

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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THE soul is the assemblage of the Gods. The universe rests in the Supreme Soul. It is the soul that accomplishes the series of acts emanating from animate beings. So the man who recognizes the Supreme Soul as present in his own soul, understands it is his duty to be kind and true to all.— *Manu*, XII, 119; 125

WAR, PEACE, AND THEOSOPHY: by H. T. Edge, M. A.



IN his able addresses on war and peace, Professor Henri La Fontaine, President of the International Bureau of Peace Societies at Berne, outlined the means which might be adopted for establishing a federation of nations, analogous to the federation of states within the American union, and represented administratively by a body of able members from the different nations. That such a federation is needed and will probably come may be admitted, and great honor will be due to those who have labored so ardently and capably to bring it about. But outward events are manifestation of the inward spirit that rules in men's hearts and minds; and this aspect of the question calls for equal and even paramount consideration, especially in a Theosophical magazine. Using the same analogy — that of the world of nations with the nation made up of states — we see that, even in times of peace the manifestations of discord are evident, and that the disintegrative forces at work in our life tend to the disruption of society and to the degeneration of life social and individual. If these disintegrative forces are suffered to grow unchecked, it will be impossible by merely administrative and legislative means to stem the tide or prevent the accumulating forces from finding an outlet in strife, whether international or civil.

The case of the body social or national or international is similar to that of the individual; for the individual is made up of a large number of elements which may or may not be in harmony with one another. The disintegrative force in the individual is personal desire, which unless controlled by a superior law, will destroy the life.

Alcoholism, concupiscence, and the drug evil are instances of desires that have attained the mastery and threaten imminent destruction. Passing from the individual to the body social, we see the same disintegrative forces at work; and the conflict of selfish desires results in faction, social diseases, and the other familiar forms of social disintegration. Finally the war is an instance of the same disintegration on an international scale; for the disruptive forces are rapidly exhausting the nations to no good purpose whatever to any one of them. The case is that of a fever or a fire, which grows with what it feeds upon and knows no other law than that of headlong onrush towards the goal of exhaustion.

To a man who is being hurried to destruction by ungoverned lusts and passions, there is but one law of salvation, and that is a moral imperative, a positive will, a "must"; he *must* stop, and there is no more to be said. Such words as "obligation," "duty," "moral necessity," seem to have faded out from our lives, and to have been replaced by "rights," "privileges," and "pleasure." But duty and obligation are the very essence of *human* life as such. He who follows duty obtains happiness, but he who seeks happiness finds not happiness but duty confronting him.

If we examine our national constitutions and the manifestos and programs of various causes and societies, we find that they are built upon the idea of "rights," and are concerned with the means of enabling people to follow their inclinations without interfering with, or being interfered with by other people. Mutual distrust and suspicion pervade these manifestos; and the assumption is everywhere tacitly made that every man is every man's enemy, except in so far as prevented, and that people will take all they can get, regardless of the interests of their fellow-men. People are actually not nearly so bad as these constitutions paint them; for people are in fact moved by other feelings than ruthless self-interest; and it is this that holds society together in spite of its cynical principles. But how much better it would be if the constitutions and party programs represented better the true nature of man! Could we not have constitutions and manifestos based on duties rather than on rights, and on obligations rather than privileges? The rights of a citizen are familiar enough to be almost nauseous; but we could stand a good deal more about the duties of a citizen.

The idea of duty and obligation may be irksome to some natures,

but we take leave to opine that that is because they cannot tolerate interference with their inclinations. Also it is our belief that children can be so brought up to love and cherish the idea of duty that it becomes perfectly natural instead of being irksome.

Little does it strike us that, when we follow inclination, we are simply obeying an imperative — a “must” — that proceeds from some part or other of our nature. If this idea occurred to us oftener, we might find it easier to understand why a man should obey the moral imperative proceeding from the higher part of his nature. It is between two voices that we have to choose — the voice of personal desire and the voice of conscience. The voice of personal desire leads by shorter or longer paths to our own undoing; there is no finality in its pursuit; it has no goal. This voice is not the one for man to follow, however well it may suffice for the animals, whose desires are restricted and are not complicated by intellect. Man has to follow his *higher* instincts, revealed to his understanding by conscience. Otherwise he will court destruction.

For it is impossible for man at one and the same time to develop his intellect and all his accomplishments of invention and culture to their fullest extent, and yet to aspire no higher than the ideals of animals following their instincts. If he demands the prerogatives of a God, he must aspire to the qualities of a God. At present he is topheavy, with a head in the clouds, and feet in the mire.

The only key to the problem of humanity's future welfare is in educating children from the start to accept the fact of the essential divinity of human nature, and to base all their instruction upon the idea that human nature is dual and that the lower must be subordinated to the higher. This being a truth, it will be recognized by the child; and an important part of education consists in refraining from the inculcation of untruths. As things are, we bring up the child in the idea that its lower and personal nature is all-important; or in other words, we manufacture a cripple whose infirmities will doom it to misfortune throughout life.

Theosophy alone, which has already since its first promulgation so greatly influenced the world, can afford the light and help needed by those who seek a source of reliance for the future welfare of humanity. For Theosophy has proven its own worth. It is not merely a body of principles and beliefs, but a body of convinced people, whose earnest lives and unselfish work stand behind the principles, making

them live and giving them power to bring help. Theosophy has solved the problem of how the higher nature of man may be so real as to become an effective power in overcoming the lower nature. True self-control, which means control of the lower nature by the higher, has been made practicable by Theosophy. We see it in the Râja-Yoga education for children and in the lives of the older students, whether youths, maidens, men or women.

It is the desire of Theosophists to bring to others the help they have themselves received. The principal message is that life will always be a sorry puzzle until one has mastered the great truth that devotion and service are the keynote for man. We may have pity, but not encouragement, for those who imagine that Theosophy holds out vistas of psychic powers, and the allurements that appeal to pride, vanity, and ambition. These are gold bricks. These curiosity-mongers may need a lesson in experience before they can learn to take life seriously; but meanwhile it is of much more importance to the world that we should appeal to those earnest and intelligent souls who welcome a philosophy that is built on the foundations of duty and loyalty to the highest and broadest ideals.

Behind all the earnest purpose in Theosophy stand the Theosophical teachings, representative of the wisdom of the ages, which have so greatly influenced the thought of the world since their first promulgation by H. P. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge. People who have tried to separate these teachings from duty and obligations have gone astray and are lost in the mazes of psychism and mystery-mongering; for the teachings were not given for the purpose of ministering to curiosity and ambition, but for helping the world. But those who remain faithful to the path of duty find the true meaning of these teachings.



THE great and peaceful ones live regenerating the world like the coming of spring, and after having themselves crossed the ocean of embodied existence, help those who try to do the same thing, without personal motives.

This desire is spontaneous, since the natural tendency of great souls is to remove the suffering of others, just as the ambrosia-rayed (moon) of itself cools the earth heated by the harsh rays of the sun.

Actions are for the purification of the heart, not for the attainment of real substance. The substance can be attained by right discrimination, but not by any amount of karma.—*Viveka-Chûdâmani*, of Sankarâchârya.

SYMBOLISM: by H. Travers, M.A.



THE ancient world attached great importance to symbols, as is very evident, for we find them everywhere. The Red Man of our own continent vies with the ancient races of the Old World in his fondness for symbols. Let us consider some hypotheses as to their use.

(1) They may be a sort of secret language.
 (2) They may have actual powers — of healing, protecting, evoking influences, etc.— available only to those who know the secret of so using them.

(3) They may represent things that can actually be seen — though not by an ordinary eye.

(4) They may be generalizations of natural qualities.

And perhaps other theories can be suggested.

As H. P. Blavatsky points out in *Isis Unveiled*, modern science uses symbols; and in answering a man who cavils at ancient symbolism, she hoists him with his own petard by producing the structural formula of an organic compound. And truly what could be more illustrative of this particular use of symbolism than these formulae used in organic chemistry to express comprehensively, concisely, and with exactitude what would otherwise require many words to express far less accurately? Organic chemists are fond of the tetrahedron; why then should they object to the svastika? or will they strain at an ansated cross and swallow a molecule? Crystallography, especially in connection with recent discoveries in molecular physics, shows us that “Nature” (or Pan or Proteus) does actually geometrize, as Plato said of the Deity. Why then may not a four-armed cross be a generalization of a natural law or principle?

An organic chemist, seeing the symbol of an organic compound knows at once its composition, has a good idea of its properties, and can probably go into his laboratory and make it. What a wonderful thing! For him the symbol is a talisman and he is the magician. But we need not go as far as chemical symbols, for a doctor is able to hand you a scrap of paper with inky marks on it, which will cure you. Could a similar use be made of a cross or a svastika, in the hands of an expert? Knowledge is lacking; but then we have belief in plenty, for what man or body of men does not use symbols in religion, business, walking, talking, eating and sleeping, and every other concern — be it a sacred emblem or a masonic seal or a wedding ring or a flag? The knowledge of the use of symbols may have faded

from the mind, but it survives as a race-memory, and is clung to tenaciously as an article of faith.

The interpretation of ancient symbolism is one of the purposes of the studies carried on in the School of Antiquity; and H. P. Blavatsky's great work, *The Secret Doctrine*, not only devotes one-third of its space specially thereto, but is permeated throughout by symbolism as a body is permeated by nerves. For in truth it is a language, a mystery language; and he who would ask why such a special and secret language was used has but to remember that Beethoven, with all his genius, could never have spoken his mighty thoughts to us without the musical notation — which is a mystery indeed to the uninitiated. Like the musical notation and the Arabic numerals, symbolism was a universal language, independent of national tongues and understood by men of all countries, provided they were adepts in its use.

The great archaic system known from prehistoric ages as the sacred Wisdom-Science, one that is contained and can be traced in every old as well as in every new religion, had, and still has, its universal language . . . the language of the Hierophants. . . . All the ancient records were written in a language which was universal and known to all nations alike in days of old, but which is now intelligible only to the few. . . . The words of that mystery language signified the same thing to each man of whatever nationality.—*The Secret Doctrine*, I, 310

The language of symbols has naturally engaged the attention of erudite students, and we shall find learned and copious books that are perfect mines of information up to a certain point; but the results achieved are not proportionate to the labors spent or the materials amassed. One important result, however, that has been attained is that the unity of ancient culture over broad expanses both of space and time has been demonstrated. But this is often an unwelcome conclusion, tending as it does to the upset of firmly established doctrines as to history; and those who welcome the conclusion are comparatively few and are not deemed orthodox.

One reason why the study of symbolism has not achieved better results is our unfortunate habit of dividing the field of knowledge into separate compartments, each one under the care of a specialist; whereby each department suffers from the lack of light that would be thrown upon it by the other departments. It is not possible to study symbolism by itself in this way and at the same time achieve much success; because it is part of one whole, and that whole needs to be

studied along with its parts. Symbolism is the universal cipher of the Wisdom-Science, and it is the study of that Science that will give us the key to symbolism. We must refrain from docketing these ancient customs as "religion" or "superstition" or "animism" or anything else. We must be able to go wherever the inquiry may lead us, and that without thinking that we are wandering from the track. Knowledge knows no such distinctions as those between religion, science, philosophy, ethics, sociology, etc. Symbols must therefore be studied in intimate connection with the great master-science of antiquity, the root of religions, the Secret Doctrine.

A well-known fad seeks to interpret symbols as "Solar Myths" and to represent the ancients and the modern aboriginal races as inventing this elaborate system for the mere purpose of celebrating the dawn of day, the coming of spring, the rain and the wind, and all the other natural events. But the disproportion between the supposed purpose and the means employed is too overwhelming; mankind can never have been so awed by the contemplation of these familiar phenomena as to attribute such immense importance to their celebration in symbol. It is just here that a little knowledge of human nature and a better sense of proportion would have been found useful to the students of symbology. We must seek other reasons for this universal vogue. The fact is that the solar-myth theorists have been misled by an analogy; and if they had postponed theorizing until they had looked a bit further, they would have discovered other analogies. In the same way other theorists have been misled, as, for instance, those who try to prove that mythology is all linguistic or all astronomical.

The ancient symbols have *seven* different keys, says H. P. Blavatsky, and they must be studied in every one of these aspects. For instance, they may be astronomical, historical, physiological, mathematical, etc. A circle represents the sun, the number *one*, the central source of universal life, the spiritual principal in man, the heart, etc.; while the crescent stands for the moon, the all-mother, the mind in man, the number *two*, etc. The labors of Hercules do correspond to the passage of the sun through the twelve signs of the Zodiac, but both of these things also correspond to the experiences of the human Soul in passing through the halls of probation and overcoming obstacles, as also to the similar events occurring in the drama of whole races of man.

Our subject is vast, but we do not intend to emulate those erudite

and voluminous treatises which leave the reader bewildered with the mass of materials and in somewhat the position of a guest at a banquet with viands in abundance and variety, but lacking the ability to digest even a small part. Rather would we try to derive something useful from the study, and to apply to a few selected instances such rules of interpretation as may afterwards be applied to other instances by anyone who cares to try. Our purpose, in short, must be illustrative and suggestive.

Quite a number of symbols are intended to denote the dual nature of man, as being a God enshrined in a tabernacle. This truth is certainly more important and worthy of celebration than is the bare fact that the earth is renewed in the spring. This latter fact is itself an emblem of rebirth; and it is thus emblematic by virtue of that analogy which subsists between the various parts of the cosmic scheme. As to the dual nature of man — the lower nature, both in man and in the world without, is represented by a cross with four arms, these arms denoting the four elements and the four principles which in man constitute the “lower quaternary.” When we find a circle above this cross, the symbol denotes the higher nature controlling the lower. Even the cross alone, with its central point, shows that four elements are balanced by a fifth; and when the symbol shows the arms bent at their outer ends, it signifies a wheel rotating about a stable center; and this is the well-known svastika, found in almost every country.

The immortal Soul of man is said, when it incarnates, to be *crucified* or “made into a cross”; and crucifixion is an emblem of the imprisonment of the Soul in matter or terrestrial life. A completer symbol is that of a human figure on a cross. The cross as a symbol is universal and of fathomless antiquity. Christianity adopted it at a certain period in the history of that religion.

What practical truth can we glean from the symbol of the Cross? That balance consists in the equal development of all sides of our nature; that the stable point is not in any of the spokes but in the nave; that equilibrium goes with ceaseless movement at the outside and continual rest at the center. If we know what are the four powers or elements or states denoted by the four arms, the symbol becomes an epitome of instruction in the art of life and self-mastery, just as the chemist’s formula is so much condensed information for him. And there are many other clues besides the Cross.

With the Cross go the Circle and the Crescent, and the three

denote the Sun, Moon, and Earth; the Soul, Mind, and Body in man; and other trinities. So a complete man is denoted by the symbol of Mercury ☿. Whereas Christian nations have the Cross, Islam has the Crescent and Star (this Star being said to be a variant of the Sun). Japan displays the Solar Disk. The Egyptian kings are often shown with both the Crescent and the Disk as a crown. No doubt a complete cult would recognize all these emblems, and at other times there would be lesser cults each displaying but one of the emblems. It is curious that in an age characterized by materialism we should display the emblem of the Cross minus its crowning Circle.

It is instructive that even a complete analysis of the lower man — and we have not even that much — would still leave unaccounted for those parts denoted by the Circle and the Crescent; it shows how much there is that we do not know about ourselves.

Speaking of flags, China has (or had) a Dragon, and we must not forget the Serpent, which often replaces the Dragon. The Serpent is often associated with a Tree or with a Cross or Tau; and when we come to ask what practical meaning can be gotten out of this, we find ourselves on delicate ground. The Serpent and Dragon are well-known symbols of human nature — a hard taskmaster till conquered. The book of symbols undoubtedly contains instructions as to how this is to be mastered, so that the Knight may win the Treasure which the Dragon so jealously guards. The aspirant to Knowledge has to face his own nature, which proves unsuspectedly strong and wily when seriously challenged; and this is surely one of the matters denoted by the battle with the Dragon.

