

# THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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OTHER heights in other lives, God willing. — *Robert Browning*

## THEOSOPHY THE KEY TO ANCIENT SYMBOLISM:

by H. T. Edge, B. A. (Cantab.), M. A.



N ancient Greece," says Andrew Lang in *The Illustrated London News*,

had we found ourselves on a certain day at Plataeae in Boeotia, we should have seen a rude wooden image of a woman, dressed in bridal finery and drawn in a chariot to which oxen were yoked. To meet it, down the mountain-side, came the priestess of Hera, the Queen of Heaven, with a crowd of Plataean women. She went up to the car, lifted the bridal veil of the wooden image, broke out into a fit of laughter, walked in advance of the car, and at the end of the ceremony . . . she burned the wooden image.

The Plataeans said the performance commemorated a quarrel between Hera and her husband Zeus. Hera, being jealous, was sulking in the woods. The neighbors suggested the dressing-up of a wooden image like a bride, and having a mock wedding. Hera, supposing that her husband was taking a new wife, ran down the mountain and dragged away the veil; then burst into a fit of laughter and was cured of her jealousy.

Andrew Lang thinks this story was an explanation invented by the Greeks for a ceremony whose real meaning they had forgotten; but he mentions the theory of another man, which is "built on lines now very fashionable." Mr. Lang continues:

Whatever was explained forty years ago in connexion with the Dawn has now its source "in the return to life of a god, or goddess, of vegetation." Our misguided early ancestors are now said to have thought as constantly about vegetation as, forty years ago, they were held to have thought about the Dawn.

Forty years ago, a philosopher would have explained that Hera was an old name for the Dawn. It *must* be so, because she was sometimes called Europa, "the wide-shiner," and "of the golden throne," and dawn notoriously has a throne of gold. Now there is a phenomenon called "the false dawn," so the Aryans, in their poetic way, would say that the sky (Zeus) was thought to have played

his Dawn-wife false, with the false dawn, but that, on looking closely into the matter, Hera found that the false dawn was only a log of oak-wood.

Compare this with the following, clipped from a daily paper. In a notice of some Hittite sculptures representing a bearded man being overcome by two youths, occurs the remark: "It is believed to represent Spring overcoming Winter."

*Nil sapientiae odiosius acumine nimio* — "Nothing is more repugnant to wisdom than too much subtlety." Some of the Elizabethans, we are told, indulged in labored comparisons and over-ingenious elaborations of conceits; and surely here is an instance of the same weakness in the domain of archaeological speculation. But if, advancing from single instances, one reviews the whole field of this kind of speculation, its absurdity becomes still more apparent. The "solar myth" theory, together with its kin the weather theory, the dawn theory, the zodiac theory, etc., would have us regard antiquity as so pre-occupied with these familiar terrestrial and celestial phenomena as to be perpetually building statues and temples to them, composing elaborate epics to them, carving their symbols on rocks all over the globe.

Now there is probably something in these conjectures — we have no intention of imitating the objects of our criticism by running to an extreme ourselves — but that there is exaggeration cannot be denied. It is the grain of truth in the conjectures that lends them what plausibility they have. But the true explanation is surely something like the following. There are correspondences throughout all nature, and these are so universal and numerous that it is impossible to invent for one thing a symbol which will not at the same time denote another thing. Thus, if I carve a statue intended to denote the eternally self-renewing life of the Soul and its triumph over death, that symbol will also represent the triumph of Spring over Winter, of Dawn over Darkness, and so on indefinitely, according to the fancy or prepossession of the interpreter of the symbol.

As to ceremonials, we ourselves perform innumerable ones — religious, masonic, festal, social — whose true significance we do not understand. In explanation we sometimes indulge in various conjectures and at other times give it up in despair. Yet we continue to observe the ceremonies; and why do we do it? The true explanation in most cases is that the ceremonies at one time had a value that was understood; and that an instinct in us, which is deeper than intellection,

urges us to continue the form though we have forgotten the meaning and lost the spirit. In this way the forms are preserved until a return of the lost knowledge invests them once more with a genuine significance.

Many such symbolic rituals are survivors of the ancient Mysteries, whose teachings were to a great extent conveyed dramatically rather than orally. Such may well be the case with this Plataean ceremony. It is easy to trace in it a moral lesson — namely, the folly of jealousy, based on illusion, and dispelled by laughter. Such a drama, presented at stated times to the public, and forming part of a regular system of this kind of instruction, would thus constitute one of the functions of the ancient Schools of the Mysteries. Such dramas would be repeated by the people and perpetuated into times when their origin was forgotten; and they would be kept up as religiously as we keep up our Christmas festivals.

All those scenes among the Gods which have been described as solar myths or symbols of dawn and spring may be more reasonably explained as survivals of Mystery dramas. For thereby we ascribe to these symbols an origin whose importance is commensurate with the importance attached to them. The whole ancient world was not consumed with a perpetual wonder over the dawn or the path of the sun in the sky. But the Mysteries were once a mighty and universally revered institution. The truths they taught, by intimate instruction to the neophytes, and by dramatic representations to the body of the people, were those eternal truths which concern the welfare of every man in every age — the mysteries of Life and Death and the Soul. We see a king overcoming a great beast, which he seizes by the horn while he disembowels it. There are stories of golden apples, guarded by dragons, princesses won by valiant youths who fight all kinds of foes; all the countless classical, Teutonic, Indian, Scandinavian American Indian, etc., legends. Are they all expressions of the universal wonder at the dawn and the zodiac?

We have in our day nothing corresponding to the ancient Mysteries; nothing which can teach the mysteries of life and death and the Soul. We have instead creeds, sciences, social theories. What a loss is ours! Depend upon it, this about the Mysteries is the real clue to much that puzzles scholars in ancient history. For what end were those stupendous and magnificent temples built? What is the real meaning of those elaborate pantheons of animal-headed deities? All

this, and much more, is testimony to the existence of that great body of knowledge known as the Wisdom-Religion or Secret Doctrine, by which men were taught to *know themselves* and to invoke the power of the Higher Nature of man. And the teaching of Theosophy today is (in part) that every man shall invoke his own spiritual will and overcome the lower nature by the higher. Theosophy, therefore, furnishes the clue by which time-honored forms and ceremonies can be rightly interpreted.

### STYBARROW CRAG, ULLSWATER LAKE, ENGLAND:

by J. C.



THE Lake District of England is comprised within the counties of Cumberland, Westmoreland, and a small part of Lancashire. Not only is it celebrated for its picturesque beauty, but for the associations connected with the so-called "Lake Poets," who derived their inspiration largely therefrom. The highest mountains and the largest lakes in England are found in this miniature Switzerland, as it is called. Ullswater is the second largest lake of the sixteen English lakes, but it is not more than nine miles long by one quarter to three quarters of a mile wide. It amply makes up in beauty what it does not possess in size. There is no large town near Ullswater, and it is in much the same unspoiled condition as it was before the railways came to the neighborhood. A small steamer plies upon the water, but does not detract from the romantic beauty of the scenery. Mr. Pennell says in his delightful book on the English Lakes:

The banks of Ullswater are practically unspoiled. The villas that in some other lakes have seized upon conspicuous points and contributed nothing to the landscape but their own inharmonious presence scarcely trouble this one. Such habitations as are here have the dignity of broad acres and of sufficient age to have surrounded themselves with woodlands that now spread far and wide in rich maturity. Near Howtown, the mountain wilderness, over which the only wild red deer left in the north of England have still a range of some forty square miles, begins to rise with something of savage grandeur from the water's edge.

The upper or southern half of the lake is the most impressive, the cliffs rising sheer to a height of over two thousand feet at Place Fell, opposite Stybarrow Crag. There are three reaches in the lake, the lower or northern one being comparatively tame. There is good fish-

ing in the lake, which is two hundred and ten feet deep. Trout are abundant because the voracious fresh-water wolf, the pike, is absent. The deer on the mountains are not hunted systematically, and so they thrive too. Ullswater must have been even more secluded in Wordsworth's day than now. He speaks of the wonderful perfection achieved by the art of news transmission at the time of the battle of Trafalgar (1809), the report of which he received only *three weeks* after it took place, when sitting at breakfast at Patterdale, the village at the southern end of Ullswater.

Near Ullswater there are many so-called Druidical Circles, one of which, at Mayborough, is a very large one. It is one hundred yards in diameter and has a large upright stone in the center, probably the remains of some trilithon. Encircling the stones there is a high artificial bank covered with oaks, ashes, and sycamores, setting off the inclosure in an unusual way. This was one of the more important centers of high ceremonial in ancient times, how many thousands or hundreds of thousands of years ago who can say!

A mile or so from Stybarrow Crag is Airey Force, a romantic valley with a rushing stream. Ancient medieval legends cluster around this spot, but it is a remarkable fact that beyond the names of the mountains, etc., which are very significant, in the wild parts of the English Lake District there is little or nothing left of prehistoric tradition. The practical race who took possession of the country drove out the romance, which has now to be sought in the Celtic lands. Speaking of Airey Force, Wordsworth says:

Not a breath of air  
Ruffles the bosom of this leafy glen.  
From the brook's margin, wide around, the trees  
Are stedfast as the rocks; the brook itself,  
Old as the hills that feed it from afar,  
Doth rather deepen than disturb the calm  
Where all things else are still and motionless.  
And yet, even now, a little breeze, perchance  
Escaped from boisterous winds that rage without,  
Has entered by the sturdy oaks unfelt:  
But to its gentle touch how sensitive  
Is the light ash! that, pendant from the brow  
Of yon dim cave, in seeming silence makes  
A soft-eyed music of slow-waving boughs,  
Powerful almost as vocal harmony  
To stay the wanderer's steps and soothe his thoughts.

## THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN: by T. Henry



AS to the antiquity of man, we read in a sort of catechism in a newspaper that he has been on earth —

At least 100,000 years; possibly 500,000; perhaps much longer.

Which is sufficiently vague and indicates that there is no basis for dogmatizing. As to the age of civilization, we glean from the same source —

How much of this period is included in history? About 10,000 years.

Before that, all is prehistoric, and is generally considered not to come under the heading of civilized.

Many authorities still maintain that no traces of man are found earlier than the Pleistocene, but so eminent an authority as Sir Ray Lankester has recently shown, from some chipped flints in the Red Crag of Suffolk, that man must have existed in Pliocene times. *The Secret Doctrine* puts physical man as far back as Mesozoic times, and doubtless anthropology will by stages approximate to that date. It is worth while recalling the recent admissions with regard to the Galley Hill Man.

The "Galley Hill Man" was found in the upper (100 feet) gravel terrace of the Thames Valley at Galley Hill near Northfleet in 1888; and though geologists at the time refused to believe that the remains belonged to the strata in which they were found, subsequent examination has convinced experts, both at home and abroad, that they were imbedded when the level of the Thames was ninety to one hundred feet higher than it is today. Professor Arthur Keith, Conservator of the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, writing in the *Illustrated London News* last year, calculates, as his most conservative estimate, from the geological data at his disposal, that we cannot assign an antiquity of less than 170,000 years to this man.

One hundred and seventy thousand years; and now read what the same authority tells us about the characteristics of this ancient man.

Turning now to what can be told of this ancient Briton from a study of the remains, one is struck with the modernity of the type. . . . His brain was somewhat below that of the average modern man in size, but bigger than is often found in highly intelligent people. The lesson that the Galley Hill man has brought home to anthropologists and archaeologists is that the modern type of man — the man who has shed all traces of simian traits in face, feature, and body — is infinitely older than we have hitherto supposed.

There is no evidence that the man of that remote epoch was any

more elementary than the man of today; so that, if the accepted ideas of evolution are to be maintained, the age of man must be put immensely far back. And then arises another difficulty; for it becomes necessary to put the anthropoid apes farther back also, which is contrary to the facts. What the facts actually show is that so far back as we can trace man, we can find no specimens more rudimentary than many types that still exist on earth. Since we have now, and have had all through history, civilized and savage men living side by side, the inference is that the same was the case in ancient times, unless there is strong evidence to the contrary. But the evidence does not even afford decent material for special pleading by any one with a preconceived opinion. The customary simian-evolution hypothesis was made in deference to a theoretical conception of human history based on scientific generalizations.

The so-called aboriginal races are the remains of people that once stood on a much higher scale, as is now generally admitted; so that their existence points far more to the Theosophical than to the usual anthropological position. Moreover we have direct evidence of the antiquity of civilization in the art-works of the Chimus of Peru, and in the fact that the Egyptian civilization must have had a long past behind it.

