

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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Do Justice. Justice being destroyed, will destroy; being preserved, will preserve: it must never therefore be violated. — *Manu*, VIII. 15.

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD: THE ESSENTIAL FACTOR IN HUMAN DEVELOPMENT:

by H. Alexander Fussell



FOR the first time in history we see practically the whole male population of a country organized for war, as well as many of the women in capacities that do not involve actual fighting. The neutral nations of Europe have their armies ready mobilized and are on their guard; and all nations, even the most distant, participate mentally and morally in the conflict, either giving or withholding judgment. The fact that events, even the most trivial, are known the world over, almost as soon as they occur, adds to our responsibility, making it impossible for us to look with indifference on the causes which led to them. We feel ourselves involved in some way or other in all that goes on anywhere on the earth, and the belief is gaining ground that humanity as a whole has reached a stage in development which is characterized by, and demands, a new attitude of its component parts towards one another and towards the whole of which they are parts. In other words, the feeling of solidarity — that is, identity of interests — demands a higher morality, making for the more harmonious inter-relation of individuals and nations, based on the practical application of the principle of Universal Brotherhood.

Nor is this at all utopian; it is the natural logic of events. Every forward step in civilization has been marked by a deepening and an extension of current moral conceptions, as, for instance, from the

narrow but intense loyalty of the small city-state of classical antiquity to the wider consciousness of *Civis Romanus sum*; then on again through the strengthening of national feeling and unity all through the Middle Ages up to the present day, when the conception of *world-citizenship* is once more to the fore. There was a time when every man went about armed for fear of his neighbor; we smile at that now; and there will come a time when it will be as incongruous to see nations armed to the teeth attempting to settle international affairs at a Peace Conference.

Universal Peace is not to be put aside as the impracticable idea of mere enthusiasts and sentimental dreamers. It is based on the idea of Justice to All. From the purely utilitarian standpoint it is necessitated by a perception of the hard fact that nations which are in a state of war cannot and do not develop; that the mutual destruction of life and property, and the maiming of a large part of the population, are acts of madness, not of wisdom. Each nation is but a fragment, and as such has no right to impose its ideals upon the rest of the race by force, each and all being needed to give full expression to the multifarious life pulsating through humanity. The exaggerated feeling of nationality, so marked today, is hostile alike to our best interests and to the highest morality; it has led in the past to internecine strife, and will do so in the future, unless corrected and widened by the consciousness of the solidarity of the race.

Patriotism is a form of Brotherhood not yet come of age, which, if it continues confined to the nation, presents all the peculiarities and vices of arrested development. When unduly accentuated, as in war, it is tantamount to a denial of the unity of the race and the Brotherhood of mankind, a falling short of the highest of which we are capable, namely: disinterested service in behalf of humanity. This virtue, which includes true patriotism, and to the practice of which we must bend all our energies, or modern civilization must be pronounced a failure, is the highest form which civic and international relations can take; and it has very fittingly been called by Madame Katherine Tingley, "the Higher Patriotism." It is founded on Justice, on a recognition of the rights of other nations, as well as of our own, as members of one great human family, bound together by the ties of love and brotherhood; for mankind is one in origin and destiny.

Despite the fact that so large a portion of the world is at war, there are unmistakable signs that a new spirit is stirring in men's

hearts. The heart-searchings of all nations are most intense at the present time. Chaos threatens, and each is endeavoring to set its house in order, knowing full well that amid the general break-down of the social machine it must take its share of blame and suffering. Institutions, which men hoped would bring peace and lessen strife and competition, have proved ineffective; the churches are powerless, diplomacy is a failure, and from all sides rises the cry for a revision of individual and national rights and duties, and for a more practical application of the principle of Universal Brotherhood to the affairs of men. In the present state of mental and moral stress in which the minds of men are the world over, it is very necessary to bear in mind the goal towards which we are striving; for on the effective working out of this principle, the essential factor in human development, depends the future of humanity.

The spirit of dissatisfaction, now so prevalent, is the result of the discord which we feel exists between our lives and institutions and the new spirit of Brotherhood which is seeking realization. It will not be realized without effort, nor without sacrifice on our part, but these we are called upon to make, in our own interests as well as in the interests of others, or we shall be swept away in the general *débâcle*.

We do not lack ideals, we are enamored of great principles, but we have not the courage to carry them out. We accept them, we glow feebly over them, stirred by weak sentimentalism and emotionalism, but we do not make them the dominant, all-compelling power in our lives, and so we accomplish nothing. We fail in our efforts for Peace and Justice because we cannot give to others what we do not possess ourselves. Our proposals for the betterment of mankind do not ring true, for even while making them we are half-hearted, and cling to the old scheme of things so long as it is our personal advantage to do so. A truth, held half-heartedly, may do a great deal of mischief, for, like an anodyne, it lulls to sleep and blunts the moral faculties. It is only in active whole-hearted service in the cause of goodness that we can hope to lift the world higher, and find inner satisfaction and peace, because we are doing the only work worthy of a man.

Permanent Peace will never be established until private and national interests, which tend towards separation, are subordinated to the humanizing and unifying instincts born of the principle of Universal Brotherhood. These are already implanted in our nature, and

are pleading to be allowed to put forth their full power. 'The transformation that would then take place in human relationships is beyond the telling. But it is not too much to say that the difficulties inherent in the majority of the social, political, and international problems that beset us would disappear, or, at least, be considerably lessened, if approached in a conciliatory, instead of in an antagonistic spirit. We consider them insoluble, because we can trust neither ourselves nor our fellows. But we cannot plead ignorance; it is the *good* will and faith in the Higher Self that is lacking. In *The Secret Doctrine* (Vol. I, pp. 642-5) Madame Blavatsky calls attention to

the profound truth that Nemesis is without attributes; that while the dreaded goddess is absolute and immutable as a Principle, it is we ourselves — nations and individuals — who propel her to action and give the impulse to its direction. KARMA-NEMESIS is the creator of nations and mortals, but once created, it is they who make of her either a fury or a rewarding Angel. . . . There is no return from the paths she cycles over; yet those paths are of our own making, for it is we, collectively or individually, who prepare them. . . . For the only decree of Karma — an eternal and immutable decree — is absolute Harmony in the world of matter as it is in the world of Spirit. It is not, therefore, Karma that rewards or punishes, but it is we, who reward or punish ourselves according to whether we work with, through and along with nature, abiding by the laws on which that Harmony depends, or — break them.

. . . With right knowledge, or at any rate with a confident conviction that our neighbors will no more work to harm us than we would think of harming them, the two-thirds of the World's evil would vanish into thin air. Were no man to hurt his brother, Karma-Nemesis would have neither cause to work for, nor weapons to act through. . . . If one breaks the laws of Harmony, or, as a Theosophical writer expresses it, "the laws of life," one must be prepared to fall into the chaos one has oneself produced. . . . Karma-Nemesis is no more than the (spiritual) dynamical effect of causes produced and forces awakened into activity by our own actions. . . . Man is himself his own savior as his own destroyer. He need not accuse Heaven and the gods, Fates and Providence, of the apparent injustice that reigns in the midst of humanity. But let him rather remember and repeat this bit of Grecian wisdom, which warns man to forbear accusing *That* which —

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 "Just, though mysterious, leads us on unerring
 Through ways unmark'd from guilt to punishment . . ."

— which are now the ways and the high road on which move onward the great European nations.

These words were written in 1885, long before a general European conflict was even dreamt of. Stern as they are, they are words of

hope as well as of condemnation. For what man has brought about, man can also change, if he sets about it in the right way; and a large part of the constructive work of the Twentieth Century will be "a transformation of the social and political and international conditions that render war inevitable." There are economical, social, intellectual, and moral forces at work in the world *now*, which have their source in man's higher nature, and which will eventually shatter every state and individual that oppose them. These forces make for unity, harmony, and justice — for Brotherhood; and the present breakdown of the social order in Europe is the consequence of their violation. The war may retard, but it cannot stop the advance of humanity. It has already diminished the moral influence of the European nations, and caused men to question the value of the principles on which our civilization is based. But Europe is not the world; and if, for the moment, the heart-life is inoperative there, it is pulsating through other centers, and with greater force than ever, for the healing of the wounds that have been made.

Surely the warring nations do not think that the world is filled with admiration for them. Pity and horror and indignation are the emotions evoked by this war, and amazement at the folly and blindness that led to it. Each of them professes to be fighting in the interests of humanity. Each wishes to live on friendly terms with its neighbors, and to continue its civilizing mission at home and abroad; and each complains of being thwarted in this high task by the selfish aims and ambitions of the others; and in consequence, their friendliness becomes enmity, and they forthwith engage in mutual destruction. Montesquieu was right, when he said "If Europe should ever be ruined, it will be by its warriors." Truly, war is the *reductio ad absurdum* of the art of living. The results of this madness are so dire, that Mother Earth may yet lose patience and rid herself of these incorrigible children of hers through some frightful catastrophe.

Nevertheless we must not lose courage. Reference has already been made to the new spirit that is stirring in men's hearts; it has been active in many ways, especially in the endeavor to bring about a better understanding between nations. The numerous efforts that have been made to give practical expression to this desire find their culmination and their *raison d'être* in the teachings of Theosophy, which were made known again to mankind by Madame H. P. Blavatsky in 1875, and have since then been molding the thought of the world,

guiding it to an ever clearer apprehension of the great truth that Brotherhood is a fact in Nature, the only sure basis for morality and all human relationship. The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society was founded in the same year to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood, which should ultimately embrace all the nations of the earth. It would seem that the Helpers of Humanity, our Elder Brothers, from whom the impulse came, foresaw the evil that has befallen the race, and were preparing the means to combat it. The only way to establish mankind in Truth and Justice, and in harmonious living, is obedience to the laws of Karma and Reincarnation and Universal Brotherhood. It is no new way; the way of life is not new, though at times we seem to prefer that of death.

Let us then take to heart the lesson that mankind has been learning from the beginning of time, aye, not only through the period of recorded history, but long ages before — the great lesson of harmonious combination, a closer and more intimate union of individuals, communities and nations in ever larger and more comprehensive organizations, until at last the power which binds us together is no longer external, dependent on outward sanctions, but the expression of an inner necessity, born of the soul-life, the indissoluble bond of Love and Brotherhood. The history of human society may be regarded as a series of experiments in right living, all of which, in spite of often brilliant partial successes, have been failures. They have failed because they were made on the principle of exclusion; they were not based on the principle of Universal Brotherhood. We, the men and women of the Twentieth Century, if we have learned

“The lesson writ in red since first Time ran,”
 need experiment no longer. It is our duty and our privilege to inaugurate an era of reconstruction, the greatest the world has seen, upon which mankind shall enter at the close of this war — an Era of Peace and Truth, and Love and Justice.



THEOSOPHY is that ocean of knowledge which spreads from shore to shore of the evolution of sentient beings; unfathomable in its deepest parts, it gives the greatest minds their fullest scope; yet, shallow enough at its shores, it will not overwhelm the understanding of a child.— *William Q. Judge*

“DETERMINISM” IN HISTORY: by T. Henry, M. A.



RECENTLY we came across a review of a book on history, and the reviewer said that the writer of the book was attempting to apply to history the principle of “determinism.” In other words, the writer was endeavoring to interpret the drama of history by representing it as a sequence of arbitrary causes and effects; all these causes and effects being comprehended within the ordinary sphere of vision, and comprising the ordinary motives and actions of humanity. The reviewer, on his part, contended for the operation of another influence, which he called “free will,” and which interfered with the rigid mathematical process of cause and effect by continually introducing unexpected factors. These new factors acted through great men and geniuses.

In these contrasted views one seems to detect the familiar opposition between the “natural” and the “supernatural,” between man and God, between necessity and free will; and, in fact, between determinism and whatever is the opposite of this word. This opposition is seen in the ordinary scientific view of nature; whereby nature, having first been resolved into a dead mechanism, is then vivified by certain abstract forces; life is supposed to be one thing, and matter another. The theological view of life also illustrates the same antagonism, whenever the Deity is represented as an extraneous power interfering with the normal course of things. And your superstitious materialist regards the universe as a mechanical arrangement modified by the action of something which he calls the “supernatural” or the “occult.”

These views are reconciled in an ampler vision wherein the universe is seen to be moved by unerring law, but the law is recognized as having a far wider sweep and scope than lies within the limits of the ordinary eye. The so-called “supernatural” is simply nature acting in an unfamiliar way; the occult is merely that which is hidden from our clouded vision; God stands for the Spiritual forces that operate through many channels, including that of man himself; the world is not made of dead matter actuated by immaterial forces, but is made of living matter. And similarly history is the drama of human motives and actions, but includes motives and actions which go beyond the ordinary ken.

If the course of history is profoundly affected by the influence of

great leaders and geniuses, it is proper to ask the source of that influence, and this is impossible to answer unless we take into account the immortality of the individual man. If the philosophy of determinism be rejected — if we deny that a man's character and destiny is determined solely by the influence of his entourage — if we admit the action of something else which we call free will or initiative or originality or spontaneity — then we must inquire into the source of this mysterious originating power. A questioning mind will not be satisfied with the mere words "chance" or "Divine power," for these are simply devices for shelving the question by relegating it to a category which we do not propose to investigate.