While on this topic we may note that the lower nature is sometimes shown as a Bull, and we find Assyrian reliefs showing the King holding the Bull by the horn and stabbing him in the stomach. Possibly it may mean Darius amusing himself, but this does not explain other examples of the same symbol pertaining to other lands. The slaying of monsters is a favorite subject in symbolism. The ancient world may seem childish to those unable to comprehend why such importance should have been attached to these emblems as symbols; but when we begin to realize that the topic of universal and enthralling interest thus depicted was the *drama of the Soul*, we see a way to alter our opinions of the ancients. Our own age is occupied with other concerns, which seem very important to us but do not bulk very large in the vistas of the ages. We are bothered over the thought of

death; our little piles of wealth, fame, or ease, are all left behind us; our friends disappear into the unknown, whither our science cannot follow them, even with the aid of table-rapping. But older races, it seems, dealt in far deeper and more durable concerns; they explored the mysteries of life and death and had a Science that taught how immortality could be won while in the body by him who could master the Dragon and draw aside the veils that obscure the eye. These symbols are their books, achieving the double purpose of revealing and concealing. Humanity is millions of years old, and great civilizations appear and reappear. What we call "history" is but the fragmentary annals of some small cycles in racial history, and comprises the declining years of the later Egyptian dynasties, the episodes of Greece and Rome, and our own singularly hurried and contracted development along a particular line of materialistic pursuit. But think of the millenniums after millenniums that have marked the duration of some ancient civilizations, as we know from the records of their astronomical observations, such as those of India and Egypt — and it dawns upon our mind that the science of those times was concerned not with single life-times and generations, but with those larger cycles of life wherein the sequence of birth and death are regarded as events in the history of the Soul. Truly man must then have been conscious of his immortality. We can form a better idea of what is meant by a Dark Age when true knowledge departs, to be replaced by a condition where the attention is focused on the material concerns of a single earth-life, and mankind has forgotten Reincarnation.

The existence of symbolism, rightly interpreted, testifies to the unity of cults and the universal diffusion of the Wisdom-Religion which has been replaced by dogmas and creeds. The emblem of the Trinity is as old as thought and denotes the creative triad of Father-Mother-Son, Osiris-Isis-Horus, the All-Father, Mother-Nature, and the Universe. As symbols have several keys, this Trinity also denotes the corresponding principles in man: Man himself being the child, born of Spirit and Matter. The symbol is a great generalization, such as science loves, but on a far larger scale than scientific generalizations. It can be applied to the solution of many problems. By it we see that the mind and body of man are only two sides of his nature, and that both spring from a higher source. But the symbol of the Trinity is complex, for it may represent a unity sprung from a duality, or a duality sprung from a unity; and the two together make

the *double triangle* or Solomon's Seal, which is another symbol. Thus we get a Six, which, with its central point, makes Seven, another important key-number.

The Egg is another favorite symbol and is found in association with a bird and at other times with a serpent. There are the mounds in North America representing snakes with eggs at the mouth, and the similar mounds in the north of Europe. In many mythologies the universe is shown as hatched from an egg. It may seem strange that the egg and serpent should have been thought important enough to commemorate in huge mounds, but why is *any* symbol venerated — our own cross, for example? Because the symbol stands for venerated faiths. We have only to think of the importance attaching to badges, in order to understand the importance attributed to these symbols. We realize even today, in spite of the absence of reasoned explanations, the power of an emblem or symbol to evoke a force in a body of people and to distinguish one body from another. Over such badges and that for which they stand, people will fight to the death. By studying the egg and its development important general laws of growth and evolution are discerned, and contemporary biologists study the multiplication of cells as seen under the microscope, and thus learn how numbers and geometry lie at the root of nature.

An emblem is sometimes defined as a group of symbols, and from the emblem we may pass to the ceremonial, wherein that which is represented in symbolism is enacted. To the literalist in religion, ceremonial means nothing and is discarded; another extreme attaches an undue importance to the ceremonial, which however, without its meaning, is a dead husk. Choric dancing and the early drama are connected with the same idea. The mystic potency of *sound* is spoken of by H. P. Blavatsky in her chapters on symbolism; and this reminds us of incantations and *mantrams*. Universally the spell has been recognized as a means of evoking deific powers; this cannot be a mere superstition, it is too widespread and invariable. The fact that such power lies in the use of symbols in connection with sound is sufficient reason for guarding the secrets. If we knew, we would certainly use these powers against each other; just as today we are straining the resources of our knowledge in the cause of destruction. Dangerous secrets would be purveyed, absolutely without scruple, in the sole interests of money-making. Hence a merciful law decrees that Knowledge shall flee from her desecrated shrines, and that the

abuse of faculties shall deprive the abusers of the power to use them.

Thus symbolism is an ancient and universal language which can disclose the past history of mankind and of the earth, and also reveal the mysteries of human nature and the hidden laws of nature in general. But its study, to be profitable, must go hand in hand with the study of the great science of life, of which it is an inseparable part.

GOLDEN THREADS IN THE TAPESTRY OF HISTORY: by Kenneth Morris

PART III

III — THE ROAD OF LEARNING



THERE were seventeen among the Moslems, in Moham-med's day, who could read and write: an accomplishment, as ancient poems show, which one was apt rather to hide, as disgraceful, than to brag on. Ali and Omar were among the number; the Prophet himself was not. Nowhere had he come upon genuine learning, still less seen anything of its better fruits; yet he could lay down the law for Islam in this wise: *The ink of the doctors is holier than the martyr's blood. . . . Acquire knowledge: whoso acquires it, performs an act of piety; who speaks of it, praises the Lord; who seeks it, adores God; who dispenses instruction in it, bestows alms; who imparts it to its fitting objects, performs an act of devotion to God. A mind without culture is like a body without a soul. Glory does not consist in riches, but in knowledge. He who leaves his home in search of knowledge, walks in the path of God. He who travels in the road of knowledge, God will lead him in the road of heaven. The angels blithely spread their wings above him; all creatures pray for him, even the fishes in the water. . . . To listen to the instruction of science and learning for one hour is more meritorious than attending the funerals of a thousand martyrs, or than standing up in prayer for a thousand nights. . . . Assuredly the superiority of a learned man over a mere worshiper is like the superiority of the full moon over the stars.*

Thus he went not half-heartedly to the encouragement of learning; but as if with definite design, made its acquirement one of the first of religious duties: as though he had foreseen that in respect to it, his

people were to be the one hope of the West. He himself, though so unlearned, was the first of the physicians of Islam: a line that includes the names of Rhazes, Avenzoar, Abulcasis, Averroes and Avicenna; the men who made the science, as we know it. He, the humble predecessor of those great ones, was still their predecessor and spiritual forebear; he used no magical formulae, as you would have supposed, in his simple efforts; none of the paraphernalia of bell, book and candle; but sane, scientific methods such as your modern physician would approve. "Diet," said Mohammed, "is the principle of cure, and intemperance the source of all physical ills." Dirt and unhygiene, which in Europe were for centuries to be cardinal dogmas, and as it were prerequisites of all holiness, he put among the cardinal sins, and made them anathema for his Moslems; including among the laws of religion this new Theosophical commandment: *Thou shalt wash!*

Wherefore, unless there was definite design to re-sow the seeds of civilization? With Mohammed of Mecca — with Abdallah's son, the Camel Driver? We dare not affirm or deny, having no gage for the consciousness of supermen. But with the soul that came into incarnation there, equipped for such stupendous labors, yes. The personality is at all times but the broken reflection of the Soul, cast on the flowing instability of the material world. Even with the Great Ones there is still a mysterious duality of being; such as permitted Joan of Arc to be no more, in philosophy, than any peasant of her land and age. And she, companioned of the World-Regents: a Banner-bearer of the flamey hierarchies, if all were known! This we may ask concerning the Camel-Driver: if he did know; if he had actually foreseen, plotted it out on Mount Hara, or in Khadija's house, or out yonder in the haunted loneliness with his caravans — what surer steps could he have taken? Personal cleanliness and refinement, religious toleration, the love of learning; sow a resurgent Arabia with these, and at least you shall reap civilization for your harvest presently. Supposing his people should carry at first no great spiritual mission, nor bring to the world sublime basic ideas; they should yet create conditions which would make growth possible; and in which some future Messenger might sow the grander seeds.

To take the threatening world-ruin, and make of it the possibility of world-salvation; to create culture and the scientific spirit out of the sandstorms and passions of impetuous hot Arabia: surely this was enough for one Aeonian Soul to accomplish. For bethink you that

of Jesus and Mohammed, the latter has actually given us more of what good, or potentially good, things we actually have, than has the former. Christ's ethics we have shelved unostentatiously; who knows when the living influence of that sublime and gracious figure ceased to be a force in the world? It withered in the catacombs, probably; at least it was gone before Constantine; it did not emerge into history; there are no Christian nations. But to Mohammed, who was of the same hierarchy, and came from the same source: not to destroy, but to fulfil the work of Jesus: we do provably owe our culture and our science, for what they are worth. He did set that force in motion, which discovered radium the other day, and of old raised up Montpellier, Salerno, Paris to disseminate light. Lister and Finsen, Roentgen and Madame Curie, are all in a kind of intellectual apostolic succession from the Camel-Driver of Mecca.

Our civilization is, from the standpoint of the soul, a thing unsatisfactory enough: all material splendor and inventions are very contemptible, when one compares them with the dignity of the human soul which we have forgotten. And yet there is the possibility of real progress; which there was not in Christendom, broadly speaking, before Mohammedan civilization began to work upon it. Freedom of thought, such as we have (to a certain extent) nowadays, is not the best and highest thing possible, since it leaves open the lethal road to materialism and spiritual death; yet it is a condition absolutely essential to the human soul: a *sine qua non*, and the first of them, for the soul's manifestation and activity. Freedom of thought is the first step; a means, not the end; it does not imply progress in itself; which begins when of one's own will one chooses the roads of thought that lead upward. But unless there are those outward conditions of freedom, the choice may not be made, does not exist.

Europe, before the thirteenth century, had been steadily growing more and more into the grip of an octopus which we may call Obscurantism. Dirt was holy; disease universal; thought there was none, or it was fast waning. The light that had existed among the Celts in the sixth, seventh and eighth centuries, and which burned up again in Wales in the twelfth and thirteenth, had been the object of insidious attack ecclesiastic and military, until it was so thoroughly covered with bushels, so to say, that now it is almost counted superstition to believe that it existed at all. Constantinople was still the seat of a fading and sterile culture; there was luxury there, but no

progress; much mutual theological face-slapping, but nothing you could reasonably call thought. Always the power was growing, that sought to stereotype ignorance and barbarism; and since there is no standing still: since what we call stagnation is really movement toward decay: Europe, under the incubus that ruled it, was actually sliding down toward a savagery to rival that of the Congo or Papua. A pralaya and obscuration of the intellect had set in, which made real spiritual life a thing not to be thought of; since spirituality implies not merely devotion, but an awakening mind under the influence of devotion: a balance of the faculties, in short, with the soul dominant. Devotion, in the Europe of those centuries, meant a selfish desire to get to heaven; which is a sure means of getting the world at large to hell. Spirituality spells a desire to establish heaven here on earth, and knowledge how to set about doing it.

Mohammed came to a people as ignorant and barbarous as any in Europe, or more so; but outside the sway of that influence which dominated Europe. As a first step he set them boiling with religious enthusiasm; which served to unite them for the time being, and certainly won them from the worst of their customs. Then, recognizing that that very enthusiasm might easily become their worst curse, he did his utmost to leaven it with the dogma of religious toleration; he would leave them with the possibility of spiritual growth. Then, to awaken the intellect, balance the life, and assure that possibility, he set forth to start them on the Road of Learning, and assured them that the ink of the doctors was better than the martyr's blood. Now to see how this last astounding doctrine became effective.

Within a few years of the Prophet's death, Syria, Persia and Egypt had been conquered by the Moslems, and everywhere thousands were flocking to the standards of the faith. Whether they came, drawn by the purity and simplicity of its teachings, or driven by the sheer psychological impetus of the movement, or lured merely by hopes of plunder, one thing was commonly true about them: they knew no Arabic, in which language only the holy Koran was to be read.* It devolved upon the Arabians at once to think of something besides fighting: let those who had learning prepare grammars and dictionaries, that Persian and Syrian and Egyptian and African converts might learn to read the Book of God. But then, the new worlds

* For this account we are indebted as usual to Prof. E. G. Browne's *Literary History of Persia*.

conquered and the new methods of life were turning the language of the Koran a little archaic; and Mohammed had been a master of the vast wealth of the Arabic, and the book was full of rare and unfamiliar words. How to get the fullness of their meaning, especially so that foreigners could understand? — By collecting the ancient literature of the desert: the old innumerable battle-poems and odes and ballads. For no race had loved poetry more than the Arabs, with whom the emergence of a poet was marked by grand festivities, in which all neighboring tribes, if not too hostile, would share. But these poems themselves needed understanding: there were references of all sorts that must be unraveled; we must then acquire knowledge of *Ansáb* (genealogy); of *Ayyam* (the battles or “Days” of our fathers), and of *Akhbár* (their history). Nothing for it but to “go upon the Road of Learning”; here is matter, thanks be, that will take a lifetime or so to collect.

Then there were the rules of life as given in the Koran itself; they needed explaining, and their applications to be made clear. How should that be done, save by hearing from the Prophet’s own companions what he himself had said about them, or how he had acted under these circumstances or those? Saddle your camel, and away with you on the Road of Learning! — here is a new science to be born: *Hadith*, tradition: which shall provide you scope for unlimited research. For, given a tradition, you must test its authenticity; what if untruth should creep in, where the matter concerns salvation? It had passed from lip to lip of many, probably, before you now were engaged in reducing it to writing: that whole chain must be hunted up; one link you shall find in Al Maghreb, and the next in Hindustan; no matter, since the purity of Islam depends upon the validity of each, and on your exactitude in testing them. You must inquire into the character and dependability of every witness; you must know the date of each transmission, and every detailed circumstance concerning it; before you are aware, Biography and Chronology have come into being. Then the old poems and the Koran itself were rich in references to the history of neighboring races: quaint, obscure references enough, in most cases; but every one of them must be sifted, examined, brought up for identification under the lenses of infinitely patient research. Up camel again, and off with you to sojourn for years among the Greeks, the Persians, Egyptians, Ethiopians or Himyarites; there to inquire, to collect, to rummage among manu-

scripts, traditions, half-lost memories of the aged; you shall get these things right, for the sake of Islam and posterity. The angels will blithely spread their wings above you; you are in the Way of God until you return home.

For during the first century after the Hejira, none of this knowledge might be obtained in books; those who desired it must go wandering the world and the desert in search of it. The Road of Learning was no figure of speech, but fact. Abu'd Dardá said: "If the explanation of a passage in the Book of God presented difficulties to me, and if I heard of a man in Birku'l Jumad who could explain it, I would not grudge the journey thither." Birku'l Jumad, geographically speaking, was an inaccessible spot in southern Arabia; proverbially, it was Timbuctoo, Jericho, or the Other End of Nowhere. In 730 one Makhul, a Moslem slave in Egypt, was given his freedom and permission to return to Arabia. He would not go until he had "gathered together all the learning that was to be found in Egypt"; and when at last he set forth, it was to "journey through the Hejaz, Iraq and Syria, seeking an authentic tradition," if you please, "as to the division of the spoils taken in a certain battle. . . ."

During the Ommeyad period this quest of learning became a habit, almost a mania. Thousands went tramping the empire after a word, a little twopenny tradition. It was to these Moslems as pilgrimage to the shrines of saints to the medieval Christians. The Prophet's words rang in their souls; they went forth in boundless enthusiasm upon the Way of Learning, the Way of God. Bless their dear eager hearts; I am not prepared to deny that the Angels blithely spread their wings over them; that all creatures prayed for them, even the fishes in the ponds! The knowledge they acquired was barren enough for the most part, no doubt, and of supreme unimportance to the world; but there was this about it that was, on the contrary, of supreme importance: one hundred and thirty years of seeking it in that patient, indomitable, enthusiastic and *exact* way, had induced in them the Scientific Spirit. It had ingrained in the Arabian consciousness the habit of scientific investigation, and a careful and devotional love for all learning as such. It had made all books quasi-sacred, on account of the information they might contain.

THE TRIPLE MAN: by H. Coryn, M. D.

(The members of a California medical association recently visited the Râja-Yoga College, founded by Katherine Tingley at the International Theosophical Headquarters on Point Loma. The following is part of an address of reception from one of the resident physicians.)



It was one of Mme. Katherine Tingley's objects in the founding of this institution to show the power of a rounded and completely balanced education to develop among the children here under her care a unique perfection of health.

As men who are familiar with the vital statistics of the day, you will know that whilst our medical science has lengthened the average span of life, this lengthening is mainly due to increased knowledge of the diseases of *childhood* and of the methods of warding off and treating them; but that in spite of all we can do, the diseases peculiar to middle and old age are increasing the number of their victims and steadily extending themselves back to the earlier periods of life. In other words the people's hold on life is secretly lessening underneath the deceptive lengthening of life.

Katherine Tingley desired to show a new way of health through a balanced education which should call out the powers of *all* parts of the child's nature, holding that only in the co-operation of *all* the powers could secure foundations of complete health and long life be laid. The physical, mental, and spiritual must evolve together for mutual perfection.

