

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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REMEMBER that as you live your life each day with an uplifted purpose and unselfish desire, each and every event will bear for you a deep significance — an inner meaning — and as you learn their import, so do you fit yourself for higher work — *William Q. Judge*

THE PRESENT NEED FOR THEOSOPHY:

by H. Travers, M. A.



THEOSOPHY is the most serious movement of the age; and as time goes on, it proves more and more its claim to be so regarded. The very opposition which it provokes from quarters opposed to progress proves how seriously it is taken at least in those quarters; for such attention is never accorded to movements which do not promise to disturb the placid waters of stagnation or the backwash of retrogression. Like other serious movements, Theosophy has been encumbered by a motley array of weeds and parasites which have sought to nourish themselves at its expense and have diverted unwary truth-seekers off upon wrong tracks; but it is living them all down by virtue of the essential vitality which it has but they have not. For Theosophy is founded on *facts*, the only sterling coinage, so much needed in ages of debased currency and of bills that have no specie to back them.

It is in the times that try men's souls that Theosophy most proves its worth. Such times come to us individually when we are rudely confronted with the evanescence of temporal life and with the permanence of the spiritual, by such events as death in our own circle, or by any other event which may suddenly dim the glamor of our worldly existence and bring us face to face with the awful questions of What is life? and What am I? Such times come to humanity collectively when it finds itself in the throes of a great crisis, uprooting what has sufficed for bygone times and confronting us with problems of reconstruction. It is at such times that people ask questions which Theosophy alone can answer. Hence we find an ever-increasing number of people setting aside prejudice and the representations of calumny and rumor, in order to seek in Theosophy for the answer to those questions that burn in their hearts.

Theosophy deals in facts and realities, and we realize that our life has been largely built on shadows. Spiritual realities are the only things that endure — shirk the truth though we may. It is for those who know that it *must* be so, but cannot see *how* it is so, that Theosophy brings its hope and consolation.

Through its interpretation of archaeology, Theosophy has striven to show that there were great civilizations in the far past, to whom (so great was their knowledge) birth and death were mere incidents in the eternal life of the Soul. The ancient Egyptian lore, so marvelously and providentially preserved, proves this people to have been in possession of a science of the nature of man, to which our own knowledge is but as a rushlight compared to the sun. And these Egyptians were but the heirs of others before them. The mysteries of the Soul-Life rest on a basis of firm fact, and it is within the power of man to attain to certitude of knowledge of such mysteries. Theosophy is that movement which, in the present day, recalls man's attention to these eternal truths, and reminds him by pointing to the past, of the essential greatness and grandeur of that divine-human nature which is his. For these are truly the Dark Ages, wherein spiritual knowledge has declined and a reliance on external things has taken its place. But without the former, we shall be left bankrupt.

In all the talk about reconstruction, we find little appeal to the better nature of man, and much to his selfish and class interests. No one seems to have enough faith in the higher side of human nature to appeal to it, and so the appeals are made to the lower side. But such a policy can only renew the old evils. This is just what many thoughtful people feel, but they do not know how to evoke the powers of the higher nature. Mere talk about duty and conscience will not do it. Religion, in its conventional sense, is in the melting-pot along with the rest. Science is much engrossed with the animal nature of man. Where shall we turn?

Conscience is our mind's interpretation of the voice of the Soul, and the Soul is a reality. It is not that at death, when the body is discarded and decays, we become immortal; we are immortal now. The peculiar nature of the human mentality can only be explained on the theory that mortal and immortal elements are blended in it. Man, who is endowed with the power to ask questions, is also endowed with the power to answer them. Animal life may be blotted out at death, but we feel that there is an eternal component in our nature which cannot thus be blotted out. Should we not seek to find that eternal element now, while we live?

In looking back over the history of Theosophy, we find that the immediate task of its founder, H. P. Blavatsky, was to hew a path through the jungles of modern thought. She was a pioneer who struck many key-notes which will be found to have been starting-points of many quite fa-

miliar themes of today. But never did she intend that Theosophy should be only a thing of books and speculations; and today we see the harvest of her labors, in the organized practical application of Theosophy to the common problems of human life. We have reached the period of demonstration. When Katherine Tingley founded the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma, it was for the purpose of fulfilling the plan of H. P. Blavatsky and the cherished hopes of many Theosophists, by establishing a means of affording such a demonstration. People wonder what is the power that vivifies this organization, blending in such unity so large and diverse an assemblage of strong characters, and keeping it secure and intact in the face of subtle attacks from disintegrating forces, such as might be expected both from without and within. That power is Theosophy, and the faith of its adherents, and the sterling qualities of the leadership. Thereby a demonstration is afforded of the genuineness of Theosophy.

There is no need to emphasize the fact that modern thought is at present in a state of confusion, and that our wonderful knowledge of scientific applications, our amazing literary activity, and the vast complexity of our life, are all grounded on a curiously disproportionate ignorance concerning matters essential. Nor is this the criticism of a Theosophical writer; it is the age's judgment on itself, as can be seen by hearing its own voice in the matter. What is the reason for this? It is readily explained on the hypothesis that we are at present passing through a dark age, the characteristic of which is that the energies of mankind are concentrated on externals, and correspondingly drawn away from essentials. It may perhaps be that the humble cave-man, whose artistic works we are unearthing in caverns, was better equipped than we are for a happy and successful passage through the halls of terrestrial experience. Yet the knowledge that sufficed him will not suffice us: for our civilization is complex, and its very complexity demands a fuller knowledge. This gives the answer to the question why Theosophy was promulgated, and explains why it was promulgated in this particular form and at this particular time. It is a message adapted to the requirements of the age. The age is intellectual, and we find that the intellect has been appealed to. Though the teachings of Theosophy have been twisted and travestied in some quarters, so that inquirers may have heard a false presentation of them, and may perhaps have been thereby put off from further inquiry; still we have the original teachings available in the books of H. P. Blavatsky, so that anyone can see for himself what they were and still are. No one who will give these books a careful consideration can fail to see that they cannot be dismissed as fanciful speculations, but are in quite another class, and that there is an exhaustless mine of knowledge behind them. An adequate

literary judgment of H. P. Blavatsky's writings would alone suffice to establish her character and abilities on the plane where they belong. If the problems of life are insoluble without the keys, it is equally true that with the keys they are soluble; and if the lack of that ancient knowledge now known as Theosophy has coincided with an age of doubt and despair, so the rebirth of that knowledge will coincide with an era of recovered faith.

Despair is caused by doubting the presence of an intelligent law in the universe; and Theosophy has an unequalled power to remove this doubt. This is especially the case with regard to the doctrines of Reincarnation and Karma. Such doctrines are first accepted as tentative hypotheses, and the evidence for them comes later on in the course of our experience. It is found that they solve riddles and turn chaos into order. The truth of reincarnation will proceed from conviction to certainty in the light of a knowledge which will one day be ours; but at present the mysteries of life and death remain veiled as far as direct vision is concerned. What is important, however, for the progress of knowledge, is that the idea of Reincarnation should become more widely held, so that the combined efforts of many minds focused in the same direction may bring more light.

Theosophy has put conscience on a firmer basis by showing that it proceeds from the higher nature of man, and is thus as much a part of our make-up as is our life-breath or our animal instincts — though of course a far more vital part. The teachings as to the 'Seven Principles of Man' afford a wonderful key by which to unlock the mysteries of human nature, showing, among other things, how inadequate to that purpose is the hazy analysis of human nature offered by modern theories of psychology. Biology studies the lower nature of man a great deal, and in this way has a tendency to emphasize the materialism of the age. There needs to be a higher psychology, or a higher branch of psychology, which will pay more attention to man's higher nature. For man is much more than a higher animal; and the gap between the human kingdom and the animal is greater than that between the animal and the plant. Man's animal nature is of course greatly superior to that of the animals, but this alone does not constitute the salient difference between man and the animals. That difference is the possession of a reflective self-consciousness and its accompanying power of voluntary progress and self-development. These attributes bespeak the presence of the immortal Ego; and the great mystery of man's nature is the relation between his higher and his lower self.

Teachings like these, as old as the earth's history, though so often forgotten, need to be instilled more and more into the general mind, to replace the dogmas which have outlived their usefulness and the vagaries

of speculation. But Theosophy would remain a mere study and pastime unless, besides general principles, particular applications are considered. And we find that in the present era of Theosophical history, such application of Theosophical principles is being made in the work carried out under the present Leader, Katherine Tingley. This work has attracted the attention of the world by its 'originality'—the sure sign of genius and inspiration!—and by its success in matters where other means have failed. Thus, for instance, in education, the applicability of Theosophical principles to the solution of the many problems in this department of civics is well demonstrated.

The Râja-Yoga education goes to the root of the educational question by investing the young child with the power of self-control, without which power nothing can succeed, while with it everything becomes easy. How is this miracle worked? By the right application of Theosophical principles under competent direction. The case of the children is the case of the world in general; for self-control is the central problem for the adult individual and for the communities large and small of which he is part.

Man must be master of himself, both individually and collectively; all problems of government turn ultimately on the question of individual character; and the problem of individual character is solved in the words self-knowledge and self-mastery. There are schools of thought that teach a sort of self-mastery and the means of acquiring a certain poise; and the existence of such cults shows the trend of people's minds. But these cults do not go far enough; their efforts are directed more towards the achievement of personal satisfaction and quietude. Theosophy looks higher than the cultivation of the personal self.

The duty of the Theosophical Society is to keep alive in man his spiritual intuition.

The Theosophical Society will permeate the great mass of intelligent people with its noble ideals.

From the Theosophist must radiate those higher spiritual forces which alone can regenerate his fellow men.

So says the Founder, H. P. Blavatsky; and it is clear that the Society was founded for the purpose of giving the world a turn in the right direction at a time when it was top-heavy with materialism and permeated with the spirit of envious and selfish emulation, and hence in danger of taking a turn towards self-destruction.

The psychic must be under the control of the spiritual, or grave disaster will result; and, had it not been for the Theosophical work, such would probably have resulted already. Psychic powers would be most dangerous in the hands of a humanity so loosely controlled as is our present humanity. When the Theosophical Society was founded, not only

was the idea of selfish contest prevalent in the world, but our philosophies of life and our economic systems were even built on a theoretic basis of struggle, such as is denoted in phrases like 'the struggle for existence,' 'the law of supply and demand,' etc. A false idea of individualism, and a belief that harmony results somehow from the unrestrained conflict of personalities, is not a safe foundation for society or a safe soil in which to try and sow the seeds of knowledge. Theosophy had to proclaim other ideals, and these have already taken effect.

It is only too apparent that, amid the confusion of theories as to education and the ordering of society, there is much uncertainty and ignorance, much groping in the dark; and that neither science nor the churches possess the keys, but are themselves sharers in the general doubt. Therefore there is indeed a call for the essential truths that lie at the root of these problems. How are we to build for the future? people are asking; where shall we find a sure foundation? On the fact that man is a spiritual being, and that brotherhood is based on the spirituality common to all men, which goes deeper than race or creed. And through Theosophy this spiritual nature of man is made a living force, enabling people to transcend their prejudices. And as Theosophy makes good its promise to do this, people are beginning to see that it is indeed the most serious movement of the age.

CONTINUITY AND DAILY LIFE: by Percy Leonard

HE that believeth on me from him shall flow rivers of living water.— *John* vii, 38

HE whose heart is not attached to objects of sense finds pleasure within himself and united with the Supreme enjoys imperishable bliss.

—*Bhagavad-Gîtâ*, Ch. V

THE progress of our lives if properly conducted should resemble some majestic pageant moving with dignified, unbroken step accompanied by noble music to its close. But human lives in general are more likely to suggest disorderly processions, straggling through broken country to the fitful strains of independent instruments, unregulated by a unifying beat. To live among refining influences ought to be the lot of all, and yet the great majority perform their daily toil either amidst depressing squalor, or at the best surrounded by such scenes of bald and unadorned utility that their instinctive craving for the beautiful drives them to seek relief in the crude glitter of saloons or in the tawdry splendors of the haunts of cheap amusement.

A chilly selfishness prevails even in circles claiming to be cultured and polite; but just as a limited concession to our better instincts we provide receptions and 'at homes,' where we display our 'party manners' and assume a friendly sympathy which all too frequently is far from being felt. Discussion of live issues is tabooed in such assemblies, for when our genuine interest is aroused the conflict of opinion cannot always be confined to proper bounds. The strain of artificial geniality and conversation on insipid topics can seldom be endured for any length of time, and bowing our adieus to the charmed circle of uncomfortable restraint, we promptly reassume the customary manners of the street, the office and *the home*.

Our speech is harsh and inharmonious; but our intuitive belief that human voices should be musical leads us to introduce at social gathering songs which usually have very little reference to the conversation going on. The words can rarely be distinguished and the performer shows indubitable signs of painful preparation for his part, which presents as striking a contrast to the spontaneous outpouring of a songbird as can possibly be imagined. The social conscience has been lulled to sleep however, for the sons of discord have paid tribute to Apollo, god of harmony.

In our worship we are far removed from Enoch, who is said to have walked with God and held familiar intercourse with Deity throughout the day. At the appointed time, in the subdued hush of a consecrated building, we comport ourselves with preternatural solemnity and join in songs of fervent praise. We pray for what we think we need and we confess our sins with what sincerity we may. Leaving the sacred precincts we permit our thoughts to run in their accustomed channels with a feeling of relief and let the flame of aspiration die till the appointed time comes round again. As to taking a delight in our religion, that would hardly be considered as good form, and indeed as being wanting in respect to sacred things.

So lifeless and mechanical is our devotion to the code of morals we profess that we entirely miss the joyous sense of a divine, sustaining Presence, which, rising like a fountain in the hidden center, might be recognised as flowing through the barren places of the day, making the wilderness of common life burst into blossom like a pleasure-ground adorned with flowers. Social customs and ethical codes vary with geographical position and our epoch in history; but if men are to be reckoned as good who live to benefit their fellows and maintain a constant struggle with their lower natures, then abounding joy and radiant satisfaction should at once be their distinctive mark as it is certainly their inalienable right. If to be truly good is to be gay, then we may say that good men are as scarce as dodos. A man may live a faultless moral life and never break the smallest rule of social etiquette, and all the while be sadly lacking in the saving grace of gladness. Yet Nature will not wholly be denied, and

so comedies are prepared, sports are devised, joke-books compiled, and many other desperate shifts contrived to force our laughter. Provocatives of mirth are furnished so profusely, though at such uncertain intervals, that we are bound to suffer the inevitable reaction of depression after these surfeits of stimulated hilarity. Good humor, smiles and geniality instead of falling like the gentle rain refreshing every common day, pour down in torrents like the casual thunderstorm, with devastating force.

Now a good architect knows better than to introduce ornament for its own sake, and merely adds it as an embellishment to structural necessity: and in like manner we might set ourselves to decorate our necessary round of daily toil with noble bearing, tuneful voices, and a buoyant satisfaction in the passing moment as it flies. The common method seems to be to hurry through one's work, made thoroughly distasteful by our discontent, and then to seek relief in some delirious form of excitement commonly supposed to be pleasure.

Our lack of wholesome continuity is glaringly displayed in the very deportment of the modern civilized man. Owing to the want of proper exercise the constraint of our costume, and above all, our toe-distorting footwear, but very few attain full physical development, while every moment is deprived of its appropriate grace. But instead of reforming dress and cultivating habits more conducive of freedom of growth and action, we carve out of cold marble a limited number of images of that physical perfection to which we might all more or less nearly conform, and then metaphorically fall down and worship them as our ideal. Why should not everyone be statuesque and make these stony paragons superfluous?

Serenity and satisfaction should attend us through the day, grace and spontaneous social charm prevail in our relations with each other; the poetry of motion should be manifested in the humblest duties, and melodious voices fill the air with music all around. Lives such as these would just as far surpass the artificial sham in which we live, as do the softly shining stars of night excel a pyrotechnical display.



LONG ago certain fragrant flowers bloomed. They were of eight kinds, and belonged to the species called 'flowers of sanctity.' Their names, as rendered from the Sanskrit, were: Clemency, Self-Restraint, Affection, Patience, Resignation, (repression of any mental perturbation), Devotion, Meditation, Veracity. It is thought that the correct modern botanical titles remain unassigned.—*From a Note-book*

THE MYTH OF PROMETHEUS: by H. T. Edge, M. A.



HIS well-known allegory, so familiar to us in its Greek form, especially as dramatized by Aeschylus in his *Prometheus Bound*, was evidently regarded with supreme reverence as one of the greatest and most momentous of all the sacred myths. As will be seen later, this was the case with many other nations besides the Greeks. It will be our purpose to show that this universal esteem of the myth of the Fire-Bringer betokens something far more serious and weighty than the ridiculous meanings assigned to it by some scholars; and thus we shall acquire a view of the matter at once more consistent and more worthy of the dignity of ancient mankind as well as of our own self-respect.

It will be well to begin by briefly recapitulating the story. Jupiter, the king of the Gods, had taken away fire from the earth as a punishment for an offense committed by Prometheus. Prometheus resolves to bring back fire to earth for the benefit of mortals. He climbs the heavens by the assistance of Minerva, steals fire from the chariot of the Sun-God, and brings it to earth in the end of a hollow stick having an inflammable pith. For this, Jupiter orders Vulcan to chain Prometheus to Mt. Caucasus, where, fastened to a rock, he is doomed to spend 30,000 years, while a vulture continually feeds on his liver, which is as continually restored. But about thirty years afterwards he is delivered by Hercules.

Such is the story in broad outline and in its most familiar form. Variations and minor details can be filled in subsequently, should occasion require.

This myth has been classified as belonging to the family of 'Myths of Fire-Stealing,' a fact sufficient to prove that it is widespread among mankind. In the mythology of ancient Hindûstân, the Mahâsura, or Great Spirit, is said to have become envious of the Creator's resplendent light; and, at the head of inferior Asuras, to have rebelled against Brahmâ; for which, Siva hurled him down to Pâtâla, the nether regions (*The Secret Doctrine*, II, 237, footnote). In the Scandinavian mythology we find the analogy of Prometheus in the god Loki, who is a fire-god. As to Loki, the author of *The Secret Doctrine* says:

It may be said that even in the Norse legends, in the Sacred Scrolls of the goddess Saga, we find Loki, the brother by blood of Odin . . . becoming evil only later, when he had mixed too long with humanity. Like all other fire or light gods — fire burning and destroying as well as warming and giving life — he ended by being accepted in the destructive sense of 'fire.' The name *Loki* . . . has been derived from the old word 'liechan' to enlighten. It has therefore the same origin as the Latin *lux*, 'light.' Hence *Loki* is identical with Lucifer (light-bringer). . . . But Loki is still more closely related to Prometheus, as he is shown chained to a sharp rock. . . . *Loki* is a beneficent, generous and powerful god in the beginning of times, and the principle of good, not of evil, in early Scandinavian theogony.

In the above quotation the reference to Lucifer supplies another of the analogies to Prometheus. Lucifer means 'light-bringer,' and in the legend there is the same idea of his rebellion against the deity that we find in the case of Prometheus. It may be well to remark in passing, though we cannot spare time to consider the point now, that Lucifer has been wrongly identified with the Prince of Darkness, his name and office having thus been traduced; and that H. P. Blavatsky devotes considerable space to disentangling this confusion and reinstating the Light-Bringer in his due position as a benefactor and not as a devil. The Scandinavian Loki has been similarly traduced, as shown in the above quotation.

Turning to Hebrew symbology, we find that the Zohar says that the Ishin, the beautiful B'nai-aleim, or 'Sons of God,' were not guilty, but mixed themselves with mortal men because they were sent on earth to do so. And also that Azazel and his host are simply the Hebrew Prometheus. The Zohar shows the Ishin chained on the mountain in the desert, allegorically. (*The Secret Doctrine*, II, 376) Azazel or Azaziel is one of the chiefs of the 'transgressing' angels, in the Book of Enoch. It is said that Azaziel taught men to make swords, knives, shields, to fabricate mirrors, to make one see what is behind him.

Among the Murri of Gippsland, Australia, the Fire-Stealer was a man, but he became a bird. *Towera*, or fire, was in the possession of two women, who hated the blacks. A man who loved men cajoled the women, stole fire when their backs were turned, and was metamorphosed into a little bird with a red mark on his tail. The fire-bringer in Brittany is the golden or fire-crested wren. In another Australian legend, fire was stolen by the hawk from the bandicoot and given to men. In yet another a man held his spear to the sun and so got a light. A bird is fire-bringer in an Andaman Island tale, and a ghost in another myth of the same island. In New Zealand, Maui stole fire from Maueka, the lord of fire. Among the Ahts in North America, fire was stolen by animals from the cuttle-fish. Among the Cahrocs, the coyote steals fire from two old women. (Lang, *Enc. Britt.*, art. *Prometheus*)

These few instances, selected from a large number, the looking-up of which is merely a matter of detail, will suffice for the present purpose of illustrating the world-wide diffusion of this mythos of the bringing of spiritual fire to men.

That word, *spiritual* fire, is here emphasized specially, because we find in the attempted interpretations of the myth of Prometheus that the allegory has been materialized as usual, and that it is supposed to refer to physical fire.

One favorite theory, on these lines, is that the mythos represents merely the great supposed event of the discovery of fire by primitive man.

To support this theory, another ingenious theory, of the derivation of the word 'Prometheus,' has been devised. It has been suggested that it comes from the Sanskrit word *pramantha*, meaning one of the pieces of wood used in making fire by friction. But the Greeks themselves derived the word from *προμανθάνειν*, its meaning thus being 'he who looks before him,' 'the foreseeing man.' This derivation is much more agreeable to the evident meaning of the story; and by accepting it we avoid the presumption of claiming to know better than the Greeks themselves about the derivation of their own word. Furthermore, primitive man is supposed to have discovered that the fire produced by friction or by flints is the same as the fire which comes from heaven in the lightning. Hence we find lightning, heaven, fire-sticks and flints all connected together in the mind of primitive man; and this is quite enough for the theorists.

The legend according to them, was invented to commemorate a great event which must have strongly impressed itself upon the imagination. A new life is supposed to have begun for man on the day when he first saw the first spark produced by the friction of two pieces of wood, or from the veins of a flint. How could man help feeling gratitude to that mysterious and marvelous being which they were henceforth enabled to create at their will? (*The Secret Doctrine*, II, 521) Was not this terrestrial flame the same as that which came in the thunderbolt? And, as Decharme says in his *Mythologie de la Grèce Antique*:

Was it not derived from the same source? And if its origin was in heaven, it must have been brought down some way on earth. If so, who was the powerful being, the beneficent being, god or man, who had conquered it? Such are the questions which the curiosity of the Aryans offered in the early days of their existence, and which found their answer in the myth of Prometheus.