Religion and science were in conflict last century, but now we often find that dogmatism in science (not Science itself or its worthy exponents) is linked with dogmatism in religion in a partnership. Archaeological books are published by religious societies, and orthodoxy is ready to show that it can lie down peaceably with its former dreaded foe. Creed is willing to occupy the room left over for it by evolutionary theories, for the more wonderful we make nature out to be, the more need there is for a deity or some kind of spiritual machinery in it.

But the spectacle of matter evolving through all stages from the mineral atom, up through protoplasm, the plants, animals, and so to man, is too vast and awful to be adequately explained by any accepted machinery; and we sadly need a little light and intelligence on the subject of spiritual evolution and the past history of man as a Soul. Whatever may be man's physical history and ancestry, he still must have a spiritual history. If vegetable life was emanated from mineral life, it could only happen by the incarnation of a vegetable monad; the entry of the animal monads was necessary for the production of the animal kingdom; nor could animal evolution alone ever have produced

Man. At one time or another must have been imparted that self-conscious Soul which makes Man what he is. So the story of Man's evolution, spiritually, mentally, etc., is vaster and weightier than that of his physical evolution, and accepted theoretical machinery is wholly inadequate to provide for its explanation. Hence the need for studies along these lines which shall be commensurate with our great advance in physical science.

### LEONARDO DA VINCI AND HIS WORKS: by C. J. Ryan



**T**HERE are not in existence more than a dozen undoubtedly authentic pictures by the great painter of the fifteenth century, Leonardo, but there are a large number of sketches, and a marvelous collection of his written works, not all of which have yet been translated. The limited number of extant pictures makes the recent theft of the *Mona Lisa* an especially serious misfortune.

Leonardo is known best by *The Last Supper*, in Milan, although until lately it was believed that very little of his own work remained visible, owing to the dampness of the wall on which it was painted, the ill-treatment it had received, and the amount of repainting it had suffered. But a recent and very careful examination by the Italian expert, Professor Cavenaghi, has shown that it really has not been much retouched. Although it is certainly damaged and very obscure in sundry places, he declares that we are really able to enjoy a great deal of the original work of the master. This discovery has been a great surprise to the artistic world.

Leonardo was by no means only a painter; his genius comprised two departments commonly found uncongenial if not actively hostile — art and science. If his artistic fame had not been so supreme, he would have been renowned as one of the greatest scientists of modern times. In this respect he reminds us of Swedenborg, whose greatness as a scientist has been eclipsed by his reputation as a mystic and seer. Among other great intellectual feats Swedenborg produced a Nebular Theory of the Universe years before that of Laplace, which is practically the same.

An immense mass of Leonardo's manuscripts on every conceivable



subject in science and art remains to be deciphered. They are not easy to read, being written from right to left and requiring a mirror to make them legible. In many departments of science, particularly on mathematical and mechanical lines, his discoveries have been credited to others who came after him. He restored the knowledge of the laws of levers, which had been lost since the days of Archimedes; he taught many fundamental laws of hydrostatics and statics, for which Stevinus received the credit a century later. He was the first to apply the principle of wave-movement to the phenomena of optics and acoustics. We owe the employment of the signs *plus* and *minus* to him. Many machines in common use today, such as the saw employed in the Carrara marble quarries, were invented by Leonardo. He made profound investigations into the principles of aviation, and tried many practical experiments with flying machines. He was an accomplished anatomist, and deeply studied physiology and botany. In the *Codex Atlanticus*, one of his manuscripts preserved at Milan, there is a design of a steam-cannon, and a note expressing the opinion that ships could be driven by steam. His designs for cannon showed breech-loading arrangements. In civil engineering he was greatly in advance of his age. Long after his death the course of the river Arno, which passes through Florence, was changed according to the design traced by him. As a man of letters he was also accomplished, and his artistic writings are widely read today. Notwithstanding all these multifarious activities and many others in directions rarely thought of at all by painters, he never allowed his exquisite perception of beauty to fail, though, being human, time failed him in which to carry out his innumerable and grandiose conceptions. Professor Osvald Sirén, who holds the chair of Art-History at the University of Stockholm, in his recent work on Leonardo, which has been warmly recognized, tells us:

That which Leonardo painted and carved constitutes only a small part of his creative activity, a fragment of the universality of his great soul. Many of his designed works never came to expression. . . . Others were left half finished; and those that were completed have had the misfortune to be, in a no small degree, destroyed, corroded, or obscured by time. Many of the most important of Leonardo's works mentioned by his contemporaries seem to have disappeared without leaving a trace behind. The art-historian has to rely upon preparatory studies, copies or imitations, or reports, in order to give any idea of the aspect or quality of the greatest works of the master.

Speaking of his character, Dr. Sirén says:

The *Treatise on Painting* gives a glimpse of a soul-life filled with all a human

being could possess of observation of nature, of experience of the world, of search for truth, and of passion for beauty. One lays the treatise down with the grateful and humble feeling that one has stood before one of the greatest of our race, has met his eye and heard him speak.

Many erroneous stories about his life have been published, such as the myth that in his last hours he flung himself at the feet of the Church with tears and lamentations for the independence of thought which he had consistently sustained and defended during his long and honorable life. In this connexion it is worthy of note that he studiously avoided the introduction of halos or nimbuses around the figures in his sacred pictures. There is but one instance of the introduction of the cross in any of his authentic works, and that may possibly have been put in by a later hand. His object was to accentuate the simple and natural side of everything he touched.

There is a question whether Leonardo ever visited Oriental countries, and whether he did or did not derive some of his extraordinary knowledge from Eastern Teachers, for he certainly could not have got it from any ordinary Western sources. Some critics have seen in the background to the *Mona Lisa* (or *La Gioconda*) recently stolen from the Louvre, a strong trace of Chinese influence. An eminent German critic has lately published some of Leonardo's backgrounds side by side with some Chinese decorative pictures, and the resemblance is positively startling. We do not know of any Chinese pictures to which Leonardo had access. Dr. Sirén discusses the disputed question of Leonardo's visit to the East and throws the weight of his opinion in its favor. It is very difficult, otherwise, to understand how he should have given such exact descriptions of places and adventures in the East without having been there. There are many blanks in his life yet unfilled by satisfactory evidence, and the more one reflects upon the marvelous wisdom of this great soul, the more likely it seems that he received help from Eastern sources. Swedenborg, two centuries later, undoubtedly received much of his inspiration from the Orient; he himself says the "Lost Word" is to be found in Tartary or Tibet.

Leonardo was born in 1452 in the Castle of Vinci, between Florence and Pisa. His mother was of low degree, and there was a cloud over his birth, which, however, did not interfere with his career. At the early age of twenty he was a member of the Guild of Florentine Painters. *The Last Supper* was completed in 1498 after at least ten years labor. Leonardo spent many years in Milan where he executed other

important works besides *The Last Supper*, but in consequence of political vicissitudes he often had to seek new fields of opportunity. He was in the service of the French King Francis I when he died. His death took place at the Château Cloux, Touraine, but not in the king's arms as has erroneously been said; and he was interred in the royal chapel of Amboise. Giovio says, in his biography:

He was of a disposition most noble and generous, of an admirable appearance, and possessed good features. He had very good taste, and a special talent for entertaining and pleasing guests, a talent notably displayed in the direction of theatrical representations. He also sang well to the lute, and was particularly welcome as the companion of princes.

The following are from the pen of Leonardo:

Patience in endurance against injustice is like a garment against cold. As you double the number of your garments when the cold increases, so you must enlarge your patience with the growth of injustice; then it is impossible for you to receive harm.

The life that has been well employed is long.

As a day that has been well employed gives happy sleep, so a life well employed brings happy death.

Consider me not vile because I am poor. Poor is the man who desires too much.

Experience never deceives; it is only the judgment of man that plays him false.

Truly, as Geoffroy Tory wrote of Leonardo in 1524:

Leonardo da Vinci was not only an excellent painter and a veritable Archimedes; he was also a great philosopher.

## THE IMMENSITY OF THE UNIVERSE: by T.

**I**N recent years there has been a marked advance in calculating the distances of the stars, so that the distances of about two hundred of them are said to be known with reasonable accuracy. A writer on this subject gives the following particulars. If we take the blue stars, those of the second magnitude are on the average one hundred light-years distant; those of the fourth magnitude, two hundred light-years; those of the sixth magnitude, four hundred light-years; and so on. Taking stars of different types, we find that for the carbon or deep-red stars the distance is four thousand five hundred light-years.

Spectroscopic studies of some of the nebulae have indicated that they are probably composed chiefly of stars of solar type; in which case the Great Nebula in Andromeda must be tens of thousands of light-years distant and probably forms a universe by itself. It is practically certain that the globular clusters, like that in Hercules, are compact aggregations of stars whose average distances from one another are of the same order as the distances of our sun from the nearer stars, say five to twenty light-years, and that the clusters are of the order of ten thousand light-years distant from us.

One of the most striking advances has been the discovery of star-drifts and star-streams. The so-called fixed stars are all in motion; also our sun is in motion. The motion of our sun, however, does not prevent us from calculating the relative motions of the stars to one another; the case has been compared to that of a person walking through a park in which are crowds of people moving to and fro. The stars are like the people; and the person walking is like our sun, which has a motion relative to the mass of stars considered as a whole. There are said to be two great star-drifts, resembling, as it were, two universes moving through one another; while there are also many lesser movements, called star-streams, which, in the illustration used above, may be compared to groups of people marching in certain directions amid the crowd in the park.

All this may serve to give a faint notion of the magnitude of the problems with which astronomy deals, and of the inequality of usual conceptions of the universe, which are so daring in some directions and so timid in others. Whether we choose to call the stellar universe enormous, or our own world infinitesimal, is a question of choice of standards. The immensity of the universe compared with the physical body of man and his petty physical life has caused people to say, "How small is man!" Yet, in view of the fact that man is able to reach thus far with his intellect, is it not equally appropriate to exclaim, "How great is man!" Man dwells on the earth with his head in the sky; but the Soul which is Man must surely have other and vaster modes of existence besides the life that it lives when chained to the personality. And who shall say when a mask may drop off and reveal to any one of us a Soul-life as far beyond the life of the small and grasping personality, as the universe is greater than the clod?

## SOME PRACTICAL ASPECTS OF "THE SECRET DOCTRINE": by W. L. B.

### II



THE three basic propositions, once they are clearly apprehended, throw so strong a light upon every problem of life that they will need no justification, because their truth will be as self-evident as the sun in heaven. Moreover they will be found to underlie every system of thought or philosophy worthy of the name, notwithstanding limitations in formulation usually inherent in the latter.

For instance, we find Herbert Spencer saying:

Apparently, the universally co-existent forces of attraction and repulsion which necessitate rhythm in all minor changes throughout the Universe, also necessitate rhythm in the totality of its changes — produce now an immeasurable period during which the attracting forces predominating, cause universal concentration, and then an immeasurable period, during which the repulsive forces predominating, cause universal diffusion — alternate eras of evolution and dissolution. (*First Principles*, p. 482)

This is excellent as far as it goes, but the incompleteness in Spencerian philosophy consists in the ascription of reality alone to the phenomenal. Thus in describing his "First Cause" as a power *manifesting* through phenomena, and as an infinite eternal *energy*, he grasps but the physical aspect of the mystery of Being — the energies of Cosmic Substance only. The co-eternal aspect of the One Reality — Cosmic Ideation (and still more, its *noumenon*) is absolutely omitted from consideration. Yet elsewhere he somewhat corrects this attitude when suggesting that the nature of what he terms the "First Cause" may be essentially the same as that of the Consciousness which wells up within us.

In short, Spencer, Schopenhauer, von Hartmann, and others utter echoes or aspects of the ancient philosophy outlined in the three fundamental propositions.

*The Secret Doctrine* takes as its text certain archaic Stanzas from the Book of Dzyan, which treat of the Cosmogony of our own planetary system and what is visible around it, after a Solar sleep (*pralaya* is the word in the Sanskrit which expresses this periodic cessation of phenomenal activity). The Book of Dzyan is not in the possession of occidentals, but considerable portions of the Sanskrit, Chinese, and Mongolian works referred to in *The Secret Doctrine* are known to some of them; while the teachings are in every instance hinted at in

the almost countless volumes of eastern and other temple-literature. There are stated to be immense cave-libraries in the east and elsewhere, the very existence of which is unknown to our scholars. In one of them alone, there is said to be a collection of books too large to find room even in the British Museum. Dominie Sampson would surely have been overwhelmed if transported thither.

