intelligences of the spheres, there are ele-

mental beings. All elemental beings are beings without mind. The element of each sphere is the elemental of the whole sphere. These elementals are also worshipped as gods, and not only by the lower elemental beings within that sphere but by men.

There is then, in the sphere of fire, the element of fire, and the intelligence of the sphere. The element is the elemental of the sphere. That elemental is a great fire being, a great fire ghost, the Great Breath. The fire sphere as a whole is that being, and within it are lesser fire beings. The sphere of air is a great being. It is life as a whole; within it are lesser lives, beings. An intelligence is the giver of the law here, as is the intelligence of the sphere of fire in that sphere. So, likewise, is the sphere of water a great elemental being, a great form, containing within itself lesser elementals, forms; and an intelligence is the law-giver. The sphere of earth is a great elemental being, in which are lesser elementals. The great elemental being, which is the earth ghost, is the spirit of sex. There is an Intelligence of the Sphere of Earth which gives the law in the sphere of earth and carries out in the seen and unseen earth the laws of the other spheres.

The spirit of sex gives sex to the entities coming into the sphere of earth from the sphere of water. The spirit of form gives form to the entities coming from the sphere of air into the sphere of water. The spirit of life gives life to the entities coming from the sphere of the fire into the sphere of air. The breath gives movement and produces change in all.

The foregoing is necessary to understand what will be said about Ghosts That Never Were Men, and to see the distinction between the intelligences in the four spheres and the elemental beings or ghosts in these spheres, and to see that man may come into contact with only those parts of the spheres and the elemental beings therein, which are blended with the sphere of earth, and at the utmost, if man has a sufficient psychic development, with those that blend into certain parts of the sphere of water.

This outline shows the plan according to which the spheres are as they are in themselves and are in relation to

each other. The part here relevant to the subject of Ghosts That Never Were Men, concerns the sphere of the earth in its unmanifested and manifested sides. But it is to be remembered that the entities from the other three spheres penetrate this sphere of earth. The sphere of fire and the sphere of air take form in the sphere of water if they manifest in the sphere of earth, and they must manifest in the sphere of earth if physical man perceives them through one or more of his five physical senses.

The names under which the four classes of elementals were spoken of by the alchemists and Rosicrucians were, salamanders for the fire elementals, sylphs for the air elementals, undines for the water elementals, and gnomes for the earth elementals. The word "salamander" applied by the alchemists to designate fire ghosts, is an arbitrary alchemical term, and is not limited to any lizard-like shape. In treating here of certain elementals, the terminology of the fire philosophers will not be applied. Their terms are applicable and understood under the conditions prevailing when these men lived, but unless the student of today is able to put himself into touch with the spirit of the times of the alchemists, he will not be able to follow their thought as expressed in their peculiar cryptic language, nor to get into touch with the ghosts those writers referred to.

The intelligences have the plan of the earth, and these elemental beings build according to the plan. The builders have no intelligence; they carry out the plans of the intelligences. Where the plans come from and what laws furnish them the plans is not spoken of here. The subject has already caused almost too much of an enlargement in order to know the relative position of Ghosts That Never Were Men.

All the functions of nature are performed by these elementals, here called ghosts that never were men. Nature cannot act without the elementals; they make up her body as a whole; they are the active side of nature. This physical world is the field on which are worked out the involutions and evolutions of nature. The body of man is made up of, maintained and destroyed, by elementals.

The purpose of the involution and evolution of the four elements is for the nature elementals to become human elementals, that is, co-ordinating formative principles of human physical bodies, over which the light of intelligence shines. The human elemental carries on the involuntary functions of the organs in the body and of the body as a whole, independently of the mind. It does it naturally, but the mind may interfere with it, and often does so interfere.

It is due to the intermingling of the three spheres into the sphere of earth, that the states of physical matter are changed from the solid to the liquid and gaseous and radiant, and back. All changes in the appearances which things have on earth are due to the action, of the four occult elements. (It will be understood that these statements relate to the action of the four occult elements, acting within the earth sphere on the physical earth). The four states of physical matter are the effects of the intermingling of the three elements in the sphere of earth. The processes and the causes are unseen; the effects only are sensuously perceptible. To produce a physical appearance, called a physical object, the four elements must be tied and held together in certain proportions as that object. They disappear as the elements when they appear as the object. When they are untied, when the combination is dissolved, then the object disappears and the elements which composed it reappear in their own spheres.

The elements are combined and tied together in the body of a man within that man's own world. Man has within and acting through the physical appearance called man, a portion of each of the four occult spheres. These portions are his; they belong to the individual man. They are his for the whole series of his incarnations. They are elementals. Each of the four is an elemental. So a man's physical body is the visible, of the invisible four ghosts, of fire, air, water, and earth. Each of these four elementals contains other elementals. The gods act on man, and he reacts on these gods, through the elementals of his body.

Similarly is the physical earth made up of the four great occult elements, which circulate through the visible

physical, appearing from the invisible while they pass and repass through the line or surface of the visible earth world; they are invisible after they pass into the interior and repass into the exterior of the earth world.

The ghosts in each of the four spheres are divided into four races: the fire race, the air race, the water race, and the earth race. So that in the sphere of fire there is the fire race, the air race, the water race, the earth race, of the sphere of fire. In the sphere of air is a fire race, an air race, a water race, and an earth race, of that sphere. In the sphere of water is a fire race, an air race, a water race, and an earth race. In the sphere of earth is a fire race, an air race, a water race, an earth race, of the sphere of earth. Each of these races has numerous subdivisions.

Every elemental when acting in the physical world of man partakes in some degree of the other three elemental races of the earth sphere. So an earth elemental of the earth sphere has in it something of the fire and of the air and of the water race; but the earth element predominates.

Light, sound, form, and body are elementals. They are beings, strange though this may seem to some people. Whenever a man sees anything, he sees by virtue of a fire elemental, but he does not see the fire elemental. The elemental in him, active as seeing, enables him to get the perception of the object seen. The elemental of sound cannot be seen nor heard by man, but it enables the elemental active as, by what the man calls hearing, to hear the object. The elemental of form cannot itself be seen nor felt by man, but it enables him, through an elemental active in him, to perceive form. Here might seem to be a lack of clarity in the relation of form to the sense elemental through which form is perceived. Apparently form is perceived through seeing, or hearing or feeling, but without the water elemental, which, in the body of man, acts as taste, the perception of form is impossible. So man is enabled, through the elemental active in him as tasting, to perceive form. The elemental of solidity outside is perceived through an elemental on the inside active in smelling, through which man perceives the solid object.

The sense of feeling does not belong to any one of these four classes of elementals.

The use of one of these four senses—which, it will be remembered, are elementals—invokes the activity of the other senses. When we see an apple, then the crispness of the sound while it is being bitten into, the taste, the odor and solidity, are perceived or imaged at the same time. That is so because the action of one of the elementals summons and involves the other sense elementals.

Sense and the object of sensuous perception, are aspects of the same element. The sense is the element represented by an elemental in man; the object is the element outside of man. The sense is the personal, human aspect of the element. What in nature is an element, is in the body of man a sense; and what in man is a sense, is in nature an element. However, in the sense of feeling there is something different from the four elementals.

In the earth sphere are four kingdoms of the elementals corresponding to what is known to man as the mineral, vegetable, animal, and human kingdoms. In the first three kingdoms, the actions of the elementals of those kingdoms would not be recognized as those of ghosts. Yet they belong to the class of ghosts that never were men. They would, if man should become aware of them, appear or act as bursts of fire, or fiery wheels, lines of colors, strange sounds, indistinct, vapory shapes, and as odors, pleasant or otherwise. Clairvoyant or clairaudient persons may perceive them as an ordinary occurrence, but the every-day man does not perceive them, unless a special circumstance brings on the manifestation.

In that kingdom of the elementals, which corresponds to the human kingdom, the forms taken by the ghosts when they appear to man, are human or have human semblance. Such apparitions have the upper portion human and the lower of a goat or deer or fish, or have human features elongated, distorted, or horns added to them, or have human shapes, but with appendages like wings. These are a few examples of the many variations.

*(To be continued.)*



## ORDER IN A CHAOS.

### An Introduction to a Study of Responsibility.

By Benoni B. Gattell.

**O**RDER is an aspect of union. Order expresses union. Order is not in or about the things, but order is in the mind. The senses merely inform the mind of the separate things and then the mind in certain cases conceives order, an abstract relation, in them. There must be more than one thing, at least two, before the idea of order can be conceived in the mind; and further, where one thing has nothing in common with the other, there is no conception of order.

Order is conceived as a union, oneness, and wholeness, coming out of separateness. By order is meant that things are conceived so arranged, disposed, or conducted, as to combine under a system into a whole. Whatever the system or method, there must be an arrangement (kosmos, kosmeo, to arrange), which is a combination into a whole under principles of harmony, purpose, proportion, regularity and uniformity. Things are in order when they are at the proper time in the proper place, under some combine that indicates a oneness from its features of harmony, purpose, proportion, and regularity.

Order may be apparent in a contemporaneous or in a successive show things make. Order is brought about by so arranging and adjusting things as they come into existence, or which if existent are in disorder, that they come into their proper places under the system.

We appreciate order and like it, because it is an aspect of wholeness, whereas disorder and disturbance are displeasing. The recognition of order, where before there seemed none, satisfies. From indifference or laziness, a person may not have things about him, in his house, his room, on his

table, in order; but it is unusual to find one who, where no effort is demanded of him, does not prefer to have others keep things in order. The universal liking and necessity for order find expression in the popular saying, after Pope, "order is heaven's first law."

The use of the word is interesting. We designate in persons and places some very objectionable displays, simply by the term "disorderly." We speak of a disorder to indicate anything from a little untidiness to grave ailments of the body and hindrances to the working of the intellect; anything from a wordy brawl in a room to anarchistic turmoil in the state.

With this about the meaning of the word and of its opposite, and of the natural and fundamental tendency of man to respect and welcome order because it expresses unity, and to criticise disorder, let us see what part order has in the world in which we live, calling to mind that the world, on the whole, includes much that is not to be touched by fingers and instruments, nor seen by eyes and magnifying glasses.

Let us consider some phenomena of order. The order in all natural processes is striking and commands respect. Physical laws have been discovered, and once we are on the track of these laws and have ascertained them, we know definite phenomena will always fall in line. Indeed because of the facts observed in an order, we speak of the laws, laws in this sense meaning observed facts and orderly sequence. The whole of positive science is based on this that we have verified, that certain events follow in a certain order, universally and necessarily.

The curved path of projectiles sent from a sling, a rifled fourteen-inch gun, or a siege-mortar, can be predicted. We know of the action of the wind striking a sail, and that up to a small angle vessels can sail against the wind. Relying upon the regularity and certainty of these processes, men have sailed to and from the far corners of the earth. We know that under certain laws, certain structures will stand a certain strain. The results from our building, in reliance on the regularity of the working of law, are seen in bridges with their arches supported at the ends only, and arranged

that downward pressure is changed to lateral thrust. Ship-building, aeroplanes, architecture, the use of complicated machinery, like type-setting machines, printing-presses, remind us of the degree to which we are certain of the accurate, regular, orderly recurrence of results, where mechanics and physics are concerned. Chemistry rests upon the certainty of the affinity and reactions of chemical elements, and the knowledge of the changes in material things under certain influences. The smelting and minting of metal into coin, photographing, the preparation of many of the medicines a druggist deals in, the cultivation of the soil, the making of dyes for the threads in our garments, of perfumes, of lyddite shells for destruction in war, all applied chemistry, from the making of some twelve hundred coal tar preparations today, down to the baking of bread on the hearth, recalls the order with which certain causes produce their certain effects, and how we rely on this order in our lives.

Astronomers who have studied motions and distances and the nature of heavenly bodies have brought to notice a system and rule in the planetary worlds of our sun and in the motions of the planets, according to an order known as Kepler's Laws. The definitely fixed times when the motions and aspects and actions of the planets repeat themselves, the lunar cycles, solar cycles, zodiacal cycles, are what men use to measure time. A system with perfect regularity, marvelous uniformity of rule and exception, seems to prevail in the apparent motions of the heavenly bodies; and on earth, never does summer precede spring; it never fails that after summer comes fall. The length of summer and of the rainy season or winter, is regulated in certain parts of the earth according to location, air and water currents, and some other factors, which may yet be discovered.

Science is opening new fields and as it proceeds, that which seemed a matter of chance and uncertainty is revealed as coming about in the course of a uniform occurrence. Principles governing phenomena of what is called heredity were unknown, until a little after the middle of the nineteenth century enough light was thrown on that field by Gregor Mendel, a monk in Austria, to show that the occur-

rences seem to be regulated by law. The Mendelian law, which he discovered by crossing green and yellow peas in a patch adjoining his monasterial kitchen garden, shows that the inheritance of certain physical characters from parents is governed, at least as far as peas, by definite laws. Investigation has since multiplied observations of this law of inheritance and demonstrated a certain order in the inheritance of features, in connection with objects other than peas.