But, talking of the power of imagination, what can be more fanciful than this picture of primitive humanity? As H. P. Blavatsky says:

Fire was never *discovered*, but existed on earth since its beginning. It existed in the seismic activity of the early ages, volcanic eruptions being as frequent and constant in those periods as fog is in England now. And if we are told that men appeared so late on earth that nearly all the volcanoes, with the exception of a few, were already extinct, and that geological disturbances had made room for a more settled state of things, we answer: Let a new race of men — whether evolved from angel or gorilla — appear now on any uninhabited spot of the globe, with the exception perhaps of the Sahara, and a thousand to one it would not be a year or two old before discovering fire, through the fall of lightning setting in flames grass or something else. This assumption, that primitive man lived ages on earth before he was made acquainted with fire, is one of the most painfully illogical of all. (page 522)

Yes, indeed, it is necessary to do a good deal of imagining in order to

sustain such fanciful theories. If an example were wanted of a real myth, in the sense of an absolute fable, nothing better could be selected than this myth of the theorists, that primitive man lived for ages without knowing of fire, or being able to use it; that he then discovered it; and that he has ever since celebrated the fact by devising elaborate myths in every quarter of the globe.

The story of Prometheus, and all the kindred mythoi, celebrated far more weighty matters than the use of physical fire. It was spiritual fire that was meant — fire being a well-known and universal emblem of the divine afflatus and inspiration which characterizes man as such, and marks him as being vastly higher than the beasts. The legend celebrates that stage in the evolution of man when the brute part of him received the divine spark and the man became a god, knowing good and evil. Those who are at all acquainted with the Hebrew of the Old Testament will recognise the same teaching in the account of how the *elohim*, the divine beings, said: "Let us create man in our own image." In that narrative, man is thus endowed with a divine prerogative and henceforth knows good and evil.

If we are to maintain any sort of historical perspective in our inquiries, we should remember that this is a materialistic age, wherein the word 'fire' means simply a body of incandescent gas; and we must not seek to transfer our materialism to other races not thus imbued. To the ancients, and to their modern representatives among many tribesmen, fire has been sacred. Was it not with the Romans the symbol of domestic life, ever kept burning on the home hearth, which was a veritable altar, and carefully and reverently carried away to a new home with the migrating family, there to be re-established on a new domestic altar? Did they not believe that, in thus keeping alive the fire, they were truly keeping alive the spirit of their family? And was this mere superstition, or was it not rather a greater knowledge of natural laws than we possess now, with all our science? Nature is infinitely adaptive and compliant, and she yields to man whatever he asks for, and likewise withholds from him that which he thanklessly spurns; so it is possible that Nature bestowed benefits in those days on her trusting children, which she withholds from us who have defaced her beauties with our slums and insulted her wisdom with our theories. We do not know how to tend the sacred hearth-fires and elicit those subtler protective forces of Nature which the worshipers of Vesta, with her chaste guardians, knew how to invoke. Fire was the physical counterpart of the Fire of life, and the Fire of spirit; and the word is used indifferently in all these senses by ancient writers. Even we use it in other senses, but then we call this metaphor and imagery.

What a marvelous faculty the learned theorists have of looking at things

the wrong side up! How fond they are of mistaking the symbol for the thing symbolized! Because the sun is a symbol of life eternal and universal, therefore it is supposed that those who revered the eternal life through its symbol the sun, were worshiping the sun himself. What would be thought by a pious archaeologist if some pagan were to accuse him of bowing the knee to a lamb or a dove or a cross or any other Christian symbol, or were to make fun of the Christian sacraments with their mystic symbolic elements? Yet surely the cases are parallel. And here we have a mythos which commemorates the eternal fact of the baptism of man by fire and the holy spirit — man's second birth — and, just because the analogies of nature furnish symbols and emblems from heaven, therefore the ancients are accused of worshiping and celebrating in myth these symbols, and the actual meaning symbolized is ignored.

One strong feature in the story of Prometheus is the war between Zeus, the king of the gods, and Prometheus, wherein Zeus is made out to be a tyrant and oppressor of humanity, and Prometheus is represented as a benefactor in defeating this tyrant and thus benefiting humanity. But those familiar with the Greek mythology know that the Zeus in this story was not the All-Father to whom elsewhere the name of Zeus is given. Quoting H. P. Blavatsky on this point —

Translators of the drama wonder how Aeschylus could become guilty of such "discrepancy between the character of Zeus as portrayed in the *Prometheus Bound* and that depicted in the remaining dramas." (Mrs. A. Swanwick) This is just because Aeschylus, like Shakespeare, was and will ever remain the intellectual 'Sphinx' of the ages. Between Zeus, the abstract deity of Grecian thought, and the Olympic Zeus, there was an abyss. The latter represented, during the mysteries, no higher a principle than the lower aspect of human physical intelligence — *Manas* wedded to *Kâma*: Prometheus — its divine aspect merging into and aspiring to Buddhi — the divine Soul. Zeus was the human soul and nothing more, whenever shown yielding to his lower passions. (II, 419)

Prometheus thus represents the immortal divine part of man who is said to sacrifice himself by a voluntary act of compassion, when he assumes incarnation. Then begins the struggle between the god and the animal in man, whereby Prometheus suffers at once exile and continual affliction, which can only terminate when man has been fully redeemed by the unremitting work of the divine power within him. Then Prometheus will have won, man will have been saved, and the chained Titan liberated. But this drama was not merely one that took place in the past; for, as H. P. Blavatsky says:

This drama of the struggle of Prometheus with the Olympic tyrant and despot, sensual Zeus, one sees enacted daily within our actual mankind;

the lower passions chain the higher aspirations to the rock of matter, to generate in many a case the vulture of sorrow, pain, and repentance. (II, 422)

In the introductory lecture, reference was made to the seven meanings which each myth has. That of Prometheus can be applied to the history of early human races, in which case it refers to the time when evolution had proceeded to the point of producing a race of divinely-informed mankind; and the allegory shows that this result had not been brought about solely by animal evolution and the gradual perfecting of the physical form; but that the higher intelligence, symbolized by fire, was brought to the previously uninformed human race, thus completing its nature and making man into a potential god. The ancient teachings say that the intelligence thus communicated was communicated by Teachers, who in the symbolical records are often spoken of as Gods and Heroes. This is the historical key, or at least one of them. Another key would be the physiological one, which would lead us into a study of the human organism with a view to showing wherein it is essentially different from any animal organism; and much light on this topic will be found in H. P. Blavatsky's *Psychic and Noetic Action*. Here, too, it may be observed that materialism has crept in in the attempt to degrade the myth by making it applicable to the process of generation. There are, of course, analogies between what is high and what is low; the physical repeats the spiritual. But to say that the story of Prometheus celebrates physical generation and that alone is to materialize and degrade the myth. Wherever, in these allegories, union is represented, it is the mystic union of the human soul with its divine counterpart, the spiritual soul, and has no sexual significance whatever. And it may perhaps be understood that, in ages when sex problems did not so engross the mind as they do now, it was possible to use such symbolism without fear of its being misapplied. The key we are most concerned with at present is the one just considered — wherein the story of Prometheus is applied to human nature as it exists today. As said in our last quotation, Prometheus represents the higher aspirations, and these are chained by the lower passions to the rock of matter, whereby is generated the gnawing vulture of regret and the innumerable dissatisfactions due to our compound nature. And what a truthful picture is this of human life — especially for the intenser and finer natures! How applicable to the case of genius, ever struggling between inspiration — the divine afflatus — and the bitter reactions of despair and of physical and moral breakdown!

This, it may be said, is a return to Paganism; but let us give Paganism its due and learn from it what we may. The lesson is not Pagan, but Universal. And it is permissible to remind ourselves that, in the present day more liberal interpretations of the Christian faith, the sacrifice of the

Christ is recognised as being, not only an event in past history, but also a sacrifice which goes on every day in the heart of mankind; surely it is not unchristian to say that, when we sin, we crucify Christ! We are unfaithful to the divine spirit, which, as the gospel says, he left with man at his departure. And what does the Redemption mean, if not that the Christ Spirit will one day triumph in us?

In the myth it is Herakles (Hercules) who liberates the chained Titan; and Herakles is the Sun-God. We find him associated in symbology with Aesculapius, the Egyptian Ptah, Apollo, Baal, and Adonis — all Sun-Gods. The meaning is that the Manas, or mind, of man is saved by associating itself with the Buddhi or Spiritual Soul; for, according to the Theosophical teachings, the Manas or mind in man is dual, one half gravitating toward the carnal, sensual nature, and the other toward the Spiritual nature. Hence we find in Prometheus an allegory of man's pilgrimage, in which the mind is the hero, overcoming evil powers and eventually regaining its state of wisdom and emancipation. How important it is to insist on the immortal and spiritual nature of man in these days when so much stress is being laid on his animal nature! Biologists are never tired of studying the laws and reactions of the lower nature of man, and often seem to wish us to believe that man has no other nature, but is merely a more complex animal. But in the ancient story both sides of man's nature are represented; and man is in truth dual, even down to details of his physical structure, as a more intimate study of biology would reveal.

Prometheus, says H. P. Blavatsky, in interpreting the allegory, "steals the divine power so as to allow men to proceed consciously on the path of spiritual evolution, thus transforming the most perfect of *animals* on earth into a potential god, and making him free to 'take the kingdom of heaven by violence.'"

Hence he gave to mankind the power of *thought* — at once a curse and a blessing. For who can deny the afflictions that come with the power to think, and who has not sometimes wished to escape the burden and become irresponsible like the animals? What is this mysterious power of thought that is at the same time our tempter and our savior? Here is a sacred mystery indeed, and the key to a world of symbolism. Our whole life is a series of initiations, from the time when the child first gains self-consciousness, till the very day of his death. The power of thought within us is ever bringing us into contact with fresh revelations of the hidden powers within; ever disclosing new faculties in our own being. Prometheus' fire still burns in our breast, torturing us and inspiring us.

We cannot abrogate it and rebecome the unthinking animal; we must understand it and strive to bring harmony between the higher and lower nature, which means the subjection of the animal will to the higher will.

The animals can find satisfaction in the fulfilment of their animal nature. Man is driven to seek satisfaction which cannot be found in the realm of his personal desires.

Man's fall and his redemption are accomplished by one and the same event. This event, the gift of Fire, throws him out of balance, tempts him, and renders him liable to sin, and on the other hand endows him with the power to save himself. This may help us to interpret the curse and the blessing of Eden. Man, says H. P. Blavatsky, in interpreting the myth, will rebecome the Titan of old, but not till evolution has re-established the broken harmony between his two natures. The divine Titan is moved by altruism, but the mortal man is moved by selfishness and egoism. (II, 422)

Contrasts have been drawn between the spirit of Christendom and that of ancient Greece, and it has been said that Christendom has made asceticism its ideal, despising the body and insisting on the wickedness and unworthiness of human nature; while the Greeks on the contrary revered human nature and upheld physical perfection. The Greeks, it is said, regarded physical perfection as a condition to mental and moral perfection; nor did they see a conflict between the bodily and the spiritual. An adequate understanding of such myths as that of Prometheus may enable us to see where lies the essential truth that is common to both civilizations and indeed to all times.

The culture of art, beauty, perfection, has been strangely separated from religion, in such sort as to constitute a kind of second religion of its own, diametrically opposed in many points to the other. This separation has involved injury to both religion and art: to religion by clipping its wings and making it dull and gloomy; to art by its tendency to divorce art from ethics. Recognition of our dual nature is the key to the problem; and when man can realize the waywardness of his lower nature and the sublimity of his higher, balancing the two truths, he will have regained much past knowledge through the boon bestowed by Prometheus, the Bringer of Divine Fire.

Nay, but as one layeth
 His worn-out robes away,
 And, taking new ones, sayeth,
 "These will I wear to-day!"
 So putteth by the spirit
 Lightly its garb of flesh,
 And passeth to inherit
 A residence afresh.

EDWIN ARNOLD—*The Song Celestial.*

THE THREE BASES OF POETRY: A STUDY
OF ENGLISH VERSE: by Kenneth Morris

PART ONE — VISION III — INTERREGNUM

NIGHT followed Chaucer, and lasted lightless about thirteen decades, or until Wyatt and Surrey, forerunners of the Elizabethan day, were singing in the fifteen-thirties. It was a pralaya, an uncreative age, marked only by more or less feeble imitations of Chaucer. Really, that period of thirteen decades seems to have something in it, as they say. The first age of English poetry began in the twelve-seventies, as nearly as we can assign a date to its beginning, and ended with the death of Chaucer in 1400. Wyatt was born in 1503, and therefore would have been singing not so long before 1530; Surrey, born in 1518, by about 1540 we may suppose; — it is thus not unreasonable to give that as the dawn decade of the second poetic cycle. From the fifteen-thirties to the sixteen-sixties that cycle lasted; only *Samson Agonistes*, published in 1671, overlapping. Thence a hundred and thirty years of pralaya brings us to the seventeen-nineties, certainly the dawn decade of the third cycle. In it Shelley and Keats were born, and Wordsworth and Coleridge wrote and published their *Lyrical Ballads* that opened the new age. Will that cycle close between 1920 and 1930?

But in respect to Nature-vision, night followed *Lycidas* in 1637 — or thirteen decades and a fraction after Wyatt's birth. The age was going blind; with it, the Song-Titan went blind also; and those that came after him were born blind. There were men who strove to keep alive a better tradition than the deadly Pope-and-Drydenism that set in with the Restoration: Allen Ramsay, Dyer, James Thomson, Collins: all credit to them for their effort, even if cyclic law was against them, and they were not to succeed greatly. They saw men 'as trees walking,' you may say; a film was over their vision; they were the moments of light sleep or half-awakening of the Race-Soul; Poetry in their hands could not win through to any place in the sun. They remembered the Mighty Mother; dreamed of her; strove to recollect her features and the joy she had been to her children the Elizabethans of old; but the night of the ages was too black for them; do what they would, they could not see. The others — Dryden, Pope and Co. — never guessed at all that seeing existed, or ever had existed, or could exist; it was a possibility beyond the ken of their wildest imagining. Then, in the grayness before dawn, came Goldsmith, with a heart in him, in the official line from Pope; and Cowper when the trees and hedges were beginning to take on recognisable semblance; and at last Wordsworth, and the sun was in heaven. One would dismiss the whole period with a sigh for human perversity, but for three anomalous figures that appeared in it, and are interesting.

In all dead seasons, Nature is not truly dead; the cold and silence mean

that she and the Gods are at work elsewhere. Evolution is still going forward. We do owe something to the Classicists, the Masters of that dark age. Dryden clarified prose: divesting it, indeed, of certain earlier glories, but also disencumbering it of much. Verse-making too, probably, was undergoing a salutary discipline; by which it should be found to have profited when Poetry was to return. After all, night will follow day; it is in the wholesome order of things that it should. This was the night between two great days of poetry. Possibly Wordsworth, in his serene sonnets, and Tennyson, owe something to Dryden and Pope; who bequeathed to the language a precision and businesslike clarity which are not light, but a medium through which light may more easily function. It was a period all for the brain-mind of the race, and nothing at all for the Soul; but then, I suppose the brain-mind also must have its moments. French sense, clear-thinking, logic and justness took possession of literary England, and served, in default of any inspiration from the English soul, as the urge to production. Also to forefend the future against exaggerations of Elizabethan boyish extravagance of fancy, and any developments of Miltonism into a turgid and humorless gloom. But in itself, the literature of that age is better forgotten; Truth, that is *Tad Awen*, the Father of Inspiration, lies not behind it. So there is no quickening of the inward regions to be had from it, either through vision, music or style.

Except for those three anomalies spoken of above: three men born out of time. They were: Gray, who came a hundred years too late; Chatterton, who came fifty years too early; and Blake, whose right period is any time or no time, who remains unrelated to any but the immortal age of the Soul. There is something curious, even freakish, about these three; which shall be our excuse for giving a chapter to them, although, strictly speaking, their historic position does not call for it.

It was in the very middle of the eighteenth century, when for seventy years or so (since Milton's death) no man had seen the beauty of the world in England save as through a glass darkly; for seventy years none of the Gods of Poetry: not Phoebus of the Lyre nor either of the three Bardic Brothers whose forms are of shadow and flame: had wandered English lawns or woodlands; and all the Muses that were known wore powder and hoops and beauty-spots. A certain Gray, a scholar, a disciple of Pope, but with notions of his own as to word-music and the like, happened one evening into Stoke Poges Churchyard, near Windsor; and sets out to *muse* — an excellent word here — upon the graves of dead generations of villagers. But before he can settle to the none too important philosophies he has set his mind upon, he must make a *mise en scène* for the verses that are to come of it; and he must do it here upon the spot: must forget his Pope, wilfully or otherwise, and set down truthfully that which his own

eyes see, and his own ears hear. He is, you see, an honest man; which is an absolute condition in literature;— you cannot make a lie worth writing. He writes:

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

(Old, everlastingly quoted lines; to write one word of them down is utter supererrogation, I know; but still —) So: four honest lines, without a shadow of untruth or pretense in them: real vision at last; now behold what is to happen. Because he is a poet soul though somehow stumbled into incarnation in an age when poetry is, as you might say, a sort of pterodactyl in Piccadilly; and because he is actually sitting out there in the churchyard — his seat a mound of natural sweet turf, and none of the chairs or sofas of elegance, and his light the Gods' bluebell twilight, and not the glitter of chandeliers — because of all this, let him look to his soul: it is in peril of Realities! By comes one such, (all unseen, but bless you, we have better proof of His coming than footsteps in the turf or photographs); it is one of those Beautiful Brothers, or belike Phoebus; "touches his trembling ear" and his eyes; and this Gray, this Pope's disciple writes

Now fades the glimmering landscape from the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;
Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

—And the God wanders on, a shadow of a smile on the twilight of His face;
Ah, they do believe not in us! thinks he.

We have here a Popean clarity of diction, but nothing else to tell of the discipleship. The faithful vision of the first verse glimmers up, in the first line of the second, into something more than faithful: a light shines through the landscape from some hidden god-fire within itself. And in the third, even magic is revealed: *mirabile dictu*, this man of the eighteenth century has broken into the world of the Celtic wizard-bards of old. This is the Owl of Cwm Cawlwyd that he hears crying, who saw three forests rise and grow old in her valley, upon the ruins of three successive, far-divided civilizations; three cities builded, one above the other, in her dominions, by three successive races of men, who came in three different ages to "molest her ancient, solitary reign." It is not the Gods who die or pass; They remain near and within call for those who seek and

will live for Them; indeed, get truth into your head and heart, and you are never safe against their surprising your solitude.

Gray never reached those heights in vision again. It was a kind of accident, one must think. We get much style in his work: perfect mastery of form, plus that dignity which could not exist in the writings of man, were man not, in his soulhood, divine, august and eternal; but not again, I think, do we discover naked vision of the beauty and mystery of the world. That once he saw and heard; for the rest, he but remembered.

He was an inheritor, not a forerunner: rather a nightingale strayed morningwards, than a lark risen too early; his face was turned backward, and the light that falls on it is from him whose soul was like a star, and dwelt apart; not from that other whose glory was to be that he should say so. But before Gray died a veritable lark did rise and prophesy the dawn; — and found, poor tragic soul, that he had risen upon a false hope while it was still blackest night; and sank to earth and death under the weight of that disappointment. I mean, of course, Chatterton; born in Bristol a year after the *Elegy* was published. There is a psychological problem about this sad-fated boy about which the last word has not been spoken yet, one suspects.

Everyone knows the story of his so-called literary ‘forgeries’: how he claimed to have discovered poems dating from the fifteenth century among the archives of St. Mary Redcliffe Church in his native city, and stuck to his tale to the day of his death — deceiving among others Horace Walpole for a while as to their authenticity. — Let it be said here that no one is deceived now. It is not possible that the poems are genuinely medieval or that any hand but Chatterton’s wrote them, or any other brain gave them form. The proofs of that? ’Tis beating a dead dog to name them, but here they are — a few of them. Their language was never spoken in any part of England, but is composite of the dialects of all districts and past centuries; and follows faithfully the several misprints in a dictionary of obsolete words which Chatterton is known to have possessed. His antique manuscripts owe all their antiquity to lampblack and yellow ochre, nothing to time. If Thomas Rowlie, the poet-priest of Edward IV’s reign whom he claimed to have been their author, ever existed, there is no evidence to be found of the fact; and lastly, the poems themselves belong to the nineteenth century, not the fifteenth. All this lest it be thought one holds at all to the literal truth of Chatterton’s assertions. And yet, and yet —

Besides these Rowlie poems, Chatterton left any amount of verse in modern English, which he acknowledged as his own. He began to write at eleven; his first verses are remarkable enough for a child of that age: precocious and satirical, rather malicious; the kind of thing, probably, that

wicked little Pope would have considered highly promising. Almost all his acknowledged verse is in this vein, and wholly worthless and without significance; there are also some religious pieces which have been praised; but they are without merit. *Qua* Thomas Chatterton, then, he was an indifferent verse-maker of the school of Pope; not one line of whose works has lived, or deserves to; a classicist wholly, and a very bad one at that. But *qua* Thomas Rowley he was a romantic of the romantics, a forerunner and, it must be said, inspirer of the poets of half a century later; Coleridge owed much to him, and he was an idol to the young Keats. He let satire severely alone; and did distinctly achieve, on one or two occasions, writing the real thing. The one was a trumpery, malicious and indefatigable scribbler; the other, had he lived, might have come to be the greatest nature-poet in English literature. We are to judge by his promise, of course; not by his performance. Consider that this was written by a boy of fifteen or so:

When Autumn bleak but sun-burnt doth appear,
 With his gold hand gilding the falling leaf,
 Bringing up Winter to fulfil the year,
 Bearing upon his back the ripened sheaf;
 When all the hills with woolly seed are white,
 And levin fires and gleams do meet from far the sight --
 When the fair apple, flushed as the evening sky,
 Doth bend the tree unto the fertile ground;
 When juicy pears and berries of black dye
 Do dance in air and call the eye around. . . .

Anyone with critical sense, I suppose, not knowing who wrote those lines, would be likely to guess them Keats'— from a Keats immature in workmanship, but with a foretaste of his characteristic mode of vision. None other saw things in just that kind of way. One is conscious, reading them, of a clear, mellow light, with luminous dark shadows; and of vivid objects, magical motion, within that light. The things seen are not tamely named, as they had been by Thomson in *The Seasons*; nor yet recalled from a circumstantial, tender, but unglowing memory, as they were to be by Goldsmith in *The Deserted Village*; but shown in a light, intense, glamorous and penetrating, as they were to be by Keats. The form and music are by no means Keatsian; they have neither the insipidity of Keats at his lowest levels, nor the finish of Keats at his second-best; and far less the supremacy of his finest work. But the vision, the light, he would not have found alien nor unworthy of his genius. His ode *To Autumn* is in every way better versification, the work of a much maturer hand; but I think if we compare such lines as these—perfectly representative— from that poem—

To bend with apples the moss'd cottage trees,
 And fill all fruits with ripeness to the core;
 To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
 With a sweet kernel;

with Chatterton's

When the fair apples, ruddy as the evening sky
 Doth bend the tree unto the fertile ground;
 When juicy pears and berries of black dye
 Do dance in air,

that we must even give the palm for vision to the latter, and say that the light in them is the more glowing, the more quickened with life. Keats' ode was written in his *annus mirabilis*, 1819, or when he was twenty-four. Already, four years earlier, he had written his name in the water of immortality with his sonnet on Chapman's Homer, and he had been imitating Spenser in 1813, or at eighteen. It was at twenty-one really, I think, that he learned to go to Nature for his inspiration, rather than to paradises in the mind that the Elizabethans had prepared for him; in that year he wrote *I stood on tiptoe on a little hill*. Chatterton had committed suicide before he was eighteen; his *Aella*, from which the lines quoted are taken, was written not later than his sixteenth birthday, and perhaps before his fifteenth.

