THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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THEOSOPHY claims to be both Religion and Science, for Theosophy is the essence of both.

Theosophy reconciles all religions, sects, and nations under a common system of ethics.

Theosophy is religion itself — Religion in the true and only correct sense.

Theosophy is synonymous with everlasting truth. — *H. P. Blavatsky*

WHAT THEOSOPHY IS: by H. T. Edge, M. A.

THE question, "What is Theosophy?" is often asked, but cannot be fully answered in a definition. Nevertheless there are ways of presenting a reasonably definite idea of the meaning and scope of Theosophy; above all, it is important to correct errors and remove misconceptions arising from inadequate presentations of Theosophy by those who have not mastered its meaning, and from sundry travesties by people who have sought to exploit it for their own private purposes, and lastly from hostile and intentional misrepresentation. Yet we must guard against any possible tendency to narrow down Theosophy by a cut-and-dried dogmatic formula; we must resist all attempts to speed Theosophy down that path that has so often been followed by religion, when, the vital energy having waned, formulated creeds begin to appear. Theosophy must be kept as universal and unsectarian as it has always been; nor must its shoreless ocean be circumscribed by any ironbound rocks of dogma.

But these requirements can be fulfilled by simply confining ourselves to the task of examining the original teachings of H. P. Blavatsky, the Foundress of the Theosophical Society and the originator of the modern revival of those ancient and universal truths which Theosophy embodies. And since the present 'Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society' stands firmly upon those original teachings, upholding H. P. Blavatsky and her work in every particular, the teachings and purposes of this Society cannot better be defined than by such a reference to original sources. Further, this course will serve to distinguish Theosophy and the 'Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society' from anything else with which they unwittingly might be confounded. We shall therefore select a number of quotations from H. P. Blavatsky's writings, grouping them, as far as

possible, under heads, and beginning with a broad definition of Theosophy itself.

THEOSOPHY THE KERNEL OF ALL RELIGIONS

The Wisdom-Religion was ever one and the same; and being the last word of possible human knowledge, was therefore carefully preserved.

Our endeavor has been to uncover the ruin-encumbered universal foundation of religion.

Rescue from degradation the archaic truths which are the basis of all religions.

Theosophy reveals the origin of the world's faiths and science.

The ethics of Theosophy are the essence and cream of the world's ethics.

The Theosophical Society asserts and maintains the truth common to all religions.

If the root of mankind is one, there must also be one truth which finds expression in all the various religions.

At the basis and center of all religions is the same Eternal truth.

The above quotations will show the eclectic character of Theosophy, and how it is a common ground upon which the adherents of all religions can unite. It must be observed, however, that this is not an attempt to create an artificial union between divergent sects; nor yet an endeavor to reconcile creeds by the process of eliminating all points of disagreeement and thus leaving nothing but the barest and vaguest outlines as a common ground of agreement. On the contrary, Theosophy is not the 'highest common factor' (to use an arithmetical term) of religions – a factor which grows smaller as the number of religions included grows larger — but it is much more like a 'common multiple' of religions, thus including them all and being much greater than any one of them. It is, in short, the common root from which religions have grown. And Theosophy still stands forth as the champion of tolerance and the opponent of dogmatism. With its headquarters in the Golden West, long hailed as the home of freedom, but assailed (alas) by the spirit of intolerance in many forms, Theosophy remains true to freedom, opposing only evil, bigotry, selfishness. What then is the common basis of all religions? Let us refer again to the original statements of H. P. Blavatsky, where we shall find it stated that the common basis of religions is —

TRUTH, AS REVEALED TO MAN THROUGH HIS HIGHER NATURE

Not, however, to man sitting in solitary contemplation, forgetful of the world and his fellow men; but to mankind united in solidarity and true fellow-feeling. The following quotations illustrate this point.

Theosophy considers humanity as an emanation from divinity on its return path thereto.

Theosophy teaches a belief in man's eternal immortal nature.

Each must acquire wisdom by his own experience and merits.

We would have all to realize that spiritual powers exist in every man. There is one light for all, in which the whole of Humanity lives and moves.

Let once man's immortal spirit take possession of the temple of his body, and his own divine humanity will redeem him.

We assert that the divine spark in man is practically omniscient.

By returning to his original purity of nature, man can move the Gods to impart to him Divine Mysteries.

Man is a god within, but having an animal brain in his head.

Our beliefs are all founded on the immortal Individuality of man.

Altruism and Practical Work

Theosophy is distinguished from unfruitful mystic systems or cults of solitary contemplation by two principal features — its insistence on altruism and its emphasis of practical work. As to altruism:

Charity is the scope of all Theosophical teachings, the synthesis of every virtue.

To merit the honorable title of Theosophist one must be an altruist above all, one ever ready to help equally foe or friend, to act rather than to speak, and to urge others to action while never losing an opportunity to work himself.

No Theosophist ought to be contented with an idle and frivolous life. . . . He should work for the benefit of the few who need his help, if he is unable to toil for humanity.

The Theosophical Society is a philanthropic and scientific body for the propagation of Brotherhood on practical instead of theoretical lines.

The Theosophical idea of charity means personal exertion for others.

The duty — let alone happiness — of every Theosophist is certainly to help others to carry their burden.

A true Theosophist must strive to realize his unity with the whole of humanity, a Theosophist should gain the wisdom to help others effectually, not blindly.

The first of the Theosophical duties is to do one's duty by all men.

Self-knowledge is of loving deeds the child.

It is only by close brotherly union of men's inner Selves that the reign of Justice and Equality can be inaugurated.

Step out of sunlight into shade to make more room for others.

Altruism is an integral part of self-development.

Theosophy is the quintessence of duty.

Theosophy leads to action — enforced action, instead of mere intention and talk.

The possibility of shirking individual work is not among the concepts of Theosophy.

No Theosophist has a right to remain idle on the excuse that he knows too little to teach.

To feel 'Compassion' without an adequate practical result is not Altruism.

Sow kindly acts and thou shalt reap their fruition.

The selfish devotee lives to no purpose.

Spiritual Knowledge

Ethical maxims, like those of the Sermon on the Mount, are familiar enough; and to quote mere repetitions of these would be of but little help. Behind ethics, however, lies a *gnosis*, a doctrine of the invisible and spiritual potencies in man and in nature, which appeals to the understanding as well as to the heart, and reconciles heart and head in one grand Knowledge, instead of promoting a divorce between heart and head, or between religion and science. The *gnosis* that underlies the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount has been neglected; it is either lost or temporarily buried. Yet Christ, we are told, taught his elect disciples in secret about the 'Kingdom of God.' Let us take some quotations illustrating the connexion between wisdom and duty.

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

The spiritual intuition was in much danger of dying out; many people did not know that man had any. 'Head-learning' had become the great resource. People were studying the laws of physical nature and trying to apply them without alteration to the moral world. The result was the formulation of economic and moral laws based on the analogy of the 'struggle for existence'; the wrong old doctrine of 'might makes right' was reinstated; and selfish emulation was supposed to be the condition of progress. Thus a reign of destruction was set up, and civilization doomed to perish by its own downward momentum unless checked by the enunciation of those higher laws that rule in the moral world. The existence of that 'Divine Fire' which is the especial endowment of man was forgotten, and the material fire of lust and desire was regarded as the only source of energy. The idea of the transcendence of God, said to be derived from St. Augustine's teachings, had removed the deity to an unreachable height above his universe, leaving man and nature full of darkness and sin. Since the proclamation of Theosophy, great advance has been made in the doctrine of the immanence of God, a teaching immeasurably older than Augustine; and the Deity is regarded as informing all nature. Man is God's

highest vehicle on *this* earth; and a rehabilitation of the doctrine of the Holy Ghost has familiarized us with the idea that man may so purify himself as to become a channel for divine inspiration. Spiritual intuition may therefore be claimed as an idea acceptable to the Christian world or a large part thereof; but Theosophy gives the idea a broader basis than would be afforded by the study of a single religious system. The Theosophical analysis of man's sevenfold nature gives the warrant for a firm and definite belief in man's power to enshrine in his heart a wisdom greater than that emanating from a brain stimulated by zest of animal life.

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

Ordinary laws of space and time are transcended by so familiar a means as the telephone, which, equally mysterious with wires as without, closets you with your remote friend in a union mystically apart from the bustling crowds that surround you both. The illustration makes easier the understanding of spiritual communion. The late Professor Josiah Royce used to speak of the 'church invisible' compact of loyal souls united unconsciously in a common devotion to truth. These souls were in spiritual communion; but, because they were not in mental communion, they knew it not. Theosophy but enunciates in broader terms the same doctrine, when it declares that the loyal disciple is a spiritual sun that radiates higher energies through unseen channels. This is a religious doctrine, but Theosophy makes it more real and practical. It may be described as the 'Higher Psychology,' if we consider the expression 'lower psychology' as applying to all attempts to interfere consciously with the mind or body of another person. In this Higher Psychology the man sheds abroad an unconscious influence for good, arising from his own high standard of living. Most reform movements consist of people whose enthusiasm is largely intellectual and theoretical, and whose lives are not different from those of the people they propose to reform; and this is enough to account for any lack of success that they may encounter. It is always easier to fight imaginary battles with a foe at a distance; but we are apt to fail in the little battles with the foes at our own door. We may write and speak ever so valiantly against intemperance, cruelty or strife; but when the moment comes for actual deeds, we shall fail, unless we have first proved our strength by our ability to overcome these faults in ourselves. From this it is easy to see what an increase of power for good comes to the man who is sincerely engaged in the work of self-conquest.

The Theosophist knows that any failure on his part to respond to the highest within him retards not only himself but all in their progressive march.

The Theosophist must himself be a center of spiritual action.

A thought is far more potent in creating evil results than are mere deeds.

DUTY

As introduction to our next topic, let us take again the following:

Theosophy is the quintessence of duty.

It is often remarked that earnestness and faith seem to have waned in our life; that there were times when religion meant much more to men than it does now, and when men consecrated their lives to duty and conscience; and that there are peoples now living who do so. But in our day, pleasure, profit, gain, ease and self-advantage seem to be the mainspring of our efforts. The tendency is rather to make happiness the prime object, and to regard duty as subsidiary thereto; we are not so prone to look upon duty as the prime object in life, nor to set aside any prospect of happiness save that which is found in the discharge of duty. This is a wrong attitude, for we expect duty from others, and we are always ready to praise the dutifulness of others, and especially to censure their neglect of duty. As a matter of fact, people are in some respects better than their creeds; for, if we all pursued happiness irrespective of duty, the world would be uninhabitable. We actually observe the calls of duty toward one another; so Theosophy merely recognizes and interprets the fact. It does not preach any unworkable theory of personal satisfaction; it merely shows how and why duty is the mainspring of human life. That the pursuit of personal gain is the road to misery rather than to happiness — this is a fact in human life, not a doctrine invented by Theosophy. And Theosophy boldly faces the fact, without seeking to gloze it over with flattering unctions. Since duty is the prime law of human life, Theosophy must recognize and uphold that law; otherwise Theosophy would be unfaithful to the truth and would have to be classed among those doctrines which are palliative and flattering to human weakness. It is written above, on the scrolls of eternal law, that man shall find his happiness in duty; and no flattering creed can change this fact. The human mind cannot find its satisfaction in pleasures, and it must seek its goal elsewhere. This is a principle recognised by all religions; indeed it is their bedrock.

Those who practise their duty towards all, and for duty's own sake, are few; and fewer still are those who *perform* that duty, remaining content with the satisfaction of their own secret consciousness.

Happiness may follow the performance of duty, but must not be the motive for it.

A REVIVAL OF ANCIENT KNOWLEDGE

As the human race has a spiritual evolution, besides an animal one, the sources of knowledge must be sought in the past. Science looks to

the past for the physical and lower mental causal relations of present humanity; and Theosophy also looks to the past for his spiritual causal relations. In all ages mankind has been an embodied divinity, nor was there ever a time when the Truth was not accessible to all whose lives were pure enough to receive it. The gods and heroes spoken of by ancient races were types of humanity that have dwelt on earth in times less materialistic than the present. Not in vain do our aspirations yearn towards a Golden Age; and if beauty, the soul of music, poetry, and the joy of youth have passed from the earth, it is only for a while. The cycle of materialism will run its course, when man finds that the spirit which is his cannot be satisfied with material possessions. Theosophy heralds the revival of what has been temporarily lost. It is modern in its outer form only; its spirit is ancient. Some of the quotations already given illustrate this.

The life-giving spirit in man is freeing itself from the dark fetters of animal life and matter.

A new energy is being liberated from the center of life.

The age of gross materialism, of soul-insanity and blindness, is swiftly passing away.

No new ethics are presented by Theosophy, as it is held that right ethics are forever the same. (William Q. Judge)

Madame Blavatsky brought to the West once more the knowledge respecting man, his nature and destiny. (William Q. Judge)

Man never was not. If not on this globe, then on some other, he was, and ever will be, in existence somewhere in the cosmos; ever perfecting, and reaching up to the image of the Heavenly Man, he is always becoming.
(William Q. Judge)

The Heart Doctrine

It cannot be too frequently urged that the sole purpose of Theosophy is that of regeneration for all humanity. No lesser idea will express that purpose. Its founder was selflessly devoted to that sole object, being upheld in her work and in her constant battle against persecution and misunderstanding, by the force of conviction and compassion. Her supporters were expected to embrace the same purpose, and that purpose exists in integrity today, and all Theosophists make it the guiding power of their lives to the extent of their ability. Theosophy demands continual self-sacrifice, yet it is the sacrifice of that which is unworthy in favor of that which alone is worth having.

Man is a god within, but having an animal brain in his head.

Theosophy gives to every sincere man or woman an ideal to live for.

We have never attained or even understood the powers of the human heart.

The human heart has not yet fully uttered itself.

Nature gives up her innermost secrets and imparts true wisdom only to him who seeks truth for its own sake and who craves for knowledge in order to confer benefits on others, not on his own unimportant personality.

It is difficult for the worldly-minded to comprehend the motives of Theosophy; they instinctively assume the existence of interested motives. Yet there are earnest and sincere people in the world, and there is truth beneath all the shams. The Theosophical Society is a body of sincere people, and this word 'Heart Doctrine' may help to make clear the motive behind their work. The heart and poetry and joy have gone out of human life, many people think, and our civilization has become too mechanical. Attempts to revive art and beauty, and to bring music and inspiration into life, are not successful because they work from the outside. The new power must come from the inside. Inspiration proceeds from feeling and conviction; not otherwise can it be sincere; imitations will not take the place of realities.

If a new order of life is to be founded, a new center of true education, we must try not to build on insecure foundations; otherwise the disintegrating forces of modern society will frustrate our efforts. It is necessary to begin with the renovation of human character. This is the program of Theosophy, for its teachings, its methods of education, go to the root of individual character.

The doctrines of Theosophy call forth every hitherto dormant power for good in us.

Theosophy alone can gradually create a mankind as harmonizing and as simple-souled as Kosmos itself.

Theosophy alone can eradicate the selfishness ingrained in Western nations.

We must build up a glorious new manhood and womanhood.

The powers for good cannot save our civilization from ruining itself, unless they can be gathered together for united effort on a basis of truth. The human heart speaks its compassion for the manifold sufferings and injustices, but there is no united action, no abiding faith in the omnipotence of good. Man's marvelous intellectual powers are harnessed to the chariot of selfishness, or else wasted in fruitless schemes. The intellect, under the influence of the passions, can but hasten destruction; but the intellect enlightened by the heart is true wisdom and can save. Theosophy stands for purity, justice, compassion; of this there can be no doubt after reading H. P. Blavatsky's declarations. Thus Theosophy is a spiritual sun shining on the world, and its life-giving rays will quicken the soul of humanity, despite all the obstacles raised by selfishness and intolerance.

FOUR INTERESTING DUTCH CASTLES:

by A. Goud and J. C. Onnes

The Castle of Wychen, Province of Gelderland

THIS castle is one of the most beautiful and remarkable buildings of the kind ever erected in Gelderland, or indeed in all the Netherlands, and has a romantic history, though many details are unknown. The architect and date of building are also unknown. It is certain that on the site there stood centuries before a house or castle of very large size, whose remains still exist in the foundations discovered before the present front of the building — extensive masses of masonry more than fourteen feet thick. Some think that originally a Roman castle stood on the site, though there are no definite evidences for the assertion. The village of Wychen is mentioned as early as 1105; so the castle of this name, following the history of the origin of ancient villages and towns in the Middle Ages, must have existed much earlier.

There seems reason to suppose that the castle in its present form was built or begun thus by Herman van Bronckhorst on the ruins of the former castle in the last part of the sixteenth century; and it is certain, from several ornamentations of the building, that Princess Emilia, daughter of William the Silent, and her husband, Prince Emanuel of Portugal, who became the owners shortly afterwards (1609), did much to give it the charm it now has.

The marriage of the Prince of Portugal and Princess Emilia was a happy one; and in the history of their betrothal and further life is much that goes to show that, notwithstanding difference in religion and the difficulties placed in their way by the Netherland States and the Princess' brother Maurits, their attachment to each other was something unique.

Emanuel of Portugal, pretender to the Portuguese crown, came in 1597 to the court of Prince Maurits in The Hague as an exile fleeing from the Duke of Alva. Being a Roman Catholic and not able to name his mother, his courtship of the Princess was naturally opposed by her brother; but she defied all obstacles and contrived to have the marriage secretly contracted. The Prince of Portugal was thereupon expelled from the Netherlands by the States and sent to Wesel, where, however, she soon succeeded in joining him. Later a reconciliation with Prince Maurits took place. Emanuel even received a salaried appointment under the States, and when they returned in 1609, they took up their residence at the Castle of Wychen.

As the picture shows, the building makes a very harmonious impression. It is considered a rare type of the elegant Flemish style of the sixteenth century. One enters the almost square building, surrounded by a wide

moat, through a gate leading to a court flanked by a vaulted colonnade. At the end of the court is a large square tower, under which is the entrance to the large vestibule or portico. The ground floor contains also three large halls, and the second story has a similar grouping of rooms and several smaller apartments.

There is a much-repeated legend that the castle has as many cellars as there are months, as many rooms as weeks, as many windows as days, and as many windowpanes as there are hours, in a year; but of this only the number of cellars seems to be right.

Among curious features of the building must be mentioned the wrought iron brackets in the form of two interlaced E's and a closed S (S *fermé*) alternately, doubtless referring to the faithful union of the couple. These can be seen in the picture; there are more than eighty, some of them serving only for ornament. Further, under the cornice of the projecting front part, in eight alternately round and square niches, are wooden escutcheons with symbolical pictures and Latin inscriptions as follows:

1. A sun and sunflower surrounded by other plants.
   Inscription: NON INFERIORA SECUTUS.
2. Five arrows with a serpent coiled around.
   Inscription: VIS NESCIA VINCI.
3. A cornfield. Inscription: SPES ALTERAE VITAE.
4. The Phoenix amidst a fire lighted up by the sun.
   Inscription: RENOVATA JUVENTUS.
5. Two joined hands coming forth from the clouds.
   Inscription: DITAT SERVAT FIDES.
6. A lion resting his claw on gnawed skulls.
   Inscription: CESSIT VICTORIA VICTIS.
7. A hand coming forth from the clouds, darting a lightning flash.
   Inscription: QUIS CONTRA NOS.
8. A crossed scepter and pickaxe, with skull above.
   Inscription: MORS SCEPTRA LIGONIBUS AEQUAT.

The castle was burnt down in 1906, but has been rebuilt in its original form by the present owner, Baroness A. W. van Andringa de Kempenaer.

(For the description, consulted, *Geldersche Kasteelen*, by H. M. Werner; *Geldersche Volksalmanak*, 1840.)

THE CASTLE OF 'BILJOEN,' NEAR ARNHEM

ERECTED by Duke Charles of Geldern about 1530 on the site of an old estate belonging to the Bishops of Utrecht. The name Biljoen is said to signify a kind of coin no longer in circulation and therefore withdrawn from commerce. It seems to refer to a joke of the Duke's over an anathema of the Utrecht bishops in 1155 and 1178, against whomsoever should

try to withdraw this estate out of the hands of the clergy — in consequence of which the clergy declared the estate 'biljoen,' or *ex commercio.*

The castle is situated in most beautiful scenery — one of the places in Holland which are renowned even in Europe for their beautiful trees (Beekhuizen, Middachten, etc.); and the grounds with their large ponds offer many points of attraction.

From the flat roof one has a magnificent view of the environs, on one side the River Yssel, winding itself through the fertile meadows with the wooded hills of the Veluwe in the background; while to the south the perspective is so large that it is only limited by the mountains of Cleve and Elten in Germany. Some of the rooms still have well-preserved and beautiful tapestries.

One of the most interesting features is the large hall above the portico. The ceiling is in the form of a dome, decorated, like the walls, with white stucco work and sculptures on a dark blue background, making a very rich and beautiful effect. They represent several architectural monuments of ancient Rome: the Pantheon, the Temple of the Sybil at Tivoli, the Obelisks, the Tiber Bridge, the Mausoleum, attributes of agriculture, etc. An Italian artist with his helpers worked three years on this hall.