That which is apparently quite spontaneous and seems to grow up without special rules, like the language of a people, is seen by a student to have come into existence and to have grown, under the guidance of certain laws, in an interesting and surprisingly regulated process. Jacob Grimm was the discoverer of a definite law of permutation of certain consonants; that is, if the same roots or words exist in Sanscrit, Greek, Latin and in Gothic, English, Dutch and High-German, then certain consonants in these words almost invariably present orderly changes so that certain correspondences are expected. To give an example, a Greek or Latin *d* becomes *t* in English or Low-German, and *z* in High-German, as *duo*, two, *zwei*; *dens*, tooth, *zahn*; *decem*, ten, *zehn*.

One language develops out of another, according to certain laws; the word forms are formed unconsciously by a people, after what is, when the formation is done, found to be an orderly system. So the changing of Latin letters into French letters is accounted for by certain laws: as, *alterum*, *altre*, *autre*; or *bellum*, *bel*, *beau*; or *albam*, *albe*, *aube*. The long Latin "o" becomes the French *eu*; as in *fleur* from *flor-em*, *seul* from *solum*, *heure* from *horam*, except before the letters *m* and *n*, when it remains *o*; as *couronne*, from *coronam*, *don*, from *donum*. The silent consonants and mispronounced vowels of the English are seen by the historian to be orderly developments from the Anglo-Saxon and Old French. The historical study of a language is interesting indeed, as revealing a surprising order; but not more than the study of botany, where a chart of the seemingly haphazard distribution of our flora on parts of Long Island, New Jersey, and into the Catskills, is found to correspond

strangely with a map showing where the same territory in the gray past, was, in parts, flooded by the ocean, remained above the water, or was covered by ice during the glacial period.

There is an order in all processes of nature. A seed germinates; a plant, an animal, a man come into existence, pass through youth and vigor, then wither, die and disappear. These are the stages through which every organic body passes. The process in its general outline is unvarying. Study has resulted in discoveries as to the process. Darwin and, following him, Haeckel showed that the development of the body of every man invariably repeats part of the life history of his species.

It has been found that working in factories where there is much dust caused by the work, brings in its train eye and lung troubles, and that workers with certain poisons, like miners, compositors, plumbers, potters, regularly suffer from lead poisoning, and other work causes regularly, phosphorous or arsenic poisoning. All these effects, like the salivation, sore mouth, twitching, neurosis of the mirror maker, brought on by mercury poisoning, are suffered with such regularity that they are said to be caused by the operation of law, and are termed occupational diseases. It is known that the consumption of alcoholic liquors in excess produces regularly a degeneration of the kidneys and liver, and lessens the power to resist pneumonia.

New laws are being discovered from time to time. Events which seemed a matter of chance are, after they have been studied and their factors and surroundings repeatedly observed, found to be the result of a working of a law—a colloquial way of saying that they occur regularly under certain conditions. But the world is vast, its phenomena innumerable, and many are under conditions where it is difficult to ascertain the processes and the factors which produce or influence them.

Our observations suggest then, that order in the physical universe, including therein the physical manifestations of such displays as those of heredity, and the words and letters of languages, is of three aspects. First, those of causa-

tion of certain effects under natural physical laws each time conditions are there, as under what is called the law of gravitation or the burning of wood near fire; and, second, those of a regular recurrence of events in a cyclic order not through causation, but in connection with the revolution of the earth, and the path of sidereal bodies, and the involuntary action of animal bodies, such as heart-beat and breathing. Then there are those where the factors determining or accompanying the phenomena are complicated and little ascertained—as the changes in language and the rythmic coming of periods of vitality and excellence in art, in literature, in science, and of times of pests, wars, financial panics, and revolutions, down to those where the factors are quite enigmatical.

Of much we are ignorant. Much will be revealed by the observations of science. But the failure of potato, rice, tobacco, and wheat crops at irregular times, the irregular recurrence of colder winters, unusually warm summers, rainy spells, of earthquakes, inundations, general calamities, and the multitude of phenomena of nature, the cycles of which cannot be accurately reckoned with, are much less remarkable than the regularity of the occurrence of the majority of the more important cyclic events in our lives, such as the alternating of day and night, of the seasons, and the harvests.

Let us further consider. Order meets us elsewhere. Order is the basis of the arts because it is an expression of union. To the use in poetry, painting, sculpture, architecture, and music, of various aspects of order like balance, harmony, rythm, radiation, numbers, growth, diminution, and proportion, is due the effect and charm of these arts. But these traits the arts have taken from nature, which is ever and everywhere in the structure of the bodies and tissues of its fauna and flora, ocean waves, waterfalls and storm blasts, exhibiting order in some of these aspects. Sometimes the order is apparent at first sight, as in the marvellous fashioning of snow crystals and honeycombs, of conches, of which the nautilus is most beautiful, of the section of a tree hardened out of so much softness, of lilies, fringed gentian, marigold, pine cones, ivy-twigs, laurel-



branches, maple leaves, walnuts, mushrooms; but a little observation will reveal principles of order everywhere in the structure of organic and inorganic bodies.

The order amidst the unmeasured great and the infinitely small, people attribute to a personal god, outside and above. Nothing else would explain for them as well the wonderful system, adjustment, uniformity and regularity, as the continuance of these. "If there were no God, then we must invent one", said Voltaire. "Si Dieu n'existait pas, il faudrait l'inventer." Epître à l'Auteur du Livre des Trois Imposteurs. CXI. Irrespective of these views, there can be no question of the presence of order, which is general. We turn to another aspect of the world, which is of greater interest, as it affects us more directly.

Apparently with all this order, the material world is, when we come to what affects man, in a state of chaos. Nothing interlocks properly. No system can be discerned under which merit gets its reward and the punishment fits the crime. As far as man is concerned, things, it seems, arrive or do not arrive by chance; that is, without regulation by a system. This lack of order and adjustment is even more surprising when it is viewed together with the perfect order that obtains in nature. "Experience every day shows," tersely observed Spinoza (in an Appendix at the end of the book *De Deo*) "by infinite examples that benefits and injuries happen indifferently to pious and ungodly persons."

A careless workman causes a bolt to fall from a high girder, and below, is injured a sober, industrious workman, whose family suffers in consequence. Here is the regular action of the bolt descending under the law of gravitation, but there is no law by which the particular iron-worker, through whose fault the bolt fell, is acted on. Where is the law under which the innocent person below is at the time brought to the place so that the bolt injures him; where the law under which a distant father and wife and children of the injured workman suffer? and where the law by which the careless finds his retribution?

We often see the harmless, or men of worth, spurned, persecuted, singled out for punishment, wretched, bereft of comfort and of the support of friends with whom their life

was bound up, while the base enjoy prosperity and the homage of the world, and are allowed to accumulate and hold their ill-gotten gains, no matter if the means were infamous and criminal. Is it not strange that industry and ability so often languish, but laziness and insolence get ahead, and are rewarded with success in the world?

If there is a financial panic, the heaviest burden falls not on those who, by speculating, unsound financing, or even consciously and with intent to plunder, brought it on, but the people hardest hit are the laboring classes, employees, doctors, and artists. Crop failures offer a similar phenomenon; the toiling, frustrated farmer, thereby obliged to borrow, is brought under the dominion of the money-lender.

Family life is often full of strange and unjust combinations: parents who deserve better are put to grief and disgrace by their black sheep; good husbands cursed with the actions of shameless wives; kind wives, good mothers, yoked to scoundrels who are the bane of their existence, or who abandon and leave them destitute with their children; good children punished by the burden and disgrace of a giddy mother; refined persons joined to partners in whom liquor fosters brutality and vulgarity; the industry of husbands set at naught by spendthrift wives; frugality and abnegation in parents frustrated by sottish and debauching offspring, and filial devotion rewarded by parental despotism and grossness. It is not necessary to lift the roof off the houses to look in; spectacles of this sort are not sheltered from view, and not as exceptional as might be supposed.

To the thought and work of a few extraordinary men we owe much we enjoy to-day. They are the benefactors of mankind, and the astonishing feature of the biographies of most of them is that the aesthetic and material benefit they bestowed upon us were given without fair reward. Inventors and discoverers of laws of nature, which were hidden till they revealed them, have often failed to reap.

Poets, musicians and painters whose works have survived them and will live for a long time, have had to struggle without recognition. They have brought to the world what it could not get for itself; and what was their reward? But mere lack of recognition is the least where often the whole

life was a tragedy. Cervantes, probably the greatest son of Spain, was a soldier, and then crippled in the service of his country, he lived in poverty even after he wrote *Don Quixote*, and in hardship till his end. Burns: "hungry ruin had him in the wind" when he was a boy; at the age of twenty-seven he received only twenty pounds for the first volume of those marvellous poems; and so it went on till he, shortly before his death, received for one hundred songs—Burns's songs, world songs—only five pounds, a shawl for his wife and a picture of the Cottar's Saturday Night. Nine days before his death he wrote to a cousin for ten pounds so as not to die in jail. The life of Benedict Spinoza was even harder. He died in his forty-fifth year, after twenty years of suffering from phthisis, and often he lived, as an account book of his expenses showed, on a few pence a day. Milk soup with a little butter and a pot of beer was a day's nourishment, and on another day, a dish of gruel with raisins and butter, costing two and half pence, was all he had.

There are so many whose lots do not seem merited by the efforts they have made, the sacrifices they brought and the advantages the world has received through them: Milton, Keats, Byron, De Foe, Rabelais, Rousseau, Flaubert, Verlaine, Leopardi. That they were not without faults is no explanation. Even the faultless, like Emerson, are in a similar position, and the mediocre, base and weak, with plenty of faults, are often seen to get along well.

One of the greatest sons of Holland, Rembrandt, who left the world over five hundred pictures, was a bankrupt in his own country, lived a while in England in exile, and his funeral in Amsterdam cost thirteen florins. An inventory after his death showed he left nothing but his painting outfit and some woollen clothes. His paintings, for which great sums would be offered to-day, were they for sale, paintings which were matchless, went begging because no purchaser could be found.

There was Jean Francois Millet, the famous French painter of peasant life, whose life was poverty without easing up till near his end, and after his death the value of his paintings became great—to the advantage of mere dealers.

Mozart, who died at thirty-five, never made enough for

a decent living. Beethoven, a great and pure man, and said to be the greatest German composer, led a most unhappy life, caused by quarrels with his brothers and nephew. In 1812 Beethoven became deaf and never heard his own finest works. Franz Schubert, the great song composer, died actually from extreme poverty, when he was only thirty-one; Schuman, a great composer, became mentally deranged and left his family in want. J. S. Bach, master in counterpoint, was so poor and unrecognized, that he had to print his numerous compositions himself, and so destroyed his sight.

Think of the life of Columbus, the admiral in chains, and in disgrace! of Galileo murdered. Think now of the spiritually enlightened, of Anaxagoras, condemned for impiety, of Socrates, Savonarola, Bruno, Paracelsus, Jacob Boehme, maker of shoes and later of woolen gloves; of Thomas Taylor, the platonist, a poor bank clerk; of Thomas Carlyle, who had to write historical essays because the world did not receive him as a philosopher and teacher, though he was one of the greatest.

Aside from the hardship which oppressed so many of these doubly sensitive men of ideals, their burdens, troubles, sickness and misfortunes seem to have been out of all proportion when the honored and affluent lives of those are seen who do little for their fellow men, and live shallow lives for their own enjoyment alone. The matter is still more incomprehensible if the triumph and success and even splendor of the positively harmful and wicked are compared. It cannot be said that such is the necessary trial of cleverness and genius, of inventors, of philosophers. There are many, like Velasquez, Rubens, Linnaeus, Sir William Jones, Franklin, Meyerbeer, Goethe, Kant, Bessemer, Maxim, who reaped worldly recognition and rewards, and whose lives were not comfortless. Where do we find the ordering system?

Some aspects of wars are here important. The people who suffer most severely from a war, reap the least benefit. They are usually the poor and the humble, the unskilled and the manual laborers, whose sound bones are all they have. They are the ones, who, in case of victory, do not share its advantages; who, if killed, leave dependents who are least able to be without bread-winners, and who, if not killed, but

merely crippled or ailing, are prevented from earning their living and become wretched. Those of the upper classes get the benefits of wars, and, if they go to war at all, suffer proportionately less as to the number of casualties, and if wounded or lastingly disabled, they do not suffer as much as the classes who need sound bodies for work. Such being the burdens, it is incongruous that the benefits of victory are not proportionately received.

Turning to statesmen and politics and government, and looking for order in the affairs of a community, we find nothing but a superficial order, a mere semblance; alleged equality in taxation, where many manage to escape the burden; alleged equal benefits in the expending of public moneys, where favoritism, corruption, and cheating give to a few the lion's share, and they divide the plunder with helpful officials; winking by officials at transgression of labor laws, sanitary laws, building laws. In jails the poor languish and suffer more than their share, and inmates with influence, if they are in jail, unjustly lead there lives exempt from penal servitude. There is the creation of official positions which are sinecures where henchmen are rewarded with an easy life at expense of the public. Quite generally is found the rule of demagogues and good fellows instead of skillful and conscientious experts for which the office calls. So the outward semblance of order disappears before investigation.