A strangely matured boy, man in all respects: ascetic in his mode of life, content with a crust for his chief meal in the day; haunting day and night the loveliest church in England; a fellow with flashing eyes, wild moods, compelling charm and genius, and a strain of hereditary madness; wildly proud, passionately tender to his mother and sister, inordinately ambitious; his mind stuffed with the Middle Ages and all the pomp and romance of vanished knighthood; — how came Poetry to mark him for her own, and to expect great things from him in that age when she was wont to scorn those who most sought after her? How came he, when all his contemporaries were blind, to get that real glimpse of Nature: a vision that belonged by no means to his darling fifteenth century, but to the age of Keats and Coleridge: and to see the real West Country — the Mendips and the Vales of Severn and Avon — with its rain-washed air, its gray-purple skies broken of an evening with sudden sheets of pale apricot and gold; its orchards heavy-laden with ruddy apples; its pears and its blackberries? — They say that when he was six years old a kindly pottery manufacturer was to give him a cup or mug as a present, and asked him what picture he would have painted on the gift. "Paint me an angel with a trumpet," says little Chatterton, "to trumpet my name over the world." There spoke incipient madness; the same that ended things in tragedy in the London garret less than twelve years after. Why then, being of that inordinate temperament, did he hold the Rowley poems sacred, and stead-

fastly refuse to acknowledge authorship of them, even to the last? They were, as he knew very well, the only things that might possibly have brought him the fame he hungered after so wildly; he was critic enough to know that the verses he called his own were worthless, though not critic enough to refrain from over-rating these others. Why did he not allow them to be his own?

I sometimes wonder whether, after all, his 'forgery' was not the most honorable act of his life; and flamingly honorable at that: a quixotic, soul-like refusal to take credit where no credit was due: for work he believed was not his own, and that in fact was not his own, though he wrote it. I sometimes think that it did not come from the consciousness he knew as *I*, and others knew as Tom Chatterton; but from some overshadowing Consciousness that we may call — since Paganism gives us a symbology indispensable, and unprovided by our modern philosophies — Plenydd of the Splendid Vision; eldest of the three Bardic Brothers; Plenydd, that had been silent in England since *Lycidas*; that had made an attempt to get hold of Gray, and had been foiled of that after a dozen lines or so were written; — that he, having been so foiled, and so lately; and yet feeling the stir of dawn across half a century; made one wild clutch at this wild ambitious boy; moved him to a couple of songs — and to madness; then folded his flame-wings, in despair of the age, until his promised Wordsworth should come.

And yet not quite until then, neither: there was Blake, born six years or so after Chatterton, and still more than he a birth out of time; for Chatterton's age came in some fifty years later, but Blake's has not come yet. He was seer first, then painter; and perhaps only poet incidentally, and as if of the overflowings of a nature near the central fountain of wonder which is the Spirit. The amount of great poetry he wrote is small, and never has the air of being aimed at greatness; yet the peaks of it are white with the eternal snows. He touched Nature, and then poetry flamed forth; but he came down to her from above: descended to her from lofty summits in the Mysteries; and did not approach the Mysteries, as other poets have done, through her and from below. By means of a marvelous sympathy he obtained vision of the seven worlds and the links that bind them together: "A robin prisoned in a cage," he says, "Puts all heaven in a rage." Doggerel, say you? Not so; but Eternal Poetry going a-cold and in beggarly garments. Blake saw Divinity directly, as a burning fire in whose awful splendor the outward things are but incidental and passing flame-pictures; he did not guess the Flame from glimpses caught scantily through the semi-opacity of visible things. In that wonderful

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night —

the poet's eye is not so much on the object, you may say, as absorbed in the Light behind the object; which latter he only sees at all by gazing intently upon the Light. To see that effulgence is the whole end and purpose of poetic vision; for its sake the three visions must one by one be carefully nurtured into growth. Blake, I think, is without ancestors in English literature; to which of the poets could you say he owes anything in art or vision? Not even to the seventeenth-century Welshmen who wrote their mysticism in English verse — Herbert. Vaughan and Treharne. Treharne, the greatest seer of the three, he had of course never heard of; since Treharne is a discovery of our own day. And even Treharne saw through this world into the next; and not from the next into this, as Blake did.


But in truth, the line of literary evolution runs not through Gray, Chatterton and Blake at all; they were not of the apostolic succession. There is a clear cyclic current traceable: down from Shakespeare through Herrick, Milton of Horton, the Cavaliers and the Metaphysicians; laving as it passes the feet of that mountain over whose peak shone Milton the Titan, a 'star apart'; thence (by reaction) through Denham and Waller to Dryden, Pope and the Classicists; from Pope to Goldsmith, from Goldsmith to Cowper, and from Cowper to Wordsworth. Goldsmith and Cowper hold the period into which these three *poets* strayed so unexpectedly. They were wan lights, but for a wonder, natural — in the second half of the eighteenth century; they belong to, but are better than, their age. Goldsmith learned his art from Pope, but was too sweet and genuine a spirit to let his Popean polish so come between his eye and the object, as quite to obscure the latter from his gaze or ours. He saw through a glass darkly; but he saw. No bright sunlight plays on Auburn; we feel no tang of the wind in its deserted street; we hear no milkmaid singing there, nor mower whetting his scythe, nor any other natural sound, except dimly with the ear of reflection. And yet it is truthful, because sympathetic, the work of a true and lovable man, more heart than brain-mind; and being truthful, it helped much towards the final banishment of the Classicists' falsity. He wrote as perfectly as Pope did, and could strew his page almost as liberally with epigrams; all which perfection and smartness is quite outside the method of poetry, and often abhorrent to it; but without such proficiency he could not have turned the trend of what we may call official literature towards truth and humanity. He was the man for his age, and probably much greater than would appear from his literary achievement.

Cowper, too, is vastly more important than he would seem; and his importance also is nearly altogether historical. Once or twice, indeed, when his eye was turned inward, he rose to something like inspiration;

then, strangely, when the gloom of his morbid religion and madness weighed most heavily on him. That was but the dark side of a true reality that was in him; in his brighter moments he looked out on Nature and recorded what he saw cheerfully, if all unaware that there was beauty in it. His dog and his Ouse and his waterlily and poplars are real and simple things — nearer reality than Goldsmith's natural objects — but they are not particularly interesting. He saw in them none of the glow that makes for poetry. Sometimes we catch a breath of God's wind blowing in his verses; sometimes the freshness and sweetness of rain; but they have not even the common exhilaration of sunlight that we find in *Sumer is icumin in*. Like Goldsmith, he paved the way for great poets who were to follow him; not through any artistic eminence of his own; but because, being a verse-writer, he happened also to be a genuine man struggling on the side of the angels. Both brought a moral influence into the field of verse-making, and so cleared it of the shams that made poetry impossible. In Goldsmith's case, that moral influence was a universal benevolence and kindly simplicity; in Cowper's, it was an unbalanced but still honest spiritual striving. With a creed that breathed hope and strength, instead of despair and weakness, he might have given us important poetic truth — even in the Grand Manner — for he had the capacity for intense feeling. But the Spirit uses what instruments it may, and leads through diverse and sometimes shadowy regions towards its goal.

NOTES ON ANCIENT EGYPT: by C. J. Ryan

PART ONE

 ● the intelligent student for whom archaeology is not a dry-as-dust pursuit but a method of reconstructing the past in life and color, the words Ancient Egypt suggest long ages of vigorous existence of a contented people, a philosophic religion, veiling deep scientific knowledge under allegory and symbolism, a sublime form of art, and a dignified system of government. But, although the treasure-house of relics has been industriously explored for more than a century by experts, there are still enormous gaps in our knowledge, and vitally interesting problems are still matters of dispute.

Unfortunately, a tendency to materialistic interpretations has prevailed in the minds of many modern Egyptologists. In freeing themselves from antiquated swaddling-clothes they have exposed themselves to the danger of ignoring the possibility that the religious and philosophic ideas of the Egyptians may be more than merely curious and interesting examples of folklore. While we must be sincerely grateful to the splendid en-

thusiasm of the Egyptologists, we may safely believe that greater progress will be made by accepting the possibility that the ancient Egyptians at their best knew certain things of profound importance to a well-balanced life which we, in this age of materialism and strife, have lost sight of. Dr. Flinders Petrie, the famous explorer and historian of Egypt, says:

To know the past of mankind and to apply it to the present is the road of success in the future.

Some distinguished Egyptologists like Erman, who are perhaps a little prosaic, have expressed surprise that certain methods which seem to us cumbersome and imperfect and in some cases superstitious, should have been adhered to for ages by such an intelligent race as the Egyptians. This criticism applies to their systems of hieroglyphic writing, of arithmetic and geometry. Though some of these charges may be true of the later dynastic periods, it is difficult if not impossible to believe that in geometry, mathematical astronomy and certain psychological subjects of which we are densely ignorant the accomplished builders of the Great Pyramid were uninformed. We must also recollect that our information about the inner side of the Egyptian temple-science is *very limited indeed*.

Putting aside minor criticisms, the striking and impressive fact stands out for all men to see that throughout the Egyptian cycles of glory and of decline there runs an undercurrent of virile energy, serene dignity and immortal beauty. We feel the throb of the soul-life; we recognise that the divinity of man's immortal spirit was known in Egypt as a living fact; and if we are honest we must sorrowfully admit that our age has lost some valuable quality possessed by the ancient Egyptians. The aim of this paper is to bring forward a few points which will help in the appreciation of the ancient spirit of greatness.

Innumerable are the ideas and inventions familiar to us today which have been handed down to us from Egypt. Not only in mechanical implements of every art and craft, but in religious and philosophical conceptions we are far more indebted to the Egyptians than we commonly imagine. The very calendar that we use, though partly spoiled by the Romans, is the same that the Egyptians had six thousand years ago. In the time of Mena (B. C. 4500, according to Petrie) the first king of united Egypt, medicine and surgery were divided into thirty-six departments, each with its own specialists. Dr. J. J. Walsh, Dean of Fordham College Medical School, says, in a learned paper on the history of medicine, that the testimony of the admirable bandaging of the mummies and the excellence of Egyptian dentistry -- surgical evidences that we can test -- strongly support the idea that the other departments of medicine were also efficient. The name of the earliest known professional physician was I-am-hetep,

the 'Bringer of Peace,' also called the 'Master of Secrets.' King Teta, son of Mena, is credited with a book on anatomy and medicine, and his royal mother is said to have discovered a remedy for baldness! This recipe has unfortunately not been preserved.

When we consider that the Egyptians had no steam machinery, their engineering feats are remarkable. They connected the Nile with the Red Sea by a canal, and permanently changed the course of the Nile near Memphis by a colossal dike. The latter undertaking was accomplished in the early days of Mena, yet it protects the province of Ghizeh to this day.

Notwithstanding the enormous lapse of time since the early dynastic periods, several relics of the literature have been preserved. One of the earliest books in the world is the *Prisse Papyrus*, containing the *Instructions of Ptah-Hetep*. Ptah-Hetep was counsellor to King Assa (or Isosi) who reigned *not later* than 5000 years ago, and his treatise deals with the conduct of life and the duty to the neighbor. It was widely read and was used for centuries as a writing-copy in schools. In perusing the kindly words of Ptah-hetep, a true gentleman if ever there was one, we gain a vivid picture of the social life of his time. It is very like ours.

We read of the wife, who must be treated kindly; . . . the genial generosity of the rich man; of the scowling boor, a thorn in the side of his friends and relations; of the unquenchable talkers; . . . of the trusted counsellor, weighing every word; of the obstinate ignoramus; of the scholar, conversing freely with learned and unlearned; of the master of the estate, treated with infinite respect by his subordinates; of the paid servants that are never satisfied; of the hard-working clerk who casts accounts all day; of the merchant who will perhaps give you credit if you have made friends with him previously; of the well-bred diner-out, contenting himself with plain fare, and of the gourmand who visits his friends at mealtimes. (W. G. Gunn)

Here are a few sentences from the treatise as translated by Mr. Gunn:

Be not proud because thou art learned, but discourse with the ignorant man as with the sage. Fair speech is more rare than the emerald. . . . Love thy wife that is in thine arms and gladden her heart during her lifetime. . . . Be not harsh; gentleness mastereth more than strength. [Polygamy was not the custom at this time.] If thou wouldst be a wise man, and one sitting in the council, apply thine heart unto perfection; silence is more profitable to thee than abundance of speech. . . . If thou be powerful make thyself to be honored for knowledge and for gentleness. . . . The innermost chamber openeth unto the man of silence. . . . Exalt not thine heart, that it be not brought low. Beware of answering words with heat; control thyself. . . . it is a man's kindly acts that are remembered of him in the years after his life. . .

The age of civilized man in Egypt is unknown. Recent geological discoveries show that the Nile has run in its present direction at least since the Miocene period, and beautifully made flint implements and ornaments from the valley of the Nile were exhibited in New York in 1914,

whose age, reckoned from the probable length of time required to produce the thickness of the surface patina, is claimed to be far more than a hundred thousand years! However this may be, and it seems highly probable, archaeology is learning to speak very guardedly of the 'Childhood of the Race,' and the 'Dawn of Civilization.' We learn from the Prisse papyrus that the Egyptians of five or six thousand years ago regarded their civilization as past its prime. Professor Mahaffy and other authorities agree that it is possible that they were right, and that we only know them, historically, in the autumn of their history. Mahaffy says:

Not only in practical civilization but in all the moral bearings of an advanced life, the Egyptians of the early dynasties were on a plane differing in no essential degree from that of modern Christendom.

Petrie says:

The population at the beginning of the history of Egypt was apparently well-to-do and possessed better things than are made in Egypt today. . . .

Even in the latest days of decline Egypt commanded the admiration of great nations. Greek intelligence, while deprecating the superstitions into which the masses had fallen in the old age of the nation, had the highest opinion of Egyptian wisdom. It can hardly be doubted that Greece derived the foundations of its art from Egypt, directly or through Crete, and Plato had no hesitation in quoting the words of the aged priest of Saïs: "O Solon, Solon, you Hellenes are but children, and there is never an old man who is an Hellene in mind you are all young; there is no old opinion handed down among you by ancient tradition; nor any science which is hoary with age."

In even a rapid glance at a few of the leading architectural wonders of Egypt, we must not ignore the Great Pyramid, familiar though its general features may be. It stands on the verge of the mysterious desert the most impressive of human monuments, the only survivor of the Seven Wonders of Antiquity. It was called the Flame or the Light, and when it was perfect, with its polished casing shining in the blaze of the Egyptian sunshine, it must have been a marvelous sight. Its immense size and the perfection of its workmanship have commanded universal admiration. Petrie says:

The entrance-passage and the casing are perhaps the finest; the flatness and squareness of the joints being extraordinary, equal to opticians' work of the present day, but on a scale of acres instead of feet or yards of material. The squareness and level of the base is brilliantly true, the average error being less than a ten-thousandth of an inch of the side in equality, in squareness and in level. . . . The Queen's chamber is also very finely fitted, the joints being scarcely perceptible. Above that the work has not that superlative fineness. . . .

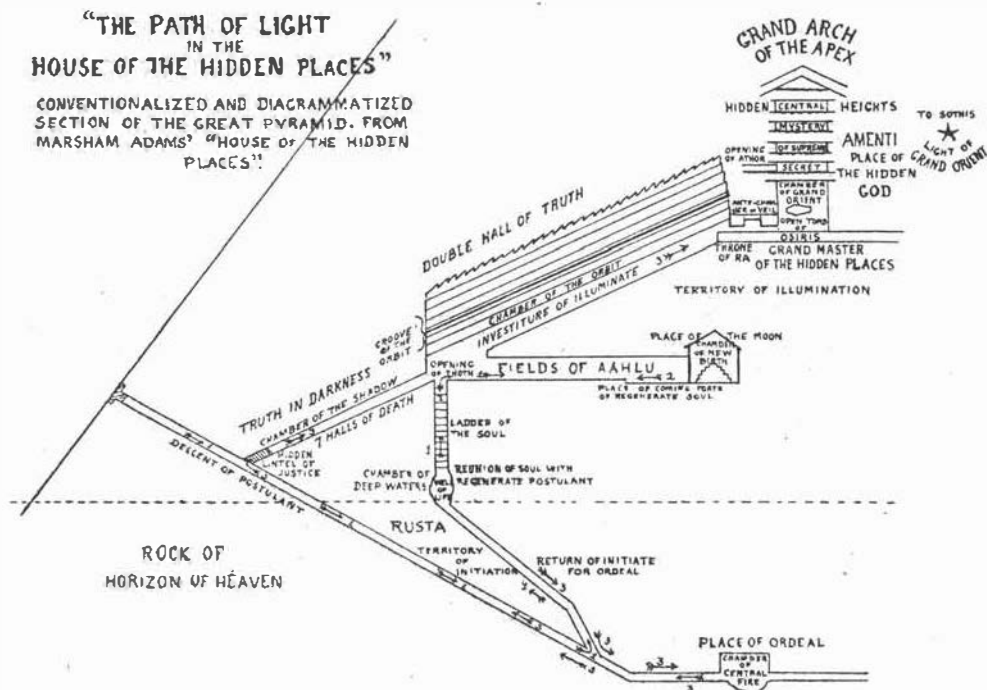
How did the Egyptians learn to build with a perfection "equal to opticians' work" in the very short time — about a *century* or a little more — allowed by Petrie for the development of stone architecture and the introduction of copper tools? The thing is incredible. We know that an Eastern people blended with the original population at some very early period, and brought their civilization with them. If *they* built the Great Pyramid it must be far older than the Fourth Dynasty of regular Egyptian kings to which it is generally attributed, for the immigrants arrived ages before. There is a strange mystery here, and the finding of the name of Khufu (B. C. 3969), the second king of the Fourth Dynasty, roughly scrawled on some of the interior chambers, does not conclusively prove that he built it! Nor do the alleged statements of Herodotus, which bear marks suggesting unreliability. Many attempts have been made by astronomers to calculate the date of the Great Pyramid by comparing the angle of the descending passage with the position of certain stars when in significant places, but nothing conclusive has been proved. Madame Blavatsky, in suggesting a far greater age than six thousand years, points out that, according to the accepted view of the precession of the equinoxes, similar phenomena would recur at intervals of about twenty-six thousand years, and that the evidence of the Denderah planisphere with its three Virgos leads to the conclusion that the Great Pyramid may have seen more than one Precessional Cycle.

Nothing in Egypt or in any other land duplicates the Great Pyramid. Within it is unique, and in at least one external feature, *i. e.*, the flat platform at the summit, it differs from the other Egyptian pyramids. The very singularities of its workmanship have a symbolic meaning, as we have learned from the researches of Marsham Adams.* In connexion with the extraordinary passages and chambers inside the Pyramid there is a key to the mystery in the shape of the papyrus called by Lepsius the 'Book of the Dead' (more properly, according to its own text, the 'Book of the Master of the Secret House'). This sacred papyrus, a copy of which was buried with the mummy as a kind of memorandum on inner worlds, describes the soul's progress on its way through the mystic portals and regions of terrible trials to the throne of the Savior Osiris, with whom the perfected man is finally identified. As the Egyptians believed in Reincarnation, they must have known that this process of spiritual development in its entirety occupied many lifetimes; the adventures of the ordinary good man in the intervals between lifetimes only covered a small part of the story.

Very rarely may the candidate have been so prepared and purified by his past lives as to be qualified to enter fully into communion with Divinity.

**The Book of the Master: and The House of the Hidden Places:* by W. Marsham Adams.

To most men the *Book of the Dead* would only be the record of a future ideal, though no doubt it helped them in life and after death. Marsham Adams seems conclusively to have demonstrated that the Great Pyramid, in its passages and chambers and its terrestrial location, represents on the material plane the conditions described in the '*Book of the Dead*.' Whether the 'King's Chamber' was ever used for a tomb in the ordinary sense or not, Adams has brought apparently undeniable evidence in support of Madame Blavatsky's statement that the Pyramid was the Temple



DIAGRAMMATIC SECTION OF PASSAGES AND CHAMBERS IN THE GREAT PYRAMID

(Not to scale); names etc., derived by Marsham Adams from *The Book of the Dead*.

Redrawn, with some omissions, from his *House of the Hidden Places*.

in which the greatest initiation of advanced candidates for divine wisdom took place. He claims that it provided an indestructible means of preserving, without betraying, the doctrines upon which the whole organization of Egyptian national life rested. Marsham Adams was the first to discover the close resemblance between the Pyramid and the descriptions in the *Book of the Dead*, but Professor Maspero, the eminent French Egyptologist, quickly adopted the idea, saying they "reproduce the same original, the one in words, the other in stone."

The Judgment Scene from the *Book of the Dead* is so well known that we need not linger over it: the weighing of the heart in the presence of Osiris, representing the Higher Self; the record being read by Thoth, the Personified Law of Karma; the presence of the monster who will eat the heart if it is not pure, are all intelligible enough, but a word should be said about the forty-two assessors above, many of whom have animal heads. We can never begin to understand the animal-headed gods unless we

recognise that they were introduced by imaginative thinkers who found in certain animals the various qualities which best symbolized the forces they wished to represent. Herodotus is responsible for most of the modern criticism Egypt has received on account of the animal-worship. He visited the country in its decline, when the superstitions of the multitude were pandered to by the degenerating priesthood; in the greater periods we hear very little of it. The ancient Egyptian philosopher known as Hermes Trismegistus, the 'Thrice-Greatest,' foresaw what has happened when he said:

Alas, alas, my son, a day will come when the sacred hieroglyphs will become but idols. The world will mistake the emblems of science for gods, and accuse grand Egypt of having worshipped hell-monsters.



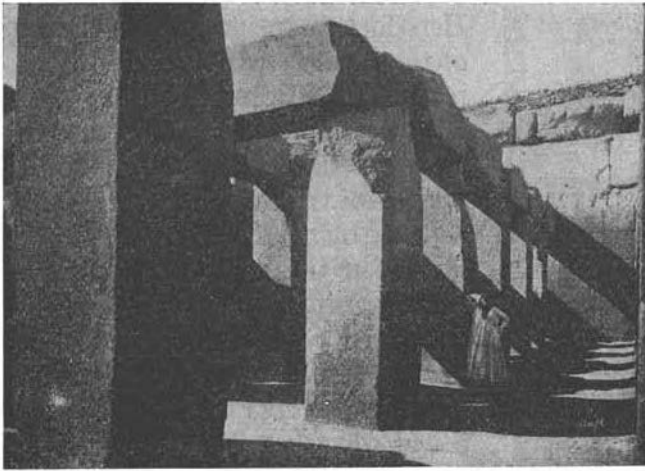
OSIRIS, AND KING SETI I
IN A CEREMONIAL POSITION
From the tomb of Seti I near Thebes
(‘Belzoni’s Tomb’)

Osiris was the symbol of the Higher Self, and the mythological events of his birth, his divine life, his efforts to do good, temporary overwhelming by evil, cruel death

and resurrection into glory, are all typical of the progress of the soul. Until the struggling soul begins to identify itself with the divine it is unable to destroy the enemies that face it. “I am Osiris,” says the candidate, “I am Sothis (Sirius), the star of the Eternal Dawn.” and the furious beasts, the lower desires, flee. “Not one of the Christian virtues,” writes Chabas, “is forgotten in the Egyptian code [found in the *Book of the Dead*

and elsewhere]; piety, charity, gentleness, self-command in word and action, chastity, protection of the weak, benevolence towards the needy, deference towards superiors, respect for property in the minutest details.”