The existence of such records has an important bearing on the subject of the Secret Doctrine and its philosophy, including the twin doctrines of Karma and Reincarnation. For while a dark age may be said to have commenced some five thousand years ago, albeit illumined by the presence among men of Teachers such as Krishna, Gautama, Lao-Tse, Zoroaster, Sokrates, Plato, Jesus, Apollonius of Tyana, etc., night began to close in strongly some fifteen hundred years ago or more. By that time materialism in its various forms attained such hold that the "innocents" were again as usual either destroyed, hunted, or persecuted.

If humanity has been on Earth for millions of years, passing repeatedly through high civilizations in many regions, and has again and again had Teachers fully conscious of Man's innate divinity, what of the records? Were those Teachers and Helpers unable to adopt measures to preserve them? And if the sacred mysteries were withdrawn, in the West, in the fourth century of current chronology, does it therefore follow they were extinguished? Said Max Müller:

The science of religion is only just beginning. During the last fifty years the authentic documents of the most important religions in the world have been recovered in a most unexpected . . . manner. (*Chips*, i, 373)

Is it so strange that the custodians of "Pagan" lore, seeing that the proper moment had arrived, should cause the needed document, book, or relic to fall as if by accident in the right man's way? In 1839, Perring the archaeologist, offered the sheik of an Arab village two purses of gold, if he helped him to discover the entrance to the hidden passage leading to the secret chambers in the North Pyramid of Dashûr. But although his men were out of employment and half-starved, the sheik proudly refused to "sell the secret of the dead," promising to show it *gratis*, when *the time came for it*. Is it, then, impossible that in some other regions of the Earth are guarded the remains of that glorious literature of the past, which was the fruit of its majestic civilization?

One of the things we must reconcile with the truth that the world

is wisely guided in spite of humanity's constant mistakes, is the deplorable disaster which befell the Alexandrian library. It contained priceless records of the past.

But what are the facts? To begin with, we find Moses Chorenensis saying in his *History of Armenia* that

the ancient Asiatics, five centuries before our era — and especially the Hindûs, the Persians, and the Chaldaeans — had in their possession a quantity of historical and scientific books. These works were partially borrowed, partially translated in the Greek language, mostly since the Ptolemies had established the Alexandrian library and encouraged the writers by their liberalities, so that the Greek language became the depository of all the sciences.

Therefore the greater part of the literature included in the 700,000 volumes of the Alexandrian library was due to India, and her next neighbors. But that is not all, for according to a curious tradition, set forth in *Isis Unveiled*, Vol. ii, p. 22, Theodas, a scribe in the museum, narrates that while the Library was being repaired in 51 B. C., hundreds of thousands of the choicest rolls which were not duplicated, were safely stored in his own house and in those of other scribes, librarians, students, and philosophers. And he indulges in a joke at the expense of Cleopatra, for believing that nearly all the library was burned. As to the burning by Caesar, there was sufficient time after the burning of the fleet commenced, for the librarians aided by several hundred slaves attached to the museum to save the most precious of the rolls, which were, moreover, at least partially fireproof. Most of them are now in Tartary and India. Furthermore, out of the library founded by Attalus I of Pergamos, presented by Antony to Cleopatra, and which then contained 200,000 volumes, according to Plutarch, not a volume was destroyed, according to sundry very learned Copts. Because from the moment the newer religion began to gain power in Alexandria, the pagan philosophers and learned theurgists adopted *effective* measures to preserve the repositories of their sacred learning.

We need have no fear that the records of the past have been destroyed. It was owing to the materialistic and other influences that vast stores of learning and of real knowledge had perforce to be withdrawn, not only in the west, but in the east as well, until such time as a sufficient number of the sons and daughters of men should prove themselves worthy and well qualified to receive. Thus the true commentaries on the *Tao-te-King* of Lao-Tse, who is said to have written nine hundred and thirty books on ethics and religions, and seventy

on magic, have long since disappeared from the eyes of the profane. The keys to the *Brâhmanas* are not extant, and hence the mantram hymns of the *Rig-Veda* cannot be properly understood. But the keys are not lost, nor are they in the keeping of the present Brâhmanas of India.

Similarly, of the sacred Buddhist Canon, which comprised originally some eighty thousand tracts, but six thousand are extant.

Why Asiatics should have the unparalleled boldness to keep their most sacred records out of the reach of foreigners, and to preserve them from the profanation and misuse of races even so "vastly superior" — is a problem which may find its solution one of these days, possibly after some heavy Karmic accounts have been partly adjusted.

The following refreshing little anecdote ought perhaps to be better known. At Meerut (Mirat) in 1880 a well-known native Sanskritist was told that Professor Max Müller had declared to the audiences of his "Lectures" that the theory "that there was a primeval revelation granted to the fathers of the human race, finds but few supporters at present." The learned man laughed. His answer was suggestive. "If Mr. *Moksh Mooller*," as he pronounced the name, "came with me, I might take him to a secret crypt near Okhee Math, in the Himâlayas, where he would soon find out that what crossed the black waters of the ocean from India to Europe were only the *bits of rejected copies of some passages from our sacred books*. There was a 'primeval revelation,' and it still exists; nor will it ever be lost to the world, but will reappear; though the Mlechchhas (white races) will of course have to wait." Questioned further, he would say no more.

Nor is the east the sole repository of ancient records, as will have been noted. Why so much of importance belonging to these records of the past was brought to the west by H. P. Blavatsky, was dealt with at the outset of the previous article. Comparatively few are prepared to accept the immense antiquity of man and the existence of high civilizations in remote epochs as facts. Discoveries made since *The Secret Doctrine* was written are only now preparing our minds properly to appreciate the true significance, *and the dignity*, of records so ancient. As to records connected with the perceptive mysteries of Being, and of Nature, they may almost be said automatically to guard themselves, because the final keys to their interpretation are ever within Man himself. He has voluntarily to enter *the path* first,



as every world-savior or Teacher has distinctly and compassionately repeated. It is no arbitrary matter, for no Teacher can help us, if we do not help ourselves. Teachers are those who have attained to a considerable knowledge of Nature's inner laws, and those who would acquire such knowledge must travel along very much the same road as they did. (See the third basic proposition of the esoteric philosophy.) No climbing over a vicarious side-wall will avail — as Talkative tried to do in *The Pilgrim's Progress*. The road has to be traveled — not merely read of, believed in, or talked about.

The fragments extracted from the archaic Book of Dzyan are of such a nature as to tax the highest mental and intuitional powers we have, for their comprehension, mainly because we lack proper training. The true meaning of concentration — the power of inner attention which develops through selfless devotion to the great Cause of human perfectibility — we can scarcely be said to have attained in these days of unrest, gold-greed, and general selfishness. Broad, calm, and impersonal must be the mind when seeking to fathom and realize the grandeur and majestic sweep of the Dzyan stanzas.

Fortunately there is a rapidly increasing number of those who as the result of conflict with themselves and with the trammels of dogmatism of one kind or another, have gained sufficient insight to understand the true drift of what has been given out; while a new generation is rising still better equipped.

In presenting the first seven Stanzas of Dzyan, which form the main theme of Volume I of *The Secret Doctrine*, a brief outline of the general character of each is given. Commentaries thereon, and a general summary will follow, before taking up the further Stanzas connected with Anthropogenesis, which are adopted as the text of Volume II.

The history of Cosmic Evolution, as traced in the first seven Stanzas, is, so to say, the abstract algebraical formula of that Evolution. Hence the student will not find therein an account of all the stages and transformations which intervene between the first beginnings of “Universal” evolution and our present state. It is stated that to give such an account would be as impossible as it would be incomprehensible to men who cannot even grasp the nature of the plane of existence next to that to which, for the moment, their consciousness is limited.

The first seven stanzas, therefore, give an abstract formula which can be applied, *mutatis mutandis*, to all evolution: to that of our tiny

earth, to that of the chain of planets (invisible to physical sense) of which that earth forms one, to the Solar Universe to which that chain belongs, and so on, in an ascending scale, till the mind reels and is exhausted in the effort. These Stanzas represent the seven terms of this abstract formula. They refer to, and describe the seven stages of the evolutionary process, which are spoken of in the Purânas as the "Seven Creations," and in the Bible as the "Days" of Creation.

The Stanzas are given in their modern translated version, being rendered for the first time into a European language from the Chinese, Tibetan, and Sanskrit translations of the original Senzar Commentaries and Glosses on the Book of Dzyan. Only portions of the seven Stanzas are given, and untranslatable terms, the meanings of which are, however, explained, are rendered in their Sanskrit form, a language which pertains to the Fifth Root-Race alone.

The First Stanza describes the state of the ONE ALL during Pralaya, before the first flutter of re-awakening manifestation. A moment's thought shows that such a state can only be symbolized; to describe it is impossible. Nor can it be symbolized except in negatives; for, since it is the state of Absoluteness *per se*, it can possess none of those specific attributes which serve us to describe objects in positive terms. Hence that state can only be suggested by the negatives of all those most abstract attributes which men intellectually *feel* rather than conceive, as the remotest limits attainable by their power of conception. It runs as follows:

#### STANZA I

1. The eternal parent wrapped in her ever invisible robes had slumbered once again for seven eternities.
2. Time was not, for it lay asleep in the infinite bosom of duration.
3. Universal mind was not, for there were no Ah-hi to contain it.
4. The seven ways to bliss were not. The great causes of misery were not, for there was no one to produce and get ensnared by them.
5. Darkness alone filled the boundless all, for father, mother and son were once more one, and the son had not awakened yet for the new wheel, and his pilgrimage thereon.
6. The seven sublime lords and the seven truths had ceased to be, and the Universe, the son of Necessity, was immersed in Paranishpanna, to be outbreathed by that which is and yet is not. Naught was.
7. The causes of existence had been done away with; the visible that was, and the invisible that is, rested in eternal non-being — the one being.
8. Alone the one form of existence stretched boundless, infinite, causeless,

in dreamless sleep; and life pulsed unconscious in universal space, throughout that all-presence which is sensed by the opened eye of the Dangma.

9. But where was the Dangma when the Alaya of the Universe was in Paramârtha and the great wheel was Anupâdaka?

The stage described in Stanza II is, to a western mind, so nearly identical with that mentioned in the first Stanza, that to express the idea of its difference would require a treatise in itself. Hence it must be left to the intuition and the higher faculties of the reader to grasp, as far as he can, the meaning of the allegorical phrases used. Indeed, it must be remembered that all these Stanzas *appeal to the inner faculties rather than to the ordinary comprehension of the physical brain.*

STANZA II

1. . . . Where were the builders, the luminous sons of Manvantaric dawn? . . . In the unknown darkness in their Ah-hi Paranishpanna. The producers of form from no-form — the root of the world — the Devamâtri and Svabhâvat, rested in the bliss of non-being.

2. . . . Where was silence? Where the ears to sense it? No, there was neither silence nor sound; naught save ceaseless eternal breath, which knows itself not.

3. The hour had not yet struck; the ray had not yet flashed into the Germ; the Mâtripadma had not yet swollen.

4. Her heart had not yet opened for the one ray to enter, thence to fall, as three into four, into the lap of Mâyâ.

5. The seven sons were not yet born from the web of light. Darkness alone was father-mother, Svabhâvat; and Svabhâvat was in darkness.

6. These two are the Germ, and the Germ is one. The Universe was still concealed in the Divine thought and the Divine bosom. . . .

Stanza III describes the Re-awakening of the Universe to life after Pralaya. It depicts the emergence of the “Monads” from their state of absorption within the ONE; the earliest and highest stage in the formation of “Worlds,” the term Monad being one which may apply equally to the vastest Solar System or the tiniest atom.

STANZA III

1. . . . The last vibration of the seventh eternity thrills through infinitude. The mother swells, expanding from within without, like the bud of the lotus.

2. The vibration sweeps along, touching with its swift wing the whole universe and the germ that dwelleth in darkness: the darkness that breathes over the slumbering waters of life. . . .

3. Darkness radiates light, and light drops one solitary ray into the mother-deep. The ray shoots through the virgin egg; the ray causes the eternal egg to thrill, and drop the non-eternal germ, which condenses into the world-egg.

4. Then the three fall into the four. The radiant essence becomes seven inside, seven outside. The luminous egg, which in itself is three, curdles and spreads in milk-white curds throughout the depths of mother, the root that grows in the depths of the ocean of life.

5. The root remains, the light remains, the curds remain, and still Oeahoo is one.

6. The root of life was in every drop of the ocean of immortality, and the ocean was radiant light, which was fire, and heat, and motion. Darkness vanished and was no more; it disappeared in its own essence, the body of fire and water, or father and mother.