The source of this extraordinary power is the higher nature of man himself. There are some individuals who have become more or less aware of the existence of their higher nature and are able to bring its influence to bear in their actions. Thus they come under the sway of motives different from those which usually govern peoples' actions. Let us see what these higher motives are, and how they differ from other motives. The motives imputed to humanity by the orthodox scientific historian, and regarded by him as being the causes that determine the complicated sequence of events which he strives to unravel, are the desires and passions of the personal nature of man, such as lust, ambition, avarice, fear, envy, fanaticism, and the like. One of the higher forces is that which we endeavor to denote by the word Compassion — though the word is too feeble to express the fulness of the idea. Compassion is the law of our Spiritual life, in much the same sense as self-interest is the law of our personal nature. Few and unrecognized in this age are the great Souls who have finally weaned themselves from the lower law of self-interest, and are consciously working in fulfilment of the higher law of Compassion. Yet they exert a most powerful influence on history, and it is interesting to try and trace out the effects of their work. But apart from these great Souls, there are many people who work in the light of the higher law to a less degree and who are not fully conscious of what they are doing. It must often happen, in the counsels of those who direct great affairs, that critical moments of choice come, when the pendulum oscillates between a selfish motive and a compassionate motive. Or perhaps the higher motive is Duty, or Honor, or Justice. On such decisions, how much must turn, for weal or for woe, in the making of history! Here, then, we can see plainly enough how the

higher law of our Spiritual nature may be brought to bear upon the human drama, so as profoundly to alter the course of history; and in seeing this, we are lifted at once out of the region of vagaries in thought, whether scientific or theological, and we touch something definite and matter-of-fact.

It must, therefore, be impossible for the would-be historian to interpret history aright, unless he is able to detect and to weigh and measure these higher motives — a thing which we surmise he is usually quite unable to do.

And what about the “ Gods ” in pagan history? Is it not likely that (the superstitions of the vulgar and ignorant apart) these Gods stood for the Spiritual powers in nature and man? If so, we have a new meaning for such things as the interposition of Jupiter or Venus or Minerva; for it may have signified the interposition of Justice, Compassion, or Wisdom. And it would seem that the ancient Mysteries, in their undegenerated form, knew of sacred observances and purificatory rites whereby such celestial influences might be invoked. Correspondingly with this, we must of course be ready to allow for the possibility of malign motives, able to set in motion certain vicious and destructive forces; and thus again history would be affected.

If determinism were true, what a horror the drama of history would be; and what a horror is the drama of life as viewed by those who try to represent it as a purposeless interaction of blind irresponsible forces! There is nothing more objectionable to the thinking mind than the idea of such a merely mechanical universe. Machinery has been our fad; but there is a vast gulf fixed between the most complicated machine and the simplest of Nature’s works. History might be compared with a game of chess; and we may remember that Edgar Allan Poe, in discussing Maelzel’s “ automatic ” chess-player, points out that no machine can be made to play a game of chess, because the successive moves do not depend upon one another by any understood law, and so the final result is not predetermined by the positions of the pieces at any given intermediate stage. The attempt to interpret history on the supposition that the position of all the figures in the drama at any given time is predetermined by the position at a previous time, would be like trying to forecast the result of a game of chess; it would be a chancy undertaking. We ought to allow for the minds of the players who move the pieces; and so, to interpret history, we should need to be familiar with all that goes on

behind the scenes, in those higher realms wherein the immortal Spirit of man ever dwells. History, as we know it, is the little that happens to be visible to us of a mighty drama that is mostly unseen; just as the scheme of living organisms is but the visible result of work that goes on in unseen realms. Mechanicalism in thought has been one of our banes in this age.

And the counterpart of this mechanicalism is superstition: for, since our narrow theories will not include everything that happens, it becomes necessary to suppose the action of extraneous influences; and we become believers in the supernatural and the weird, or else have a sort of subsidiary philosophy of life which we call "religion." And a curious double part do we play, as believers in materialistic philosophy on the one hand, and (professed) believers in Divine power and wisdom on the other. The idea that Divine power works according to law, and that it can be invoked and relied upon as a working factor in our dealings, does not seem to have struck us.

The word "Nature" has been restricted to the lower kingdoms — the plants and animals and the lower aspect of the human kingdom. But the meaning of the word can be extended; there can be a higher "Nature." As human beings, we cannot live in accordance with Nature in the same sense as animals do, unless we relapse into an animal state of existence; for even the lowliest savages have some philosophy of the unseen. Hence we must study the higher aspects of Nature and try to live in harmony with Nature in that sense. But we have been violating the laws of Nature, and largely through want of understanding them, owing to our materialistic and mechanical philosophies.

Is it not essential that every man should have an ideal of moral health of his own and strive to live up to it, just as he strives to keep his bodily health intact by obeying the laws of hygiene? And should we not all feel that no man's moral health is a matter of concern for him alone, but is a matter of concern for all, just as our personal freedom from filth and contaminating disease is a matter of vital interest to the whole community? If we thought and felt so, then we should have such an interest in keeping a clean conscience that no external power would be needed to make us do it. We should be rid of the notion that a conscientious life must be lived in order merely to secure our own posthumous salvation or that we may enjoy a state of self-

conscious sanctity. We should be free also of that atmosphere of polished skepticism which pervades cultivated circles, as though religion and morality were academic affairs not counting for anything in actual life. The choice between sanctimoniousness and cynicism does not leave us much consolation; and it would be a relief to know that it is possible to believe in the efficacy of Spiritual powers and yet be a reasonable person!

When people go to church do they ever think that the real duty of a church congregation must be so to unite themselves in thought and aspiration with their highest ideal of good that a benediction will proceed from them to help the world? It is probable that this does not enter the minds of many in the congregation. They have vague ideas of religious duty, and perhaps of personal salvation, and some go from little more than habit and fashion. But if they all believed earnestly in the existence of Spiritual powers in man, and in the efficacy of these powers, their thoughts would go out towards the world in a desire to help and bring harmony.

Conscience is the prompting of the law of our Higher Nature, and to follow that voice is to approach the portals of a larger and happier life. But we cannot do it by serving self, no matter how high-flown our desires may be. Great teachers have shown us how vain are the hopes of even the most exalted personal ambitions, and how a clean heart is the only permanent consolation. And we do need greater faith in our own power.

We are now at a momentous epoch in history, and the future scenes of the drama will be determined by what we do now. The only way out of our difficulties is an appeal to conscience — a conscience that rises even beyond national patriotism. The appeal to self-interest can but bring on eventually a renewal of the same troubles. The sufferings of the world should suffice to evoke a feeling of Compassion — a motive that is sufficient in itself and requires no philosophic analysis to justify it. As a civilization we may, or we may not, repeat the mistakes that have brought catastrophes to many foregoing civilizations. But the event cannot be settled by “determinism.”

THE ACROPOLIS OF ATHENS:

by F. S. Darrow, A. M., PH. D.

II. THE PERICLEAN AGE (*concluded*)

(B) THE PROPYLAEA

The bars of the great Propylaea unclose,
Shout, shout, to behold, as the portals unfold,
Fair Athens in splendor excelling.—*Aristophanes*



THE handsome portico of the Acropolis known as the Propylaea was included in the building plans of Pericles; it ranked with the Parthenon as a work of art and was equally the pride of the Athenians. Like most of the other buildings on the hill it superseded an earlier, less pretentious structure, some of whose foundations still remain. The winding approach to the summit of the hill leads to a precipitous double flight of steps at the top, the marble of the present steps covering those of earlier construction. Between the two stairways is a roadway cut in the native rock marked by deep ruts to accommodate the wheels of vehicles.

The gateway proper consists of a massive wall, which spans the expanse of the western end of the hill, pierced by five openings. Before this wall, as the name Propylaea implies, was built the beautiful vestibule with a front façade of six Doric columns 28 feet in height, which supported the usual pediment. There is a difference of 16 inches between the lower and upper diameter of these columns and they are built in the proportion of five and one-third the lower diameter as compared with five and one-half in those of the Parthenon. The portico, which is entirely built of Pentelic marble, was begun in 437 B. C.; the work was continued for five years; 2012 talents, or about two million dollars, were spent upon it. It is certain that the edifice, as far as it was completed, only partially carried out the original plans of the architect, Mnesicles, who no doubt encountered opposition from the zealous guardians of precincts in close proximity to the gateway, while the outbreak of the Peloponnesian War hindered many building projects. The Propylaea is a structure of imposing proportions, characterized by a perfection of workmanship similar to that of the Parthenon. The roadway passes through the large central opening in the wall, which is 24 feet 2 inches high and 13 feet 8 inches wide. The gateways on either side next the center are 17 feet 8 inches high and 9 feet 6 inches wide. The outermost openings

are smaller, 11 feet 2 inches high, and 4 feet 9 inches wide. These entrances must all have been closed by massive gates which swung on pivots, for their grating noise is alluded to by Aristophanes —

The citadel gate

Is unbarred—and the hinges—you hear how they grate!—*Knights*. v. 1326

The ceiling of the front portico was of great beauty and exquisite workmanship and was built entirely of stone and cut with sunken painted panels. The heavy stone rafters, some of which must have been 20 feet in length, were supported by six Ionic columns placed at right angles to the façade on each side of the central opening. These slender and graceful columns were in the proportion of ten and one-half the lower diameter. The combination of the Doric and Ionic orders was unusual in the same building at this epoch, but the result was so pleasing that it aroused great admiration and the custom was often imitated in later works. Unfortunately the structure has suffered greatly, like the other treasures of the Acropolis, by earthquakes and explosions, and willful spoliation, so that now the roof and all the capitals of the columns are thrown down. Some of the coffered blocks of the ceiling show traces of gold stars on a blue background.

On either side of the vestibule, wings protrude forward 26 feet from the central portion, and are built in the form of Doric temples fronting upon the stairway; both present a façade of three Doric columns between two pilasters (*antæ*). The northwest wing was a picture gallery, and is referred to as the *Pinacotheca* in later times. It was entered from a porch about 13 feet deep whose lintel is formed of one immense stone, a usual custom in Greek buildings. The walls of the room, which was about 35 by 29 feet, consist of stone blocks, pierced by two windows, the presence of which in an ancient Greek building is very unusual. A reference to these paintings, about eleven in number, is given by Pausanias, who wrote of his travels in Greece in the second century A. D.—

And on the left of the vestibules is a building with paintings and among those that time has not destroyed are Diomede and Odysseus, the one taking away Philoctetes' bow in Lemnos, the other taking the Palladium from Ilium. Among other paintings here is Aegisthus being slain by Orestes, and Pylades slaying the sons of Nauplius that came to Aegisthus' aid. And Polyxena about to be sacrificed near the tomb of Achilles. And among other paintings is Alcibiades, and there are traces in the painting of the victory of his horses at Nemca. There too is Perseus sailing to Seriphus, carrying to Polydectes the head of Medusa.

And among other paintings, to pass over the lad carrying the waterpots, and the wrestler painted by Timænetus, is one of Musæus.

And at the entrance to the Acropolis is a Hermes, whom they call Propylæus, and the Graces, which they say were the work of Socrates, the son of Sophroniscus.

All theories, as to what kind of paintings these were, are conjectural because no trace of them remains, and there is no ancient statement in regard to this point. The nature of the walls is unsuited to frescoes, and there are no holes visible for hooks upon which to hang canvases, therefore the consensus of opinion seems to be that they were possibly easel pictures.

The southwest wing presents a similar Doric façade, but it consisted only of a porch which did not conduct into any chamber behind, though it is probable that the architect wished to build the two wings of equal size but was obliged to curtail his plans to avoid infringement upon other precincts.

A back portico, about half the depth of the front, was built inside the gateway (see illustration). There are many signs of incompleteness upon the back of the building; the spaces near the top of the walls presumably left for the insertion of beams and rafters show fairly conclusively that two back wings were projected on either side, but these were never built. The bosses seen upon the blocks of marble that are in position in the walls were left for convenience in handling the stone and to serve as a protection to the cut surfaces — a custom usual in building Greek walls. These were later cut away in the finished walls; their presence here shows that the walls were unfinished. These bosses have often been copied in later architecture or wall-building as a means of ornamentation.

(c) THE TEMPLE OF ATHENA NIKE, OR NIKE APTEROS,
OR THE WINGLESS VICTORY

Perched upon a bastion, 26 feet high, which is formed by a corner of the Acropolis wall probably dating from Cimon's time, stands the charming little temple of Athena Nike. This building of Pentelic marble, sheltered under the southwest wing of the Propylæa, and dedicated to Athena the Victorious, was fittingly placed at the exit of the Acropolis, where her aid could be sought by those about to start on a dangerous journey or begin some difficult undertaking. An inscription dating about 450 B. C. speaks of the building of this temple. The temple is only 18 feet wide and 27 feet long, raised upon

three steps. The shafts of the graceful Ionic columns, four at each end, are monoliths, and the columns complete are $13\frac{1}{2}$ feet in height. The cella of the temple is 13 feet 9 inches wide and 12 feet 5 inches deep. The whole building has been literally resurrected from the débris of a Turkish breastwork, block by block, in 1835-6, and reconstructed in almost complete though mutilated condition, with the exception of the roof. The continuous frieze, which was 86 feet long and $17\frac{1}{2}$ inches in height, is preserved, though badly damaged, which makes the interpretation of the subject difficult. It has been suggested that the three battle scenes upon the sides of the temple are the three great battles of the Persian Wars: Marathon, Salamis, and Plataea. If correct, each side of the temple approximately faces the direction of the battlefield it depicts; the fourth side shows an assemblage of the Gods. Such an historical subject is quite unique in Greek sculpture.