Room in the Townhall of Haarlem — Front Hall, also called Hall of Knights

The townhall of Haarlem belongs to the oldest houses of Holland. It is a matter of dispute whether the Earls of Holland held their court there or used the building as a pleasure seat. The architect and date of building are unknown: some maintain that William II, Earl of Holland, and for a short time King of the Romans, (1227-1256), built it,* but others assign it to one of his forefathers. It existed in 1245, and Earl Floris V, son of William II, lived there in 1291.

The hall in the picture has a ceiling of large oaken beams resting on sculptured consoles of stone. On the white walls formerly hung a series of thirty-four remarkable pictures of all the Earls and Countesses who reigned over Holland (from 922 till 1482), which are the first-known specimens of portrait-painting in Holland, and are very well preserved. Recently they have been removed to the Frans Hals Museum at Haarlem.

The picture at the back is a painting by Egenberger, representing a scene from the siege of Haarlem, 1573. A woman, Kenau Hasselaer, can be seen leading in the battle. On the ceiling hangs the jaw of a whale, brought home from Waaigat by Jan Huigen van Linschoten, a Haarlemer

* Who also caused to be built the famous Hall of Knights at The Hague, where Katherine Tingley and the Rāja-Yoga students in 1913 attended the 20th World Peace Congress.

by birth, a famous traveler and author of books on voyages of discovery in the late sixteenth century.

In the townhall is preserved a rare collection of the relics of the first specimens of printing by Lurens Jansz. Coster, whom the Dutch regard as the inventor of the printing art, and who was a contemporary of Gutenberg (1423). The windows are adorned with painted glass of the seventeenth century.

The Townhall at Franeker, Province of Friesland

A building dating from the beginning of the period of freedom and prosperity — the last part of the sixteenth century.

It is considered a specimen of the typical Dutch Renaissance, and the first of a number of similar efforts of the Dutch architects in the time of the rising influence of Protestantism. In the Netherlands of this time, especially in the northern part, were to be found no art-loving princes and gentry to patronize the erection of grand buildings; so these buildings acquired a democratic and intimate character which served to show the life-energy of the Dutchman. For some time foreign influences, such as Italian, French and Flemish art later on exerted, were absent; and from 1591, when the Franeker townhall was built, till about 1630 or 1640, several buildings, among them townhalls at Flushing, Venlo, Leiden, Naarden, Rotterdam and Bolsward, arose to demonstrate to later times the spirit of unalloyed Dutch architecture. The building is of red brick, interspersed with yellow-gray stones, and the lovely arches and painted shutters give a picturesque color-touch. It was in the market-place especially, with its townhall, public scales, hospitals, bridges and canals, that the Dutch building artists of the times tried to create a unity of suggestive beauty.

We know that the best results cannot be achieved in the ordinary educational systems, where the teacher and the children are only together a few hours daily; and often there are adverse forces working in the home.

The Râja-Yoga system takes full control of the child. From night until morning and from morning until night, the child is under the influence of this system; and so the great gap between the home and the school is spanned.

This is one of the basic features in our education, and it has tended to bring parents into closer harmony with the real needs of their children, and to bring about more true happiness for both parents and children. And so the child is afforded a certain system of education that is not found elsewhere.

—*Katherine Tingley*

SCIENCE NOTES: by the Busy Bee

A Chinese Dragon

A FEW months ago what was taken to be a remarkable fossil, or group of fossils, was discovered in a Chinese cave called Shen K'an Tzu, at the upper end of the Ichang gorge. The cave appears to have also been known as 'the dragon cave'; but what is more remarkable, it is reputed to extend for about seventeen miles, and to lead to the 'Lung Wong Tung,' or 'cave of the dragon-king.' One of the fossils, if such they are, is about seventy feet long. Two legs or paddles were discovered about fourteen feet from the head, and another pair at about fifty feet. Unless it prove to be carved work, it is thought it may be the fossil of a *Morosaurus Camperi*. But the curious tradition about a 'dragon-king' remains for solution. Portions of the supposed fossil have been forwarded to London and Tokio for expert examination. Much connected with the symbolism of the dragon, whether in China or elsewhere, will be found in *The Secret Doctrine*, by H. P. Blavatsky.

China and Mexico

THERE is a riddle beneath the relation of China to Mexico which no savant has yet satisfactorily explained, although many learned heads have wagged over the problem. Some members of Indian tribes from communities far from the usual haunts of the immigrant Chinese look as much like Celestials as if they had just been wafted across the Pacific in a junk. There is strong evidence that this similarity is an ancient one. Many of the little stone gods which the Aztecs or pre-Aztecs worshiped have the same unmistakable slit eyes that Americans associate with the Orient. Still more remarkable, perhaps, is the ease with which the Chinese who go to Yucatan acquire the language of the native Maya Indians. The Maya civilization is much older than the Aztec — in fact, it is one of the oldest civilizations known — and the Chinese who go to Yucatan learn Maya far more easily than they learn Spanish, although Spanish among European and Anglo-Saxon people is considered one of the easiest of modern languages to learn. (Gregory Mason, in *The Outlook;* New York, January 17th, 1917)

Similarities have also been discovered between the Mayas and the Babylonians, in the prevalence of terraced pyramids in Yucatan, recalling the traditional Tower of Babel, and in other respects. But such resemblances between peoples now geographically distant have been observed in many other cases. The present distribution of continental and oceanic areas is only comparatively recent — speaking in terms of geology. The existence of Atlantis is the key to such problems.

The zodiac is found both in Asia and ancient America. It had its origin in Atlantis. When the Fourth Root-Race, which occupied Atlantis, was coming to its end and giving place to the Fifth Race, a dispersal took place. Some of the new Fifth Race people settled in Asia and some in

America. H. P. Blavatsky says that the Mayas, though certainly coeval with Plato's Atlantis, belonged to the Fifth continent, which was preceded by Atlantis and Lemuria.

The above is one instance out of very many showing how futile it is to try and explain such racial and historical problems piecemeal. The history of humanity must be studied as a whole; and it goes very far back; *civilized* humanity goes very far back. The earliest Egyptians we can trace are admitted to have been a declining civilization. The immense antiquity of civilization is one of the cardinal teachings of Theosophy, and it dovetails with the Theosophical teachings as to evolution, which are much more spacious and detailed than those of current science.

How Japanese Harvest Wheat

(*Transcribed from 'Pitman's Shorthand Weekly'*)

As in most of their ways, the Japanese differ in their way of harvesting wheat from that adopted here. Instead of cutting it with a scythe or reaper, they pull up the greater part of it by hand and clip off the roots with shears. The reason for this is to keep the long, golden straws from getting bruised or broken. With the Japanese who allow nothing to go to waste, the straws are almost as valuable as the grain. They first flatten them, and then after being softened, the straws are woven, either whole or split, into matting, baskets, hats and other articles.

Character from the Tongue

"Put out your tongue" is a phrase associated in most peoples' minds with doctors and is usually reminiscent of minor ailments and nasty medicines. Spoken by a glossomancist, however, the curt command takes on an altogether different significance. A glossomancist, it may be as well to explain, is a professor of glossomancy, a new science which consists in reading peoples' characters by the shape and size of their tongues. Thus, according to its votaries, the possessor of a short and broad tongue is apt to be untruthful as to words and unreliable as to deeds. A long tongue, moderately pointed, denotes frankness and a loving, trustful, affectionate disposition. When the tongue is long and broad, however, it is a sign that the owner is shallow and superficial and also a great talker. The typical woman gossip, say glossomancists, almost always shows this shape of tongue. The small, round tongue, plump, and in shape like an oyster, denotes mediocre abilities and a nature that is commonplace and colorless. A short narrow tongue goes with a nature that is at once quick-tempered and yet affectionate, strong and sudden in heat as in love. The worst is the long, narrow, sinuous kind. Its possessors are likely to be cruel, sly, vindictive and very deceitful.

THE HIGHER PSYCHOLOGY: by H. Travers, M. A.

ONE of the Objects of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society is to investigate the *spiritual* powers in man; and few will be disposed to deny that man needs the development of his spiritual powers. Spiritual powers are incomparably higher than psychic powers. Man's nature can be divided into bodily, psychic, mental and spiritual factors; but his development at present is mainly bodily and mental. He is beginning to discover that he has psychic powers; and, in his ignorance, he mistakes them for spiritual powers. But psychic powers can be developed by the selfish and passionate man, and used for his own undoing and that of other people; whereas spiritual powers can only be used to the extent that the user is pure and unselfish in heart.

There is a craze for psychic powers at this time, and it bodes no good to the world. Such a vogue can cause nothing but anxiety to the man who has at heart the welfare of his race. It forms but part of the butterfly life that so many people are leading today, and there is nothing great or noble or uplifting in it.

Turn to the advertisement pages of one of the 'psychic' or 'occult' (so-called) magazines. What do we find? That the motives appealed to are those of self-interest, cupidity and morbid curiosity. How to become magnetic and make other people do what you want, how to grow rich by using astrology on the stock exchange; and translations of Sanskrit works on debased ceremonial magic, advertised by means of press-notices that dilate on their licentiousness!

If this is the result of seeking psychic powers, then, "Away with psychic power!" we say. For it is clear that they cannot be safely taught except under proper conditions, and that they can never be taught openly and unrestrictedly. The signs of the times are a confirmation of all warnings ever issued by Theosophists on the subject.

How little attention we pay to our spiritual powers! What little store we set by the power of a strong and noble individuality, that sheds its bright and helpful influence on all it reaches! In our vanity we forget our dignity, and our false pride blinds us to our real greatness. Theosophy was introduced into the modern western world by H. P. Blavatsky for the sole purpose of uplifting humanity, nor has the Theosophical movement any other object. The welfare of humanity is now, as it has always been, dependent on man's recognition of his *divine* nature. The animal nature of man is what he shares in common with the animal kingdom; but that which makes him man is his divine nature. The animal nature in man is capable of doing infinite mischief, because the intellect may be prostituted to the service of the passions. It is man's destiny to overcome

his passions and propensities and direct all his faculties to noble and serviceable ends, so that a heaven may be realized on earth.

In an age when formal religions have all they can do to take care of themselves, and so can help us but little; and when science is occupied with other matters, we are in doubt where to turn for the light and help we need. Some turn to psychism, but the more thoughtful perceive that psychism is but a foolish craze which is often mixed up with very undesirable elements. Theosophy alone offers the solution, affords the real help. But it must be the genuine Theosophy of H. P. Blavatsky, and not any of the psychic crazes which are being purveyed under the borrowed name of Theosophy. Real Theosophy, the original Theosophy, can always be told by its teachings, which are those of H. P. Blavatsky; and real Theosophists can be told by their doings, which are sensible and helpful. It is the earnest desire of all true Theosophists to do what they can to arouse in mankind a sense of its divinity and its spiritual powers.

The word 'psychology,' at the head of this paper, suggests hypnotism; but the kind of psychology we mean is very different from hypnotism. Hypnotism is an attempt to tamper with the nervous and mental constitution of a weaker brother, and is capable of being used with evil intentions. Even when used with good intentions, it works harm, because the operator does not understand what he is doing. Moreover, any weaknesses which may lurk in his nature will be transferred to his subject. Consequently it is not safe for anyone to use this subtle and dangerous power. It has been suggested that people should be taught or cured of bad habits by hypnotism; but this does not permanently help them, because it is the will of the operator which does the work, and the will of the patient is not strengthened or brought into use at all. What we should do is to appeal to the better nature of the patient and show him how to use his own will.

Spiritual psychology — if such an expression can be used — means the gracious and uplifting influence of a noble nature upon another nature. It involves no servitude of the will, no subtle backhanded methods. We can all exercise this power to some extent, but how greatly might our power be increased if we understood more fully the potencies of our own spiritual nature!

There is a great message for woman in this. Judging by the immense influence exercised in the world by women, we can see how great would be her power to bless and uplift mankind, did she but use the powers entrusted to her. In an advertisement there is a picture of an attractive girl, with the words, 'The Magnetic Girl,' and an offer to send a book of instructions how to become magnetic and attract people. What an ideal! As though mischief enough were not already done in the world by misuse of nature's bounties by women — that they must needs learn how to ruin and destroy

lives more effectually! Contrast this with the idea of what might be done by a woman so imbued with a sense of her responsibility and the divine prerogatives of her sex that she would use every power and every charm entrusted to her in order to bless and ennoble all whom her influence might reach. This is the higher psychology.

And there is a message for men. Let them remember their own special prerogatives of Courage, Honor, Chivalry. All of these spring from the spiritual nature of man.

Can psychism, think you, overcome the fearful downward momentum of destructive forces in our midst — the alcoholism, morphinism, suicide, insanity, degenerate vices, and subtle physical decay? Or can it solve the social problems of poverty, marriage unfaithfulness, labor troubles, war, religious decay? All signs show that it can not only not stop them, but that it bids fair to make them much worse. What, then, can stop them? Only the *spiritual* powers, the spiritual powers *latent* in man, which should no longer be latent but manifest. Selfishness is the great bane to human progress. Each one of us is deluded and bound by his own self-love. We are slaves, acting in obedience to an imagined necessity for looking after our own petty interests. But how unimportant these interests are; reflect that nearly every man you meet is centered in the same delusion, seeking *his* interest, which is as petty as yours, though different. When we think of this, we may become disgusted with our personality, and ready to remove that obstacle out of the path of mankind, if only, by doing so, we could enable some poor waif to find light and peace. No — it is no use hoping to help the world, so long as we ourselves are loaded with the very fetters we are trying to unloose. Selfishness is the evil we oppose, and we must attack it in its stronghold — that is, in our own heart. Then, and only then, shall we be free to bless and to serve; then, and only then, shall we find strength given to our right hand.

It was to arouse such a spirit of strength and helpfulness that H. P. Blavatsky undertook her great work; and great was her power to influence others, because she herself had made that conquest over self. She certainly had the higher psychology. No need had she to interfere with another's free will; not even the greatest Occultist may dare do such a thing. But she could point out the way, convince people of the nobility and beauty of the path of duty, and accept them as co-workers with her in the great unselfish cause.

Hear what she says about Spiritual powers and psychic powers.

> The duty of the Theosophical Society is to keep alive in man his spiritual intuition.
>
> From the Theosophist must radiate those higher spiritual forces which alone can regenerate his fellow-men.

The Theosophist must himself be a center of spiritual action.
We would have all to realize that spiritual powers exist in every man.
It is only the spiritual consciousness which survives and lives forever.

Occultism is not Magic. It is comparatively easy to learn the trick of spells and the methods of using the subtler, but still material, forces of physical nature; the powers of the animal soul in man are soon awakened; the forces which his love, his hate, his passion, can call into operation, are readily developed. But this is Black Magic - Sorcery. For it is the motive, and the motive alone, which makes any exercise of power become Black (malignant), or White (beneficent) Magic. It is impossible to employ spiritual forces if there is the slightest tinge of selfishness remaining in the operator. For, unless the intention is entirely unalloyed, the spiritual will transform itself into the psychic, act on the astral plane, and dire results may be produced by it. The powers and forces of animal nature can be used by the selfish and revengeful, as much as by the unselfish and the all-forgiving; the powers and forces of Spirit lend themselves only to the perfectly pure in heart - - and this is DIVINE MAGIC. H. P. Blavatsky's book, *The Voice of the Silence*, a book of instructions for the student of Occultism, is full from cover to cover of this theme — the vital distinction between spiritual and psychic. And this distinction is inseparable from another distinction - - that between unselfishness and selfishness. There is also the distinction made between Heart-Wisdom and Head-Learning. What the true Occultist has to develop is *character*.

The name of Jesus of Nazareth is still a potent spell with us, in spite of the travesties of his teachings which have often been made. But, if we do not prize that ideal, let us take any other great name whom we do prize. We can scarcely associate such great names with anything like psychism or magic. They stand for us as beacon-lights pointing the path to the highest human attainment in nobility of character. Unselfishness, the untinged desire to shed light and help around them, is the essence of their character. We cannot speak of them in the same breath with any mean or personal motive. They had the spiritual power; by it they could uplift their fellow-men.

H. P. Blavatsky points out that the West is egotistical in spirit; education is instinct with the principle of selfish emulation and strife, and each pupil is urged to learn more quickly merely in order to outstrip his fellows. Thus we grow up unfitted to grasp the spirit of true Occultism. Among other races the case has been different, and subordination of the personality has been inculcated with as much strength as we inculcate its accentuation. To quote again:

Occultism differs from magic and other secret sciences as the glorious sun does from a rushlight, as the immutable and immortal Spirit of Man — the

reflexion of the absolute, causeless, and unknowable ALL — differs from the mortal clay, the human body.

We are told in a book of instructions in practical Occultism that, "The power which the disciple shall covet is that which shall make him appear as nothing is the eyes of his fellow-men." This will appear cold and harsh to many people, no doubt, for it is a rebuke to all vainglory and 'spiritual pride.' But it will be as a cooling balm to those whose desire is simply to radiate light and help and to whom admiration is unwelcome. The maxim sums up very concisely the idea of spiritual powers, and leaves no room for misunderstanding.

It has just been said that children in the West are educated in ideas of selfish emulation, which are even recommended to them as noble principles to follow throughout life. Suppose now that they were educated to think of others first and to take more delight in the success of their fellows than in their own. In that case each man or woman would be quite different. Instead of having a highly developed selfish personality, full of fixed ideas, likes and dislikes, they would have a fellow-feeling and be naturally harmonious with each other. This does not mean that they would be characterless. On the contrary, *the more the personality is kept in check, the stronger does the individuality become.* For individuality is not the same as personality, but is much higher and nobler. Instead of being endowed with strong personal desires — usually miscalled a strong will(!) — which end by leading their possessor into thorny paths of suffering and of self-undoing, they would be endued with strong characters radiating out light and help to all. *This* is the higher psychology.

Much fuss is made today about so-called occult powers, but this name is generally given to mere glorification of the personality. This so-called occultism is a perverted egotism. But by increasing the strength of our personality, we are giving weapons to the adversary and thereby laying up for ourselves a heritage of woe in undoing our own work. Are we so enraptured with our vanity, so pleased with our self-consciousness, or so happy with our lusts, that we must needs intensify them? Study the promises made by these pretended teachers of occultism and you will see that the appeal is always to self-interest, vanity, ambition; to the powers, in short, which set man at variance with his fellows. Such are not Spiritual powers. Such powers as these cannot serve us in extremity or console us in the hour of death or bereavement. They amount to a laying-up of treasures on earth. Contrast this picture with that of the Spiritual powers in man. Each one of us is endowed with these real powers needing only recognition. By being true to our own highest ideals of Honor, Truth, Justice, Compassion, we become shining lights in the world, a blessing to ourselves and our fellow-men.

The higher psychology does not tamper with the will or judgment of another. It influences only by its noble example, its appeal. Thus the will of others is left free and they are not the puppets of a dominating will.

The teachings of Theosophy with regard to the sevenfold constitution of man will help us to understand what has been said, and will show that it is not mere ethical talk but has science at the back of it. In a book called *Psychic and Noetic Action*, H. P. Blavatsky has explained the subject from the physiological standpoint. As the title shows, the object is to distinguish between psychic action and what she terms noetic action. Psychic action proceeds from the psychic nature of man, which is not necessarily pure, not more so than is his physical nature, and may be full of passions and selfishness. Even a good man, working with admirable intentions, may wake up unsuspecetd latent forces which may do much harm because he does not understand and cannot control them. This force acts through the lower centers of the body and brain. But the brain is a most marvelous organ, whose real use we do not yet suspect. It has latent powers that do not ordinarily come into play. In the average man the grosser fibers of the brain are stimulated by organic forces from below; but the brain has finer fibers which cannot be made to vibrate by these coarser forces. They respond only to pure unselfish thoughts from the spiritual nature. It is evident, therefore, that there are latent powers, even in the body, which can be used by the pure and unselfish man, but can never be reached as long as the man remains selfish and passional.

How the world is suffering from a lack of the higher psychology! Think what could be accomplished by a statesman, a preacher, an orator, an actor, or a musician, if his character corresponded with the elevation he claims for his art, instead of being just the character of an ordinary man, and perhaps not so good. For when a man speaks in public, acts a part, or performs any such public function, there goes forth from him in invisible waves an influence which depends on his own character and which affects the audience for good or ill independently of his words or music. Every thinker knows that what is needed most in the world is men and women — *men and women of character*. Every reform movement breaks down for lack of these; but with them any movement would be successful. We must try to set more value on our own individuality, instead of dressing up our supposedly precious personality; and then we may be in a position to exercise the higher psychology.