Near the Great Pyramid is the Sphinx, whose origin is still a mystery, but which stands as the sublimest existing monument of the true meaning of Evolution — the domination of the animal by the intelligence of divine man. Champollion declared the existence of a subterranean passage between the Sphinx and the Great Pyramid. This seems to have been lost to sight; its rediscovery would be interesting and important. Mariette Bey described a tablet found near by which tells of the restoration of the Sphinx by Khufu, the supposed builder of the Great Pyramid.

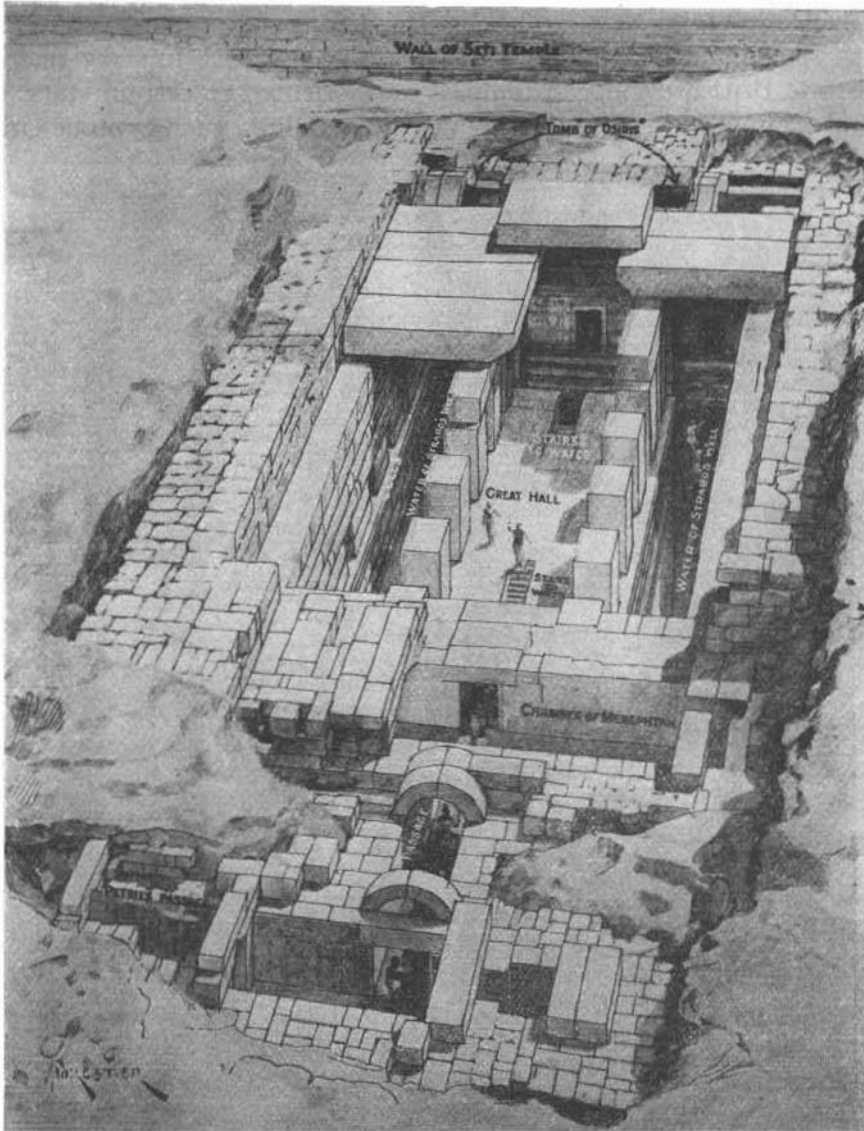


GRANITE 'TEMPLE OF THE SPHINX,' AT GIZEH

its lack of all sculpture gives added countenance to the ancient saying that the earliest Egyptians made no images of the gods. It stood in a class by itself until the great discovery at Abydos, the burial place of Osiris and the seat of his Mysteries from the dawn of history, was made in 1913-14 by Professor E. Naville, the French archaeologist, and his American colleagues. Close to the well-known and magnificent Temple of Abydos of Seti I (B. C. 1355) and thirty feet below the ground, an extraordinary subterranean building was excavated, precisely resembling in style the Temple of the Sphinx, but like nothing else in Egypt. A full description, with illustrations, of this mysterious edifice, will be found in *THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH* for October 1914 and April 1915.

It is to be noticed, from the splendid quality of the workmanship of these buildings, in which enormous stones were used freely, that there is nothing very 'primitive' about them, yet their age is very great. It is more than probable that such examples set the pattern for the prehistoric

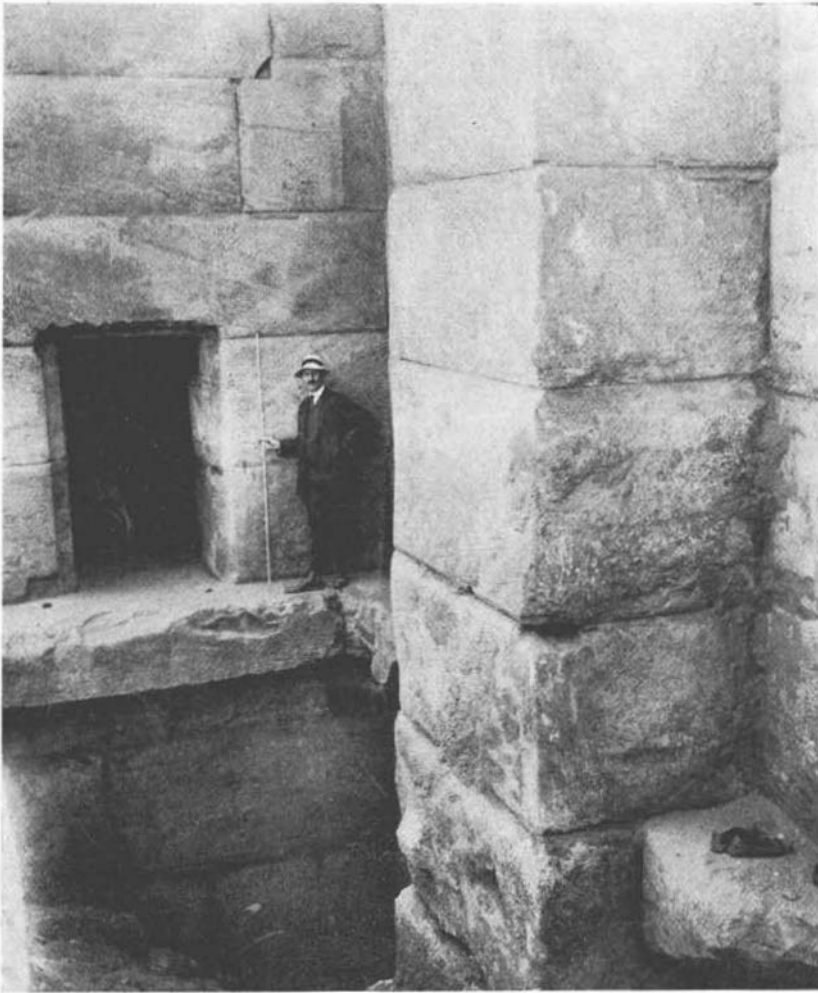
The Temple of the Sphinx, so called, is a very remarkable building whose purpose is unknown. In plan it is a cross, and it is built of immense blocks of granite, of exceptionally beautiful workmanship. Nowhere is there any trace of inscription or decoration. It is certainly as old as the Second Pyramid, or possibly far older, and



THE 'TOMB OF OSIRIS' AND 'STRABO'S WELL'
RECENTLY DISCOVERED AT ABYDOS (*reconstructed drawing*)

cyclopean monuments in northwestern Africa and various parts of Europe. Madame H. P. Blavatsky, in her great work *The Secret Doctrine*, gives some valuable information of a very ancient journey from Egypt to western Europe and Britain, during which initiated teachers showed many primitive peoples how to build and use great religious and astronomical structures, such as Stonehenge in England, Carnac in Brittany, Caller-

nish in Scotland, or New Grange in Ireland. Sir Norman Lockyer, the British astronomer, has lately brought strong evidence to show that the prehistoric British cyclopean temples were oriented to certain stars, like some in Egypt, and that many prehistoric buildings, such as stone circles



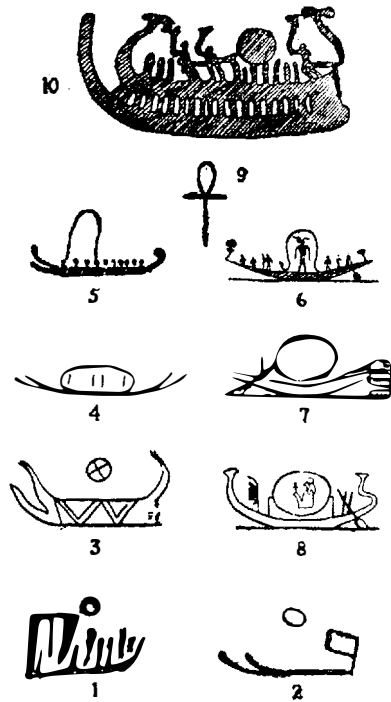
ONE OF THE CELLS IN 'STRABO'S WELL', ABYDOS

and dolmens, were primarily used as temple-observatories and not only for burial purposes, as generally believed. Carved upon some of these, symbolic Egyptian carvings are found, such as the sacred Tau-cross and the Solar Boat of Amen-Ra. There are many other traces of the widespread influence of Egypt in very ancient times, for instance the close resemblance — nay, the identity — of the syntax (not the words) of the

Welsh tongue to the language of Egypt, lately demonstrated by Professor Morris Jones.

In considering this subject we are irresistibly reminded of the singular resemblance between some of the leading Egyptian symbols and principles of design and those of Ancient America.

Maya buildings at Chichén Itzá have a marked Egyptian flavor, and the great Pyramids of the Sun and Moon near Mexico City would be quite in place in the Nile Valley. In the symbolism of both Ancient America and Egypt we find, among others, the Tau-cross and the Winged Globe. Also the symbolic attitudes of certain important figures in Central America are identical with those of India. For instance, the exceedingly beautiful low relief called 'Le Beau,' at Palenque, has so many unusual and striking features, characteristic of the Hindû Krishna, and the Hindû Buddha or 'Yoga' position is so exactly represented in other figures that some definite community of ideas between the philosophers of the two hemispheres must have existed. The question is: Was this before or after the destruction of the continent of Atlantis?



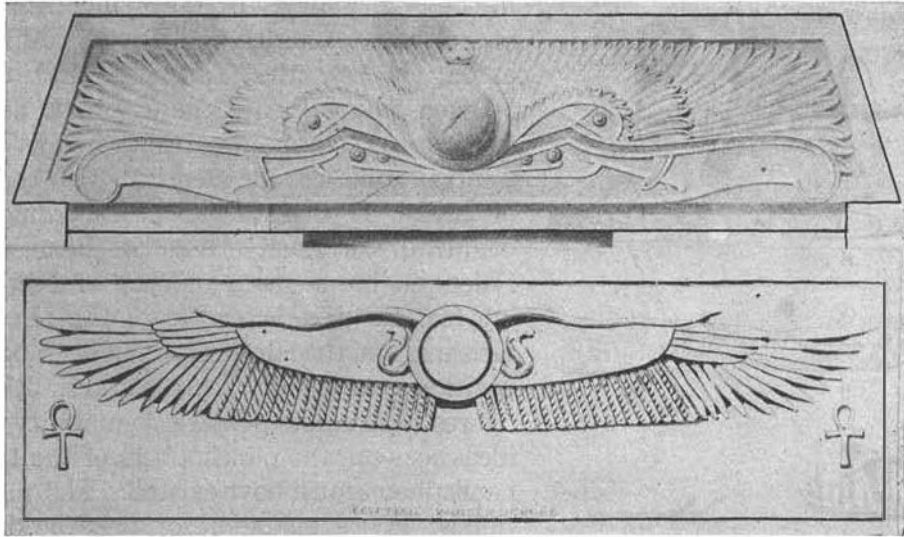
THE SOLAR BOAT IN EGYPT AND ELSEWHERE

1. From Tumulus called New Grange, near Drogheda, Ireland.
2. From Tumulus at Locmariaquer, Brittany.
- 3, 4, 5. From Rock-Carvings, Sweden.
- 6, 7, 8. From Egyptian monuments (British Museum.)
9. Egyptian Cross or Tau from a French Dolmen (Redrawn from *Myths of the Celtic Race*, by Rolleston).
10. From Bohuslän, Sweden. (Redrawn from Balzer's *Stone Monuments in Bohuslän*.)

The Temple of Edfu, of which a picture is given, is referred to here because it is a characteristic temple of the kind we usually associate with Egypt, and it affords a striking contrast to the archaic buildings we have been considering. It was finished in B. C. 57, the year Caesar set out to conquer Britain, so it seems a thing of yesterday. The gap between the buildings erected in this style, with round columns and capitals, cornices, sloping pylons, and rich carving, and the archaic ones, has not been filled. Though the Egyptians knew and very rarely used the principle of the arch, they preferred the simplicity of the flat lintel and the flat roof.

In its present state, the temple of Denderah is also late (B. C. 120-A. D. 60), but it occupies the site of the first temple erected by the 'Followers of Horus' in the extremely distant past. These Followers were probably the

early immigrants from 'Eastern Ethiopia' — Asia -- who brought the knowledge of iron and of architecture with them. King Pepi of the VIth Dynasty discovered the plan of a *second* archaic temple and adopted it for his temple. This plan is said to be founded upon a map of the heavens, and there are some romantic traditions about the mysterious way it was preserved to be found at the right time. Pepi's temple vanished — perhaps traces exist in the foundations — and two thousand five hundred years after his time the Ptolemies built the present one. It contains por-



MAYAN WINGED GLOBE FROM OCOSINGO, CHIAPAS, SOUTHEAST MEXICO,
AND EGYPTIAN WINGED GLOBE FROM DEIR-EL-BAHARĪ

traits of the celebrated Cleopatra VI and of Caesarion, and inscriptions relating to the Roman Pharaoh-Emperors Tiberius, Antoninus and Nero. Hathor, a permutation of Isis, to whom the temple was dedicated, was the Great Mother of light and joy and family love, a benevolent patroness. Her face, with symbolic cow's ears, is found on the capitals of the pillars, though terribly disfigured by fanatic hands.

Much has been written about the star-chart or planisphere, and the zodiac of Denderah. The former is particularly interesting from the indication given by the three repetitions of the zodiacal figure of the Virgin that the Egyptians knew, and recorded thus, three Precessional Cycles of the sun in the zodiac, each representing an immense period of about 26,000 years. There is said to be a similar one in a temple in Northern India, in which country we know records of enormously long

astronomical periods have been kept. Madame Blavatsky gives some curious information about the Denderah star-maps in *The Secret Doctrine*, and the subject has been considerably worked out by Professor Fred. J. Dick, M. INST. C. E.†



PLANISPHERE OR STAR-CHART FROM THE TEMPLE OF DENDERAH

A little further up the Nile stands 'Hundred-Gated Thebes,' as Homer calls one of the greatest cities the world has ever seen. Champollion says:

One is overcome and astounded by the splendor of the sublime remnants, the prodigality and magnificence of the workmanship to be seen everywhere. No people in ancient or modern times has conceived the art of architecture upon a scale so sublime, so grandiose as existed among the ancient Egyptians; the imagination falls powerless at the feet of the columns of Karnak.

† *Ancient Astronomy in Egypt and its Significance*: No. 7 of 'Papers of the School of Antiquity,' University Extension Series.

H. P. Blavatsky, who spent much time in Egypt, says of Thebes:

If we are stupefied by its contemplation, what must have been the general aspect in the days of its glory? He must indeed be devoid of the spiritual perception of genius, who fails to feel as well as to see the intellectual grandeur of the race that planned and built it.



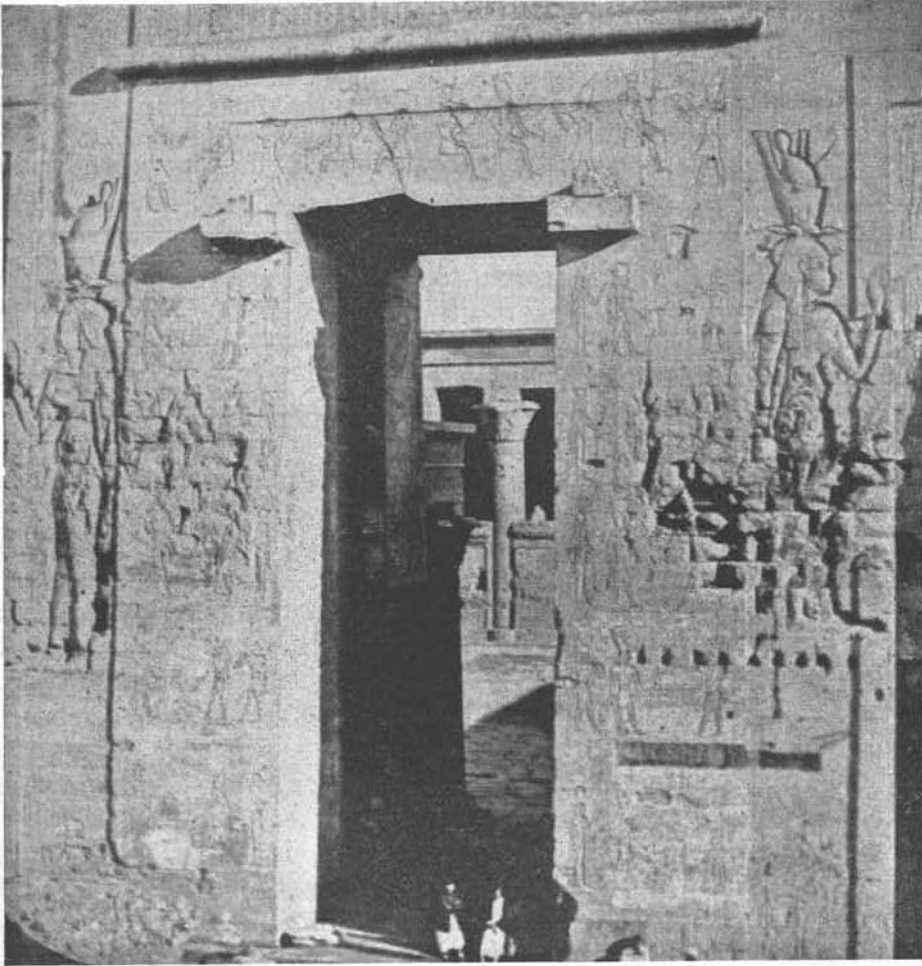
TEMPLE OF DENDERAH
SHOWING HATHOR-HEADED CAPITALS

Most of the stupendous groups of temples remaining at Thebes were built by the mighty XVIIIth and XIXth dynasties of the thirteenth century B. C., when Egypt was on the crest of one of its waves of greatness. The great temple at Karnak was dedicated to Amen-Ra, the Highest, the Hidden One, the

Uncreate, "from whom proceeds the heaven and the earth, the gods, and all that is." On the sacred Lake the Mysteries of Amen-Ra were celebrated, during which the Solar Bark of Ra was floated on the waters — the Boat whose fame was carried to far northern Europe. Mr. Weigall, until recently Inspector-General of Egyptian Antiquities, says: "To this day there is a native tradition that upon this Karnak Lake a golden boat may sometimes be seen: evidently the barque of Amen."

When perfect, the Hypostyle Hall must indeed have been awe-inspiring in its magnitude. It covers 50,000 square feet; its larger pillars are 80 feet or more high and 33 feet in circumference. But it does not depend alone upon size and proportion for its beauty. Some eccentric person recently published rather widely a theory that the gigantic size of Egyptian monuments was due to the supposed *eye-strain* from which the builders must have suffered: they could not clearly see small objects! In reply to this we only have to examine the minute chasing of their exquisite jewelry, some of which has designs composed of eighty tiny pieces of gold to the inch; and in regard to the delicacy of the paintings in the Hypostyle Hall, when a reduced copy was made for the Crystal Palace in London, the best average decorative painters were quite unable to copy their refinements; it was a task that would have severely tried accomplished artists. Another proof of the subtlety of the Egyptian artist is shown in the capitals of the gigantic pillars, which are not mechanically level, but slightly irregular in position, obviously with the intention of giving life to the lines.

Egypt had several remarkable Queens. The unique mortuary temple of Queen Hatshepsu at Deir-el-Bahari, near Thebes, reveals the influence of a delicate feminine imagination. This Queen was one of Egypt's greatest rulers, and within this temple are a number of pictures vividly portraying the adventurous marine expedition she sent to a far country in the south of the Red Sea. Another represents the supernatural birth of the



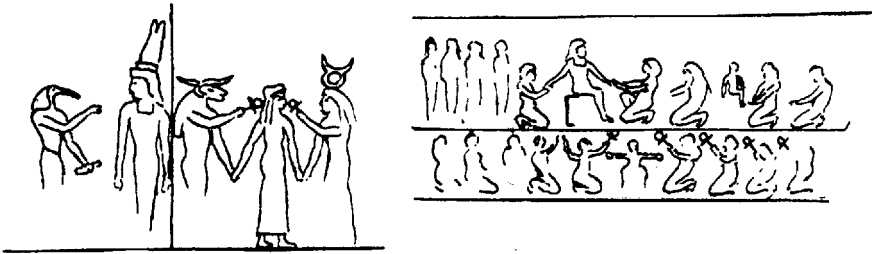
TEMPLE OF EDFU: GREAT DOOR BETWEEN THE PYLONS

Queen. It is semi-allegorical and illustrates a symbolism startlingly like that of the nativities of other divine personages in other countries. Gerald Massey, in *The Natural Genesis* (Vol. II, p. 398) describes a similar scene in the temple of Luxor. He says:

In these four consecutive scenes the maiden queen, Mut-em-Ua, the mother of Amenhetp (Amen-hotep III) a Pharaoh of the 18th dynasty,

impersonates the Virgin Mother who bore without fatherhood, the mother as the solar boat, the mother of the Only One.