Other startling conditions, startling, at least, from the point of view here taken, present themselves. To have a public office means to get an income regularly and abundantly, and to have influence or power which can be coined into various advantages. The office-holder gets in general something from his fellows, which he would not have in private life. It is an exceptional position and should go to exceptionally meritorious persons. The persons in public office—are they the best? are they there because it is to the advantage of the state? Election in a democracy, where the many get a chance, or appointment into a hierarchy where public positions are within the reach of a more limited field, do not differ much where the results upon the governed are concerned. The persons in public office can often be said to be there, not because an orderly arrangement of affairs de-



mands them, but because the position benefits the holder, and contrary to all principles of order. If this were not so, then the rendition of public service would more frequently be a sacrifice than it was or is.

Where is the order, the system under which the majority is made to pay? what is the cause?

But there are the courts, our hope, and they will adjust. The mockery of justice seen in courts of law in so many instances, is certainly the strangest feature of all. It is difficult for astute, learned, industrious, considerate, and conscientious men in magisterial places to hold the balance even, if the parties to the strife themselves are eager for justice. The difficulty is, under favorable conditions, that laws and the method of justice must be formal, and that the powers of deciding facts correctly are limited to what witnesses say of them. There figure in office frequently men who have arrived through mere politics, and the parties to a suit want to gain their own ends, not further justice. If they wanted truth and justice, the business of the courts would be scarce. But whatever be the intent of the parties, and the condition of the law and the character of the law courts, the feature to be noted here is that the sole machinery of the people to adjust their differences, redress wrongs, punish crimes, the last hope for justice, often fails, and is too clumsy to adjust fine points.

Representatives of justice ofttime do not represent justice, except as subject to the will and notion of ruling classes. In Europe, jurisdiction was a prerogative of those who were in power over tenants, serfs, peasants, and the people. To-day, signs of such tyranny can be found among us in instances where legislators and courts are controlled by powerful men or combines, and the interpretation of old laws and new remedial laws as well, and their administration is for those who control. It is a common error of the unthinking to overlook that laws and the way they are applied and not applied, and the absence of laws were and are directly influenced by the notions of the classes in power and those affiliated. Where the machinery is apparently successful, it will be found that in such cases, the delay, expense, and loss incident—which, of course, must be considered in an ideal



system of order—are not provided for. So the chief instruments for keeping human affairs in order, or, in case of disturbance, bringing them into order, are evidently far behind the powers which bring about complete order in natural processes.

The more observations are made, and the more searching thought is given to this matter of the difference between justice in the world and those certain underlying conceptions we all have within us of order and justice, the more astonishing will appear the history of laws and courts and the administration of justice. Where indeed shall we look for justice?

The time, place, and family into which a man is born, is not controlled by him. His associations, his education, the conditions under which he lives, his marriage, his family, and his death are, to a greater or lesser degree, beyond his control. Why is one child born to a ruler of nations, and, though degenerate, endowed with the power to sway the destiny of thousands? and at the same moment another child sent to parents with modest, but sufficient means, where it has a pleasant childhood and a fair start for his later life? and why is a third child at the same time born to a woman drunk and ribald? and a fourth child into a family living in cheerfulness and optimism? Why is a child born into a family of rigid Catholics, another to stiff Presbyterians, a third to Jews, other children to indifferent, to godless, to god-fearing, people? Why are some children born with a sound body, others blind, others deformed, others syphilitic, rachitic? Why do some children die after a few hours, a few days, a few years of life? Why are some children born into surroundings where the formative influences of probity or baseness in childhood and youth are so different? Why are some born into homes of virtuous, abstemious, and frugal parents with clear minds in sound bodies, and living in a wholesome atmosphere, and why are other children cast into houses of ignorant, ostentatious, shallow parents? Some children come within the sphere of influence of cultured relatives or neighbors, or friends of the family, others into the seductive influence of evil. Then there are the circumstances, often unnoticed, that cause the selection of a career, the association with friends, enemies, the contracting of a marriage, the se-

lection of a place of residence; and all this has important bearings upon the destiny of others.

So much for outside conditions. Mere mention of these facts will suggest thousands of different conditions, which influence the same individual differently, according to his coming into any one, and yet he has no control over all this; and, further, there are the varied characters, the mental endowments and inclinations of the children, which are of far greater importance than family, body, and surroundings.

The working upon each other of these innumerable, different factors in shaping the thoughts and acts of the boy or girl, determine results which are often quite beyond the control of the man or woman.

People look among their religious recollections for consolation about this mysterious feature, and there they remember that their God has made the world, and their God rules the world, and that they should have faith in their God. This may help for the time by throwing on their God the responsibility of their troubles, and if they cease thinking of themselves, but think of their god, under any form, they and their troubles disappear, and they are consoled. We leave them there consoled, refreshed. Their time for seeing and thinking has hardly come. All they wanted was consolation in their hour of need, and blind faith will often bring that. But the problem of the chaos is not solved, and will come up again. As more and more facts are taken into view, the solution by blind faith in the wisdom of God becomes more difficult. Reason demands a solution if possible; reason is the enemy of blind faith, however sincere.

The enigma is that what generally brings success, does not regularly and of necessity produce success, what generally brings disease does not regularly produce sickness, what generally receives punishment does not always receive punishment, that for a stipend for gaining which generally work has to be rendered, sometimes no work is rendered. The mystery is even greater when the element of responsibility and morality, imponderable factors, are involved. Then there remains the mystery why children are born without a chance, handicapped and burdened from birth? From the outside, the world of human fate looks indeed like a chaos. There is

the greatest contrast with the wonderful order in natural processes and in the structures of nature.

We feel the existence of order and justice, though, we know not its nature nor how it adjusts. The feeling of justice and of order is in us. We cannot do away with it. It can be dulled or silenced for a time, but it remains with us. It remains, even if merely as the nameless, shapeless fear that grips so many, the fear of something terrible their future, and it may be their next moment is pregnant with, and above all the fear of death that agonizes the majority. Their lives are ever ready to become illustrations of what was voiced by Aeschylus in the *Eumenides* (930): "For the Fates have assigned them (the Furies) a despotic sway over men in all things; he who feels their terrors, knows not whence come the ills of life; for the sire's long passed crimes bring chastening on their sons, and amidst his thoughts of greatness, silent ruin with hostile wrath crushes him."

But though we want order, we lose sight of it at times. The sense impressions made by objects we pass are stronger than the inner desire for order, and than the feeling that it is not well to go against the rules of order. Driven back to some interior part of our being, it is felt again when sense impressions weaken.

But there comes a time when it is felt plainly and steadily, and that is generally the time when we ourselves are the victims of disorder, of injustice, of oppression, of wrong, and we, at the same time, are beyond the reach of help and comfort. When no help from the outside is there, nor can reach us, then we are left alone with our feeling that there is, after all, order somewhere, somehow.

To thinking people who look for some sort of order in this, the answer, "Ways of Providence," "Accidents," "Chance," "Stroke of Fortune," "Casualty," is insufficient. Anaxagoras, the illustrious teacher of Euripides and Socrates, rejected blind fate as an empty name, and rejected chance as being no more than the cause unperceived by human reasoning (G. H. Lewes, *Biographical History of Philosophy*, Anaxagoras, p. 76). Voltaire, who had a keen insight into human affairs, and an astute mind, wrote as his conviction: "There is no such thing as chance. What we call by

that name is the effect we see of a cause which we fail to see." ("Le hasard n'est rien; il n'est point de hasard. Nous avons nommé ainsi l'effet que nous voyons d'une cause que nous ne voyons pas." Voltaire, *Lettres de Memmius a Cicéron sur des questions de philosophie et de metaphysi que*. Lettre III. Vol. VI, 71à82.) Another Frenchman, Bernard le Bovier de Fontenelle, said the same: "Is everything only chance? Yes, if we wish to give that name to an ordering which is unknown to us." ("Tout est donc hasard? Qui, pourvu qu'on donne ce nom à un ordre que l'on ne connaît pas." Fontenelle, *Dialogues des Morts*, II, Charles V. et Erasme.) Emerson's and Carlyle's writings contain like thoughts, too numerous to cite.

From his observations of the world, one, if he maturely reflects, comes to believe in and revere a Supreme Intelligence, manifesting throughout the universe; and the best have believed, not blindly, but intelligently, that the mind or the intelligent part in us has a connection with that Intelligence, and that the lights of our reflection and of our reason are from it and are of its functions in us and are to be used by us; and when developed by our exercise, they give us intelligence or knowledge, and so are the means of assimilating us to the Supreme Intelligence. That is consonant with the universal belief of thinkers and with the teachings of the loftiest minds that have appeared among men.

Where is there a solution that is compatible with reason? From time to time, a prophet, that is, an illuminated person, says or a saying is attributed to him, or a man with worldly wisdom writes a word, which may lead to a reasonable solution.

The prophet Jeremiah is credited with having taught of the rules of the Deity (6. Jer. 19): "I will bring evil upon this people, even the fruit of **their thoughts**"; and, (21, Jer. 14): "'But I will punish you according to the fruit of **your** doings,' saith the Lord"; and, (31. Jer. 29, 30): "In those days they shall say no more, the fathers have eaten a sour grape, and the children's teeth are set on edge, but every one shall die for **his own** iniquity; every man that eateth the sour grape, **his** teeth shall be set on edge (3 Isai. 10 11): "Say ye to the righteous that it shall be well with him;

for they shall eat the fruit of **their** doings. Woe unto the wicked! it shall be ill with him; for the reward of **his** hands shall be given him." St. Paul said: "Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for **whatsoever** a man soweth, that shall **he** also reap" (6, Gal. 7).

These statements, like many more are to the effect that what a man reaps, is what **he** has sown; when it is ill with a man, he is given the reward of **his** hands; the teeth of **the man** are set on edge who has eaten the sour grapes; a punitive death is suffered for one's **own** iniquity; and the evil brought upon a people is the fruit of **their** thoughts.

Aeschylus (Choephoroi, 306) wrote: "But O, ye mighty Fates! Grant that, by the will of Jove, it may end as justice requires;" "In return for a hostile speech, let a hostile speech be paid back," cries Justice broadly, as she exacts the debt; and "In return for a murderous blow, let him suffer a murderous blow." "Doers of wrong must suffer," thus saith the thrice-old proverb."

Then there is the famous passage from the Odyssey (I., 32): "Strange that men should blame the gods, laying all their woes on us, while it is they themselves that bring, by their own senseless acts, sorrows which Fate had never ordained."

Two features in these events, happening at random without discrimination or order are rather striking. One feature is that the material end of the disorder is furnished by natural processes or laws of nature, which give the very best illustration of order. The other aspect is that there are exposed to the observer at times, some of the workings of the chaos which demonstrate a certainty, so great that our language has taken as the expression and measure of the greatest certainty the one which is "as sure as fate." Such popular expressions often are the concise and direct statement of knowledge accumulated through the ages:

The world is then not as much of a moonflaw as it sometimes seems. The solution is given by Jeremiah and by Paul, by Plato, Emerson and Carlyle: the evil which comes to a man is brought upon him as the fruit of his thoughts, and the good likewise. Whatever happens to a man is the fruit of his doings; his penitential death is for



his own iniquity; and what he reaps he has sown. Nothing can be more reasonable and more satisfactory than such an order of things. It is satisfactory because it does not call in any new principle.

The law of causation, working in time and space, that certain effects are the results of certain causes, that effects agree with or correspond accurately to causes, and that causes determine their effects in due time, which law is seen working in all natural processes, is at once more acceptable as an explanation than a supposed arbitrary management of a personal god under the name "ways of Providence."

Physically, the law of causation acts at all times and in every place where an opportunity is given to act. What occurs in time and space is subject to our sense perceptions, and we are familiar with all successive stages and all conditions due to causation where the whole, from beginning to end, lies in the realm of sense perceptions. Therefore, all acts done directly in the material world by human beings can be traced from cause to effect. A kick by one will produce a contusion or broken bones; the firing by electricity of a howitzer will cause the projection, and, in case of contact, the explosion of the shell, and destruction of what is in the way. This, however, is the action in the material world of agencies which man sets to work. Neither the action of the foot in kicking, nor the firing of the howitzer, are the actions of the man. The man is invisible. We see his body, the movements of his hands, and speak colloquially but with laxity of these as acts of the man. They are not the acts of the man. The acts of the invisible man cannot be seen nor heard; only their effect in the material world is perceptible. So the writing of a letter by the hand is one thing, but the motive, the intent, the composition, and the will to write are quite different. Holding the pen, pressure, flow of ink caught by paper, will always produce evidence of writing, and of the laws of gravitation and adhesion acting invariably. Now the intent, the conception, the composition, and bringing together the physical conditions under which these actions of the man are made visible to others, is not subject to these physical laws. These physical laws are subject to the invisible factors which call for the opera-



tion of the laws of nature where each cause produces an immediate effect.