THIS is only an age of darkness to those who will not see the Light, for the Light itself has never faded and never will— *Katherine Tingley*

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

PART TWO — MUSIC

CHAPTER I: MARLOWE, SHAKESPEARE AND MILTON — THE MARCH

MUSIC, no less than vision, is an essential of poetry; because poetry is the pressure of the Soul upon words. And the Soul lives in a world of music: breathes music for air: has it, you may say, for the blood in its veins. In very soberness, one might as well define Deity as music, as in any other manner. We are lapped in the music of the spheres; all existence is vibration, and all under Law. The harmony of the stars in their courses, that move in order, obeying Law, must also be sensible as an anthem, a symphony, a singing of Seraphim. And such harmony *is* in immortal souls; and these muddy vestures of decay that so closely hem us in we cannot hear it, are not merely our bodies, strictly speaking; nor yet our bodies and the passions inherent in them; but also, and even chiefly, our lower minds, that have made a law unto themselves, and play havoc with realities. The body has its natural cycles; and what are cycles but the rhythm of things? Passion also, in its proper animal world, is a matter of seasonal rise and fall; but with us, who have power to think and choose and sin, it has been made first a ministrant to our pleasures, then a tyrant that destroys. Mind and free-will blossomed on the evolutionary tree, and man was; and he used his will and mind to build for himself a world apart, wherein he should suffer jangling hideous discords of his own making, until the sorrow of them should teach him that true Music is the primal law, indeed the very being, of God. We belong of right to two worlds: the Divine and the Natural; both are swayed by music. But we have banished ourselves from both, preferring a kind of Mahound's coffin hanging between the two: a world in which godhood and animality mingle and make war; and the clash of their conflict hides from our ears the eternal harmonies. "The mind is the great slayer of the real; let the disciple slay the slayer," and at once the music of the spheres and of the Soul (which is divine) shall become audible to him; more than that, it shall be the very stuff of his life, the palpitation of his consciousness.

Poetry, pressing down from the Divine into this human world, or up from the Natural, must come on the wings of its native music; by this also it is to be known from labored imitations, and from the queer Brummagem idols the ingenious strive from time to time to palm off on us in its place. Meter may not be an essential, but music is; just for the reason that poetry is a reality out of the heart of God and the universe; and not, as you may have supposed, an arbitrary invention of man. It lays siege to our world from two sides: making us vibrate up to the grand march

and sweet strong harmonies of the Soul within and above us; or laving our being with tune out of the clear waters of elemental nature. It will have us pure and noble some day, and to that end is all its striving.

Where are we to look for the origins of English poetry-music? Again, not in the Anglo-Saxon ages, that is certain. Anglo-Saxon meter passed with the race that used it, and with whatever fashion of music it may have contained. They would have been a meter and music suitable to that age and language, one must suppose; if any attempt has been made in the later English England to revive them, it has been even less important and successful than the various attempts that have been made to write Latin hexameters in English — dismal failures always. As soon as young England found its voice in song, it sang not in the accents of its Saxon ancestor, but mainly in those of its Latin brothers or cousins beyond the Channel. Chaucer of course learned his art from French and Italian models; and one gets most music out of him (I venture to think) when one reads him Frenchly, without syllabic accent. From the tree Chaucer planted, all English poetry since, except the lyrical, has bloomed; while his contemporary Langland, who was still Saxon, is no longer read, and has had no offspring at all.

From its Latin brothers or cousins — not from their common ancestress Rome. Rome passed, and the barbarians who destroyed Rome; there was no continuous culture worth speaking of — not even in Constantinople; for what remained there was totally unfertile until transplanted into Italy in the new age. Of the mixed descendants of Romans and barbarians Nature raised up new nations in her day, which came not until after the lapse of centuries. They were new souls, in the sense that the soul of any child is new; individual, distinct from the soul of either parent; — reincarnating, as a matter of fact, from God knows when or where. So individual has been the historic England; so distinct from the land of Alfred and Harold. Consider these facts: Chaucer, the Elizabethans, Milton, and the Classicists, learned their art mainly from Italian, French or ancient classical models; — Shakespeare went for his stories to Greece and Rome, to France and Italy, to English (not Saxon) history, to Wales, Scotland and Denmark, but never to Anglo-Saxondom; — Celtic tradition formed the whole background for Spenser, and was used occasionally by Shakespeare and Milton; the Elizabethans based their whole attempt at a national tradition upon Welsh sources, and were aware of the Anglo-Saxonry only as the anti-national force, the traditional enemy; and Tennyson followed their lead in his would-be national epic. Wordsworth too, and Swinburne and William Morris, all drew at times on Geoffrey of Monmouth or the Arthurian legend. From Greece Shakespeare, Milton, Shelley, Byron, Keats, Tennyson, Swinburne and Morris all drew material

or inspiration. From Scandinavia, Morris drew much and Swinburne a little; and the latter again, very much from Italy and France. —Against all this, set a possible influence from Caedmon in *Paradise Lost* (not to be compared with the Hebrew and classical influences in it); one play and a poem or so by Tennyson, and I think something by the late Mr. Austin, based on Saxon history. Even India, if only through *The Light of Asia*, figures more importantly in English poetry than do the Anglo-Saxons. —A poverty, much given to borrowing? Not so, but a richness, containing all kinships, developable, within itself, one would rather say. Great issues depend on this. The nation itself — whatever nation it be — is a growth out of internationalism, and meant to lead into internationalism again, enriched with the plunder of centuries of national experience.

But where are we to look for the origins of English poetry-music? — In the great evolutionary impulse, the will of the World-Soul, the passage of the Crest-Wave of Evolution. *There* was that Urge looking for an exit from Moslem Spain, where the hum of its presence during five centuries had been rich literature, science, culture, refinement of life; *here* were several young semi-barbarous nations: France, Italy, England and the rest — the mixture of racial elements in each fairly advanced: ready to receive into incarnation the vanguard of human souls, now that the cyclic moment had come for a change in the scene and character of world-civilization. That was, say, in the thirteenth century. Then life was passing from the Moslemry — broken in the West by dissensions, Berbers, and Spaniards, and in the East by the Crusades and the Mongols — and pouring into Christendom. From Andalus it passed into Provence, rousing up there a rich romance and setting a thousand troubadours singing; from Provence into France, and Normandy, and England. Wherever it passed, poets, moved by the vibration of its coming, broke into song.

The first major voice among these in England spoke altogether in tones that came in on this great wind from the South. He learned his art in France, then in Italy; and, when the secret was captured, made a native English thing of it. He imprisoned the world-tones in English strings. He — Chaucer — learned abroad that there was a certain power, a magic, in a line of ten syllables: that somehow, ten syllables in a line made Aeolian harpstrings on which the winds of the spirit would play; and began molding English to such uses. Out of his fashioning grew the iambic pentameter line, to be the heirloom, presently, for all dramatists, sonnetteers, writers of epic — for whom not? — in England since.

He prepared the way for the great meter which was to be the chief vehicle for English poetry-music; he did not attain to the heights of music himself. Oh, one writes this trembling; — here too there is a small but fierce tribe! In sooth, for his age he had a marvelous ear; but not a per-

fect, even for meter — as Lowell, among others, would have us believe. And meter is not in itself music, or Pope would be among the musicians; it is merely a means of getting there, an instrument on which music can be played. Chaucer, as Matthew Arnold says, lacked the high seriousness that marks the greatest poets. He looked on the surface of life: a thing woven of the gay colors of myriads of ever-differing personalities; and found it exceedingly interesting, a matter to hold his attention during one incarnation at least. You may make rhythm and meter, but not music, out of personality; the divine Soul must strike in with its lofty ardor, before music comes — especially that epic kind of music for which Dan Chaucer paved the way. So, generally, even when one has mastered his language and given his vowels the grander value they had then, one still gets the impression that he is speaking his verse: chatting charmingly in a voice full of wit and sparkle: not singing or chanting, or declaiming grandly. All the flashing various life that he watched so keenly, and recorded with such zest and humor, yielded to his vision no inkling of the deep pattern beneath; how then should he have heard the eternal harmonies? His business was to make a vehicle for poetry; not himself to bring poetry through into the world; so it is unimportant that he, like Dryden, Pope and Byron, and like them alone among the great figures in English verse, was untouched with mysticism.[1] When he was most serious it was with a fictitious medieval religiosity; and that he might supply a full-length portrait of his Man of Law or his Nun — an animated picture, with the whole mentality written in. It was through no insistence of the Divine in him; he held up no torch to lighten the inner worlds, as it is the mission of poetry to do. None the less he must be counted among the great figures; the position he holds is epochal; since by truth of common vision he prepared the way for the vision of great seers, and by truth of meter, for master word-musicians.

Thirteen decades or so of silence followed him, and then Wyatt was singing; and shortly, Surrey his pupil. The first introduced the sonnet, the second, blank verse from the Italian; and thereby put a certain discipline on Chaucer's ten-syllabled line — making it into five clear iambics, with the English stress definitely on each alternate syllable. They left it something nearer to that which it was to become, though a stiff, inflexible and unquickened instrument still. Indeed, in fluency and flexibility they were far behind Chaucer; but it was a necessary retrogression. They were the first shoots of their cycle, Chaucer was the flower of his: the budding of the Tudor Rose, less in beauty, but more in promise, than the profuse blooming of the Plantagenet Broom. They disciplined away

1. See *Mysticism in English Literature*, by Caroline E. Spurgeon; Cambridge University Press, 1913.

Chaucer's diffuseness, gossip and roguery; tightened the strings of the national lyre; lost something that Chaucer had, in order that Marlowe might win much more. When the latter came, it was as the coming of a Prometheus: who at last, with this rhymeless iambic pentameter for fennel-stalk, brought down fire from heaven.

On his lips, it became indeed the 'mighty line.' Hot and rapid he made it; torrential; a fair rant at times; a surging, flaming rhetoric, lavish of inspiration, through which, at its best, the subtler music is also to be heard: —

> There angels in their crystal armors fight
> A doubtful battle with my tempted thoughts
> For Egypt's freedom and the Soldan's life —
> His life that so consumes Zenocrate,
> Whose sorrows lay more siege unto my soul
> Than all my army to Damascus' walls:
> And neither Persia's sovereign, nor the Turk,
> Troubled my senses with conceit of foil,
> So much by much as doth Zenocrate.

—A good specimen, I think, of the greatness and imperfection of his music. In the lines that end with the name 'Zenocrate' there is a certain relief to the breathlessness, the rush of sound; one may hear a falling away of the wave, to compensate a little for its insistent gathering between. But the balance attained is not perfect; one cannot feel quite at ease. We come on all too little such compensation in Marlovian rhetoric. The ear is stunned, the breath taken away, by an almost perpetual crescendo of 'great and thundering speech.' He rode wild Pegasus wildly, but had not mastered him; he had not mastered the impetuous life-forces of the age; nor, it is likely, himself. But 'twas a Pegasus whom no one yet had dared mount, much less broken; it was a whirlwind of life he confronted: the grand overtones of the music of evolving humanity, the roar of the incoming host of souls. What he might have grown to, had he lived and all gone well with him, heaven only knows. In his early twenties he was riding this wildfire and thunderstorm of a winged steed, that had not before him been more than seen far off in the firmament. Right at the start of his career, and with no models nor predecessors to guide him, he wrote the flaming ambitions of his poethood into *Tamburlaine* in such vaulting words as these:

> "And ride in triumph through Persepolis!"
> Is it not brave to be a king, Techelles?
> Usumcasane and Theridamas,
> Is it not passing brave to be a king,
> And ride in triumph through Persepolis?

and these: —

If all the pens that poets ever held
Had fed the feeling of their master's thoughts,
And every sweetness that inspired their hearts,
Their minds, and muses on inspired themes:
If all the heavenly quintessence they still
From their immortal flowers of poesy,
Wherein, as in a mirror, we perceive
The highest reaches of a human wit;
If these had made one poem's period,
And all combined in beauty's worthiness,
Yet should there hover in their restless heads,
One thought, one grace, one wonder at the least,
Which into words no virtue can digest.

The man was insatiable, untamable; the winds of poetry tossed him up among the stars. He and Shakespeare were born within a month or two of each other, Marlowe being the elder. Was it that the Gods had provided themselves with two strings to their bow, and this the preferred one — until he made the mistake to be killed in a tavern brawl at twenty-nine, whereupon their election fell wholly upon Shakespeare? Marlowe, while he was alive, was the greater musician, the more daring Promethean soul; it was not until he died that Shakespeare began to grow at all quickly. — Or was it that They sent Marlowe to breast the storm of song; to try a fall with wild Pegasus first, and tire him a little; to grapple with the great inrush of the forces, and perhaps be killed thereby, while their own Elect should have time to grow slowly into the strength requisite for mastery?

He has been lavishly accused of vices, has 'kynde Kit Marloe'; three parts of it, as Mr. Havelock Ellis says, may be set down to his heterodoxy,[2] which never can escape evil imputation — witness the 'gluttonous man and winebibber.' In his defense we should remember that he received much praise and love, and no condemnation, from the grave and good among his contemporaries.[3] But then, your ascetic does not usually come by his death in a tavern brawl; and there is a certain headiness and riotous delight of the senses in the wine of his verse. In any case, he did a mighty work for the Gods: he made the music of English blank verse, and he

2. As to which there is a curious item in the charge brought against him by one Richard Bame, and on which he would have been proceeded against for atheism had he lived a few days longer. Among other of the 'damnable opinions' wherewith he showed his 'scorne of Gods Worde,' we read, he held —

> That the Indians and many Authors of Antiquitie have assuredly written of aboue 16 thowsande yeers agone, where — saith Bame,
> Adam is proved to have leyved within 6 thowsande yeers.

—Which would seem to show at any rate that kynde Kit was some centuries ahead of his age. Where on earth did he get that about the Indians, at that time?

3. Such as Drayton and Chapman. See Havelock Ellis' introduction to the edition of Marlowe in the Mermaid Series; London, T. Fisher Unwin.

made it a *March*. The greatest perils are for those who set out to do the greatest work. It would not be much to wonder at if the tremendous cyclic force then entering into English life, bursting its way, so far as poetry was concerned, mainly through that one personality, were enough to unbalance his life, and let loose on him more of passion than he had strength of organism to withstand. It was well that the most balanced mind, the most equable personality that ever was given to a poet, was there waiting, and in the possession of the Soul who was to take up his work.

Even for Shakespeare it was a hard task and a perilous — this of embodying the cyclic inrush of sphere-music in English words and lines. We need not be more than careful readers to guess the tremendous struggle, the titanic warfare, that this Elect of the Ages had to wage within his own life. In him, too, the angels in their crystal armors fought a doubtful battle with his tempted thoughts, or he could never have known enough to write the grand tragedies of his years of *Sturm und Drang*. It is equally certain, however, that he and the angels triumphed: triumphed to the point where he was no longer a man as other men, but a Pen for the Pantheons.

From him this March-music comes as from a master-hand: all guided, ruled, directed; his own. One may liken it to a thousand things: to a Toledo or Damascus blade in the hands of an adept fencer; it swerves not a hair's breadth from the point he aims at; it is magnificently under control. Pegasus, we will say, threw Marlowe and killed him; beware poor Pegasus, you have a cooler head to contend with now! One that will ride you a little through horrors, out-Marlowing kynde Kit in extravagance; then turn you into the daisied fields of comedy, and in those pleasant meads exercise you until, dangerous creature that you are, you have learned that the best thing you can do is to obey. Learn then! for he is your master; all your pranks are useless here. You are to career with him through the shining spaces of the galaxies; your common journeying with him is to be along the Milky Way; — you, who have been accustomed only to the region between the clouds and the moon. What? — you winged thing of wind and fire — you are all loving obedience now? You go curvetting and caracoling by Orion and the Pleiades, but instantaneous now to the adored hand upon your bridle. . . .

He was essentially a Light-Bringer, was Shakespeare; and his March-music is in itself a thing of light. It moves along bright and gleaming; goes springingly upon the toes, flashing in sunlight as it advances. Here is the normal beat of it, after he had come into the heritage of his power:

> Now, sir, young Fortinbras,
> Of unimprovéd mettle hot and full,
> Hath in the skirts of Norway here and there

Sharked up a list of landless resolutes,
For food and diet, to some enterprise
That hath a stomach in't:—

— a swift, clear rhetoric; a quick march, ensouled with dignity and manly virtue; an aristocratic, fine-gentlemanly, rapid movement of words. Supreme *Hamlet* is full of this; has it for norm, and varies from it to great rapidity in such a breathless passage as this:

Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
That I will speak to thee: I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane: O! answer me;
Let me not burst in ignorance, but tell
Why thy canonized bones, hearséd in death,
Have burst their cerements; why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurned,
Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws
To cast thee up again. What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous, and we fools of nature
So horridly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?

— or to heightened slowness and majesty in such lines as:

Or that the Everlasting had not fixed
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter;

or

But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood.

Where Marlowe dealt in the dark crimsons and purples of sound, Shakespeare dealt in the yellow-golds and sky-blues; it is a clear spirit that we sense always behind the tramp of his march. Rapidity, clearness, dignity, are the main characteristics; his ten syllables in a line may go on forever, and never weary the ear, they march so quickly, so gaily. Contrast the ease of reading aloud this:

Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,

with Marlowe's

If all the pens that poets ever held,

and one comes at once on the secret of Shakespeare's superiority: it lies in the perfect balance of his waves of sound, the infusion of light into them; the ordered, but unobtrusive, disposition of the periods; the suiting of all to the needs of the human ear and breath. Marlowe had swept on with the tempest, and 'tis grand to sweep with him, but bewildering; Shakespeare dominates the tempest and tunes it to a music that uplifts.

But he could carry that line also, when he would, half way to other modes of music than this marching mode — as in this:

I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows:

in which, for the five iambics, we have a spondee, an iambic and an amphibrachys, a spondee, and a long syllable: no known meter, but most perfect music: a line that does not march, but sings; that is almost past the power of scansion in feet, but none the less of a music as natural, sweet and obvious, as sunshine or rain. That is the very essence of a quality in lyric music that we shall deal with presently; a music-mode that we may call the *Lilt*. And there is a third mode, which neither declaims like the March nor sings, but intones; hear him in this pass from declamation into intonation:

And never, since the middle summer's spring,

(— in which the sound marches, purely and simply)

Met we on hill, in dale, forest or mead,

(wherein the march has acquired a lyrical break or catch)

By pavéd fountain, or by rushy brook,

(the same, but muted to an air of serene still-life)

Or by the beachéd margent of the sea,

— where the sound heaps up like a gathering wave, and falls away slowly into infinity, with far echoings of tone.

It is in *Macbeth* that he reaches his grandest heights in music; there, perhaps, are to be found the most terrifically grand lines in the language; but we shall need them in speaking of Style, and will not quote them here. But there are these, in which the horror and majesty of the situation bring the march to the highest point it can attain, swelling it with tone as in the Intonation:

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine.

He uses the same method here as in the last quotation, only on a plane of mournful solemn intensity, much heightened. The first line is pure march, but slowed down to funereal grandeur; in the second, the march-music is broken, imperfect: the effect of the caesura is to throw things out, and forewarn the ear portentously of the mighty thing that is to come. The sound of the third has the motion of the onriding shore-wave: the heaping up of swelling sound; the pause; the sad crash and falling away; listen, and you shall hear them all. It is a form of music that seems to

belong to the secret laws of God. I do not think he ever reached grander, or so grand, heights in music — except in three other lines from the same scene. Marlowe never came near it.

Marlowe, Shakespeare, and then Milton; and it was Milton who carried this evolution to its topmost. He stands to Shakespeare, in music, almost as Shakespeare stands to Marlowe. He climbed the mountain slowly; it was *Paradise Lost* before he was wielding thunder from the peaks. Yet almost at every step he was perfection.[4] Milton always marches; but he marches in nearly as many ways as a poet can. *L'Allegro* is a lilt-march, tripping it 'on the light fantastic toe.' *Il Penseroso* is basically the same, but muted and minuet-like, with occasional hushings and deepenings towards intonation where the thrill of the poetry intensifies. Contrast

> And to the stack or the barndoor,
> Stoutly struts his dames before,

from the first, with

> To behold the wandering moon,

from the second, and one hears the difference at once. These poems show us Milton at the nearest he could come to melody. They are not melody, but they partake of many of its qualities: the lightness and brightness in *L'Allegro*, the richness in *Il Penseroso*. The lilt proper must have the definite structural basis of a tune: rise and fall, correspondence between parts: rhythm that goes out and returns, goes out and returns, upon itself. In the music of these two poems — a march, if a half-dancing one — the wonder is the perfect ear that guided its making: that took a cheap meter, and kept it spinning throughout, never for a moment cheap, never less than delightful to the hearing; varied exquisitely, so that the lines never weary, but remain a joy to the right-minded through life and, it is to be hoped, after.

In *Comus* we come upon a more common quick-time march, not so different in rapidity from Shakespeare's normal time; less flexible than his, less airy; but with certain warriorlike qualities of the Soul beating throught it, prophetic of the titan music that was to be. In *Lycidas* we find elements of intonation appearing; the march is richer in tone than anything that had been written in English before. Listen to the beautiful vowels and liquids of which this is all compact:

> Yet once more, O ye Laurels, and once more
> Ye Myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
> I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,

4. Except in most of the poems written at school or college, some sonnets, and the regrettable translations and paraphrases of the Psalms, etc.

And with forced fingers rude
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear
Compels me to disturb your season due;
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.