A stone balustrade decorated with bas-relief on the outer surface extended along the north, west, and south sides of the precinct of this temple. The slabs were one meter in height, surmounted by a bronze railing, the holes for which are still visible. The exquisite sculptures upon these slabs date sometime within the last twenty-five years of the fifth century B. C. The various groups of Victories engaged in acts of sacrifice and triumph, though sadly mutilated, show a noble conception of form and an admirable delicacy of workmanship. They have been criticised as showing somewhat studied refinement, and therefore lacking the spontaneity of creative genius. The Nike binding her sandal (see illustration) is very familiar, because she formed a favorite subject for later artists. It is recorded that the early statue in the temple of Athena Nike, which was one of the ancient xoana, was represented without wings so that she would not go away, but there is some authority for supposing that the later image was possessed of golden wings.

(D) THE PRECINCT OF THE BRAURONIAN ARTEMIS

To the southeast of the Propylaea was one of the oldest precincts on the hill, dedicated to Artemis Brauronia. There are no traces of a temple; colonnades probably extended along the eastern and northern sides of the enclosure while the west side was bounded by the Pelasgic wall, and the south by the Acropolis wall. The worship of Artemis was universal in all Greece; the ancient statue of this precinct was said to have been brought from Tauris (the birthplace of

Artemis, according to one legend) by Orestes and Iphigenia, who, as one story runs, concealed the image in a bundle of brushwood and carried it to Brauron, in Attica, whence the goddess derived the name of Brauronia. Iphigenia, who was at first to have been sacrificed to Artemis, and then became her priestess, was afterwards identified with the goddess. Her shipwrecked brother was also about to be sacrificed upon her altar when his sister recognized him and planned their escape. Inscriptions speak of two images: the older described as a seated stone statue, the other standing, of some material other than stone, for the garments offered were actually placed upon the statue, possibly for the protection of some precious material.

The bear figured in the ceremonies connected with the worship of this precinct, possibly with reference to the legend that Iphigenia, when about to be sacrificed upon the altar by her father, was transformed into a bear, though the more familiar version names the animal as a stag. Today a rather woebegone stone image of a bear stands in the Acropolis museum the sole relic relating to this cult. A reference to this cult worship is quoted from the verses of Aristophanes (see below).

(E) THE ATHENA PROMACHOS, OR THE GREAT BRONZE ATHENA

The roadway which ascends from the Propylaea towards the Parthenon, today is lined with fallen marble blocks and fragments of entablature where once was a forest of statues and votive offerings. To the left of the pathway has been located the probable site of the early bronze statue of Athena Promachos, the Champion and Defender. A quadrangular platform about 18 feet in diameter is seen here cut in the rock about 30 yards east of the Propylaea. From the many references to this statue, which stood in the open, it appears to have been of colossal size though there is great difference of opinion as to its actual height. The statue dated probably from the time of Cimon, and apparently was carried off to Constantinople and there preserved until the year 1203 A. D., for it seems to be described in detail by the Byzantine historian, Nicetas Choniates, who recounts its destruction by a mob in the market-place where it then stood. This description relates that the goddess was portrayed standing upright, clad in a tunic which reached to her feet and was drawn in by a girdle at the waist. On her breast was a tight-fitting aegis with Gorgon's head. On her head she wore a helmet with a nodding

plume of horsehair. Her tresses were plaited and fastened at the back of her head, but some locks strayed over her brow from beneath the rim of the helmet. With her left hand she lifted the folds of her garment; her right hand was stretched out in front of her, and her face was turned in the same direction, as if she were beckoning to someone. There was a sweet look, as if of love and longing, in the eyes; the lips seemed as if about to part in honeyed speech. The ignorant and superstitious mob destroyed the statue because after the first siege and capture of Constantinople by the Crusaders, they fancied that the outstretched hand of the statue beckoned the host of the invaders from out of the west. Many sculptures that have been found probably suggest the posture and style of this statue. The beautiful torso known as the Athena Medici, formerly in the Villa Medici, Rome, and now in the *École des Beaux Arts*, Paris, has been associated as probably in the style of the Promachos. (See illustration)

(F) THE ERECHTHEUM

Close to the northern edge of the Acropolis, nestling in a depression of the rock, stands the Erechtheum. Never was Greek genius and sense of proportion more clearly demonstrated than is shown in the design of these two temples which stand side by side, a perfect contrast: the Parthenon, in its massive simplicity, masculine in its majestic proportions; and the Erechtheum, dainty and elegant, the embodiment of femininity, in no way overpowered by the close proximity of its neighbor.

In many respects the Erechtheum is unlike other Greek temples, as the architect was obliged to satisfy many demands by housing several of the most ancient and revered precincts upon the Acropolis under one roof. At first, as we have seen, the Mycenaean palace stood in this neighborhood; for Erechtheus, later identified with Poseidon, is mentioned by Homer in connexion with the worship of Athena. The interior of the temple was divided into two, the eastern cella dedicated to Athena Polias — the Guardian of the City — where the ancient image was to be placed upon its removal from the Old Athena Temple, and the western cella probably dedicated to Erechtheus. The name Erechtheum was only used for the whole building in later times.

To the Peace Party, under the leadership of Nicias, may probably be credited the project of building the Erechtheum, about 421 B. C. Work upon it, after considerable progress was made, was abandoned,

but in 409 B. C., after the victory of Cyzicus, a commission was appointed, as stated in an extant inscription, to survey the state of the unfinished building and note what was still required for its completion. All that was left was to complete the top courses and roof, to flute most of the columns, to carve some of the ornamental moldings, to give the final polish to the surface of the walls, and to carve the sculpture of the frieze. The work was probably completed the year following. In 406 B. C., Xenophon says the ancient temple on the Acropolis was set on fire. This passage is generally referred to the Erechtheum, as some alterations were apparently necessary upon the building before its final completion, possibly as the result of accident. The ornamentation of the building is mostly confined to its three porches, each one of which is remarkable for beauty of proportion and novelty of design.

The temple is built upon the uneven rock so that there is considerable difference in the level of the flooring, while the existing ruined state of the interior of the building leaves much uncertainty as to the original plan. The many walls and cross-sections have to be dissected into various building periods, for the temple was converted at different times into a Christian church and Turkish harem. The description given by Pausanias of his visit to the building is also obscure, but it is fairly certain that the temple was divided into two main portions with one or more corridors. In the words of Pausanias —

There is a building called the Erechtheum, and in the vestibule is an altar of Supreme Zeus, where they offer no living sacrifice but cakes without the usual libation of wine. And as you enter there are three altars, one to Poseidon (on which they also sacrifice to Erechtheus according to the oracle), one to the hero Butes, and the third to Hephaestus. And on the walls are paintings of the family of Butes. The building is a double one, and inside there is sea water in a well. And this is no great marvel, for even those who live in inland parts have such wells, as notably the Aphrodisienses in Caria. But this well is represented as having a roar as of the sea when the south wind blows. And in the rock is the figure of a trident. And this is said to have been Poseidon's proof in regard to the territory Athene disputed with him.

The most sacred of all is the statue of Athene in what is now called the Acropolis, but was then called the Polis, which was universally worshiped many years before the various townships formed one city, and the rumor about it is that it fell from heaven. And Callimachus made a golden lamp for the goddess. And when they fill this lamp with oil it lasts for a whole year, although it burns continually night and day. And the wick is of a particular kind of cotton flax, the only kind imperishable by fire. And above the lamp is a palm-tree of brass

reaching to the roof and carrying off the smoke. And Callimachus the maker of this lamp, although he comes behind the first artificers, yet was remarkable for ingenuity.

In regard to the Buteids, it is noteworthy that this ancient family furnished both the priests of Poseidon-Erechtheus, and the priestesses of Athena Polias. The statesman and orator Lycurgus belonged to this family and wooden statues of him and of his sons were dedicated in the Erechtheum, together with a genealogical tree tracing the descent of the family from Erechtheus.

Although the Erechtheum was built ostensibly for the better accommodation of the ancient image formerly placed in the Old Athena Temple, there is no certainty as to when it was removed or in what way the revered image was preserved during the sacking of the Acropolis by the Persians, but it continued in existence for several centuries. The goddess was represented standing and armed. She held a round shield on which was the Gorgon's head. The antique image seen on the Panathenic vases was most probably copied from the Polias. This represents the goddess in a stiff attitude, the left foot advanced, the right hand raised and grasping the spear, with which she is making a thrust; she wears a crested helmet and holds a round shield upon her left arm. Possibly the small bronze statuette now in the museum in Athens preserves this type of figure. (See illustration)

There is a difference of level of about 10 feet between the east cella and the chamber adjoining with no indication of any stairway of communication between the two. The western portion, dedicated to Erechtheus, contained many objects associated with his worship. It was probably divided into two chambers separated by two partitions. Beneath the corridor on the western side are the ruins of a large cistern often repaired but which appears to have formed a part of the original plan of the building, and is probably the salt sea referred to by Pausanias.

The Eastern Portico presents six graceful Ionic columns, 22 feet in height, surmounted by capitals of unusual richness with elaborately carved bases. One of these columns was taken away by Lord Elgin and is now in the British Museum.

The Northern Portico also presents six Ionic columns, four on the front and two at the side supporting a separate gabled roof. These columns are somewhat larger than those of the eastern portico and are

still more elaborately carved. The blocks of the coffered ceiling still show painted borders and holes for the insertion of gilt stars or other ornaments, and the carved borders of the columns show spaces at intervals for the insertion of bright enamel. This porch has been largely restored from the scattered fragments thrown down in the course of sieges and earthquake shocks. The beautiful and well-preserved doorway leading from this portico to the interior has been frequently imitated in modern buildings and is the greatest treasure of its kind that has been preserved. A large hole left in the floor of this porch reveals the native rock below marked by three clefts, the mark of Poseidon's trident; over this place a corresponding hole was left in the roof, a custom usual in Greek buildings where it was desired to preserve the spots struck by thunder-bolts or other signs of the activity of the gods.

The Porch of the Maidens, which is built upon the opposite side of the building, is quite unique in design, for the flat roof is here supported, not by columns but by six figures of maidens, rather larger than life size, that stand upon a parapet $8\frac{1}{2}$ feet high. The common appellation of Caryatids to these statues is derived by Vitruvius from the fact that when the town of Caryä in the Peloponnesus was captured by the Athenians its women were sold into slavery. Whether that derivation be true or not it is hardly possible that the porch of the Erechtheum has any intentional reference to that event, for in the Erechtheum inscription the figures are simply called maidens and doubtless merely reproduce the contemporary type of the Athenian maidens, as may be seen by a comparison of the maidens of the Parthenon frieze. Certainly the light burden they carry, and the grace and dignity with which they fulfil their mission, conveys rather the impression of willing guardianship instead of compulsory restriction.

This porch has been restored and the figure taken by Lord Elgin, now in the British Museum (see illustration), replaced in terra-cotta. No two of the maidens are exactly alike; they show the early statuésque pose and the hair is braided down over the shoulders as in the case of the early type of female figures. Their burden is carried firmly yet easily and the echinus or cushion of the capital is purposely sculptured to suggest a basket. The straight folds of the drapery are skilfully utilized to give the impression of architectural support, and repose is suggested by the curved lines and the bent knee. The architect has lightened the entablature so as to avoid the appearance of

a crushing weight resting upon the figures, by omitting the usual frieze of the Ionic order. The figures are nobly modeled and gracefully balanced by having the weight carried by the outer foot on each side of the center respectively.

It is thought that this portion of the building was close to the spot devoted to the use of the chosen maidens of Athena, who are referred to as living and having their ball-games in the Pandrosium, an enclosure somewhere near to this side of the building. The story runs that four girls between seven and eleven years of age were selected every year by the king archon from the most distinguished families, two of whom superintended the weaving of the sacred peplos of Athena, which was begun on the last day of October; the two others were chosen to perform the mysterious ceremony of carrying sacred vessels placed upon their heads by the priestess of the goddess. The girls wore white robes adorned with gold, which were left for the goddess upon their departure. Provisions were conveyed to the girls by their parents of a prescribed kind. The ceremony would point to some connexion with the daughter of Cecrops, Erse or Herse, whose worship was intimately connected with that of Athena. It was known as the festival of Arrhephoria, indicating that mysterious things were carried, and was performed in June. Again we are indebted to Pausanias for details of this interesting rite.

And next to the temple of Athene is the temple of Pandrosus; who was the only one of the three sisters who didn't peep into the forbidden chest. Now the things I most marveled at are not universally known. I will therefore write of them as they occur to me. Two maidens live not far from the temple of Athene Polias, and the Athenians call them the carriers of the holy things; for a certain time they live with the goddess, but when her festival comes they act in the following way by night. Putting upon their heads what the priestess of Athene gives them to carry, (neither she nor they know what these things are) these maidens descend by a natural underground passage, from an inclosure in the city sacred to Aphrodite of the Gardens. In the sanctuary below they deposit what they carry, and bring back something else closely wrapped up. And these maidens they henceforth dismiss, and other two they elect instead of them for the Acropolis. . . .