Assume that the letter was benevolent, consoling, friendly, charming, stinging, venomous, libelous, containing fraudulent representations of facts, accepting a bribe offer, or was a step in some evil conspiracy. Then you have some apparent evidence of the acts of the invisible, the inner man, the rational man. The real man is the rational man. The acts and omissions of the invisible man, not acting in the time and space of our material world, are what the man lives in. His inner world is a more real world than the outer. All the ink, paper, pens and fingers in the world could not produce a single kindly word unless some one thought it and wanted another to be cheered thereby.

All the visible and perceptible acts done in the world by man and all the immediate consequences are presentations, indications in time and space of invisible acts of invisible men. The invisible conditions, powers, and acts are the world of the real man and those factors of laws, customs, public authority forms of government, religions, creeds, dogmas, traditions, legends, philosophies, ethics, and reasoning, inquiring, judging, philosophic speculation, reflection, perception of sensations, conception of thoughts, memory, common sense, ingenuity, inventiveness, imagination, poetry, probity, energy, cheerfulness, modesty, simplicity, lofty mindedness, tenderness, humility, morality, tranquility, kindness, gratitude, philanthropy, tolerance, resignation, thoughtfulness, confidence, perseverance, courage, friendship, respect, shame, wonder, hope, abstemiousness, industry, love, fascination, impetuosity, fastidiousness, sleep, and their contraries, and many more factors, form the world of the invisible man. The acts of the invisible man are his thoughts, stiffened and materialized by his will.

One act of the invisible man may have a great many results. For instance, a friendly letter, while being written, produces in the writer good humor, which fortifies him against the adversities of life. It will cause a friendly feeling in the recipient. It may give him hope, rouse him out of lethargy, cause him to engage in some useful work which will benefit a number of others; or a letter accepting a part

in a conspiracy may cause in the writer anxiety and apprehension, in the recipient encouragement and consequent carrying out of the conspiracy, injury to others, and, after years, the revelation of the conspiracy and disgrace and physical injury to the writer. This one act of writing the letter was a contributing cause to many effects on him, on the recipients, on associates, and on the public; and many of these effects were not desired and not even looked for by the writer. Thus our world is a world only of the physical manifestation of the acts of invisible men.

If it be realized that now for many, many years this world has been in existence, that millions of men have lived on it, and are living; that the life of each one brought him into close contact with many others, that daily and hourly each one has affected many others in various ways, feebly and without his knowing of it, and that the physical manifestations of all this are made to fit in and dove-tail, and are adjusted in space and time under laws in nature which never fail to produce their immediate effect; then it becomes a certainty that a fitting-in and an adjustment takes place likewise in the invisible portions of this immense whole. None can look upon the world and its history and trace any individual aspect affecting the destiny, the character, the opportunities, the desires of a nation, where we can follow a continuous existence, without being convinced that the world is governed by law, and that it is kept in order by a principle which acts as widely as the world, and is as powerful as the whole with all its forces and beings, and that the ruling principle is one which is simple, and to which all known laws are subservient; that is, the ends of which are effected by all known laws. What is the principle, and what is the supreme law which all other laws serve? The principle is that tendency of the universe to be in harmony as the whole, as the union, as the unit. And the law which all other laws carry out is compensation to adjust disharmony, to bring things into order so that they are harmonious.

It is not well to accept anything on the mere authority of any teacher or any book. Neither is it well to disregard any information that may aid the inquiry. Some, among them Jeremiah, Paul, Buddhist Sutras, Puranas, and the

loftiest writers of the West, indicate the working of this simple law of harmony and union. That law is that every man, for every thought and every deed, and all his thoughts and all his deeds, reaps their results, their consequences, to the last and remotest, and finest.

Here then is the law that satisfies our sense of justice and of order. We recognize at once that that law means adjustment, order, harmony, and oneness. Disturbances have to be adjusted, and disturbances adjust themselves under a tendency of universal harmony.

When adjustment and equalization have to be made for the acts of a man, many factors are involved. Man is a being that has a certain amount of knowledge; and his responsibility for his acts and omissions and the consequent effects on him, are measured by his knowledge of what is right and how far he is wrong. His knowledge is an important factor. The compensating law acts, not mechanically; though it acts automatically, it acts unerringly, and takes account of responsibility.

In extending the conception of causation, it is well to remember that when we speak of a relation as causal, we do not see the cause, not even in the physical world. When paper is burned and turned into ashes, or a pitcher, falling, breaks, or poison kills, we do not see the cause. All we see is a succession of phenomena. Causality we cannot see. Invariableness of physical antecedence and physical sequence is all that we see of causation, as Hume correctly maintained. Night and day also have an invariableness of antecedence and sequence, but there we do not connect them as the one being the cause of the other.

This mysterious relation we call cause, has been a crux to the philosophers. It is transcendental. It comes from beyond the realm in which we live through our senses. Some said that a force, a power, produced the effect. But that is merely a play with words. All we see is the antecedent and the sequence; power we cannot see. Some said that cause is believed in because it is an innate idea, an irresistible belief when certain kinds of antecedents and sequence are observed. Beyond that none have gone.

What is called a cause even in physical processes is in-

deed something furnished by the mind. The sense perceptions never show more than the phenomena which follow one the other, universally and necessarily. So if this conception of causation is understood, it will be seen that it is not derived from any experiences in the physical world, but that it comes from the mind, from within. Causation is not peculiar to the physical world. The mind conceives causation in the physical world, but not alone in the physical world. The mind conceives causation also elsewhere. The conception of causation comes from the mind, not from the phenomena. It is then no great step to apply this idea of causation to responsibility, that is, to the moral realm of man. An effect or a group of effects, as the case may be, agree with their cause. It does not, nor do they, necessarily resemble it, though it and they often do. When we come to man's moral being, cause is measured by responsibility. To equilibrate a cause as measured by responsibility, there is produced an effect by the perception of pleasure or pain. By the sensation of pleasure or pain men are made to know the results of the causes they have started and by which they produce harmonious or inharmonious effects outside themselves, in the exterior world.

Here is to be noted the difference of cause and effect shown in natural processes, and that shown where the cause is in the invisible man, is projected into the exterior world, and the effect is a modification of the sensations of the invisible man through the phenomena of the physical world. The equaling or agreeing or corresponding of the effect with the cause is, in the case of the invisible man, gaged according to his responsibility, his knowledge of right and wrong. The ordering reaction is subtle and is one of proportion, different from the natural processes of science. The element, the determining factor, the criterium, is responsibility which is relative. A negligible peccadillo, because quite natural with an undeveloped person, may be a great disturbance of harmony if chargeable to one higher on the scale of experience and evolution. Of all this the law is as wide as the world, deep as all its planes, because being the tendency of the universe itself to find its balance as a harmonious whole.

The main point is that there must be, there is, an adjustment by reaction; the when, the where, the how, are subsidiary to the possibilities afforded by conditions limited by space and time.

If this tendency of the universe to restore itself to equilibrium be accepted as the law of laws, at once the simplest and the one of widest scope, how does that effect the chaos? Why is not the equilibrium restored? What of the great power if chaos prevails after so many thousands and millions of years? How did things ever get into so bad a condition of disorder? Answers, if any, cannot be made within this space. But to appreciate the working of the law of compensation, two features of the situation should be noticed.

One is that the physical effects of realized, concreted thoughts are necessarily separated in space and time, and the compensating action of the law is necessarily divided in space and in time, because so many, infinitely many, adjustments have to be made continually, and the persons acting and acted upon are separated by space and time. Before illustrating this the other feature is to be noticed.

A man is invisible. He is a complex being, a mass of knowledge, charged with responsibility, and having conceptions, thoughts, tendencies, character, desire, sense impressions. He does not come into being when his body is born, nor does he cease to exist when his body dies. He is intimately connected with his body, in which he awakens at about the age of seven. He lives in it, he acts through it, he feels through it. But it is a laxity of speech to identify him with his body. The invisible man is the real actor, and the time during which he is in a physical body is short, and the place where that body is, is limited because no two physical bodies can be in the same place at the same time. That is the reason why the reaction of an act may be a long time away until suitable persons can be brought together under suitable conditions. But they are brought together, no matter how long it takes. It may be in the next life, it may be in a subsequent life.

A man engaged in manufacturing builds up a good business; he works, saves, takes judicious risks. He develops



independence, self-reliance, and responsibility, earns the fortune that comes legitimately as his reward in this line of his activities; he becomes a bank director, a capitalist, and enjoys homage and power. He knows, from past experience, the value of a sound body, so he takes care of his; he is frugal, industrious, and permits himself no great liberties. As he ages, he preserves his characteristics, the ability to think quickly and clearly in the field of his business interests, and his body is alert, his face ruddy, his eyes bright. This man has sown well, and the traits he has perfected are a part of his nature and his character. But that is not all he has and is. There are other sides. In his factories, the workmen, the women, and the laboring children, all are in hell. There is but poor pay, except for a few overseers; for his wage slaves there are bad places to work, long hours, impaired eyesight, tuberculosis, immorality, drunkenness, personal injuries from accidents. Our business man is not a bad fellow, but why should he worry about these things? If his employees do not like their places, they do not have to work for him. A part of his make-up is gross, unprincipled selfishness, indifference to the harm he does or permits. Then his body dies. So he, when reborn, is born a child to a factory girl, who is sickly, brutal, debased. "There shall he suffer whatever destiny and the dread Fates have spun for him with their thread of doom when his mother gave him birth—hote min teke meter." (Odyssey VII., 196.) The child is sickly, remains ailing, grows up in dirty, brutalizing surroundings; his playmates are similar outcasts. When six years, the poor child is put to work to earn a few pennies, a miserable youth, without health, without hope, without a chance. Who, if he knew that in the body of this poor child was our successful friend, or a bribe-taking factory inspector who strengthened the hands of evildoers, or some former so-called leader of fashion who had the power and the conditions to help, but whose only idols were frivolity and waste, any one of a number of males and females whose indifference, acts, omissions are producing causes for the existence of just such poor, damned factory children, would say that there was no cause, no law, no order in the ignominious birth, the sickly body, the dark life, the evil destiny of that factory



child, spun for him by the dread Fates with their thread of doom?

Indeed, there is no chaos. The world appears as chaos, but the appearance is deceptive. There is order, law, and justice everywhere. The natural processes working openly are the immediate means for carrying out the demands of the supreme law of moral causation. The brick that falls and kills the passer-by, the railroad wreck, all accidents, are the carrying-out, through human or natural agencies of sentences, of decrees of the supreme law. They may be called the ways of Providence, if it is understood that they are the ways provided for the restoration of equilibrium and harmony by the only way possible, that the effects shall be brought home and be made to neutralize the causes. "*Le hasard est un sobriquet de la Providence.*" Chance is a nickname for Providence, said Chamford.

These agencies may be called chance, but chance is a mask for cause. Fate is not chance; Fate is sure. Than the saying "Sure as Fate" none is more true. Fate is sure because all the causes which determine it are there, and when the conditions mature under which the equilibrating effect or series of effects can appear, then the fate is there, and he who was once the actor is now in a time and place and under conditions where the Furies "have their despotic sway over him in all things" as the great mystic tragedian has it.

Do these views seem harsh and unpalatable, and not nearly as comfortable as the customary haven of rest? If they do, they will not appear so for long. There is in man that unconscious knowledge that he is not what he seems, that he is not a little man, small though he may be at times, but that he is in infinitudes and immensities of space and time, and that he is even beyond that. Union with the All is what he is drawn to, because he is the All. Order he wants, because it is an expression of union. He wants it, even at the expense of his personality and its sensations. As soon as he is convinced that there is order in the chaos, and if he merely intends to live so as to reduce the chaos into order as far as he can, then he sees the way to freedom, and the life in this world will have a different meaning for him.

# THE EFFECTS OF THEOSOPHICAL TEACHINGS UPON LIFE.

By Frances Allen Ross.

SOME one remarked not long ago that she had never met a Theosophist who practiced its teachings. Such statements have a value in calling one to self-analysis and to a study of the subject. While, as students of theosophical teachings, we do not claim to show better characteristics than any of our non-theosophical friends, it is well to review our lives long enough to find out what effect these teachings have had upon us, or what effect they would have if we lived according to them.

The hypothesis that all life has its root in one, common, Universal Spirit, is the basis of the doctrine of Brotherhood, the first and most important teaching of Theosophy. The logical result of this belief would be a gradual disappearance of racial, religious and class antagonisms, and a growing spirit of tolerance. It requires no wisdom to draw such a conclusion; but it necessitates considerable pondering upon the subject, and a great deal of discipline of the animal man and his brain to maintain actually this attitude of mind, and to feel as kindly toward all men as he should. Most of us have certain racial and religious antipathies that are not overcome, except by diligent practice of a special attitude of mind.

It has been interesting to me to see people in the New York subway observe each other, and to note that comparatively few look with brotherly eyes at their neighbors. I do not suggest that we be blind, that we blunt our analytical judgment, or try to see goodness instead of badness; but we can learn to see and still be tolerant. We can look and not

be disgusted or shocked or disturbed, and, in the meantime, present a pleasanter countenance to the beholder who is watching us.