—No, you will not get the echoing, resounding loveliness of that, if you pronounce the dead man's name 'Lycidus,' as the devil prompts you to. Let that stately Greek last vowel have its proper treatment, and you shall be rewarded!

Lycidas written, and Milton's season of prose-warfare past, he did not recur to this toneful form of the march. Thenceforward his feet were to turn neither to the right hand nor to the left, but to go straight upward to Parnassus snows by the stately, warriorlike road of march-music pure and simple: blank verse: the heroic iambic pentameter without rhyme or — except occasionally — any large measure of consonance or assonance. The music was wholly to depend, or almost wholly, on the rhythm and pulsations of his own gigantic soul; and the measure for the greatness of that soul, is the greatness of the music of *Paradise Lost.*

Marlowe made the word-mob fall in, obedient to some divine right that swept in upon England, caught him in its full blast, and filled him with prophecy; he did not drill the mob, but set it, an inspired horde, to storm the heights. He dying, Shakespeare took it in hand, and put it through the paces till it had become a world-wonder: sinuous and flexible, capable of all delicate evolutions; lofty too; — by sheer dexterity and high-mindedness bound always to win. Then came this Milton, and made it into an army, not of men at all — not even of Cromwellian Ironsides — but of titans, angels and archangels,

Thrones and Imperial Powers; Offspring of Heaven,
Ethereal Virtues.

There is nothing to be sung in *Paradise Lost;* nothing, I think, to be intoned; all is to be declaimed in the proper march or martial style; but, dear God, what infinity of superhuman music is there! He practised on the organ daily until his death; and of course, organ-music is the inevitable simile for his poetry. But who has made the organ give forth tones like this? Like the leaves of the forest his lines vary; like the sea-waves; like the faces of men, that, wrought of the combinations of a few elements, are never exactly duplicated. They change and change and sweep from one majestic form to another; they exhaust, you would say, the possibilities of variation, the subtleties of sublime beauty in sound; and recur when the ear demands it with a thunder-crash to the norm; — so that to read it is not a pleasure, but an initiation, an austere intoxication of the

soul. It is the divine Soma juice that one drinks; the atoms of one's inward being are shattered and whirled and remolded to more deific shapes. Roused by the swell and thunder, the surge and stately epic boom of it, the Soul, bewitched within this prisonhouse of personality, awakens into consciousness, feels the spells and cage-bars shattered, and looks forth; then soars up exultant; — and we are aware of the grandeur of eternal existence, the majesty of divine life, within ourselves. Listen only to the sound of this:

> — For never, since created Man,
> Met such imbodied force as, named with these,
> Could merit more than that small infantry
> Warred on by cranes — though all the giant brood
> Of Phlegra with the heroic race were joined
> That fought at Thebes or Ilium, on each side
> Mixed with auxiliar gods; and what resounds
> In fable or romance of Uther's son ,
> Begirt with British and Armoric knights;
> And all who since, baptized or infidel,
> Jousted in Aspramont, or Montalbán,
> Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisond,
> Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore
> When Charlemain with all his peerage fell
> By Fontarabbia.

— Never tell me that this mighty Milton was not one of the World-Teachers! No doubt he spoke little, directly, of the hidden truths; no doubt when he stooped from his bardhood to philosophize, he did it foolishly enough; but Lord, there is the whole secret doctrine of the ages in just the fall of his words, the manner of his speech. I need no better proof of the Soul of man than ten lines out of *Paradise Lost;* I find it incontestable and final, as if one were to see the splendors of the Soul in emanation out of God. Ten lines about —

> Pelorus, or the shattered side
> Of thundering Aetna,

or about joustings in Aspramont and Montalban — to prove the truth of Theosophy; and no room left for *if* or *were it not!* For no man could have spoken so divinely, with such stately thunderous majesty, were the innermost of man not divine, and this stately majestic teaching devoid of truth. I do not know how one can escape the conclusion; how one can so hear the Soul speak, and yet disbelieve in the Soul.

Paradise Lost brought the march to its highest; English will never be molded, one suspects, to march-music greater than this. That is to say, as march-music pure and simple; we shall see presently how evolution

might still go forward, gaining in tone, though not in grandeur. Meanwhile, however, growth of some sort there had to be: progress upward or downward, since no static condition is possible. So Dryden and company came, clapped rhymes to each pair of iambic pentameters, and gave us what they are pleased to call the 'heroic couplet.' There is no reason why poetry, and its music, should not incarnate in this form; but having brought in the rhyme you have invited tone or melody to be present, and are to have pure march no more. You are in peril of letting the rhyme do the work that was done before by subtle modulations of stress and rhythm, and by the impetuous pride of an exalted soul. The meter is capable of this, on the lips of an intoner:

> Red Rose, proud Rose, sad Rose of all my days,
> Come near me while I sing the ancient ways —

which is certainly music, and of the loveliest; but of a type that Milton never imagined; while Dryden —

Never imagined any music at all, of course. Talked well and trenchantly; even went the length, in his Odes, of trying to fabricate a brain-mind substitute for singing; but, naturally, to no good purpose. It is a marvelous thing that a pair of lines of five iambics apiece can be four such different things as —

> Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there,
> Sharked up a list of landless resolutes;—
>
> Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore
> When Charlemain with all his peerage fell;—
>
> Of these the false Achitophel was first,
> A name to all succeeding ages curst;

and—

> Rose of all Roses, Rose of all the World,
> You too have come where the dim tides are hurled. . .

The first is full of a bright, the second of a proud, the fourth of a sad music; the third is — Dryden. There is no uplifting pomp of sound in it, no deep sweetness; it is talk done into rhyme and meter. And if ever there was a tinkling and tinsel imitation of music, it is to be found in *Alexander's Feast* or the *Ode for Saint Cecilia's Day*. Oh, it is well done, no doubt; almost as well done as mimery can be, when Master Brainmind, a robustious, periwig-pated fellow, dons stage crown and purple, and stalks upon the boards to play the part of King Soul.

That was, and was to be, an age that had forgotten the Soul altogether. Dryden, and afterwards Pope, its grand luminaries, were not merely non-mystics (like Chaucer and Byron); mysticism is somehow incompatible with, antipathetic to, the thought of them. And mysticism is no-

thing but awareness of the Soul, of the God within, the divine part of ourselves. Translated into terms of poetic literature, the lack of mysticism means the lack of eyes and ears for reality. There must be some sort or color of mysticism, before you can get either vision or music.

After the Restoration of the Stewarts in 1660, there remained, so to say, no soul at all in England except that old blind Samson at Gaza, Milton Agonistes, whose world had gone tumbling about him in ruin, and who so soon was himself to be silenced. Even in him we hear a waning of the grand music towards the close. After the Second Book of *Paradise Lost*, there is not often the same august rolling of the thunders; *Paradise Regained* had better never have been written; and even in *Samson Agonistes* it is less the high tide of Soul Music we hear, than

> Its melancholy, long withdrawing roar. . .
> Down the waste sands and shingles of the world.

WHITE LOTUS DAY

By H. T. Patterson

NIGHT, shoreless, measureless, unbound;
Silence — night's harmony profound;
Hushed heave of waters lapt in sleep;
Infinite, voiceless, soundless sound.

The ceaseless breath to life is stirred;
Within the dark immense is heard,
"Let there be Light!" An age's birth
Begins, obedient to the Word.

Petals of radiant white unfold
Their roundlet rims; within, behold!
The mighty universe in germ
Glowing amid that heart of gold

The Lotus-spirit fills the earth,
Shedding its life upon the dearth;
The golden age has dawned again,
The dead world springs once more to birth.

The heavy cerements of clay
Cast off, the universal ray
Lives in the world, an age reborn; —
Hail, Spirit of White Lotus Day!

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ROUNDELS, BY KENNETH MORRIS

INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS
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RELIGION

Let us adore! O'er mountain waste and pine
Moveth some secret Presence evermore,
Whispering its grandeur in thy heart and mine;
Let us adore!

From the blue deeps where only the eagles soar
It gazes usward o'er the mountain line,
And hark! its spells are crooned along the shore. . . .

Soon will the daylight wane, and far ashine,
Its myriad eyes strewn the blue night sky o'er
Will fill the world with quietness divine;
Let us adore!

GANYMEDE

Deep shone the blue, blue skies wherethrough he sped,
The great lone spaces that the stars dropped through,
A rain of galaxies — and overhead
Deep shone the blue.

And the great bird whose plumes he nestled to
Ever and aye on through the vastness fled,
And the white stars dropped down through heaven as dew.

Then dawned a great white light above, and shed
Splendors to envelop him about, and grew,
And far below, where earth was vanished,
Deep shone the blue.

MELPOMENE

Here be all quietude. Beauty austere,
All girt around in glories midnight-hued,
Sits brooding midmost of our fortunes here;
Here be all quietude!

Goddess, whose burning ministrations sear
And purge away our dross: most mystic mood
Of Fate: most pity-laden, most severe —

Be thou revealed! Reveal in splendor clear
Time's inmost agonies, that these strivings crude
Resolved at last, and banished grief and fear,
Here be all quietude!

THE BOY OF WINANDER

He heard beside Winander Lake
The far shout of the cuckoo bird:
God's mystery blown o'er flood and brake
He heard.

The cliffs re-echoed with a word
That set the whole green world awake,
With quivering expectation stirred. . . .

He saw the daffodillies shake
In golden dance; his sight was blurred
And cleared with wonder. . . . And God spake —
He heard.

ORAL TRADITION

A tale from of old— how once in the dawn of time
We were rayed for clay in a quickening flame of gold,
And we heard the stars sweep on as a chant, as a rhyme,
As a tale from of old!

And we rode through the vast on flaming coursers foaled
Of the Steeds of Heaven, and we waged wild wars sublime
Where the floods of Heaven in foam of star-mist rolled.

And we dreamt not then that ever the years should climb
Into hoar old age, and the glory of man grow cold,
And the haughty deeds we wrought for God in the prime
Be a tale from of old!

ENDYMION

He dreamed of the Moon of old in Latmos isle,
And all his life was changed to a dream, a swoon
Wherein no peace nor beauty came, but while
He dreamed of the Moon.

For him no more the purple glory of noon,
Nor the dark green gloom of the woods where the nymphs
beguile
The dreaming noontide hours with a quiet tune;

But roaming earth and sea, wan mile on mile,
Till, purged of the world with her griefs and joys o'erstrewn,
Grown one with his Dream in her holiest sylvan aisle,
He dreamed of the Moon. . . .

THE MUSE OF LYRIC POETRY

With Beauty and Mirth and Passion and Delight
And Truth and Pathos — so she came to earth
Attended; and the air grew diamond bright
With beauty and mirth.

She hath a lyre whose singing strings give forth
All that is hid at heart in day and night;
She hath a song to bring new stars to birth.

And she hath spells to put all grief to flight;
There is no wound but she may heal, no dearth.
Yet in her heart are pain and passion plight
With beauty and mirth.

MYTHS OF REBIRTH: by T. Henry, M. A.

IN pursuance of the program begun in the two preceding lectures—that on Mythology in general, and that on the myth of Prometheus — we shall now further illustrate the subject of myths by considering under one head the various allegories and symbols of rebirth or regeneration; surely a topic of profound and universal interest to mankind and well worthy of being recorded in undying pictures and dramas.

Death and decay, the transitoriness of life, the passing of youth, have been perennial themes for the poets, some of whom have even held that the contemplation of death is the paramount theme of poetical inspiration. It is a relief to turn to the question of rejuvenescence. And truly, if in Nature there are emblems of death and decay, so there are as many emblems of renewal and rebirth. Yet this analogy, when applied by the poets, results too often in an anticlimax, wherein the all-too-patent and familiar fact of the passing of youth is balanced by a vague and rather speculative hope of immortality conditioned by theological dogmas. The flowers, however, which die in the fall, are reborn upon the earth where they perished, and not in some remote heaven; and we feel that the analogy has been misapplied. If the death of man corresponds with the death of the trees in winter, then to what does the birth of man correspond? Evidently these two facts in our existence — death and birth — are the twin poles that should be compared with the death and birth of vegetation.

In speaking of Reincarnation, the continual death and rebirth in Nature is usually adduced as an argument for Reincarnation; and though it is an argument, when taken in conjunction with other considerations, it is not necessarily an argument when considered by itself alone. For nobody denies that *mankind* is immortal or that human beings are continually born again into youth as fast as human beings die. The interesting question is whether it is the same human beings that are born again, whether the individuality is immortal, whether you or I will be born again. Yet we feel that, in admitting merely that mankind is reborn, without saying anything about the rebirth of the individual soul, we are not solving the question of rebirth at all, but leaving it where it was. The arguments for rebirth of the soul not being in place here, it will suffice to predicate such rebirth as a hypothesis, for the purposes of the illustrations to be drawn from the pages of symbology. There are many who consider that the very nature of the human mind necessitates our acceptance of immortality as an axiom; and they have formulated the saying: "I think; therefore I am immortal." And it is true that we encounter insuperable difficulties when we try to use our own mind for the purpose of proving that that mind is not immortal.

The postulate to be granted, for our present purposes, is as follows: that human nature is compounded of two parts, one of which is mortal, the other immortal. Man, in his present state of evolution, is not normally conscious of his immortality, because he is not normally conscious of his own divinity. He lives in his lower nature and his interests are largely centered on perishable things. Neither memory nor prevision extend beyond the limits of his personal existence. Yet he has dim intimations of immortality, though he cannot formulate them into definite images. To become conscious of immortality, we must seek out that which in us is deathless and birthless; and a day must dawn for every man when in the course of his evolution, he succeeds in transferring his consciousness from the mortal to the immortal part of his nature, and in becoming aware that he is a deathless Soul, dwelling in many successive mortal mansions.

Biologists will tell you that we are continually dying and being reborn, the process of death and renewal going on perpetually among the cells that constitute our body. Hence death and rebirth are the law of our being in the minute details. The brain with which we think is not the same brain as that with which we thought years ago; for since that time every atom in it has passed away and been replaced by new ones. Yet the mind remains the same and the memories are preserved. The mind and its memories are therefore immortal as compared with the brain; and the mind must be something apart from the brain, otherwise the mind would be changing all the time, and our personality and memories would vary from day to day and the sense of identity be lost. In just the same way the immortal Soul survives the passing of the successive personal souls, and man is a god within an animal frame.

Appropriately to the present season, we may take Easter as a symbol of rebirth. This ancient and universal festival is of course not peculiar to the Christian churches, but has been recognised and adopted by them in just the same way as it has been adopted by other religions. Our own familiar Easter contains elements that may be classified as Christian, Jewish, Roman and Scandinavian — to go no further in the analysis. The Passover is Jewish; the resurrection is Christian; the word 'Easter' is Teutonic; the Easter Egg was used by the Romans as a symbol of rebirth. When we celebrate Easter, we celebrate rebirth or resurrection: perhaps an event regarded as historical — the resurrection of Jesus; perhaps the mystic resurrection of the Christ in man after his burial in the sepulcher of animal life; perhaps the rebirth of the year in spring; perhaps the fertility of cattle or the favorable perpetuation of the human race. In any case it is regeneration that is symbolized and celebrated.

The Egg is probably the favorite emblem of rebirth, and as such is to be found everywhere. We may recall the mounds of the mysterious

Mound-Builders, to be found in parts of the United States, and often representing a serpent with an egg at his mouth. The great serpent mound of Brush Creek, Ohio, has an egg 100 feet in diameter. At Loch Nell, near Oban, in the Hebrides Islands, north of Scotland, is a serpent mound with an egg in the form of a circle of stones. Strabo mentions such dragons and serpents in India, and Ovid refers to a great serpent at Delphi. At Avebury in England and Morbihan in Brittany are serpents represented by rows of upright stones. Speaking of the egg-symbol, H. P. Blavatsky says in *The Secret Doctrine:*

> The Egg was incorporated as a sacred sign in the cosmogony of every people on the Earth, and was revered both on account of its form and its inner mystery. From the earliest mental conceptions of man, it was known as that which represented most successfully the origin and secret of being. The gradual development of the imperceptible germ within the closed shell; the inward working, without any apparent outward interference of force, which from a latent *nothing* produced an active *something*, needing nought save heat; and which, having gradually evolved into a concrete, living creature, broke its shell, appearing to the outward senses of all a self-generated, and self-created being — must have been a standing miracle from the beginning. (I, 359)

Brahmâ, the first cause, is represented as a swan, which lays a golden egg, which is the universe. Not only is the fertility of the egg symbolical, but its form also; for it denotes a circle and the shape of the world and the nought, the origin of numbers. To continue the quotation —

> The first manifestation of the Kosmos in the form of an egg was the most widely diffused belief of antiquity. . . . It was a symbol adopted among the Greeks, the Syrians, Persians, and Egyptians. In chp. *liv* of the Egyptian *Ritual*, Seb, the god of Time and of the Earth, is spoken of as having laid an egg, or the Universe. (*ibid.*)

> With the Greeks the Orphic Egg is described by Aristophanes, and was part of the Dionysiac and other mysteries, during which the Mundane Egg was consecrated and its significance explained; . . . the belief that the universe existed in the beginning in the shape of an egg was general. (*ibid.* and 360)

> In Kircher's *Oedipus Aegyptiacus* one can see, on the papyrus engraved in it, an egg floating above the mummy. This is the symbol of hope and the promise of a *second birth* for the *Osirified* dead; his Soul, after its due purification in the Amenti, will gestate in this egg of immortality, to be reborn from it into a new life on earth. (365)

> Diodorus Siculus states that Osiris was born from an Egg, like Brahmâ. From Leda's Egg Apollo and Latona were born, as also Castor and Pollux, the bright Gemini. . . . The Chinese believe that their first man was born from an egg, which *Tien*, a god, dropped down from heaven to earth into the waters. (366)

As the ancient Romans did, in one of their Spring festivals, we still go on using the egg as a symbol at Easter, though it is to be feared we most of us do it blindly. Is it not strange how racial memory perpetuates such customs long after the intellect has ceased to understand them? Even the customs are an example of death and rebirth, for they are preserved in a deathlike form until the day when they can be performed once more with understanding.

Keeping in mind our subject — the interpretation of myths and symbols — let us consider the egg from this point of view. When we find eggs mentioned in cosmic myths, or used in symbolic ceremonials, then if we take the matter in a dead-letter sense, we are only showing our own lack of a sense of proportion — a sense of humor even. What is the metaphor behind an egg? Your books on composition and rhetoric will tell you that between an egg and a seed there is no resemblance, but there *is* an analogy; also that there is a similar analogy between the seed and the child. What is this analogy between egg, seed, and child? The analogy lies in the fact that each of these three things possesses something in common, something that does not show itself in the physical form or the chemical constitution, for all three are widely different in those respects. The point of resemblance is ultra-physical. It consists in the fact that each is a germ containing the potentiality of future development. When, therefore, the egg was used as a symbol, it was this evolutionary potency that was thus symbolized. In humanity there is of course an immortal germ, and the race is continued from generation to generation undying. Further, in accordance with the doctrines of Theosophy, which I am considering tonight, there is in *each man* an immortal germ, which is termed his individuality, in contradistinction from his personality, the latter being temporal. Hence the symbol of the seed or germ in man refers to Reincarnation — that is, to the successive appearances of the same immortal Ego or individuality, clothed in successive garbs of flesh and figuring on the stage of life's drama in successive personalities. For the essential man has often been compared to an actor playing many parts; and this analogy is continued by saying that, though the several parts are not cognisant of each other's existence, the actor who is playing the parts is aware of them all. Hence the real memory resides in the immortal part of our nature.

It will be seen that the doctrine of man's immortality, together with the fact of Reincarnation, is enshrined and preserved in these myths of rebirth; and assuredly this is a very important truth, especially for our times, when these truths have become so dim.

In speaking of the egg we also mentioned the serpent; the mounds of the Mound-Builders represented a serpent having an egg at its mouth.

The serpent is a symbol of the law of cycles. It is cycles in time that we speak of. Time is usually represented as a straight line going on indefinitely in the same direction and never returning. But actually it is a spiral, ever returning to similar phases. A spiral (or, to be more accurate, a screw or helix) is a combination of a straight line and a circle. The circle is a closed curve, ever repeating itself in the same path. But the helix goes on indefinitely, always progressing, and yet continually returning to the same phase. This is the true symbol of time. And, as time is actually traced out in space by the revolutions of the spheres, so we find that spiral curves actually mark the motions of the earth around the sun and the progress of the present moment through the days and seasons. The period of a day and night is not a closed circle; for, though every twenty-four hours brings us around the same cycle of dawn and darkness, yet each time we find ourselves a little further advanced in the progress of the year; and the sidereal day is made into the solar day by the increment of about four minutes borrowed from the year. The life-time of a man is just such a cycle as the day - it is involved in a still larger cycle, the cycle of rebirth. How many times have we made the progress from infancy to old-age? Not infrequently it seems to thoughtful persons as though their life were but as a day whose course they had run many times before. The law of cycles applies also to races; for, though the lifetime of a race is much greater than that of an individual, it is still finite and measurable. Races pass through infancy, maturity and senility; the world does not move along a single straight line. Humanity has been young many times, and old many times; that is, different races of humanity have been young and old, each in its own appointed time.