7. Behold, O Lanoo! The radiant child of the two, the unparalleled refulgent glory: Bright Space Son of Dark Space, which emerges from the depths of the great dark waters. It is Oeahoo the younger, the \* \* \*. He shines forth as the son; he is the blazing Divine Dragon of Wisdom; the One is Four, and Four takes to itself Three, and the Union produces the Saptā, in whom are the seven which become the Tridaśa (or the hosts and the multitudes). Behold him lifting the veil and unfurling it from east to west. He shuts out the above, and leaves the below to be seen as the great illusion. He marks the places for the shining ones, and turns the upper into a shoreless sea of fire, and the one manifested into the great waters.

8. Where was the germ and where was now darkness? Where is the spirit of the flame that burns in thy lamp, O Lanoo? The germ is that, and that is light, the white brilliant son of the dark hidden father.

9. Light is cold flame, and flame is fire, and fire produces heat, which yields water: the water of life in the great mother.

10. Father-Mother spin a web, whose upper end is fastened to spirit — the light of the one darkness — and the lower one to its shadowy end, matter; and this web is the universe spun out of the two substances made in one, which is Svabhâvat.

11. It expands when the breath of fire is upon it; it contracts when the breath of the mother touches it. Then the sons dissociate and scatter, to return into their mother's bosom at the end of the great day, and re-become one with her; when it is cooling it becomes radiant, and the sons expand and contract through their own selves and hearts; they embrace infinitude.

12. Then Svabhâvat sends Fohat to harden the atoms. Each is a part of the web. Reflecting the "Self-Existent Lord" like a mirror, each becomes in turn a world.

The next Stanza shows the differentiation of the "Germ" of the Universe into the septenary hierarchy of conscious Divine Powers, who are the active manifestations of the One Supreme Energy. They are the framers, shapers, and ultimately the creators of all the manifested Universe, in the only sense in which the name "Creator" is intelligible; they inform and guide it; they are the intelligent Beings who adjust and control evolution, embodying in themselves those

manifestations of the ONE LAW, which we know as “The Laws of Nature.” Each of the various groups has its own designation in the Secret Doctrine. This stage of evolution is spoken of as the “Creation” of the Gods.

STANZA IV

1. . . . Listen, ye Sons of the Earth, to your instructors — the Sons of the Fire. Learn, there is neither first nor last, for all is one: number issued from no number.

2. Learn what we who descend from the Primordial Seven, we who are born from the Primordial Flame, have learned from our fathers. . . .

3. From the effulgency of light — the ray of the ever-darkness — sprang in space the re-awakened energies; the one from the egg, the six, and the five. Then the three, the one, the four, the one, the five — the twice seven the sum total. And these are the essences, the flames, the elements, the builders, the numbers, the arûpa, the rûpa, and the force of Divine Man — the sum total. And from the Divine Man emanated the forms, the sparks, the sacred animals, and the messengers of the sacred fathers within the holy four.


4. This was the army of the voice — the divine mother of the seven. The sparks of the seven are subject to, and the servants of, the first, the second, the third, the fourth, the fifth, the sixth, and the seventh of the seven. These “sparks” are called spheres, triangles, cubes, lines, and modelers; for thus stands the Eternal Nidâna — the Oeahoo, which is:

5. “Darkness” the boundless, or the no-number, Âdi-Nidâna Svabhâvat:

I. The Âdi-Sanat, the number, for he is one.

II. The voice of the Lord Svabhâvat, the numbers, for he is one and nine.

III. The “formless square.”

And these three enclosed within the  are the sacred four; and the ten are the arûpa universe. Then come the “sons,” the seven fighters, the one, the eighth left out, and his breath which is the light-maker.

6. Then the second seven, who are the Lipika, produced by the three. The rejected son is one. The “Son-suns” are countless.

In the fifth Stanza the process of world-formation is described: First, diffused Cosmic Matter, then the fiery “whirlwind,” the first stage in the formation of a nebula. That nebula condenses, and after passing through various transformations, forms a Solar Universe, a planetary chain, or a single planet, as the case may be.

STANZA V

1. The Primordial Seven, the First Seven Breaths of the Dragon of Wisdom, produce in their turn from their Holy Circumgyrating Breaths the Fiery Whirlwind.

2. They make of him the messenger of their will. The Dzyu becomes Fohat, the swift son of the Divine sons whose sons are the Lipika, runs circular errands.

Fohat is the steed, and the thought is the rider. He passes like lightning through the fiery clouds; takes three, and five, and seven strides through the seven regions above, and the seven below. He lifts his voice, and calls the innumerable sparks, and joins them.

3. He is their guiding spirit and leader. When he commences work, he separates the sparks of the Lower Kingdom that float and thrill with joy in their radiant dwellings, and forms therewith the germs of wheels. He places them in the six directions of space, and one in the middle — the central wheel.

4. Fohat traces spiral lines to unite the sixth to the seventh — the crown; an army of the Sons of Light stands at each angle, and the Lipika in the middle wheel. They say: 'This is good, the first Divine world is ready, the first is now the second. Then the "Divine Arûpa" reflects itself in Chhâyâ Loka, the first garment of the Anupâdaka.

5. Fohat takes five strides and builds a winged wheel at each corner of the square, for the four holy ones and their armies.

6. The Lipika circumscribe the triangle, the first one, the cube, the second one, and the pentacle within the egg. It is the ring called "Pass Not" for those who descend and ascend. Also for those who during the Kalpa are progressing towards the great day "Be with us." Thus were formed the Rûpa and the Arûpa: from one light seven lights; from each of the seven, seven times seven lights. The wheels watch the ring. . . .

The subsequent stages in the formation of a "World" are indicated in Stanza VI, which brings the evolution of such a world down to its fourth great period, corresponding to our own present period.

#### STANZA VI

1. By the power of the Mother of Mercy and Knowledge — Kwan-Yin — the "triple" of Kwan-shai-Yin, residing in Kwan-yin-Tien, Fohat, the Breath of their Progeny, the Son of the Sons, having called forth, from the lower abyss, the illusive form of Sien-Tchang and the Seven Elements:

2. The Swift and Radiant One produces the Seven Laya Centers, against which none will prevail to the great day "Be-with-Us," and seats the Universe on these Eternal Foundations surrounding Tsien-Tchan with the Elementary Germs.

3. Of the Seven — first one manifested, six concealed, two manifested, five concealed; three manifested, four concealed; four produced, three hidden; four and one tsan revealed, two and one half concealed; six to be manifested, one laid aside. Lastly, seven small wheels revolving; one giving birth to the other.

4. He builds them in the likeness of older wheels, placing them on the Imperishable Centers.

How does Fohat build them? He collects the fiery dust. He makes balls of fire, runs through them, and round them, infusing life thereinto, then sets them into motion; some one way, some the other way. They are cold, he makes them hot. They are dry, he makes them moist. They shine, he fans and cools them. Thus acts Fohat from one twilight to the other, during Seven Eternities.

5. At the fourth, the sons are told to create their images. One-third refuses — two obey.

The curse is pronounced; they will be born on the fourth, suffer and cause suffering; this is the first war.

6. The older wheels rotated downwards and upwards. . . . The mother's spawn filled the whole. There were battles fought between the Creators and the Destroyers, and battles fought for space; the seed appearing and reappearing continuously.

7. Make thy calculations, Lanoo, if thou wouldst learn the correct age of thy small wheel. Its fourth spoke is our mother. Reach the fourth “fruit” of the fourth path of knowledge that leads to Nirvâna, and thou shalt comprehend, for thou shalt see. . . .

Stanza VII continues the history, tracing the descent of life to the appearance of Man; and thus closes the first Book of *The Secret Doctrine*.

STANZA VII

1. Behold the beginning of sentient formless life.

First the Divine, the one from the Mother-Spirit; then the Spiritual; the three from the one, the four from the one, and the five from which the three, the five, and the seven. These are the three-fold, the four-fold downward; the “mind-born” sons of the first Lord; the shining seven.

It is they who are thou, me, him, oh Lanoo. They, who watch over thee, and thy mother earth.

2. The one ray multiplies the smaller rays. Life precedes form, and life survives the last atom of form. Through the countless rays proceeds the life-ray, the one, like a thread through many jewels.

3. When the one becomes two, the three-fold appears, and the three are one; and it is our thread, oh Lanoo, the heart of the man-plant called Saptaparna.

4. It is the root that never dies; the three-tongued flame of the four wicks. The wicks are the sparks, that draw from the three-tongued flame shot out by the seven—their flame—the beams and sparks of one moon reflected in the running waves of all the rivers of earth.

5. The spark hangs from the flame by the finest thread of Fohat. It journeys through the Seven Worlds of Mâyâ. It stops in the first, and is a metal and a stone; it passes into the second and behold—a plant; the plant whirls through seven changes and becomes a sacred animal. From the combined attributes of these, Manu, the thinker is formed. Who forms him? The seven lives, and the one life. Who completes him? The five-fold Lha. And who perfects the last body? Fish, sin, and soma. . . .

6. From the first-born the thread between the Silent Watcher and his Shadow becomes more strong and radiant with every change. The morning sunlight has changed into noonday glory. . . .

7. This is thy present wheel, said the Flame to the Spark. Thou art myself,

## SIR WALTER SCOTT AND ABBOTSFORD:

by Kenneth Morris



ABBOTSFORD remains a place of pilgrimage, and the memory of the man who made it, and made it illustrious is probably held higher and dearer than that of any other novelist in the English language, except Dickens. Fielding, Richardson, Sterne, and Smollett, creators of the English novel, have passed from the popular memory; but the Wizard of the North is a fixed star; he supplanted them, and overturned all their canons; where they have one reader, he can count his thousands and hundreds of thousands, and that age will be sordid indeed, beyond even our present ideals of sordidness, that will cease to read and honor Scott, or to make pilgrimage to the house he built and lived in, and made in many ways such an expression of himself.

That is because he knew that the real is not the actual; believed that we taste most reality in those moods which are most alive, most vivid, eager and heroic; and catered not for stale disillusionment and the squalid shell of life. Your so-called "realism" is not real at all, but a mere depicting in art or literature of the husks that the swine do eat, an outer and worthless rind, a line of spume and broken shells and seaweed whence the great ocean tides have receded. What we call commonly to be disillusioned, is in fact to be hoodwinked by circumstance and the external; to be blindfolded by our own mistakes and weaknesses, losing sight of the dancing waves, the mighty billows of real life. As things are, it is childhood and youth that see most of reality, and the grown man does not become disillusioned, but the shades of the prison house close down about him. But Scott was one of those great ones for whom the prison house had no shades, for whom there was no prison house indeed; he carried his youth triumphantly into old age, and died young although full of years, because the Gods loved him.

We may call him a benefactor, because he poured out that great tide of prose and verse to feed the fires of youth, and to feed them cleanly. Fate could not cozen him at hoodman-blind; beneath the bludgeonings of chance his head remained unbowed. He, a great Gael from of old, came into this world and age straight out of Tir-nan-Oge, the Land of the Ever Young, and dominated them; flooded them with the spirit of youth. So we all read and worship Scott at some time, before the shades of the prison house are quite descended upon us; and it is likely that our youthful and heroic age is thereby extended,



in the greater number of cases, for a few years at least; and indeed, that some glimmerings of it will remain with us throughout life, that would have quite waned long since, but for our memories of Marmion and Ivanhoe and the rest. Zola played the man, and helped to reverse a great wrong; Ibsen and Tolstoy, Fielding and Richardson, were artists, no doubt; but the world would be a much worse place, if any one or all of them, could usurp the place of Sir Walter.

Scott's heredity was all in his favor as the Apostle of Romance. He was of the Clan Scott of Buccleugh, of unlimited fame in Scottish history. Two young men came out of Gaeldom and Galloway in the tenth century, and made their home in the Forest of Ettrick. There King Kenneth the Third was hunting one day, when one of the young Gallowegians saw the buck at Cakra Cross hard pressed by the hounds, and followed. At Rankilburn the stag was brought to bay, and the youth rushed in and seized it by the horns:

Alive he cast him on his back,  
Or any man came there,  
And to the Cakra Cross did trot  
Against the hill a mile or mair.

This exploit so pleased King Kenneth that he caused the youth to be brought before him, and made him Ranger of the Forest of Ettrick, a high position in those days; and afterwards, according to the story, rewarded him with the lands of Buccleugh. Thus was founded the clan of the "Bold Buccleughs," which produced many an illustrious man in after times, rulers and regents of Scotland; and this one most illustrious of them all, who made himself Regent of the realms of Romance.