An acquaintance of mine was relating, in the presence of a third woman, her unfortunate experience in dealing with a Japanese. Our friend, who happens to like the Japanese, immediately said: "Now don't lay that up against the whole race; some Americans think if another person has a little different squint to his eye, he can't possibly be as good as if he were born in this country." We do not necessarily love our own land or our own country less, if we have an honest and persistent endeavor to understand another race and study its good characteristics, worthy of our imitation.

I do not need to repeat here the fact that there is no bigotry in the world equal to that engendered by the belief that one's own religion is superior to all others. A few weeks ago, I went to a conference of social workers in the Young Mens Christian Association building, and on my way out glanced at the books they had for sale and then picked up and, out of pure curiosity, bought a little pamphlet entitled "The Non-Christian Religions Inadequate." It contained such an arraignment of the Buddhist, Chinese and other Oriental faiths as to indicate to a mere tyro in Theosophical teaching that its writer did not understand the religious systems he was judging and comparing so unfavorably with Christianity. On the other hand, I have heard Theosophical students make disparaging remarks about Christianity, proving that their Theosophy had not yet taken effect.

The teachings regarding the seven rounds and races throw light on puzzling passages in the scripture of many countries, and also upon questions that have baffled scientists. While these teachings give us information and furnish much of the substructure of our belief, they have, perhaps, less immediate bearing upon the moral and spiritual side of life than any of the others.

But it is impossible to conceive of any one accepting the teachings of karma and reincarnation without experiencing a change in his attitude toward life and toward all related

things. Long before I knew anything about Theosophy or even the word, I wondered why I had to go through certain experiences. I had, in my own way, pushed the causes back to my birth, and finally fixed upon my parents the blame of all my troubles. Still I was not quite satisfied with these conclusions, and, evidently, so unremitting was my questioning that, one night, without ever having read any such theories, the revelation of my birth, of a certain choice of parentage and of my circumstances being the result of my own past actions, came to me with such distinctness and with such force of truth that I was then and there convinced, and accepted the revelation as a fact. The immediate effect upon me was to assume the responsibility for everything that had occurred and to forgive those upon whom I had cast much of the burden of my sickness and misery. This was the beginning of a slow but steady progress.

Anyone who accepts these two related teachings knows that he must work out his own salvation and that he cannot hope for rewards he has not earned by his own efforts. Nor will he complain about his arduous duties or his unhappy lot. If he does not like his environment, he knows he can create a new one in due course of time. "Man is his own star."

Now it must be admitted that there may be more opponents of Theosophists, who are patient under adversity, than there are Theosophists. Many Christians accept their circumstances as the will of God, and resign themselves to this higher power; some believe that "whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth." Still, however resigned or trusting such persons may be, their attitude is not based upon reason, and any faith which cannot produce a reason for its existence is a blind faith and is likely at any time to be overthrown.

Of great import among theosophical teachings, which are all interrelated, is the one concerning the seven-fold nature of man. This one, even if only, partially understood, points the student toward his divine source. It shows man the way to know himself and the way to know his God. Briefly stated, man is composed of four lower principles, life, form, desire and body, in which is incarnated a thinker, the human ego, who unites the lower quaternary to the impersonal Uni-

versal Spirit and body (called in theosophical literature atma-buddhi); thus man is constituted a seven-fold being.

This conception may seem strange and absurd to those who know or have heard about only body, soul, and spirit, and can but vaguely discriminate between them. We need not dwell long upon the body, with which we are so familiar. To the presence in it of form, life, and desire, each person, who stops to think at all, will readily assent even though he may not understand these as distinct principles. Let us give our attention for a few moments to the three higher principles: atma, buddhi, and manas.

Theosophy does not use the term God as the Christians do, thereby meaning a manifested universal creator, to whom human attributes are given; but it postulates an absolute unmanifested causeless cause, periodically coming into existence. This ex-istence, as the word originally implies, being a coming out of or standing out of real Being, or, as the Secret Doctrine expresses it; Be-ness. This existence, which is phenomenal, manifests itself in and by seven degrees or states of matter. The highest state is called atma—meaning breath or spirit—and corresponds to our conception of Universal Spirit. It may seem paradoxical to say that the highest state of matter is spirit, but when the Theosophist speaks of "matter" he does not mean gross physical matter, but that which is in a state of manifestation. In reality when the Christian speaks of Spirit, he has a concept of something substantial, for the human mind cannot hold unsubstantial ideas before its attention. Buddhi is the garment, the vesture, of atma, spirit, when spirit manifests. Therefore, the most attenuated matter of which we can imagine is spirit-matter or the universal atma-buddhi.

Atma-Buddhi is spirit in its vesture, the consciousness of which is so superior to that of the animal man that it would be of no service whatsoever to it unless some sort of a link or line of communication were made between it and the four lower principles. This link between Atma-Buddhi, the supramundane, divine, universal, impersonal principles and the animal four-fold man is formed by manas, the mind, which, incarnating in the body of the animal man, makes it



possible for man to rise to his divine source, "to know God." Only through the son (the manas) can the Father be revealed. Man could not speak of himself as "I" were it not for this line of communication between atma-buddhi and the body.

Assuming that this sevenfold division of man is true—that man is physical body, form, life, desire, and mind; soul and divine soul—spirit—what conclusions would we be forced to draw and how would these conclusions affect our life?

The real man is not his body, his form, his life (that is, the vitality in his body), nor his desire nature. Let us pause here a moment. If man is not these four principles, if he is not the animal man, and if he truly believes he is not this animal man, what would be the result? He must think he is something, and he would most naturally conclude that he was that which was thinking about himself. Now, if he already knew he was not the animal with its desires, he would in thought begin to disconnect himself from his body and its desires, and would no sooner identify himself with his lower nature than he would take his clothes to be himself. The fact of the matter is that our desires have so enslaved our minds, that it is well nigh impossible to think that the mind is not desire, because our thoughts are the thoughts of desire. However, if we accept this teaching we must know that our desires are not the mind, and not the real we.

This is the first step toward conquering the lower nature. The moment we can hold the mind to the idea that our desires are not ourselves, we have a grip upon them. If we believe our desires are ourselves, we would kill ourselves by trying to conquer them. When we understand the desires are a force, like steam or electricity, which we can direct, control and transmute, we have begun to learn the first great lesson of living. This is also the first step taken toward conscious immortality.

For many people this is the first step toward restoration not only to moral but toward physical health. Most of the diseases, the poverty, suffering, issue from our desire nature. I remember with distinctness the day when I read this in a magazine. It did not take me one hour to make the application; it possessed my mind with such intensity that within



one month from that day my entire environment was altered, and my body was being recreated as fast as nature could work. My friends thought a miracle had been performed. I thought so myself. It was only the natural result of taking a true thought into my system. We can inoculate our minds with thoughts, and, if we will only let them, the thoughts will "take." The reason why our thoughts don't "take" is because we have not really grasped them; we have not taken in the full force of their light.

The association of the mind with atma-buddhi gives us a Christ mind; which is to say, a mind illuminated by deity. The New Testament says: "Let that mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus." That kind of a mind is the individual thinker turning toward and trying to identify itself with its Father in Heaven and affirming that "I" and my Father are one." It also tells us that we are "transformed by the renewing of the mind." The mind becomes dark and distorted by entangling itself with the senses, and it needs to become refreshed by looking in the opposite direction. As the mind turns God-ward, by which is meant, as it believes in these higher principles which constitute the apex of its nature, and in faith depends upon them and has confidence in them, God becomes a very present help in trouble. Though we flee to the uttermost parts of the earth, God is there, for God is the apex of our nature.

We cannot help believing in God, to use the Christian term, if we accept the teaching of the sevenfold constitution of man as taught by Theosophy. "Know ye not that ye (your body) are the temple of God and that the Spirit of God dwelleth within you?" Again, "The Kingdom of Heaven is within."

The student of Divine Wisdom understands that to know himself as a sevenfold being necessitates his knowing God, and that he cannot know God until he knows himself. He will know himself and God, because God is his highest principle.

While we know the above passages of scripture, our religious practice has been based on an opposite assumption. To know God, we have gone to church, prayed to a human

creator outside, who we believed, could hear our prayers, and whose laws we blasphemously implied could be set aside in favor of our petitions; and we worshipped the form of his son, Jesus Christ. Without enlarging upon the absurd features, let us see how Theosophy helps us to understand these matters. And let it be understood at the outset that the earnest theosophical student aspires to be no less reverent, no less devoted, no less Christian, in the exact sense of the term.

If God is within each person, it is more logical and simple to try to understand and communicate and appeal to that which is so near than to try to reach out so far to a personality disconnected from us and separated by great intervals of space. What do we formulate in our minds when we say "God" or "Our Father?" Why, the idea of a power that can help us; and by praying to it we hope to bring about the necessary relationship, but we do not feel quite sure that it will bring about what we want. And yet all the power we think we have, is all we can use. If we do not think we can do a thing, all the gods on Olympus could not confer power upon us. Therefore, the theosophist addresses or evokes the God within, his Higher Self. Moreover, he does not believe that Christ can save him. The doctrine of vicarious atonement is not only unjust, against law and order, but against self-respect. Man can develop the Christ principle in himself, which he does by uniting his mind with the two higher principles. Atma-Buddhi-Manas represent the Christ, and each human being has the opportunity of performing, finishing this work and bringing about this union.

Christ is thus an example, for us to follow. By trying to do as he did we shall be developing him in ourselves. We can reverence such a being as we reverence all great souls. If one still needs to cling to worship of form, we say: by all means, worship the divinest form which you know. If, however, one's mind has accepted the theosophic teaching above stated, one begins to withdraw from the outer forms of worship and turns his attention to discovering the Self within.

Now, to the person brought up in the Christian faith, the

transition from an acquired dependence upon Christ without, to a dependence upon a Christ, a Higher Self, within, which he does not see nor feel, is difficult. The abandonment of form to which he has directed his devotion and prayers leaves him with a feeling of uncertainty, for he has not yet found the "no form"—the pure Consciousness which he seeks. There being no object toward which to direct the "religious feeling," the emotional side of his nature has no stimulus and he longs for the old warmth and fervor in which there seemed at least to be life. He begins to doubt whether he has not given up something vital and substituted in its place cold, comfortless ideas, which give him no assurance of finding God or himself, and leaves the heart bare and uncomfortable.

Many can not go through this stage. Some return to the "good old Christian faith," some wander in the nether regions of thought, but do not enter the real theosophic life. If Theosophy is to become a reality it must lead us to consciousness of a living presence within, the Higher Self, the Father in Heaven.

The aim of religion is to unite man to God or as theosophy prefers to say, the Higher Self. When man becomes united to his higher Self he knows God. How can this be brought about? for we only know that which is on the same plane with us. We see physical objects with our eyes and hear sounds with our bodily ears; we hear not super-physical things and we see not the things above the plane of sense perception. "Ancient Theosophists claimed, and so do modern, that the infinite cannot be known by the finite—that is, sensed by the finite self—but that the divine essence could be communicated to the higher spiritual self in a state of ecstasy." This state of consciousness called ecstasy was defined by Plotinus as "the liberation of the mind from its finite consciousness, becoming one and identified with the Infinite."

We said above that man identifies himself with his desires and, therefore, his mind becomes enslaved by them. The man then knows nothing but desire. To whatever is our object of thought to that the mind conforms itself, and

that object possesses us. Some years ago I met a gentleman who for many years was well known in the neighborhood of Boston, as a profound student of Emerson and an excellent interpreter of his writings. This man began life as a poor shoemaker, but in his youth became interested in the Concord sage, and used to read his writings during all his spare moments, and meditated upon them. So great was his devotion to Emerson that he came to understand him; his opinions regarding Emerson were sought after and he became quite a noted Emerson teacher and lecturer. Furthermore, he had so thoroughly absorbed Emerson's spirit that he, to a marked degree, resembled Emerson in feature. It is a fact that we become like that to which we devote ourselves in thought, and even the body conforms more or less to its form. If we read the lives of some of the Christian mystics we find that they were transformed in feature. St. Francis of Assisi, I believe, even reproduced on his own body the wounds of his crucified Saviour.

In all these cases, the mind becomes liberated from the lowest plane on which it is conscious and identifies itself with something on a higher plane. By a gradual ascent of thought from physical to spiritual ideas, the mind "o'er leaps itself," and just as water passes beyond the state of liquidity to a state of steam, so thought passes beyond a state of thinking, and passes into being conscious spiritually.

We acquire knowledge of the Higher Self through thinking upon it and through that kind of meditation which has been described as silent and unuttered prayer, or, as Plato expressed it, "the ardent turning of the soul toward God, not to ask any particular good (as in the common meaning of prayer) but for good itself—for the Universal, Supreme Good." "Therefore," says he, "remain silent in the presence of the divine ones, till they remove the clouds from thine eyes and enable thee to see by the light which issues from themselves, not what appears as good to thee, but what is intrinsically good."

In the Key to Theosophy (page 46), Madame Blavatsky says that real prayer is not a petition. "It is a mystery

rather; an occult process by which finite and conditioned thoughts and desires, unable to be assimilated by the absolute spirit which is unconditioned, are translated into spiritual wills and the will; such process being called 'spiritual transmutation.' The intensity of our ardent aspirations changes prayer into the 'philosopher's stone,' or that which transmutes lead into pure gold."