The following lines from Aristophanes give a glimpse into the life of these honored maidens.—

When seven years old an Arrephoros I—
And when I was ten
I ground the meal for our Lady-on-high (Artemis)

In my next rôle then
 I figured as Bear in Brauronian show,
 And the saffron wore — (a special sign of elegance)
 Then as full-grown maid — quite pretty you know —
 The Basket I bore. (In the Panathenaic procession)

In the west wall of the Erechtheum is a large block of marble beneath which is a vacant space, now partly filled by a rough pillar recently constructed to support it where it is cracked. Here was perhaps the den of the sacred serpent and the Cecropium or Tomb of Cecrops. Pausanias fails to mention the sacred serpent which was reported to have been kept in the Erechtheum, but he states that "the olive-tree was a proof of Athena's right to the country when it was contested by Poseidon. And they record also that this olive was burnt when the Persians set fire to Athens, but though burnt it grew the same day two cubits." This olive-tree grew close to the Erechtheum, and the Moriae or Sacred Olives in the Academy were declared to be propagated from this sacred original on the Acropolis. It is customary to reconstruct the west wall of the building with the addition of windows and engaged half-columns over the basement, as portions of these remain, but it is doubtful if these were included in the original plan.

The writer had the privilege of hearing a lecture given by Professor Dörpfeld in Athens some years ago, when he expounded the enticing theory that the architect's original intention was to build a second large cella to the west, with portico, to duplicate that of the east. This plan would place the two side porches at the north and south centers of the building. After enlarging upon the actual measurements of the land to show that there was exactly room for this addition, and that the many signs of unfinished work upon the walls, coping, etc., would point to projected additions to the building, he presented a conjectural plan of the whole which was unrivaled for symmetry and beauty, and moreover, such a plan at once removes the many puzzling and unsatisfactory problems presented by the complicated unbalanced design of the building as it stands.

A wealth and variety of statues and other votive offerings once adorned the entire surface of the Acropolis, crowded the buildings, and decorated the steps. In particular, Athena, as the patron goddess of her city, was represented in all the forms of her multifarious activity, as is evidenced by the multiplicity of her epithets; not only was

she shown as the Nike Apteros, the Parthenos, the Polias, and the Promachos, but also as the goddess of arts and crafts and of health. From the Athenian colonists of the island of Lemnos was presented the statue made by Phidias, known as the Lemnian Athena, of which it has been suggested that a marble statue in Dresden and a marble head in Bologna are copies. (See illustrations)

The greatest credit belongs to Pericles for the artistic glories which have ever made the Athens of his generation the marvel of aftertime, for he succeeded in carrying out his great building projects only by overcoming much opposition on the part of Athenians who objected to such an outlay of wealth. Thus Plutarch relates that —

When Pericles asked the people the question whether they thought that he had laid out much; they replied: "Too much, a great deal." "Then," said he, "since it is so, let the cost not go to your account but to mine; and let the inscription upon the buildings stand in my name." When they heard him say thus, whether it were out of surprise at seeing the greatness of his spirit, or out of emulation of the glory of the works, they cried aloud, bidding him to spend on, and lay out what he thought fit from the public purse, and to spare no cost, till all was finished.



THE SECRET DOCTRINE is the common property of the countless millions of men born under various climates, in times with which History refuses to deal, and to which esoteric teachings assign dates incompatible with the theories of Geology and Anthropology. The birth and evolution of the Sacred Science of the Past are lost in the very night of Time; and that, even, which is historic — i. e., that which is found scattered hither and thither throughout ancient classical literature — is, in almost every case, attributed by modern criticism to lack of observation in the ancient writers, or to superstition born out of the ignorance of antiquity. It is, therefore, impossible to treat this subject as one would the ordinary evolution of an art or science in some well-known historical nation. It is only by bringing before the reader an abundance of proofs all tending to show that in every age, under every condition of civilization and knowledge, the educated classes of every nation made themselves the more or less faithful echoes of one identical system and its fundamental traditions — that he can be made to see that so many streams of the same water must have had a common source.— *H. P. Blavatsky*

ARCHAEOLOGY: A RÉSUMÉ OF THE THEOSOPHICAL POSITION: by H. Travers, M. A.



ARCHAEOLOGY studies the records of the past, as preserved in ruins and inscriptions. These records, however, do not confirm the current ideas as to human origins and past history; the records, on the contrary, mostly run counter to the theories. But the teachings of Theosophy as to human origins and history are largely confirmed by the *findings* of archaeologists. That, in a nutshell, is the position.

We find huge buildings, containing in their walls stones of such enormous size that it is difficult to see a way by which these stones could be quarried, transported, and raised into position, even by all the skill and strength of modern machinery. Yet the thing has actually been done, not in one place only but in many, and that at very remote epochs in the past. What is the conclusion? (1) That the builders were giants; or (2) that they possessed engineering facilities greater than those we have now; or (3) that they had scientific secrets that have since been lost, such as the power to neutralize gravitation and render these colossal stones light and portable. To one or other of these conclusions we are absolutely driven.*

Yet archaeologists have as a rule such strong preconceived opinions as to humanity's past that they resist the evidence, a procedure which leaves the subject in a very unsatisfactory state. These preconceived opinions are founded partly on traditional habits of thought handed down from bygone centuries of recent European history, and

* At the ancient Temple of the Sun in Baalbek, Syria, three of the stones in a wall are each over 60 feet long and 13 feet high, and have been raised to a height of 20 feet. Amid the ruins lies an even larger stone; it is 71 feet long, and 13 feet by 14 feet in its other dimensions. Thus it is as long as the frontage of three houses in one of our modern city streets and the height of its side would reach part way up the second story.

The Temple of Borobudur, in Java, is as large as a hill, and was indeed taken for such by the natives until disintombed. It is built in seven square stages, of which the lowest is about 500 feet square. This mountain of stone is covered all over with intricate sculpture executed in hard trachyte. There are over three miles of bas-reliefs, which originally comprised 2141 pictures.

With regard to the Cyclopean ruins in Peru, it is estimated that, allowing 500 ravines in the 1200 miles of Peru, and 10 miles of terraces of 50 tiers to each ravine, we have 250,000 miles of stone wall averaging from three to four feet high—enough to encircle the globe ten times. The masonry composing the walls, temples, towers, etc., of many buildings in Peru, is uncemented, yet the blocks are irregular, varying in size from half a cubic foot to 1500 cubic feet, and it would be the merest chance if one stone out of the countless numbers could be found to fit the place of another. The fitting is so accurate that the blade of a small penknife cannot be inserted into the seams, whether outside or in the hidden interior.

affected with a theological bias, and partly on scientific theories connected with former evolutionary hypotheses. Their effect is to make people reluctant to believe that man in remote ages had such powers as the relics indicate. But the archaeological evidence is overwhelming, and becomes more so as the years pass. We know that there were human races in very remote times which possessed not only this marvelous engineering ability but also great skill in artistic conception and execution, and that they had great astronomical, chronological, and mathematical knowledge. Moreover, the archaeologists every year are forced to concede a greater antiquity to human civilization.

There is nothing fixed about modern theories, but all is in a state of flux and change, and hence there is no adequate basis for assuming a dogmatic attitude. But the teachings of Theosophy are in harmony with the facts discovered by science; the teachings interpret the facts, and the facts exemplify the teachings. Once admit the antiquity of civilization, and the problem of archaeology becomes clear; but there seems to be a great prejudice against such an admission; it is the inertia of mental habitude, added to a reluctance to make admissions that would entail a considerable modification of comfortably settled opinions in other matters besides archaeology. We actually find people rejecting the antiquity of civilization because "there is not sufficient evidence," and at the same time trying to get away with the evidence because they do not believe that which it proves. The desire for truth is often confused with the desire to believe.

If we look at history impartially, we find there is as much evidence for processes of decline as for processes of ascent; and this is what the general analogy of nature would lead us to expect, for alternating periods of ebb and flow are universal in nature.

Evolution is necessarily a double process; it means a bringing forth into manifestation of that which was latent. The whole tree pre-existed in complete form in or around the seed; and as the seed sprouted and the tree grew, the form gradually manifested from one plane, reappearing on another. If the visible forms of life have really been evolved from simpler forms to more complex, then it follows that some potent agency was at work producing this evolution, and that this agency preceded the whole process. In the same way, whatever may have been the case as to the evolution of man's physical form, man's mind must have existed beforehand. The evolution of

a human race, from a low state to a higher, can only be accomplished by the action on it of other men in a higher state of evolution; otherwise that low race will not evolve but will only decline, as observation shows to be the case. The "aboriginal" races (with a very few exceptions) now on the earth are not (as races) on the upward track but on the downward; and their greatness lies in the past and is dimly preserved in their memories. The individual members of such races may often, through contact with higher races, and through tuition by them, advance.

The path which man treads in his upward evolution lies stretched before him, but the theorists often speak as though that path did not so exist, but unrolled itself before man as he advanced. The ladder of evolution, according to them, is a ladder with its head in the empty air, man always on the topmost rung, reaching out with his feet, and finding new rungs develop themselves under him as he reaches. The notion of mind and knowledge thus developing themselves in entirely novel directions out of nothing at all is revolting to the imagination that tries to grasp it. Reason tells us that knowledge, in order to be attained, must have pre-existed, and that man is merely fulfilling a destiny already marked out for him.

The history of races is analogous to the history of individuals. A child follows a path similar to that of other men that have preceded him, and the whole mass of humanity is thus continually passing along the cycle of childhood, maturity, and decline. But some evolutionists want to make out that there is only one such great period in human history — all ascent and no decline. These theorists are obliged to admit enormous periods of time for geology, astronomy, and the evolution of the lower kingdoms of life; but seem singularly reluctant to imagine a human history on a comparable scale of immensity. Yet humanity is by far the most important concern on the globe.

The history of evolution as taught in Theosophy implies that every race, whether a large or comparatively small division of the whole of humanity, shall pass through seven stages, like seven points around the circumference of a circle; and the passage around this circle involves a descent and a subsequent reascent. The race is at first spiritual in its character, and gradually descends into materiality, afterwards to reascend towards a greater spirituality. The fourth of these seven stages is the lowest in the circular arc, and is the most materialistic stage which the race reaches. This is symbolized by the

allegory of the Golden Age, and the Silver, Bronze, and Iron Ages; and by the various supreme deities, such as Uranus, Chronos, and Zeus, who are said to have ruled successively over these ages. There are also many other allegories and sacred legends which depict the descent of humanity from a state of innocent bliss to a state of wilfulness and trouble; and these are always accompanied with the promise of his regaining of the paradise he has lost. This is the method of evolution, as applied to man, who is said to be a Divine Pilgrim, ever seeking a return to the Promised Land from which he set out.

This evolutionary process implies that man has many times made the circular progress, as race after race has appeared and run its course on the earth; but we must bear in mind that the progress, though alternately upward and downward, is always *onward*, so that humanity learns more each time; also that the same Egos reincarnate, and thus the experience acquired is stored up in the Soul's memory and carried on.

Little has been said, yet it is enough to show that an acceptance of the truth about man's evolution involves the acceptance also of many ideas new and perhaps unwelcome to those who do not wish to disarrange their philosophy. Theosophy is not content with vagaries and words that have no meaning, but searches for realities. It is not enough to say that evolution is caused by some unknown power, and to let it go at that, as so many theorists do. Theosophy inquires into the *nature* of that power which lies behind evolution. And, in the case of man, that power is simply and mostly (though not entirely) — Man himself. For Man, in his entirety, is a self-conscious Soul, engaged in a definite work, following out a purpose, fulfilling a destiny. Wills and Intelligences, therefore, are the powers behind evolution. If we desire knowledge concerning the nature of man's mind and its probable source, we can only obtain it by studying that mind — as manifested (1) in ourself, (2) in other people.

Archaeology, if studied faithfully, can but reveal the truth concerning man; and as the science is yet in its infancy, we may anticipate revelations so striking that it will not be possible to shirk their significance.

Traditions of a "Golden Age" in the past cannot be killed; there is oftentimes more solid truth in traditions than in history, and this tradition is universal, wherever man is found. The well-known Eden

story, a version of which is to be found at the beginning of the Hebraic Scriptures, represents the cyclic progress of humanity from its Divine origin through subsequent stages of materiality represented by a fall. The last gift bestowed upon man is that of the free will, and with this came the power of choice which led to his exile from the paradise of innocent bliss. The human mind is something that has been handed down, and its origin is Divine.

If it be asked why we know so little about man's mighty past, the answer is ready at hand. It is because we have paid so little attention to the matter. Instead, our attention has been directed towards material comforts and inventions; and instead of welcoming information, we have put it away from us. Let but the minds of many intelligent people be directed towards this object of attainment, and the desired knowledge will soon come.



MANY earnest people say, "We know that unbrotherliness is the insanity of the age. We see all these deplorable conditions. But how are the people to be awakened to the needs of the hour? How could all people be made to voice the needed heart-notes for the one great hymn of Universal Peace?"

My answer is that I can see no way to arouse the people for immediate action, unless they could come to their senses through the consciousness that possibly in twenty-four hours America was to be visited by a cataclysm, that would deal death and destruction everywhere. Under such menacing conditions, possibly in their alarm and fear, people would throw aside all differences of creeds and dogmas, all selfish interests, and would come together for self-preservation, if for nothing else.

Then would follow the cry for the knowledge that is now at hand, and for the power to stay the fearful menace. Then we should have unity of thought and action, among the people of America. But the pity of it would be that selfishness would bring them together, not the love of their fellows.