(1) The physical life is here developed to the full. The climate permits of open-air work and play all the year round. Games, drills, exercises and gardening are part of the daily program. And the dietary is carefully studied and under constant medical supervision.

(2) In healthy bodies the minds of the children are alert and eager, and as fast as they awaken are applied by carefully trained teachers to every department of modern education, singing and instrumental music being specially considered.

(3) But beyond the physical and mental the children are from the first awakened to recognize the moral duality of their own natures — the *spiritual* as the controlling higher, and the wayward *personal* as that which is to be controlled. They are steadily taught to recognize this fact of conflict between the two, and in that early recognition of the real existence of the higher they learn to take sides with it in the conflict, and it becomes a more and more fully developed conscious element in their lives. It is Katherine Tingley's teaching that it is only by the full co-operation of this third element in human nature, the

full letting of this into active life, that mind and body can come to *their* best. It is this highest aspect of our threefold life which gives the power of self-control, the power to resist the impulses whose so-often unrestrained gratification in the ordinary man gives us doctors the most of our work; and it is this which can come to the aid of and sustain the vitality when in the ordinary case it begins so prematurely to fail. Our life *is* threefold and each of the three requires the development of the others for its perfect functioning. And the spiritual, the controlling part, the seat of will, when it is fully awake in consciousness, when it is fully present as a part of the mind, gives awareness of immortality, keeps the vista *open* before the mind's eye in later years when ordinarily the thought of death would begin to cloud the horizon and to become one of the principal factors in depressing vitality and shortening life. The spiritual, in a word, keeps mind and hope and energy and will alive. It therefore gives power to resist disease, to extend the years, and to make old age a serene period of the richest ripening of consciousness.

It is the application of this principle of threefold education, the full eliciting of the three great activity-forces of human nature, which constitutes the system called by Katherine Tingley Râja-Yoga, words meaning "Royal Union," union of the three.

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD, ENGLAND: by C. J. Ryan



ENGLAND glories in the possession of two famous and ancient universities, Oxford and Cambridge, and several others of more recent foundation and less historical and social eminence. The sister universities of Oxford and Cambridge hold a very firm place in the affection of the English people. For nearly seven hundred years they have been pulsating centers of energy from which great leaders of the nation in statecraft, literature, science, philosophy, and religion have come, filled with enthusiasm and ambition to serve their country and win the crown of immortal fame.

The beautiful and venerable city of Oxford, which whispers from its towers and stately halls of learning some of the atmosphere of the Middle Ages, calls those who have come under the influence of its glamor to approach nearer to the ideal of perfection in conduct and

wisdom. It is a shrine to which many of the most promising youth of England have gone to offer their pious vows, to frame high destinies for themselves and their nation. There is an air of resonant hope, of lofty aspiration in the green quadrangles, the shady groves, the alcoved libraries, and the solemn chapels. To live in Oxford is to be in the sanctuary of Fame, "to hold high converse with the mighty dead." With its half-medieval atmosphere, its picturesque streets with their quaint old houses, its stately colleges and churches, and its rushing streams spanned by ancient bridges Oxford offers endless subjects of interest and delight to the lover of the beautiful and the romantic. For the student of literature, science, and the arts, there are priceless treasures in its libraries and museums.

Traditions vary as to the origin of the city. One says it was a Druidic seat of learning in early days, and that the bards held their mystic rites in the oak woods which still flourish in the neighborhood. Another declares that the Trojans took refuge in Oxford and planted the seeds of learning there after the destruction of Priam's proud city; still another assures us that Apollo, after the downfall of the classic gods, fled to the sheltering groves and silvery streams of Oxford, where he received a hearty welcome from the local deities! Though these fanciful stories might plausibly explain the classical atmosphere of the university city, none of them is established on a basis that will stand criticism. In fact, nothing is known of learning or of groups of scholars till the twelfth century. The town, however, was a prosperous place several centuries before the university was thought of. Early in the eighth century Frideswide, daughter of a minor king, abandoned the worldly life and established a monastery with a stone church at Oxford.

Oxford stands in the center of England on the banks of the Thames (called the Isis at Oxford), fifty-two miles from London, and the natural advantages of its situation made it an important center of trade and a military post long before the Norman conquest of England. D'Oyly, a follower of William the Conqueror, built a powerful fortress "with a shining coronal of towers" to secure his possessions. The site of the castle is now occupied by the county jail, but one high tower still remains, a picturesque and massive structure. A romantic episode took place here in the early days of the Norman rule. The Empress-Queen Matilda, rival claimant to King Stephen for the throne of England, was besieged by him in Oxford Castle until it

was nearly reduced by starvation. She was let down by ropes from the walls by night and escaped on foot across the frozen surface of the surrounding waters.

The city of Oxford has a population of 50,000, and conducts a large trade in grain. It returns one member to Parliament; the University has the privilege of returning two. Although the city had seen many centuries of civic life before a student appeared on the streets, the university gradually crushed out its ancient liberties, and, until quite recently, it was deprived of the ordinary rights of municipal self-government. Parliament frequently met in Oxford in early times, before it was permanently established in Westminster, and even later under Charles I during the civil war and under Charles II when the plague was raging in London.

It is impossible to say what first attracted scholars to this thriving medieval country-town, but increasing references to the existence of organized teaching are found during the twelfth century. In 1164, in consequence of a dispute with the French king over the claims of Thomas-à-Becket, King Henry II ordered all the English clerks who possessed revenues in England but who lived in Paris — then the center of intellectual life in Europe — to return to their own country or lose their money. After that the schools in Oxford increased in prosperity and assumed the character and privileges of a university. The earliest public document mentioning the name *universitas* is dated 1201. The *universitas* was the guild or corporation of the Oxford master-teachers, and the rules for admission resembled those of other guilds in which the apprentice had to produce his masterpiece and satisfy the examiners before he could be enrolled as a master in his art. For a long time the budding university had a hard struggle for existence against the opposition of the citizens, the friars, and the Papal Courts. The Oxford students, though protected by the Church, were not always willing to obey its authority, and at times — for instance, during the religious movement of Wycliffe at the end of the fourteenth century — they claimed great liberty in theological speculation. For a while the city was the chief English center of activity of the friars, the Franciscans being the most noteworthy. Attached to this order were the eminent Bishop Grosseteste of Lincoln, a brave reformer of ecclesiastical abuses; the great philosopher Roger Bacon, who was abominably persecuted for the daring scientific speculations and experiments in which he was centuries ahead of his

age; and of William of Ockham, who supported the civil power against the encroachments of the Papacy.

The students and the townspeople did not get on at all well with each other from the first: the students complained of the extortionate prices of food and the dirty state of the town, and the citizens complained of the lawlessness and violence of the students. In 1214, after the townspeople had hanged two clerks, the feeling became very bitter, and the university, supported by King and Church, determined to curtail the liberties of the city. In 1354 a real battle between the two factions took place, in which the citizens, aided by the neighboring country-folk, "killed, beat, and most cruelly wounded" many of the collegians. This proved disastrous to the city, which had most of its civic rights taken from it, and had to do penance annually until as late as the year 1825. A decree of King Edward III in 1355 granted the university the control of the markets, the supervision of weights and measures, and the sole power of clearing the streets of rioters.

The general character of the university in its earlier days was democratic; anyone could be admitted, even the son of a serf; and the poorest, if qualified, could rise to the highest positions. The Oxford scholars were liberal-minded and frequently defied the royal patrons, the Popes, and the Preaching Friars, when the latter tried to free themselves from the jurisdiction of the university and get the direction of the teaching into their own hands. At first there were no regular colleges; the students lived as best they could in separate lodgings. They soon found it advantageous and more economical for groups to set up housekeeping together and to hire a building, where they could be governed by a master-scholar of some standing chosen by themselves. This was the origin of the "Halls," of which Oxford formerly possessed several hundred. Sometimes a student would receive a legacy or a present; this would be devoted to the benefit of the Hall to which he was attached; the city had to pay fines to the Halls, and a good deal of money was collected. The unsatisfactory system of Halls did not last long. The first College — University College — was endowed in 1249, and Baliol College in 1260, but Merton College was the earliest in which those essential principles of college discipline and organization were established which have remained till this day; its charter dates from 1264. It received the rights of self-government, of holding property, etc., and permission to use a seal as the symbol of those privileges. Other colleges were soon founded on similar

lines and the whole system of English university education was placed on a firm basis: the poor clerks became members of powerful and important corporations, and the control of the authorities was greatly strengthened. The Halls, whose students were looked down upon by the Collegians, gradually disappeared. At the beginning of the fourteenth century there were three hundred Halls and only three Colleges; today there are twenty-one splendidly appointed Colleges and only one Hall, that of St. Edmund, the only surviving representative of a system of university life older than the Colleges.

Wealth began to pour into the university, magnificent colleges were founded, like that of New College, built by the great statesman-architect William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester, and early in the fifteenth century the indiscriminate admission of all comers was checked. In the same century the "heresies" of the religious reformer Wycliffe, and other liberal movements which had been received warmly by the students, were repressed. During the new birth of art, literature, and human freedom that we call the Renaissance, England was struggling in constitutional upheavals and theological broils. At the moment Florence and other Italian centers of the New Learning were striving towards a wider culture, and the spirit of antique greatness was visibly reincarnating in the South, in Oxford the bright promise of scholarship and art, after putting forth a few tender shoots, shrank back under the cold blasts of religious and political disputes. Foreign and domestic wars drained the university of its youth, and the ravages of plague increased. The fifteenth century was an age of books, and the gift of Duke Humphrey of Gloucester of his great library, which included many valuable Greek and Roman works, the establishment of a printing press, and the arrival of certain learned Italians "to propagate and settle the studies of true and genuine humanity among us" encouraged the hope — unfortunately not fulfilled till long after — of rapid progress. Richard de Bury, the giver of the first library to the university, said:

What pleasantness of teaching there is in books! They are masters who instruct us without rod or ferule, without angry words, without clothes or money. If you come to them they are not asleep; they do not chide if you make mistakes; they do not laugh at you if you are ignorant. O books, who alone are liberal and free, who give to all who ask of you and enfranchise all who serve you faithfully!

The harshness and bigotry of the theologians, added to the general

unrest of the age, prevented England advancing hand in hand with continental nations in the sunshine of the Renaissance. But for a short time the New Learning was warmly received; Oxford men were the first in England to study Greek; however, it was soon discouraged by the reactionaries, who feared — and rightly from their narrow standpoint — that it would lead to heresy. The colleges were in great danger of being altogether swept away when the religious orders were disbanded during the Reformation under King Henry VIII. Fortunately the despot was a scholar, and he preserved the university from the greed of his courtiers. During the reign of Edward VI (1547-1553) Oxford suffered severely: the libraries were ransacked by bigoted royal commissioners, and many rare and precious books and manuscripts were burned or sold for waste paper. The students fell off greatly in numbers; some of the schools were destroyed, others used by laundresses for drying clothes. In the reign of “Bloody Mary,” the Catholic successor of the Protestant Edward, a great crime, one of the tragedies of history, was committed in front of Baliol College. This was the burning alive of three Protestant martyrs — Bishops Ridley and Latimer and Archbishop Cranmer — for heresy. A small stone cross marks the spot where, a few years ago, a heap of wood ashes was found, the remains of the fires in which these pioneers of spiritual and mental freedom perished in 1555 and 1556. In the church of St. Mary the place is still shown where Cranmer, in defiance of the fire, publicly withdrew the recantation of his heresies that he had just written and made the stoical pledge which he courageously fulfilled: “And as for as much as my hand offended, writing contrary to my heart, my hand shall first be punished therefor; for, may I come to the fire, it shall be first burned.”

The numerous changes in religion that took place in England in the sixteenth century caused great confusion in Oxford and education naturally suffered an eclipse, but under the encouragement of Queen Elizabeth the university increased in prosperity and learning. When she paid a state visit to Oxford the scholars were able to greet her with a Greek oration and to present Latin plays.

The ruling spirit of Oxford in the earlier part of the seventeenth century was the Chancellor or Head of the university, Archbishop Laud. The Convocation House (the parliament house of the university), the Botanic Garden, the first in England, and other foundations owe their existence to him, and Oxford rapidly became very

like the town we know today. With democracy he had little sympathy, and though the generous arrangements of early founders for the support of poor students were not entirely abrogated, Oxford gradually became a rich man's university and the royalist capital of England. The royal pedant, James I, frequently visited it, and his successor, Charles I, and his parliament were entertained by the university during the Civil War. Though the citizens were secretly opposed to the despotic claims of Charles I, the university rallied to his support when he was attacked by the Cromwellian forces. In 1642 the king asked the colleges for money, and the beautiful ancient silver plate was melted down to supply his treasury. After the battle of Edgehill, the court assembled at Oxford and the city was fortified by trenches. The siege did not last long; the king fled, and the triumphant Parliamentary troops marched in; fortunately little or no damage was done to the colleges. Puritans then became the controlling authorities under the Commonwealth, but with the restoration of the monarchy the Church of England regained its power.

Since that time the history of the university and the city has been fairly peaceful, until the present moment when the colleges are almost empty in consequence of the enlistment of nearly all the able-bodied students in the new volunteer armies of the United Kingdom. It is feared by Oxford men that the time-hallowed customs and traditions of the university will be impaired and perhaps destroyed by the long and serious interruption caused by the war. Already there have been immense losses among those who have gone to the front, and it will be difficult to restore the antique spirit.

Oxford has been called the "Home of Lost Causes." However that may be, it has been rightly said that Oxford represents the most advanced intellectual life of the moment, and that what it is thinking today England will be discussing in a few months. The leaven of Oxford ferments rapidly and distributes its energies rapidly through the country. It would take many pages to mention the names of the great men who have received their inspiration at Oxford. A few names will give some idea of what the university has done for the world. Among statesmen we find the great prime ministers William Pitt, Peel, Gladstone, Salisbury, and the present distinguished holder of the office, Asquith. The patriots Hampden and Pym, the courtiers Raleigh and Sidney, the jurists Blackstone and Mansfield, were all Oxford men. In science the long roll of fame includes the names of

Harvey, the re-discoverer of the circulation of the blood, Bradley the astronomer, Lyell, the founder of geology; in poetry there are Shelley, Swinburne, and Southey; in philosophy Roger Bacon, Hobbes, and Locke. The great religious reformers Wycliffe, Wesley, and Whitfield; the historians Gibbon, Hakluyt, and J. R. Green; the writers Samuel Johnson, Ruskin, Addison; the dramatists Ben Jonson, Beaumont; Wren, the architect of St. Paul's Cathedral, London; Admiral Blake; and the great scholars Grocyn, Tyndall, More, Liddell, and Jowett, and many others of equal renown were students of the university. Oxford has also given the world many adventurous founders of states, such as Lord Baltimore of Maryland, William Penn of Pennsylvania, Oglethorpe of Georgia, and, in our time, Rhodes of South Africa.

Oxford is famous for its numerous and splendid libraries. The treasures of the Bodleian Library give the university a supreme place among institutions of learning; to consult its books and manuscripts students come from all parts of the world. It is called after Sir Thomas Bodley, who in 1600 completely refitted, refurnished with books, and endowed Duke Humphrey's library of 1439. In 1749 a magnificent domed chamber, the Camera Radcliffiana, one of the most striking architectural monuments in Oxford, was added by Dr. John Radcliffe. It stands in the center of the city, and the well-proportioned Renaissance dome makes an effective contrast with the Gothic towers and spires of the colleges and churches. Immensely valuable treasures of art, literature and science, including very rare autographs and coins, have been added to Bodleian Library of late years, and it has the right, in common with the British Museum and three other libraries, of receiving a copy of every book published in the United Kingdom. The university also possesses several other fine museums and art galleries. The Sheldonian Theater, built by Wren in 1669, holds four thousand persons, and is one of the most notable buildings in Oxford; it is used for the recitation of prize essays, the conferring of honorary degrees upon distinguished people, and other ceremonies. The Chapel of Christ's Church College has the peculiar distinction of also being the Cathedral of the diocese of Oxford. Until the sixteenth century it was the conventual church of a religious order. It is one of the smallest cathedrals in England, but it displays many interesting architectural features of various styles, and contains some fine old stained glass. A part of one wall is supposed to be the remains of St. Fride-

swide's original monastery church. St. Mary's Church, restored in the fifteenth century, is a handsome building with a noble spire. It is, properly speaking, the parish church of the city, but it has been lent to the university for religious and other meetings for many centuries, and has been closely connected with every important event in its checkered history. Oxford university is no longer officially connected with any church, and though the Established Church of England has the largest authority and influence there are no religious tests to be passed before admission or graduation.