All persons who persist in this kind of meditation, or prayer, gain divine wisdom. Ammonius Saccas was styled the God-taught, because he received his knowledge from his Higher Self, and not from outside teachers. Christ claimed that what he did, he did not of himself, "but the Father (that is, the Higher Self), within me, He doeth the works."

Each one gains results and benefits according to his nature and his needs. This article is quite personal. My aim is to present what are facts to me, rather than speculations or belief in other possible results. From this viewpoint the effects of Theosophical teachings upon the life appear to me as follows:

1. An appreciation of other races.
2. A greater tolerance of the religions of other countries and people.
3. Fixing the blame of our unhappy lot and all one's sickness, loss, poverty and the whole train of miseries, upon ourselves. From this necessarily arises the conviction:
  - a. That we must create new and better conditions.
  - b. That complaints are useless and that we should take up life where we find it with as much cheerfulness and patience as we can summon.
4. A growing idea that "I" am not this animal man and, therefore, "I" can control it.
5. The displacement of vain prayers, by efforts to understand the Higher Self.
6. Cessation of worship of form as a religious act. This is a purely personal result.
7. A just recognition of all Saviors and Masters.
8. A growing consciousness of something within, which we have called God and tried to reach outside.

## SPIRITUAL REBIRTH

By Aquila Kempster

**W**HILE considering this subject, so many interesting angles confront one that it becomes evident that in a short introductory paper like the present nothing more can be considered than one or two of the most obvious phases. And I think probably the most familiar and yet most illusive of these are to be found in the New Testament teaching.

Of course, the general idea of the Christian church regarding regeneration or spiritual rebirth, or being saved, is fairly simple and, after all, a material conception. Usually a man's conversion—supposing it to be thorough and sincere, actual spiritual rebirth—seems, according to the church, to occur in two ways. First, a man of ordinary moral calibre, neither particularly good nor bad, gradually and by slow degrees becomes what is called sanctified. The process is recognized as long as it appears to be extremely difficult to draw any sharp dividing line between the ordinary good man, who keeps all the law and the prophets, and the one who is declared sanctified. Such a man takes no short cuts, neither has he any very drastic experiences to cause him to desire such cuts.

Another man, however, in whom the church is—if it is following sincerely after the methods of Christ—much more interested, is the plain, unregenerate sinner, who becomes what is called convicted of sin, which really means that his soul has become sated with the particular line of experiences it has received, and demands a change of diet. The turn in such cases is frequently sharp and radical; far more



so than the apparent cause may seem to justify. It may be accomplished during the stress of purely psychic emotion—perhaps even under the profane sledge-hammer blows of a Billy Sunday, who, intellectually considered, may be infinitely the inferior of the man he converts.

Now, if we accept the idea of these two men—the one gradually and the other suddenly reborn—as it is quite possible they may have been, no matter how or by what apparently inadequate means, if we accept the fact that they are, truly spiritually reborn, what are we to suppose has happened to them? That they have suddenly become spiritual giants? Mahatmas? Masters? Surely not; or else the word "birth" is wrongly indicated. Besides which, experience disproves any such ability to leap from hell to heaven at a single bound. In addition, let me suggest that possibly it is erroneous to suppose that the intellectual heads of the Christian churches believe in any such fallacy. They do, however, follow the example of Jesus, and refrain from telling all they know, lest they hurt some little one who is not yet able to bear the truth. Take the Roman church, for instance, with its myriads of unintellectual dependents, only held back from savagery by their abject credulity, by their ignorant bigotry. These have to be developed, led, held in bounds by methods suited to their capacities. They can understand only gross material things, and so are led slowly on by the ideas of a personal God, a material heaven, and a real fiery hell. The very gross materiality of their spiritual ideas, that we are apt to criticise too quickly, is all that holds many an Italian, aye, and many a hot-blooded Irishman back from too strenuous methods of accomplishing his desires. Suppose their priests teach them Theosophy with its reasonableness, with its kama loca in place of an imminent hell of real fire, with rewards and punishments infinitely delayed—for so it would appeal to them—what would be the result? It would undoubtedly be taking the crutches away from the cripple, and surely the elder brothers are too wise to do any such thing.

However, to return to the idea of spiritual rebirth. I

have thought it might be interesting to consider two bible cases, which seem to constitute a paradox. That need not seem surprising, I suppose, as we are warned by those who may be assumed to know, that the methods of expression on the spiritual plane are directly opposite to those we use and understand on this, our human, material plane. Hence the necessity apparently for special senses by which we shall be able to understand the operations of spirit.

The paradox in the two cases I want to call attention to consists in the fact that the one man was sincerely anxious to find the truth, or that which should enable him to be spiritually reborn. Yet, despite his earnest effort to find the way, he quite missed it. The second man was in no wise desirous of finding the way; in fact, when he heard of the way he was violently opposed to it, and yet was forced into it. Both these men were Pharisees, and therefore disciples of the highest intellectual schools of their day. Both, as far as we can gather, were sincere, broad-minded men. The first was Nicodemus, and the second, Saul of Tarsus.

It will be remembered that Nicodemus was a ruler in Israel, who came to Jesus by night in order to learn what the truth was, that he might be saved by it. And the first words Jesus spoke proved the seeker's undoing. He said: "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God"; meaning, presumably, by the kingdom of God, that truth his visitor had come to seek.

Now the Pharisees and Saducees were undoubtedly the most intellectual Jews of their time. Their schools of philosophy with such leaders as Gamaliel and Philo, whose fame we have with us even today, were mostly devoted to the study of the Law; and by Law was meant, not law as we understand it today, but the law of God, of Jehovah, as interpreted by their law givers from Moses down to the then present head of the council of the Sanhedrin. So we may assume that this Nicodemus, being a ruler of the Jews and a Pharisee, was a more than average intellectual man,

and would be learned in religious matters. Evidently he was open-minded, and anxious to hear the truth or he would never have risked his official reputation by going to an uneducated and discredited provincial like Jesus.

But when Jesus said that to understand the truth he must be born again, this intellectual man could not make head nor tail of the matter. Of course, it is only fair in this connection to remember that the idea was absolutely new to this man, while we and our forbears have had it dinned into us for nineteen hundred years; so perhaps we should not consider him too dense about the matter. Anyway, we have him accepting the words as they sounded in his ears, at their face value; and they evidently meant nothing in the world to him. So we find him voicing his perplexity: "How can a man be born again? Can he enter a second time into his mother's womb and be born?"

And what does Jesus answer? Surely, seeing this man's evident sincerity he would make some attempt at elucidation. But no; presumably he saw that despite his visitor's intellectuality and sincerity, he was quite unable to perceive the truth, because his spiritual eyes and ears were still unopen. So he merely reproaches him with gentle sarcasm, saying: "Art thou a master of Israel, and knowest not these things?"

Then later, as if commenting in his own mind on the condition of this seeker after truth, he further complicates matters for poor Nicodemus—and probably for many of us, his descendants—by uttering this pregnant saying: "The wind bloweth where it listeth and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth. So is every one that is born of the spirit."

Now we come to the other Pharisee, who was not seeking, and yet was chosen, distinctly against his will, which seems to me to be the very kernel of the suggested paradox. This man, Saul of Tarsus, was a disciple of Gamaliel and a Pharisee of the Pharisees, as he often proclaimed. And, externally at least, there was no gradual growth into spiritual understanding. One moment we find him a violent persecutor of the Christians, and the next Christ's foremost intellectual protagonist.

Now, accepting the story in its bald materiality, that one Saul of Tarsus, while on the way to Damascus to arrest certain Christians, was stricken suddenly and without warning, and that he really heard the voice of God reproaching him with: "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" Suppose, I say, we accept that literally, and in view of what is known of the subjective mind and its possibilities, I, for one, would feel very chary about repudiating it. But, accepting it, there arises the interesting question: why the swift conversion of Saul, who did not want to be converted, and the rejection of Nicodemus, who did.

Both, as we have seen, were highly intellectual men, as deduced from the fact that they were Pharisees of high standing. And it is only fair to remember that these sects of Saducees and Pharisees were, despite the scathing denunciations of Jesus because of their attitude toward his teachings, which they naturally regarded from their intellectual standpoint as illogical and misleading, these sects, despite all suggested New Testament criticism, were recognized as the very flower of intellectual and religious culture. So the point here in question is why Saul and Nicodemus, both men of social prominence and educated in the same philosophical and religious schools, should be so separated in the ability to understand spiritual knowledge. Saul, spoken to suddenly, recognizes the purport, the meaning back of God's words to him; but Nicodemus utterly fails to understand the words of Jesus.

The only solution that seems adequate is that Saul's spiritual faculties had been gradually opening long before—possibly many lives before—the word that waked him to his new spiritual life was spoken. This would, of course, account for his quick recognition of the meaning back of the spoken words, and his unquestioning acceptance of that meaning as applicable to an immediate and radical change of life.

And Nicodemus, who failed despite his willingness? Well, it seems to me he failed because he had been unconsciously feeding on and accepting words as being real things,

and so had failed to even learn the alphabet of the spiritual ideas of which they are such poor symbols. He was bound fast to his belief in the meaning of words themselves, and, as has been clearly indicated, the holding on to words themselves, rather than using them simply as doors, as it were, to lead us to other things than themselves, will bind us as surely as it bound Nicodemus. The door idea might lead to another simile. Suppose above a door through which all humanity must enter, is written, "Enter all who can." The door is shut, and most of those desiring to enter strive to pull it outwards; and the more they pull so, the less possible it is to enter, because the door opens inwards. They insist on interpreting the word "enter" in their own way, and as long as they so insist, they never enter. But perhaps a little child, who has not been spoiled with erudite instructions concerning the derivation and the root and the intellectual meaning of the writing above the door, and has no strength to wrestle with the refractory barrier, or wisdom to argue about it, but desiring to go in, gives the door a perfectly natural push; then the door yields inward, and the child passes through where strong men have failed to pass. This illustration may seem inadequate and absurd. The man who pulled and failed, it might be said, would just naturally change his tactics, and push. But in life, real life, does he? Doesn't he keep on pulling out and insisting that that is the right way, because, perhaps, his father and his father's father have always pulled. And we are told that the difficulty of this entering the kingdom is just as foolishly simple as that, and that all through the ages intellect has been the great and final stumbling block. Because, you see, an intellectual man has become so clever that he can produce an irrefutable argument to prove that the door can and must be opened by pulling it out. But the foolish little one that does not even know what the philosopher is talking about, what his words about pulling means, and therefore is not embarrassed by any doubts, but follows simply the leadings of the inner spirit, pushes its way in.

This, I am sure, will not be taken as any suggestion of criticism of the necessity—the absolute necessity—of the



very highest mental development. That has got to be worked for, sweated for, and dug for, and is surely our chief end and aim—in the matter of externals. But to suppose that because I have made myself proficient in Greek and Latin, in all the classics in fact; that I can hold my own successfully with an Oxford Senior Wrangler; that as a logician I can demonstrate truth with the metaphysical exactness of a Hegel or the empirical logic of Mill or the formal argument of a Kant. Suppose all this and tell me if it makes the mysteries of Art, for instance, one whit clearer to me? If I have no color sense, whether all my intellect will stimulate the passionate understanding, the feeling for and love of color that some men certainly have? To those who have not this instinctive feeling for color in painting, the illustration should appear even more forcibly, for you will naturally say with Nicodemus, "What is he talking about?" But if for painting we substitute poetry, or music, some will undoubtedly understand my meaning and make the same application from your own knowledge of your own emotion produced by the rhythmic spirit of the poetry or music that appeals to you. And if you will agree that intellectual knowledge can never create in you that intense appreciation that often amounts to passion, for color in painting, or music or poetry—which are all subjective in quality and essentially things of the soul—then logically, you must agree that intellectuality cannot introduce you into the kingdom of heaven, which is in itself the very essence of pure subjectivity.

But it has been protested that the external intellect, the mind, must be developed first, so that I shall know how to use the inner knowledge when, in the course of time, my inner, spiritual senses gradually unfold and reveal it to me. I believe that way is quite possible, and we must of necessity each follow according to what light we have.

Jesus, however, expressly laid down the rule that we were to seek first the kingdom of God—which he specifically stated to be within us, and therefore subjective—and that if we so sought this inner wisdom, all the rest should be added to us. Personally, I feel absolutely certain that what he said was the exact, literal truth. No amount of intellect will ever



translate spirit, but the development of the spiritual senses will render the acquisition of intellectual understanding a far easier matter than if it is attempted without such spiritual unfoldment. However, we surely do not need to become apologists for any words of Jesus. Besides, no one will be moved to seek this inner unfolding until his time is ripe and then neither intellect nor lack of it, neither the advice of sages or fools, will hold him back; for he will suddenly realize that the time has come to be about his Father's business. And what is more, he will never be left in the slightest doubt about the nature of that business and his ability to perform it.