Possibly now, ere it is too late, higher motives may move us to action, and we may yet be able to stand out in the history of the world, as the builders of the nations' spiritual liberty through recognizing truth, and that the International Theosophical Movement is the basis for permanent world-peace — for a Universal Brotherhood and a Universal Religion.—*Katherine Tingley*

GOLDEN THREADS IN THE TAPESTRY OF HISTORY: by Kenneth Morris

PART ONE

CHAPTER VII — INSPIRATION AND INTERVENTION SHAKESPEARE AND CERVANTES



NOT always would the Mighty Ones, incarnating, take the front of the world stage, like a mere Jenghis or Napoleon, and suffer the indignity of renown. Figures such as these they might use as their agents, themselves remaining more majestically robed in obscurity. Do you remember the story of Raikva with the Car?

Jânaśruti Pauṛâyana filled the world with the fame of his good deeds, his wealth, power, and beneficence. Once in the night he heard flamingoes talking as they flew over his house. "Hey, Bhal-lâksha, Bhal-lâksha!" said one of them, "the glory of Jânaśruti is as wide as the sky; do not go too near, lest it should burn thee." "How can you speak of him, being what he is," said the other, "as if he were Raikva with the Car?"

"How is it," said the first, "with this Raikva with the Car?"

"As in a game of dice all the lower casts belong to him who has conquered with the Krita cast, so whatever good deeds other men perform, belong to that Raikva."

In the morning the doorkeeper came to Jânaśruti, and praised him according to custom. "Friend," said the king, "dost thou speak to me as if I were Raikva with the Car?"

"How is it," said the doorkeeper, "with this Raikva with the Car?" Jânaśruti answered: "As in a game of dice, all the lower casts belong to him who conquers with the Krita cast, so whatever good deeds other men perform belong to that Raikva!"

Then the doorkeeper went forth to seek Raikva with the Car. He sought him in the courts of great kings, among the wealthy, and in all the high places of the world, but found him not. Then he went into the solitudes of the forest, and found a beggar lying beneath a car and scratching his sores. "Sir," said he, "are you Raikva with the Car?"

"I am here," said Raikva.¹

1. Chhândogya-Upanishad: IV, 1.

You can never tell where the Masters of the World may be, clothed in what modest garb of apparent insignificance. It is no proof of their non-existence that Huxley or Haeckel never discovered them; if you passed Apollo in Cheapside, or met Odin at a Park Lane party, you might be none the wiser. 'The East is full of these delicious tales: an ascetic from the mountains is visiting Ispahan; chances into the forge or the cobbler's shop, and there the mysteries are revealed to him by the shopman, which he had been seeking these years in vain in the wilds. Save us, indeed, from the shaky quags of superstition; yet still we might go on our ways a little more conscious of the Divine Mystery. I think the beauty of these seas and mountains is not material altogether, nor seen merely with our physical eyes; but is rather the halo of a divinity within them, and haunting traces of Presences that pass. . . . Not so remote; not so unapproachable, neither; it is the little cloud of self that hides us from the sun. Drive that from your sky, and you shall find the Age of Marvels is not past. Here is a tale that none would believe, but that many witnesses testified to it on oath.²

It is in the September of 1575; three years since, Don John of Austria had beaten the 'Turks at Lepanto. Meanwhile, the war has been going forward in 'Tunis; until now 'Turkish victories have brought things to a standstill;—which has its advantages for certain of the defeated Dons, in the way of leave of absence granted; and a shipload of officers and men are bound for Spain via Italy. But luck is against them; on the 26th, their galley, the *Sun*, a day or so out from Naples, is taken by the Algerines.

There are some twenty-five thousand Spanish captives in Algiers; many more have been taken, and remain alive and unransomed; but they are "renegados": have bought their liberty by professing the religion of their captors, and are conducting Turkish sea-raids of their own. 'These twenty-five thousand that we speak of are still Christians, and in great misery for the most part: many of them eyeless, earless, or noseless for the pleasure of their masters; some tortured daily. They are waiting to be ransomed, or have given up hope of it; meanwhile they are employed as household slaves or as oarsmen in the fleet. Spain is still the Great Power of Europe, over-shadowing all else; yet there these poor Spaniards lie: soldiers that have been

2. From Mr. John Ormsby's preface to his translation of Don Quixote.

waging her wars for her, or peasants that have been tilling her fields; gentle and simple; poor, proud hidalgos, and plump onion-fed countrymen: men taken on the high seas, and men taken in raids on the Spanish coast itself: there they lie

and no help for them
 From all the might that smote down Mexico
 And the Incan Empire, and made Europe quail;
 For Philip, all his mind wrapped in a dream
 Of some ecclesiastic reign of heaven
 Here upon earth to establish, year by year
 Went squandering the substance of his realm
 Against the northern freedoms, and let live
 The pirate power put forth from Barbary
 That preyed on Spanish manhood.

— And to these twenty-five thousand, in due course, the crew and passengers of the *Sun* are added.

Among them a “lame fellow of a Spaniard” with “aquiline features, chestnut hair, smooth, untroubled forehead and bright cheerful eyes”: a sanguine temperament whose gay hopefulness a lifetime packed with adversity shall not suffice to dim. He had risen from his sickbed on the morning of Lepanto, to play a hero's part in the thick of it all day; by evening he had received that which was to make the left arm of him useless for life —“ for the greater glory of the right,” says he. There you have the kind of man he is: the flower of Spanish gentlemen, not to be bettered anywhere; brave — by heaven, Lepanto has given us no clue to his bravery; he has that in his soul which would furnish forth the two fleets with it, and leave something over “to make jam” as they say — and altogether too much humorist and gentleman to consider his own misfortunes or himself. Further, there is a heart in him as wide as the horizon, with quick, kind, practical sympathy for everything but the distant and the unknown. There is a touch, too, of a delightful naive Gasconism: you will find my book, says he, either the best or the worst that ever was written; and *you will not find it the worst*; — withal a straight simplicity, and innate true modesty of the gentleman, whose throne no gasconading of his tongue or pen can shake. A representative of the best that is Spain — the most typical high-souled hidalgo of them all: ever ready to laugh at himself; holding that no joke that hurts is a good joke; never seriously dreaming himself lifted

above the common herd. You love him all the more for his quaint bragging (to call so delicate and humorous a thing that); because you know that with it all he is perfectly unconscious how sublimely great he is. You are aware that if it is delightful to know him in your prosperity, in your adversity it would be a thousand times better.

He has done unusually good service in the wars: even for a Spanish knight in the heyday of Spanish military glory; and is now carrying letters from Don John of Austria (his distant cousin, by the way) commending him to the Duke of Sesa and to the king for conspicuous bravery. Which letters discovering, the Algerines guess they have taken something of a prize; and Dali Mami, his master, scouts the sum offered for his ransom—a sum painfully scraped together by his family at Alcalá de Henares in Spain. Such a man should never be set free at the price that would loose an ordinary captive, thought Dali; and there is something fitting in it; albeit 'twas the only time in his life, perhaps, when his greatness was recognized. Let but a few centuries pass, and to free him, or to do him any honor, not only Spain, but the world, would pour forth gold uncountable; for this is to be the most international of all the great ones of Europe, and his book is to rank high, not in one, but in all literatures. Now however he is only one of many who have played the man for Spanish honor. Rodrigo his brother, yes; he may go cheap; the good folk at Alcalá can afford what is asked for *him*; but Don Miguel the immortal must abide a slave at Algiers.

But Don Miguel has one of the most fertile minds of his age—as he shall prove hereafter with the greatest novel of European literature. He sets to, now, to prove its fertility in practice; as for sorrow and disappointment, he has a Tapley's knack for them, and will wring more gaiety out of a lifeless, than a world of others out of their joys; ills shall leave no scar on him, but a mellow sympathetic humanity. Don Rodrigo, ransomed, is off for Spain; there let him take a leaf from the book of their captors: get a ship, raid the coast of Algiers, and rescue as many Spaniards as may be. Miguel's plan, of course; who will not be idle while his brother is away.

But it is a long time to wait, and Rodrigo's ship is somewhat problematical; better waste no chance for the sake of a chance so remote. And then, if it comes, Rodrigo can do his work without him. — Don Miguel has a tongue in his head, and lips surely that have kissed some Castilian Blarney stone; in the Spanish compound

of his blood, I think no strain runs so evident as the ancient Celtic one. — Oran, across the desert, argues he, is in Christian hands; one might make a push for that. Needed but a Moor that can speak the Christian (and there are plenty), on whose pity or avarice the gifted tongue might play; then — heigh-ho for escape, and success certain! Alone? Oh no; Don Miguel will enjoy no good thing alone; let all who are for Spain and freedom join us. The Moor is found, and several Spaniards; with the former for guide, and our man for leader and inspiration and fountain of hope, they make their way out of the city, and for one terrible day cross the sands. Then it becomes clear that the guide has been playing with them; he had their money and was off, leaving them to their fate. It is back to Algiers ignominiously, or death of thirst in the wilderness.

He brought them back, and somehow, with sublime genius and effrontery, contrived that none should be punished. Well, it had been a crazy venture, anyhow. But Rodrigo's ship — there one had Castilian honor to deal with; one could heap up mountains of confidence on that. News does drift in that something is going forward in that quarter; very well; we are as good as free already. Let whoso will join in Don Miguel's complot; and consider himself but little less than at home in Spain.

How he gets about to his plotting, heaven knows; Dali Mami (a renegado himself) must allow him a long tether. What is to be told now, remember, is the exploit of a slave who has only recently attempted to escape, and induced others to go with him. Along the shore, and outside the city, there are gardens, of which the gardeners in charge are often Spanish slaves. The plot is simplicity itself: one has but to get hold of one of the latter, put him under the spell of one's tongue, and get his co-operation. Said and done. And now hope high, you poor captives! — this time there can be no failure; can you not feel the snow-breath of the Sierras, the scent of the orange-bloom in the gardens of Andalusia? For we have found a likely garden, where a boat may land easily; and the gardener, good man, is fortified with the thought that to free Christians from the yoke of the infidel will be a work to commend itself not a little to the Church.

They fashion a hiding-place in the garden; one imagines Don Miguel setting forth its virtues as a masterpiece of art and strategy. Next, whenever the nights are dark and propitious, he smuggles

thither a captive from the city until he has fourteen men concealed there, fifteen counting himself; these he maintains in hope and courage out of his own boundless store. But there is maintaining them in food to be thought of also; a work that cannot be put through by slaves unaided. He must have help there from a free man.

Not so difficult to obtain, if you go about getting it in the right way. He finds a likely fellow among the renegados, called El Dorador: good-natured enough, to all seeming; open to persuasion; apparently a Spaniard and a Christian still at heart, and with secret preoccupations as to his imperiled soul which such an act as this shall allay considerably. Risk? — Nothing of it! Half these renegados would renegade back joyously, were there the millionth part of a chance for them, and strike good blows for Spain. You may trust the Dorador — and Don Miguel.

He keeps his fourteen men hidden in the garden for *several months*, before Don Rodrigo's ship appears in the offing: a fact stranger than Dumas' strangest. Then came the night when they were to get free. A boat lands; the captives are stealing out from their hiding-place; Santiago de Compostella, look to your own now, and your shrine shall be the richer! Suddenly, *Halt!* Santiago, perchance, is sleeping or busy in Flanders or the Indies; the garden is full of Turkish horse and foot. The Dorador has carried the whole story to Dey Hassan.

Don Miguel turns upon the soldiers. They need not trouble with these fourteen deceived ones; here is the fellow who composed the whole plot; who inveigled the others down to the shore on one pretext or another. He had had a mind to start pirating on his own account; and they, willy nilly, were to have been his crew. The beginnings of a protest from one and another of the fourteen he silences with lordly eloquence, and with a whispered command to leave it all to him. Before the Dey, a notorious torturer of Spaniards, he has the same proud tale to tell, and they can get nothing out of him. Impalement and torture threatened, and various ghastly implements made ready, shake him in no wise; there is an invincibility here that wins; he has had no accomplices; the others were his dupes. He saves them all, except the poor gardener, whose share in it is too obvious to be lied away: him they hang for not caring better for his garden. As for Don Miguel himself, the Dey will trust so dangerous a man in no hands but his own; and so buys him from Dali Mami for five hund-

red crowns, loads him with irons and endungeons him safely in the government prison; but does him no harm otherwise.

There are three more plots: the first was discovered accidentally; the second, which aimed at sailing off with some sixty Spaniards, was revealed to the Dey by one Blanco de Paz, an officer of the Holy Inquisition; the third, which was to effect a rising of the whole twenty-five thousand and seize the city — and he made them believe in the possibility of doing it — was betrayed also, it is not known by whom. After each, our man was on the point of torture and execution: he was to reveal the names of his accomplices, or certain experts should get to work on him. He never did reveal anything, but came by no torment for his stubbornness.

We have the sworn deposition of the chief men among the captives, as to the place he held among them; the legal language of the document can by no means hide their adoration. "In him this deponent found father and mother," says one: expressing thus briefly the feelings of all. He was father and mother of the whole miserable colony, with courage and comfort for everyone: an uncrowned king among those poor maimed slaves. Was there money in his meager purse, it was held for any who might be in need of it; when there was none, there was always better than money in his heart. So much has been lost that concerns him; it is good that these depositions, which reveal his greatness so naively, have been found.