The Colleges are self-governing societies distinct from the corporation of the university, though they are federally incorporated in it. The Chancellor of the University, its highest officer, is usually a distinguished son of the university, and is appointed for life. He is not, however, expected to take an active part in the management, or even to live in Oxford. He is a purely ornamental head, and he delegates his authority to a substitute, the Vice-Chancellor, who is the responsible governor. The Oxford system is adapted primarily to the needs of students preparing for the degree of Bachelor of Arts, but it includes all the necessary facilities for taking the higher degrees in the usual subjects of a university education. About 850 students enter the university annually, and the normal population is 3400. A certain number of students are not attached to any College, but they are under the control of the university authorities. The minimum cost of residence and fees is \$800 per annum. Women are admitted to the lectures and examinations, and if successful their names are published, but they are not permitted to take degrees, even though they have done as well or — as sometimes happens — better than the men. To make the university wider in its scope and to help towards the harmony of all the English-speaking peoples, Cecil Rhodes, the South African Empire-builder, an Oxford man, not long ago bequeathed funds to provide 175 scholarships for students from the British Colonies and the United States.

In athletics Oxford emulates ancient Greece; it is famous for its prowess in all kinds of sport. The rivers, the chief natural features of the scenery, though not large, give facilities for water sports, and are crowded with small craft from the first day of term in October. The annual boat-race between Oxford and Cambridge crews is an event in which the whole country takes the keenest interest. It has not been held since the great war broke out in 1914.

THE AVATAR: by Jefferson D. Malvern



KING CARVAN, son of Irith, had been journeying all day: on horseback across the plain and through the forest, and now on foot up the pass that lies between Mount Wandelosse and the Beacon. By nightfall he would have been king for a night and a day; and already he was taking such a step, venturing into such regions —

As, in plain truth, had not been tempted before, except by Cian and Conan, his brothers, during the history of ten thousand years, or since the passing of Wandelosse the Mighty. For these Mountains of the Sun were inviolate, impassable, terror-haunted. They bounded the empire eastward, and had done so since the empire began. No king had been so foolhardy and ambitious as to lead armies into their fastnesses; no discoverer so enamored of the wild as to look on them with longing eyes. One knew only that beyond Mount Wandelösse, beyond the Beacon, there were vast slopes and precipices upsweeping: lonely green places, and then places craggy with granite where no greenness was; and so on and up by wave on wave of mountain, to peaks covered with eternal snow, and peaks vaster and more terrific beyond; haunts where the wolf-packs howled, heights where the eagles soared; desolations where presences abode that were more terrible than either; — more beneficent, perhaps, but more terrible certainly; for one can make some sort of fight against natural things, even against a wolf-pack; but gods, whether they be hostile or loving — there is no opposing them.

Human feet had, indeed, trodden this pass and these two nearest peaks; or so legend would have it, and none disbelieved. But that was ten thousand years ago: in a titanic and traditional time, long before history was written. Wandelosse the Mighty, Father of Gods and men, it was said, after he had led the people into that land, and after he had built the great city, Karaltwen, and reigned in it a hundred years, had caused a chamber to be hewn out upon the very peak of his mountain, and a cairn to be raised over it; and having bidden his people farewell, had gone up there alone; to sleep, perchance, or to watch there through certain ages; not to die. And he would come again, it was said, singing his ancient song for victory, if ever the national need were supreme, and called for him — and if the king then reigning should know how to invoke his aid.

Such need had never arisen, until now. The history of Karaltwen recorded no grand disaster of plague or dearth; and had there been invasion at any time, it was easily repelled. This was not an ambitious or a restless people, to bring trouble on others, and so presently on themselves. But a decade ago, and their ships were on the seven seas, their scholars honored at a hundred courts; their rich dwelling in piety and peace, and even their poorest sleek with content. Ten years ago; and it seemed a Golden Age aeons distant. For there had been nine years of plague, pestilence and famine since, and one of battle, murder and sudden death; and now let the Gods ward off destruction if they would, for it was beyond the power of man. . . . With one in every three dead of the Yellow Death, and the rest feeble with hunger, what fight could be made when the blonde giants came out of the north, killing, plundering and burning everywhere? What wonder if the invading horde swept away such puny armies as could be raised to oppose them, and was already within striking distance of the sacred city?

It was at that point that the druids came to the king — not Carvan, but Cian — and bade him ride forth on to the mountain to invoke the help of Wandelosse the Mighty. It was then, for the first time in all history, that the archdruid gave up the secret of invocation that had been handed down to him, whispering it in the ear of King Cian as he mounted his horse to ride forth. And Cian the Politic, who had schemed so long and so wisely for the well-being of his people; whose reign, until the years of disaster, had been so wisely ordered, so wonderfully prosperous — had sat in his saddle for a minute, two, in

thought; then called for his chief minister, and for Conan his brother and heir; had taken the golden torque of his sovereignty from his neck, and given it to Conan, saying: "You are to wear it, unless I return by tomorrow evening." He had not returned; and on the morrow, in the evening, Conan the Bold had been proclaimed king.

And in the morning, Conan too received the secret, and rode forth, wearing the torque. And he returned in the evening of the second day, solemn, even anxious of visage; and with little to say but that he would go against the invaders in the morning. He had gone against them, and fallen; and left as heir to his kingdom none but this Carvan, the youngest of the brothers: Carvan the Fool, or the Bard, as some few called him — of whom no one would expect much in such troublous times as these.

For Carvan had never looked to be king; would rather have dreaded the possibility, had it occurred to him. One or other of his brothers would marry and have children, and he would be left in peace, he thought, to dream in the forest, to watch the changes of the sky above the mountains, and fathom with childlike-soaring mind the life of the Gods who haunted them. A gentle dreamer was Carvan, for whom the wildwood flowers were more than all the glories of kingcraft; and the children of the poor dearer than cargoes on the sea, or fields golden with increase, or treaties of alliance with powerful kings. — It may be supposed, then, that there was consternation everywhere when news came of Conan's heroic death; what kind of help should be from Carvan the Fool? — Whose good deeds, even, betrayed the lack of an organizing mind; since he had not the wit to set others doing them, but must needs get about them secretly himself. . . . So it was whispered hopelessly in street and palace; and but for the archdruid, I think, the true succession would have been passed over; and some minister with a head for statecraft, or captain fitted for war, would have been chosen. But Hoova was old and gifted with wisdom more than worldly, and by virtue of his office had the last word. He knew Carvan well, and the ways of the Immortals better, and was as adamant: this was not the time, he said, to offend the Gods by turning from the line of Wandelosse the Mighty. So in his turn Carvan had heard the secret, and ridden forth from a despairing sullen capital, up towards the mountains of the Gods.

Over the cultivated lands, and into the forest that he loved: the shadow-world of green umbrage, shot with golden light-flecks above,

and beautiful below with the dark light of a myriad bluebells in bloom. He heard the blackbird singing; he heard the noonday chanting of the thrush, and the sweet wandering shout of the cuckoo; why should he think of war and disaster, when the lyricism of these proclaimed the nearness of dear and sacred Beings; when immortality rippled over the green fern leagues, and every acorn brooded upon druid secrets of the Gods? In your hands, O Mighty Ones!—in your keeping, O Everlasting Law! And he too, was he not a quivering center of sentience, of divinity, in the midst of this ocean of delight: a soul to perceive, to know, to adore? . . .

So he came to the foot of the pass and the beginning of the hallowed region, and went forward in exceeding great joy. Here no foot had ever trodden, save those of his two brothers, and of the great God himself, in all the ages of the race. He drew deep breaths as he went; the mountain air was pure joy tingling through his being. It was, after all, no sorrow or burden, as he had thought, but a privilege, to be king—in these miserable times at least: since not otherwise might one make the momentous and sublime journey, nor confront the Immortals in their darling haunts. He remembered how Cian's face had changed when Hoova whispered the secret to him; seeming to age suddenly, and the determination with which he had struggled hoping against hope, through the last ten years, going out from it in a resigned heroic despair. He remembered how Conan's warlike features had lighted with a gleam of fierce, desperate joy; and how he, too, had ridden forth a changed man. How terrible the secret must have been, he had thought, to work changes so great on such men as Cian and Conan! And yet, how simple a thing it was, when he in his turn heard it! What had they elected to give, he wondered. An intuition told him: Cian belike had offered his kingship, that was so infinitely dear to him: the daily planning and scheming and governance of things, which was the work and inward nourishment of his being. That was why Cian had not returned: he would not take back the gift he had offered, even though it was unaccepted. And Conan the Brave would have offered his life itself; and so had deliberately lost it yesterday on the battlefield. Tears filled Carvan's eyes, of pride in his brothers, and grief for their sorrow. Dear, heroic Conan! Kind, wise, all-ordering Cian! Why had their great gifts, their supreme sacrifice, availed nothing?

As for himself, the problem presented itself to him not as *What*

should he sacrifice? but as *What did he value most?* Let him find out that, and the rest would take care of itself; to know it was what mattered; to sacrifice it would be the natural thing, and of course. The kingdom had not been enough, as from Cian who loved it; it would be an insult to the God if offered by himself, who held it at a straw's price — indeed, but for this one privilege it conferred on him, rather as a distasteful thing and a burden. Better to follow Conan, and offer his life — and with what joy — to save the women in the little homes of the land, the men toiling in the fields; to save the children of the poor from slavery and sorrow and dishonor! But death for Conan had meant an end, at least for ages, to facing the perils that he loved; it was the greatest sacrifice Conan knew how to make, and yet had not availed. Whereas for him it would mean to ride untrammelled on the winds above the tops of the forest below there; to go unforbidden where he would among these august mountains of the Gods. Ah Death, that many feared, how lovely a thing wast thou: that freed the soul of mortality and partial knowledge; that discovered to it the secrets of the pine tree and the larch tree, of golden sunlight and purple shadow, of the immense blue empyrean where the winds and lightnings sported! To have the myriad-changing and adorable universe for throne and couch and playground and workshop; to claim kindred with the Mighty Ones among the mountains, who watch and toil and revel and are not afflicted, and neither change nor pass nor die!

Carvan the Bard knew that if he gave his life, the gift would be useless. It was something, indeed, that he was very happy to possess; but it was something he would be still happier without. And the arch-druid had said: *That which most thou valuest. . . .*

He was high up in the pass now, on a road that in winter would be a roaring torrent, but now made traveling sometimes difficult, but nowhere impossible. The heat of the day was over, and on the tops of the pines and the larches the sunlight fell with a golden and mellow glow. The silence of the place was altogether wonderful and lovely. On either hand steep, tree-covered banks soared up as high above him, almost, as a lark will fly from her nest; so that only occasionally, when the valley widened or the precipice was broken on this side or that, was there seeing the giant shoulder of the Beacon, purple in heather; on his left, or the giant peak of Wandelosse on his right. Now the shadow of an eagle, or a hawk, sailing far in the blue; now a glimpse of a wild goat poised aloft there on the crag

head; here the hum of wild bees, the flitting of many-colored butterflies' wings, or the sudden scutter of a rabbit . . . and silence, and



golden light, and the sacred spirit of the mountains. . . . What was the thing he valued most? . . . What was the thing he valued most?

The sun was near setting by the time he left the pass, and came out into the larchwoods of a high upland valley. There, as he knew, he must turn to the right, and upward through the trees; then to the

right again, or westward, and out over the wild northern slopes of Wandelosse to reach the path which, according to tradition, the Father of the Race had traversed of old. Through the faery gloom of the trees he went, and over the carpet of brown needles. As the green darkness above him was broken, now and again, by a golden shaft flashing on the blue iridescence, more luminous than jewels, of a jay's wing: so his mood, that had passed into quiet awe and wonder, would be kindled momentarily by thought-flashes almost agonizing in their beauty. In the murmur of the wind in the branches, he heard the voice of the eternal silence; and his soul within him glowed lofty, august, eternal as that.

In the twilight he came out from the woods, through little trees that stood apart in the midst of the greenest of grasses, over-silvered now; and beheld immense skies westward still glorious with the shadowy flame of the sunset's afterglow. Now indeed he was in the Holiest of Holies, and his whole being cried out and quivered in ecstatic joy. He stood on the open slope of the mountain of the Immortals, drew near to the dear and awful presence of the Father of Gods and men. He went on, the path clearly and marvelously marked before him, westward still and upward, the soul in him pulsating with superhuman gladness: come to its own, knowing itself, one with the Gods, with eternal and boundless life. . . .

Himself, and not himself: an eternal glory of which he, Carvan, was but the evanescent shadow. . . .

He knew what thing he valued most: it was his soul — the Soul. . .

The slope of Wandelosse rises very gradually at this point. There are a thousand yards or more of almost level thicket and bogland between the lip of the chasm, up which he had come, and the upward sweep of heather and granite that ends in the peak and cairn. Here and there are alders many, and sloe-bushes, and tangles of bramble with crimson sprawling limbs; dog-roses to make autumn wistful with their scarlet and orange-colored hips; whitethorn to breathe out sweetness upon May, and to bear haws of dark flame in the midst of October's delicate yellowness and mists. From here you can see, often, the shoulder of the Beacon beyond the pass, when the peak of Wandelosse itself is quite hidden from you, either by the near thicket, or by intervening knolls and juttings on the vast mountainside itself. Through this thicket he pressed on, the way growing more and

more difficult as he went; then out on to the western slope, and on and up, until long after night had come up over the wild regions eastward, and the sky was wholly strewn with mirific hosts of stars. Oh, beautiful over the mountains . . . beautiful beyond telling in God's sacred place. . . .

No, not the life, but the Soul. . . . What would it be, to be without that — to be, and be soulless? Well, that beauty existed: there was the sky, the wind, the mountains. . . .

“Son, what gift art thou prepared to give?”

“Father, I give thee what I can. Not my kingdom, since it is nothing either to me or to thee. Not my life, for I value it at nothing. Take thou my Soul. . . .”

The shadowy flame form towered up over the peak above, awful in its golden and violet beauty, into the starry vastness. . . . And Carvan the son of Irith sank down on the mountainside — asleep?

It was the next evening, as history relates, that Carvan the Mighty rode into Karaltwen. Somehow, the city went mad with joy as soon as the watchman heard his horse's hoofs, and proclaimed the news of his coming. Men swore that he had added a foot to his stature since he went out, and that his face and form shone with the light of godhood. Out he rode again the same night; out with the strangest army that ever followed leader through the city gates: just the rabble that met him in the streets, and that followed because the glory and beauty of him impelled them to follow. How they came by arms at all it were a mystery to tell. A hundred, two hundred, perhaps five hundred there were of them: the ragtag and bobtail of the place: the poor and the maimed and the halt and the blind; they heard him singing the Song of Wandclose the Mighty, the war-song of all immortal war-songs, and followed.

And he fell upon the foe at the dawn of the morning, and singing, made slaughter of them; he himself, they say, slaying his thousands as he sang; even as none had fought and slain and sung since Wandclose the Mighty. And the rabble that followed him, made giants by his virtue, heroes by his heroic song, were better than the tens of thousands of veterans that were against them; and they broke the

blonde invaders, and scattered them; and followed them up, and broke them again and again, until in all the land there was none left of them alive. And ever as he led his men to victory, Carvan the Mighty sang the Song of Wandelosse, the song that had been forgotten through the ages; and his men, hearing him, became not as men, but as Gods battling; and it seemed to all the people that a God was their king, and that the Father of Gods and men had come into the flesh to lead them. And sweet prosperity followed upon triumph, and gentle peace and wisdom upon war; and once more it was even as it had been, according to the songs and traditions of the bards, when Wandelosse the Mighty reigned, in the ancient days and in the dawn of time.



OUR INDIVIDUAL RIGHTS: by H. T. Edge, M. A.



'T is a familiar case to find some indignant citizen writing to the papers to ask: "Why should my privileges be curtailed because some other man abuses his privileges? Let the other man be punished." He thus insists upon what he considers to be his rights as an individual. But the same man is willing enough to enjoy the privileges which come to him because he is a member of a community; he does not insist on his separate individuality then. Because he is a member of a community, and not because of his individual efforts, he enjoys many advantages. Only by retiring to a desert island could he separate himself from the mass so completely as to be able to stand absolutely on his own rights and do exactly as he liked.