The first scene on the left hand shows the god Taht (Thoth) the lunar Mercury, the divine Word or Logos, in the act of hailing the virgin queen, announcing to her that she is to give birth to the coming son. In the next scene the god Kneph (in conjunction with Hathor) gives life to her. This is the Holy Spirit. . . . Next the mother is seated and the child is supported in the hands of one of the nurses. The fourth scene is that of the adoration. Here the child is enthroned, receiving homage from the gods and gifts from men. Behind the deity Kneph, on the right, *three* men are kneeling and offering gifts with the right hand and life with the left. The child thus announced, incarnated, born and worshiped, was the Pharaonic representative of the Aten sun, the *Adon of Syria*, and Hebrew Adonai, the child-Christ of the Aten cult, the miraculous conception of the ever-virgin mother represented by Mut-em-Ua.



REPRESENTATION FROM THE 'BIRTH HOUSE,' TEMPLE OF LUXOR

Mr. Weigall becomes quite enthusiastic about the figure of one of the midwives at Deir-el-Baharí, saying: "Her figure is beautifully drawn and quite lacks the conventional faults which so often minimize the artistic value of Egyptian drawing; it might have been the work of a Greek." It was, however, drawn a thousand years before such work was produced in Greece. It is known that when the Egyptians represented persons in humble ranks of life they frequently disregarded their artistic conventions and indulged in realism. We must not fall into the error of imagining that they always conventionalized because they knew no better.

Near the temple of Deir-el-Baharí the famous statue of the divine Hathor Cow was found, which amazed the world a few years ago. It easily challenges comparison with animal sculpture of any age or country.

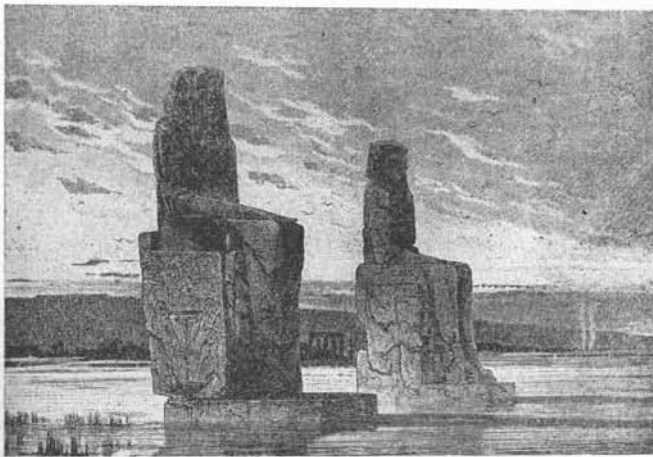
Among the obelisks set up in honor of various great kings at Karnak there are two (one fallen) erected by Queen Hatshepsu to Amen-Ra. The inscription reveals the powerful character of that great sovereign, who was not a blood-thirsty conqueror but a strong worker for peace.

I will make this known to the generations which are to come, whose hearts will enquire after this monument which I have made, and who will talk enquiringly and gaze upon it in future. I was sitting in the palace. I was thinking of my creator when my heart urged me to make for him these two obelisks whose points reach unto the sky.

She then describes how the two obelisks were quarried, carved, polished and set up in the amazingly short time of *seven months*. After making a tremendous oath that this is true, she adds: "Then let not him who shall hear this say it is a lie which I have spoken, but let him only say 'How like her!'" There is independent evidence proving that her statement was true. The obelisks are ninety-seven and a half feet high, and are each made of a single stone; the pyramidion at the top was plated with gold.

The temple of Luxor, built by Amenhetep III (fifteenth century B. C.), is one of the finest in Thebes, and is in fair preservation. During the long reign of this king, thirty-six years, Egypt enjoyed great peace and prosperity, and Thebes became one of the wonders of the world. Accounts still existing written by ancient scribes speak of the magnificence of the temple of Luxor as overwhelming. It had doors of electrum (silver and gold alloy), floors of silver, bronze doors studded with gold, and exquisite flower gardens. This richness was not barbaric, but blended with perfect taste.

The memory of Amenhetep III has been kept green by the two grandest, if not quite the largest statues ever made, the famous Colossi of the Plain of Thebes. Each is made of a single stone weighing about 900 tons!



THE COLOSSI OF THE PLAIN OF THEBES

Each foot is ten and one-half feet long and the height of the seated figures when perfect was seventy feet. One is the so-called 'Vocal Memnon,' which gave out a melodious sound at sunrise. There is no record of this happening till B. C. 27, when there was a serious earthquake which damaged it. Two hundred years later it was restored,

and it has never spoken since. Harriet Martineau says:

I can never believe that anything else so majestic as this pair has been conceived by the imagination of art. Nothing, certainly, even in nature, ever affected me so unspeakably. . . . The impression of sublime tranquillity which they convey when seen from distant points is confirmed by a nearer approach. . . .

How were they carved, how were they transported down the Nile and set in place? This is not fully cleared up. They were erected in front of a temple of Amenhetep III of which no vestige remains.

Further up the Nile is the Great Valley of the Tombs of the Kings: a barren, desolate place with steep cliffs cut by the action of water when the climate was entirely different.

About thirty-five years ago a marvelous collection of royal mummies was discovered here, concealed in a pit to which they had been carried when the integrity of their rock-cut tombs in the heart of the mountain had been threatened by robbers. When the mortal remains of the renowned Pharaohs of the XVIIIth and XIXth Dynasties, including the Liberator Aahmes I, Rameses the Great, his father Seti I, Thothmes I, and other great national heroes, were floated down the Nile to the Museum at Cairo, a most touching and remarkable incident happened. The inhabitants of the villages along the river came out and saluted the royal procession as it passed. They bowed down with cries of lamentation, the women with disheveled hair, the men firing off



CENTRAL AVENUE IN THE HYPOSTYLE HALL, TEMPLE OF KARNAK

shots as they do at funerals. The very soul of Ancient Egypt had come to life once more in the persons of the simple fellahin to do honor to its glorious dead on their last journey down the sacred river. The full story of this striking event was told to Madame Katherine Tingley by the son of the Governor of Thebes, a member of the Khedive's Tribunal of Justice. Many remarkable details have never been published and Madame Katherine Tingley holds that no one who hears the full account can fail to realize that it is a strong testimony to the truth of Reincarnation.

On the boundary between Egypt and Nubia, close to the First Cataract, lies the once beautiful and romantic Island of Philae, or Pilak, the scene of the tragedy of Egyptian archaeology. The illustrations show the appearance of the temples before they were submerged under the waters of the artificial lake which has been created to control the irrigation. Every

effort was made to save the temples, but in vain. All the existing buildings at Philae are late, but in design and detail very beautiful. Egyptian architecture is here seen in its most graceful and fanciful phase. In the chambers of the temple of Isis, portraits are found of Hadrian, Augustus, Claudius — all represented in the conventional manner as Egyptian Pharaohs!



INNER COURT OF
THE TEMPLE OF ISIS AT PHILAE

It may seem strange to see the Roman emperors worshiping Osiris and Isis, but they were not very particular, and, no doubt, they recognised their own gods under different names; any way, in religious matters the Romans were very tolerant, except when they thought the stability of the State was threatened. Philae was the last stronghold of the ancient religion. Under Justinian, in A.D. 527, the celebration of the rites of Isis was prohibited; Christianity became the official creed of Egypt, only to be superseded by Mohammedanism in the next century. The Mohammedans, however, were tolerant and permitted the Christian Copts to maintain and worship with freedom in their own churches in Egypt ever since that period.

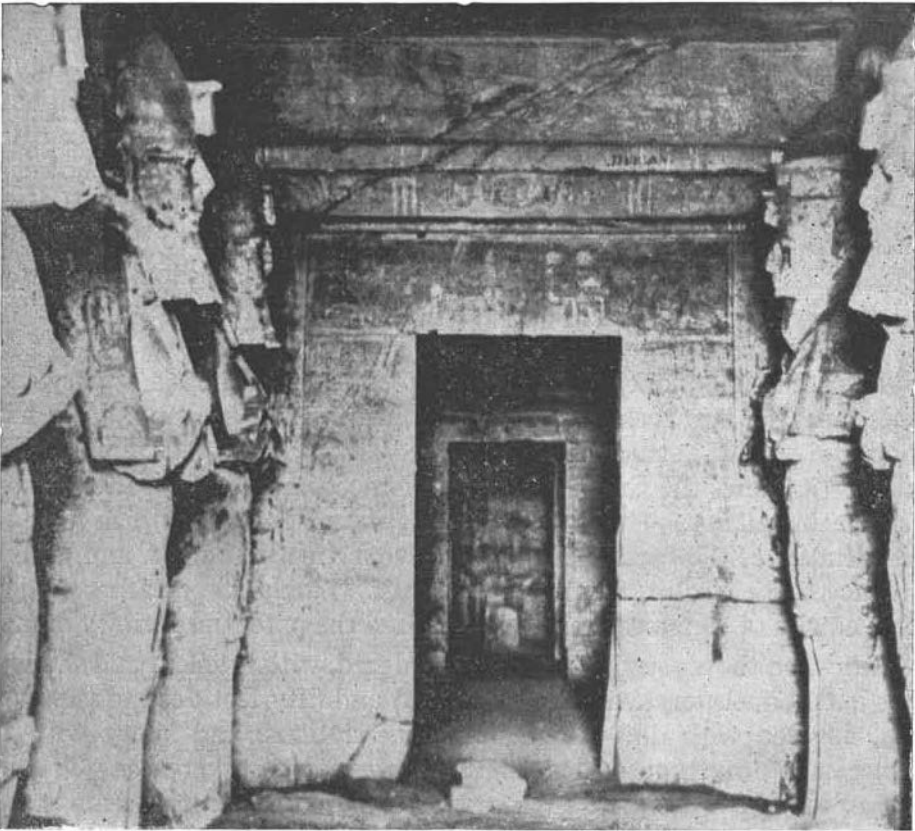
The dominion of ancient Egypt extended to far-off Nubia at very early times, and the two rock-cut temples of Abu-Simbel are among the most wonderful of all the structures in the Nile Valley. The great temple of Ra, built by Rameses the Great, is one of the most impressive of the works of man on this planet. The four colossal figures of the king, which form the chief feature of the façade, are nearly seventy feet in height, and nothing can exceed their calm majesty and beauty. Surely the creators of these noble effigies of Rameses must have realized the potential divinity of man!

But when the mysterious interior is entered, with its silent and shadowy halls and chapels, excavated one hundred and fifty feet deep in the living rock, covered with dim carvings and inscriptions, and hoary with the memories of three thousand years, the impression is still greater. The best time to approach the altar is just at the moment when the beams of the rising sun, or the full moon strike upon it. In Mr. Weigall's words —

Those who visit it at dawn and pass into the vestibule and sanctuary will be amazed at the irresistible solemnity of that moment when the sun passes above the hills and the dim halls are suddenly transformed into a brilliantly light temple. . . one may describe the hour of sunrise here as one of profound and stirring grandeur. At no other time and at no other place in Egypt does one feel the same capacity for appreciating the ancient Egyptian spirit of worship.

Madame Katherine Tingley, who spent some time at Abu Simbel in 1904, writes about the Rameses colossi of the Great Temple:

The superb repose, the calmness and power of concentration, are marked in those faces of stone. The eyes, defined as though life were behind them, look out over the land, as if they saw into futurity; and as if they knew that the glory of old Egypt were coming back again. There they sit, waiting; the sentinels of a mighty past, and the heralds of a glorified future. One could sit all day, and look at those mighty things of stone, and feel spiritual life all about. . . . From where I stand, I can see straight into the entrance, through which one might expect to see some of the old mystics coming forth to meet the day.



INTERIOR OF THE ROCK-CUT TEMPLE OF RA AT ABU SIMBEL

THEOSOPHY, THE BALANCING POWER IN HUMAN LIFE: by Lydia Ross, M. D.

KATHERINE TINGLEY has said:

This twentieth century is, in my opinion, not an enlightened age at all. It is a prejudiced age, a time of change and transition, and extremes are meeting; and we have some very, very serious problems to contend with in our national, civic and social life.

If we think at all, away from our egotism, and step out into the world with a determined will and see life as it is, we realize that unbrotherliness is the insanity of the age — unbrotherliness, that fearful, shocking, and pathetic cause of separation that exists among men in the world today. It not only touches our public life but our personal lives; and of course it reaches our homes. . . . We need to have a universal religion; and if we had this we should have a universal system of education.

In seeking the remedy for these disturbed modern conditions we turn to the primeval source of justice, known in Theosophy as Karma. Mme. Blavatsky says:

It is the Ultimate Law of the Universe, the source, origin and fount of all other laws which exist throughout Nature. Karma is the unerring law which adjusts effect to cause, on the physical, mental and spiritual planes of being. As no cause remains without its due effect from greatest to least, from a cosmic disturbance down to the movement of your hand, and as like produces like, Karma is that unseen and unknown law which adjusts wisely, intelligently and equitably each effort to its cause, tracing the latter back to its producer. Though itself unknowable, its action is perceivable. . . . All the great social evils, the distinction of classes in society, and of the sexes in the affairs of life, the unequal distribution of capital and of labor — all are due to what we tersely but truly denominate Karma. . . each individual environment, and the particular conditions of life in which each person finds himself, are nothing more than the retributive Karma which the individual has generated in a previous life. We must not lose sight of the fact that every atom is subject to the general law governing the whole body to which it belongs, and here we come upon the wider track of the karmic law. The aggregate of individual Karma becomes that of the nation to which those individuals belong and, further, the sum total of National Karma is that of the World. Evils are not peculiar to the individual or even to the Nation; they are more or less universal; and it is upon the broad level of Human interdependence that the law of Karma finds its legitimate and equable issue.

That Theosophy is a balancing power in individual and social life is not a mere figure of speech but a proven fact. For Theosophy is the primeval wisdom of the ancients, and also the kernel of truth which has vitalized all religions and philosophies since time began. Rooted in the depths of Universals, its varied growth has ever appeared as the tree of knowledge, whose fruitage took the form of native bread of life to every people in every age. That the generous growth and expansion of this knowledge in this

age has been most timely, is so evident in the history of the Theosophical Movement, that he who runs may read for himself. If he turns back to the time when H. P. Blavatsky founded the Theosophical Society in 1875, he will find initial conditions of disturbed mental and material forces, which in four brief decades have ripened into a titanic international war; while the different nations are distraught with the unbalanced conditions of their own institutions and individuals. Civilization is marked by unbalanced extremes. The very air resounds with the keynote of competition — not for the attainment of humanity's common birthright of divinity — but for success at the expense of others' failure. Riches and poverty are farther apart from the happy mean: capital and labor have developed their resources and increased their power of mutual resistance; skepticism unites with a selfish credulity, which holds a bargain-counter belief in getting something for nothing, to keep thousands dangling in uncertainty: educators are appalled at the failure to balance their resources in money and methods against the meager results in rounded-out character. The unbalanced forces in dual human nature make for individual restlessness and self-indulgence; fill the hospitals with disordered bodies, the insane asylums with unsound minds; and the prisons with the results of vice and crime. The insanity of genius is a cant diagnostic phrase in an age suffering from a genius of insanity in the play of its unbalanced forces. There is the common need, at every point of our strenuous life, of a balancing power.

That the germ of present conditions was recognised by Mme. Blavatsky in the last century is evident in her work to offset the rank growths of western materialism, and of the stagnant swamps of apathetic oriental thought. In America the young nation of cosmopolitan blood was evolving new types of mental and material activity and new phases of human make-up. Inventive, ambitious, liberty-loving, and adventurous, they were throwing off the restraints of old limitations and narrow beliefs in a fresh field, whose vast area and resources awaited the pioneers, who developed themselves in developing the new country. Eager minds were exploring every avenue of thought; the old creeds were being rejected; new inventions were working wonders in every department of affairs; the scientific world was revealing such marvelous possibilities and powers in matter, that the old blind faith fostered by theology gave way to an eager search for the tangible miracles. Commerce was seeking and finding markets in the most distant ports and places. A tendency to organization was condensing the diffused thought and interests into separate circles of science, art, industry, religion, etc.

Meantime, inventions and discoveries were discounting time and space, and lines of travel, of commerce, and of written and printed communica-

tion were daily bringing the ends of the earth together. The western peoples, expert in materializing ideas into practical and paying forms, were becoming masters of the machinery of life. The ancient east had a rich strain of philosophic blood in its sluggish veins: and the literature of these introspective peoples held the clue to the latent powers in man and in nature, of which the west had no knowledge or suspicion. The time had come to balance the mechanistic forces in western life with the innate mysticism of the east. If the exchange was left to gravitate back and forth along the lower levels, the result would be, not the fertilizing streams of thought, but the tainted sediment of active, selfish materialism and, in return, the dregs of distorted teachings and the evil magic of invisible powers for the reckless use of the cruder west, wholly ignorant and skeptical of the dangers of psychic dabbling.

The East, dazzled by the brilliant scientific achievements and the prosperous materialism of the West, was infusing these influences into the education of its youth and into its life. The West, fascinated with mystic novelties and experiments, was unconsciously planting the seeds of subtle mental and moral disorders. In the cultured classes, scientific materialism was fast disintegrating all spirituality.

It was at this critical stage that Mme. Blavatsky brought to bear the balancing power of Theosophy. She began by writing *Isis Unveiled*, setting forth the logic of human make-up and evolution, of man's origin and life and destiny, and giving the clue for reconciling the conflicting currents of thought then confusing the public mind. She showed the power of a strong will in a pure nature, consciously to control the psychic and nature forces, and explained the dangers of allowing the body to be used as the negative medium through which these forces played. She restored to Christianity the lost clue of rebirth, and showed Karma to be the true interpretation of sowing and reaping. She showed that the Wisdom-Religion was not in conflict with science or true religion, that it supplied the missing links in scientific research and that Theosophy was Christianity writ large.

Then she went to India and gave the listless, apathetic, dreamy native a living lesson of high-grade practical work on the Hindû problem. The characteristic western energy, enthusiasm, power of organization and practical efficiency was taught to these dreamy people, not by selfish lessons in commercial exploitation, but by reviving a knowledge of the priceless truths in Aryan literature and by showing them how to solve their own problems with native resources.

No missionary movement, no commercial relations, no mere interchange of scholastic knowledge, nothing but practical brotherhood could have fused the true mystical quality of the East with the energy of

the West, as history bears witness the balancing power of Theosophy has done.

Some of the most striking results of the truths of Theosophy are found in the prisons. In various places, members of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society have given regular talks upon the subject to prisoners. Wherever this has been done, the officials recognise its influence in bettering the character of the men who apply the teachings to their own lives. It is a matter of record that desperate and degraded characters whom it had been unable to reach by any other means, have been aroused through Theosophy to a knowledge of the possibilities of their own manhood, and with new self-respect have pulled themselves together and made a clean, honest, dignified thing of their sentences. With characteristic energy they put Theosophy to the severe test of balancing the disorderly forces which hitherto had operated to injure themselves and society. Human nature is the same everywhere, and convicted men are not unlike the rest of faulty humanity. But the daring, persistence and ability shown in many a prisoner's career rightly directed would bring fame, honor and fortune, instead of obscurity and disgrace. The capabilities of many active criminals contrast favorably with many reputable men, whose morality is more a negative lack of evil-doing than any positive exercise of good qualities. How many of any community's so-called best citizens have positive convictions which are definitely and actively expressed? Much of what passes for law-abiding, reputable character is lacking in strong moral fiber and healthy resistance, and with no actual output of uplifting effort, merely drifts in safe, conventional currents.

Theosophy does not reform the criminal; but it does something more: it leads him to reform himself, to balance up his own accounts. It shows him that all his mistakes, his offenses against the law and society or against his own best interests, came from the impulses of his own lower nature. So long as he allows that side of him to rule, the real Man is enslaved and imprisoned, whether he is in or out of prison. He has but to follow his best impulses, to find that inner sense of freedom which is so truly liberating; it stays with him and makes him content to work out the Karmic conditions he has made. Men serving life-sentences have made Theosophy such a living power in their lives as to become balancing factors in the institutional life, and an uplift to all around them. It is a strange truth that some criminals are more ready to grasp the truth and understand a philosophy of life than those who have not been reckless or evil. Their hard lives and their sufferings have brought the soul to its senses, as it were, and they are eager to know what it all means, what the purpose of life is, anyway, and where is the happiness that can balance up all the pain.

It is pitiful that the great majority of mankind drift helplessly along through life, pulled this way and that by conditions, ignorant of who they are, why they are here, or where they are going. Now and then, in prison and out, some weary soul rebels against this puppet career, and begins a search for self-knowledge, and these natures find in Theosophy a flood of light.

The Theosophical idea of prison-reform is not based upon mere sentiment or upon the other extreme of severity, but it follows the middle course. Many prisoners, even those with good intentions, are not fit to be turned loose until they are trained by self-knowledge to do themselves justice and so escape more mistakes and suffering.

The principles of Theosophy as demonstrated in the Râja-Yoga system of education are based upon balancing the physical, mental and moral nature. The result is a rounding out of the character in such a way that all the best forces of the nature are brought into play. True education brings out the inherent powers at the very center of the child's being. As a result, he becomes more self-centered in the right way, less self-conscious because the personality is not dominating the individual. The subject of duality in human nature is a profound truth, but the child easily grasps its meaning, which accords perfectly with his own conflicting impulses to do right and to do wrong. The child thus poised and trained to bring the united energies of his nature into play at all times, feels a liberating and joyous strength in meeting and mastering the difficulties in his early pathway; and lays the foundations of character which will be equal to the events of progressive experience. More than all, he gains that royal talisman of self-knowledge, and by self-conquest, acquires the power to understand the whole play of human nature in others, and to withstand the siege of outside temptations. Self-mastery, the supreme sovereignty, the greatest of victories, is won by continually bringing the uplifting strength of the nature to bear upon the least of its weaknesses, with a result of *symmetrical growth*.

Katherine Tingley has said:

The truest and fairest thing of all, as regards education, is to attract the mind of the pupil to the fact that the immortal self is ever seeking to bring the whole being into a state of perfection. The real secret of the Râja-Yoga system is rather to evolve the child's character than to overtax the child's mind; it is to bring OUT, rather than to bring TO, the faculties of the child. The grander part is from within.

Theosophy regards the mind as a conscious instrument of the Real Man. Thoughtful educators are beginning to see that true education is something more than intellectual training: it is character-building. This is the point where many educational systems fall short. The many

advantages of up-to-date hygiene, athletics and preventive treatment, do what physical means *may do* for the child's body. The precocious brain of the restless modern child leaves no fault to be found with its mental capacity. Indeed some of the most difficult of school problems is how to deal with a certain degenerate brilliancy coupled with a dulled and deficient moral sense. To restore equilibrium is a vital necessity for the normal evolution which should proceed equally upon physical, mental and moral lines to produce healthy, sane and noble results. It is not more brains, but more balance that our children need.

A cultivation of the child's best nature develops his intuition, which Madame Blavatsky says

is an instinct of the soul which grows in us in proportion to the employment we give it, and which helps us to perceive and understand the realities of things with far more certainty than can the simple use of our senses and exercise of our reason. What are called good sense and logic enables us to see only the appearances of things, that which is evident to every one. The instinct of which I speak being a projection of our perceptive consciousness, a projection which acts from the subjective to the objective, and not vice versa, awakens in us spiritual senses and power to act; the senses assimilate to themselves the essence of the object or of the action under examination, and represent it to us as it really is, not as it appears to our physical senses and to our cold reason.