Our story has to do now with the fourth plot: the one in which he chartered a ship, and was on the point of sailing away gaily with sixty Spaniards. He has seen to it that none of these sixty should know the name of more than one man involved: if there is to be betraying, only himself shall be betrayed; so he has no fear of the consequences going far. We may find a not too probable explanation of Priest Blanco's revelation of the plot, and of the only plotter's name he knew, in jealousy: while Don Miguel was at Algiers, the Grand Inquisitor himself would have had to play second fiddle to him among the captives. Priest Blanco the betrayer, it should be noted, was one of the sixty whom Don Miguel was to have carried away to freedom with him.

Now here is a sort of picture of the Dey, to whom the plot has been revealed: he is no honest savage, to whom a brave front in his victim may appeal; but an over-wrought debauchee: a degenerate, wont to soothe his quiet hours with the torture of a slave, as another

might use tobacco. Absolute master in Algiers, of course: accountable only to the Padshah far away in Stamboul; with whom, in this remote satrapy, communication is not so close as to clip the wings of our local autocracy much. There is no one in Algiers to dare say a *nay* to Dey Hassan, or to venture advice likely to run counter to his inclinations.

Now then, here's to our point: three times already has the "crippled Spaniard" (Dey Hassan's name for him) made such trouble as none else ever survived making once; three times, by Allah, we have omitted to punish him; he is a peril to us; while he lives, our captives, our city, and our very lives are hardly worth a week's purchase. Behold the Dey raging, in paroxysms; not yet will he strike, but will wait for the inspiration that comes with calmness. Then, back among his cushions; let them bring in the crippled Spaniard. Now: two thousand strokes of the bastinado as a preliminary; if he survives that (an impossibility), we shall see about some suitable lingering death for him.

Some one intervened and saved him.

Who? We don't know. But none could win a favor from Hassan for love, and still less could anyone command him. But some unknown stranger did appear, and did command him: someone

With a certain potency in the voice and eye
Which made that tigrish blackamoor, grown pale,
Drift from his blood-thirst faltering.

"Slave of God,

What dost thou?" said the Unknown.

The Dey rose up,

His overbearing fierceness overborne.
"I was about to punish this vile Spaniard
Whose machinations menace, day by day
The whole stability of my pashalik."

The Stranger turned to me. "Señor," he said
Openly in Castilian, though he seemed
A very Moor of the desert — and, good friends,
I say I never doubted, from that hour,
That there be Gods and Masters of the world
Who sometimes, for their lofty secret ends,
Make intervention in the fates of men
To save their own from peril — "you are to live;
Spain and the world will need your after-years:
Be of good courage."

— Perhaps it happened that way, perhaps another; the plain fact remains that someone intervened and saved him. Saved him, for what great work? Only, so far as we know, to write *Don Quixote*: a great book, that might have been a much greater, perhaps,

But that 'twas something clipped and scissored down
By the Inquisition

whose agent, Blanco de Paz, was in Spain before him, and making trouble for him by the time he arrived; a great and lovable book, but hardly enough in itself, one would say, considering it as a contribution to civilization, to merit such high protection. But the fact is that he stood in Algiers all selfless for the twenty-five thousand; and so the Gods stood for him. Whoever gives himself for the common welfare, forgetting self, as Miguel de Cervantes y Saavedra did, enters into the service of the Gods, and is in train to become their agent.

As to these agents, they are in action, probably, always; although their Masters may appear publicly only at the junctions of the great cycles. They will be minds and hearts that can be influenced; sometimes consciously disciples. Many endowed with strength or genius may be used as occasion serves: some power speaks through them, of which they know not the origin; they have their great moments, when a consciousness floods them, vaster than the normal; grand ideas emerge in their minds, and a light and fire other than their own. No doubt great things are often done with tools faulty enough: chisels that break the moment the supreme stroke has been given. Men have acted for the Gods, in whom you should find much evil; the important thing was, that there was just that in them, which enabled them to be used when they were needed; even if the instant after, it was necessary to throw them aside. The deed done is counted to them as righteousness; whoso lends to the Gods, lends on good usury.

Genius may be had by working for it; only the work must have been carried on through several incarnations. It is the power to let the soul's divinity shine through the stuff of brain and mind in some particular direction. One may have pursued poetry until he was born a poet at last; and that attainment, joined to a certain temperament, may provide the Gods with a human instrument they can use. Here is a case in point:

It is in the spacious times of great Elizabeth; a young fellow

journeys to London, having ambitions in connexion with that new and wonderful thing the stage; poaching exploits, perhaps, have also contributed to make his native Stratford undesirable. But poacher as he may be, and mad wag as he undoubtedly is, he is capable of infinite plodding; though with no great store of learning, he is of marvelous balanced mind; and lightning-witted, if no student of philosophy. Like many of his time, he has a magical faculty for language: a transcendent generalship over words, that can take a raw mob let loose from the dictionary, and drill you them in a trice into such an efficient force of poetic rhetoric, as has never gathered in this language before or since — but above all, he is a balanced man: sane, all-observing, orderly.

He joins a company of players in London, and is set presently to carpenter plays into fit condition for acting; that he may do this the better, he studies Kit Marlowe's methods, and finds that he can write the mighty line himself. Produces some few gory horrors — *Titus Andronicus* and the like: nothing very spiritual there. A thorough business man, look you: steady, careful, and well-balanced (there is no escaping that last adjective; one flies to it again and again whenever one thinks of him!).

Time passes, and he has become actor-manager, and is putting out so many plays a year, which are coming to be more and more his own work. He knows what the public wants, and gives it them; for he is an excellent business man; by no means grasping, but with what we should call common-sense ideas, and full knowledge of the value of money. Withal, it is an Elizabethan public; and there is no call for self-degradation. A nice combination of genius and business instinct makes him the man for his age; and he is making a fine success of his venture.

A wit all quicksilver and lightning, set in a rare balance of the faculties, keeps him from gross living or extravagance of any sort: he frequents the Mermaid, but works no damage to his brain there. A moderate and decent ambition leads him on: he will buy an estate in his native Warwickshire presently, and end up respectably as a country gentleman — hence the value, for him, of money and strict business methods. There is nothing vaulting, wild, or inordinate in that.

But mystic? Oh dear no! Nourishing transcendent ideals in ethics and philosophy? — Just what life and art shall teach him.

None of the Puritan or idealist in the man that made Sir John Falstaff, and followed him, roaring with laughter, into all his haunts. You shall look in vain in his plays for certain of the highest elements: he has created no sublime or heroic figure; no splendid example of self-sacrifice; grandeur of character or genius is beyond him to describe. Attempting to set Caesar on the stage, the greatness of his subject has balked him, and he has botched the picture sadly. When the star of purest ray in all European history presents herself to him for portrayal, he commits, alas, the most blackguardly action in literature; (send he may have prayed la Pucelle's forgiveness long since!). He can conceive no blood-bright splendor of Brutus; which may be to his credit; a wise, heroic patriot Glendower he can but imagine tainted with superstition and windbagery; he can get no nearer the mark of hero or patriot than Henry V: hard fighter, brave enough of course; but withal idealless young man and something of a prig, unforgivable for his treatment of poor old, great, lovable, damnable Falstaff. Cervantes dreamed a dream of which this man had not been capable; who could have done Pansa, but not the fantastic magnanimity of Quixote. But then Cervantes was himself of the stuff that heroes are made of. So was Milton; who also far transcended Shakespeare in a certain few and noble particulars.

No: it is just a sane, well-balanced man, with a whole Athens of wit in him; and one that eclipses his contemporaries, great and small, mainly in this: that he is the most *contemporary* of them all, the most average — granted his genius — of them all; the best-balanced of them all. Behold him then, *primus inter pares* among his Hemmynges and Condells; shining at the Mermaid; but bless you, by no means outshining Rare Ben!

And then — the miracle of the ages is to happen: the great wonderful event in all the history of the age: *Hamlet* is to be written — this man's pen is to do it. A mighty Bible is to be launched upon the world: *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Macbeth*, *King Lear*, *Julius Caesar*: wherein all storms and battles and routs and ruins are shadowed and echoed; then there is to be a sweet restored serenity and apocalypse in *Cymbeline*, *Winter's Tale*, and *The Tempest*; and — the story of all stories has been told, as who knows when it had been told before? The mystic story (from this unmystic); the sublime story (from this man who cannot conceive of a hero); the great arcane and archetypal story, tragedy of tragedies and comedy of comedies,

Which God for countless ages sits
To watch his countless angels play;

— the story of the Human Soul.

How did it come about? In after ages there are to rise egregious fantastics in criticism (God save the mark!) who shall accuse this plain sane Elizabethan with his middle-class origin and modest education, of having been a mere big-brained Francis Bacon (whom if you should multiply to the power of n , he would still be incapable of creating a single one of them from Rosalind to Falstaff. Why? Not to go into it too deeply, because brain in him is too keen and lonely for creation; it overtowers and outshines conscience and moral sense; there is a lack of humor, the sign of inward health; balance is not there, however mighty the mind). Let Bacon be; it was not Bacon! Here is the explanation of the mystery —

The Gods said: We have planted and watered this England, and now she has come to the flower of her nationhood; now we will give, through her, the supreme gift, the greatest thing of which she is capable, to the world. And they looked for one through whose mind they might give the gift. Bacon? No: an intolerable amount of brain for one poor halfpennyworth of humanity. Kit Marlowe? No: the mighty line is there; the flaming soul is there; but it is a passionate, unbalanced life. Fletcher?— Webster?— Ben? — piety, power, learning? No: we will have this balanced fellow from Stratford on Avon: there is a peace in that sanity and illuminated equilibrium of his mind, through which we may speak the eternal word.



SIR WILLIAM TURNER, K. C. B., gave a summary of a paper at last week's meeting of the Scottish Royal Society, at Edinburgh. He said that the bulk of the people of this country at the present day had narrow faces and narrow noses, just as the people of the neolithic and bronze ages had. People nowadays rejoiced in having skulls with a large capacity, just as the people of those early times had. In his researches he had found nothing to show that these very remote ancestors were not people of great brain-power.—*English Mechanic*, July 16

THE POPLAR-TREE THAT SMELT WATER:

by H. T. Edge, M. A.



OF the five senses attributed to animals, plants certainly possess three — feeling, taste, and smell — lacking only sight and hearing, says a writer in the *Scotsman*, quoting an eminent naturalist; they smell water from a distance, and never rest till they have sent and fetched it. And the writer gives the following instance. A man living in a picturesque old mansion with a sunken story found the waste-pipe repeatedly choked. Lifting the slabs of the basement, he found that poplar roots had pierced through a cement joining and worked their way in a long tapering length inside the pipe for a considerable distance beyond the house. On excavating backwards he traced these roots to a poplar growing some thirty yards from the opposite side of the house. Thus they had moved steadily towards the house, penetrating below the foundation and across the basement until their goal the waste-pipe was reached some one hundred and fifty feet off.

“Such unerring instinct and skill in surmounting obstacles,” comments the writer, “are not essentially different from human effort and foresight in the affairs and enterprises of ordinary life.”

And so say we — having regard to the word “essentially.” A consistent philosophy of Nature must certainly be laid on an animate basis; *mind*, not *matter*, must be our starting-point. To attempt to start with matter, or try and derive mind from matter, is a nightmare of the reasoning faculties, especially in view of the fact that *all* theories, however materialistic, must start in a mind. Materialism postulates a universal and primitive matter as the origin and basis of the universe; and then (necessarily) endows this matter with properties that really make it equivalent to a God. How much simpler to give the prime substance its proper name and call it “cosmic mind.”

It is as great a mistake to imagine that any organism can be unconscious as it is to imagine that all consciousness is of the same kind: both views are extreme. Animals are conscious, but not as we are; and plants are conscious, though not in the same way as animals. Even to minerals, which likewise are organized and perform definite functions of growth and change, we must assign a grade of consciousness — widely different from anything *we* define as such. If some prefer to call this “unconsciousness” or “blind instinctive action,” little more than a question of names is involved. We have innumerable organs in our own body which are alive and functioning;

they are conscious, but their consciousness is not always in touch with the higher and inclusive consciousness which we know as our *ego* or self, so we call them automatic or sub-conscious.

The true way to knowledge of Nature lies not in only regarding its outer aspect or merely dissecting its gross material, but in bringing our mind into touch with the minds of Nature's creatures, and thus *knowing* the tree or animal *as it is*. This is the scientific aspect of the great moral virtue of "sympathy," which means a "feeling with" something. To cultivate such powers of knowing — such *in-wits* — entails that we should study our own nature, with the object of removing the obstacles in it. The path of duty and the path of knowledge are one. We stand to learn more by a sympathetic attitude to Nature than by one of indifferent curiosity; and how little can we learn by a *ruthless* attitude!

Man, with more presumption than pride, arrogates to himself powers and privileges, but neglects those which he really has. He is really Nature's elder brother, protector, and creator; but how he ignores his responsibilities and privileges! Nature is responsive, and yearns to reveal her precious secrets to him who has the key — sympathy. But, surely the archetype of all that is womanly, a jealous chastity protects her from the clumsy hand and the insolent eye. It has been said that when a man approaches, the animals run away; and if we are to rely on human testimony at all, we must admit that there are nature-spirits that are even more shy of the haunts of tree-felling, rock-blasting man, and the microscope and the scalpel.