This is a sufficiently familiar reflection, yet not so familiar but that it needs repeating often. We must be careful, however, not to push this idea too far, to the exclusion of other things equally true, or we shall merely land in another absurdity. Some writer takes to task the ordinary men of the mass, merely because he (as alleged) vaunts himself over the achievements of his race, which (as alleged) he himself has done nothing to bring about. All these things, says the writer, over which the ordinary man vaunts himself, were done by a few brainy, able, and hard-working people; while the ordinary man spends his leisure in eating, sleeping, and playing foolish games. But the blade of the argument has two edges and cuts both ways. The few brainy and able people would not have been able to invent and execute all those things, had they not formed a part of a large community, including as a necessary factor a majority of ordinary people. They could not have done it if the community had consisted of nothing but brainy and able people with no commonplace persons; in fact, there could not *be* such a community. Thus, the ordinary person has his value after all, and it becomes apparent that the question of individual and social rights has two sides which must be carefully held in mind and balanced if a sound judgment is to be reached.

Individual persons are not so separate as they think they are. There are undercurrents which link people together. Our thoughts and impulses come to us from a source which we do not discern, and they leave us in the same unseen way. It is like the way in which we breathe the common atmosphere into our lungs, charged as it is with contributions from other pairs of lungs, and then send it out again

to contribute to the atmosphere which others will breathe. This sounds very fine, no doubt, but shall we be content to let it remain a mere fine-sounding phrase? Let us rather seek its practical bearing.

In the light of this thought, our every little action acquires a new importance as regards the possibility of its effect on other people.

No man can sin, nor suffer the effects of sin, alone.—*H. P. Blavatsky*

And the same applies to other actions besides sinful ones. The fact is, we habitually underestimate the importance of our own individuality — even while we (inconsistently) vaunt ourselves over it. The ordinary person, who insists on the worth of his individuality and calls for what he considers his individual rights, actually ignores that individuality and neglects to recognize or exercise those rights. He does not seem to think that, if he goes on indulging himself, but without committing excess, his conduct will have any effect on the man who indulges himself to excess. Nevertheless it will, in many more or less indirect ways. For a community of people certainly has a common fount of vitality, which is pure or impure, according to the contributions that are made to it. Epidemic diseases are recognized by all, though it is not so easy to find a scientific explanation of them; and similarly there is mental and moral contagion. Our very bodies are made of particles which flow in and out, constantly changing; so that they can with much justice be compared to eddies in a stream. By our thoughts, then, we affect the ever-flowing stream in which we all partake.

It is surely not difficult to find in science analogies which will help us to understand how individuals are linked up with one another. Take, for example, the case of electricity. We are familiar with the fact that a movement taking place in an apparatus in one spot may be imitated in an instrument a thousand miles away, and that without any visible connection — nay, more, without any connection which we can even adequately conceive, though we know it exists. Why not, then, with the thoughts of men? The fact that we cannot figure out any mechanism to explain the influence counts for nothing at all, since the same difficulty confronts us in the case of wireless telegraphy, or, if you like, in the case of the connection between mind and muscle when you raise your hand. It is a question of fact, and the business of science will be to study the fact after it has been established, not to delay admitting its existence until an explanation is found. And

what do the facts tell us? They present us with a multitude of phenomena which can be explained in no other way but by assuming the actuality of these connections between man and man.

Hence the plea of a man about to commit an action, that "it does not matter what I, just one person, do," loses its validity. There are other persons wavering on the brink of decision, whose actions will be decided one way or the other by your own decision. There are many minds that are colorless and susceptible, that will be prompted to action even by the comparatively feeble current that *you* set up. Let us here relate an old story that is often told in various forms. It is one of those tales which contains enough latent wisdom to make some people shake with laughter.

The tenants of a certain squire determined to give him on his birthday a butt of his favorite wine. Each man was to buy one bottle and pour it secretly into the butt. When the squire tasted the wine, he found it pure water.

Each of these men had said, "Just one bottle of water will not be noticed." Each man thought he was exerting his individuality, but the upshot proves that he was not; the fact was quite the reverse; not one of them had any individuality. If any one of them had had, he would have influenced the decision of some of the others, if not all. Similar cases occur in daily life: one man decides that it will not matter if he steps across a flower-border; and the next thing he knows, a beaten track has been made. He did not have any individuality; only enough to boast about.

Now we see what makes the difference between a man and a specimen of *Homo bipes*.

The purpose of Theosophy is to educate each individual man and woman to a sense of his or her own power and value. It is *said* that we already, in these democratic days, have a sense of our individual value; and perhaps we do in one sense, but there are other senses. But the importance of a man and the significance of his acts depends upon the plane on which he lives and acts. By rising to a higher plane than that upon which he has been accustomed to live, the influence of his actions will be greatly increased. The further he gets away from a self-interested attitude, the wider is the range of his activities. The part of his nature which he brings into use is more central, deeper seated, and in closer connection with the common life of man. No doubt these remarks would strike us with greater force if they were expressed in more concrete terms; if we could point to

some actual part of the brain or body which is actually brought into play by the evocation of a lofty and disinterested motive. Again, it might be considered that that would be a materializing of the spiritual. It is not always easy to make things real and definite without running the risk of materializing them. But surely one may express a conviction that the atoms of the body itself are susceptible of a progressive refinement, under the continual influence of a pure life and a benign mental atmosphere, just as (we know) they are coarsened by persistence in gross living and gross thinking. In this case it would be easy to understand that the coarser atoms — call them cells, if it please you — would be less potent than the finer, exactly as the weightier particles in the world which physicists study are more inert and slow and feeble than those atoms of living fire which dart to and fro in the rarified and energized space within the electric tube. The word “vibration” is altogether as famous and respectable as the word “atom,” so we may use that. The finer the medium in which the vibration moves, the more rapid and far-reaching is the movement; and, as there is a scale of forces graduating from the ponderous vibrations of the contrabass tuba to those which carry light, like Iris, the messenger of the Gods, with a speed beyond all thought; so there must be in man’s complex mechanism forces that vary from the slow gyrations of his stomach after a meal up to the lightning processes of thought, and beyond that again to forces which he knows not yet how to use.

So the question of the higher life and right living is a biological question as well. The body was originally built for a temple, though subsequently utilized as a stable for all sorts of animals. We can approach the question of right living from the biological standpoint, if it strikes our fancy to approach it that way.

To return to the starting-point of these remarks — when we feel inclined to demand our rights, it may help us to stop and ask ourselves what we have done that other people should treat us better than we would treat them. And it will help us still more to reflect that we actually possess certain really inalienable rights, if we only choose to recognize them; and these are summed up in the right to exercise — not our personality but our individuality.

PAPERS OF THE SCHOOL OF ANTIQUITY

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

REMINISCENCES OF ENGLISH PAINTERS: by R. Machell



“REMINISCENCES of English Painters” sounds like a promise of anecdotes and personal gossip, of the kind which forms the basis of memoirs generally. But such matters are not within the scope of the School of Antiquity, nor are they subjects on which I would waste my time. That which is worthy of remembrance is the fruitage of men’s lives, not the incidents that distract attention from the consideration of their life-work. And, in looking for the essential feature of interest in the work of the modern painters, until quite recently, I think it would be safe to say that the object of attainment with the vast majority was Beauty. Today we have groups of painters who profess contempt for mere beauty: and there is no doubt that among these loud denouncers of the beautiful there are some who are striving after a higher kind of beauty than that which has become accepted as Beauty’s final expression.

But even in this case too it seems to me of interest to note the peculiar angle at which each one looks up towards the evasive ideal of Art, and to see what means each has adopted for the expression of this ideal.

It is said that the English painters do not constitute a School, but rather a group of individuals. Some say that this individualism is the chief characteristic of English Art. I do not know, and I care very little if it be so or not: for Art is too wide to be tied up in little bundles and tagged with national labels. I am not fond of this parochial classification of artists. To an artist Art is universal and beauty is spiritual truth made visible.

Paradox is the law of life, and we meet it everywhere; so it is quite natural to find the most materialistic and faithful copyist of nature imbued with an adoration of spiritual beauty that is more pro-

found than the religious emotion of many devotees of orthodox cults. The great landscape painters of modern times may not talk of spiritual beauty and may indeed affect a most commonplace view of Art, (that is not an uncommon "pose" among English painters), but their devotion to the cult of pure beauty as expressed in Nature is evident in their work. And as the landscape painter feels nearer to the ideal in close contact with the fields, the farms, the mountains and the woods, the ocean or the forest, and all the moods of Mother Nature, so too the figure painter sees in the human form the ultimate expression of the divine made manifest, and worships in the visible emblem the unseen beauty of the spiritual prototype.

For this adoration the figure painter is sometimes rebuked by religious persons, who seem to forget that they themselves profess to believe that "God created man in his own image" and that he beheld his work and was well pleased with it. They forget that God created man in his own image without clothes, and in the excess of their purity they sometimes speak of nude paintings as something akin to blasphemy. I will not attempt to defend the artist, but I sometimes wonder — 'The ways of man are very wonderful —.

There are people in the world who are willing to admit that they do not know everything, that in fact they have something yet to learn, and that possibly there may be someone able to teach them. Of course such humility is not to be met with everywhere, indeed the amount of omniscience in the world is a little surprising to one who is dimly conscious of his own enormous ignorance. Those who think they have something yet to learn about art are apt to seek out some great artist and try to get from him some pronouncement of his views on art. But alas, such a master may be unable to put his emotions into words, having perhaps devoted his life to expressing the tumult of his soul in other ways, in sculpture, in music or in painting.

It is said that the great romantic painter of the English School, Turner, was such a man, and it is told of him that he sat silent when others were making eloquent orations on art, and were expounding the latest theories of beauty and refinements of technique, and that at last the great man rose and hesitated a while, grunted, sniffed, and muttered to himself "*Paintin's a rum go!*" as he slouched out of the room. He was a great artist, but his speech lacked polish, you might say. His conception of beauty was intense, but his ability to tell what he felt in words seems to have been inadequate. Now there are peo-

ple who think his pictures revelations of beauty, and there are others who see no beauty in them at all. How is this? Difference of taste? I think there is something more than that in it.

The paintings of Dante Gabriel Rossetti are valued by some as things of infinite beauty and by others are regarded as most unpleasant examples of deformity and dislocation of the human form; others see in them symptoms of morbidity and of artistic incompetence. Even the popular Sir Joshua Reynolds, the face-painter of his day, has been as violently denounced as any man for his incompetence. He certainly was a bad draughtsman, but his love of beauty seems to me unquestionable. What is questionable is the value of his ideal in art.

Before the days of Constable the classic formalism of Claude Lorraine passed for the finest expression of beauty in nature, and Constable was considered as a rebel against the established canon of beauty. He became the father of the modern school of landscape painting; and it is hard to believe that anyone could deny his sincerity in the pursuit of beauty as expressed in nature: and this apart from the purely aesthetic value of his work. Yet today his work is by some considered out of date, and is denounced on other grounds.

Today many a visitor to an exhibition of modern paintings comes away with a sense of utter bewilderment as the result of his inspection of the works exhibited. He feels that he has no standard by which to measure the caliber of this new art. He questions in his own mind if it really is art. He may even doubt the sanity or the sincerity of the painters; but he never for a moment doubts his own ability to see what is before him in its fullness, nor does he doubt his power to recognize beauty when he sees it. Yet he is bewildered.

It requires little technical knowledge to enable a person of ordinary intelligence and with natural taste, to see beauty in the portraits of Shannon and Lavery, or of Romney and Reynolds, in the landscapes of Alfred East, and a score of other men of real ability; it is hard to imagine that such persons would fail to appreciate the gorgeous color of Frank Brangwyn, or to smell the scent of the sea in his sea-scapes, or to realize the mastery of such a poetical draughtsman as Joseph Pennell. And there are scores of painters who in various ways reveal some aspect of the beautiful in forms that are easily appreciated.

The decorative mastery of Burne-Jones commands respect from those who think his ideal of humanity is rather morbid than beau-

tiful, and there are many more painters who in some way do appeal to the public successfully: but yet the sum total of the exhibition-visitor's experience is too often disappointment and bewilderment. Not only is he confused by the rapid passage from one field of observation and experience to another, as he passes from mystical medievalism to modern landscape, and from that to modern portraiture, then to historical, mythical or dramatic compositions, presented as seen by different minds from different standpoints, painted with different aims, under different influences, in different conditions and all hung in a room together as if they formed part of one scheme of decoration. No wonder the spectator is bewildered. And yet there is in all an underlying bond of union, which is the worship of beauty: the unseen ideal whose image is reflected in every part of the visible universe.

Those who have watched the evolution of art-concepts during the last half-century know that there is no finality in standards of beauty, in technical methods, or in any of the ideals of art. Beauty has been sought in many forms and revealed in strange disguises; and now today Beauty herself is repudiated by a new group of ephemerals in art. And yet she sits serene within the human soul and watches the fantastic tricks of her devotees, who may perhaps pose as her denouncers, but who are none the less her slaves. For Beauty is a tyrant to those that do not love her, and her rebellious subjects are her slaves. To the natural man she is a goddess hardly approachable yet familiar, an inseparable companion, ever invisible yet unavoidable. No ordinary person is without some conception of beauty, and most people suppose that there is some final test by which the presence of the goddess may be detected. There are those who talk of the canons of art, and the laws of beauty, and who will tell you with considerable *aplomb* that such a work violates *all the canons of art*. A noble bluff! Ask such a one to name the canons of art. Ask but for a reference to some really authoritative work in which these canons may be found. Ask on what authority such canons were established. Ask if they are or have been established; and then admire the beauty of mere bluff, to which indeed I take off my hat, in homage to one of the great ideals of the twentieth century. They say the present generation worships gold; but though it may have the greed for gold, its cult is Bluff.

Perhaps the most attractive forms of human culture are grouped

under the comprehensive term "Art," and there can be little doubt that few words are more difficult to define, few conceptions more elusive than this. Yet there are probably more people of average intelligence who believe that they know something of art in a general way than there are who would claim a similar familiarity with any branch of science. Of course this majority makes no claim to technical knowledge, but what it lacks in this respect is amply made up in general familiarity with certain ideas which are popularly supposed to be the basis of Art. The chief of these is beauty.

Probably nine-tenths of this majority would agree that art was intimately associated with beauty: while the minority would most likely agree that truthful representation was the first essential in Art.

Yet we know that there are artists of undoubted ability, intelligence and sincerity who would declare that Art is superior to all such consideration, being wholly aesthetic in its nature and entirely independent of intellect and reason.

These latter, however, are not always able to convince us of their entire freedom from the love of beauty, which is popularly supposed to be identical with art, for it frequently becomes apparent that their denunciations of "mere beauty" are leveled at a bogey of their own construction which they take to be a fair symbol of popular ignorance, but which after all is but a bogey labeled "beauty," and which they have replaced with a different concept of the same ideal.

The popular demand for beauty in art is well expressed in the question put into the mouth of an American boy, who had been dragged through miles of picture galleries in Europe till his whole nature rose in revolt and he pathetically asks: "Why are the pictures so ugly?"

Now that is a question that most of us have asked ourselves, when contemplating the works of art produced in other lands, or in other ages, and with which we were not at the time familiar: "Why are they so ugly?"

The whole problem of Art is involved in that question; for there is a problem in Art, as those who practise it with love well know. For the mere artificer, or commercial producer of marketable commodities, such problems do not exist; but for the true artist and for the genuine lover of art the problem is intensely interesting.

It is to be noticed that the question we ask ourselves is "Why are they so ugly?" not "Why can I see no beauty in them?" No

one can ask or can even mentally formulate such a question unless he believes himself to have a clearly defined conception of beauty.

Until we have really studied art and practised it in some form or other, it is hard to believe that things are not just what they seem to be to the spectator; nor can the ordinary person understand that he or she has no means of knowing just what things look like to other people. The ordinary belief is probably that "a thing is as I see it; and if you see it differently, that is unfortunate for you; for my vision (naturally) is normal; it must be so, because I feel so sure about it."

After years of study and observation a true student begins to understand that things are only known to him by their appearances, and that the appearance of things to him depends upon his own evolution, and upon the peculiarities of his personal equipment.

When this fact dawns upon his mind he is suddenly made aware of his immense ignorance: for he is forced to admit that what is true for him is true for others; and consequently that there are as many true versions of the appearance of things as there are varieties of beholders; and furthermore, that of all these millions of versions he only knows with certainty his own.

Yet stay; does he indeed know his own view of things at any time with certainty? Hardly; because experience shows him that the appearance of things changes as he develops his powers of observation, and is modified by the changes of his mental states, as well as by his moral and spiritual evolution. This fact established, he will find that his conception of beauty has no fixed foundation in the actual nature of things in themselves; because, while his sense of beauty may have grown more acute, his conviction of the reality and finality of his sense-impressions as true revelations of the nature of things has failed him.

On what then does the conception of beauty rest, if there is no reliance to be placed in sense-perceptions?