The brain may acquire knowledge, but wisdom is of the inner Self.

Cruelty, injustice, indifference to the sufferings of others, and self-indulgence, blunt the intuitive senses and obscure the truth. This is one of the reasons why Theosophy is opposed to vivisection. The subtle essence of life and of living truth cannot be picked up on the point of a scalpel, and the ultimate truth which the vivisector seeks is not a matter of brain-knowledge, but that part of himself which functions only in sympathetic understanding of the unity of life.

Madame Tingley's sympathetic understanding of the Latin-Americans found prompt expression of brotherhood for the suffering Cubans after the Spanish war. The first impressions of America to thousands of Cubans came from a woman and her band of relief-workers who freely gave food and clothing and medicine, and every gift was vitalized with new hope and faith and courage for an exhausted people. It was the right touch at the right time and in the right way. It was a living lesson in Theosophy which helped to bring order out of chaos; and this unexpected kindness from outsiders restored a sense of balance to a people whose natural trust in their fellow-men was well-nigh exhausted. This material help was followed by non-sectarian schools for the Cuban children, and societies for Cuban women who wanted to help themselves, their families and their countrymen.

Later Mme. Tingley began the publication of an illustrated Spanish magazine, *El Sendero Teosófico*, which found ready and eager acceptance in the cultured and thinking circles of Latin America, in Spain and elsewhere. Scientific societies and libraries keep it on file for reference, while its high moral tone, and its literary and typographical excellence meet in peculiar degree a want in the better classes. Its philosophy answers the problems of inquiring minds, its international spirit broadens the horizon, while Madame Blavatsky's unique interpretation of the unexplained prehistoric ruins, which are scattered around in this old-new land, are important and inspiring.

As Theosophy in India revived the knowledge of priceless truths that had been largely forgotten, or misunderstood by this ancient people, so it points to Peruvian and Central American antiquities as milestones that mark the racial progress in a forgotten past, superb in its dignity and power. These monuments rebuke the absurdity of the 'ape' ancestry of man. They are evidences of the colossal handiwork of the incarnating soul, which descended into matter to add to its innate divinity the material of earth. Madame Blavatsky said, "we are cycling back and cycling forward." If, in this iron age, we are deeply submerged in material things, there is poise and strength and inspiration in the Theosophic knowledge that the Golden Age behind us is a prophecy of a Golden Age to come. It is said that man, with all his faults, is further advanced in evolution than the angels who are untainted, because untried, by earthly experience.

The incarnating soul of man, all-powerful on its own plane, has the confident courage to handicap itself with a confusing, blinding veil of flesh, life after life, that it may balance the opposing forces of duality, and transmute evil into good by a divine conservation of energy.

The balance of gain and loss is found in those words of Jesus: "Whoever shall lose his life for my sake shall find it." The same practical mysticism was taught by William Q. Judge, who said: "It can never be too often repeated that *real* Theosophy is not contemplation or introspection or philosophizing or talk, but work, work for others, work for the world. We are told that the one fatal bar to progress is selfishness in some one of its protean forms. Selfishness will *never* be overcome by thinking about oneself. And, as we have to think about something, the alternative is thought for others and how to help them. As the mind fills with such schemes and the hands take hold of them, self-interest is displaced and egoism fades out. Selfishness dies of inanition, and altruism grows insensibly on. The mind clears of prejudices and fogs, the spirit grows more sunny and cheerful, peacefulness settles over the whole interior being, and truth is seen with great distinctness. For the great hindrance to evolution is decaying away."

Theosophy has a peculiar power of adjustment for the overwhelming sense of loss and finality which falls upon the bereaved. The knowledge of Reincarnation displaces the haunting fear of death with a feeling of continued existence. Simply to live in the thought of Reincarnation, day after day, throws new light upon everything and invokes to a degree the sustaining sense of immortality in the depths of the nature. The blank wall of separation which shuts out the loved one gives way to a sunny certainty that love is a deathless tie that will return our own to us in future lives, as it did in this one. There is comfort and uplift in the thought that the departed friends are happy and free, and the released soul is being refreshed and prepared for another life, which we may help to make a happier one by a purer and wiser devotion. Through Theosophy one escapes the crushing sorrow of a belief that some beloved but unworthy one whose career has been cut short, must atone for the errors of one brief life by an eternity of suffering. The mind cannot accept so unjust a fate, and the bruised heart finds no happiness in the thought of a heaven which bars out the suffering sinners. The passing away of a pure and noble character leaves behind the consolation of a fragrant memory; but the most grievous sorrow falls upon those whose hearts have been wrung and whose prayers have been unheeded by some cherished one who kept to erring ways even to the bitter end. To such a mourner Theosophy brings the healing balm of hope in the promise of other lives, and the shortened life may even be seen to be a merciful end to a career that at best was but adding to the burden of hard and unhappy Karma. William Q. Judge said that everything was provided for, even heavenly death. To the Theosophist, death is but birth to the soul. It often seems that as a dear one passes beyond the veil, some light of the great reality falls upon those who are left, and vaguely awakes them to what earth-life may and should be and what real life is. The regret and remorse that fall upon mourners are but wasted energy, which Theosophic knowledge can transmute into renewed effort to work for more ideal conditions and human relations, here and now. This is the living philosophy which balances loss by gain of greater reverence for life, and of a larger view of the blessed ties whose original unity is reflected in the relations of an everyday world.

In the Theosophic teachings of the essential divinity and spiritual unity of mankind, of Brotherhood as a fact in nature, of Karma and Reincarnation, of human perfectibility, the earthly pilgrimage takes on the perspective of a majestic drama, whose contrasting scenes, in a continued plot, are set upon the cosmic stage, first before and then behind the curtain.

ROGER BACON: 'THE NULLITY OF MAGICK': by P. A. M.



o wait for seven centuries in reviewing a work is unusual. Yet there are writings which are so full of life that they are fresh and sweet a millennium after they first saw the light -- or spread the light.

Of such writings the teachings of Roger Bacon, the wisest Englishman of Oxford University, the Franciscan friar, the Philosopher, and the persecuted martyr, are no mean examples. The life-thread of alchemy that permeates his scholarship and research appears in its aspect of wisdom on a higher plane of knowledge, like the synthesis of all science, just as one might imagine all language crucibled into a quintessence of symbolism capable of being understood by the possessor of any language and *vice versa*. To almost any European nation the Arabic numerals and such signs need no translation; the musical notation can be played by a Russian, an Italian or an Englishman with equal facility; they are almost universal symbols. So, the aspect of alchemy that Roger Bacon seems to favor most is that of a synthesis of science, philosophy, religion, language, on a plane where all differentiation is of little consequence. Just how far he let this path take him is difficult to say. But it is possible that his undiscovered and unsurpassed system of education of youth was based on the principle of some such focal point of departure from whence any knowledge at all could be specialized without waste of energy or effort. In this sense one might well call the use of character as the basic ground for study in the Râja-Yoga system, character as an expression of Theosophical truth, a fair parallel to this alchemy. Name this character morality, if you will, and you will not be far from fact; for it is morality in practice. Given this, Roger Bacon seems to have known well that all learning becomes easy. The other thread that seems most prominent in Roger Bacon's work, seems to be experiment or experience, never reliance on authority other than that of actual test, if possible. This combination of the powers of perception which lie above and beyond the mere brain-mind as far as the noonday sun lies beyond the feeble glimmer of the moon, with the practice of the laboratory and the hillside, is infinitely powerful in its possibilities for successful research and real knowledge.

Without such an alliance we may have the dreamer or the farm-laborer. With it, there is no limit. The psychic faculties between the two extremes and the brain-mind which loves to masquerade as the master of the house in his absence in another room, fall into their due position as instruments merely. They are sharp and very dangerous instruments sometimes, especially in childish hands. In this relation, compared with such giants as Roger Bacon and the very, very few of his stamp, we are all children. That is why such as he insist and insist so much on the cul-

tivation of the character, morality, first just as a carpenter would teach care with edged tools as training of the utmost importance before letting a little child have free access to the tool-shop, however simple a thing the child would make.

All the giants of philosophy and life warn against the evils of psychism, or 'magick.' Those who know most encourage most, among those who would progress, the glorious doctrine of hard work with the coat off and the pores sweating. Psychic dabbings (so often tainted with the payment of money or the desire of money), have no room in this other Magic. There is more real human development in a day's work in a California garden, honestly worked, than in all the *séance* parlors anywhere. All the fifty miles of books on the shelves of the British Museum cannot tell more than is to be learned in the magic sunshine of the Pacific slope from the flowers and birds and the scented eucalyptus. There in the olive groves and orchards is enough magic for a thousand years. Add to this the creative human unselfish aid and search, and you shall have magic indeed, creation itself, the attribute of the gods. A fruit evolved, a flower called out of the invisible, a grain developed — what school of so-called magic can do as much? And the price is only willing work, not nervous bankruptcy, now or to come.

This is no new doctrine. It is as old as the insane tendency of moths to get their wings burnt in the nearest flame. Shining through the darkness of the Middle Ages, a few glorious lamps of philosophy knew it also, and therefore veiled their light in mystic language and in half a dozen other ways, lest the moths should suffer overmuch. Of such was Roger Bacon — and even the little he said openly cost him calumny without end and many years of sweet liberty.

He writes as others wrote before him, and as many write today, of the nullity or uselessness of so-called magic and of the inestimable value of the co-operation of natural forces and human aid, or Art. That he was a true philosopher may be deduced from the inevitable accusation against him that he was guilty of the very thing he lived to discountenance. A Socrates is accused of 'corrupting youth' — it is what his enemies, the evil forces, wanted to do, and found themselves hindered by his teachings. An Apollonius casts out devils, and somewhere in history it may be stated with certainty that he is accused of doing it by the help of that old bogey 'the Devil.' A Paracelsus introduces wonderful discoveries in medicine; inevitably you see his discoveries appropriated by 'orthodoxy,' which as inevitably accuses him of bringing mercury into vogue, and calls him a quack or quacksalver, a 'user of mercury.' A more modern reformer, giving everything without money and without price is just as inevitably accused of making money by occult teachings. When the

enemy is using or about to use methods which will not withstand public reprobation, you shall always find him accusing the reformer, the honest champion of mankind, of using those methods and worse. The plan is known in politics also, and is an indication of the methods of similar forces.

Therefore when even in the late nineteenth century we find European schoolchildren taught by Oxford men that Roger Bacon was a kind of monkish mountebank, who happened by some extraordinary chance to light upon so useful a blessing to mankind as gunpowder, you may be sure that there is at least a case for investigating the truth of the charges with which historical gossip has ever sought to blast his name — to wit, that he was a psychic charlatan and a dangerous fellow who had dealings with the Devil. ‘Heresy’ is a word usually disguised in these days, and the time has not yet come to make this martyred pioneer of science into an official Saint.

Oxford, after seven centuries, is beginning grudgingly to recognise his value, though that University has not yet by any means caught up to his science in all its vast scope.

Roger Bacon (or Beacon, as the name is also suggestively spelt), might well have known of this law of calumny, as it would seem to be. He might have known that he would be accused of ‘magical practices,’ which in those days and even in our days mean death where dogmatism reigns. As an alchemist and student of Arabian and Chinese alchemy, he must have known it, for that accusation has never failed to attack every alchemist since the day of time. This is one of the reasons for the invention of the wonderful cipher-terminology of the alchemical jargon.

In any case we have his flat assertion of the dangers of psychic dabbings, just as later times H. P. Blavatsky translated one of the most wonderfully poetic Eastern treatises for European use, with the avowed purpose of warning those ignorant of the dangers of the lower psychic world.

Let us see what he says “Concerning both the Secret Operation of Nature and Art as also the Nullity of Magick.”

In the year of the Hegira 630 he wrote a treatise on the matter to William of Paris, answering in its pages questions asked in the year 602 of the same era, or about 1206 ‘Anno Domini.’ As there seems to be a discrepancy in the dates, the latter being placed at some nine years before Bacon was born, some have sought a secret meaning in the numbers. It may or may not be so, for in the treatise he enumerates no less than seven methods of concealing information and uses at least two himself. **On the other hand it may be a simple error.**

He says, "Nature is potent and admirable in her working, yet Art using the advantage of Nature as an instrument (experience tells us) is of greater efficiency than any natural activity." In the words of the poem mentioned, "Help Nature and work on with her; and she will regard thee as one of her creators and make obeisance."

"Experience tells" this philosopher many things. He accepts no information at second hand if he can prove it by experiment, that is, by personal research. He will read no translation where he can study the original. He complains of the teachers who are themselves ignorant men, such as the bishops who carry out the quasi-magical performance of writing the Greek alphabet in the sand with a staff to consecrate a church, without knowing what are the signs they write.

Roger Bacon utters a warning against the tricks of charlatans, such as sleight-of-hand and "diversification of sounds, exactness of instruments, darkness, or consent" (that is, collusion). These are not magical at all. Beyond them, he says, there is a more damnable practice, when men despising the Rules of Philosophy, irrationally call up wicked spirits, supposing them of energy to satisfy their desires.

This thirteenth-century philosopher and friar gives the doctrine of Karma clearly enough, under an ecclesiastical guise.

As for things which are incommodious for men, wicked spirits can no further yield assistance than they have permission, for the sins of the sons of men, from that God, who governs and directs all human affairs. . . . No true philosopher ever did regard to work by any of these six ways."

Charms and spells he deploras as having often been used with natural phenomena, such as that of the lodestone or magnet, to mystify the credulous, a practice which frequently ends by distracting their user from the valuable scientific knowledge into belief in the charms themselves. There are divine charms, but these were invented by godly and religious men, or God himself or his good angels, and are only for the use of the "knowing sons of art." But the clever physician uses bogus charms and figures for the purpose of "raising the soul" of the patient. This encouragement is of great efficiency in the curing of the body, raising it from infirmity to health by joy and confidence. "Affection, desire, and hope of the soul conquer many diseases," and therefore Roger Bacon is inclined to favor the practice of such innocent magic, which he declares is really no cheat, but very tolerable, "stirring up the sick to believe he shall recover."

To demonstrate the inferiority of "magick" to natural and physical wonders, Roger Bacon describes many things which even in the middle of the nineteenth century gave him the name of a credulous dreamer -- for so late as that it was said they were "a mixture of errors and truths," though they form a "dazzling array to confound modern science, which

thought it was born yesterday." Let us see what he has in mind.

It is possible to make engines to sail withal, as that either fresh or salt water vessels may be guided by the help of one man, and made sail a greater swiftness, than others which are full of men to help them.

It is possible to make a chariot move with an inestimable swiftness (such as the *currus falcati* were, wherein our forefathers of old fought) and this motion to be without the help of any living creature.

It is possible to make engines for flying, a man sitting in the midst whereof, by only turning about an instrument, which moves artificial wings made to beat the air, much after the fashion of a bird's flight.

It is possible to invent an engine of little bulk, yet of greatest efficacy, either to the depressing or elevation of the very greatest weight, which would be of much consequence in several circumstances: for hereby a man may either ascend or descend, delivering himself or comrades from prison; and this engine is only three fingers high, and four broad.

A man may easily make an instrument whereby one man may in despite of all opposition, draw a dozen men to himself, or any other thing which is tractable.

A man may make an engine, whereby without any corporeal danger, he may walk on the bottom of the sea, or in other water. These Alexander (as the heathen astronomer assures us) used to see the secrets of the deeps.

Such engines as these were of old, and are made even in our days. These all of them (excepting only that instrument of flying, which I never saw, or knew any man who hath seen it, though I am exceedingly acquainted with a very prudent man, who hath invented the whole artifice) with infinite such inventions, engines, and devices are feasible, as making of bridges over rivers without pillars or supports.

Next he enumerates some of the wonders of the lens, especially the telescope, which he quotes as being used according to legend by Julius Caesar to view the castles and sea-towns of Britain from France. It may be used, he declares, to spy out an enemy's camp or garrison, and by proper adjustments he indicates that the lens may be used to burn combustible objects at a distance. The strangest of all figurations and moldings, he says, is the description of celestial bodies, both according to their longitude and latitude, in such corporeal figures, as they naturally move by their diurnal motion. Well may the sapient Brother Roger the Beacon say of such an instrument that it is "An invention of more satisfaction to a discreet head, than a king's crown."

Are these really a mixture of errors and truth? Since the middle of the nineteenth century the world has moved, and there is not one of these things now regarded as being other than an every-day matter. Steam engines and motorboats and electric launches; trains and automobiles; flying machines and dirigibles (with an instrument that moves artificial wings, not in beats, but circularly); the pulley; the diving-bell and dress — all are commonplaces, wonderfully predicted. Only one

thing he mentioned our science has not yet caught up with, and who shall dare to say it is not possible or yet frequent, now we begin to suspect the awful dangers of so-called mental powers, even when unconscious? Bacon speaks of the power there is in glasses to send forth rays and poisonous infectious influences "whither a man pleaseth." Aristotle showed Alexander how to do this against an enemy city, and there are tales of infection in the mirror used by some who to outward appearances are normally healthy. But these are the very things which are not desirable to discuss in public, because they may be dangerous for innocent persons if employed in the wrong hands. Therefore, passing to some chemical secrets, Roger Bacon speaks less openly to his correspondent. He tells of fire that would burn a man in armor; of the Greek fire, and other combustibles. He mentions the perpetual lamps and waters that keep hot indefinitely; things which are not combustibles; making thunder and lightning in the air, more horrible than that observed in nature, and produced with matter rightly prepared, of the bigness of one's thumb.

The fact that water may be kept hot for a very long time, and theoretically, indefinitely, is well known now by every traveler in trains, and ships, but the idea of a perpetual lamp is not yet common to science, though very well known to all antiquity and as a sacred temple furnishing; high explosives we know.

The fact that we do not know a thing does not make it impossible, and Roger Bacon speaks of many more natural wonders which might be used for no other purpose than amusement and to test the powers of belief of the multitude. For he says the ignorant will not believe the phenomenon of the magnet until they have seen it: "And in this attraction of iron, experience (*i. e.*, experiment) will show a diligent searcher more wonders than any vulgar capacity can entertain."

Bold words for the thirteenth century. For who today can plumb the depths of the science of magnetism? Roger Bacon was but passing on a glimpse he had of the Arabian lore, which was intimately connected with the science of all other sacred colleges of antiquity. Perhaps he never went very far into it himself, but only saw the science at a distance, as it were; perhaps he knew it very well.

What does he mean when he says there is an attraction of gold, silver and all other metals, by a certain stone, much after the same manner? "Besides, one stone will run to the heap." Gravitation was rediscovered by Newton, we know. But how much did Bacon know of it from his study of antiquity, and his universal fount of practical knowledge, 'experiment'? That he knows or suspects something we can see by his reference to the attraction there is between and among the several parts of living things. Our popular science of today is only just on the verge of

realizing that chemical molecules exercise a power of choice in their attraction and repulsion. Did he know of it?

The orrery he knew, but he suggests the possibility of making a spherical engine which shall exactly follow the diurnal motions of the heavens, instead of being motionless. Since the tides and several other things follow the heavenly motions, why should not some "discreet headpiece" invent such an instrument in motion? It would surely be more valuable than a king's coffers! Besides, it would supercede all astronomical instruments for calculating.

Though the rational soul hath so far its free will as it cannot be compelled, yet it may be effectually excited, induced and disposed freely to alter its affections, desires and behaviors to the dictates of another man, and this may be practised upon not only a particular person, but upon a whole army, city, or body of a nation living under one region, if we believe experience. Aristotle speaks of this influence.

Life may be prolonged to an immense age by proper means. Normally and theoretically man is immortal, *Potens non mori* (hath a possibility of not dying).

Now if every man from the breast exercise a complete regiment of health (which consists in such things as have relation to meat, drink, sleep, waking, motion, rest, evacuation, retention, air, and the passions of the mind), he might find a remedy resisting his proper malady. For the prosecution of such a regiment, one might arrive at the uttermost limit of that nature he had from his parents will permit, and be led to the very last period of nature (I mean nature fallen from its original uprightness) beyond which there is no further progress; because it does little or nothing against the corruption of our ancestors; and yet the great impossibility of any man's so ordering himself in a mean, in all the aforementioned things, as the regiment of health exacts, wherefore abbreviation of our days comes not only from our progenitors, but had its advantages from the want of regiment [or regimen: rule].

Even in these days wise men are ignorant of many things, which the most ordinary capacity shall understand ere long.

Roger Bacon calls the above an enumeration of some few examples of the prevalency of nature and art which will demonstrate how unnecessary it is to aspire to magic, since both nature and art afford such sufficiencies.

And yet I will call to mind how as secrets of(nature) are not committed to goat's-skins and sheep's-pelts, that every clown may understand them, if we follow Socrates and Aristotle.

He gives the reasons for the secrecy of the philosophers. One reason is the ridicule the multitude throw upon the mysteries of wise men, and the other is that being ignorant, if accident help them to the knowledge of a worthy mystery, they wrest and abuse it to the harm of persons and communities.

In this stream the whole fleet of wise men have sailed from the beginning of all, obscuring many ways the abstruser parts of wisdom from the capacity of the generality.

The methods of disguise are many. Characters and verses, enigmatical and figurative words are means used to deliver many secrets.

And thus we find multitudes of things obscured in the writings and science of men which no man without his teacher can unveil.

The writing of consonants without vowels, none knowing how to read them, unless he know the signification of those words, is another disguise. This is especially the method of the Hebrews. (We may say that this method has been made more cryptic than ever by the vowel points added later which only served to conceal instead of revealing.) A further method is the use of invented letters; geometrical signs were used having power of letters according to positions of the points and marks. Finally there is the *Ars Notatoria*, "which is the art of noting and writing, with what brevity, and in what manner we desire. This is a way the Latins have much used" (— otherwise shorthand)

The reason for entering upon these secret methods of recording is that Bacon himself may haply, "through the magnitude of our secrets" discourse this way.

He proceeds to do it in the next line, if alchemical jargon, hopelessly incomprehensible to the profane, is a method of concealment. About the clearest sentence in a whole chapter is the final one:

The claves of the art are congelation, resolution, incineration, proportion; and another way purification, distillation, separation, calcination, and fixation, and then you may acquiesce."!

Some secrets promised are given, and for the reader they are likely to remain secrets a while longer, since their language becomes no clearer. There is a good deal of chemical terminology within the alchemical language used. Suddenly, without warning, another cryptic method is used in the middle of a sentence. It is evidently what the long digression on cryptography was preparing for. Here is the sentence:

Afterwards take saltpeter, and *Argentum Vivum* shall be converted into lead: and again, wash the lead with it, and mundifie it, that it may be next to silver, and then work as a pious man, and also the whole weight must be 30. But yet of saltpeter *LURU VOPO VIR CAN UTRJET sulphuris*, and so you may make thunder and lightning, if you understand the artifice. But you must observe, whether I speak enigmatically or according to the truth. . . .

Farewell. Whoever unlocks these, hath a key which opens and no man shuts, and when he hath shut no man opens."