If Abbotsford had not been the home of Sir Walter, and were not the shrine of Scottism, it would still be a romantic and beautiful place. On the banks of the Tweed, in the heart of the wild Border country, every acre of land for miles on all sides is redolent of raids and skirmishes, deeds of the Scotts, the Douglasses, and the Percys, of Kinmont Willies and Johnny Armstrongs; many a bold and midnight ride, many a tragedy:

Old, unhappy, far-off things,  
And battles long ago.

But time, that makes beautiful all that we make ugly, that at last ruins our most garish building, and clothes it with decent ivy, has a way, too, of deriving beauty out of all old historic sorrow; and those

places are the loveliest and have most attraction for us, where human action has been most intense and dramatic, even if its drama was tragedy. So there is a certain light and glamor over the Scottish border, that tame, unhistoried places know nothing of; old-time happenings have woven a web of romance there that one can sense. Abbotsford is a Waverly Novel in stone and mortar; the whole country-side is a Waverley Novel expressed in terms of hill and woodland, stream and valley.

### ULTRA-VIOLET LIGHT: by H. Travers



THE word "light," which formerly was restricted to visible radiation, acquired an extended meaning when physicists began to study optical phenomena and to elaborate the undulatory theory. It was found necessary to include under the name certain radiations which are not visible (to the ordinary sight); for these radiations, the infra-red and the ultra-violet, do not differ essentially from visible light. And this extended use of the word is in accordance with what is said in *The Secret Doctrine* about light; especially about light being a creative force.

The ultra-violet rays are now being much studied from a practical point of view, and seem destined to play a very important part in the economics of the future. Their influence seems to be of a healthy nature, and the force they exert is of a refined type. Their influence on the constitution of man has been compared with that of strychnine; that is, they are tonic in moderation, but deadly in large doses. In short, they illustrate the aphorism, quoted in *The Secret Doctrine*, that "too much life may kill." Light and life are closely associated, so that the proverb might well run, "Too much *light* may kill." Sunlight abounds in ultra-violet rays, and its beneficial influence is attributed thereto. Things which shut off the rays are glass, fog, and the cloud of smoke over cities. Ultra-violet light is death to disease germs and the microbes of putrefaction. It has been used effectively for curing skin diseases, purifying water, sterilizing milk and other foods, purifying air. It is the ultra-violet light from the sun which generates ozone, the life-giver; and a similar influence is exercised on water, hydrogen peroxid being produced. Hydrogen peroxid is very like ozone, having an extra loose atom of oxygen in its molecule, which

it is ready to impart to any health-germ needing a stimulus or any disease-germ needing a death-blow.

It is the ultra-violet rays of sunlight that promote the assimilative powers in plants, enabling them to absorb carbon food from the atmosphere. Electric arcs give off many of these rays, especially metal arcs; and as they are dangerous to the eyesight, people should not expose themselves to naked arcs. Glass globes, however, shut off nearly all the rays; which is not the case with quartz globes. For experimenters there are special kinds of transparent screens and spectacles which are opaque to ultra-violet rays. Photographs taken with non-visible rays represent the lights and shades in unusual ways. Owing to their greater refrangibility, ultra-violet rays can be used in the microscope to obtain higher magnifying power than ordinary light gives; but the results have to be ascertained by photography. It has been pointed out that a window is a black shutter for these radiations, and the same is true of the ordinary telescope, so that, in a sense, we have been pointing to the skies instruments with opaque lenses. But now the full moon has been viewed through a telescope with quartz lenses, and new details about her surface found out.

The references to light in *The Secret Doctrine* are far too numerous and widely diffused to lend themselves readily to a summary. As said, the word includes much more than the ordinary meanings; it is used generally to denote one of the primary cosmic powers, together with its numerous differentiations and modifications, all the way down to physical light. The familiar use of the word light metaphorically to denote wisdom and illumination is more than an elegant fancy; it is based on the fact that there is a real connexion between light and wisdom. In cosmogonies, including the one in the Bible, we find that light was about the first thing created — the first emanation from the Supreme. The question whether light is a material (*corpus*) is discussed in *The Secret Doctrine* and shown to be meaningless and therefore unanswerable until we can define what we mean by a material on the one hand and a force on the other. The word “force-matter” is adapted to express the mode in which those inscrutable entities, light, heat, electricity, etc., reveal themselves to our perceptions; and we are unable to separate force from matter without destroying the reality of both.

All these forces must have causes which subsist outside visible space, and it is useless looking for the cause where its effects are.

## THE FAIRIES' FIDDLER: (Welsh Air) Ffarwel ned Puw

By **Kenneth Morris** (International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California)

**A** SONG comes breathing on the breeze,  
 And down around the mountain;  
 It rose behind the alder trees,  
 And died beside the fountain.  
 The dragonfly that darted by,  
 A flame among the rushes,  
 He heard the phantom crwth, in truth,  
 Five bars above the bushes:

*I wander the hills through the long summer day-time,  
 When the dog-roses bloom through the laughter-loud hay-time,  
 And the tall foxgloves wave in their beauty.*

A rumor ran along the trees,  
 And roused the dreaming heron;  
 It's dear knows what he hears and sees  
 When the moon is o'er Cilgerran;  
 Nor what wild wisp of song should come  
 At midnight down the river,  
 To set the vicar's hives a-hum,  
 His ivy-leaves a-quiver.

*And it's sweet in the moonlight, when fairies are roaming,  
 To dance the long nights by the wild waters foaming,  
 With the deathless young Children of Beauty.*

A fiddler strayed away one day  
 Where the Tylwyth Teg were dancing;  
 And now he keeps the heather gay,  
 Its diamond-dews a-glancing.  
 At Mwnt he set the warren-folk  
 With long ears listening, listening;  
 The last green, tumbling wave that broke  
 He held a moment glistening.

*By the long sands of Teifi in sunlight a-glimmer,  
 I pass like a dream through the June noonday shimmer—  
 Ah, the soul of this wild world is Beauty!*

Oh, gold would grow the gorse and broom,  
 And bells would bloom in the woodland,  
 But where 'd be half the glory and gloom  
 And glow of Gwalia's good land,  
 Were no wild music midst her hills  
 To enchant the stars above her,  
 And keep a-dance her daffodils,  
 And make the lone sun love her?

*It's the fire in the mountains would grow cold without me,  
 And the wandering song I'll be squandering about me  
 Till the world is burnt up by its Beauty.*

## OCCULTISM, THE A B C OF LIFE: by a Student



IN an account of the meeting of a scientific society, the observer accords much praise to a foreign speaker, whose English was so good and delivery so perfect that his address was both pleasing and instructive; while two English speakers come off with the criticism that their papers were doubtless very interesting, but as they were inaudible it is impossible to say. The observer goes on to remark that such inaudible speaking is becoming commoner, and that the speakers give the impression that they are not interested in what they are saying.

Speaking is one of those arts which people seem to think it unnecessary to study and learn; and the probability is that most speakers of the kind mentioned are blissfully unaware of their inaudibility. Doubtless their voice resounds comfortably in the empty spaces of their own chest and head, and this prevents them from knowing that it does not penetrate to the auditory apparatus of other people. To be a lecturer, it is not only necessary to know your subject, but the art of enunciation and audible delivery needs to be learned also. And the sound of one's voice in one's own ears is a most misleading guide. Such people ought to be trained by being made to read or speak from one end of a large room to somebody teaching them at the other end; when they would soon find out that tones which will pass muster in a conversation are useless in a public speech. In conversation we carelessly slur half our syllables, leaving our interlocutor to guess them from the context; but this will not do in a public speech, where people are too far off to catch the signs. Again, a word pronounced in the ordinary English way — of throwing a strong accent on a single syllable and slurring the other syllables, becomes reduced to a mere monosyllable when said in that manner in a large room.

However, this is not intended to be a lecture on elocution, and the above points are touched merely for the sake of introducing the subject. That subject is the vital importance of attention to what are too often considered minor details, but are in reality essentials, in the conduct of life and in education. It has often been alleged that our college products are deficient in the A B C of education, such as spelling, general knowledge, ciphering, and speaking. But what a serious charge this is! What a jerry-built varnished structure must our edifice be if such is its composition! Surely we need to give our teachers a freer hand, so that they can form the curriculum as they know it ought to be formed.

Speaking is a principal art of self-expression; writing is another; and conduct in general may be added as a third. How absurd it seems for an erudite person, with something really interesting to say, to get up and mumble inaudibly, so as to vex the audience without informing them. And how many people there are who write books without ever having studied the art of writing, which *is* an art and has to be learned by hard work. The result is a confused and obscure style which often consigns their work "to the mercy of a rude stream that shall forever hide it."

Most thoughtful people realize these things, but the difficulty is to put them in practice. That difficulty arises from the fact that we do not begin our efforts far enough back. We cannot change education unless we at the same time change several other things in our individual and collective life that need changing. Nor can we effect in our own person the needed reforms in particular details without first effecting a reform in general. Thus education is seen to begin very far back, and it will be found to have its roots, not in the mental faculties only, but in that moral region wherein lie the springs of conduct.

The watchword of Theosophy, as regards education, may be said to be "Thorough." And if we may use the much-abused word "Occultism" without suggesting anything spooky, we would say that the same word is a key-word in Occultism. For as soon as we really begin to try and make Occultism practical in our life, we find that our obstacles lie just before our feet, and that we must clear them away before we can begin to think of advancing. In short, Occultism is the greatest of the Arts, being the Art of right living; and it consists in being able to perform rightly the simplest and most ordinary actions. Any person having the power to do this will *ipso facto* have the power to do a great deal — he will necessarily be a very forceful and influential person.

The impatience of the lower nature continually urges us to seek the heights before we have mastered the lowlands; and this is equally true of study and of Occultism. Both the badly-trained pupil and his unwise and ambitious parent desire immediate visible results and try to skip over the necessary drudgery. Drudgery is even scoffed at, and all kinds of ideas introduced to force knowledge into pupils in sugar coats and capsules. Memorizing, the faculty *par excellence* of childhood, is slighted, and mental discipline in general goes into the waste-basket. And those ambitious to attain knowledge and power

ask for the higher instructions when they have refused to learn the elementary course; and of course no teacher, however willing, can possibly grant their foolish prayer.

At the root of all attainment stands the *Man* himself — a thing which the world is waiting to be introduced to; and which it fails to see when a speaker gets up and gives an exhibition of inefficiency. And at the root of the Man stands Faith in his own Divinity, giving the true pride and expelling vanity and egotism, which are weaknesses. Let us form in our mind our best ideal of true Manhood or Womanhood, and then have faith that it is not beyond our reach.

### THE SCATTERING OF RACES: by T. H.



**T**HE evolutionary hypotheses characteristic of the latter half of the nineteenth century seized upon the scientific mind with the force of religious dogmas, nor is their force by any means spent even yet. The most repressive effect these dogmas have had upon the discovery of truth lies in the fact that they endow the mind with a preconceived idea, and into this idea all subsequent investigations must be made to fit. Thus these evolution theories have been applied to everything, like a Procrustean bed, and everything must be shown to have evolved in a particular manner and along a particular route.

Anthropology has suffered a good deal from this cause. In accordance with certain biological theories of evolution it is deemed necessary to show that humanity has evolved along a single line of ascent from rudimentary and even bestial conditions to the present (and presumably highest) point of civilization. The facts, however, do not always show a desirable alacrity in adapting themselves to this exigency; and so the action of the Procrustean bed results in a mutual adaptation of fact and theory whereby considerable violence is often done to both. When facts are very obstinate and refuse to give way, then the theory has to be stretched till it wears thin and the light begins to show through the crevices. A case in point is a theory which has been used in order to account for the well-known similarity, and in many cases identity, of legends and folklore among all the peoples of earth. How did people so widely sundered as the natives of America and those of Asia come to have Flood and Creation stories so alike in the essential

features? How do such stories as Jack the Giant-Killer and Cinderella come to be virtually world-wide?

Now, since the theory requires that these various peoples have nothing behind them but successive stages of less and less culture, going back to barbarism in their own respective lands, the only conclusion left is that they *evolved* these myths and this folklore; and to account for the identity of the legends it is deemed sufficient merely to restate the fact in the form of a law, and to say that "Different peoples, evolving under similar conditions, will invent the same Creation and Flood stories, the same nursery legends, the same symbolism." In short, in default of an explanation, the fact is bolted bravely without even a wry face.