The serpent is a very prolific symbol, and stands for many things not germane to our present subject; for the present we consider him as (in the words of *The Secret Doctrine*) "the type of consecutive or serial rejuvenation, of IMMORTALITY and TIME." (I, 404). Its coiled form represents a spiral curve. Often he is represented with his tail in his mouth, to symbolize the return of cycles. Death is rebirth into a new life; the end of one cycle is the beginning of the next. The law of cycles is one of the most important Theosophical teachings; it means eternal hope, the perpetual renewal of youth. It is calculated to obviate the pessimism of some modern philosophies. Taking advantage of this law of nature, and availing ourselves of our divine-human will, it is in our power to practise this eternal renewal and to be reborn again and again from within by our own aspirations and resolve. This is the meaning of Easter. In the church ritual the somber draperies of Good Friday are cast aside for the joyous celebrations of Easter Sunday, just as we should then cast off our slough (like a serpent) and stand up in the glory of our newly-generated inner life.

Coluber. . . .
Frigida sub terra tumidum quem bruma tegebat,
Nunc, positis novus exuviis nitidusque juventa.

Scientific people have regarded the universe as a machine which is gradually running down like a clock and will eventually become exhausted. Yet even some scientific men have imagined the possibility of the universe winding itself up again. As a complement to their theory of the running-down of the universe, they have their theories of the formation of new worlds out of cosmic substance, such as the nebular hypothesis and other competing theories of planetary creation. Thus we have on the one side universes resolving themselves into inert matter, and on the other hand we have inert matter building itself up again into universes. This idea is quite in accord with the law of cycles as recognised by Theosophy, except that science states it in more mechanical terms. The eternal life passes through successive periods of active manifestation and of sleep. So here again we have the symbol of the serpent, the spiral curve, representing —

that immutable law of Nature which is ETERNAL MOTION, cyclic and spiral, therefore progressive even in its seeming retrogression. (II, 84)

The Christian Savior, whether regarded as man or as the Logos, may be said to have saved man from eternal death by preaching anew the doctrine of the divine birth in man of that Wisdom which descends from above; but we must remember that other religions have their God-inspired Saviors and Teachers; and that a belief in the existence of such divinely-inspired Teachers or Initiates has been common to all times and climes. The doctrine is, in fact, an essential part of the Wisdom-Religion. To quote from *The Secret Doctrine:*

There is an eternal cyclic law of rebirths, and the series is headed at every new Manvantaric dawn by those who had enjoyed their rest from reincarnations in previous Kalpas for incalculable AEONS — by the highest and the earliest Nirvânîs. It was the turn of those 'Gods' to incarnate in the present Manvantara; hence their presence on Earth, and the ensuing allegories. (II, 242)

Modern speculation often reasons in a circle by supposing first that the human race is inspired by great geniuses, and second that these great geniuses are produced merely by the casual interaction of the various elements of character present in the race itself. Humanity would soon run down if this were the case. Periodic inspiration from without is necessary. And this comes, as we see, from the reincarnating of great Souls who have been through all the experiences of terrestrial life in former cycles, and who in this cycle reincarnated and appear as inspired men, geniuses, saviors, teachers. This doctrine is a frequent subject of mytholo-

gy for what is more familiar to students of mythology than the descent of Gods into human form, generally allegorized as a union with a mortal virgin. Such myths, translated literally, may become monstrosities, and cause scholars with more learning than humor to descant on the alleged immorality of the ancient gods. But, understood better, they point to the reincarnation of great Souls in normal and natural human births. Theorists can tell us much concerning the physical processes of generation and birth; but what right have they to dogmatize on a subject of which they know so little as that of the incarnation of the Soul into the human form that is generated at birth? From this doctrine we learn that a human Soul has not merely the prospect of attaining wisdom through experiences in the cycles of rebirth, but that, after that has been accomplished, it is his destiny to incarnate yet again as a Teacher for younger races yet unborn. The allegory of the God-made man, through the power of compassion and the desire to help and redeem, is an allegory familiar to the ages, though it has often been narrowed down into theological dogmas.

The Phoenix is a mythological bird which is burned to ashes but springs up again therefrom; or, in another version, the corpse of the expiring Phoenix generates a worm from which proceeds the new young bird. In any case it is an emblem of rebirth and regeneration. That the Phoenix represents one or other of the larger cycles of time is shown by the length of years variously ascribed to the life of the bird: he is most frequently said to renew himself every 500 years; but 1461 years is the cycle named in one of the versions, and 7006 in another. Perhaps learned people may recognise these figures. But the Phoenix is recorded by the ancient historians to have actually appeared at certain stated dates, as for instance (according to Tacitus) it appeared under Sesostris, then under Amasis, again under Ptolemy III, and once more in 34 A.D. The phoenix is described by Tacitus as a symbol of the sun. It is believed by many that the sun indicates not only the day and the year, but longer cycles too. Of course we are aware of the precessional cycle of 26,000 years; but there are smaller cycles within this. If so, the continual rebirth of the Phoenix would indicate the recurrence of these solar cycles, with the changes they would bring with them. The Hindûs have the same emblem in their Garuda, and the Egyptians in the Bennu. The Hebrews have it in Onech, where the etymology is evidently the same; and the Turks in Kerkes. In all these cases it designates a racial cycle; the Turkish Kerkes lives a thousand years, after which it is consumed and reborn.

The symbol of the Ark, as used in connexion with floods, is another symbol of rebirth. It is very frequent and by no means exclusive to Christianity. For instance, H. P. Blavatsky speaks of the Chaldaean and Mosaic allegory of the Ark as among the many national versions of

the original legend given in the Hindû scriptures; and mentions the same story, as occurring in the *Vendîdâd* of the Mazdeans, as being another version. The following quotation is given from the *Vendîdâd:*

"Thither [that is, into the Ark] thou shalt bring the *seeds of men and women,* of the greatest, best, and finest kinds on this earth; thither thou shalt bring the seeds of every kind of cattle. . . all these seeds shalt thou bring, two of every kind, to *be kept inexhaustible there,* so long as those shall stay in the Ark." — *The Secret Doctrine,* II, 290-1.

Another quotation says:

The Ark, in which are preserved the germs of all living things necessary to repeople the earth, represents the survival of life, and the supremacy of spirit over matter, through the conflict of the opposing powers of nature. (*The Secret Doctrine,* II, 461, quoted from *Isis Unveiled*)

The *Popol Vuh,* the sacred book of the Quichés of Mexico, describes how the gods, irritated by man's irreverence, resolved to destroy him, and how a great flood came.

We shall find in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* a summary of deluge stories by the Rev. T. K. Cheyne, the well-known Biblical scholar. He begins with the Babylonians and quotes the version of Berosus, who relates that the god Kronos appeared to King Xisuthrus in a dream and warned him of the coming deluge. The thrice-repeated letting out of birds from the ark is mentioned and at last the ark is grounded on a mountain. Turning to Egypt, he refers to a story in an inscription of the time of Seti I, according to which Ra, the Creator, disgusted with the insolence of mankind, resolves to exterminate them. In India the myth exists in several forms; in Greece there appear to have been several flood-stories, of which the best known is of course that of Deucalion and Pyrrha. As to America we read this:

America, which abounds in cosmogonies, is naturally not deficient in deluge-stories. Mr. Catlin says that amongst 120 different tribes that he has visited in North and South and Central America, not a tribe exists that has not related to him distinct or vague traditions of such a calamity, in which one or three or eight persons were saved above the waters on the top of a high mountain.

The memory of the last deluge seems to have graven itself deeply on the mind of humanity, not only as an actual historical event, but also as a symbol of rebirth. In it we see the whole process accomplished: the destruction of the moribund accumulations — the human society that had fallen into corruption — and the preservation of that which was good, the immortal human seed, in a sacred vessel which floated on the waters of destruction and gave rise to a new human race. And so in death our

outworn personality with its memories and our decayed body are removed, but the immortal seed is borne on the waters of oblivion, thence to be reborn.

To encumber this paper with masses of erudition illustrating the myths of rebirth is not our purpose, and it will be far better to dwell upon the meaning to be extracted from the symbols. And the lesson for us here and now is one of renewed hope and joy. For the plan of the universe is the same in the greatest and in the least — this is one of the great principles of Occultism. Hence that law of rejuvenation which applies to vast cycles of racial history, applies also to the little moments that make up your life and mine. The Elixir of Life is a famous quest of the alchemists; and while I believe there probably are some potions having wonderful powers in prolonging life, it is the symbolic meaning that concerns us most at present. The Elixir of Life is that 'Vital Spark of Heavenly Flame' which dies not with the dying cells of brain and body; it is that Heaven wherein we are bidden lay up our treasure; it is those waters whereon we must cast our bread, that we may find it again after many days. It is never too late to mend. The man or woman of fifty years, whose youth is spent, can renew it by faith in this great law of the perpetual youth of the Soul, and can learn to look upon this life as but a day, rounded out by a sleep from which a glad awakening will come to a new day. Prisoner in your cell, take yourself a new lease of life and hope; bury your past in the flood-waters of oblivion and breed a new life from the untarnished seed within your heart. The ever-burning lamp of the alchemists is another symbol of perpetual life. It was hidden in a windless cave, and there doubtless it should be sought, by him who has power to still the winds that blow and ruffle the mirror of the mind. Happy is he whose light comes from within, and who is not dependent on outside sources.

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HOLD fast in silence to all that is your own, for you will need it in the fight but never, never desire to get knowledge or power for any other purpose than to give it on the altar, for thus alone can it be saved to you.—*W. Q. Judge*

IN EGYPTIAN TEMPLES: by Fred. J. Dick, M. Inst. C. E.

I — The Judgment Hall of Osiris

WE live in an age not altogether free from superstition, whether in science, archaeology, theology or philosophy; and indeed it almost dominates the educational systems in vogue in our universities, and hence influences prejudicially our unbrotherly civilization. One of the superstitions evident in our modern scholastic systems and their text-books is that we have caught sight of 'primitive man,' and that we are nothing but animals who have acquired a limited capacity for intellection. The ethical results of a few decades of such teaching should be sufficiently obvious now to all, and need not be dwelt upon.

For more than forty years Theosophy has once again been proclaiming the potential divinity within man, the great truths of Karma and Reincarnation, the essential solidarity of humanity, and the spiral lines of ascent and descent to which various races are subject; and has proved the fundamental relation between the spiritual aspects of man and the universe — conclusively proved these great truths to those who have earnestly studied the teachings of the three great teachers, H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley.

Yet when we turn to some of the latest recensions of Egyptian literature and history we find writers still accepting emblems and symbols literally, calling some of them primitive 'totems,' or 'fetishes,' or mistaking a phrase like "I ate my heir" in the *Book of the Dead* (as it is erroneously called) for some kind of cannibalism, instead of being, as it really is, a playful metaphoric allusion to a certain correlation of forces. Thus, in spite of the sublimity, judiciously veiled, to be found in those Egyptian texts, it happens that in English translations the wrong psychology of soulless materialism frequently obtrudes itself, notwithstanding the sincere and scholarly efforts of some of the best Egyptologists to be fair and impartial in their renderings of many mysterious passages in the *Book of the Dead.*

In a recent lecture of this series on ancient astronomy in Egypt, reference was made to the Ethiopians, and to an Eastern king, Manu-Vina, or Mena. Professor Huxley wrote, in *Macmillan's* of May 1883, that there were no peoples "who resembled the Egyptians except the Dravidian tribes of central India and the Australians; I have been long inclined to think," he wrote, "on purely physical grounds, that the latter are the lowest, and the Egyptians the highest, members of a race of mankind of great antiquity, distinct alike from Aryan and Turanian on the one side, and from Negro and Negrito, on the other."

Commenting on this, H. P. Blavatsky wrote in *The Theosophist* of September 1883,

On the exoteric authority of Herodotus, and the esoteric authority of the occult sciences we have shown in *Isis Unveiled* that the Abyssinians (though a mixed race at present) and the Egyptians were what Herodotus calls the Eastern Ethiopians who had come from Southern India and colonized Egypt and a part of Africa — most of them having inhabited Lankâ, not the present Ceylon; when the latter was part and parcel of the Indian continent, and when many more islands like Ceylon extended south and formed part of the Aryan's Lankâ of the *Râmâyana*. And though the Egyptians did not belong to the Fourth Race, yet they were Atlanteans whose islands perished still earlier than Poseidonis.

Thus the Egyptians were heirs not only to the astronomical knowledge transmitted to the Fifth Race from the highest civilizations of Atlantean times, but also to their esoteric knowledge of cosmogenesis and anthropogenesis. As has been repeatedly pointed out in Theosophical literature, while the forms and methods of instruction varied, the essential teachings of the archaic Wisdom-Religion were ever the same. The deeper teachings were imparted differently in the different Schools of the 'Secret Wisdom,' as the Babylonians called it. There were the trans-Himâlayan, the Chinese, the Egyptian, the ancient Peruvian, as well as the early European Schools. In most of them, and certainly in ancient Egypt, cosmic and human evolution was dramatized in such manner as to impress the mind with the main outlines, doubtless as a preliminary to more direct ways of ascending to what we should ordinarily in these days regard as quite superhuman knowledge. The most profound secrecy was maintained, and unlawful divulgence of the deeper mysteries of being and even of chronology was said to have been worthy of death. This, however, would lead to misconception unless we remember that it is Nature herself who furnishes the extinguisher, and not any arbitrary exercise of merely human authority, if the candidate were not worthy and well qualified.

Underlying the superstition of our time in regard to 'primitive man' is ignorance of the truth that in every great cycle of objectivized universal life and mind, there are always at the outset hierarchies of beings on a high plane of nature, heirs to all possible knowledge acquired in prior cycles, and themselves re-emanated from, though still in essence one with the Supreme. Thus all kingdoms of the Ever-Becoming, in each new great cycle, seem on the objective side (which in ancient metaphysics included mind itself) to be mainly ascending — whereas in truth they all live into and build upon that which already is. These results, however, by no means reach the physical worlds simultaneously. When certain stages are attained, higher and subtler powers enter in and control. The main outline is sketched in H. P. Blavatsky's epochal work, *The Secret Doctrine*.

The point to be noted at present is that every race had its Divine Instructors, who in varying degrees and with different methods of work

appear from time to time, and in truth are ever present within the higher soul-life of humanity wherever the lure of sensation and unbridled selfishness has not wholly extinguished the inner flame of divinity. And lest there should still be misapprehension, we should bear in mind that such Teachers, whether in China, Egypt or Peru, were not and are not sentimentalists and dreamers, but were those who brought to man knowledge of various arts and crafts, sciences, philosophy, and above all the Science of Life, or the Art of Living.

Now it happens that the collection of writings known as '*The Book of the Dead*' is something more than "a collection of writings drawn up for the use of dead kings, nobles, priests and others." *Pert-em-Hru* has been variously rendered, 'coming forth by day,' 'coming forth into light,' etc. And as it, or portions of it, in all likelihood often became mere ritual for some, especially in later times, doubtless either of these renderings fairly covers the ground. Studied in the light of Theosophy, however, the meaning of the words *Pert-em-Hru* as a description of the subject-matter could well be amplified, because these writings shine with a light at once above and beyond all ritual, and pertain rather to the 'coming forth into the light' of conscious immortality by those who conquered themselves, and in such manner as to pervade their subsequent 'resurrections,' 'rebirths' or *reincarnations* upon earth.

Far back in 'pre-dynastic' ages these texts, or many of them, began to be written down in pyramid, mastaba or sarcophagus when it was foreseen that knowledge of the Greater Mysteries of life and death, as preserved in the Egyptian School of them, was destined to suffer gradual eclipse, and when glyph and symbol were resorted to as an aid in their preservation. Even then they were both sacred and secret for a long time, until their form was so altered and adapted as to conceal from the profane the profound meanings hidden beneath the hawks, ibises, phoenixes, etc. Thus in course of long ages an actual ritual, or rather a succession of them, belonging to different stages, became perfected; surrounded in some cases — as in the interior structure of the Great Pyramid — by the most thrilling grandeur of environment, adapted for more or less progressive orders of experience and inner poise, and also for those gradations which probably required as an aid special conditions responsive to or permeable by particular subtle forces.

In the dramas of cosmic and human evolution the Judgment Hall of Osiris was one of the stages symbolically enacted; and we are thus enabled to appreciate in some degree the thoroughly inpersonal character of the experiences participated in. On the one hand the candidate or neophyte represented humanity; and on the other Osirification identified the inmost Self (Osiris) of that humanity with the supreme and ineffable source of all

life and consciousness. Thus it was not the fate in 'the other world' of the chancellor Ani, or whoever it was, which was the paramount consideration at any stage, but rather the glorious destiny of the *divine in humanity* which was ever the theme.

History shows that in all countries the human mind is prone to personify in its own ways the manifold beauty and grandeur of the manifesting powers and principles in Nature, even up to the highest conceivable. Parable, allegory, and emblematic figures — whether carved in diorite or alabaster, painted on temple walls and columns, or embodied in epic and poetic form — were natural and inevitable ways for the fire of genius to express outwardly things which otherwise might be too abstruse to be properly apprehended by the cold light of undeveloped intellect. For the intellect cannot by itself live into and realize them.

Hence arose the need for dramatic representation. It was through drama, assisted, as Katherine Tingley has said, by the grander harmonies of music, and participated in by the neophyte, that the living realities were impressed on the re-awakening higher consciousness. He had to live and move among the emblems and personifications, the trials and pitfalls, and learn how to approach and conduct himself in the presence of one or another personified deity or amid each combination of events. A vivid realization of the meanings would impinge on his higher intelligence.

And so in the Greater Mysteries of Life and Death, whether 'taken by violence,' or finally mastered after weary cycles of rebirth, one lives in a Drama where all these principles and stages have themselves to be encountered and conquered. As when, for instance, a neophyte is called upon by his own higher nature to pass the Seven Portals mentioned in the third section of *The Voice of the Silence* — a little work by H. P. Blavatsky, consisting of her recension of some extracts from an ancient Eastern collection of writings entitled *The Book of the Golden Precepts*. He must 'know the name' of each portal, to use the expressive language of the *Book of the Dead*. Which hardly means looking up the word in a pocket dictionary. But it does imply the having realized and finally transcended that particular quality in inner Nature. Then only does he 'know the name' of it; and only then can he pass beyond it. In the *Book of the Dead*, to 'know the name' of a doorway or pylon had a deep scientific, as well as metaphysical meaning; and of a sort far removed from the easy superficiality and intellectual pragmatism of modern days.

Thus the papyri associated with particular mummies often referred to experiences he or she had passed through either consciously and actually on inner planes of nature, or symbolically in temple, pyramid or crypt. In some of the former cases there may have been a seeming death of the physical for a time. The age of the individual, when referred to, was usu-

ally reckoned from the time of some important initiation, when the neophyte, no matter how exalted, was said to have been 'reborn.' Moreover the death, burial and resurrection of Osiris, which formed part of the Mysteries, had more than one significance. For it predicated both the cycles of reincarnation, and also the descent into matter and the reascent back to the purely spiritual essence of the rays which originally emanated from the Supreme. Real Osirification could only occur after numerous cycles of existences on earth. The ancient Egyptian teachers in the temples never entertained the philosophical absurdity of imagining that all problems and adjustments of right and wrong in the universe could be solved in one short life of seventy or a hundred years.

Already in the XVIIIth dynasty many of the lofty conceptions which surrounded the noble Mysteries of Antiquity were gradually beginning to be lost sight of, although Amenhetep IV (or Khu-en-Aten) made a splendid effort to restore their Theosophy among the people. Yet they remained guarded by a very few down to the time of the Persian conquest of Egypt, after which the keys began to disappear one by one, and finally to be lost — for Egypt, but not for humanity.

The early Egyptian teachers possessed the most sublime conceptions (not to mention actual knowledge) of the grandeur and beauty of the different planes of life and consciousness hidden within the universe, and of the corresponding divine possibilities concealed within man. The primeval indestructible and immortal nature of the soul — beginningless and endless — was a cardinal belief: shown, among hundreds of instances, by the inscription on the cover of the sarcophagus of Men-kau-Ra (the reputed builder of the Third Pyramid at Gizeh) now in the British Museum. It reads:

> *Hail! Men-kau-Ra, living for ever, born of Heaven, conceived in the mystery of celestial space, heir to earthly life, existing as a god— Men-kau-Ra, living for ever.*

In regard to the gods of Egypt, the pure teachings were identical with those of the East: as when, for example, in the somewhat ecclesiastical *Brihadâranyaka-Upanishad*, in reply to repeated questions respecting the number of the gods, Yâjñavalkya replies first, thirty-three crores; then thirty-three; then six; then three; then two; then one and a half; and finally One, the last utterly transcending all human power of comprehension. It is through the emanations or radiations of the Supreme and Unnameable, or rather, through their aspects, that the human mind can alone approach the subject. Western theology, having unphilosophically rejected the idea of emanations, and replaced them with the direct conscious creations of angels and the rest out of nothing, finds itself

stranded between supernaturalism and materialism. But the ancient Egyptians united to profound philosophy the keenest metaphysical perception, and much more besides. Some writers have begun to recognise this, and no longer imagine that, except for the profane, the gods of Egypt were mere personifications of various *objective* phenomena of nature. On the contrary, these phenomena were regarded as themselves but complex emblems of definite creative-emanative hierarchies — identification with which hierarchies, or even the transcending of them, lay within the scope and destiny of the human race.