The idea that the tree *smelt* the water is curious; but whether it smelt it or saw it or felt it, it knew the water was there; and if it did not know, it had a faculty which was equivalent to knowledge (!)

It would be possible to follow the various lines of thought suggested by these remarks, and we hope the student will do so. For instance there is the study of consciousness and its various kinds and degrees; and there is the Theosophical cosmic metaphysics or *Welt-Anschauung*, with its definitions of Mind, Matter, Life, Substance, etc. And again there is the ample subject of evolution, spiritual, mental, astral, physical, etc., and of the different kingdoms of Nature, visible and invisible. And while it may be as far from the Scotsman's garden to the mysteries of the universe as it was from the poplar to the water-pipe, we can emulate that poplar and start hopefully on our quest for the brooks, rivers, and oceans of eternal verities.

JOTTINGS FROM A STUDENT'S NOTEBOOK

KARMA AND MEMORY



HERE are useful analogies between Karma and memory, and Karma might perhaps be described as a kind of memory. In memory we recollect past experiences, and in Karma we experience the sequel of past acts. Bergson, in his theory of memory, regards recollection as an act of perception, similar to the perception of spatial objects; but in the case of recollection, it is not spatial objects, but another kind of objects, that we perceive. This other kind of objects he regards as belonging to the temporal, not the spatial, order of existence. So, for Bergson, recollection is the act of perceiving these temporal existences or "durations"; and these, he says, are verily part and parcel of ourselves. Thus we have this authority for regarding a man as a being who exists complete in time as well as in space, his past, as well as his present, being actually existent. When the man recollects anything, he merely reviews that part of himself which we call his past. But this past exists just the same, whether he reviews it or not; just as a dog's tail exists, whether he is looking back at it or not. What Bergson says about a man's future we are not prepared at the moment to say; but the question naturally occurs: Why should not this also be a part of the man's existence? In this case, instead of recollection, we should have prevision, whenever a man turned his eyes upon that part of his anatomy which we call his future. But, be this as it may, we have at least gained the idea that an action or an experience may extend over a long range of time, have its beginning in the far past, and its end in the distant future; and that the whole thing is one whole and forms a part of the man himself.

Applying this idea to the question of Karma, we conclude that an act and its sequel are one complete whole, although the sequel may be far removed in time from the original act. Hence, when a man "works out his Karma," or experiences the Karmic result of previous acts, he is really only finishing what he had begun. The illustration of a stone thrown against a wall may help; the throw and the rebound can be regarded as two phases of a single action. The difficulty of appreciating either the rationale or the equity of our experiences is thus seen to be merely the common error due to regarding in detail what ought to be regarded in its totality. This same error is common enough in other matters besides the one we are dealing with.

For instance, we criticise a man's actions, in ignorance of the fact that his actions largely depend on the actions of other people. Returning to the question of Karma, we find that some people are now engaged in eating the sugar, while others are occupied in enjoying the inevitable nausea; which seems inequitable so long as we do not connect these two kinds of experience causally with each. Doubtless, in the view of the Soul, which is beyond the temporal limitations of the lower ego, the entire experience, including enjoyment and remorse, is undergone knowing and willingly.

Reverting to the original topic of the connexion between Karma and memory, and defining memory as being a return to spheres occupied before, we see that the same definition applies to Karmic recompense. For instance, a person who has at some past epoch in his Soul's history sown the seed of wrong in matters of love, may escape the retributive experience as long as he keeps himself out of the region of love. But, no sooner does he fall in love, and thus re-enter that sphere, than he meets with the thistles which he has planted there, and the ball which he threw rebounds upon him. Pendulums swing longer in proportion to their size; and the larger pendulums that we set in motion may take a very long time to swing back. Again, if we bear in mind the law of cycles, it is clear that we cannot meet with the relics of our old experiences until such time as we may find ourselves traveling again along the same track; and it is as though we were traveling around a curved track and continually throwing off nails to puncture our own returning tires, or sowing flowers and fruits to rejoice our subsequent visit.

THE RATIO BETWEEN LEARNING AND EXPERIENCE

UNLESS practice keeps pace with theory, the theory will degenerate into futility, and this is one fertile reason for our failures to win as much knowledge as we hanker after. One may often hear people speculating about things on which they would like more information, and realize that the reason why they are thus in ignorance is that they are viewing the matter from too great a distance. The advice one would be inclined to give them, therefore, is to draw their footsteps closer to the object of contemplation; or, in other words, it is to action rather than to further speculation that one would urge them. We all of us have enough knowledge to go on with for the present; the distant prospect awaits our gaze after we have traveled

a little along the way indicated by the view which we already command. It is, then, reluctance to perform, rather than inability to understand, that fetters our limbs.

To illustrate by an instance: perhaps you would like to know what happens to a man after death. This knowledge is evidently of a kind that should not be communicated to the average living man of today. There are so many other things that it is necessary to know first. One knows very little about what becomes of a man between eleven p.m. and six in the morning, and perhaps it would be as well to tackle this problem first. What man, you may say, has ever returned from the abyss of profound slumbers, as a prophet of light to waking mortals, to inform them in unmistakable terms of the ineffable life between falling asleep and awaking? Can we communicate with the spirits of people who have passed the great divide between waking and sleeping?

In this view, it would seem to be comparatively little use giving out teachings much in advance of practice. And in truth the principle is well enough recognized in our common dealings; for of what use is a book on some branch of higher mathematics to one ignorant of algebra, or a text of Sophocles to one who does not know the Greek alphabet? Certain obscure passages, therefore, in H. P. Blavatsky's *Secret Doctrine*, may be full of the most momentous information, and yet remain an insoluble puzzle to the general reader. At all events, we ought not to call such passages meaningless without a valid reason. Also, if we ask why more information is not given, we are paralysed by the above consideration; for the answer at once comes: Use first the information which you have, and then you will be able to acquire more.

The voice of Wisdom, speaking through the lips of many a Teacher, says now, as ever: If thou desirest to know, thou shalt first overcome the chief cause of delusion, which is personality; and to follow this program means that one must set about an intimate study and readjustment of one's own internal moral economy. The only way to achieve this is through Duty; and therefore the path of Duty and the Path of knowledge are one.

REST AND MOTION

A PHILOSOPHICAL paradox states that absolute rest and absolute motion are one and the same state; and we may be able to find in

nature certain analogies to this idea. For instance, there is the spinning top, an object which has a fascination for grown-up people of a contemplative turn. Apparently lapped in profound slumber, it is in reality thrilling with energy; and it is only when that energy dies away that the top begins to stagger about. Thus the condition of moving about may be indicative of lack of energy, while a plentitude of energy may manifest itself by an appearance of profound repose. The proverbial restlessness of people in this age may be due to weakness; perhaps they are not strong enough to repose; and it may be that, if a man cultivated all his energies in a high degree and in due proportion to each other, the result would be a profound but all-powerful calm. Such a man, when not called upon to act, would rest in sublime tranquillity like the eternal Sphinx; and when any duty called him, he would perform the function efficiently and without friction, lapsing again into his ineffable repose.

If a line be taken to represent motion, we may produce this line until its ends meet, when we obtain a circle, which has no ends and may be taken to represent a state of rest. But if the bent ends of the line do not quite touch, the line can be carried round in another circle, and thus we get a spiral. Similarly this spiral can be bent around, so that we get a vortex; and so on indefinitely. Swedenborg has said something of this kind. And it seems to symbolize geometrically the way in which motion may finally become so complex as to result in absolute stability. We may perhaps try to conceive the Absolute as something that is eternally wrapped in the profound slumbers of a titanic energy. There is a story in the writings of Chuang-Tzŭ, the Tao philosopher, about the training of fighting cocks. The birds are first trained until they are so pugnacious that they fly at every cock they see. But that does not satisfy the trainer; he trains them further, until, as he says: "They are oblivious of all their surroundings, and no other cocks dare come near them." This is to illustrate the so-called doctrine of overcoming by non-resistance.

The smallest push applied at the center may be more potent than the strongest push at the periphery. If we could stand at the center of things, we might be able to direct the vastest operations with a nod or a beck. A well-balanced man needs but the smallest muscular effort to keep him erect; but not so the drunkard, as he sways from side to side. And so in all our goings and comings; for do we not usually rush violently from one extreme to the other, when we might

keep our poise by minute adjustments like a man walking on a rope with a balancing pole? Some day we shall learn how to do everything without moving at all, just as the Almighty himself might be supposed to do; and in fact, just as the Supreme is represented as doing in the Eastern Scriptures. We are told in those books that the supreme Self in man accomplishes all things without disturbing himself in the least; and such a balance of character is held up to us as an ideal.

We waste a vast amount of energy in worrying beforehand; and this energy not only does no good but does actual harm to the results in view. When the time comes, we accomplish the result easily and without the least regard to anything we have worried about. We could have done better, had we not worried at all. A certain man, who was called in the night for watchman duty, used to spend the time in worrying over what he had to do the next day; until it occurred to him —“ If I had not been called, I should have slept through the night, and my next day’s duties would not have suffered in the least; then why am I worrying now? ” And he is still trying to get all the meat out of that lesson. We are always afraid that when the time comes we will not be able to do the thing; this is fear, and it is a disease. All the above goes to show that it takes a strong and energetic character to keep still, and the man who makes the most dust may be the weakest.

UNREASONABLE PRAYERS

ONE reason why our prayers are not always answered may be suggested by the following nature-study. Two little birds are seen making a great noise; but closer inspection reveals the fact that all the noise is being made by one of them. This one, though the same size as the other, is a young bird, and the other is its father. The youngster keeps up a continual hullabaloo, dancing around the other and opening his beak over the beak of his parent. He is clamoring to be fed; but the older bird preserves a stony indifference, as the little comedy goes on for half-an-hour or more. How heartless is that parent, one might say; but he knows his business. The young bird is fully competent to find his own food, and in his own interests must be made to do so. Hence the parent is doing for his offspring the kindest thing he can possibly do, although, to accomplish it, he has to harden his little heart and deafen his little ear. How often do we find ourselves in the position of the fledgling, clamoring to high

heaven for something we think we ought to have; and how often does high heaven do its duty by refusing us! The lesson, too, should not be lost upon those responsible for the care of youth, for true kindness does not always mean yielding to entreaties. If the old bird had treated his child as some parents treat their children, that young bird would have starved to death when his father died.

ALTRUISM IN NATURE

HERBERT SPENCER says: "If we define altruism as being all action which, in the normal course of things, benefits others instead of benefiting self, then from the dawn of life altruism has been no less essential than egoism."

So much for the "Nature, red in tooth and claw" theory of the universe. And all who have watched animals must agree. Man's attempts to justify his own weaknesses by trying to find them in nature do not seem very successful. Then there is the old saying of Dr. Watts, the hymnologist of a bygone age, to the effect that what may be right and proper in a dog may be extremely wrong and improper in a human being, for the simple reason that a dog is a dog and a human being is not; or, as he phrased it:

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For 'tis their nature to.

And though the rest escapes our memory, it was to the effect that children's hands were not made "to tear each other's eyes." But Herbert Spencer goes further and says that not even dogs always bark and bite. Pure selfishness is really unthinkable; and the question is greatly complicated by the difficulty there is in defining the word "self." A man who acts in the interest of another, usually does so quite naturally and because he feels that his own self extends a little further than the limits of his own body and includes a portion of that other person. Altruism is acting in the interests of a larger self. Birds in an aviary may be seen to feed birds at liberty by pushing food through the wires. It is not to be supposed that these birds go through any sort of moral self-examination. They are probably rather hazy in their ideas of "mine and thine," and are mostly concerned with putting good food where it belongs — that is, into empty craws.

The lesson of the above would seem to be that we can be altruistic because it is natural, and that we are not obliged to be selfish!

HIGHER REALMS OF SCIENCE

FROM time to time books are written criticising the method of modern science from a philosophical point of view. As this method relies upon the evidence of the corporeal senses for its data, it is not qualified for discovering the nature of "things in themselves," but can only discern and investigate the attributes of things in themselves. Therefore, it should rest content with arranging the relationships among the various phenomena it studies, and leave the question of the nature of matter and energy in themselves to other lines of inquiry. Such is the familiar argument, and it is true enough; but it would seem that too great and sudden a leap is made from the physical phenomena of matter to matter in itself. In other words, there is a tacit assumption that, if we get behind the physical attributes of matter, we shall arrive at matter itself. But why may there not be intermediate stages — many of them? Nay, is it not probable that there are many such stages? The phenomena studied by modern science are related to the corporeal senses, and matter (whatever it may be) has certain qualities which are so co-ordinated with those senses that corporeal sensation and perception arise. If matter be divested of these attributes, it will no longer be perceptible by the corporeal senses, having been deprived of visibility, tangibility, and so forth. But may it not still have other qualities, of such a nature as to render it still perceptible, though to senses other than the corporeal ones? If an act of perception, or of cognition, involves an interaction between an object and a perceiving or cognizing faculty, such an act may surely take place without its being concerned with the corporeal senses. The process of thinking seems to consist in the cognition by a certain mental faculty of certain *objects* which certainly are not physical. In other words, we think thoughts, in much the same way as we see sights. For such an act of thinking, two things at least are necessary: the mental faculty which perceives the thought-object, and the thought-object itself which is thus cognized. Such thought-objects, according to some philosophers, exist in *time* but not in *space*; and certainly they are in no way related to *physical* space, though it may be possible to define time (or this kind of time) as space of another kind.