How can a thing be said to be beautiful or otherwise in itself, if we do not know with certainty what it really is in itself, nor even what is its actual appearance; for its appearance must admittedly be as diverse as the perceptions of the observers are various. Yet the perception of beauty is an intensely real experience to all who are interested in any way in art; and it must therefore have some basis in truth.

The conclusion seems unavoidable that beauty is a name we give

to a human emotion resulting from the harmonious relation of man and his surroundings.

When this relation is discordant the result is a shock to the sense of beauty; and it is a fixed principle in the human mind to attribute every emotion to some external object. So, when we feel this internal discord, we attribute it to the appearance of some object which we denounce as not beautiful. But here again experience comes in and shows us that the things we believed to be beautiful long ago have no longer any power to please us, and that on the other hand we can find real beauty in that which seemed distressingly ugly in our early days. Yet the things in themselves have probably changed but little in the interval.

Again experience shows us that our sense of beauty is open to influences of a different nature at different epochs in our life. This proves that beauty is an internal condition, not an external attribute; that it is inherent in the spectator, though it may be called forth by his contact with external objects. And since we must admit that the thing we once called ugly may at a later date become precious to us for its beauty, how can we refuse to admit the inevitable conclusion that things in themselves are not beautiful or otherwise?

When beauty is established in our minds as an internal condition resulting from contemplation of objects, we are forced to admit that what appears beautiful to one may (indeed must necessarily) appear otherwise to persons of a different character, or who are at a different stage of their evolution.

And here is where the confusion comes in; for the public, even the more intellectual public, has not yet realized the truth of the old Theosophical teaching that man's nature is complex. Theosophy says it is sevenfold, and students of Theosophy are constantly urged by Madame Blavatsky to hold firmly to the septenary system in their endeavors to fathom the mysteries of their own nature.

But for general purposes it is enough to insist on the duality of human nature. The simplest mind can appreciate the fact that there is a constant war in the nature of man between a higher and a lower nature. And the most casual observer must have noticed that people vary from one another in the preponderance of the higher or the lower nature, and also that they vary at various times from their own standards and ideals of right and wrong, as well as of beauty and ugliness, virtue and vice, and so forth. It is also evident that in

spite of all laws, rules, codes and customs, there is no permanence or finality in any of the standards and ideas set up by human ingenuity.

So soon as the absolute canon of proportion is translated into terms of the concrete, so soon does a change in human evolution make this established set of rules useless: for the world we live in is not the absolute; in it all is relative, and the test of all phenomena is in the ever-changing nature of man himself. Consequently there can be no permanent or final canon or code established on the plane of relativity. The absolute, the eternal, is, and it must be continually finding new modes of expression as man evolves, as he rises or falls in the long series of incarnations that go to make up his life on this one planet.

Truth eternally is, but its expression must vary on the plane of the human mind in accordance with the variations of mind in its evolution, otherwise it ceases to be even relatively true. The underlying Truth is eternally the same, but its external formula must eternally change or must become a perversion and a cause of delusion to those who cling to it when the human race has outgrown it. Man cannot go far in advance of his fellows, nor can he drag far behind, without danger of losing his place, and forfeiting his usefulness in the great human family of which he is a part.

From this it follows that Truth is not the especial property of any class, caste or nation; it is universal and eternal, and the perception of truth is the realization of beauty. This beauty may be unrecognizable to the majority but to those that behold it, it is the Truth.

And that is why the old pictures seemed so ugly to the boy, and that is why Chinese art appears grotesque to the ordinary European, and European art seems vulgar and insipid to the Chinese; and that is why young artists rebel against old ideals of beauty, and, in their passionate desire for that which they can appreciate of the Eternal Verity, may denounce Beauty itself, because the old ideal of beauty has become (in the popular mind) established as a finality; and the soul knows no finality.

Man is a soul, and souls are not separate in essence. Without this conception of human nature there can be no true theory of Art; for Art is the expression of the things unseen. Art is a mystery; art is an evocation. To the man, who shuts his mind to the fact of his own spiritual identity with the Soul of Nature, Art must appear as but a means of self-delusion, aestheticism to him will mean a kind

of mental debauchery, and his intellect will seek satisfaction in perfection of craftsmanship, accuracy of delineation and representation, clarity and vigor of thought, technical skill and virtuosity. All this is but the equipment of an artist, it is not Art. All this can be acquired by persons of diligence and intelligence; indeed this attainment is what constitutes the aim of the majority of art students; and the products of this equipment are what often pass for the evidences of true artistic activity. But such works have no power to stir the soul; they are not evocations. A work of art is the result of the heroic effort of the soul to create in the material world an evidence of the immanence of the unseen reality that ensouls humanity. It is a witness to the unrecognized truth that is veiled by the illusions of nature. It is as much a creation as any of nature's products; more so in fact, because it must be accomplished by an individualized soul, and not by an entire hierarchy of what we call unconscious entities, such as carry out the designs of nature. It is also an illusion, being but an appearance to those who cannot feel its appeal, yet a reality to those whose souls are awake, and that are thrilled by its music, by its beauty.

So I say Art is most intimately related to beauty, and beauty is a state of harmony.

But even harmony is often misunderstood. To many it seems to mean a state of placid negativity, in which there can be no real life, no vigor, no moral force or power. But in reality harmony is a balance of power, that demands the controlling influence of a still higher power, not merely a bigger, but a superior power. Thus the brute nature with all its various forces, the animal passions and gross instincts, may be harmoniously balanced and directed by the superior will of man: and the mental energy of man may be controlled and brought into harmony by the superior influence of the spiritual will.

Beauty results from the manifestation of such spiritual forces on the material plane. Beauty is the revelation of the soul. But beauty cannot be revealed unless there be someone to receive the revelation.

We are surrounded with beauty that we can but rarely see, and it is the privilege of the artist to demonstrate this fact to those who are not yet able to prove it for themselves. The symbols he creates are signposts on the road of human evolution.

This is only true of the true artist; for there are many who only seek to soothe and satisfy the lower nature by compositions pleasing to the sensuous desires of the mind. Such works may be extremely

clever, skilful, even masterly in their execution, and highly intelligent in their conception, and yet be entirely devoid of real beauty. There is no need to denounce such work; it has its place, and deserves the recognition we accord to all good work well done: but it is well to look deeper and to refuse to be misled into accepting such craftsmanship as the last word of Art, when it is but the alphabet, as one might say, of the artist's education. The craftsman has his place in the scheme of evolution, and the artist has his; but the general public, not called upon to be either the one or the other, has a vital interest in their work, for all are parts of one great whole, and humanity cannot attain its perfection if the parts become specialized out of all relation to that whole. The work of art is but a signpost on the path of evolution; the real march of human progress is carried out by the entire human family in their daily life, and the products of art are worthless if they have no relation to the life of humanity.

The purpose of art being the manifestation of the soul, and the purpose of evolution being identical, it follows that art must have some vital relation to the life of the people. As the work of evolution is the awakening of the soul of humanity, so the work of art is rightly valued for its power to aid in this awakening.

The perception of beauty is the first flutter of the awakening soul, and it is incumbent on those who believe in the possibility of human perfectibility to do all in their power to respond to the call of the Soul of Nature wherever it may find expression.

Therefore it is well to test carefully our emotions, that we may recognize true beauty when we find it, and that we may not be misled by our ignorance, nor by the ignorance of others, into accepting virtuosity as art; and that we may guard ourselves against shutting the doors of our own minds by mistaking our own prejudices for infallible intuitions. Let us keep our ideas fluid, and avoid crystallization of the mind, by carefully refusing to accept any formula, rule or canon of Art as final, however true it may appear at the time. Let us help on the evolution of humanity by keeping our own minds open to the perception of the eternal realities in whatever new or antique guise they may present themselves to us. For Beauty is eternal, and while we are as we are we can see but a small part of the great Truth. Not till we lose our sense of separateness can we hope to attain to true harmony and feel in our hearts the beauty of that harmony which is the Universal Life.

THE PREHISTORIC AEGEAN CIVILIZATION:

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

THE NATIONALITY OF THE AEGEANS



THE probability of the truth of the surmise that many of the prehistoric Aegean inscriptions may be written in Pelasgian rather than Greek will appear more clearly when we have completed our consideration of the vexed question as to the nationality of the prehistoric Aegeans. It also may well be that the syllabary used on the island of Cyprus until late Ptolemaic times represents the last remnants of the prehistoric Aegean pictographs.

Apparently the prehistoric Aegean world, although dominated by a similar form of culture, was composed of many small states. For a time, at least, these were probably largely dominated by Crete, with Cnossus as its capital. Many considerations point to Crete as the queen of the Aegean and to Cretan merchants as the carriers of the prehistoric times. There was an extensive sea-trade—a sea-trade which reached not only to the Troad and to Egypt, but even to northern Europe; for Aegean influences traveled up the Hebrus and the Danube, while amber from the shores of the Baltic was imported in exchange for gold and bronze. Vases of Aegean manufacture have also been found in vaulted tombs of Syracuse, and on the island of Cyprus there were actually Aegean settlements.

Since the epoch-making discoveries of Schliemann many scholars have exercised their ingenuity with widely different results in the attempt to identify the nationality of the men who originated and developed the prehistoric Aegean civilization. The Aegeans have been variously identified with the Phoenicians, the Leleges, the Carians, the Phrygians, the Pelasgians, the Hittites, and even the Goths and Byzantines, to mention only a few of the many guesses.

The usual view today is that the makers of the civilization were a non-Greek and presumably non-Indo-European people, very probably of Hamitic stock, closely akin to the ancient Egyptians. The type of men represented in prehistoric Aegean art, the similarity between some of the early remains found in the Aegean basin and finds made in Egypt have all led to the theory that the people who produced the Neolithic and Bronze Age culture of the Aegean basin were of the same stock as the ancient Egyptians. Even pyramids, although apparently rare, were not unknown in Aegean architecture, as is shown

by the discovery of the Pyramid of Cenchreae, and of one or two other similar structures, extant in Greek lands.

Also a large number of representations of men in prehistoric Aegean art are quite un-Hellenic in appearance. Among these must be classed the Fisherman of Phylakopi, shown on Plate LXV. The figure is drawn upon the earthenware pedestal of a lamp or a fruit dish. Its size is about seven by four inches. The enlarged eye, which is full to the front, although the face is in profile; the impossible twist whereby the shoulders are full to the front although the lower part of the body faces sideways; the wasp-like waist; the abnormally broad shoulders; and the placing of both heels on the ground although the figure is represented as walking, are all factors which tend to emphasize the un-Hellenic impression which is given by this figure.

These peculiarities, however, may not be significant as indicating an un-Hellenic nationality: they may be merely conventions, characteristic of Greek archaic art. So, likewise, the extreme slenderness of the proportion is probably due to the artist's desire to fill as much as possible of the space at his disposal. Nevertheless, admitting all this, I believe that the man represented was a Pelasgian rather than a Hellene. The fisherman shown on Plate LXV and the three companion figures are the only painted representations of the human form so far found upon prehistoric Aegean pottery. This fact enhances the interest attached to the Fishermen despite their artistic imperfection.

So, also, there is an un-Hellenic suggestion in the features of the so-called Divers found at Cnossus, one of which may be seen on Plate LXVI. This is one of two fragmentary statuettes about a foot high, found in a treasure-chest below the floor of a small chamber south of the Throne Room of the palace, and affords one of the best proofs of the skill attained by the Aegean artists in rendering the human figure in the round. Both figures seem to be youths poised for a dive, but it is thought more probable that they are leaping in the game of bull-catching, *taurokathapsia*, which was a favorite sport of the prehistoric Aegeans. The two statuettes, presumably, were mounted so as to form parts of a larger composition, but the way in which they were mounted is quite unknown; for there is no sign of attachment, although the figures are in a most unstable equilibrium. Their freedom and grace baffles description, and not only are the muscles faithfully rendered but even the veins in the back of the hand. The hair is represented by curly bronze wire, plaited with gold.

Two more statuettes may be seen on Plate LXVII. These, however, are of glazed pottery or porcelain, not of ivory. They belong to the Third Middle Aegean period and are usually dated about 1800 B. C. Like the Fisherman and the "Diver" they also have a somewhat un-Hellenic appearance. They were found in the temple repository of the second palace at Cnossus and may represent the Snake Goddess and one of her votaries. If this is so, the Snake Goddess is the figure with the large conical head-dress. It stands about thirteen inches high. There are three snakes; for one snake coils around the tiara and one is held in each hand. The pose of the little figure is dignified and firm. The profile is attractive, but the eyes, when viewed from the front, appear to be fierce, and the outstretched arms are tense. Although this figure is generally interpreted as representing the Great Goddess in her chthonic or earth-aspect, some scholars deny this and regard both figures as representing merely temple snake-charmers. The smaller figure, which is a little less than a foot high, is usually interpreted as human rather than divine. The figures are painted in polychrome and the colors used are red, orange, and blue. The robes are also elaborately modeled.

A few words ought to be noted here in regard to what is known about the religious ideas of the prehistoric Aegeans. The chief pre-Hellenic divinity was the goddess who nurtures all living creatures, not only on earth but also in the underworld. She is represented even in the earliest Neolithic times and many representations of her have been discovered on all the well-known sites on the mainland, as well as on the islands. With her are associated doves and snakes, symbolizing her connection both with the air and the earth. Usually she is conceived as kindly and pacific, but at times she appears in her more severe aspect as the Lady of Wild Life. The dove suggests Aphrodite and the snake Athena. The bull, the chief object of sacrifice, was offered in her honor, and bull's horns were set up on the altars, shrines, and palaces. Actual scenes of worship are often represented. In these, priestesses carrying the double-headed Aegean ax and dancing before a shrine of the Goddess, play a prominent part, and men seem to have performed only a subordinate rôle in the sacred rites. Sometimes priestesses present flowers, lilies and irises, to the seated Goddess, who herself not infrequently wears an iris in her hair. Probably, therefore, both the lily and the iris in the Aegean world, like the lotus of Egypt, had a symbolic and a religious meaning. The double-

headed ax seems to have been used both as a symbol for divine power and as a royal device. Thus, we learn from Plutarch that this ax was the royal emblem of Lydia from prehistoric times down to the seventh century B. C.

Because of the birth stories of Zeus, his title of "Zeus of the Double Ax" and the fame of his connections with Crete, it seems at first sight strange that Aegean archaeology offers such slight evidence of such a god as Zeus. Therefore, it is now believed that Zeus was introduced into Crete by the Achaean Hellenes near the close of the Bronze Age; that these Greek invaders of Crete represented their god as the son of the earlier Earth Goddess, in whose cave they said he was born; and that they bestowed upon the newcomer the earlier symbol of sovereignty and power, namely, the double-headed ax. Characteristics of the prehistoric Great Goddess reappear in the Greek myths of Rhea, Hera, Ge, Demeter, Athena, Aphrodite, and Artemis.

Light in regard to the nationality of the prehistoric Aegeans can be gained by comparing the statements of Madame H. P. Blavatsky with those made in the writings of Plato and Herodotus. Thus, in the article published in *The Theosophist* for 1883, to which reference has already been made, it is said that the origin of "the old or pre-Hellenic Greeks"—

must be carried far into the mists of that prehistoric period, that *mythical age*, which inspires the modern historian with such a feeling of squeamishness that anything creeping out of its abysmal depths is sure to be instantly dismissed as a deceptive phantom, the *mythos* of an idle tale, or a *later fable unworthy of serious notice*.

The article continues:

the Greek tradition is possibly more truly historical than many a so-called historical event.*

Plato in the *Timaeus* says:

The citizens of Saïs [in Egypt] are great lovers of the Athenians and say that they are in some way related to them.

For, he adds, the same goddess was —

the common patron and protector and educator of both cities, but she founded Athens a thousand years before Saïs, receiving from Earth and Hephaestus the seed of the Athenians, and then she founded Saïs, the constitution of which is set down in its sacred registers as 8000 years old.

*From "Some Enquiries Suggested by *Esoteric Buddhism*," in *The Theosophist* for October 1883, Vol. V, p. 3; republished in *Five Years of Theosophy*, 2d. ed., page 197.

Thither [to Saïs] came Solon [the lawgiver of Athens, born about 638 B. C.] who was received by the citizens with great honor: and he asked the priests who were the most skilful in such matters about antiquity, and made the discovery that neither he nor any other Hellene knew anything worth mentioning about the times of old. (*Timæus*, 21-23)

Said the priests to Solon:

You do not know that there dwelt in your land [of Greece] the fairest and noblest race of men which ever lived, of whom you and your whole city are but a seed or remnant. (*Timæus*, 23)

Madame Blavatsky, in commenting on this last statement declares that "the Greeks were but a dwarfed and weak remnant of that once glorious nation."