Evidently Roger Bacon is dealing with some very dangerous secret, a "secret which gives death," since he puts it into an anagram of this

sort in the middle of language already almost unintelligible. The secret was unraveled, and the anagrammatic words complete the formula of saltpeter and sulphur by the addition of powdered charcoal — a military authority even goes so far as to find the exact proportions of modern black gunpowder in the cryptogram. Be that as it may, the formula is there. Was the old man exaggerating when he concealed this simple ingredient as being so dangerous? The art of making thunder and lightning only to frighten an enemy, as Gideon frightened the Midianites with his gunpowder in jars (as has been seriously suggested), is surely not so important as all that?

Consider. Roger Bacon was no ordinary scientist unable to see beyond the next decade or two. Presumably he had access to the records of the past in some form, and knew of what he wrote and why it had been driven into oblivion by the wise men of the East, of that China whose secrets of the past yet conceal for us much of interest. He recognised the danger, and now that we know the tremendous structure reared upon that simple formula of gunpowder, for all modern warfare has grown from that seed, must we not agree that he ought to have concealed even that within the secret chamber of the brain, for the sake of humanity? The advantages we have received from all the industrial uses of explosives have not been sufficient in these seven centuries to compensate for the death of one man by gunpowder at the hands of an enemy.

What was then the secret of the marginal formula he gives in the same place, and which so far as the writer knows remains as much a secret as it did seven hundred years ago? Could it possibly be the belated hope from Pandora's box which might have counteracted the evils of its predecessors, secrets which once given out could not be recalled, but whose sinister influence could be met in some degree by its discovery? Or is it merely an alternative formula?

Who can read it?

KB KA Φηπος ρευδικις ε.Γ. vel PHOSRIS.S.

As the direction of a force in Nature, capable of doing good and evil, certain to do evil in the hands of those not trained to a higher morality than the world knows today except by report, the use of the explosive force of natural substances is magic, often of the worse kind. Was not Roger Bacon right in his assertion of the 'Nullity of Magick'? Is the world really happier or more progressed because we have so much low magic in the world? I think not.

How much greater then must be the nullity, or uselessness, of psychical pursuits, which are far more dangerous, *moral explosives* which rarely fail to burst the gun that fired them? The moral qualities alone provide the safeguard and the road to real Divine Magic.

THE 'NEW PHYSIOLOGY': A VINDICATION OF THEOSOPHICAL TEACHINGS: by H. T. Edge, M. A.

IT has always been the claim of Theosophists that H. P. Blavatsky, the Founder of the Theosophical Society, initiated a new era of thought. They have her writings to refer to in vindication of this claim; especially those two wonderful volumes entitled *The Secret Doctrine*, published nearly thirty years ago. Comparing the teachings given therein with the progress made in all departments of thought since then, the claim that a new era of thought was then begun, and has since continued, becomes a matter of simple observation.

One of the departments of thought alluded to is that of physiology with its allied sciences of biology, etc., and the somewhat less allied sciences of chemistry and physics. These are treated in *The Secret Doctrine* in innumerable passages throughout the work, but especially in the third section of each volume. They have been treated since by Theosophical writers, and reference may be made to Theosophical Manual No. 2: *The Seven Principles of Man*, in connexion with the particular subject of this article.

The purpose of this article is to call attention to a recent physiological pronouncement which certainly bears out the claims just made, in the way in which it brings forward ideas contended for by H. P. Blavatsky and Theosophy thirty years ago, in the teeth of schools of thought that are now, as the writer of the pronouncement avers, passing into the limbo. This pronouncement appears in *Science* (Lancaster, Pa.) for November 3rd, and was delivered before the Harvey Society, New York, by Dr. J. S. Haldane of Oxford University. It is entitled 'The New Physiology.' It is largely a refutation of the mechanistic or physico-chemical school of physiology, and the author uses arguments which might almost have come from the pen of a Theosophist explaining the teachings as to the Linga-Sarira and the Prâna. The main difference is that the author seems to be reaching after something which he cannot definitely formulate, while the Theosophical writers have that something definitely in their minds from the first.

The first thing that strikes us is a curious contradiction; for, while this writer begins by rejecting the old 'vitalist' idea in physiology, he ends, so far as we can see, in accepting it after all. No doubt there is to his mind a definite idea of the difference between that which he rejects and that which he afterwards propounds; but that difference appears to us to amount to much the same as that between Tweedledum and Tweedledee. The vitalists had posited a definite principle called 'life,' presiding over the physiological processes. After them came the enthusi-

asts of physics and chemistry, who, confident in their ability to explain the whole universe in terms of these sciences, discarded 'life' and sought to explain all physiological processes as forms of chemical and physical action. But this will not do, says the writer; and proceeds to show why it will not do. There *are* physical and chemical processes in the body, but they do not run the machine entirely by themselves. If they tried to do so, they would quickly get out of gear, and speedy catastrophe would be the result. What then? One would expect that the writer was going to advocate the vitalist theory after all, and to give us back that all-potent 'life' which dwelt within the body and supervised all its chemical and physical processes. And we say that this is just what he does do; and he says that it is not. He only gives us a change of words, as far as we can see. But what matter? By discarding old tags, one gets rid of much that was tacked on to them, and can reproduce the old idea in a new and more convenient dress.

What is undeniable is that the writer gives us back a controlling influence of some kind — whatever he may be pleased to call it. And this is just what Theosophy has been contending for so long. But he calls this controlling influence a 'normal'; which is rather vague so far. The tendency to put abstractions where realities belong is not unusual. His 'normal' is rather a result than an agent; it is a state of affairs, but we want to grasp the agent who brings about the state of affairs. We can hardly rest satisfied with the statement that the organism is kept in order by its own orderliness. But we must refer to the article, of which the following is a partial abstract, containing a few direct quotations.

The last great turning-point in physiology was about the middle of last century, until when it was held that a 'vital force' controls the more intimate and important processes in living organisms. The advance of chemistry and physics created a new school in physiology, which maintained that all physiological change is subject to the same physical and chemical laws as in the inorganic world. But the subsequent progress of physiology has shown that these physical and chemical hypotheses were far too simple to explain the facts; yet the general conclusion, that biology is only a special application of ordinary physics and chemistry, remained the orthodox creed. Nevertheless we have again reached a turning-point, and a new physiology is arising.

A salient difference between the results of experimental physiology and those of inorganic investigation is that the physiological phenomena are extremely dependent on environing conditions. In other words, there is a response to stimulus. Each physiological response depends on a vast number of conditions in the environment. In experimenting, we do not realize the complexity of these conditions, because we experiment under

'normal' conditions. But when we seek to find out what 'normal' conditions are - -

We find that 'normal conditions' imply something which is both extremely definite and endlessly complex. We then begin to realize that the maintenance of normal conditions is, from the physical and chemical standpoint, a phenomenon before which our wonder can never cease.

He who looks for causal chains in physiological phenomena finds instead a network of apparently infinite complexity. To the anti-vitalists it seemed that there were probably simple physical and chemical explanations of the various physical and chemical changes associated with life; but the progress of experimental physiology has shown this to be a dream.

Again, even in the inorganic world, we are awakening from a dream; our current conceptions of matter and energy are in the melting-pot; the supposed bedrock reality of former generations is melting before our eyes.

One cannot get round the fact that the mechanistic theory has not been a success in the past, and shows no sign of being a success in the future.

When we look broadly at biological phenomena, it is evident that they are distinguished by one universal characteristic. The structure, activity and life-history of an organism tend unmistakably to maintain a normal. Accident may destroy an organism, or even a whole species, but within limits of external environment which are the wider the more highly developed the organism is, the normal life-history of each individual is fulfilled.

(After describing in detail some experimental investigations on breathing, the writer says:)

The experimental study of the physiology of breathing has led us to the discovery of four normals. . . . We have first of all the normal alveolar CO₂ pressure. This turns out to be directly subordinate to the normal regulation of the hydrogen ion concentration of the blood, the normal reaction of the respiratory center to hydrogen ion concentration, and the normal regulation of the capacity of the blood for carrying CO₂. With the discovery of each of these normals we have obtained deeper and deeper insight into the physiology of breathing. We have done this, not by merely seeking for causes in the physical sense, but by seeking for interconnected normals and their organization with reference to one another and to other organic normals. These normals represent, not structure in the ordinary physical sense, but the active maintenance of composition. We may fitly call this living structure, since, so far as we know, all living structure is actively maintained composition. the atoms and molecules entering into which are never the same from moment to moment according to the ordinary physical and chemical interpretation. Our method has thus been essentially the same as that of the anatomist who seeks for the normal—the type—which runs through and dominates the variety of detail which he meets with, and who reaches more and more fundamental types.

Claude Bernard points out that the composition of the blood, as well

as its temperature, is physiologically regulated. The kidneys react with exquisite delicacy to the slightest attempt to impair the composition of the blood.

The physiology of the kidneys has, in accordance with prevalent physiological conceptions, been attacked from the side of 'causal' explanation. I know nothing more hopeless than the attempts to explain the outstanding features of secretion of urine on the lines of ordinary physics and chemistry. So far as the facts are yet known, we can, however, get a practical grasp of the kidney activities if we attack the subject from the standpoint of the active maintenance of the normal blood composition.

After detailing some researches in nutrition, he continues:

Now I wish to make it clear that it is not vitalism, but simply biology, that I am preaching. Vitalism is a very roundabout and imperfect attempt to represent the facts. Physiological study, and biological study generally, seems to me to make it clear that throughout all the detail of physiological 'reaction' and anatomical 'structure' we can discern the maintenance of an articulated or organized normal. . . . Life is a whole which determines its parts. They exist only as parts of the whole. . . .

The whole is there, however little we may as yet comprehend it. We can safely assume its presence and proceed to discover its living details piece by piece, in doing so adding to our knowledge of the whole. If, on the other hand, we attempt to take the organism to pieces, or separate it from its environment, either in thought or deed, it simply disappears from our mental vision. A living organism made up of matter and energy is like matter and energy made up of pure time and space: it conveys to us no meaning which we can make use of in interpreting the facts. But is there not matter and energy in a living organism? . . .

We can distinguish in a living organism what seems a more or less definite structure of bony matter and connective tissue. Yet we know that all this is built up, and in adult life is constantly being pulled down, rebuilt, and repaired, through the activities of living cells. . . . There is no permanent physical structure in the cell: the apparent structure is nothing but a molecular flux, dependent from moment to moment on the environment.

The blood is almost incredibly constant in composition; if it were not the reactions of the cells would become chaotic. The intimate structure of the cells depends on the constancy of the blood, and the constancy of the blood depends on the intimate structure of the tissues.

If we regard this condition as simply a physical and chemical state of dynamic balance, it is evident that the balance must be inconceivably complicated and at the same time totally unstable. If at any one point in the system the balance is disturbed it will break down and everything will go from bad to worse.

A living organism does not behave in this way: for its balance is active, elastic, and therefore very stable. . . .

The normals of a living organism are no mere accidents of physical structure. They persist and endure, and they are just the expression of what the

organism is. . . . Organisms are just organisms, and life is just life, as it always seemed to the ordinary man to be. Life, as such, is a reality. . . . The attempt to analyse living organisms into physical and chemical mechanism is probably the most colossal failure in the whole history of modern science. . . .

Perhaps the time is not far off when biological interpretations will be extended into what we at present look upon as the inorganic world. Progress seems possible in this direction, but not in the direction of extending to life our present everyday causal conceptions of the inorganic world.

This closes our abstract and quotations, and we proceed to comments. As regards the *responsiveness to environment*, we hold that there can be no life of any sort — whether the sort called organic and living or the sort called inorganic — without such interaction and response between the internal and the external. Consequently we do not regard this responsiveness as characteristic of living organisms, except only in the *degree* of its intensity. Living beings respond much more readily to environment than do the so-called inanimate things. But it is only a question of degree. There are countless gradations of susceptibility within each kingdom, animal, or vegetable, from the most responsive to the most inert. And we believe it is so in the so-called inorganic world, which, according to Theosophy, is also alive, though (from our present normal view-point) mighty sluggish. And in this connexion attention is directed to the writer's remark *last* quoted, just above; which we may fairly claim as a vindication of Theosophy, in view of the following from H. P. Blavatsky:

Science teaches us that the living as well as the dead organism both of man and animal are swarming with bacteria of a hundred various kinds. . . . But Science never yet went so far as to assert with the occult doctrine that our bodies, as well as those of animals, plants, and stones, are altogether built up of such beings; which, except larger species, no microscope can detect. So far, as regards the purely animal and material portion of man, Science is on its way to discoveries that will go far towards corroborating this theory. Chemistry and physiology are the two great magicians of the future, who are destined to open the eyes of mankind to the great physical truths. . . . The same infinitesimal *invisible lives* compose the atoms of the mountain and the daisy, of man and the ant, of the elephant, and of the tree which shelters him from the sun. Each particle — whether you call it organic or inorganic — *is a life*.— *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 260-261

When the anti-vitalists thought they could explain all vital activity by purely chemical and physical actions, they were making a wild leap of the 'scientific imagination,' and scorning details; but when their successors came to investigate the details, it was found that the scientific imagination had o'erleapt itself. There is nothing like sticking to facts, and the lesson may be applicable to many another spacious earth-scorning generalization. Is not patient investigation of the facts playing havoc with

some of the earlier 'evolution' formulas? Are there not some details to be filled into the sketchy outlines of anthropological speculations?

The following are some of the expressions used by the writer in his attempt to define the thing which controls the workings of the organism. In one place he speaks of the discovery of "four normals"; in another, of "the active maintenance of composition"; a little later, of a "type"; again, of "the maintenance of an articulated or organized normal." Then he says that life is a "whole." But these "normals" "persist and endure"; and finally, "life is a reality."

All of this seems to a Theosophist like an elaborate attempt to explain the workings of the physical organism without reference to the plastic inner body known in Theosophical terminology as the *Linga-Sarira* or Model Body, or Double. This is, so to say, the mother of the body; or again, it is comparable to the warp upon which the shuttles weave the pattern. The shuttles are the lives, spoken of in the above quotation from H. P. Blavatsky. They are tiny beings or creatures, and their activities are strictly limited by the *Linga-Sarira*, which is, as it were, their scaffolding. It is of course futile, as the writer says, to try to account for the integrity, persistence and harmonious adjustment of the physical structures, in spite of the constant flux and change of their component particles, *unless* we postulate something answering to what Theosophists call the *Linga-Sarira*. But this something must be a real thing, not a mere word or abstraction.

There are some people who think that a mere assemblage of parts constitutes an effective whole, but our author is evidently not one. A heap of bricks is not a house, nor can bricks ever constitute a house unless there is both a plan and builders. The organism is a whole *in itself*, not by virtue of a mere assemblage of parts; in the latter case the organism would be an abstraction, a mere arithmetical sum. It is legitimate, for certain purposes, to use the word 'organism' in this abstract sense — that is, as a collective noun — just as we speak of a flock of birds, or of a gallon of beer. But can we speak of a flock as ruling the birds, or of the gallon as controlling the beer? Also, can we (if we use the word 'organism' in this sense) speak of the organism as controlling the parts? Clearly, if we are to speak of the organism as controlling its parts, the organism must be something more than an abstraction — a collective noun — it must be a something in itself. And this is evidently what the writer feels, though rather confused in his explanations.

To elucidate the matter satisfactorily from the Theosophical point of view would require that we should go at some length into several distinct questions; and it will be necessary to refer the reader to what has already been written in Theosophical literature. The Seven Principles of Man

(see *The Key to Theosophy*, and Theosophical Manual No. 2) treats, among other things, of the constitution of the physical body and its neighboring principles.

It may be said briefly that the Linga-Sarira (also called the 'Astral Double' or 'Astral Body') is a real objective entity, composed of matter, though not of *physical* matter. The existence of such ultra-physical states of matter, besides being a philosophical necessity for physicists, is admitted by them when they speak of electrons, particles of electricity, etc., and admit that elements pass into one another through an intermediate stage of disintegration. Though the matter of which this fluidic body is composed may not be objective to our normal senses in their present stage of development, it is nevertheless objective to other or more delicately organized senses. This fluidic body forms a link between the physical body and the lower psychological nature. The senses are situated in it; when it is withdrawn, the body becomes senseless and inert; its complete separation means the disintegration of the body, for then the 'lives' in the body have no directive force and their activities become disunited and destructive.

The writer expresses wonder at the integrity and persistence of the physical organization; but the linga-sarira supplies the explanation. Why should a mole or the mark of a wound persist through life in a body which is veritably like a fluid in constant flux? Those marks are really stamped on the model-body within, and hence are reproduced by the living atoms which weave the physical structure upon that model.

We must thus conceive of this fluidic body as having a consciousness of its own, such that, if any part is injured, the whole immediately feels the injury and starts to repair it. It thus preserves the integrity of the body; and, if it should be anywhere destroyed, the tissue there would degenerate. It seems likely that the x-rays destroy the linga-sarira, and thus bring about mortification.

It is characteristic of the procedure of scientific inquiry that, in seeking confirmation of its hypotheses, it finds more than it was looking for. In framing its hypotheses, it naturally chooses the *simplest* explanation possible; whereas, when we get down to facts, we always find complexity and infinite variety. Columbus guessed that the world was round, and that he could get back to the east by sailing west; but, though he proved his hypothesis, he did not get back quite so soon as he expected. The land he discovered was not the tail end of the Old World, but the beginning of a New World. And so in the present inquiry: our author wants a controlling principle in the living organism; he is likely to find it, but will he find *only one*? On the contrary, he is likely to find much more than he was looking for. What reason is there for supposing that what lies beyond the physical is less varied and complex than the physical itself? Why should

the physicists expect to find only one sort of ultra-physical matter, rather than many different sorts, and an interminable range of new worlds awaiting exploration?

So we cannot rest content with positing *a* vital principle, and we have gone but one little step further in speaking of *two* distinct entities — the *linga-sarira* and the *prâna* — the passive and active, the negative and positive, the form and force, of living organisms. Withdraw the *linga-sarira*, and, however much life may be present, that life cannot act on the body, the link being gone.

With these few remarks, casual and illustrative, for the most part, yet perhaps conducive to further study, we must close a review which was designed to be at once an appreciation of the work of science and a vindication of Theosophy as a pathfinder in the jungle of modern speculation.

LOTUS-BY-THE-SEA

BY KENNETH MORRIS

Between the Hills of Quietude
 — Gray, sun-kissed hills — and seas agleam,
 Iris and myosotis-hued,
 Griefless, the dead folk dream.

The meditative waves arise,
 O'er-curve, and fall away in foam;
 These be the priests that sacrifice
 Where the dead have their home.

With genuflexions toward the shore,
 In the wild Latin of the sea,
 They anthem forth forever-more
 Their sonorous liturgy.

Over the pearl-gray, gleaming deep
 I saw five pelicans go by.
 Low-winging — noiseless as deep sleep,
 Knowing the dead so nigh.

*International Theosophical Headquarters
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A WILD GOD'S WHIM: by Maurice Langran

(PEN AND INK DRAWINGS BY R. MACHELL)



YOU may say that his world began by the clump of sweet peas at the corner; because with the instinct or intuition of his species, he knew that there would be things foreign, and perhaps distasteful, beyond. So from this point we may come to him fittingly; one should approach a deity with unhurrying reverence, and not rush in upon his meditations. Before you, then, lies a garden walk: we will call it a hundred yards from here to that thicket of lilacs and laburnums at the far end, through whose green gloom even from here you can see vistas of light. On either side of the walk are deep borders; beyond that on the left is a wall, south and sunny, on which in their season, peaches and jargonelle pears ripen. Between the wall and the walk are a multitude of delectable scents and blooms and a perpetual humming of bees. Side by side, peonies squander their opulence and irises display their grave and purple pride; here are tiger-lilies, there, turkscaps; yonder is the pensive grace of Solomon's seal; again, wallflowers and gilliflowers, pansies musing or laughing,

and the wealth of the world in ruby and carmine and crimson with phlox and sweet-william. On the other side of the walk it all starts over again: a bank of delicious bloom and honeysweet heaviness in the air, rising from the thyme and lavender by the boxborder to the flowering trees at the back—lilac and pink hawthorn, and maybe rhododendrons, and laburnum again, and a mortar of the like dear marvelous things besides.

It is at the end of this walk that you come absolutely into the odor of — I do not like to call it *sanctity*, lest he should object to the word as applied to himself or any of his doings. He would, I know. Still, there is occasion

for taking off the shoes from off the feet; for though you cannot see him yet, he is not ten yards away.

The walk, which was three yards broad between the flower-borders, narrows here into a mere path through the thicket, and is quite overhung and overarched with the lilacs and laburnums. Pass under these, and the lower garden is spread out before you. There is the great sloping lawn, and the lake at the bottom of it; there, beyond the lake, are the oakwoods; and over the tops of them, right across the vale (of which you see nothing), a distance of mountains that will be green or forgetmenot blue, storm-dark or purple or violet, according to the weather and the time of day and year.

At this point there is a deep bank; and thirty or more irregular and wandering steps lead down over its terraces into the garden; with pebbly landings here and there, and stone seats cunningly and unobtrusively devised. And near the top of this descent, on your left as you go down, is a reedy pool and a spring: a good force of water bubbles up there, to trickle and cascade down over the rockwork, and to wander among the shrubs on that side of the lawn, and presently to feed the lake — which is at least a quarter mile from these steps, I take it. By that spring, and right in among the reeds, he has his home: a bronze statue of himself.

There it had stood for a hundred years or so; brought there then from Italy, where it had been dug up somewhere and offered for sale. He had chanced to see it one moon-bright night in Naples, and had taken a fancy to it in his irrational, goat-footed, crag-haunting and forest-roving way; and forthwith elected it for his dwelling-place during the next few centuries, let them take it where they would. The sculptor had shown him at the moment when disappointment revealed the secret music of the world to him; when —

*down the vale of Maenalus
He pursued a maiden and clasped a reed;*

— when, with head bent over the plucked reed, he had received the inspiration of all his inspirations, and knew that thenceforth he was to be ten times the god he had been before. Bringing to his mind so keenly that sacred moment, he could not think of parting with it yet.

So he found himself there among the reeds by the pool in the garden, with the lawn and the lake and the oaks to look out over; and beyond, the mountains and the wayward Irish sky. And up there behind, when you might go forth for a gambol under the moon, or in the long, quiet, gold hours of early morning in summer, there was all that fragrance and wild wealth of bloom along the lilac walk for his pleasuring; he was not the god to complain of his surroundings, not he! They had lasted him a hundred years, and might last him another; the woods of Arcady had held

nothing sweeter for him of old, than the hills of Wicklow held now. And had come to understand the Gaelic speech; less by hearing it humanly spoken — though sure, in the Earl's household, in those days, they would not have demeaned their lips, at home, with any other language than their natural one — than by absorbing it out of the moist air and the wind from over boglands and mountains, and from the whisper of the reeds about his feet, and the tinkle and pondering of the water. The Irish dawns and noons and nights, the blue skies and the gray and the flamey, worked upon him until he had lost his Doric or Achaean, and thought his wild-god thoughts in the native sweet Gaelic of the things about him; and he held it a better tongue than the other; as he held the Irish Sidhe more delightful company, when he desired it, than were the Sileni of old, and the sylvans and fauns. But then, your true god does not go mooning and mourning over the past, but finds delight, every moment, in the living beauty of the world.