To show that this extraordinary theory still holds ground in some quarters, we give a quotation from a scientific magazine. This quotation not only states the theory but seems to imply that the theory was forced upon a reluctant mind *by* the facts. It says:

Nothing is clearer from the results of anthropological research than that the different races of men, separated by the whole length of the globe, have evolved almost, if not quite, the same myths and folklore, independently of one another.

This looks as though the anthropologists had set out with the idea that men had derived the legends from one another, but had been led by the facts to the opposite conclusion, namely, that the men invented the legends independently. But so far as we have been able to estimate the results of actual research, these tend more and more to confute the theory. Facts are always turning up which interfere with the notion that races evolved from savagery in the supposed way. Every day we get more facts in support of the idea that these so-called aboriginal races are the remote offshoots of much larger races which were civilized and much more homogeneous. The teachings of *The Secret Doctrine*, relative to Atlantis and its Fourth-Race occupants, are daily gaining more favor. In the same number from which the above is quoted (*Knowledge*, London, December, 1911) we find an article on "A Scandinavian Tribe in the Arctic Northwest," analysing Villijmar Stefanssen's discovery, in the Arctic regions north of British Columbia, of a race of men Scandinavian in type, two of them red-bearded. These cannot be survivors of Sir John Franklin's expedition, as that is too recent, and memories of it would have survived. The fact must be considered in connexion with many other discoveries of blond types among dark races, and with the fact that the natives of North America



differ from one another widely in color and complexion, and that many of their legends tell of a time when the Arctic climate was warm. This writer, evidently familiar with some of the teachings of *The Secret Doctrine*, takes us over the familiar ground of the Atlantis story and its evidence, the changes in the position of the earth's axis, the universal cosmic myths, and so on.

It is to conclusions in harmony with the teachings of H. P. Blavatsky that science will have to come, if it is to remain faithful to the truth. Meanwhile it is natural that there should be a reluctance to leave familiar moorings to tempt a wide sea where one will no longer be regarded as a pilot; so the body of scientific opinion will go slow. Just now, too, the subject is in the stage of being exploited by quacks, who, like the early voyagers to these shores, get up their own individual expeditions and gold-rushes in the newly-discovered realms. But when this stage has passed and the subject has attained that of serious investigation, science will be able to bury old biological theories in the dirt of its excavations. We shall no longer be under the necessity of accommodating our views on moral and social questions to the theory that the universe is ruled by a sort of scientific god Pan, a god of instincts and tendencies. We shall be able to admit that even in human evolution the source of the stream may be at least as high as its present channel.

The present distribution of races over the globe is the result of a breaking-up and scattering that took place long ago; or, rather, of various scatterings major and minor. Science traces the derivations and migrations of races in some cases, but in general it does not seek far enough back into the past, preferring to take its chronology from the Hebraic Bible rather than from the book of nature. To find the point of divergence of peoples now so remote as the American, African, and Asiatic native races, we must go back to Atlantean and early Aryan times, long before the admitted periods of history. But, if we have so far no written records, we have the book of nature, studied by geology, and the book of archaeology; and these, if interpreted without prejudice, can tell us much. And no doubt the future progress of discovery will bring other and stronger proofs, as has happened before in the history of discovery.

But before we can receive such proofs we must have climbed a little farther up the sides of our little valley of speculation, so that we can catch glimpses of the prospects that stretch behind and before.

## FRIENDS IN COUNSEL

**Theosophy for the Aged: by T. B. Marriott**



YOU old people sitting by your fireside have a most wonderful opportunity to work a bit of magic. You have the experiences of a long life to look back upon, mostly of sorrows and disappointments perhaps, but with some glimpses of happiness. Would you turn all the past into Peace, and look into a future full of Joy? You can do all this, and more, if you will call Magic to your aid and use it wisely.

What is the Magic? Where is it to be found?

It is the magic of the realization that you are Souls, and it can be found in your own hearts.

Don't stop to consider what a Soul is, or what it does or feels, or what it is made of. The knowledge of all these will spring up within you in time. Forget yourselves for a moment. Live in the highest, most fervent, and best that you are able to feel, and you will realize that there *must* be an eternity behind and an eternity before you with your friends and comrades as members of the great Human Family, all living with one purpose: that of unfolding and growing to a state of absolute Perfection and Joy.

Standing thus apart from your smaller selves, as spectator Souls instead of human actors, look into and consider the scenes of the past and learn their lessons and meanings, and look forward into the future with confidence.

The picture of a Soul's struggles comes before my mind.

One of a large family living in a tiny hamlet, miles away from a town or even a church, as a child she had no contact with the outside world, no outlook, no pleasures beyond those of healthy youth amidst woods and moors. The parents were both descended from old cultured stock which had sunk into poverty in the preceding generation, but they retained a certain amount of refinement and culture which expressed itself chiefly in the acquirement and production of instrumental and vocal music of the highest order; and a somewhat didactic and dogmatic manner with others through the sense of their mental and physical superiority to all around them.

The children had these qualities as much as their parents, together with the ambitions and restlessness of healthy youth, but their ambitions were necessarily of a narrow kind on account of the lack of acquaintance with other conditions.

Such the environment. Ruled with a rod of iron in the style of the

times the great possibilities of this young life were stunted and crushed until the time came when she was sent away, at about her second decade, to a neighboring family. But here again the conditions were rural and narrow, and the opportunity for understanding other phases of life or of developing her good and strong innate qualities were almost nil.

Though good-hearted and conscientious, her hard and stern upbringing showed through in her efforts when helping others, as there was no soft and gentle touch in her methods.

About the age of thirty-five she was called to take charge of a consumptive sister and family of husband and six children. These were in moderately good circumstances but the husband was even narrower in mind than his wife's people, having had a similar youth; he had no ambitions outside his office and was content with the daily routine.

Her sister died. Years passed. During this period her strength of will and persistence in doing what she believed to be best led to frequent quarrels, mostly relating to her efforts to raise the standard of living and for the betterment of the children; but these efforts were often mistaken and caused much misery and suffering to them as they grew up.

As the family circumstances improved, these efforts to rise into superior surroundings naturally led to ostentation and incongruities of many kinds. Every few years she forced her brother-in-law to take a step upward in the social world, and this went on until the children had grown up and left home and he had passed away.

Now she lives in retirement, with no real friends, doing a considerable amount of good to those around, but feeling the loneliness and despondency of a hard old age.

Does the picture of this tragic life recall too poignantly incidents of the past? Does it make you miserable and sad?

If so, STOP! Apply the magic touch of SOUL, and you will be able to make of the experiences of the past such a power for good that your loved ones, and it may be thousands of others, will shower blessings on you in the future time.

Remember that you are a Soul, full of love and courage; that you will have many lives in the future in which to adjust previous mistakes, and in which you will be able to help others knowingly and wisely.

Ponder well on all the incidents, and see how and where a little

extra knowledge would have helped you to do just the right thing. Think of the real needs of the children; how they want so badly to be active and doing things; how they can be guided, and their minds and sympathies unfolded and drawn into right channels; how ardently they desire to know of the realities of life!

Does this not bring a great influx of Love and Strength to your heart? To be sure it does, and you will return after your period of rest with all the strength and wisdom you now draw to your heart from the clear insight you gain from pondering over these things, and in the time yet remaining you will better understand the hopes and conditions of those around you and will give them something of the peace and wisdom you now possess.

Many of the mistakes we make are due to the mis-translation of the urge of the Soul. We want to be always progressing to better conditions, and in our ambition we often take the wrong path.

Is not the effort to keep up appearances and to appear in better circumstances than our means warrant one of the mis-translations of the Soul's urge to higher things?

The mind in lacking any knowledge of the true laws governing evolution has little or no basis on which to build. Yet, behind it all we learn many lessons from the people we meet, through these mistakes, and it may be that Karma put them in our way in order that we might not fall into grooves, for the consideration and sympathy we often receive from chance (?) acquaintances keep alive in us our longings for better conditions, and the wish to emulate their external modes of life is but the unfortunate effect of ignorance of the higher states to which we are journeying.

Strong characters are never satisfied with existing conditions, but if high ideals and a real philosophy have not been held in the mind from early youth their energies and strength tend to lead them into wrong paths, or their valuable qualities are put to inadequate uses.

It is to point out these side-tracks and to show the way to obtain a true philosophy that Theosophy is in the world today. Its teachings of Karma, Reincarnation, and the ultimate Perfectibility of Man, bring hope and peace to many sorrowing hearts and enable them to understand many of the difficult problems which confront them.

After looking back and studying our own needs and longings in the past we must see that others were and are in the same position. When this is realized, we are in a better position to help those around,

and while we may feel diffident about advising, yet there are ways by which just a word, a touch, or a little help at the right time may change the whole of the future life for the better.

Shall we not then make use of our added knowledge to lead the lives of those about us into the right direction? We *dare* not perpetuate the wrong methods which helped to make our lives so crushed and purposeless. We *must* help as much as we are able; but above all, we must tell them where and how they may find out for themselves the true solution of their difficulties.

Five minutes daily study of the Theosophical books published by the Theosophical Publishing Co. at Point Loma, will give such an insight into the realities of life, its problems and difficulties, its meaning and beauty, that a new start will necessarily follow, for they are written with just this object and the Truth thrills through them.

Theosophy gives us courage to face ourselves, and while overcoming our weaknesses, to step out boldly away from the limitations of the past, and to advance steadily and surely along the path which leads to ultimate perfectibility together with the rest of humanity, in the bonds of UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD.

### FEAR AND THE WARRIOR: by R. W. Machell

**F**EAR is a traitor that unbars the portals of the House of Life, leaving it open to the enemies that lie lurking round its citadel.

Like water through a broken dam they stream through the unguarded opening, issuing from the secret places of the mind, ghosts of old sins and half-forgotten deeds of shame. Pale phantoms of the inglorious past, they cry their soundless menaces; they whisper doubts that sink into the heart, they bring despondency and paralyse the will, making it impotent. Fear is the child of selfishness, born of the misused powers of the soul and man's deadliest enemy, the arch-traitor that in the guise of wisdom, caution, or experience, betrays the mind, chilling the bold heart's courage, hindering action with suggestions of delay, till the time is past for action. Fear kills the will like a slow poison breathed into the mind and filling all the chambers of the House of Life with vapors fatal to all noble thoughts or deeds.

Beware of fear. Beware of self-mistrust. Respect yourself. Summon the Warrior who is Thyself. He is the sunlight and the joy of Life: the ghosts of old evils fade before the light in which he lives.

He is thy true Self, and will come to be thy champion if thou canst make thy voice heard in the innermost recesses of thine own heart. There he dwells apart waiting and listening for the call to action that shall end his long imprisonment within the sanctuary of the human heart. Let him come forth and take his rightful place as regent and ruler of the will, the Self divine, the Warrior, the King enthroned within the House of Life, the perfect Man, the flower of the Tree of Life.

. . . In one topmost blossom that scales the sky,  
Man equal and one with me, Man that is made of me,  
Man that is I.

(Swinburne's *Hertha*)

### YOUR INSTINCT OF GREATNESS: by Lydia Ross, M. D.



WID it ever occur to you that in dreams you are, in a way, always the central fact or figure to which all things and people and events have certain secondary relations? Your interest centers upon the bearing which all these things have upon your thought and feeling. Even as a mere spectator of unknown actors, vigorously engaged in strange activities, in some unfamiliar place, the scene always appeals to something in you which gives it a personal meaning and interest.

The same kind of feeling runs through the waking dream of everyday life. It is always by something within oneself that the human interest in every event that is presented is understood. However limited and humdrum the personal career may happen to be, each one feels a certain share in whatever experience is met with, or can be imagined. Of course there is a petty conceit in man's lesser nature which always pushes for first place, and blames others when finding itself in a narrow or unpleasant position. It is this counterfeit sense that often assumes an indifferent bluff about things which it feels unequal to doing or being. The real Dreamer has that genuine instinct of greatness which feels that he is a part of everything that has been, or is, or is to be. So deeply rooted is the desire to be complete, there is something natural in the wish to be the whole thing.

It is the quality of greatness or pettiness acting through thought and feeling which decides whether our dreams — both day and night — are pleasant ones or hideous nightmares. There is always the free-

dom of will with which to choose the *quality* of dreams and the *kind* of dreamers that makes up our world. Each one decides what characters he will play, and Life provides him with the cues and his costumes.