What was this nation? The secret doctrine teaches that it was the latest, seventh sub-race of the Atlanteans, already swallowed up in one of the early sub-races of the Aryan stock, one that had been gradually spreading over the continent and islands of Europe, as soon as they had begun to emerge from the sea. * Descending from the high plateaux of Asia, where the two Races had sought refuge in the days of the agony of Atlantis, it had been slowly settling and colonizing the freshly-emerged lands. The emigrant sub-race had rapidly increased and multiplied on that virgin soil; had divided into many families, which in their turn divided into nations. Egypt and Greece, the Phoenicians, and the Northern stocks, had thus proceeded from that one sub-race. Thousands of years later, other races—the remnants of the Atlanteans,—“yellow and red, brown and black,” began to invade the new continent. There were wars in which the newcomers were defeated, and they fled, some to Africa, others to remote countries. Some of these islands became in course of time—owing to new geological convulsions—lands. (*The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. II, page 743)

The story of this invasion and of the defeat of the invaders is thus told in the *Timæus* of Plato, where the Egyptian priests are described as recounting to Solon that:

Many great and wonderful deeds are recorded of your [that is, the Athenian] state in our [that is, the Egyptian] histories. But one of them exceeds all the rest in greatness and valor. For these histories tell of a mighty power, which was aggressing wantonly against the whole of Europe and Asia, and to which your city put an end. This power came forth out of the Atlantic Ocean, for in those days the Atlantic was navigable: and there was an island situated in front of the Straits, which you call the Pillars of Heracles [that is, the Straits of Gibraltar]. This island was larger than Libya and Asia put together and was

* It should be noted that the term Aryan is here used in the technical Theosophical sense, which is not identical with the term Indo-European, as used in Comparative Philology. In the Theosophical terminology Aryan signifies the Fifth Root-Race.

the way to other islands, and from these islands you might pass through the whole of the opposite continent, which surrounded the true ocean: for this sea [the Mediterranean], which is within the Straits of Heracles, is only a harbor, having a narrow entrance, but that other is a real sea and the surrounding land may be most truly called a continent. Now on this island of Atlantis there was a great and wonderful empire, which ruled over the whole island and several others, as well as over parts of the continent, and besides these had subjugated the parts of Libya within the Pillars of Heracles as far as Egypt and of Europe as far as Tyrrhenia [or Etruria]. The vast power thus gathered into one endeavored to subdue at one blow our country and yours and the whole land which was within the Straits; and then, Solon, your country shone forth, in the excellence of her virtue and strength, among all mankind; for she was the first in courage and military skill, and was the leader of the Greeks. And when the rest fell off from her, compelled to stand alone, after having undergone the very extremity of danger, she defeated and triumphed over the invaders and preserved from slavery those who were not yet subjugated, and freely liberated all the others who dwelt within the limits of Heracles. But afterwards there occurred violent earthquakes and floods, and in a single day and night of rain all your warlike men in a body sank into the earth, and the island of Atlantis in like manner disappeared and was sunk beneath the sea. (*Timaeus*, 24-25, cf. *Critias*, 108, Jowett's translation.)

Such were the ancient Athenians, and . . . they righteously administered their own land and the rest of Greece. They were renowned all over Europe and Asia for the beauty of their persons and for the many virtues of their souls, and were more famous than any of their contemporaries. (*Critias*, 112)

In referring to these statements, Madame Blavatsky says that "the 9000 years were the correct figures" (*The Secret Doctrine*, II, 395, cf. II, 749-750) and in the article already quoted, published in *The Theosophist*, are found the following significant words:

Now Atlantis . . . sank over 9000 years before the Christian era. How, then, can one maintain that "the old Greeks and Romans" were Atlanteans? How can this be, since both nations are Aryans [that is, members of the Fifth Root-Race]? Moreover, the western scholars *know* that the Greek and Latin languages were formed within historical periods, the Greeks and Latins themselves having no existence as nations 11,000 B. C. Surely, they who advance such a proposition do not realize how very *unscientific* is their statement!

Such [the article continues] are the criticisms passed, such the "historical difficulty." The culprits are fully alive to their perilous situation; nevertheless, they maintain the statement. The only thing which may perhaps be objected to, is that the names of the two nations are incorrectly used. It may be argued that to refer to the remote ancestors and their descendants equally as "Greeks and Romans" is an anachronism as marked as would be the calling of the ancient Keltic Gauls, or the Insubres, Frenchmen. As a matter of fact this is true . . .

but there may perhaps exist still weightier objections to calling the said people by any other name.*

In regard to the nationality of these "old or pre-Hellenic Greeks," direct statements are made not only by H. P. Blavatsky but also by the ancients themselves. To quote first from Madame Blavatsky:

A people described as are the Pelasgi, . . . a highly intellectual, receptive, active people, chiefly occupied with agriculture, warlike when necessary, though preferring peace; a people who built canals as no one else, subterranean water-works, dams, walls, Cyclopean buildings of the most astonishing strength; who are even *suspected* of having been the inventors of the so-called Cadmean or Phoenician writing: characters from which all European alphabets are derived, who were they? (*Ibid.*, September 1883, Vol. IV, 302; republished, *ibid.*, p. 170)

The Pelasgians were certainly one of the root-races of future Greece, and were a remnant of a sub-race of Atlantis. Plato hints as much in speaking of the latter, whose name it is averred came from *pelagos*, the great sea. (*The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. II, page 774)

Herodotus makes the following important remarks concerning the connection which existed between the prehistoric Athenians and the Pelasgians:

The Athenians, when the Pelasgians possessed that which is now called Hellas, were Pelasgians and went by the name of Cranaï; under the reign of Cecrops they were surnamed Cecropidae, but when Erechtheus succeeded to the government, they changed their name for that of Athenians, and when Ion, son of Xuthus, became their leader, from him they were called Ionians. (VII,44)

The Athenians were a Pelasgian nation, who had never emigrated, but the Spartans were a Hellenic nation and had very often changed their place of abode until at length, coming into the Peloponnesus, they were called Dorians, (I, 56)

Furthermore, in discussing the question of the Pelasgian language, the same historian declares:

What language the Pelasgians spoke I cannot state with certainty, but if I may judge from those Pelasgians who still exist and who inhabit the city of Crestonia . . . and who were formerly neighbors to those now called Dorians. . . and if I may judge from those Pelasgians who settled at Placia and Scylace on the Hellespont, and who once dwelt with the Athenians, and from such other cities which, although really Pelasgian, have changed their name—I say, if I may judge from these, the Pelasgians spoke a non-Hellenic tongue. And if all the Pelasgians did so, *the Attic race, being Pelasgian, must, at the same time that it became Hellenic, have altered its language;* for neither do the Crestonians

* From "Some Enquiries Suggested by *Esoteric Buddhism*," in *The Theosophist* for October 1883, Vol. V, p. 3; republished in *Five Years of Theosophy*, 2d ed., pp. 196-197.

use the same language with any of their neighbors, nor do the people of Placia, but both use the same language with each other; by which it appears they have taken care to preserve the character of the language which they brought with them into those places. The Hellenic race, however, I believe, from the time it became a people, have used the same language; although, when separated from the Pelasgians, they were at first insignificant, yet from a small beginning they have increased to a multitude of peoples. (I, 57-58)

Combining these various statements, it appears that the earliest known inhabitants of the Greek lands in prehistoric times belonged to a non-Hellenic race which spoke a non-Hellenic language, although this people, the Pelasgians, were racially related to the historic Hellenes, that is, to the Greeks of the Classical Age, and of the historic Greeks the Athenians were among those most purely descended from the old Pelasgian stock. Homer calls the Pelasgians "divine" and represents them with the Carians at the walls of Troy. Apparently, they included several nations and were extended throughout the Mediterranean Basin, for Niebuhr writes, in his *History of Rome*:

It is not as a mere hypothesis but *with a full historical conviction* that I assert there was a time when the Pelasgians, then perhaps *more widely spread than any other people of Europe*, extended from the Po and the Arno almost to the Bosphorus. The line of their possessions, however, was broken in Thrace; so that the chain between the Tyrrhenians of Asia and the Pelasgians of Argos was only kept up by the isles in . . . the Aegean.

But in the days of the genealogists and of Hellenicus, all that was left of this immense race were solitary, detached, widely-scattered remnants, such as those of the Celtic tribes in Spain; like mountain-peaks that tower as islands, where floods have turned the plains into a sea. Like those Celts, they were conceived to be, not fragments of a great people but settlements formed by colonizing or emigration, in the same manner as those of the Greeks, which lay similarly dispersed.

Tradition declares not only that the Athenians were descended from a Pelasgic stock but also that the Arcadians were sprung from the aboriginal Aegeans, that is, that they were of a non-Achaean or Pelasgic descent. Among the nations which were presumably Pelasgic may be named the Etruscans, who seem to have lived originally in Asia Minor, although at a relatively late date they sailed westward to Italy. They were called by the Greeks Tyrrhenians. Other nations presumably Pelasgic are the Leleges, the Carians, and the Pisidians.

The question of the racial affinity of the Eteocretans, that is, the "real Cretans," is at present unsolved. It has usually been assumed

that they were the primitive inhabitants of the island, who were driven by successive immigrations of Achaean and Dorian tribes to the most western part of Crete, where they continued to exist even in historical times. On the basis of the inscribed stone slabs of Praesus in the interior of eastern Crete, Professors Burrows and Conway believe that the Eteocretans were an Indo-European people and consequently not Pelasgian. In this connection it is worth noting that in legends the Eteocretans are connected with the Lycians, and the Eteocretan hero Sarpedon, the brother of Minos, led a body of emigrants from Crete to Lycia. Professor Conway believes that he has found a special kinship between the Eteocretan language and the Venetic. Also, since Praesus, one of the most important of the Eteocretan settlements, does not seem to have been inhabited during the Early and Middle Aegean times, it has been inferred that the Eteocretans did not establish themselves in the interior of eastern Crete until probably as late as the third Late Aegean period. Strabo, however, believed that both the Cydonians and the Eteocretans were autochthonous on Crete. (P. 475)

The many destructions and rebuildings of Troy point to invasions and migrations of several peoples. So the problem of the nationality of the prehistoric inhabitants of Troy may be even more complex than the usual problem which is presented by the other Aegean sites; but it seems probable to regard the Trojans of the Sixth City as Phrygians, that is, Indo-Europeans closely akin to the Hellenes and the Mysians, while the Trojans of the earlier cities may have been Pelasgians. H. P. Blavatsky, as has been already noted, in speaking of the Trojan War, states that:

The Trojan War is a historical event; and though even less than 1000 B. C. is the date assigned to it, yet in truth it is nearer 6000 than 5000 years B. C. (*Secret Doctrine*, Vol. II, page 437)

May not this great discrepancy in dating be explained by the following circumstances? Greek legends tell of more than one Fall of Troy. Thus, Virgil refers to these legends in representing Anchises as saying when at first he refuses to flee with his son, Aeneas, after the murder of Priam:

It is enough and more than enough for me to have witnessed one sack of Troy, once to have outlived the capture of my city. (*Aeneid*, II, 642-643)

The reference here is to the earlier capture of Troy by the re-

nowned hero Heracles. Also, it is recognized that frequently in legends, events which really extended over a long period of time have been grouped together and confused by being associated with other more or less related events of a much later age. Now the Second City of Troy, called by Schliemann the "Burnt City," is pre-eminently the city which was sacked and destroyed by invaders. May not, therefore, the Trojan War *par excellence*, which H. P. Blavatsky states occurred in the sixth millennium B. C., have been the war in the course of which the Second City was destroyed? The discovery, since Schliemann's death, that the Homeric City is not, as he believed, the Second City, but really the Sixth City, does not in itself tend to discredit this suggestion. May not the poet of the Iliad, like other bardic recorders of legends, have associated events actually belonging to widely separated eras? Greek legends, as already noted, refer to more than one sack of Troy, and Dr. Schliemann's spade on the Acropolis of Troy has unearthed at least nine superimposed cities, many of which were obviously destroyed by enemies. Although the Sixth or Mycenaean City may have been destroyed, as modern archaeologists believe, about 1200 B. C., in this instance following the chronology handed down by the ancient Greeks themselves, the much earlier date given by Madame Blavatsky may well be that of the destruction of the Second or "Burnt" City, which had a very checkered career, for it was attacked and destroyed not only once but three times.

Also, in prehistoric times Troy was closely connected with Crete. Thus, Anchises, "revolving in thought the tradition of men of old, cries" in the *Aeneid*:

Listen, lords of Troy, and learn where your hopes are. Crete lies in the midst of the deep, the island of mighty Jove. There is Mount Ida and there the cradle of our race. It has a hundred cities, a realm of richest plenty. Thence it was that our first father, Teucer, if I rightly recall what I have heard, came in the beginning to the Rhoetian coast and fixed on the site of empire: Ilium and the towers of Pergamus had not yet been reared: the people dwelt low in the valley. Hence came our mighty mother, the dweller on Mount Cybele, and the symbols of the Corybantes and the forest of Ida; hence the inviolate mystery of her worship and the lions harnessed to the car of their Queen. (*Aeneid*, III, 103-113, Conington's translation)

The legendary accounts of the Hellenes speak of two invasions of the Aegean lands by Hellenic tribes: first, the invasion of the Achaeans; and secondly, the conquest of the Peloponnesus by the Dorians, an event which is known to mythology as the Return of the

Heracleidae. In our study of the Cretan finds, attention has already been called to the circumstance that general catastrophes marked the ends of several of the Middle and Late Aegean periods, that is, the times contemporary with the XIIth and XVIIIth Dynasties of Egypt. The greatest catastrophe of all was the one which ended the second Late Aegean period, the Golden Age of Crete — the catastrophe which destroyed the later palace at Cnossus. This is contemporary with the rise of the mainland capitals of Mycenae and Tiryns and is usually dated about 1450 B. C. The catastrophes, of course, indicate conflicts, in some instances perhaps civil wars or struggles between neighbors, but for the most part probably invasions by a foreign people or peoples.

It is usually thought that in the Late Aegean Age the Hellenic tribes known as the Achaeans invaded the Greek lands. Certainly the mainland capitals of Mycenae and Tiryns were Achaean cities, as is evident from the Homeric poems alone, to say nothing of other evidence. Therefore it would seem natural to regard the Achaeans as the destroyers of the later Cretan palaces at the end of the second Late Aegean period, were it not for the possibility that the archives of the Palace of Minos may prove to be written in Achaean Greek. Also, Professor Ridgeway has brought forward other evidence indicating that Minos was an Achaean, but Professor Ridgeway not only believes that Minos was an Achaean but he also identifies this most glorious of the kings of Cnossus with the principal barbarian leader who destroyed the prehistoric culture of Crete. To do this seems wantonly to disregard the traditions of mythology, and if it can be proved that the records of the Palace of Cnossus are written in Greek, Professor Ridgeway's suggested identification will almost necessarily prove to be untenable. The arguments which he has advanced will, presumably, be found to be only partly true, since Minos will probably be found to be an Achaean, the remodeler rather than the destroyer of the later Palace of Cnossus; and if, as seems probable, the Philistines were Achaeans, the first Hellenes may have invaded Crete not from the mainland of Greece, but from Asia Minor, and Minos may have been their leader.

The Parian Chronicle states that there were two kings of Cnossus named Minos, and so also do Diodorus Siculus and Plutarch. The Chronicle dates Minos I as flourishing about 1406 B. C. This is considerably later than the end of the third Middle Aegean period, dated usually about 1700 B. C., which must have been the time of Minos I,

if he is to be identified with the remodeler of the later Palace of Cnossus. Minos I was the son of Zeus and Europa and was married to Ithonaë; while Minos II lived somewhat later and was married to Pasiphaë. Daedalus, the designer of the Labyrinth, is said to have worked for Minos II. Minos I was renowned for his justice, while Minos the grandfather of Idomeneus was wicked.