Deliberate mistranslation led to the Hebrew word *Asdt* being rendered 'angels' in the Septuagint, when it really meant Emanations or Aeons, precisely as with the Gnostics. But in *Deuteronomy* (xxxiii, 2) *asdt* or *ashdt* is translated 'fiery law,' when it should be '*a fire according to the law*,' which is precisely emanation.

In short, the old teachers of Egypt knew that nothing can be *evolved*, born, or assume objective shape — be it plant, animal, or man plus his intelligent soul and Higher Ego — except it be first *involved* from different noumenal planes.

The papyrus of Ani, in the British Museum, is roughly about 3500 years old, and is perhaps the most beautiful example of the kind so far discovered. Ani was a chancellor of the revenues and endowments of the temples of Thebes and Abydos about the time of what we call the XVIIIth Dynasty. In his recent valuable work* Dr. E. A. Wallis Budge says, quoting Dr. Edouard Naville, that the most moderate estimate makes certain sections of the '*Book of the Dead*' to be contemporaneous with the foundation of the civilization which we call Egyptian in the valley of the Nile. And Dr. Budge immediately adds that "to fix a chronological limit to the arts and civilization of Egypt is absolutely impossible." From what has already been mentioned about Ceylon and Lankâ, clearly we have here an interesting problem for geology to solve.

One of the sections, for example, estimated as of unknown antiquity, is the one beginning:

I AM YESTERDAY, AND I KNOW TOMORROW. . . .

The numbering adopted for convenience of reference and comparison of the various texts — whether on pyramid, sarcophagus or papyrus — is, as Egyptologists well know, that of Dr. Lepsius as applied to the Turin papyrus. The section just referred to is numbered LXIV, and is not included in the papyrus of Ani. It was *discovered* in the reign of Hesepti (or Semti) about 6180 years ago, at Hermopolis, written *in letters of lapis-lazuli inlaid upon a block of alabaster.*

**The Book of the Dead; the Papyrus of Ani.* — London, 1913

According to the Westcar papyrus, the finder of the block was a learned man who brought to King Khufu a sage 110 years old who was able to join again to its living body an animal's head which had been cut off; who possessed power over lions; and who was acquainted with the Mysteries of Thoth. He made demonstrations of his powers before Khufu. According to Chabas, this section or 'Chapter' LXIV is "a kind of synopsis of the texts now called *The Book of the Dead*," and was twenty-four centuries ago regarded as extremely ancient, and very difficult to understand.

The hieroglyphs in a mastaba at Sakkâra, which are cut in relief, are of unknown antiquity, but are attributed to the 'first dynasty,' a convenient and elastic term. There is ample evidence to show that a number of sections of '*The Book of the Dead*,' such as the XVIIth, were in use during the earliest known dynasties, and must have belonged in reality to 'predynastic' times.

The 'Pyramid Texts' prove that each section was originally a separate and independent composition, written with a specific object; and that it might find place in any order of a series of similar texts. The Pyramid Texts, being the older, represent what is known as the Heliopolitan recension. Some of the sections, as for instance those with the rubrics:

RETENTION OF THE DIVINITY WITHIN THE HEART.

ADORATION OF THE REGENERATIVE FIRE.

PERFECTING THE DIVINE FORM IN THE HEART, AND MASTERING OF THE FIRES.

belong to what is known as Hermetic literature, although the books of Thoth-Hermes are supposed to be lost. Thoth-Hermes, as an incarnation, was 'Lord of Divine Speech.' Thoth-Hermes also stood for Kosmic Ideation, or the directing intelligence within the manifested universe.

The last section referred to is one of the most metaphysical, being said to "*make him to know how he came into being in the beginning, and to have power* AMONG THE GODS." The intrusion of such words as 'cakes and ale' seems humorous, if not out of place, but in reality it may be but a veiled way of referring to the mode in which ethereal entities are involved in ultra-atomic vestures. H. P. Blavatsky threw some light on this in her article on the transmigrations of the life-atoms, written in 1881. One cannot withhold admiration for those who have devoted their lives to the arduous decipherment of these old texts, following in the footsteps of Young, Champollion, Lepsius and their successors. But when we become more awake to the original meanings within these old texts — which one may opine were sometimes arranged in a special way — the foundation which those workers have laid will have permitted the erection of an edifice more in accord with the original ideas.

Before coming to the scene of the Psychostasia, or Judgment Hall, we must consider what was included or signified by the term Osiris. All is Fire in its ultimate constitution, in the ancient teaching. Many aspects of fire were known, and not merely speculated about. Hence it becomes important to examine the etymology of the word corresponding to Osiris in the Egyptian tongue.

We talk of the creative fire of genius, and in the objective world we recognise at least four kinds of fire, namely, heat, flame, electricity and radio-activity. But the Spirit, beyond what our ordinary and very limited five senses perceive as manifested Nature, is the fiery BREATH in its absolute unity. Thus the primeval names of the gods are all connected with fire — from *Agni*, the Aryan, to the Jewish god who "is a consuming fire." In Sanskrit, *Ash* or *Ush* is fire or heat. In Hebrew *aza* means to illuminate, and *esha* means fire. In Irish, *Aesar* was the name of an ancient god, meaning to kindle a fire (not physical). Finally, the transliteration of the Egyptian word for 'Osiris' is precisely *Asar* (with a dot over each *a*), or *Ysyr*, which also corresponds to the *Asura* of the Vedas.

Thus we can discern something of the meaning of the legend about Osiris, where it says that he is the son of Seb (celestial fire), and of Neith, primordial spirit-substance and infinite space. H. P. Blavatsky wrote:

> This shows Osiris as the self-existent and self-created god, the first manifesting deity (our third Logos), identical with Ahura Mazda and other 'First Causes.' For as Ahura Mazda is one with, or the synthesis of, the Amshaspends, so Osiris, the collective unit, when differentiated and personified, becomes Typhon, his brother, Isis and Nephthys his sisters, Horus his son, and his other aspects.
>
> The four chief aspects of Osiris were — Osiris-Ptah (Light), the spiritual aspect; Osiris-Horus (Mind), the intelligent or *manasic* aspect; Osiris-Lunus, the 'Lunar' or psychic aspect; and Osiris-Typhon, the physical, material, and therefore passional turbulent aspect. In these four aspects he symbolizes the dual Ego — the divine and the human, the cosmico-spiritual and the terrestrial.
>
> Of the many supreme gods, this Egyptian conception is the most suggestive and the grandest, as it embraces the whole range of physical and metaphysical thought. Though his name is the 'Ineffable,' his forty-two attributes bore each one of his names, and his *seven dual* aspects completed the forty-nine (fires). Thus the god is blended in man, and the man is deified into a god.

According to the legend supposed to refer to an incarnation of Osiris, as one of the 'Saviors' or Teachers of the world, he suffered death and burial, his body being cut into *fourteen* pieces; and after three days he rose again and 'ascended into heaven.'

Among other meanings, this refers not only to the Seven Principles in man, but also to the Seven 'Days' of Creation, of which the Fourth (the

present great Round) is the lowest arc of descent: the ascent or return occupying three more of such 'Days.'

Having indicated thus briefly some of the principal meanings underlying the terms Osiris, Horus and Typhon, let us glance at the other *dramatis personae* in the allegorical Judgment Hall of Osiris, as portrayed in the Ani papyrus.

Anubis, 'son of Horus,' represented by a human figure with the head of a jackal — an animal that roams in the material darkness of night — is the psychopompic deity to whom the dead or figuratively dead were entrusted, to be led by him to Osiris. Horus, divine intelligence, has been temporarily beclouded by contact with the animal effluvia of matter, hence the symbolism. Anubis is the *aspect*, so to say, which Horus presents to the ascending entity. The real Horus is enshrined within, and therefore Anubis is a safe guide. In other words, the Higher Ego must be the guide, even though the personal mind is unable fully to grasp Its real nature, ere terrestrial illusions have begun to fade.

Towards the right, Thoth-Hermes is seen recording the result of the trial. When Hermes has the head of an ibis, as here, he is the sacred scribe of the gods; but even then he should wear the *atef* crown and the lunar disc, in allusion to the higher aspect of that subtle ethereal substance (unknown to modern science) wherein all is recorded.

Behind Thoth is Aman, or Ammit, or Amemit, an aspect of Typhon — the turbulent or demon nature — shown as part crocodile, part lion, and part hippopotamus. It stands ready to devour the one who fails. *Aman* recalls the Sanskrit word *Amanasa*, meaning 'the mindless.' For if the animal be permitted to rule, man risks loss of his divine birthright, his higher mind, conscience or real impersonal Self.

At the Weighing of the Heart the goddess Shai, representing Karma, is behind the neophyte, attended by two other goddesses, Renenit, good and ill fortune (often confounded with Karma), and Meskhenet, supposed to preside over birth into a new life on any plane of consciousness.

The central feature is the Balance, a symbol as beautiful as profound. For it penetrates through all kingdoms of Nature, even to the highest conceivable. The divine *Kumâras* who refused to incarnate in nascent humanity, had their part in preserving the balance, equally with the *Promethean* Kumâras — the 'fallen angels' who did descend in order to endow man with an immortal nature; and who took upon themselves the aeonian suffering which the act entailed.

Anubis sees to it that the pointer hangs exactly plumb, for in one scale-pan lies the Heart, and in the other the Feather, betokening divine truth. Were the Heart drawn too much earthward, the balance would be lost: materiality has too great a hold upon the soul, and there would be

danger of loss of the higher intelligence within, which is the real man, the eternal pilgrim. On the other hand, were the Heart too strongly attracted heavenward, the sacred duty of service to mankind — the great orphan — would begin to be lost sight of: a kind of spiritual selfishness would supervene, and the true purpose of reincarnation, altruistic and ennobling work among men, might fail of its end.

Let us turn to the introductory scene in the papyrus of Ani. The Ka's, or inner selves, of the neophyte and his companion stand before an altar and utter a hymn of adoration to the Supreme, Osiris-Ra — represented by Osiris attended by Isis and Nephthys. This sets the keynote of the whole, for the altar is laden with the fruits and flowers of the earth. Gratitude and devotion! One is reminded of a passage in the ninth chapter of the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*, where Osiris-Krishna is made to say:

> I accept and enjoy the offerings of the humble soul who in his worship with a pure heart offereth a leaf, a flower, or fruit, or water unto me.

Translations of Ani's invocation possibly fail to do it full justice.

Next we have the concluding part of the Judgment scene, wherein Horus conducts the neophyte into the presence of Osiris, who is again shown attended by, and one with, Isis and Nephthys.

Isis denotes fundamentally the same abstract and incognisable aspect of the Supreme as *Aditi* in the Vedas. She is the transcendental vehicle of infinite creative potency — the Great Mother, or personified Nature on *noumenal* planes.

Nephthys, her sister, is Isis as viewed from the *terrestrial* plane, hence she weeps for Osiris-Prometheus, whose divinity is or has been submerged in material life.

The 'four children of Horus,' as they are called, are seen issuing from a lotus in front of Osiris. Popularly they were supposed to preside over the four cardinal points. But it should be remembered that with the Egyptians all their gods were dual — the scientific reality for the Sanctuary; its double, the fabulous and mythical entity, for the masses. For instance, the older Horus was the *Idea* of the world remaining in the demiurgic mind "born in Darkness before the creation of the world"; the second Horus was the same *Idea* going forth, becoming clothed with matter and assuming an actual existence. Thus the four 'Children of Horus' correspond to the four 'Immortals' mentioned in the *Atharva-Veda* as guardians of the 'four quarters' of the sky. They are said to be mystically connected with Karma, the Law of Retribution. So also are the forty-two Assessors in the Judgment Hall, but in a different way.

Here the neophyte is seen kneeling on one knee, forming with the limbs a figure resembling the swastika. In an order of symbolism which largely

transcends time and space, we need not assume that the whitened hair now shown on the head of Ani has aught to do with the age of the physical body. Rather it is an eloquent emblem of the sufferings we have to undergo before our divinity becomes unveiled to the inner eye — the Eye of Horus.

The CXXVth section, containing what is known as the 'Negative Confession,' belongs to the Psychostasia, and is embellished likewise with some interesting symbolism, which along with other portions of the same papyrus, will be considered in a subsequent lecture.

If it is now beginning to be possible to have glimpses of the profundity and beauty of much in the '*Book of the Dead*' and other Egyptian texts, this appears to be due to several causes. In the first place, probably the time is nearly ripe for the effort. Secondly, the works of three generations of enthusiastic Egyptologists has made it possible. And thirdly, many of the keys have been placed in our hands by the founder of the modern Theosophical Movement, H. P. Blavatsky; and also by her successors, W. Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley. Both volumes of *The Secret Doctrine* contain so much of importance regarding Egyptian religions, literature and symbolism, that having in mind the extensive works of the Egyptologists and the further discoveries which perhaps lie in the near future, there will be altogether enough material to command the attention of Theosophical archaeologists for a century. One thing is fairly certain, that as enthusiasm augments, the light thrown by Theosophy and its teachers will increase likewise, and something of the *spiritual dignity* of old Egypt will reach the world.

Meanwhile let us conclude with a brief extract from an old Greco-Egyptian *Dirge for the Dead in Life* — applicable, possibly, to such as elect to take heaven by violence. Although the words may not as yet have been deciphered on temple wall or papyrus, a representation of the symbolic 'Lake of Liquid Fire' is to be found in the papyrus of Ani.

. . . . . .

Jump quickly into the water — mark you its cool, delicate waving; why dost thou shrink? Art thou not hot and weary? It will refresh thee.

Now the time is past. Thou must jump. Days are passing, moments fleeting; jump thou, believe, jump.

There, come up now, and rest in this green grass.

Was it very terrible? Did the water burn thy very life?

Ah! so burned thou the life of others.

Pass, pass, pass.

KHIOS XXIII

Thou art free, see how beautiful are thy limbs.

Feel now how perfect is thy health.

Come away to the Fire-King, thy sufferings are passed.

Thou hast been tormented for a thousand and one years.

Hasten thou, no longer sorrowful wanderer, but bird of paradise. . . .

WILL THEOSOPHY EVER BE 'POPULAR'? by E.

A CORRESPONDENT writes that he thinks there is great need for Theosophy in the world, but that he fears it can never expect to become popular. But what does the word 'popular' mean? The moving pictures are popular, sensational papers are popular; and locally, certain statesmen, variety artists, games, and drinks are popular. Certain forms of the Christian religion can be described as popular, but it is more than doubtful whether Theosophy emulates this kind of popularity. Or is it the aim of Theosophists — was it the purpose of the founder — to establish a society with definite easy views; or, further, having established it, to popularize it? True, a society has been founded; and it fulfils the original intention of the founder by devoting itself to the work of influencing the thought of the world by spreading a knowledge of Theosophy. Theosophy has profoundly influenced the world, and its influence has been perhaps predominantly indirect — exercised upon people who have never heard of Theosophy. For the existence of such a body of students and workers as the members of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society must have a most powerful effect upon the thought-atmosphere of the world, working through invisible channels and also through innumerable ramifications of the written and spoken word. In this way Theosophy is responsible for the rise of aspirations and movements which are not immediately traceable to it. But even speaking of the spread of Theosophy as such, we may remember the definition that —

> Unfathomable in its deepest parts, it gives the greatest minds their fullest scope, yet, shallow enough at its shores, it will not overwhelm the understanding of a child. (*W. Q. Judge*)

In short, what *is* Theosophy? The word does not merely stand for the body of doctrines known by that name, but also for a way of life. It implies a reasonable and sane way of looking at life. It implies a faith in the higher nature of man, a confidence in immortality, a belief in the universal reign of law, a reverence for duty, honor, and all high ideals, an emancipation from enervating dogmas, and many other things capable of appealing to mankind of every degree. Will a faith in our own higher nature ever become popular? Will a love of purity in the home-life and equity in public life ever become popular? The correspondent's question might well be paraphrased thus.

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> For many times the Mind flies away from the Soul, and in that hour the Soul neither seeth nor heareth. —*The Divine Pymander*

THE CALL OF NATURE: by R. Machell

WHY do these young men smoke out here?" asked a friend of Ruskin's as they were walking in a wood one day. To which the sage replied: "I suppose it is to protect themelves from the beastly smell of the violets."

Ruskin was a great writer, and some of his sayings had wisdom in them as well as literary style. Sometimes, I think, his finer feelings were shocked by some violation of the unwritten law of the 'fitness of things,' an offense which his own personal prejudices made him unable to judge correctly, but which he knew to be wrong. The confusion in his own mind produced irritation, which found expression in some such scathing sarcasm as that just quoted.

It is probable that the smokers were entirely unconscious of the existence of violets and quite impervious to their subtle perfume. But it is also possible that the delicate aroma of the wild flowers had some effect upon them, that they were unable to understand or even to recognise. Few young men are aware of the delicacy of their own perceptions, or of their susceptibility to impressions of a finer kind, as they are ignorant of the power of suggestion and of the contagious force of example. They are played upon by a thousand forces of which they know nothing, and to which they respond ignorantly and without discrimination.

As these subtle influences are unrecognised, so the response made to them passes for independent action entirely unrelated to its immediate cause. So the desire to smoke may have been due to the disturbance of their inner senses by the penetration of the unaccustomed scent of wild flowers, with its appeal to a range of emotions, that most young men would consider unworthy of their notice, unmanly, effeminate.

The lower nature may be inclined to resent the gentle call of Nature, being accustomed to grosser and more pungent flavors; so that the effect of the ethereal perfume of the violets upon the smoker is to create a desire for some more positive sensation, and he has recourse to tobacco.

It is in this way that the lower nature perverts the higher, by misunderstanding the suggestions it receives for its own guidance. The soul of man tries continually to guide the man in his evolution, and the lower nature persistently resists this guidance, and ingeniously blinds the mind to the fact of the existence of the Soul, by adapting the suggestions of the spiritual guide to its own purposes, thus perverting the highest inspirations to the stimulation of the passions that are the life of the lower man: for Man is a complex being in spite of his intense egotism.

It is thus that the lowest men return hatred for the benefits they receive from superior natures. So that Whistler was almost justified in his bitterness, when he said that the "howl of execration was the only

homage possible from the mob to the master." — Almost, but not quite, justified, for bitterness is never justice. Truth is balance.

The scorn of Ruskin was no doubt superb, but scorn is not always wisdom; indeed I think it never fails to mingle its poison with the truth behind which it hides; and most frequently the truth itself is rendered valueless by reason of the sharp reaction generated by bitterness.

Scorn is the weapon of the weak. Tennyson somewhere says, that in the days of Arthur the knights were pledged to gentle courtesy, but to the dwarf "scorn was allowed as part of his deformity." And general observation seems to verify and justify the wisdom of this rule: for certainly we find the bitterest tongues in bodies more or less defective if not obviously deformed. And the body is often an index to the mind. Therefore beware of scorn! And when we feel it rising from the depths, let us beware of getting intoxicated with its poison-gas: intoxication of the mind means temporary asphyxiation of the soul.

It is a weapon most effectively employed by men of undoubted intellectuality, but seldom used by men of true nobility, whose consciousness of strength makes them compassionate and considerate for the weaknesses of lesser men.

There is a pungency in sarcasm that endears it to certain elements in the mind, just as the pungent flavor of tobacco finds favor with the elemental instincts common to all men, and indulged by most, though in various ways; smoking is one: perhaps sarcasm is another.

It is probable that the delicate scent of wild flowers calls to life some of the finer forces, that usually lie dormant in human nature, or that are generally overwhelmed by the tumult of harsher vibrations aroused by the passionate instincts and impulses in man. It is possible that the soul of Nature does call to the soul of Man by all that she has of beauty and of grace.

What happens then depends upon the evolution or the education of the individual.

Most young men are so badly educated that they are not aware of the existence in themselves of all sorts of possibilities, both for good and evil; they do not know what is happening to them, when their own soul turns in its sleep and tries to wake. They feel a longing for something undefined; they have never learned the power of silence, or the peace of meditation, or the refreshment of the mind that comes from contemplation of high ideas. They feel a craving, and they stifle it with a drug: for the ordinary young man has learned to satisfy every desire as soon as it arises, or to deaden it by a drug, if satisfaction is not possible. Self-control is not a fundamental factor in modern education; it is at best an incident. Self-indulgence is the rule more or less openly followed; and indulgence

becomes abuse; for it is in itself misuse of function; though this is hardly as yet recognised even by the more advanced educators. There is a great deal of nonsense talked about the superman. The object of such talk seems to be to keep the ideal standard of manhood down to a level that will not inconvenience the average man. This is done by calling the true man a superman. The trick is simple, but effective. The fact is that humanity has fallen; as all old tradition tells; and has not yet realized its fall. The average man is now subhuman, in that he is not aware of his own divinity as man, in that he doubts the existence of his soul, which is his real self, and in that he regards the powers that are actually within his own nature as attributes of some imaginary being, whom he calls a superman.