It is from self-confinement in the small compartments of the lesser nature that one suffers, no less than from the locks and bars. Suppose that by some magic your prison doors tomorrow were opened wide and every inmate was free to go where he wished. But always he would find his world peopled only by those who were no better or worse or more complex than his former set of fellow prisoners. Wouldn't that be an unsatisfactory prospect for all time? Would anyone be content to have the characteristics of even two thousand picked men set as the limit of all that he could ever become? Probably not. True, we do not consciously expect to attain to all that others have already done; but deep within is that intuitive feeling that there *is* no limit to our power as Souls. It is a common error everywhere to underestimate the real Man, and, too often, to switch the current of the living dynamo on to the worse side of our human nature.

Any member of a prison community — many are counted by hundreds, some even number thousands — can see daily that each one of these men is a special combination of qualities, good and bad, great and petty. Breathing a common air and eating the same kind of food, they build up different bodies; given the same cut of clothing they wear their stripes differently; living the same dull, narrow life, yet each takes it according to his make-up. No two of them look or act or feel or think or *are* just alike personally; yet they are all human, closely linked by the common tie of their humanity, and destined some day to know their own essential greatness.

Every institution has its own tone of feeling. A certain individuality marks the collective qualities of the inmates, just as a composite picture averages many faces. Imagine the strength and keenness of a two-thousand-man power to feel love and hatred, honor and disgrace, courage and fear, generosity and selfishness, nobility and degradation, purity and perversion, will and weakness, truth and error, skill and stupidity, charm and repulsion, health and disease! Of course the opposite traits of character would modify each other when they both were acting, *but not otherwise*. A two-thousand-man power for courage and cleanness and generosity would be an irresistibly strong current of influence for uplift — a healthy nerve-center in the social system. But if the force of the human dynamo were switched over to

the lines of fear and vice and selfishness, the outgoing quality would be stifling and tainted.

When you sum up all the best things in your fellow-prisoners, and multiply the total many times for the good stored away, inactive, in them, you get a hint of the divinity that is mixed up with the animal in man. The worst side of human nature has all the instincts and passions of the unthinking animal, *plus* the power of mind and the skill of hand. As you stand off and study the animal in others, it does not seem like anything that you want to make part and parcel of yourself. Yet, doubtless, you have got impulses which, under similar conditions, would work themselves out in you as they are doing in others. Now, if a man has some evil traits and the capacity for all wrong things, there is also something equally strong in him working for his perfection, as fast as he will permit it.

If you allow the greatness of your nature to act it will show itself in your thought and feeling, in your face, in your walk, in your work. Your life, however hidden, will be a strong, silent challenge to the greatness in every fellow-man to come forth and claim its kin. The Peace that men seek at any price will freely follow you everywhere. Try it!

## IS "THE PATH" ALL IMAGINATION?

by H. T. Edge, B. A. (Cantab.), M. A.



THE front cover-page of a copy of THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH has been received back from one to whom the magazine was sent, with his impressions inscribed in ink across the picture. He is pleased to describe the beautiful and inspiring painting of *The Path* as a mere revel of the imagination. And he brackets together, as examples of this indulgence of futile imagination, the names of "Milton, St. John, Dante, Blavatsky, *et alii*." Under the expression "*et alii*" we may be allowed to include all great geniuses and teachers who have used the imagination as a means of interpreting life symbolically.

This critic is not alone in the apparent desire to disparage the name of H. P. Blavatsky; but he would find few among her detractors prepared to disparage her in such company as "Milton, Dante, and St. John." Hence he is more courageous and more consistent than they. They are not logical enough to admit that it is impossible to disparage



the author of *The Secret Doctrine* and initiator of the modern Theosophical Movement on any grounds which would not also condemn the above-mentioned and many other great names. He is willing to go the whole length required by the logic of his position. Much as Theosophists regret that the name of H. P. Blavatsky should be disparaged, it will be some consolation to them to think that in order to disparage it, it is considered necessary to condemn all geniuses and genius itself; that, in order to remove one star from heaven, it is necessary to tear down the firmament.

We need not dwell too much on this extreme case of a man who has centered himself so much in one corner of his mind that the great world of thought around him is as strange and unreal as the blue sky of the bird might be to the gopher in his hole. Let us rather consider the general case of which it is an extreme instance. And, as the critic in question claims the right to be esteemed a man of science (in which respect we think he does scant justice to the name of that pursuit), let us confine ourselves to hard facts, so that he may have no excuse for imputing too much license of imagination.

We forbear, then, to speak of the Soul; for to do so might lay us open to the above charge. Let us speak of the critic's *being*; he will scarcely deny that; we can surely assume that we are agreed with him in accepting for a solid fact the fact of his *existence*. Whatever theories he may hold as to the origin of man, the nature of man, or the destiny of man, the hard fact remains for him, as for the rest of us, that he is here, that he lives, and that he has to solve the problem of life practically, in some way or other. As he is not a purely instinctual being — not an animal or idiot — he must have some plan, method, or philosophy by which to regulate his doings. We speak not of the philosophy about which he writes and talks, but of the practical philosophy which, though perhaps unformulated and unrecognized, nevertheless exists for him as for the plowboy.

This critic, then, has his life to lead, and he interprets it in his own way. At the present stage of his mental development, his intellectual conceptions take the form of what is familiar as “scientific scepticism,” or some such name. As to his more intimate and secret philosophy of life we can, of course, know nothing. Theosophy, Theosophists, and THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH, have to deal with people who are studying the facts of life. These people have to be appealed to, catered for. In the magazine are a number of printed articles dealing

with all kinds of subjects, calculated to suit various tastes and needs. There are also many illustrations — to appeal to other kinds of requirements. Now it happens to be one of the dry facts of life that a large part of the human race is susceptible to such things as music, graphic art, poetry, and other phases of culture that would come under the condemnation of our critic. These readers have to be met.

It is characteristic of the order of mind represented by our critic to regard all works of the imagination as a kind of sauce to life, not to be taken seriously, but to be tolerated as an amusement. But art and imagination are among the *essentials* of life. What would life be without them? Fancy a world ruled by the conceptions of material science alone. Take music as an instance. One of the underlying principles of all life is harmony and order; we see it manifested in all the works of Nature which the man of science is supposed to study. Music is the means of interpreting to the outer sense and the outer understanding the meaning of the harmony that rules behind the scenes of nature. By the power of music we are elevated for a time to a realm which we feel to be full of beauty and harmony, but which lies beyond the power of the ordinary mind to interpret; but we can nevertheless allow some of the spirit of harmony to filter into our nature, so that we may make our lives more harmonious. Thus music, rightly understood, is seen to be more than a mere sauce to life, and to represent one of the essential facts of life itself. In the same way with other arts. The true purpose of painting is to convey to the understanding lessons that cannot be conveyed verbally.

But there are some people who are at present in a stage of their evolution at which they are not susceptible to such appeals. They have to learn in other ways; and experience will teach them.

The imagination can be abused, of course; just as the ratiocinative faculty can be overdone. We do not wish to extol the unbridled license of the imagination. But why must man necessarily hop through life on one leg, and not use all his faculties each in its right place and due measure? The imagination is a steed to be curbed — Pegasus, if we may be allowed to use a symbol. There are some who cannot curb their steed and prefer to walk rather than incur the danger or trouble of riding. But we need not throw away our best gifts because others misuse them.

"The Path" is designed to appeal to those — and they are many — who are susceptible to such appeals. It is an allegorical picture

of the pilgrimage of life. Our critic — whatever he may say — is a pilgrim on the path of life, with the same ambitions, the same dangers, as other pilgrims. No doubt his case is duly represented among the symbolical figures seen groping their several ways toward the one goal. That we are alive is no flight of the imagination but a hard fact. That we are all striving towards the light is another hard fact. It is equally true that we follow false lights, tarry in pleasure-grounds of sense, heed sweet voices of illusion, step over brinks in our prideful star-gazing, and so forth. All this is beautifully depicted in the painting; and while some minds prefer cold print, others find more light in a picture.

Need we go out of our way to defend Milton, St. John, Dante, *et alii*? They all interpreted life in their several ways, expressing their own intuitions and finding glad auditors in multitudes of people in their day, and since. The world is indebted to them, and even the most satisfied exponent of the physical conception of the universe will some day reach a point of appreciation.

The message of Theosophy is one of general all-round regeneration. It is more practical than the so-called practical, yet it leads the van for imagination and art. Both art and the homelier interests of life need an uplift. The inner meaning of life must be interpreted in all possible ways. We all have our life to lead; and beauty is certainly an essential. The universe is ruled by harmony and beauty, order and intelligence, as its form shows in every detail. Our lives are implanted mysteriously in the common soil wherein all life is rooted. How can we interpret the universal life and our own life? Only by developing to the utmost every faculty with which we find ourselves endowed, rejecting none, suffering none to lead us, but mastering and directing all.



PYTHAGORAS and his followers firmly maintained that the human soul is a detached part, or emanation, from the great universal soul of the world. I am further confirmed in my belief of the soul's immortality, by the discourse which Socrates, whom the oracle of Apollo pronounced to be the wisest of men, held upon this subject just before his death. — *Cicero*

## ASTRONOMICAL NOTES: by Helios



NEW theories of the Universe are cropping up like mushrooms; new explanations of the "canals" on Mars catch the eye in every magazine; even the daily papers find their readers are interested in the controversies about the age of the world and the origin of the Solar System, and supply reading matter on those subjects. The discovery, comparatively recent, that there are myriads of spirally-formed nebulae in the regions of space farthest removed from the circle of the Milky Way, and the knowledge we now possess that there is some kind of structure or design in the vast Universe of stars and nebulae around us, are bringing astronomers nearer to the teachings of Theosophy. A noteworthy change in the point of view of the most eminent scientists is seen in the modern position on the subject of the "running down" of the universe of suns. Instead of pessimistically asserting that every particle of energy and heat will ultimately be dissipated and everything be reduced to a state of cold, stagnant, motionless, eternal death, a really barbarous notion, we are now told by various prominent authorities, such as Arrhenius of Sweden, See of the United States, Bickerton of New Zealand, etc., that eternal *transformation* is the law of nature; that forms perish, suns grow pale, planets freeze, but that new suns and new planets arise from their ashes, and that the universe is a self-winding clock. This is admirable in comparison with the illogical "running down" theory, but there is a great want of agreement among the scientists as to the method of perpetuation. Nothing is of course positively *known*; all is surmise, conjecture, and deduction from comparatively few facts. From the Theosophical standpoint there is an appalling deficiency in the argument; none of the acute minds who have dealt with the subject seem to have suspected that behind the material plane upon which the ebbs and flows of manifested activity take place, there is an inner plane, or many inner planes, of causes, without which the *Manvantaras* and *Pralayas*, as the periodic manifestations and withdrawals of the worlds and universes are called in the Oriental philosophies, would have no proper explanation. The Western scientist sees only a change of conditions in material matter, the appearance as individual bodies of suns and planets, and perhaps of vast aggregations of such, their development into complex and organized conditions, and their decay and resolution into finely divided matter—nebulous matter—and then the rebuilding, by methods which are hotly disputed. The student of Theosophy, however, goes much

farther than this, and realizes that there is a withdrawal of energy from the physical plane at the times of the greater *Pralayas*, and that the Universal Consciousness withdraws more or less into Itself at such times. To quote from H. P. Blavatsky:

The Secret Doctrine affirms:

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

. . . . An alternation such as that of Day and Night, Life and Death, Sleeping and Waking, is a fact so common, so perfectly universal and without exception, that it is easy to comprehend that in it we see one of the absolutely fundamental laws of the universe.

Herbert Spencer speaks of rhythm in the totality of the changes in the Universe manifesting in

now an immeasurable period during which the attracting forces predominating, cause universal concentration, and then an immeasurable period, during which the repulsive forces predominating, cause universal diffusion — alternate eras of evolution and dissolution.

H. P. Blavatsky discusses this subject very fully in the Proem of *The Secret Doctrine*, as it is the basis of much of the Esoteric Philosophy. Once modern science frankly admits the existence of inner planes of matter, invisible and intangible to our physical senses, beyond the reach of our spectroscopes or other testing instruments and only to be explored by powers which are at present latent in most men, a much clearer understanding of the great cycles of manifestation and withdrawal will force itself upon the investigators of the cosmic problems. Then we shall see Theosophy freely accepted as the Key to real knowledge. Already the researches of such original and sober scientists as Dr. Kilner, late of St. Thomas's Hospital London, upon the human aura, are exploding the crude materialism of orthodox physiology by proving that organized matter can exist in unseen and unsuspected forms.