And then there were the human people; he liked them, too. He saw a deal of them, one way or another; and found them not half so unaccountable or perverse as you might expect in humanity. They would be merry at times: *not merry enough*, but still, merry; and it pleased him. And again they would be grave and sad: would fall a-pondering, bereft of speech, at times, when evening hung like a daffodil out of the west; and then also, he would grow brother-hearted with them. Those were the moods he understood: wild delight of the sunlight or moonlight; breathless, breakneck tearings down the mountain-slopes, or leaping goatlike from the crags; — and breathless silences by the forest pools, where he will bide hour on hour, when the whim takes him, wordless, thoughtless, rapt and wary. And he saw these moods of his reflected in those who came into the garden: there would be wild, rollicking gatherings: excellent songs and stories from bards who carried the atmosphere of heather and peat-fires with them; — and then suddenly, a motion of the earth-breath that he felt, would set them silent, and him silent and listening too.

He had been with them through three of their generations: had seen the man that brought the statue from Italy pass from his prime into old age; his son grow from babyhood to old age; *his* son grow almost old; and his son again grow into proud, comely young manhood. They were all men that a god might take delight in: fine, proud and handsome, generous and courtly and brave; he had never seen anything incomprehensible in them — which means that he had seen no sign of insincerity. By the third generation he had become interested in them; the fourth you might say he loved, almost from its first toddling appearance in the garden. Though they paid him no ritual sacrifice, he was hardly aware of the omission; since they had ways of their own of worshiping him, and burnt

incense to eternal beauty and fitness in their hearts. So, when the games were playing, he would run forth at times, and put vim into the smiting of the youths' hurley-sticks; and he saw to the increase of their flocks with partiality, and that honey should be plenty in their hives, and the hay in their meadows unspoiled by rain. Yes, he would bide where he was indefinitely — until the whim might take him to go elsewhere. He had found nothing else so pleasant at least since the great Lie was told about him — since he chuckled in the forest depths to hear it bruited that he was dead. As for the forms of worship, the rustic altars and the offerings, he had long ceased to expect them from unaccountable Man.

And he had come to be quite a personality, as we say, in the countryside. You wouldn't think he'd confine himself in a garden, although there were lawns in it revelled over nightly by the Beautiful Family; oaks to drop you acorns for the sacraments of your faith; lone places —

Where the roses in scarlet are heavy,

And dream on the end of their days.

—There were those mountain peaks and shoulders that one could see beyond the oak-tops, to be explored for more than unusually mystical echoes; there were wan tarns in the far uplands, where one might brood with the moon by the silent waters; rivers merry-toned in the green valleys; round towers immemorial to scale and leap from; woods and wildness and wonder. So when Michael the Black O'Dyeever swore he had seen him — seen that bronze statue — careering wildly down the slopes of the Joust Mountain at four o'clock of a June morning, there were few to doubt his word; or when Biddy the kitchen maid feared to pass down the steps into the lower garden in the evening, or alone at any time, for that matter, there was none in the servants' hall to laugh at her, but many to cross themselves in sympathy. Wasn't it the devil he was, with his cloven hoofs and all; and what for did the Chieftain allow statues of the devil in his garden? So he had enemies, as well as friends; but even they, mostly, were more inclined to propitiate than to wish him harm. And with all the magic of the garden and the Wicklow Mountains to feast his eyes and heart upon; and all the subtle silence, and the song that no man hears, to listen to; little he cared what his enemies might be saying. What did *he* know about the devil, anyway?

Mighty proud the three generations past had been of the statue; and well they might be, for Praxiteles himself had done nothing better. This pride, no doubt, had contributed to his attachment for the place and people; now, in the fourth generation, that attachment was increased mightily by a cause you shall hear of. One day he saw the young Earl walking on the lawn below with a man whose looks he, the great god Pan, by no means approved — nor yet the cut of the fellow's black garments.

Evidently they were talking about himself; would he go down and listen, or bide where he was? Being in mood for contemplation, he would not bother with it. But presently they came up the steps, and he heard this:

"I tell you, son, 'twill bring a curse on your cause. 'Tis a relic of ancient fiend-worship, and should be destroyed."

Pan started; what? — the fellow was urging the destruction of this, the chosen home and best likeness ever made, of himself! Should he give the blasphemer a taste of a wild god's ire and might forthwith? — His reverence, had he known it, stood in dire peril for a moment. But the Earl's answer smoothed things over:

"Ah, sure, 'tis a lovely work of art, father; a Praxiteles, if ever there was one. 'Twould be bringing a curse upon the cause, I think, to commit an act of damnable vandalism at the outset."

"Then if you won't destroy it," said the other, "sell it. Sell it to some fool of a Saxon with money, and get a round sum to buy guns and pikes for the men."

"No," said the Earl, "I will not sell him, either. Since my great-grandfather's time he has been called the Luck of the House, and I'll not part with him now. There isn't the equal of him in Ireland, I'll be sworn; or in England either. 'Twould be enriching the Saxons to sell him to them, whatever money they might pay."

"Paganism, rank paganism!" growled the black-robed one; and they passed into the lilac walk and so up to the castle, leaving God Pan to his musings. Sell the statue forsooth, without his permission asked or given! However, well he knew it could not be done; that whoso found, bought or sold it henceforth, would do so upon inspiration from himself. Still, it might become necessary to devise rewards and penalties. . . . The fairies gathered with the twilight, and he thought no more of human beings, for the time. This was better fun; this was better fun!

But soon there came a time when the Sidhe came no more at dusk to the garden; there were gatherings of men instead. These would steal in through the oakwoods as soon as the sun had gone down; singly or in little groups they came, till fifty or sixty would be waiting on the lawn. Then the Earl would come down from the castle; and at a word of command from him, they would form into lines, and fall to marching and wheeling, charging and exercising with pikes; and this would go on, nightly, for several hours before they were dismissed. Pan would watch their evolutions, and perhaps grow interested; sometimes when the word was given to charge, he would slip down from his place with a whoop, and join them. Then the run would not be doubling, but trebling or quadrupling: a wild helter-skelter from one end of the lawn to the other; and not a man of them, at the end, but wondering at the delight and sweeping

uplift of it. I do not know why no one saw him; moonlight is tricky at best; and who would look for a statue to come down from its pedestal and join in patriotic or rebellious drill?

And then came a night when no men stole out of the oakwoods; but the Earl came down at moonrise, cloaked and spurred, and a lady with him as far as the steps. She was bright-eyed and white-haired and proud looking; she embraced him very tenderly there, and would not weep; but many would have guessed she was praying down her tears. "I wouldn't hinder you going for the world," said she; "go, and God guard you, my darling!" And he kissed her many times; and said he, cheering her: "He will, with the sacredness of the cause, mother machree. And see now," said he, pointing to the statue, "here's the Luck of the House I'm leaving behind to guard you, dear, till I come riding back with victory."

And their faith pleased God Pan; they had confided each other into his care; for who would they mean by *God*, but he? —After that she turned back, the brave, queenly mother, and went dry-eyed and bright-eyed up to the castle. But as soon as the Earl was at the bottom of the steps, another lady came out from beneath the trees to meet him: a tall lady, young and very beautiful and slender; and Pan heard nothing of what they said to each other as they walked down towards the lake. There they parted; the Earl mounting a horse that a groom held for him, and riding away round the lake into the woods. But the lady came slowly back, and sat down on the stone seat by the pool, and fell a-weeping; and Pan understood. "Come now," thought he, "I'll give her music"; and began to play upon his reed; and who in the world would weep or sorrow, 'listening to his sweet pipings'? She rose up presently like one in a dream, and stood entranced in the white moonlight; nor ever knew that Pan was piping, or that she heard music. Only her soul heard it; and hearing, was one with the dancing stars and the daedal earth, and heaven and the giant wars, and love and death and birth. She went up to the castle presently, not merely comforted, but exalted.

Then a week passed during which those two ladies walked much in the garden together; and then they came no more — neither they nor anyone. Pan might come down now at high noon to bask in the lawn; or wander anywhere, and take no precautions as to casting glamors against visibility or the like. And whether it was lonesome he grew, or inquisitive, he would venture now farther along the lilac walk and towards the castle than formerly. The bloom on the two borders had grown riotous and unkempt, and therefore the more delightful to him; he might have loitered there the summer day, but that the whim was on him to explore. The blooming of the sweet peas was over, since there was none to pluck the blooms. He

turned the corner, and went on, and up on to the balustraded terrace, where heliotropes were withering in their stone vases. Well now, for once he would see the inside of one of these human habitations; and found an open French window, and was for going in. Bah! the dust was thick everywhere; the air was full of sadness; one breathed desertion and desolation; it was not yet fit for him to enter and work his magic. Let it lie lonely a hundred years; then he might go in and convert this disorder and atmosphere of grief into loveliness. The woodwork must have his nettles here and his wallflowers there; then he would have bats to flit and owls to cry and wander here where passion and laughter had been, and where grief lingered. . . . He went back across the terrace, and down into the lilac walk, and lurked and sauntered musing among the blooms, fearing that a day of sun and wind would hardly take the human sadness out of his heart that it had infected. But presently he came on a pansy that caught his eye and somehow had wisdom for him; and squatted down there to watch and ponder on it: squatted down on his haunches amid the peonies and irises and Solomon's seals, and brooded on the wisdom of the pansy from noon until the sun had sunk, and the sweetness of purple dusk was over the world.

Then he started from his deep mood, because of footsteps on the path, and the human sadness suddenly weighing upon him again, till it was unendurable. There was the Earl, pale and thin and far spent, his right arm in a sling, his clothes torn and tattered, hurrying down, a little uncertainly, towards the thicket and the steps and the lower garden. And just as he disappeared into that shelter, came other footsteps: that would have caused repugnance in any wildwood deity, I think: half a dozen men in uniform, and with guns; and another who was chiefly the cause of Pan's unease. Disguised out of recognition since last you saw him; but the grown beard, the excellent wig, and the cassock discarded for laical clothes hid him not for a moment from Pan, who sees souls and intentions first, and the rest after — if he troubles to see them at all. Here what he saw was treachery and intent to kill; and these jarred upon his mood, which had been learning peace among the peonies and pansies; it was the fore-thrown shadow of these that had brought back the human sadness on him. And the fellow in the disguise jarred upon him still more. . . . All this was an instantaneous shock of perception to him; the men had barely turned the sweat-pea corner into the lilac walk before the jarred mood and the sadness had gone, and another had filled him in their place and translated itself into action.

Up he leaped to his feet, did the great God Pan; up out of the peonies and irises, and went crashing over the pansies and the Solomon's seal; the maddest of his wild-god humors was on him; and here should be fun

all to his heart. It was dusk, remember; wherein any running figure would seem to you the man you were pursuing. "There he is, fire!" cried the traitor; and there was a crash and a rattle behind, and Pan felt



the patter of pebbles — they were bullets really — against his bronze back and legs. *Fun, fun, fun!* — He whooped in his sylvan glee, and dashed on. A glance as he passed through the lilac thicket told him the Earl was hiding there; he paused a moment, to let his pursuers come up a little; then took the steps at a couple of bounds, whooping to keep the scent red-hot, and sped out over the lawn with the seven of them following.

Then he had the time of his life with them: wheeling and stooping, and circling and dodging; leading them down towards the lake, and then back; and scattering them, and wheeling again. No more human sadness, now, for the great God Pan! It is all one, and all fun, to him, whether he runs with the hare or the hounds. Here, too, he had a little purpose of his own to serve: one or two purposes. He would bring wildwood disorder among these minions of an order he knew not; and there was one among the hunters, he suddenly remembered, against whom he had a kind of personal grudge. "'Tis the man who would have destroyed me," he chuckled.

Having produced general confusion, with a wheel and a whoop he came upon that man, seized him by the leg, and whirling him overhead in the air, tore down towards the lake. What was the weight of a fat man, anyhow, to hinder wild-god speed and glee? Out he splashed through the reeds, and then whirled his burden again, and flung it far into deep water; again a crash and a pattering of pebbles; again a wild-god whoop and wheel, and he was off into the forest through the reeds. Dark it was by that time, and pitch-dark under the trees, and fearfully the pursuers stumbled and blundered; but he infected them with the joy of the chase, and allowed them no peace. Darkness was daylight to him, and he never let the scent grow cold. Through the woods he led them, sometimes squirrelling into the high branches for fun, and pelting

them with acorns as they passed beneath. If ever they were for giving up, there he was, running and shouting in full view; I surmise he led them half over Wicklow. By morning, one lay wounded in the woods, shot by his fellows in mistake; and another was half drowned in the river; and a third up to his neck in bogland. The rest — heaven knows where they were.

Years afterwards the Earl came from France incognito, and visited the home of his ancestors. He was shown over the place by the caretaker of an absentee peer in London. At the top of the steps that led down into the lower garden, he glanced round to the left. "H'm," said he; was not there a statue standing there, in the old times — a famous Greek statue, the Pan of Praxiteles?"

"Ah sure, there was, your honor. It disappeared the night the young Earl escaped to France, and never a soul has heard of it since. Did ye ever hear of the chase he led the soldiers that came after him, your honor — the Earl, I mane, av coorse, and not the statue? Kilt the six of thim entirely, he did, and flung that black trait — his reverence Father Timothy I should say, that sould him to the Sassenach — into the lake, after carrying him ——" (But we know all that.)

"Ah, 'twas the grand, proud young hero he was, your honor — I mane, av coorse, the wild young divvle of a rebel. . . ."

"Looted, I suppose," was the Earl's inward comment. "Poor old Luck of the House, in one of their museums or palaces now, and never a tag on you to tell where they got you!"

But Pan, brooding among the reeds, caught his thought, and chuckled. Under ten feet of Irish bog lies the statue, where he dropped it inconsequentially at the end of the chase; and where he concluded to leave it, considering that bodiless invisibility would suit him well enough for an age or two. But there is no saying you might not be hearing him pipe at any time, in the Dargle, or the Vale of Avoca, or at the Meeting of the Waters.



FOR in his passage to the next World, neither his Father, nor his Mother, nor his Wife, nor his Son, nor any of his Kinsmen will remain in his company; virtue alone adheres to him. Single is each man born, single he dies; single he receives reward of his good, and single the punishment for his evil deeds. . . . When he leaves his corse like a log or a lump of clay on the ground, his kindred retire with averted faces, but his virtue accompanieth his Soul. Continually therefore and by degrees, let him collect Virtue for his guide, and he shall traverse a gloom now hard to be traversed.— *From a Brâhman Catechism.*

PRIDE: by R. Machell

ONE knows the proud man's pride better than he does: this pride is what he lives for; it is the secret glory of his life, the crown he wears, when, throned in imaginary separation, he sits supreme within the fantastic palace of illusion, that his brain has built to shield him from the crude realities of life. The world's life goes on around him and he takes a part in it, but not as one who is compelled to do so, not as one of the common sort of ordinary humanity; but rather as a thing apart, an essence, an idea, too pure for contact with the vulgar crowd, too rare and delicate to be involved in the rude struggle for the necessities of life. The things that men call necessary are to him merely those things that all superior spirits scornfully accept as part of that which is their due. The other things, for which the more ambitious eagerly compete, are his by right of his superiority, although they frequently may be withheld from him by baser men, whose greed and envy blind them to their baseness as to his magnanimity. He is magnanimous most naturally, by reason of his great superiority; he could not be otherwise; and he would scorn to blame the ignorant world for being blind to the glory of his virtue. Their ignorance and blindness are but the natural condition of their class, their isolation the penalty of Nature's preference.

All this is as the fuel for a sacrificial fire burning upon the altar of his egotism. In that temple no other worshiper has ever entered; and if the general world takes note of such a man, it is but to remark his oddity. His sense of personal superiority appears to them but as an affectation, or perhaps a symptom of incipient insanity; for they, blinded by their mediocrity, see neither crown nor throne, nor do they smell the fragrance of the sacrificial fire: they simply see the man, and think him mildly mad. They scarcely stay to mock him; for the game of greed they play is all-absorbing; the daily scheming to secure the means to enter upon other schemes is not a mere diversion: the game of life is serious, and demands an absolute devotion to the pursuit of the elusive prize, the golden apple of success.

He scorns success: he is too proud to enter into competition with inferior men for a mere pittance; he, who by right might claim such wealth as they must toil and struggle to attain.

For the same reason he has no heart to learn a trade, or even to qualify himself for a profession. Being assured of his ability to fill the highest office in the state, how can he stoop to such indignity as mere apprenticeship. Thus the success he so despises seldom stops to tempt him with her smiles; and so his shoes are often such as would not recommend a man for a position of responsibility.

There is a revelation to be found in a man's shoes, if one but give

one's mind to its interpretation. An old shoe testifies most eloquently to the peculiarities of the wearer, and this evidence is of unquestionable sincerity, being offered unwittingly and without guile. The testimony that a man's shoes bear to his character is stamped with conviction, such as few human witnesses can hope to emulate. Such testimony might be considered doubtful in a court of law, but then we know that justice is blind.

Pride of the most magnificent sort is paradoxically sensitive. It is the poorest kind of armor, resembling the old *papier-mâché* outfit of ancient noble Japanese or Chinese warriors before the introduction of artillery. It makes a very fine appearance, and was most useful in its day; but now its value rests on an aesthetic basis. The Greek and Trojan warriors seem to have had great use for pride, with which their long harangues were swelled 'almost to bursting.' Truly the times are changed, and pride is not honored quite in the same way as it was formerly. But there are strange survivals, ghosts of a scarce forgotten past, still haunted with a strange confused memory of some imaginary grandeur, that was perhaps an unattained ideal of past lives. The times are changed, but there is no lack of opportunities in life for the display of all our weaknesses in forms adapted to the age in which we live.

Pride is not always arrogant: it may be softly silent, more insidious than assertive. In such a case the manner of the man is most retiring, his voice is gentle, he stoops in his walk, and tiptoes gently, as he seeks the lowest seat or a position of too obvious obscurity. He knows the value of humility, and uses it as a self-conscious beauty might manipulate a fan, in order to attract attention to the charms the fan occasionally conceals. The softness of his manner seeks to hide the rancor of his elemental self, as treacherously sudden in its action as a cat's claws. An artificial smile may curl the lips, and the voice may purr confidently, in uttering withering sarcasm, or some allusion charged with devilish malignity. Pride is not always admirable. Sometimes the bitter humor breaks out openly, but usually it hides behind humility, as bloody war lies latent in peace treaties.

His sensitive pride, that shrinks from dishonorable acts with real aversion, unwillingly accepts equivocal expedients, by means of which he tries to escape humiliations forced upon him by his inability to provide himself with ordinary comforts, such as seem necessary to him. So petty meannesses and subterfuges are often the stepping-stones on which he delicately makes his way, hither and thither, tortuously traversing by uneasy stages the doubtful borderland that lies between respectability and social outlawry: a dismal region haunted by ghosts of greatness that was not, but that "might have been," shadows of men not strong enough

to pass through into the nether world of vice, nor to maintain their footing on the safer side. The doubtful ground is rotten here and there, its pestilent corruption half concealed by a rank bramble-growth of wild luxuriance, whose claw-like thorns catch at the threadbare garments of respectability, and wound the wretch who seeks the pitiful shelter of that social purgatory.

The pitiful host that wanders here is all made up of separate souls, self-exiled, isolated by their own egotism, deprived of human sympathy by their own self-sufficiency, which does not in any way suffice. They all believe themselves pursued by fate, or by the jealousy of men less scrupulous than themselves but stronger. They all seek shelter from the ordeals they have themselves invoked.

For what is pride but an internal declaration of superiority, that is a constant challenge to the higher powers to take notice of the aspirant to honor.

The aspirant, who has no knowledge of himself, and thinks himself superior to his fellows, asserts his faith in his superiority, even by his mental attitude. This is a challenge to the 'god within': and if his pride be strong enough to make his challenge heard, the deity within, the soul of him, takes notice; and that notice is his opportunity. Either he rises to the occasion, and from his new position issues another challenge to his own soul to lead him on along the path of power; or then and there surrenders, overwhelmed by the trials he has unwittingly invited. Shrinking before the golden opportunity, he declares to himself that fate has turned against him, and he tries to find shelter from the storm he has himself let loose about him. But there is no shelter for a man who flies from his own soul.

The pride, that raises men and ruins them, is in itself a mystery, for there is that within which is divine, though that which veils the inner truth is sheer illusion.

Truth, to the mind, is veiled in falsity, because the mind of man can only deal with the appearance; the reality is for the soul alone. Man is divine, and knows it in his soul, but in his lower mind knows neither his own divinity nor his duality; and so mistakes his inner consciousness of soul-superiority to the illusions of the outer world for an assurance of his personal superiority to his fellows, deluded like himself, and like himself in essence, divinely great.

Pride is the veil that hides the soul, and man must strip off this veil ere he can know himself and stand secure above the illusions of the lower world, master of his mind and senses, knowing his actual identity with that which rules the universe and which he once called destiny.

It is the soul of him that prompts him to assert himself, although he

may obey the impulse ignorantly and foolishly, proudly persuaded of his personal predominance and individual separateness, seeking but satisfaction for his vanity.

The storms that break upon his head are actually invited by himself, and offer him the opportunity he needs to free himself from the illusion of his separateness.

Man is his own initiator in the mysteries of life, his own redeemer from the ills he brings upon himself, being in no wise separate from the rest, but sharing in their thoughts and deeds as well as in the consequences. But this is true of Man collectively; no single personality can stand alone in self-sufficiency, because the true Self is not a personality nor an agglomeration of untold entities, but rather THAT of which all these are separate reflections, as grains of sand reflect the sunlight separately, which light is the one light of all. So from of old experience has told us "pride precedes a fall": and we may add that pride survives innumerable falls. The lessons of experience are generally learned unwillingly, by tedious reiteration, until the disciple finds his teacher and learns to recognise his true Self outside the limits of his own egotism. By that time he is on the path that leads to true self-knowledge; his pride is already purified of its grosser elements.

Pride is a paradox — it raises men and casts them down again: the falls it presages are lessons to the learner in life's school, or they are punishments for those who can not understand the mystery of Self, who see the anger of the gods in natural law, and seek by prayer to win some favor from an imaginary deity, whose wrath they dread, not knowing the Law that orders all impartially, nor their own share in its administration.

So too, this monster Pride has in it paradoxically something of the divine, which wins the admiration of the multitude — ignorantly responsive to a beauty they cannot comprehend, and just as ignorantly blind to a deformity in which they share.

Pride is a part of our humanity and must be purified beyond all recognition in the gradual evolution of the race; for man is not merely human: his humanity is but a school in which the Soul must learn. What lies beyond might make the wildest dreams of pride seem strangely inadequate.



DO not ask a question unless you intend to listen to the answer and inquire into its value. Try to recollect that you are a very small affair in the world, and that the people around you do not value you at all and grieve not when you are absent. Your only greatness lies in your inner true self.

— *W. Q. Judge*