As to the conversion of Saul of Tarsus, we have considered, when comparing it with the failure of Nicodemus, to have been due to a possibly long period of spiritual gestation carried on for perhaps many incarnations, before the actual externalization of the priest became visible. Still, even so allowing, we rarely get the swift change that translated Saul into Paul. Rather we have coming into visibility, usually at best, a spiritual babe, swathed still in the swaddling clothes of environment and education of heredity, and the almost insupportable pressure about his sensitive soul of the potent mass of antagonistic opinions and dogmatic beliefs. And as our babe begins to stir and struggle out of these bandages, which, in the past have been such serviceable and comfortable aids, he discovers that he is not a giant like Paul at all, but just a little child who struggles rather futilely, and stumbles perhaps oftener than his brother, who has not yet been born again, and is still living, big and lusty, in the life of sense that he has learned to understand and react to. But our baby has not learned to understand, to react to this new environment. Yet, he naturally confuses at first the vision of his physical perceiving with his spiritual. He does not know how to shut his ears to the big outside world that is still clamoring noisily about him and drowning the soft whisperings of his soul—those whisperings in which he knows he is most intensely interested, yet cannot always catch because of the tumult about him. But always with the babe there is one who signifies the way, the method by which

the new soul may live and grow. So a growing distaste for the outside noise and tumult drives the little brother to solitude, even as the spirit drove Jesus into the wilderness at the beginning of his career, so that he might be tempted and learn his own strength.

By solitude is not necessarily or even usually meant any kind of retirement from the world or from any aspect of his work-a-day life in it. It is rather a turning within for a while and learning to use his new spiritual sense; first, in place of, then in harmony with, his external ones. So we find this neophyte ceases from all talking, from all argument; he becomes a quiet, thoughtful man. He criticizes nothing, but rather listens neutrally to all things, and, as a spectator, watches their effect upon his own soul; and this withdrawal is necessary, if only as a matter of reserving energy for the trials which later will certainly test him severely. For our spiritual babe has not, as has sometimes been suggested, been born into any condition of sublimated bliss. True, angels occasionally minister unto him; and also, when he gets a little accustomed to his new condition, which is indeed almost the exact opposite from all he has previously known, when he learns to be still and have confidence that he is really safe and will not take a sudden tumble back, when he begins to see that all these wonderful new ways of thinking and doing and being are really practical and matter-of-fact, and that two and two make four, just the same in this new life as they did in the old; when, in fact, he really gains confidence and begins to react to his new environments, he knows that he has won to a new and infinitely higher state of consciousness. But he also surely realizes that the piper has to be paid exactly the same as in all other environments, however high or low. Occasionally to those who have not yet been reborn, there are vouchsafed some few hints of the tasks confronting even those babies just toddling over the threshold of the new life. To speak generally, those who have passed forward warn us that all our best efforts which we regard here on the plane of sense as really pretty good achievement, will have to be intensified enormously when we

aspire to spiritual doing. We are told that the body with its nerve system must absolutely be brought under perfect control; that we will have to concentrate our efforts right; that we shall control all impulse; and thus at the very start of our spiritual career we find ourselves deprived of the right to use what has probably been our easiest, and certainly laziest, method of getting over our problems in our ordinary human sense life. For impulse is of the relics of that infallible instinct, with which we were provided in the animal days when we had no minds with which to reason problems out. So, through our human lives we have continued to cling to these instinctive judgments, and probably from memory of their past infallibility, to still trust them today. But, as we evolve away from the animal, where impulse was a true guide, we recognize that it grows less and less to be depended on, till at last, perhaps, a few of us discard it altogether, recognizing that it is better in the long run to forego a possible chance of being right, by trusting to a non-understood impulse, than to hold on to a habit that has become so evidently nothing better than a chance hit or miss proposition. In this new life, we will have to take each problem, the simplest as well as the deepest, and dig deep down to its roots, and learn its beginning and its end before we act on it. Then, when we do so we shall act knowingly, and can always afterwards meet any similar problem by applying the same principle which we have so arduously delved for. So our little one will choose to make many mistakes perhaps, through declining to follow impulse rather than trust it blindly any longer. But the mistakes will only be understood as such by the still unborn; the reborn will realize each as the necessary price to be paid, and will pay it cheerfully.

So we find our neophyte begins very soon to realize that the mere matter of being good does not begin to be sufficient. He was good long ages ago, and had to descend into matter and forget his goodness in order to become something else through long and drastic experiences. So, instead of goodness—which is, of course, taken for granted like breathing—he becomes aware that his real goal is efficiency. And efficiency for him means what? Perfect mental understanding

of every problem as it rises, and perfect cooperation of all physical, mental, and spiritual energy, in order to perfectly express the intentions of the problem; such, for instance, as turning thought into action without the enormous loss of energy with which the smallest operation of that kind is performed by us today. He learns above all things, I imagine, to cease from striving and worrying and fretting. He goes about his own and his father's business—which are the same—quietly, thoughtfully, and efficiently; and when he is really expressing the ultimate of effort, he will seem, like the spinning top, most still.

But suppose our child dislikes this strenuous effort, as some do, as some have done, and sits down and satisfies himself with the dreaming of dreams without following actions, as he may, for he will discover wonderful subjective capacities. If he holds to these over long he is liable to get many a rude awakening. For if being spiritually reborn means anything to me, it means infinitely greater responsibilities, and with them many consequent dangers that can only be met and overcome by the most diligent and faithful cooperation with the inner spiritual guide and monitor. A very little carelessness, a very little deliberate laziness, is liable to lead to disaster. The story of the spirit driving Jesus into the wilderness is not told for nothing. It represents the fact that even the reborn are not actually emancipated; that there are many drastic trials and temptations before us; that our victory over them is not a foregone conclusion. Otherwise the tempting would be a mere farce. The story as told of Jesus' temptation perhaps does not sound—because of the very quiet and almost classical way of its telling—particularly impressive. We can hardly realize that he was actually tempted. But when our hour comes I have little doubt that temptations are going to try us and sift us down to the last dregs of our souls. And if we are found wanting? Well, time is long, and the gods are patient, but very thorough. And it would probably mean another long term or probation, of waiting; another descent into matter; but this time with our spiritual eyes open, though blurred with the illusions of sense. We should be liable to be psychics, who though see-

ing the good, and discerning truth, are yet obsessed by matter, by evil, by illusion, once more; and going down, down, down into it till we had drained the very last dregs of the cup.

Think of that! Knowing, understanding, desiring the truth, the beautiful, with one side of us—the higher, the spiritual side—yet being condemned by the other side, the human, sensual side, that had refused to make the perfect atonement, to be again degraded in matter till the human side, too, cries “enough!”

We get from the Bible quite strange teachings. First, that the Kingdom of Heaven is not a gift to any man, and can only be taken by violence—like a strong man taketh a city. Secondly, it almost seems that the wicked man has a better chance of progress when he is chosen, than the righteous who need no saving. Probably this is because the average defiant spirit of the wicked man is such a drastic spirit that he will put all he has and is into spiritual progress when his opportunity comes, even as he put it into evil-doing. But the righteous man is quietly righteous all the time and is liable to be satisfied with much slower progress. Jesus said, practically, that he was not interested in the righteous, but in the sinners; and one of the prophets, speaking for the Lord, said: “They that are neither hot nor cold, Lo! I will spew them out of my mouth.” Krishna, too, makes special mention of the welcome of the wicked man, assuring that when he comes to him all his wickedness will fall away from him. That such is the peculiar opportunity of the wicked is instanced by the fact that it has become a popular proverb that, the greater the sinner the greater the saint.

Of course we will not misunderstand this as a contention in favor of sin. Rather I have suggested it for consideration as a peculiar angle of the subject, much as that other angle noted in Jesus’ statement, that he spoke in parables to the people, not to make the truth easier for their understanding, but, on the contrary, “lest they should understand and repent and be saved.” Think of that: lest they should understand and repent and be saved, clearly suggesting that there were many whom it was not desirable to save, at least at that time.

So these are the apparent paradoxes to which I referred, and of which there is abundant corroborative testimony from all students of occult science. First we notice the apparent preference of the wicked over the righteous. Then Nicodemus, the earnest seeker is rejected, while Saul, the persecutor of the Christians, Saul, the man who was not seeking, finding against his will; and, lastly, the many who might repent and be saved, held back by deliberate intention of those high ones who hold our ways in their hands.

Instances almost without number chronicled in religious history tend to pile up irrefutable testimony that the ways of God or spirit are indeed far apart from the ways of man, and cannot be judged by man until in him is born a new spiritual understanding. And when will that be for us? Well, who can say? I cannot inform you, neither can you inform me. It may be close upon us, whispering even now, and what it whispers will be your secret, which you will never reveal; and if perchance you would reveal it, you could not. For while it will speak to your soul with wisdom and authority, you will never be able to translate your message for me, or I mine for you, because words will not do it, and actions are mostly misunderstood.

I wonder if I may be allowed in conclusion to take refuge for the discrepancies and seeming indiscretions of this attempt to define by any limitations the indefinable, in the apology of Saint Augustine, when, as head of the Christian Church, he was asked to elucidate some such spiritual mystery as our present subject. His reply has long been a stumbling block to the over literal, but it is just about how I feel. He said: "If you ask me I do not know; but if you do not ask me I know very well."





# THE SWASTIKA IN RELATION TO PLATO'S ATLANTIS AND THE PYRAMID OF XOCHICALCO

By M. A. Blackwell.

Part X.

Knife, Sword, Arrow, Spear.

IN different ages and countries the knife was regarded as an amulet having the power to ward off evil. In American symbolism the flint knife had several meanings. It was regarded as the sacred producer of the "vital spark". A name for it was Tecpatl. In the Codices this tecpatl-symbol sometimes bears the curved symbol of air or breath, thus signifying it carries the spark or breath of life. The flint knife is also symbol of the north and of fire. One representation of a Mexican deity shows him descending from above with a flint knife (tecpatl) issuing from his mouth. The flint knife encased with wrappings was called "the son" of Cihuacoatl, the earth-mother, and was regarded as a special symbol of hers. In one of the myths relating to the creation of man, it is said "there was a god in heaven named Shining Star (Citlal-Tonac) and a goddess named She of the Starry Skirt (Citlal Cue), who gave birth to a flint knife (Tecpatl). Their other children affrighted (or alarmed) at this, cast the flint down from the sky. It fell to earth at the place named Seven-Caves and broke into 1,600 pieces. Each of these pieces became a god or goddess. This may mean that the flint in striking the earth gave forth numerous sparks which gave life or vitality to many beings.<sup>1</sup>

The flint knife, arrow and cane are associated with fire. At the commencement of a cycle of years, the ceremony

<sup>1</sup> Zelia Nuttall, *Fundamental Principles of Old and New World Civilizations*, Peabody Museum Papers, Vol. II, 1901, pp. 46, 55.

of kindling the New Fire was associated with a calendar sign called ome-catl, two-cane. Two-cane or Ome-catl is the name of a divinity. An example of the caneshaft of an arrow resting on the head is shown in Figure 1, Plate 30. This figure symbolizes dual divinity; each head is crowned with the caneshaft of the arrow. The symbol of the Tecpatl (flint knife) is between them as the issue of their union.<sup>2</sup>

The knife as a symbol of the powers of Deity is shown in connection with the cross, Figure 2, Plate 30.—The flint knife is attached to the body with a double bow and hanging ends. The feet rest on "dual" symbols. These symbols touch a slab on which the cross and other symbols are shown.<sup>3</sup> The outspread body resembles a cross. In place of a head there is the symbol "lamat". (This sign and word have been referred to in *The Word*, May, 1914, p. 184). The entire figure symbolizes "creation," life giving powers of deity, the above and below, the Center and Four Quarters.

Thunderbolts were believed to be flints, and thus, as an emblem of fire and the storm, this stone figures in many myths. But one may say that all sharp pointed objects, anything that could cleave, cut, or be cast, were emblematic of deity. Swords and spears are included. We also find the swastika associated with them. Figure D, Plate 31, gives an example. This is an ancient spear-head of iron from Brandenburg, Germany.<sup>4</sup> On this spear are several symbols, one is the swastika with arms turning to the left; this may be construed to represent the feminine as the spear symbolizes the masculine. Both are "creation symbols".

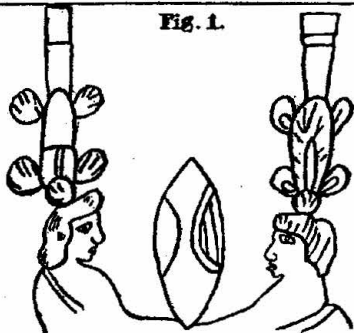
The symbols on the spear are shown above with the meanings given to each by Waring, see Figure C, Plate 31. The word spear is equated with spire, spore (a seed and also a track), espoir (hope), and aspire. The spire or pinnacle was once widely revered as a symbol of "pan ak el", the universal Great God pointing to the stars.<sup>5</sup> The Sky-Father is

<sup>2</sup>Waring, *Ceramic Art in Remote Ages*, Plate 44.

<sup>3</sup>In a later article these three sounds will be translated into Maya equivalents.