We are now brought up to a point where we can appreciate some remarks of H. P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine*, where she affirms that there are higher regions of nature open to systematic investiga-

tion, but concerned with senses and perceptions higher than those of the physical body of man, and correspondingly dealing with subtler qualities of nature. And she declares that this science is not speculative but the outcome of actual experience. She insists, however, of course, upon the necessity of using these finer senses ere that new world of perception can be entered upon.

At this point, probably, readers will wonder whether we are going to speculate indefinitely upon this theme, with many interesting suggestions that lead nowhere, or whether we intend to say anything that will lead to practical results. Having heard about the existence of higher realms of nature, and finer faculties in man wherewith to investigate these realms, they will want to be put in the way of exploring these unknown and romantic regions. The idea of higher powers will tempt them. But H. P. Blavatsky wrote her books in such a way that the information to be gained from them is duly proportioned to the progress which the student makes in the ethical part of her teachings; and consequently the student who is not prepared to make the necessary sacrifices on the altar of knowledge remains more or less in the dark as regards what he would consider as practical information. Yet the field is always open for the student who desires to enter upon the path of self-discipline, which is the essential preliminary to a development of such finer senses as have been alluded to. We are duly warned also that it is possible to force on a premature development of some of the finer senses, but that this always results in disaster and delay to the student; as his development then becomes top-heavy, and he lacks the power to deal with his novel circumstances. Psychic powers are not wanted in a world such as this, where they would be used to push business advantages, to fascinate the object of one's desire, or perhaps in the attempt to invoke deities on behalf of national aspirations. Hence what is here said is not for the purpose of helping people along such a path, but for the purpose of commenting upon the scientific view of the universe and comparing it with the view taken by the author of *The Secret Doctrine*. Nevertheless, the prospect of so much knowledge and development of faculties, awaiting us in the future, may inspire our efforts to overcome those weaknesses which now bar our path; though for the present we may find enough to do in making sure of the ground on which we stand before advancing into unexplored regions and finding ourselves destitute of resources or with our communications cut.

ON THE OTHER SIDE: by Stanley Fitzpatrick

CHAPTER XIII

FLEEING THE LAW



WHEN Herbert Milton stepped out into the early dusk he had no settled plan of action. He had been sitting at a card table in the rear of a saloon when one of his most disreputable companions came in and warned him of the impending arrest, and immediately vanished, as he had excellent reasons of his own for avoiding any of the police force.

Since that moment Bert's brain had been in a whirl. Only one thought stood out clearly: to escape. That he was innocent gave him no sense of security. Many innocent men had been hanged, and many more had dragged through long weary years of imprisonment. For the first time in his life he knew what fear meant. A horrible nightmare of terror seemed to be crushing and benumbing all his faculties. But soon he realized that he must throw off this feeling of stupor and act; act speedily and secretly.

He went home by the most unfrequented streets to possess himself of a few valuables and any money he had. Here Mrs. Weitman had come to his aid. When he emerged from the house he looked up and down to see if any officer of the law were in sight, the first time he had ever consciously given a thought to a policeman. Instinctively he turned toward the quieter streets and walked briskly along, devoutly hoping that no one would recognize him. After a while he found himself at a station, where a train stood ready for departure. But he dared not go to the lighted window to purchase a ticket. Walking around the train on the darker side he noticed the door of a baggage car open. "All aboard!" shouted the conductor, and the wheels began to revolve. Suddenly it seemed to Bert that this was his last and only chance of safety. If he missed it he would immediately feel the cold hard clutch of the law. He made a desperate rush and leap for the door, caught, swinging almost under the wheels, and finally, as the train was gaining full speed, dragged himself up and into the car. Here, breathless and trembling, he crouched down among the boxes, trunks, and baskets.

Here Bert sat until midnight, dreading discovery at any moment. Then there was a stop at a small station, and he heard a passenger asking for his baggage. So he crept out as he had come in and stood shivering in the shadow of the station-house while the train rushed

on again into the darkness. Two men stood on the platform and one of them accosted the man who had just left the train.

"Hear any news in town?" he asked carelessly.

"No, nothing, only the bank robbery. They think they've got one of them."

"Yes, we've been waiting to see if the other was on this train. But he wasn't."

"Well, you're a smart couple, sure. Didn't you see that fellow with a grip that went off t'other side the station-house?"

"Blazes, no! We'll —"

Bert waited to hear no more, but dashed off through the darkness toward the utter blackness that marked the pine woods. He heard his pursuers close behind him and ran as he had never run before, even when he had won in the college races. But when he gained the edge of the forest he was obliged to slacken his speed, for in the inky darkness he stumbled over stumps and logs, ran against trees and fell on the slippery pine needles. It appeared that none of them were making much headway; and the two officers had lost each other, for he heard one calling to the other. The answering call made his heart stand still, it was so close at his side.

Scarcely daring to breathe, he leaped against a great tree, and heard the two men moving toward each other.

"This is no good," said one. "We'd better get our horses and wait till daylight. We can soon overhaul him then. I'll bet it's just some tramp anyhow. He must have been stealing a ride on the brakes for we know our man wasn't in any of the passenger cars; and he'd travel like a gentleman."

"I guess you're right. But we'll take a look in the morning. Let's get back to the station."

When the footsteps and voices had died away, Bert sat down at the foot of the tree. He was not unused to the forests and hills, as he had tramped and camped in the woods with his classmates several vacations. If he only knew where he was! But one thing was certain: he could not remain where he was. Rising to his feet he felt himself stiff and lame, and remembered that many hours had passed since he had tasted food. He also felt a strong craving for a glass of liquor; would not have cared what kind, for Bert had drunk far

more deeply than any of his friends had ever imagined. Taking up his valise he trudged on in an opposite direction to that taken by his pursuers.

In an hour the first faint streaks of dawn appeared and the weary traveler found himself on the bank of a small stream. He threw himself down to wait for more light to find a way of crossing; but overcome with weariness he fell into a sound sleep from which he did not awake until the sun was two hours high. He went to the edge of the stream and looked up and down. A short distance above he saw that a rude bridge spanned the water. While wondering if he might dare to cross on it he saw two horsemen approaching it from the other bank. He hastily drew back among the bushes, feeling certain they were the pursuers of the night before. Watching them cross the bridge, he saw them turn their horses' heads in his direction.

Bert ran down the stream looking for a place shallow enough to wade and also for cover on the other side. Plunging in, he found the water not more than two or three feet in depth, and only a few yards in width. Unfortunately, when in midstream, he stepped on a rolling stone and fell headlong, losing his hold on the suitcase, which was whirled away down the stream. Recovering himself, he reached a spot where overhanging bushes dipped into the water, and scrambling up the bank, sank down breathless and exhausted. A few minutes after the two riders passed on the other side, so near that he could hear their voices, though he could not distinguish the words.

The loss of his valise was serious; but he felt that he was now safe from immediate danger of pursuit, and decided to look for some house where he could procure food. The road from the bridge must lead to human habitations.

Thoroughly drenched and cold, he started on his way, keeping near the road, but still walking among the trees. When he had gone several miles he saw the smoke ascending from the chimney of a log cabin in a little hollow a quarter of a mile from the road. As he approached a young girl came to the door, looking wonderingly at him, and he proffered a request for food.

"There's nobody here but me," said the girl; "but dad an' mam never 'low to let anybody go way from here hungry: so jist come inside an' I reckon I can fix up a bite o' somethin' for you."

Bert entered the cabin and was glad to find a fire in a wide clean hearth.

"Take this cheer," said the young hostess. "You seem to be kind o' wet."

"Yes indeed," replied Bert. "I fell into the creek some distance back."

"Land sakes!" cried the girl; "be you goin' fur?"

"Well, we don't know just how far we are going," said Bert, glibly lying. "You see a few of us fellows have been camping and hunting, and yesterday I got off alone and stayed till dark and then lost my way. I slept in a thicket very comfortably, but this morning I got wet and had no breakfast; nor supper, last night."

"La me!" said the girl. "Well, you jist dry out here by the fire an' I'll git you up somethin' quick."

Soon from the lean-to, a shed built against the cabin, came the fragrant odor of coffee and the smell of frying ham; and presently the girl came in and placed upon the table corn-bread, ham and eggs, fried hominy, honey, and coffee. It seemed to the hungry fugitive that he had never partaken of a meal so delicious. He was almost ashamed to eat as ravenously as he did, but the girl, with true mountain hospitality, kept urging him to take more. How gladly would Bert have lingered if he had dared. But when fed and thoroughly dry he felt obliged to depart. The girl insisted on putting up some bread and slices of ham for him, laughing and saying:

"'Cause you might git lost agin an' git no supper."

He felt that to offer her money would be an insult; so with heartfelt thanks he turned away and took up his weary wanderings.

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A week later, on a cold rainy night, Mrs. Hewit and Anne sat in the clean bright kitchen before a glowing fire. Anne was knitting, and the former sat as she often did, with hands idly folded, gazing into the bright blaze.

"Anne," said Mrs. Hewit, "I hear somebody outen the porch."

"No, Aunt Polly," replied the girl, "it's only the wind or the cat."

Mrs. Hewit sat still with her eyes turned to the small window near the door.

"Anne!" she cried suddenly, "it's somebody — a face — like a dead man's — at the window!"

Anne sprang up, dropping her work on the floor. She went to the door, but hesitated to open it. She felt a sudden premonition of something tragic about to occur. Looking around, she saw Aunt

Polly's white eager face close beside her; then she laid a trembling hand on the latch and flung wide the door. There, crouching beside it was a dripping, ragged creature, his face fallen forward on his drawn-up knees, and his white, corpse-like hands pressed against the wet floor.

"Oh, good heavens!" cried the girl.

"Who is it?" said Mrs. Hewit in a tense whisper, peering out at the still figure. "Is he dead? Is it somebody they've hung?"

"No, Aunt Polly," replied Anne, rallying her courage and common sense, "it's some pore creature sorely in need of help. Oh, how I wish Dave was here. Do you think, Aunt Polly, we can get him in to the fire. He's perishin' of wet and cold. I'll spread a blanket on the floor and we'll try to git him in. Come and help, Aunt Polly."

"Yes," said Mrs. Hewit, taking hold of the man's arm, "come in an' git warm if you ain't dead. But if you are dead you can't git warm any more; an' we'll have to make a place for you like Jimmy's."

Anne took the other arm, and the man raised his head and with the help of the two women struggled to his feet, and they led him in and up to the fire. Anne picked up the blanket and in its stead drew up a big armchair, into which he sank with a deep sigh.

"I 'spose you're hungry as well as cold an' tired," said Mrs. Hewit, suddenly resuming her practical, capable manner. "He needs something warm, Anne; heat some soup for him first, and then we'll git him somthin' more."

Anne brought a basin of the soup left from dinner and set it over some hot coals to warm. Then she brought a bowl and spoon and placed them, with bread, upon the table. Then, seeing that Mrs. Hewit was quite herself for the time being, she took a lantern and hurried over the path that led to the cabin of Dave.

They soon returned to find the stranger devouring bread and cold meat and eagerly swallowing the steaming coffee which Mrs. Hewit had made for him. After he had finished his supper he gazed moodily into the fire for a few minutes and then, looking around at the faces about him, he spoke abruptly:

"I might as well tell you," he said, "that I am being hunted as a robber and a murderer. For more than a week I have been followed by two men determined to hand me over to the hangman for the reward offered, though I am not guilty of either offense. Half-a-dozen times I have escaped by a hair's-breadth! I have been frozen and fam-

ished, at night without fire or bed, and for days without food. I cannot longer endure such hardships. No doubt my pursuers are not far off. Now will you give me up to them or will you help to conceal me?"

Mrs. Hewit had risen from her seat and stood drawn up to her full height. A lurid light burned in her eyes as she turned them on Dave and Anne and then looked at the stranger.

"No, young man," she said: "you'll not be given up to the law that hangs the innocent and the guilty alike. Let the men come to me who are willing to sell men's lives for money and I will answer them. Dave an' Anne think as I do."

Bert looked at each face, then turned away to hide the tears that rushed to his eyes.

"Dave," said Mrs. Hewit, "you take him home with you tonight an' tomorrow we'll see to a hiding-place we all know of."

That night, for the first time since he left the city, Bert lay down to rest feeling safe and warm.

(To be continued)



PROBABLY the most profoundly impressive exhibit in the Panama-California Exposition is to be found in the large hall devoted to Central American antiquities. Here may be seen magnificent full-sized and exact reproductions of the principal monolithic Mayan stelae at Quiriguá, with other figures and tablets, as well as large models of the temples and pyramids at Palenque, Quiriguá, Uxmal, Chichen-Itza, Copán, etc. In addition there is an extensive model of the whole district from Chiapas and Guatemala to Yucatan. No less arresting is a series of large water-color paintings which show these pyramids and temples amid their natural surroundings at each of the sites. These are simply fascinating.

The method by which Dr. Edgar L. Hewett, Director of the School of American Archaeology, obtained these splendid copies of the stelae, is fully described in the *Scientific American Supplement* of July 24. The model of the temple at Chichen-Itza seems designed to destroy the beholder's sense of time, duties, or pleasures. One almost wonders whether, after all, the Egyptians really understood how to combine symbolism and sacred purpose with solidity and beauty. J.