For some years astronomical observers have been speculating as to the possibility of there being dark nebulae in space — cloudy substances giving off no light and only perceived by their power of blotting out more distant objects. The existence of such has now almost been proved, and, if established, will add another most remarkable and

interesting factor to the ascertained conditions of the external universe. Intensely dark "lanes" or "holes," as they were called, have been carefully watched, both in some of the bright nebulae and in the general background of stars. Not a single star, however faint, is to be seen in some of these, and the idea is growing that instead of these being holes into outer space, an improbable explanation, they may really be black cosmic clouds floating in front of the nebular or starry background, and shutting out the light. Professor Innes of the Transvaal Observatory has lately announced that a patch of sky rather more than three quarters of the Moon's diameter has been found near the Southern Crown constellation, in which no star can be seen. On the border of this region there is a small star which fluctuates in magnitude and which was even invisible for three years. The suggestion is made that the dark material, whatever it may be, that covers the blank space, extended itself during those three years sufficiently to hide that star, and that it has now withdrawn again. We do not really know what is the cause of the luminosity of the bright nebulae, and it seems perfectly reasonable, and in fact probable that non-luminous nebulae should exist in great numbers. Yet there may be some entirely unsuspected cause for the singular black "holes in the sky." We are only taking the first hesitating steps in the exploration of the mysteries of the stellar universe.

H. P. Blavatsky, in *The Secret Doctrine*, compared the Solar System to the human body, the Sun being the heart and the planets the limbs. She said that the Sun contracts and expands just like the human heart, and that the solar vital fluid takes about ten years to circulate and a whole year to pass through the auricle and ventricle before it is purified in the solar "lungs." The sunspots appear in greatest numbers during the time of the contraction of the solar heart.

At the time H. P. Blavatsky wrote this in *The Secret Doctrine* such ideas were quite heterodox; few facts were known to support such wild notions; but now, what a change! For, some years ago, suspicion was aroused among astronomers that there was some hitherto unobserved change going on in the shape of the Sun, and careful measurements were made of its diameters directly through the telescope and by means of a series of large telescopic photographs. Until lately, photographs covering a sufficiently long period of years have not been available. The result of these measurements showed periodical changes taking place in the shape of the Sun, which till

then had always been considered a perfect circle. Quite lately the results of a further research have been published which completely corroborate the first investigations and demonstrate that the polar diameter of the Sun is longer at the time of the maximum of sunspots and that it shortens gradually during the sunspot minimum. The Sun, therefore, is *pulsating in heart-beats* of about eleven years, precisely as H. P. Blavatsky stated nearly twenty-five years ago — long before such a thing was suspected by science, and before it was possible to ascertain its truth, because the series of photographs which have demonstrated it were only then being commenced. The new measures, published in the *Bulletin Astronomique*, which have confirmed the previous ones are as follows:

Excess of Sun's Polar Diameter in seconds	
1905	0.07
1906	0.17
* 1907	0.31
1908	0.29
1909	0.13

(\* 1907, year of sunspot maximum)

The results for 1910 are not complete, but as far as they go they indicate that the falling-off is continuing according to expectation. Every precaution was taken by the observers to eliminate errors and to allow the corrections for refraction, diffraction, tilt of photographic plate, etc. As one second of arc at the distance of the Sun represents four hundred and fifty miles, the change in length of the Polar diameter amounts to more than a hundred miles. Many new facts are being discovered, such as the eleven-year period of the wheat-rust in India, discovered by an Indian scientist; the appearance of magnetic storms, auroras, etc., which fully support H. P. Blavatsky's statements about the periodical outbreathing or outflowing of the solar circulating life-forces.

Mars is leaving us for a year or so, without having allowed astronomers to settle the question of the "canals." Professor Lowell is still satisfied with his theories; the observers at the Lowell Observatory, Flagstaff, Arizona, claim to have many confirmatory proofs. In one case it is claimed that two "canals" were detected in the process of doubling, the westernmost streak being the most clearly developed in each case. Some good photographs have been taken of Mars, showing more detail than has been photographically recorded before.

**A SHORT DESCRIPTION OF "HATTON'S CORNER,"  
AND OF THE "SYNCLINE"; from lengthier ones by  
A. J. Shearsby, Yass, N. S. W., Australia**

HATTON'S CORNER

THE district around the town of Yass is noted all the world over for its fossil beds of Silurian age, which are interbedded with a series of beautiful porphyries which have for many years puzzled geologists as to their origin. These porphyries have lately been investigated by A. J. Shearsby, who states that they are Silurian lava flows and not intrusions of granite masses.

The fossil beds are best studied at Hatton's Corner in the Yass River. Here are thick beds of limestone alternating with shale, both giving evidence of former coral reefs, which are now about two thousand feet above the sea. In the illustration a massive bed of limestone is seen in the foreground, with a perpendicular face to the Yass River over eighty feet in height, a typical illustration of a Silurian coral reef, almost entirely composed of *corals*, *crinoids*, and a fair sprinkling of shells. The chief fossils in this limestone are *Favosites*, *Heliolites*, *Spongophyllum*, *Tryplasma*, *Orthoceras*, Crinoids, and sponges.

The Smithsonian Institute of America has a fair number of fossils from this locality, so it will be seen that the name of Hatton's Corner is familiar to the scientific world of America.

"SYNCLINE" AT CAVAN, YASS

THIS beautiful example of earth-folding is one of the many geological points of interest to be found at Yass, N. S. W., the district where deposits of Silurian and Devonian formation are found. This particular feature is in the Devonian area and the "fold" extends for some miles, although this is the most picturesque portion to be seen. The structure is chiefly limestone, the lower beds being of a massive nature, while the upper layers are "rubbly." The fossils are not so numerous as in the Silurian deposits of Hatton's Corner, and are of a much more recent age. The chief fossils are *Corals*, *Favosites*, *Heliolites*; and more *Stromatoporoids*. Shellfish are represented by *Spirifera Yassensis*, *Chonetes culleni* *Zeptaena*; remains of the bony plates of Devonian fishes are also found.

One of the most interesting features of this "Syncline" is the



occurrence of a beautiful limestone cavern, known as the Narrengullen cave, which is entered at the back of the fallen mass of limestone in the center of the picture. This cave extends right through the hill, the opening being about three quarters of a mile away. In wet seasons a small river runs right through the cave, adding much to the surrounding beauty. The cave contains many magnificent formations, including some very large fluted stalactites, and in places the height of the chamber reaches over one hundred feet, the scene, with the aid of magnesium light, resembling a vast cathedral. E. H.

### THE LIVING SOIL: by H.

IT has been shown, says a scientific contemporary, that soils which have been treated with certain volatile antiseptics and afterwards prepared again for plant growth show a great increase in fertility. The soil bacteria are reduced in numbers by the first process, but afterwards they increase greatly. Why should this decrease in the bacteria be followed by such an increase? It has been suggested in explanation that the antiseptics kill off "the protozoa of the soil," some of which feed on the bacteria, and that thus the bacteria are permitted to multiply. A recent investigator into the protozoa of the soil names about thirty kinds, of which eighteen exist in an encysted state, not in an active one, and so, as he says, cannot act as the limiters of bacterial activity. As to the other twelve we find nothing said. But however the case may be, we come to this: that the soil is no longer regarded as so much dirt but as teeming with life.

This is one more instance of the growing tendency to find living beings everywhere; a change upon which one often finds occasion to comment as being a fulfilment of forecasts made by H. P. Blavatsky as to the course of scientific discovery. That teacher asserts that every atom in the universe is a life, and science is rapidly nearing an admission of that truth. Even the most "inorganic" substances we can examine, exhibit, when we analyse them with our most powerful instruments, active forces moving in an ordered manner — exhibit what one may scarcely deny to be characteristics of living beings.

**BY THE OCEAN: by R. W. Machell**

“WHERE do the great waves come from?” asked the child.

“Oh, from far away,” said the elder vaguely.

“Who starts them?” continued the persistent seeker after knowledge.

“The wind stirs them up and sets them going, and then they keep on till they sink or break against the shore.” This was said with more assurance and a hope that it would prove satisfactory, but the hope was vain, for the small voice continued without a pause:

“Where are the waves when it is calm?”

“There aren’t any waves then, there’s only the sea.” The elder was feeling uneasy and foresaw trouble. It came, sure enough.

“Is the sea made of waves?”

“My dear, it is time to go home.”

“But —”

“Put on your shoes and stockings now and come along, we shall be late for dinner.”

That settled it. But oh, the shame of it! It was disgraceful to appeal to the animal nature to come to the rescue of established authority in order to avoid a confession of ignorance.

The elder, however, gained time, and meant to think out a suitable answer to a question that was sure to come up again before long.

The same remorseless inquirer had recently asked where the dark went to when the light was turned on, and a similar “exit in case of emergency” had been employed as a means of escape from the terrible persistence of the inquiring mind. But the elder was anxious to be honest with the child and tried hard to find an answer.

What is a wave? Is it a moving mass of water? No, that will not do, for see, those floating bits of wood and weed stay pretty much in the same place; they rise and fall as the waves pass under them; so it is evident the water of which the wave is made does not go forward with the wave, and yet the wave is made of water and it moves. What moves; the wave? Can a wave made of water move independently of the water of which it is made? It seems like it; and yet — what is it that moves?

The elder kept asking these questions mentally and got no answer. The popular science of the day provided no answer that would satisfy a child.

There seemed to be an analogy between this problem and another

that occasionally came to the top and demanded in vain an explanation. This was the question as to where we come from and what were we before we were ourselves. This subject was a perfect nightmare to the elder, for it came up in a new form continually, and regardless of the rebukes that came from outraged orthodoxy, when the very bulwarks of faith tottered beneath the attacks of the dread child.

It was a fact that orthodoxy felt ashamed in the presence of intuition, and the elder was afraid of the infant.

Something must be done. Karma did it. The child was asleep and the elder was looking into a book-store in search of some source of inspiration that might provide a means to stem the torrent of inquiry. The title of a book on the shelf caught the eye of the troubled elder: *The Ocean of Theosophy* — the ocean — perhaps that might help. Orthodoxy shrank from a recourse to Theosophy, but then the ocean was the subject of immediate anxiety, the ocean and its waves, and — well — “any port in a storm.” So the book was bought, and smuggled home to be studied privately.

There was a wreck on the coast: when the storm was past the shore was strewn with wreckage, and the child and the elder stood looking at something the fishermen were taking out of a boat; the child ran up to see what it was before the elder could interfere, and the result was a series of questions on the nature of death. But this time the subject seemed almost welcome and no rebukes were called out by the searching character of the questions that followed one another with the persistence that knows no pity. On the contrary the elder got so much interested in expounding the complex nature of man that the child sat silent with open eyes fixed on the speaker's face. At length the newly-acquired wisdom ran short and the child took up the theme.

“Of course, we are ourselves all the time whether we are alive or dead and we aren't really dead at all but gone away, and then we come back and nobody knows us because we've changed our bodies and by the time we can talk properly we have forgotten where we came from; but we know we are ourselves the same as before, and then we grow up and forget some more and get like the grown-ups who never understand — oh — I mean —”

“Yes, my dear, you are quite right, but remember you too will grow up, and unless you try hard to keep on remembering who you really are, you will forget too, and have to learn all over again.”

“That’s what the waves do when they break on the rocks; I don’t think they can know they are themselves next time.”

“They are not people,” said the elder. “We have lived so many lives that we have learned to know we are something more than they are; some day we shall know ourselves better than we do now; then we shall not make mistakes and get into trouble, I hope.”

The seaside town turned out in force for the funeral of the victims of the wreck and many of the attendants indulged in excess of woe, which astonished the child.

“What are they crying for? It’s only the bodies that are dead, not the people.”

The elder was slightly shocked, but more because some one might hear what was said, than because of the want of solemnity in the child’s remarks. The fear of death had been so habitual that it was not easy to jump at once into a full realization of the freedom from that dark shadow of superstition that comes with a knowledge of the truth about life and death and rebirth. The satisfaction of being able to answer the child’s questions was great, but the triumph was short-lived as the waves, for the irrepressible infant now wanted to know where all the dead people were, and how soon they would come back, and would they be born in the same place next time, and so on.

There was no escape, and the elder took the wisest course, that of ordering a supply of Theosophical literature and of making a serious study of the teachings that, as said by the author of *The Ocean of Theosophy*, are as profound as the ocean yet so shallow at the borders that the waters will not overwhelm the understanding of a child, for the elder recognized the child’s right to knowledge of the essential truths of life so long as such knowledge was procurable.



It is a satisfaction to a man to do the proper works of a man. Now it is a proper work of a man to be benevolent to his own kind, to despise the movements of the senses, to form a just judgment of plausible appearances, and to take a survey of the nature of the universe and of the things which happen in it.

— *Marcus Aurelius Antoninus*