So when his soul stirs within him, he thinks it is his liver and takes a pill, or a drink, or a smoke, or finds someone to talk to, till the disturbance is over and he is again normal; that is, until his soul is silenced, and shut off from contact with his mind.

That there is a terrible lack in modern education is beginning to be recognised; and educators are looking for a remedy. In this they are like the young men troubled with the perfume of the violets; and unfortunately they act too often in a similar manner.

There are new systems of education being introduced now, that not only lower the standard of discipline, but substitute for it a deliberate policy of indulgence or abuse. This crime against the soul is being practised probably in ignorance; but it is a crime and a tragedy, none the less. It is a deliberate revolt against the course of evolution, and it is an attempt to establish a sub-human standard of morality in the name of freedom and of a return to Nature.

Those two words, Freedom and Nature, are indeed among the most badly used of all, and the cause of this misuse is ignorance, that might be remedied by right education in childhood. It is primary education that is needed. It is the foundations of character that are defective, for the present system is based on ignorance of the essentials of character. The old cut-and-dried rules and traditions of discipline have been dropped, discarded and discredited; yet they had in them some remnants of true discipline. The revolt against the old system has not carried us over into a new method, but seems to be revealing its limitations by endeavoring to set up revolt as a system in itself, with the attractive title of Freedom, and with the motto 'Back to Nature.'

Did Man but study Nature he would know that the rule of Nature is discipline absolute. Violation of Nature's laws meets with retribution of the most pitiless kind. Anarchy is purely human, for it is not possible to rebel against the law of Nature unless one is in some degree conscious

of a higher law. The higher Law is absolute, and the Law of Nature is immutable; but Man, awaking to consciousness as man, falls into confusion between the two, and tries to establish for himself a kind of interregnum, which is anarchy, a species of nightmare, or half-waking dream, which he calls Freedom.

Humanity is in this state of awakening and, like a child, it needs a teacher, and has not yet fully recognised the fact; it is still playing truant from the school of evolution, and running about, chasing this one and that, who is chosen to play the part of leader, but who is not even supposed to know where to lead the players. So the game of 'Catch me' is played, just as the game of education is played in the scholastic world.

Yet all the while the old Wisdom is not lost, and the old Teachers are not out of reach; Theosophy, the Wisdom-Religion is still accessible, and the source of all true knowledge, the Soul, is eternal.

Humanity has forgotten its own Soul, and when Nature puts forth her flowers to bear witness to the beauty and fragrance of her Soul, men light their pipes, and whistle ragtime. If that were all, it would be a comedy, but there is a vast tragedy in which we all are involved, and it is War. Nature appealed to man with offers of the wealth she has accumulated by aeons of unremitting labor, and man shows his gratitude by tearing his fellows to pieces, and drenching the fields with blood, in order to destroy what he cannot get for himself, or which having got he cannot use rightly.

Nature offers prosperity and joy of life; Man responds with greed of gold, or of power — with tyranny and oppression. Nature gives; Man grasps, and hoards, and scatters, but does not give.

Yet Man is Divine, if he did but awaken to his divinity. He is not only a child of Nature, but he is also as a God to her, when he becomes Self-Conscious: when he is Master of himself: when he knows his own complex nature, and can discriminate between the higher and the lower.

And this is no far-away dream: this self-mastery can be begun in the cradle, and be carried to a high point in the elementary school; so that youth shall face life as a god in comparison with the average youth of today. There is nothing extravagant in the prospect; there is nothing unnatural in the system; but the results of right education will make a future generation look back on this age as an age of barbarism. The 'Golden Age' may still be far away, but the blackness of the modern 'Dark Ages' will be passed, and though the superman will still be an ideal, the man of the new age will look back on the best of us as little more than savages.

Is it not time to awake to the fact that Râja-Yoga, the true science of education, is once more established on the earth, and that the dark ages may be left behind, if man will?

DAFFODIL: by Evan Gregson Mortimer

FIERY princes of the Empyrean rode daily to the palace of King Nuivray to woo the Lady Daffodil, fairest of all the princesses of Heaven. On splendid steeds they came — the Chieftains of the Twelve Houses, with beautiful banners borne before them, flaming along the Milky Way. Came the Knight of the Dawn, golden-armored and cloaked in scarlet; the Prince of Noon, panoplied in shining sapphire, and the pennon of his lance a blue meteor trailing; Evening, an enchanter out of the west of heaven, wrapped about in flame robes of shell-pink and shell-blue; Night, a dark emperor of mysterious sovereignty and power. Many sultans came also, and paynim princes and sublimities; Aldebaran with the topaz-hilted scimitar, who is leader of all the armies of the firmament; white-turbaned Fomalhaut; Alpheratz and Achernar, Algol and Algenib and Alderamin. Came the great poets of the sky: the Pleiades, ever beautiful and young; and the knightly-hearted brothers of Orion, who guard the Marches of Space. Came our Lord Mârttanda himself, gloriously singing and flaming in his car of flame.

No language could tell the sweetness and beauty of the Lady Daffodil. The Pleiades knew well that with all their gift of song they could not declare it, nor the thousandth part of it: how, then, try to describe the aura of light about her head, citron-hued and saffron-hued, that shone more tenderly and beneficently yellow than the breastplate of the Knight of Dawn, or the golden crown of Aldebaran? How describe the gentle, magical wisdom of her, versed in exquisite wizardry, understanding the antique transformations and transmigrations of things; or her profound unquenchable gaiety, that kept merriment alive among the stars, even on the day of the rebellion of hell? Not that you must think of her as meekly girlish, nor suppose her occupations merely such as spinning and embroidery, or playing upon zither or citole. She too had led armies through the mountains beyond Orion; and if she bore no sword herself, nor charged in scythed car, it was still her druid incantations upon the peak, they said, that cleared the passes of invading hell. I will say that her presence was a

light to heal sorrow, to shame away and exorcise evil; that an atmosphere breathed about her, quickening, spiritual and delicate, but very robust too, and with power to awaken souls. In the sapphire halls and galleries of the king's palace: in the gardens where gentian and larkspur and forgetmenot bloom: when she passed a rumor of delight ran trembling after and before her; the little asterisms that nested in the trees broke into trilling and warbling of joy. *Beautiful, beautiful, beautiful!* they sang; and *Delight, delight, delight, delight!*

Now it befell that King Nuivray held court in Heaven at Eastertime, and all the suitors were present; it was thought that whoever should win most glory now, whether in the jousts of arms or in the contests of song, would have the hand of the Lady Daffodil for his prize. Splendidly they were enthroned on thrones most splendid; not one of them but belonged to the great winged and flaming hierarchies; not one but was embodied in essential flame; and there was mirth there, and high emulation; and even though rivalry, pleasant companionship and comradely love.

In the midst of the feasting one came into the hall, at whose coming all turned to look at him; and they shuddered, and there was a moment's silence beneath the turquoise towers. He was one that should have been young, but was decrepit; that should have been handsome, but for the marks of vice on his face; that should have been noble of form and limb, but for evil living. From his eyes two haunting demons looked forth: the one, fear or horror; the other, shameless boldness. Because his words were so insolent as he called for a high throne among the gods, Rigel and Mintaka and Alnilam and Betelgueux, the archers of Orion, reached for their bows; our Lord Mârttanda grasped his sword of flame; Aldebaran arose drawing his scimitar: such rudeness was not to be tolerated there, in the very presence of the yellow-haired Lady of Heaven. They waited but a sign of permission from her ---

But she, rising from the throne at her father's side, came down the hall, and stood before the stranger, all graciously shining. He framed, I think, some ribaldry in his mind; looked up at her, and faltered; then, bowing low, took her hand and kissed it very humbly, after the manner of a loyal knight of Heaven.

"Please you, Sir, to declare to us your name and rank?" said she.

"I am the Spirit of the Earth," he answered.

The Lords of the Firmament looked down at him very pitifully; then hung their heads in sorrow; for he was the outcast, the scapegrace, the traitor of Heaven; he alone had broken the Infinite Law; he alone hobnobbed with and gave shelter to the hellions whom they, obeying the Eternal Will, fought eternally and drove back and back over the brink of the universe.

"A place and a royal robe for the Lord Spirit of the Earth!" cried the Lady Daffodil.

Then they strove to forget him, and the feasting went forward.

This one told of his imperial state; this of his high adventures; this of conquests won afar; this of the prowess of his bow, this of the daring and keen edge of his sword. Not boastingly they spoke, nor with any mood of self-exaltation; their words, like their deeds were all a ceremonial of sacrifice, and worship paid to the Lonely Unknown. At the end King Nuivray turned to his daughter: "Wilt thou not make thy choice now?" he said.

"Not yet," she answered; "there is still one knight that has neither spoken nor sung. Lord Spirit of the Earth," she said, turning to that unlovely one, "tell you now your story."

Again the Princes of the Empyrean hung their heads, guessing they were to hear shame and sorrow. But the Spirit of the Earth rose and spoke. "Braggart knights," he said, "I am greater than all of you! I alone do what I please; worship myself, sin, and enjoy a million pleasures. You — who shall compare you with me? You go on your courses obedient, and are the slaves of Law; my law is my own will; my pleasures I choose for myself; in my realm was planted the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil, and I ate of the fruit of the tree, and am wise — I am wise.

"Which of you is equal to me? Is it you, Lord Mârttanda? All your splendor is squandered abroad; and as much as I desire of it, falls upon me, and is mine to enjoy soft hours of it, and to turn away from it when I will; — but who are ministers unto you, or who hath given you a gift at any time? Is it ye, Knights of the Dawn and the Noon and the Evening? All your beauty is for me, for me! Is it ye, O Poets of the Pleiades, who sing the songs it was ordained you should sing? Are ye not wearied yet of your singing? For me only is your music pleasant; because I listen when I will, and when I will, heed it no more, but turn to softer and more thrilling pleasures of my own."

Here he laughed, and his laughter was a bitter wind fleeting through Heaven.

"Ye wage your wars in space, as it was predestined ye should wage them: ye obey the Law in your warfare, going forth and returning according to a will that is not your own. Ye are light, and know not darkness: in a shadowless monotony of splendor ye go forward to a destiny wherein there is no prospect of change. What to you, O Lord Mârttanda, is your splendid effulgence, that may not wax nor wane? What to you are your songs, O Pleiades? — they contain no grandeur of tragedy, no sweet savor of sadness, no fire of passion — neither hate nor love — to give them life and power. Your glory and your music are a weariness to

you; and a weariness, O Orion, is your watchful charge. That which ye are, ye shall be forever, O ye that know not the sweetness of sin!

"But I — what care I for the glory of your wars, since I have power to raise up wars within myself? Since my children come, millions against millions, and burn and ravish and slaughter; since my lands grow fruitful soaked with blood, and my seas are the abode of sudden treacherous slaughter, and even in my skies rides Death!

"What are your tame delights, that I should envy them, since I go out after strange loves, and riot in strange sins, and take my fill of gorgeous pleasures of my own devising, and ——"

He faltered, dropped his head, and covered his eyes with his hands, and groaned.

"O Lords of the Firmament, help me!" he cried. "You that have given me the light I pollute; you that of old endowed me with fire and soul; you that are unfallen; that are not haunted by demons; that are not torn, as I am torn; nor degraded, as I am degraded! You whose souls are unsullied and unstained, a boon from you! Help from you! Come down into my house, some great warrior of you, that I be not destroyed by mine own misdoings! One of you, beautiful Pleiades, come down and sing my miserable children into peace! You, Lord Mârttanda, come down, and drive away with your brightness the hellions that scourge and devour me! Sovereign Aldebaran, let the terrible edge of your scimetar cleave away the loathsome hosts of my sins!

"For behold, I am of your race, and am fallen; my soul, that once was divine and knightly, is passing away from me and ebbing into oblivion; sin and death and sorrow are my companions; I am Hell; I am Hell!"

He fell on his knees suppliant, and with bent head and arms outstretched, implored them, weeping.

"What can I do for thee, brother?" said our Lord Mârttanda. "I send thee my beautiful beams, and they come back to me an offense; they breed carrion and pestilence in thee, of the millions that are slain in thy wars. If I came nearer to thee, thou wouldst perish."

"Alas, what can we do for thee, poor brother?" said the Pleiades. "We have sung for thee, and of our singing thy poets have learned to sing; and with this sacred knowledge they have made war-songs and lust-songs and terrible songs of hate. What can we do for thee?"

"We keep watch upon the Marches against monstrous invasion from the deep," said Rigel and Betelgueux. "But thou — hast thou not brought in demons, and made vain our watching? We can do nothing for thee; would that we could!"

"I can do nothing for thee"— said the Grand Seigneur Aldebaran —"I that am Lord of War, and Leader of the Hosts of the Gods. For it

was ordained of old that Light should break battle on Darkness, and that this my War in Heaven should be. But thou hast stolen the secret of conflict from me, that was made thus to be a lovely thing; and hast made it base, abhorrent and bloody; thou hast not followed me to the eternal field in the ranks of thy brethren, but thou hast used the engine of God for thine own delight and destruction. Because of this, if I came nearer to thee, thy wars would destroy thee utterly. Thy children would riot down into madness and mutual slaughter, until none was left of them."

So one by one the princes spoke. They could do nothing for the Spirit of the Earth. He had eaten the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil; his fate had been in his own hands, and he had elected to make it damnation.

Then King Nuivray, being their host, rose from his throne to pronounce their judgment on him. "Thou camest here with insolence on thy lips," said he, "and made boast in Heaven of thy foulness, polluting the beauty of the empyrean fields. Go forth: thy sins have damned thee; there is no hope for thee. There is none in Heaven that will go with thee, nor one that might save thee if he went."

"Yes, there is one!" cried the Lady Daffodil. As she spoke, the turquoise towers were filled with sudden light and loveliness, such as none had beheld in them until then. "Yes, there is one," she said. "Poor spirit of the Earth, thou art to hope; I will go with thee."

The Lord Mârttanda veiled his face in sorrow. The Pleiades wept in silence, and thenceforth for seven ages there was sadness in their song. "Not so!" cried Sultan Aldebaran; "thou art to shine and flame upon our ensigns; for thy sake we are to sweep triumphant over the ramparts of hell——"

But the Spirit of the Earth raised his head and looked at her, and a wild hope rose in his eyes; and then forlorn but altogether noble despair.

"No," he said, "come not thou! Where hideous sin is, is no place for thee. Thou couldst not live in my dwellingplace; envious Death, that stalks there day and night, would shoot at thee at once desiring thy beauty for himself. I have no power against Death; I could not shield thee from his arrows. O Beautiful beyond all the beauty of Heaven, come not thou! Rather will I go forth alone, and perish utterly."

"My father," she said, very calmly; "I invoke the truth from thee. I will hear destiny speak through thy lips. Can I, going with him, save the Spirit of the Earth?"

They all rose in their places, to hear destiny speak through the king.

"Thou canst not save him," said he. "There is no god in Heaven that can save him. He hath eaten of the fruit of the Tree, and none can save him but himself. Yet, if you wert to go, there would be hope for him;

and possessing hope, at the last he might come to save himself. But in the kingdom of Death, thou too wouldst die."

"Speak," she said; "what means this *to die?*"

"To lose thyself, thy being," said the king. "To become a very little and powerless thing. To be without thought, or knowledge, or foresight, or memory."

"I will go with the Spirit of the Earth," she said.

In the morning they rode forth together, and she talked to him by the way, uttering gentle and druid wisdom very potent in its magic; so that he remembered all the hopes he had in his young time, and all the beauty of his youthful dreams. Visions of beautiful victories rose before him; inspired and strengthened by her shining companionship, he would purge his house of evil utterly; then ride out under the banners of Aldebaran, and worship God in high deeds along the borders of space. And he loved her without thought of self: not as a man loves a woman, but as a poet may love a dream or a star; he vowed to himself that he would worship her forever, and shield her from Death's arrows with his own body. So once more, as she rode with him through the blue empyrean, he was the Knight of Heaven going forth: he knew himself for a god.

They came into the kingdom of the Knight of Evening, and looked down, and she beheld the mountains of the Earth empurpled far below, with lakes golden and roseate under the sunset, and valleys that seemed the abodes of quiet peace. "But thy realm is altogether lovely!' said she.

"Thou hast not seen the dwellings of men," he answered.

They rode on and down, and passed beneath the borders of the empire of Night.

"What ails thee, Lady?" said he, trembling.

"I grow a little faint," she said. "There is one here ——"

"Ha, Earth, my gossip, what new light o' love hast thou brought with thee?"

"Back, thou Death!" cried the Spirit of the Earth, leaping forward to take the arrow, if he might, in his own breast. But Death laughed at him as he shot, and went on his way jeering.

"Never heed thou this, to be cast down by it," she whispered. "Bury me in the loveliest of thy valleys; find thou a grassy mound whereon there are stones of the Druids, and bury me beneath the grass there; tomorrow I shall put forth a sign that I am with thee always, and that thou art always to hope. So I bid thee no farewell. . . ."

He bore her body down into the loveliest of his valleys, and digged her a grave upon the mound, and watched beside the grave until morning. And at dawn he found a flower blooming above the grave, lovelier than all the blossoms of his native Heaven. He bent down, and reverently kissed the yellow delight and glory of its bloom; and lo, it had language for him, and whispered: "While I bloom thou shalt not perish; when thou seest me, thou art to think that beauty and hope still remain to thee; I am thy sign and assurance, that thou shalt yet be among the greatest of the Princes of Heaven."

And that morning the Druids found daffodils blooming about the sacred circle. "Heaven hath won some sweeping victory over hell," they said.

HEROIC STUDY: by Percy Leonard

The path that leadeth on is lighted by one fire — the light of daring burning in the heart.— *The Voice of the Silence*

A hero, I repeat, has this first distinction, which indeed we may call first and last, the Alpha and Omega of his whole heroism, that he looks through the shows of things into *things*.— *Thomas Carlyle*

THAT students stand in need of concentration, penetration and imaginative power is obvious to all; but that heroic courage is required in a career apparently so unadventurous, is not so clear. And yet as every pathway leads us onward in advance of where we stand, so pressing forward into the unknown the student feels the need of just those qualities required by those who venture into dreary solitudes untrodden by the foot of man.

To undertake original research of any kind is to commence an arduous enterprise; although it is an easy thing to profit by the labors of these pioneers; in fact the vast majority of so-called students are like those who sit beside a cheerful fire at home and read of explorations in the frozen north. In the study of history, for example, little more is needed than a retentive memory to enable one to master the leading dates, the lists of dynasties, and the conjectured causes underlying national affairs. But those who venture on original research must press their way amidst the darkness of Antiquity, groping from point to point on the precarious foothold which the scanty records of the past afford. They have to leap the intervening gaps by intuition's aid alone, and clear a space of habitable ground among the wreckage of an era long gone by. This surely is a venture fit for none but men of an heroic mold.

Such student-heroes set themselves to learn the art of living in a bygone century; it follows, therefore, that success in such attempts must be in strict proportion to their power to cut themselves adrift from their fast moorings in contemporary life, and risk their bark on those dark waters which can bear them to the sunless caverns where the recorded memories of all past eras still survive.

So long as we confine our interest to contemporary life we play our parts with other actors whose companionship imparts a pleasing sense of our importance and intensifies that vivid sense of personality which is the very breath of life to ordinary men. But as we say farewell to these familiar friends and travel backwards all alone to study scenes long passed away, we seem to mingle with a vast and shadowy throng who act as if entirely unaware of our existence. To be the object of contempt is very trying to one's self-esteem, but to associate with those who treat us as the faint preparatory sketches of posterity still waiting to be born, is disconcerting in a high degree. Those who are lacking in the fortitude to bear

the slight are likely to avenge themselves upon the men of former days by disputing their inclusion in the brotherhood of man, and regarding them as unsubstantial shadows, although to the eye of Omniscience they are just as real as we are who play our parts and strut upon the temporary, sunlit stage that hangs between the darkness of the vanished past and the unlighted vistas of futurity.

Above the gateway that admits us to the path of Knowledge are inscribed the words: "Stand ready to abandon all that thou hast learned." A man's stock of opinions is often reckoned as his most valued possession. It represents the product of his thought and observation on surrounding life, and has become almost a part of him, and its discussion and defense foster and feed that sense of separated life so dear to those who cannot rise above the personality. Now once we start upon a voyage of true research all our opinions are staked upon the hazard. In studying history, biology, archaeology, or geology, we risk the loss of many a belief on which we have relied for solace and support since we began to think, and multitudes there are who linger on the shore and fear to put to sea lest they should lose their precious cargo.

A mind intent on personal affairs is useless as an instrument of study, for we can never comprehend a subject which exists outside ourselves; and in order to blend the mind with what we study, it must be disengaged from its revolutions around its own axis. To project the mind into the unknown is impossible while it is centered upon the personality, and to lose consciousness of self in perfect concentration of the whole mentality upon a point external to ourselves, is to possess the germ of that supreme forgetfulness of self which is the chief essential of true heroism.