Herodotus and Thucydides do not distinguish between two kings named Minos, but if there were two such kings, Thucydides is obviously writing of Minos I when he says:

Minos is the most ancient personage of whom we have knowledge, who acquired a navy. He made himself master of a very large part of what is now the Hellenic Sea [that is, the Aegean], and he both ruled over the Cyclades and became the founder of most of the settlements on the islands by driving out the Carians and by setting up in them his own sons as chieftains, and he cleared the sea of pirates in order that his revenues might reach him more freely. (I, 4)

If Minos I was the remodeler of the Palace of Cnossus, Minos II was perhaps the last of the Cnossian kings, and the story of his death is thus given by Herodotus, although that historian does not distinguish between a Minos I and a Minos II. The "Father of History" thus writes:

It is said that Minos, having come to Sicania, which is now called Sicily, in search of Daedalus, met with a violent death; that later the Cretans, urged on by some god, all except the Polichnitae and the Praesians, invaded Sicania with a large force and for five years besieged the city of Camicus, which in my time the Agrigentines possessed; and at last, not being able either to take it or to continue the siege, because they were checked by famine, abandoned the city and went away; and when they were sailing along the [Italian] coast of Iapygia, a violent storm overtook them and drove them ashore; and as their ships were broken to pieces and there seemed to be no means for them to return to Crete, they thereupon founded the city of Hyria and settled there, changing their name from Cretans to Mesapian Iapygians, becoming instead of islanders, inhabitants of the continent. From the city of Hyria they founded other cities, which a long time after the Tarentines endeavored to destroy but signally failed.

To Crete, then, destitute of inhabitants, as the Praesians say, other men, especially the Hellenes, went and settled there; and in the third generation after the death of Minos, the Trojan War [meaning the war which destroyed the Sixth or Mycenaean city at Troy, not the earlier "Burnt City"] took place, in which the Cretans proved themselves to be not the worst avengers of Menelaus. As a punishment for this, when they returned from Troy famine and pestilence fell both on themselves and their cattle; so that Crete for a second time was depopulated and the Cretans of today are descended from the third people to inhabit the island. (VII, 170-171)

Therefore it appears that in the Third Late Aegean period, the age in which the mainland capitals of Mycenae and Tiryns rose in importance, Crete rapidly sunk from the pinnacle to which she had risen during her Golden Age, which directly preceded this last period of the prehistoric Aegean civilization, namely, the period to which the term "Mycenaean Age" may be properly applied. Virgil also refers to the calamities of Crete at the end of the prehistoric times, when he represents Aeneas as saying:

Fame flies abroad that King Idomeneus has been driven to quit his paternal realm; that the shores of Crete are abandoned, the houses cleared of our enemies. (*Aeneid*, III, 121-123)

After weighing all the statements which have been quoted, as well as others of a similar import, the following tentative hypothesis seems most probably to be the true explanation. The catastrophe at the end of the third Middle Minoan period, dated usually about 1700 B. C., was caused by the invasion of the Achaeans into Crete. This is contemporary with the Hyksos invasion of Egypt. If this suggestion is true, then it was under an Achaean dynasty, of which the renowned Minos was the greatest king, that the later Palace of Cnossus was remodeled in the Golden Age of prehistoric Crete.

But in a hymn discovered at Karnak in Egypt, the god Amen thus addresses Thotmes III, one of the Pharaohs of the XVIIIth Dynasty, who is usually dated about 1450 B. C., that is, contemporary with the second Late Aegean period:

I have come, I have given to thee to smite those who live in the midst of the Very Green [that is, the Aegean Sea] with thy roarings. . . . The circuit of the Great Sea [the Mediterranean] is grasped in thy fist. . . . Keftiu [Crete?] and Asi [Cyprus?] are under thy power. (Inscription quoted in Hall, *The Oldest Civilization of Greece*, 1901, page 165)

In connection with the interpretation of the Egyptian name Keftiu as Crete, it should be noted that Crete is presumably the Kaphtor of the Bible, while David's Philistine guard were called Kerethim, which is twice translated in the Septuagint as Cretans. (*Zeph.* ii, 5; *Ez.* xxv, 16)

Although it has been said to be absurd "to deduce from the high-flown language of this Hymn of Amen an Egyptian hegemony over the Aegean islands and even over continental Greece itself in the days of Thotmes III," is it necessarily ridiculous to assume that there may have been an invasion of Crete from Egypt at the end of the second

Late Aegean period, which is usually dated about 1450 B. C., which is the date assigned to Thotmes III? May not the Achaean conquerors of Crete have come into conflict with Egypt, which might very reasonably have been an ally of the conquered Pelasgians, who, as we have seen, were closely akin to the ancient Egyptians? And may not such an invading force have destroyed the Palace of Minos? Thus, the great official Tahuti, who lived at the time of Thotmes III, is entitled in Egyptian inscriptions "Governor of the Northern Countries, set over all the lands and states in the midst of the Very Green [the Egyptian name for the Aegean Sea]"; and it is generally admitted that soon after the reign of Thotmes III, the Achaeans were numbered among the invaders of Egypt; also, the frescos of the tombs of Sen-Mut and Rekhmara in Egyptian Thebes afford evidence pointing at least to a semi-tributary relationship of Crete toward Egypt in the age of Thotmes III. Sen-Mut was the architect of Queen Hatshepsut, daughter of Thotmes I, and Rekhmara was the prime minister of Thotmes III.

On Plate LXVIII is to be seen a prehistoric Aegean, called by the Egyptians a Keftiu (or Cretan), bringing gifts to Thotmes III. This is reproduced from a fresco in the tomb of Rekhmara and is one of the bits of evidence corroborating the statements made in the Hymn of Amen found at Karnak. There is distinctly an un-Hellenic impression produced by this figure, but whether this is merely due to the Egyptian artist or whether the man represented was a Pelasgian rather than a Hellene, must for the present at least be left in doubt.

More Hellenic in appearance is the Dancing Girl, reproduced on Plate LXIX from one of the frescos which ornamented the north wall of the Queen's Megaron of the Palace at Cnossus. This is only one of several similar figures which have been discovered in a fragmentary condition. The girl's costume is gay and quaint; an open, light-sleeved bodice, worn over a diaphanous undergarment and a somewhat scant skirt. The figure is about half life-size and the jacket is yellow with a blue and red border.

What is perhaps the most admired of the Cnossian frescos, the famous "Cupbearer," is reproduced on Plate LXX. It was found in one of the southeast corridors of the Palace, and is dated in the second Late Aegean period, about 1500 B. C., contemporary with the XVIIIth Dynasty of Egypt. The figure is life-size and alert, well-built, with an intelligent proud face of a type intermediate between that of the an-

cient Egyptian and the ancient Greek, although the youth may well have been an Achaean rather than a Pelasgian. The artist has succeeded in imparting an indescribable charm which is so entirely free from the commonplace in idea and in execution that Dr. Michaelis maintains that the fine profile shows a life and perfection which is not again seen before the great outburst of Greek art in the time of the Persian Wars. The hair is black and wavy and the skin is swarthy, as is regularly the case when men are represented, although white is used to indicate the fairer skin of women. As in archaic Greek art the eye is full to the front, although the face is in profile, but there is not the usual impossible twist at the waist. An armlet is worn on the left arm and a signet is attached to a light band on the left wrist. The vase which is carried was doubtless intended to be thought of as made of gold and silver, which are conventionally reproduced by yellow and blue. Perhaps the wavy line on the background suggests that the youth came as an envoy not from Crete itself but from another of "the Isles in the midst of the Great Green Sea."

Sir Arthur Evans' own description of the discovery of the Cupbearer is worth quoting:

The colors were almost as brilliant as when laid down over three thousand years before. For the first time the true portraiture of a man of this mysterious Mycenaean race rises before us. There was something very impressive in this vision of brilliant youth and male beauty, recalled after so long an interval to our upper air and what had been till yesterday a forgotten world. Even our untutored Cretan workmen felt the spell and fascination.

They, indeed, regarded the discovery of such a painting in the bosom of the earth as nothing less than miraculous, and saw in it the "icon" of a saint! The removal of the fresco required a delicate and laborious process of under-plastering, which necessitated its being watched at night; and old Manolis, one of the most trustworthy of our gang, was told off for the purpose. Somehow or other he fell asleep, but the wrathful saint appeared to him in a dream. Waking with a start he was conscious of a mysterious presence; the animals began to low and neigh and there were visions about; "*φαιράζει*," he said, in summing up his experiences next morning, "The whole place spooks!"

Many other frescos, contemporary with the Cupbearer, belonging to the second Late Aegean period, have been discovered at Cnossus. These present a variety of subjects, such as priests, men and women in courts and gardens, a triple shrine, Aegean girls, and at least four different representations of bulls.

On Plate LXXI is shown a helmeted head of ivory, which was found

in a tomb of the lower city of Mycenae. This head is of particular interest because it is one of the best representations of the Mycenaean helmet which have come down to us. This is shaped like a conical cap and ends in a button, which may have served as a socket to hold a plume. Both the cap and the cheek-pieces seem to be of the same construction. The bands appear to have been leather thongs and the closely fitting crescent-shaped teeth, which face alternately in successive tiers, were probably either made of boar's teeth or of horn. Some, however, believe that these were of bronze. The face is clean-shaven; the features regular and dignified, and the profile is Hellenic and represents almost certainly an Achaean Greek. The nose is long and straight; the eye long, well-cut and almond-shaped. The mouth is small, and the hair above the forehead, as regularly in archaic Greek sculpture, is represented by a row of snail-shell curls.

On Plate LXXII may be seen one of the gold masks which were discovered in the shaft graves of Mycenae — in all a total of seven of these masks, which were placed over the faces of some of the bodies buried within the Acropolis of Mycenae. This is the best preserved of the masks. The man was undoubtedly an Achaean Hellene, as the features are quite classical and the nose long and thin, on a straight line with the forehead. The eyes, which are closed, are large, and so also is the mouth. The lips are well proportioned and the mustache curves upwards so as to form a crescent. The gold plate in this instance as also in the case of the other four masks which covered the faces of men, is so thick that it could not have been directly modeled over the face of the dead, but must have been pressed or beaten into shape before it was placed in position; but the other two masks, which covered the faces of children, consist of gold leaves so thin that they may have been bent into a partial likeness merely by pressure in position, when placed over the face. Differences in execution indicate that the masks were made by different artists.

On the walls of Egyptian tombs of the XVIIIth Dynasty, on which are painted the prehistoric Aegeans, are also shown representations of metal vases and other objects, which greatly resemble finds discovered among prehistoric Aegean remains. These are displayed among the various gifts which are presented to the King of Egypt by the "great men of Keftiu [Crete] and of the Islands in the midst of the Very Green [the Aegean Sea]." Similar evidence of a still later date is furnished by the frescos of the tomb of Rameses III, one of the Pha-

raohs of the XXth Dynasty, and an inscription of the same king states that " isles were restless, disturbed among themselves at one and the same time." The date of Rameses III is contemporary with the third Late Aegean period, which, as appears from the quotations previously cited from Herodotus and Virgil, was an age of catastrophes for Crete. There are also other proofs of connection between the prehistoric Aegean world and Egypt, for in the war of Rameses II of the XIXth Dynasty against the Kheta, or Hittites, among the allies of the Kheta are mentioned the Luka (or Lycians), the Dardenui (or Dardenians), the Masa (or Mysians), the Pidasa (or Pisidians) and the Kalalisha (or Cilicians): while in the reign of Merenptah we learn that the Akaiuasha (or Achaeans) and the Thuirsha (or Tyrsenians or Tyrrhenians, later known as the Etruscans, who at that time probably lived in Lydia) invaded Egypt in company with the Libyans and others. Thus it appears that if the Egyptians in conflict with Achaeans under Thotmes III invaded Crete, as seems probable, about the end of the second Late Aegean period, that is, about 1450 B. C., a counter-invasion of Egypt by the Achaeans must have taken place about two hundred years later, that is, toward the end of the third Late Aegean period. In fact, several piratical, sea-roving invasions of Egypt by the first Hellenes, the Achaeans, must have been made; for in the reign of Rameses III, that is, during the XXth Dynasty, which is dated about the end of the third Late Aegean period, or 1200 B. C., in a third series of Mediterranean tribal names are recorded among the invaders of Egypt the Pulusatha (or Philistines), the Tchakarai (who are, perhaps, the prehistoric inhabitants of Crete), and the Daánauna (or Danaans, one of the names of the first Hellenes). The Philistine invaders, who are sculptured on a relief dating from the reign of Rameses III, wear a plumed helmet, which suggests the helmeted-head pictograph of the Phaestus Disk. This circumstance, of course, corroborates the proposed identification of the Philistines with the Achaeans. Also the profiles of the Tchakarai, as represented on the same relief, are not unlike those of the Philistines.

It has been proposed to connect the peoples of marsh-girt Tiryns, of Orchomenus and of Gla, on the Copaic Lake, with the lake-dwellers of Germany and of northern Italy. According to this ingenious theory, the people who in prehistoric times inhabited not only the places just mentioned but also Amyclae and various other cities which ac-

ording to Greek myths were destroyed by floods, were originally lake-dwellers, who from the force of habit were attracted to marshy situations. This lake-dwelling race is further identified with the Danaï, who are believed to have settled Mycenae from Tiryns; and it is thought that their kings, known to mythology as the Perseïdæ, were buried in the shaft graves on the Acropolis at Mycenae. Quite distinct from the lake-dwellers, the same hypothesis maintains, were another race, the hut-dwellers, who are identified with the Achæans, whose kings, the Pelopidæ of tradition, were the builders of the tholoi or beehive tombs, which were modeled after their own hut-dwellings. But this whole theory, although interesting, is, nevertheless, entirely conjectural.

The second invasion of the Hellenes into the Aegean basin, known in myths and legends as the Return of the Heracleidæ, was the invasion of the Dorian Hellenes, of whom in historic times the Spartans were the typical representatives. While the Dorians were dispossessing their Achæan brothers of the territory which they, as first of the Hellenes, had not so many centuries before wrested from the possession of the Pelasgians, many Achæans, to escape the fetters of slavery, crossed the Aegean from Europe into Asia Minor and settled near the Troad. The account of the conquest of the northwestern corner of Asia Minor by the Achæans, which resulted in the destruction of the Sixth City at Troy, has doubtless been immortalized in the Homeric poems. Also it is noteworthy that the prehistoric Aegean culture is believed to have continued to exist in the Greek cities of Asia Minor even during the Hellenic Dark Ages, which extended from about 1000 to 650 B. C., for the dawn of the civilization of Classical Greece is about the middle of the seventh century before our era.

Thus it is evident that the Aegean Bronze Age civilization was brought to an end between 1200 and 1000 B. C. by the invasion of new tribes, who carried with them iron tools and iron weapons. This nation of warriors and barbarians, who were responsible for the Hellenic Dark Ages, seem to have traveled southward from the mountains of Macedonia and are most reasonably identified with the Dorian Hellenes. Out of these Dark Ages, some three or four centuries later, arose the civilization of Classical Greece, as a renaissance, springing partially, at least, out of old Pelasgic soil, to shine in all its glory during the fifth and fourth centuries B. C., destined, however, in its turn also to be overthrown by less artistic and more barbaric peoples.

Although there are many parallels between the civilization described by Homer and that discovered by Schliemann, there are at least four important differences: (1) first, the Homeric heroes are familiar with iron, but the prehistoric Aegean civilization was a Stone and Bronze Age culture; (2) secondly, in Homer the dead are cremated, but the prehistoric Aegeans buried their dead; (3) thirdly, Homer describes brooches as used to fasten garments, but these have been found only among the latest of the prehistoric Aegean finds in the Lower City of Mycenae; and (4) fourthly, the Aegean costume differs markedly from the costume of Classical Greece, while the Homeric costume is practically identical with the later Greek costume. These differences, although striking, may be explained without difficulty by admitting that the Homeric poems, although describing the last days of the Late Bronze Age, were themselves composed during the Iron Age, and consequently and very naturally they contain anachronisms.

The story of the prehistoric Aegean civilization, in so far as it is at present known, is of especial interest to those caring for the broader lines of thought, for the discoveries directly substantiate the statements made by Madame H. P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine* and elsewhere as to the importance of old civilizations long since forgotten, and as to the great antiquity of the human race, an antiquity far older than has been currently admitted.

We cannot do better than close this review of the recent discoveries relating to the Prehistoric Aegean Civilization with the following suggestive words of Madame Blavatsky:

We see in history a regular alternation of ebb and flow in the tide of human progress. The great kingdoms and empires of the world, after reaching the culmination of their greatness, descend again, in accordance with the same law by which they ascended; till, having reached the lowest point, humanity reasserts itself and mounts up once more, the height of its attainment being, by this law of ascending progression by cycles, somewhat higher than the point from which it had before descended. (*Isis Unveiled*, I, 34)

Times have changed, are changing. Proofs of old civilizations and the archaic wisdom are accumulating. . . . That which is known . . . only shows that could something more be known, a whole series of prehistoric civilizations might be discovered.*

* From "Some Enquiries Suggested by Esoteric Buddhism," in *The Theosophist* for September 1883, Vol. IV, p. 302; republished in *Five Years of Theosophy*, 2d ed., pp. 169-170.