## PLATE 30.

Fig. 1.



"DUAL DIVINITY". EACH HEAD CROWNED WITH THE GANE SHAFT OF AN ARROW. THE FLINT KNIFE IS THE ISSUE OF THEIR UNION.

Fig. 3.



THE ARROW, SYMBOL OF LIFE PRODUCING FORCE, RESTING ON A SYMBOL BETWEEN THE "CELESTIAL PARENTS". COMPARE WITH PLATE 29, PREVIOUS ARTICLE.

Fig. 2.

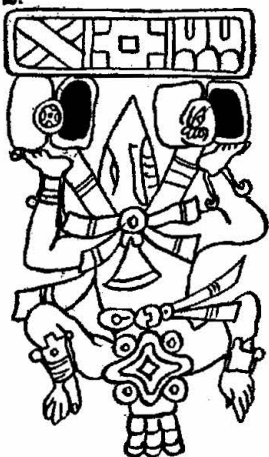
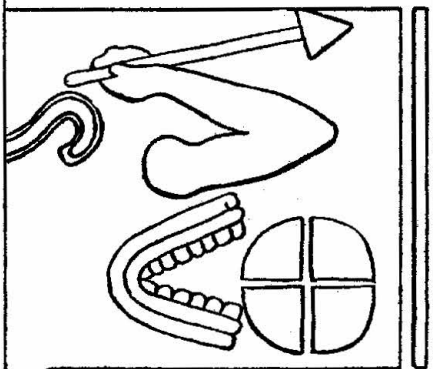


FIGURE SYMBOLIZING "CREATION".

Fig. 4.



FRAGMENT OF A FRIEZE ON THE NORTH SIDE OF THE PYRAMID OF XOCHIGALCO. SECOND STORY.

THE OUTLINE OF THE BODY ABOVE, (FIG. 2.), FORMS THIS FIGURE. COMPARE WITH JOVE'S THUNDERBOLT, (FIG. C.) AND RUNE ON ARROW-HEAD, (FIG. F.), ON PLATE 31.



FIGS. 5 & 6  
FACES FROM  
SCULPTURES ON  
THE PYRAMID OF  
XOCHIGALCO.  
NOTE THE EYES.



In Figure 4 note how flame (or speech motive) touches the spear.  
This flame of life is also shown as decoration on the ancient knife from Denmark Plate 31. Symbols of fire, air, water, and earth were engraved on ancient knives, spears or arrows. These instruments were emblems of the God-of-the-sky, — God-of-the-Lightning or Giver of the vital spark, examples are given on Plate 31.

## PLATE 31.

Fig. A



ANCIENT KNIFE, DENMARK.

Fig. C.



MOON. FULL MOON, SUN OR HERTHA (EARTH) AIR. FIRE. THUNDERBOLT.

SIGNIFICANCE OF SYMBOLS ON THE SPEAR, (FIG. D), ACCORDING TO VÄRING.

Fig. D.

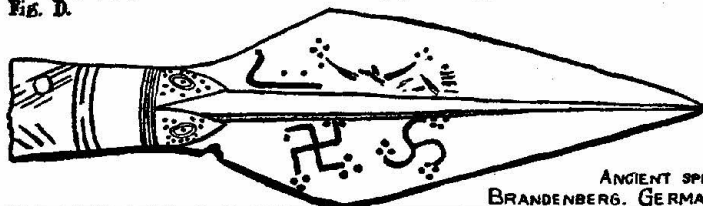
ANCIENT SPEAR.  
BRANDENBERG. GERMANY.

Fig. E.

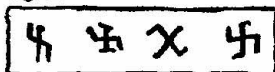
FOUR VARIANTS OF THE EARLY  
NORTHERN RUNIC "G".  
VÄRING, CERAMIC ART IN REMOTE  
AGES. PAGE 89.

Fig. F.

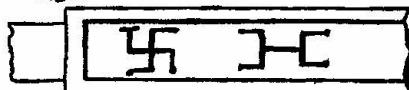
FRAGMENT OF A BONE ARROWHEAD MARKED WITH  
RUNES, FOUND IN THE VI MOSS DEPOSIT, DENMARK.  
VÄRING.

Fig. G.



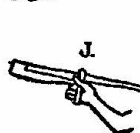
Fig. H.

BRONZE KNIFE FOUND IN A LAKE DWEL-  
LING, SWITZERLAND.  
KELLER, LAKE DWELLINGS. PLATE XX.

Fig. I.



Fig. J.



K.



L.



M.



O.



P.



Figures H and I—Ancient Assyrian bronze knives or scrapers.  
Figures J to P—Ancient Mexican atlatl. These are reproduced from "The ancient Mexican atlatl or spear-thrower" by Mrs. Zelia Nuttall, Peabody Museum Papers, 1888-1901.

associated with a pinnacle in the Maori lullaby,  
 "From Heaven's pinnacle thou comest,  
 O my Son,  
 Born of the very Sky  
 Of Heaven—that—Stands—Alone."

The sword is associated with the Deity and is referred to as "the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God." The "word" of God is enshrined in the word Sword, namely, se-word or is-word, the Fire or Light of the Word. The Anglo-Saxon for sword was "seax", the Fire of the Great Fire. In mythologies of consequence there is always included a dazzling and resistless sword of Light. The Japanese know it as the "cloud assembling sword of Heaven". A certain Eastern sword is called "krees", this weapon has the form waved like the tongue of flame.<sup>6</sup>

The arrow has the same significance as the flint knife and spear. The arrows of Apollo symbolized the lightning of the Supreme Power. The Greek terms for arrow were, ios, the light of the One; belos, the light of Bel; and toxouma, the resplendent great light of the Solar A. The Babylonians represented the Supreme Deity as an archer shooting a three headed arrow. A sign of the Zodiac is Sagittarius the Archer. The English word arrow was originally "arewe, the Light of the Ewe". In Sanscrit and Zend arrow is "ishu, the light of Hu".<sup>7</sup> An American myth states that "The sun shot an arrow towards the land of Texoco. It made a hole in the ground whence issued the first man". In Mexico and Yucatan, the arrow was revered as an image of life-producing force. In Figure 3, Plate 30, is shown a barbed arrow point between the "celestial parents".<sup>8</sup> This arrow rests on a symbol which is identical with that shown on the maxtli (breechcloth) of the god of breath or life, given on Plate 29 in *The Word*, February, 1915.

On the Pyramid of Xochicalco is carved a large arm and hand holding an arrow or spear. The arm is drawn up as

<sup>6</sup>H. Bayley, *The Lost Language of Symbolism*. Ephesians VI, v 17.

<sup>7</sup>H. Bayley, *The Lost Language of Symbolism*.

<sup>8</sup>Zelia Nuttall, *Fundamental Principles of Old and New World Civilizations*, Peabody Museum Papers, Vol. II, 1901.

if in the act of hurling the arrow. See Figure 4, Plate 30. Below this arm with the arrow, is a symbol of a conventionalized serpent head with open jaws, in the act of swallowing a round symbol with the cross. This may be construed in two ways. The serpent head symbolizes the ocean, which is swallowing the cross, symbol of the land of Atlantis.\* (The children of the Sun originated in Atlantis.) The arm of deity with the arrow is pointing away from the cross and serpent; and in this sense deity is not giving life to the land. This arrow is pointing to the West. The carving is part of the freize on the north side of the pyramid. This would be a consistent reading of the symbols if the theory is correct that this pyramid commemorates the destruction of a land. It means that the people who escaped went to the West. If we take into consideration that the ancients believed in re-incarnation, then the arrow pointing to the West meant that the souls of the drowned people would be re-born in the lands of the West. Another reading is possible. The serpent was symbol of many things. It symbolized the generative force of the Creator; the open mouth of a serpent "chi" meant primarily "mouth", but esoterically it meant "temple", the earth-mother, and so on. If the serpent head is taken as an emblem of the earth-mother, and the cross as symbol of creation, the reading is negative because the Deity is not bestowing the "vital spark". The arrow in the hand of deity is pointed away from the other symbols of the "temple and cross". This further confirms the theory that the pyramid commemorates the loss of life in a land. The first rendering of the symbols may be correct.

It is interesting to note in connection with the above that the word "chi" was also used to designate the door of a house, the mouth of a jar, the crater of a volcano, the eye of a needle; in fact almost anything that meant an opening. It was a word used in combination with many others. Brinton states that "chi" was added to the word "rakan" and formed one of the titles of a Quiche goddess, Chirakan Xmucane. This goddess and the god Xpiyacoc were the

\*The Word, May, 1914, pp. 112 to 115.



embodiments of the maternal and paternal powers of organic life. They were invoked to favor the germination of seeds, the creation of mankind; and were addressed as "ancestress of the sun, ancestress of the light". They were the parents of those mighty ones "whose name was Ahpu, masters of magic". One translation given says that Xmucane means tomb or grave.<sup>10</sup>

The word "rakan" was used as a terminal to proper names to express greatness in size or height. For anything gigantic or for a giant the word "hu rakan" was used. It was also the name of a deity or deities. In that part of the Quiche mythology which relates to the Gods of Storms, they are introduced as the three manifestations of Qux-cha, the Soul of the Sky, and collectively their name is Hurakan. "Cakulha Hurakan is the first, Chipi-cakulha is the second, Raxa-cakulha is the third, and these are the Soul of the Sky". In another part of the mythology we read, "Speak therefore our name, honor your mother, your father, call ye upon Hurakan, Chipi-cakulha, Raxa-cakulha, Soul of the Earth, Soul of the Sky, Creator, Maker, Her who brings forth, Him who begets, speak, call upon us". Cakulha means lightning; Raxa-cakulha, the flash of the lightning. Brasseur de Bourbourg gives Chipi-cakulha as the trail of the flash of lightning (*le sillonment de l'eclair*). Chip is used to designate the latest, youngest of children or fingers, and so on. The name Hurakan has been judged difficult to translate. It was a word used in the West Indies to designate the tornado of those latitudes. It is said to have passed into the European languages from the early navigators, under the forms of ouragan, huracan, hurricane. In the mythology of the Americans there is Cabrakan, god of the earthquake, who shakes the solid earth and topples over the lofty mountains. The Caribs said the god Hurakan tore the islands of the West Indian Archipelago away from the mainland. He heaped up the bluffs and sand hills along the

<sup>10</sup> <sup>11</sup> Daniel Brinton, *Essays of an Americanist*. The Sacred names in Quiche Mythology.

shores.<sup>11</sup> Have we not in this Carib legend the record of a geological fact? Are myths not history in disguise?

The word "hu" is a Maya radical of many vocables, meaning ruin, destruction. LePlongeon used this word and Maya symbols to translate a design on the pyramid of Xochicalco, meaning edifices were caused to crumble by earthquakes, fire and water.<sup>12</sup> If the two symbols H and U are considered, it gives a masculine and a feminine symbol to express the sound of Hu. This may be construed to mean duality of the god, but Brinton states that there is a sort of trinity or triple nature in the words alluding to the storm. For example "the first of Hurakan is the lightning; the second, the track of the lightning; third, the stroke of the lightning; and these three are Hurakan, the heart of the Sky". This conception of three in one was above the understanding of the masses, consequently these deities were spoken of as fourfold in nature, "three and one". The serpent was associated with lightning, and serpent atlatl were portrayed in the hands of gods. These were the swift throwers of fatal darts which will be referred to in the next article.

On Plate 31, are given examples of knives and Atlatl. These atlatl or spear-throwers were of various forms ranging from the simple to the elaborate. The instrument with which spears are thrown is called the atlatl. Some spears had three points. The finish and manner in which some of the atlatl were carved resembled the Chinese. There are a few examples of Mexican atlatl in the American Museum of Natural History in New York. Some atlatl were decorated with gold, pearls, rings of gold and feathers.. The cross is associated with the atlatl. See Figure M, Plate 31. The symbolism attached to this ceremonial cross-atlatl, was that one had the "power of sight." The Mexicans believed that the god Tezcatlipoca "saw all that happened in the universe". Gods were sometimes represented with circles or rings about the eyes. These were the emblem of constant watchfulness and powerful all-seeing vision.<sup>13</sup> On the second story of the

<sup>11</sup>The Word, November, 1913, p. 110.

<sup>12</sup>Zelia Nuttall, The Atlatl or Spear-thrower, Peabody Museum, Archaeological & Ethnological Papers, 1881-1901.

Pyramid of Xochicalco are carved figures of seated lords or gods, who have these rings or circles around the eyes. The figures on the lower (first) terrace do not have these rings. This would seem to indicate that the figures on the first terrace were intended to represent the kings who were ordinary men. While the figures on the second terrace represent lords or gods. See Figures 5, 6, Plate 30.

Figure O, Plate 31, is an atlatl which was held in the hand of the "Blue lord", given on Plate 25, *The Word*, December, 1914. This atlatl was blue along the body of the serpent. The tongue was red with white forked tips, red and yellow colored the other parts, except the two plumes, which were green. The other figures are described in the captions. The two curved atlatl Figures K and L will be referred to in the next article.

*(To be continued.)*