To the limited, self-centered mind a new truth is not only unwelcome but positively repulsive; its appeal for recognition is resented not only because our mental boundary must be enlarged for its admission, but also because its acceptance may involve us in disturbing changes in life and conduct. Moreover the recognition of a new truth is tantamount to a confession of our ignorance hitherto in not being already possessed of it. The cold dislike of unfamiliar truths is extended also to those who embrace them, and is shown in the charges of inconsistency leveled against those whose mental boundaries enlarge with every passing year. But stubbornly to cling to the beliefs of childhood is not consistency, but rather stagnation of mind, for surely true consistency is shown by never-failing search and in a readiness to welcome light from whatsoever source it comes.

The Theosophical student may be defined as one who studies life by the light of Theosophy, and more especially the hidden mysteries within himself which range between the shrine of the indwelling god and the inferno of the lower self, where the blind passions which we share with

brutes, enkindled by imagination's fire and raised to vulpine cunning by their association with the human mind, rage with insatiate fury under their restraint and never give us rest.

To live in harmony with our divine companion requires forgetfulness of self and even self-destruction of a kind, and to explore the lower deeps that we may understand in order to control, needs confidence and courage and is only possible to those whose gaze is fixed upon the pathway in advance and who never look behind.

The honest investigation of any department of Nature is apt to be disconcerting to those whose ideas of law and order are derived from our fallible human legislation administered by men accessible to threats, moved by entreaty, and swayed by misplaced sentiment. We find ourselves confronted by inexorable law pursuing its adjustments with an utter disregard of our entreaty and despair; so all-embracing and impersonal that those who spend their lives in study of its mighty sweep of operation are delivered from the petty bonds of self and are distinguished by a greater breadth of view, a surer mental poise, a larger magnanimity, than those possess whose interests lie among the machinations and intrigues of social life.

Once entered on the path of serious study we have started on a journey with no end, for knowledge in a universe of progress has no limit and the territory of fact can never be occupied. Even to set out for an indefinitely distant goal requires a certain degree of courage; but to undertake a journey with no conceivable termination demands a heroism of high order. But while the idea of eternal progress is a little disconcerting at the first consideration, can we not derive comfort from the thought that every height attained is the starting-place for a still loftier peak; that every inch of ground acquired may be the base for operations still more grand; that every power mastered is a step towards a higher efficiency; all insight into Nature's laws the means for a still deeper understanding?

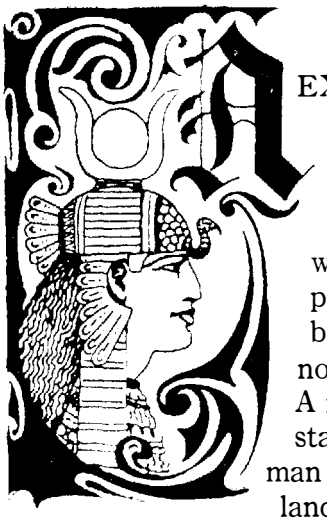
Man is not a completed production like a great cathedral which is no sooner capped by the last stone than it begins, however slowly, its long course of disintegration leading to final ruin. Nor is he like a noble tree which, while it rears its towering column to the sky and spreads its massive boughs abroad, approaches every moment its inevitable end.

Man is in essence a creative potency, a conscious guide, a willing helper of the cosmic powers. He seeks no final goal, no lasting place of rest; but with heroic courage and the might of a resistless god, he fronts futurity and the unknown and feels the stirring of diviner powers and views the dawn of grander hopes with every breath he draws.

TRIED IN THE BALANCE: by R. Machell

(With illustrations by the author)

CHAPTER TWO



NEXT day she came again, and he made a life-size study in oil of the head alone. It was masterly and full of expression. When she saw it she smiled contentedly. Her judgment was right: she knew he would not fail. He too was pleased with the morning's work and felt that the 'Cleopatra' was saved. There was nearly a month before the date for sending in to the 'Salon,' and now he knew his picture would be ready in time. A month is not long, and yet under certain circumstances it may prove too long. For instance, a man cannot last a month without food; or again a landlord's patience may be exhausted in less than a month when the rent is already considerably overdue. It is easy to see that a month may be a very long time to wait for that allowance which has been already anticipated; and yet the time seemed short for all he meant to do to make his great work worthy of her whose promise had called it forth, and whose fulfilment of the promise now made it possible to accomplish the miracle of re-creation.

So he thought when next day a note came saying that his model had been called away to nurse her father, who had gone down to Grez with a couple of friends for a few days for a rest, and had taken cold, which had become serious and kept him in bed. There was no means of knowing how long she might be away, nor whether she would be able to sit for him again on her return. But he was still full of enthusiasm, and determined to go ahead with what he had. Surely his memory and imagination would help him out. He must try. But in a day or two his supplies were exhausted, and he was face to face with actual want.

His father made him an allowance, which for five years had been enough for all his needs, but which, according to the understanding between them, was then reduced by one-half, and was to stop altogether in two years more. His father had no sympathy with art, and felt that his son had rather disgraced the family by choosing such a life; he refused to call it a profession. So that it was useless to look for help from him, and, as yet, young Martin had not discovered any means of making a regular income by his art. His friend Talbot would no doubt help him at a pinch, but he was loath to go borrowing from him; and in a state of uncomfortable indecision he was sauntering down the street debating what to do in this emergency, when he was hailed by a remarkably well-dressed man of about

his own age, who expressed the greatest delight at meeting him, and insisted on having him for guest then and there. Martin was not in a state to refuse an invitation to *déjeuner* at a first-class restaurant, and accepted gladly enough.

Frank Chalmers was an old schoolmate, a man of good family but small means, who had done well at Cambridge, and who had a taste for art. But after a few years study he had seen that the career of an artist was not likely to provide him with the means to enjoy life in the way that seemed to him most desirable. He decided that an assured income was necessary to his peace of mind, and so he attached himself to a publishing house, and learned the business of art-dealing and publishing. At present he was managing the London branch of a French house and was in Paris on one of his periodical visits. He showed great interest in his friend's work and insisted on visiting the studio; but before going up there he asked Martin to come along with him to look at some pictures in a private collection that was for sale. He said he wanted his opinion about some of the canvases. There was a Fromentin in particular to which he drew Martin's attention, saying that he had a client who wanted that picture but who would not pay the price.

When they were in the studio and Martin was showing some of his sketches, Frank Chalmers suddenly had an idea and said:

"By Jove! old man, your work reminds me of Fromentin's style. You could paint like him if you wanted to."

Martin laughed. "Oh yes, I know that, but I am not an imitator. I happen to see things that way."

"Of course, I know," rejoined the dealer. "But now if you would try to paint something like that picture we were looking at just now, I believe I could sell it for a good price. Why not try it. I don't mean a copy of course, but something in the same style, so that I could offer it to my client while he is still hankering after that Fromentin. I am certain I could sell it. Look here. If you will undertake to paint me something in that style, you know, the same arrangement and composition, but not of course the same subject — not the same title or anything of that sort — an original picture, you know: well, I will give you ten pounds down and twenty pounds when it is finished if it is satisfactory. Of course it will be. I know that. I see what you can do. What do you say?"

Martin Delaney was uneasy. Yet why not take the offer? It came just at a critical moment. It would be like ingratitude to stand on his dignity now and refuse to paint this picture because another man had painted one like it, and because his own style happened to be like the other man's. Ten pounds down, and nothing in his pocket; and yet . . . When, after escorting his visitor as far as the boulevard, Martin returned

to the studio, two crisp Bank of England five-pound notes filled the 'aching void' of his pocket, and enabled him to face his concierge with his old easy geniality, which had become somewhat strained of late. The rent was modest enough, but Martin had begun to learn that a very small debt can cause a very big discomfort when there is no ostensible means of settlement.

It was not a difficult matter for him to paint the kind of picture that Frank Chalmers wanted, for he was indeed one of the most rapid and facile of painters in the style that came naturally to him. Such work, however, did not satisfy his ideal, and nothing but the lack of the necessities of life would have induced him to paint a picture which might be considered as an imitation of another man's style. As to the possibility of his work being passed off for that of a man whose name was already famous, that never entered his head. Still there was something about the business that made him glad when it was finished.

His Cleopatra was far advanced, but he was not satisfied with the Queen's head, fine though it was. His training had made him depend too much on the model. He did not dare to rely on memory and imagination, and had no control over his inner vision. Indeed the training of the schools and the influence of the age conspired together to stifle intuition, and to destroy the self-reliance so necessary to one who would be a creator and a revealer of the mysteries of life. Such work demands vision and memory, while the academic training of the day tended to make the student dependent upon his model; and while it qualified him to reproduce faithfully what he saw externally, and what he conceived intellectually, it paralysed the higher qualities of the imagination.

Martin Delaney could paint brilliantly and draw faultlessly, but without Nature to refer to he felt helpless. So when it came to painting the Queen of Egypt as he conceived her, the semi-divine initiate, the hierophant, he was as much at a loss, as was Leonardo himself when painting his 'Last Supper' to find models suitable for Jesus and for Barabbas. Perhaps Leonardo suffered for his devotion to science and to material Nature, which had such a fascination for his inquiring mind. Anyway Martin Delaney fretted for his model and the month was now drawing to a close.

He sat looking at the picture, trying to call up the dream again, and to see something that his memory had not recorded. He thought it was some apparition evoked by the ceremony, which would be only visible to the initiated seers, but of which he had caught a glimpse in the dream-picture, and so felt entitled to put into his painting. But when he tried to realize the vision, it eluded him. He had nothing in his own experience to which he could relate it; nor had he any philosophy by means of which he might

create a suitable substitute for the actual apparition. The religion of his family supplied no material for the imagination to feed upon, and he had long ago discarded it without trying to find anything better. Art had seemed sufficient hitherto. But now he was involved in a work that in itself was an initiation into unknown mysteries; and his natural mysticism was struggling for expression. His education had been purely materialistic, and his surroundings since he came to Paris to study art had been wholly artistic and bohemian, while his inner nature was spiritual, intuitive, and mystic. The result was a conflict in mind and character, resulting in strange moods and contradictory humors, over which he had little, if any, control. As he sat brooding there his mind wandered continually, although a part of it was all the time more or less intent on the scene in the temple, but it was only a scene now. He tried to make it real, but only to become more conscious of the painting as a picture. He could not recall the 'atmosphere,' and the vision escaped him utterly. He tried to think it out, and failed. He was in despair, and turned his back on the canvas, looking out of a small window on to the tops of houses lower down the hill with the city stretched away beyond. As he gazed out of the little opening his eyes became dim and the light seemed to focus itself into a star with a purple heart, and in that inner shrine he saw a face with two deep brown eyes that fixed their gaze on him and held him. He had no wish to free himself, and yet he felt a great strain on all his faculties, as if his mind were stretching itself to the limit of endurance. Yet he himself was glad beyond the power of language to express his exaltation. He felt as if once more the messenger of the Great Queen stood at the entrance to the temple calling him to attend the sacred ceremony; now he would see and understand, and would remember. But a mist came, and a veil obscured the eyes; the star was blurred, and the veil hung like a semi-transparent curtain before the little window. There were characters upon it which he tried to decipher; but as he examined it more closely it changed into something that distinctly suggested a Bank of England five-pound note, such as he had received from Chalmers. The vision was gone: and his mind was mocking him with this sardonic travesty of vision. And yet perhaps there was a certain fitness in it. He fancied he could read, in this rude intrusion of a vulgar commonplace into his high-flown dream, a warning that the uninitiated might find themselves excluded from the sacred mysteries by such unconsidered trifles as the want of the mere necessities of life.

It seemed as if he were reproved for that transaction, and he resented the imputation which his own imagination put upon a very simple piece of business. He was not mercenary, his conscience was quite clear on that score, and yet those banknotes seemed to trouble him.

He turned the picture to the wall, and went out to the restaurant he generally patronized, decided to forget the whole thing in the society of congenial spirits, who were not spiritual, nor were they in any real sense congenial, but were merely familiar substitutes for the ideal companionship his soul desired. They would at least provide distraction. They did. And yet he was no sooner back in the studio than his thoughts returned to the topic of the big brown eyes. They haunted his imagination, seeming to stir some old memories of other lives, when Egypt was more than a dream, and the great Queen a living presence. At last he decided to go down to Grez to find out for himself whether he could hope for more sittings from his model. He knew that he could count on some sort of accommodation at one or other of the small hotels, and so he did not delay or send word of his coming. He had often made such visits to those haunts of art.

Leaving his baggage at the station, he shouldered his knapsack and easel and tramped to the village, arriving at Laurent's just in time for dinner.

While greeting the guests who were assembling he looked eagerly for the brown eyes, but in vain; he did not dare to ask about the girl, who was so strangely linked with his inner life, and who was yet such a stranger to him socially.

Laurent's hotel was frequented by artists, and informal manners were rather the rule there. So that a sudden arrival was no surprise. Delaney was well known, and welcome, even if the house was full, as it seemed to be now. The company was apparently unchanged since his last visit; though individually they were more or less strangers to him. There is a certain family likeness that prevails in Bohemia, and that makes an artist feel at home in any company of the kind that Martin found gathered at the old inn. The garden was the same, the river was unchanged, the dinner was almost identical, but the faces seemed uninteresting to him. The other hotel, Chevignon's, was more generally frequented by unmarried men with manners even more free and easy, and was not likely to have been selected by Monsieur Martel (the father of the girl with the big brown eyes). Martin concluded that they were lodged in some house in the village. One of the men whom he knew asked for news of all the comrades in Paris, and then proceeded to inform him, *sotto voce*, of the history of those present. The record was romantic, to say the least, and might have been considered scandalous in any other society; but it did not seem overdrawn to one familiar with the 'point of view' from which life was regarded in artistic circles, of the kind in which these men moved. Martin was bored, but his attention awoke when his companion said:

"We expected to have a funeral here last week; but it came to nothing. Martel, you know, the man who does all those rotten drawings for maga-

zines and cheap books. Clever fellow — makes a good thing of it too; ought to have made a name if he had stuck to art. Well, he came down here with a cold, made it worse sketching in the rain, and came near dying; but they pulled him through. His daughter is with him — a queer girl; they say she is mad ; looks it; queer eyes — uncanny. Know her? She might interest you. I know you are romantic. What are you doing for the Salon? Something queer, I bet. Cleopatra? Oh, ah, yes. I know, Antony and Cleopatra: barge on the Nile, slaves, fans, oriental business, fine subject. Too deep for me, though. I am doing a thing here in the churchyard: young widow at a grave — sentimental, you know; got a good model, just the thing. I'll show it you; you'll like it; it's not half bad. Mansfield there is the only man here who is any good, and he says it ought to make a hit. I want to have your opinion. He is gone on Clara Martel — wanted her to sit to him; but she refused. Queer girl; has a lover, probably, who would be jealous. Come and see my picture; it is out here in Mansfield's studio. We call it a studio out of politeness, you know."

"Where is Martel lodging?" asked Delaney.

"Over at Goujon's, up the street; you ought to go and give him a call."

"I think I will; he must be lonely."

"Oh, I don't know about that; he is awfully fond of that girl, and seems to like being alone — at least he does not encourage visitors. He is a bit queer himself — in the family, I suppose; they say he reads all sorts of deep books; knows languages, and all that—a kind of savant; might get on with you, perhaps. But he makes me uncomfortable; and as to the girl — to tell the truth, she scares me."

This was said with an air of confidence, as though he were revealing the inmost depths of his soul. The soul of François Lubin contained no secret chambers: its inmost depths were open to the most casual observer; and Delaney thought he could understand how Monsieur Martel would feel with such a visitor in his sick-room.

Martin had to be lodged out in the village, as the rooms in the hotel were all occupied, and he was not sorry. He was debating as to how he might best introduce himself to the sick man, when he met the girl coming down the street. He had paused to look in at the blacksmith's forge, where he had painted many sketches and one good-sized canvas. Looking around, he met her face to face. He flushed uncomfortably, as if caught in an equivocal position. Why? He could not tell. But the girl was completely at her ease, and greeted him as if it were the most natural place in the world for them to meet, as indeed it was; but Martin was not in a well-balanced frame of mind. He did not understand his own condition nor the experiences of the last few weeks. His moods carried him from

one extreme to another, and he was powerless to control them, or to explain them. He was at the mercy of each in turn. He was a mystic, full of deep reverence and with a perfect faith in the reality of his dreams or visions; for just so long as that mood lasted; then he became emotional, even sentimental, though he preferred to call it poetical; and again he would fall into pessimism and skepticism, in which last mood he could laugh at the most ribald joke, and join in the mockery of all things mystical or serious, except his own visions and inner life and experience. These he always most carefully guarded and kept hidden from the knowledge of his friends. He never blasphemed against his own ideals. Even in his most sardonic moods he never uttered a word of doubt as to the sacred mysteries of Egypt, nor did he harbor a thought that could do dishonor to the Queen. But for all else, when the mood took him, he had the most scathing scorn, and counted himself the most emancipated free-thinker of them all. His code of honor was high and inflexible, so far as he knew; but he was not equipped with

the moral qualities that are the only guarantee for the practical application of high principles in daily life. He was entirely undisciplined, and did not know the meaning of the words Self-control. On the contrary, it was fashionable among those who considered themselves the elect in art to deify their moods, and to foster them as manifestations of that entirely holy thing, the 'artistic temperament.' Under this euphemistic title all the weaknesses of the personality took shelter, and found honor, which should have been reserved for that rare flower of human evolution which we call vaguely 'genius.' The elect never suspected the sincerity of their own moods, knowing nothing of the duality of human nature and the deceptive power of egotism. All their moods were manifestations of genius, and consequently all their acts, words and thoughts were equally inspired by the loftiest motives, and were not to be judged by the standards of ordinary morality. A dangerous doctrine, one that has smoothed the downhill path of countless decadents, and blinded them to their own degeneracy.

He had come down to Grez on an impulse which he did not understand and which he had not tried to analyse. Now that he found himself once more in presence of the girl, who had lifted him out of the depths of despondency on one occasion, he expected to experience a similar rejuvenation of spirit. But a perverse sense of irritation took possession of his mind. She had deserted him at a critical juncture when his artistic career hung in the balance. So he told himself. And yet she appeared as calm and unconcerned as if she had never made him dependent on her assistance; nor had promised to help him to complete the great work. He held her responsible for the promise he had received in his dream; because she had come unasked to redeem that promise. He had accepted her help as men do accept the help of the Gods: that is to say, as a right which in itself constitutes a claim to further help and greater favors. Only the 'beloved of the Gods' understand that their favor is a challenge to a man to rise and claim kinship with the divine, by faith in his own divinity and by deeds worthy of a god.

The big brown eyes were fixed upon him questioningly, but no question was uttered. She said:

"I was sorry to have to leave town so hurriedly, but my father was dangerously ill and needed me."

Martin was ashamed, and eagerly seized the opportunity to be magnanimous:

"I am so glad to hear he is better. I felt quite anxious about you down here, and wanted to know how things were going. So I came down for a day or two, as I could do no more at the picture without you."

"How have you got on?" she asked sympathetically.

"Oh well, I think it is pretty good — the principal figure, but I was bothered about the apparition, you know, the vision, or symbolic figure. I could not get that right and wanted your help. I thought you would tell me what it ought to be; but finally I just left it out."

The girl smiled contentedly, and nodded as if in assent.

"You think I did right?" he questioned eagerly.

"Yes. I wanted you to leave that out. It seemed to me to be unnecessary; in fact I could not feel that it was really a part of the picture. You will be glad when you see it again. Yes, I think you did well to leave the scene to tell its own tale. Won't you come in and see my father? I am sure he will be glad to meet you."

"Oh, thank you, I should like to come if you are sure it will not bore him to see a stranger."

"A stranger? Oh, he knows all about you, and was quite interested in your Cleopatra. She is one of his ideal women."

Martin was somehow quite unprepared to find that the girl had told her father of her visits to his studio, though it now seemed the natural thing to do. Indeed it seemed so natural that he was almost convinced that he knew it all along and was only waiting for an opportunity to make the acquaintance an accomplished fact.

(*To be continued*)

THERE is but one Eternal Truth, one universal, infinite and changeless spirit of Love, Truth and Wisdom; impersonal, therefore bearing a different name in every nation; one light for all, in which the whole Humanity lives and moves, and has its being. Like the spectrum in optics giving multicolored and various rays, which are yet caused by one and the same sun, so theologized and sacerdotal systems are many. But the universal religion *can only be one* if we accept the real primitive meaning of the root of the word. We Theosophists so accept it; and therefore say we are all brothers — by the laws of nature, of birth, of death, as also by the laws of our utter helplessness from birth to death in this world of sorrow and deceptive illusions. Let us then love, help and mutually defend each other against the spirit of deception; and while holding to that which each of us accepts as his ideal of truth and unity — *i. e.*, to the religion which suits each of us best — let us unite to form a practical nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity without distinction of race, creed or color.—*H. P. Blavatsky*