THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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VOL. XIII OCTOBER, 1917 NO. 4

The Theosophical Society is not, then, a political organization?

Certainly not. It is international in the highest sense, in that its members comprise men and women of all races, creeds and forms of thought, who work together for one object — the improvement of humanity; but as a society it takes absolutely no part in any national or party politics.

Why is this?

For the very reasons I have mentioned. Moreover, political action must necessarily vary with the circumstances of the time and with the idiosyncrasies of individuals.

—H. P. BLAVATSKY in *The Key to Theosophy*, pp. 227-228

THEOSOPHY—UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL: by J. H. Fussell

THE most direct meaning of the word *Theosophy* is 'Divine Wisdom.' As was explained by Mme. Blavatsky when she first (in our present day) proclaimed again its teachings, it is a term which connotes the 'Wisdom-Religion,' the 'Secret Doctrine,' the primeval truth which was ONE in antiquity and which was the basis of all the great religious Faiths of the world. Just as the one white light passing through a prism is divided into the seven prismatic colored rays, so the one white Light of Truth passing through the prism of the racial mind becomes divided into the different religious faiths. And just as no one of the prismatic rays is or can be regarded as the one white light, or contains the white light in its fulness, but only an aspect of it; so no one of the religious Faiths of the world contains or can be regarded as the *whole* Truth, though it may contain or present an *aspect* of the Truth.

For this reason Mme. Blavatsky, from the very foundation of the Theosophical Society, urged upon the members to study comparative religion, to study the great Faiths of the world, to seek out those foundation truths which were common to all and so find again the ancient Wisdom-Religion — Theosophy.

Nowhere, however, and at no time, did she urge the support of any one religious faith or system, seeing that all the religious faiths of the

world have become encrusted with theological dogmas and are hedged about with creeds. She makes the following important declaration:

It is perhaps necessary, first of all, to say that the assertion that "Theosophy is not *a* Religion," by no means excludes the fact that "Theosophy *is* Religion" itself. A Religion in the true and only correct sense, is a bond uniting men together — not a particular set of dogmas and beliefs. Now Religion, *per se*, in its widest meaning is that which binds not only *all* MEN, but also *all* BEINGS and all things in the entire Universe into one grand whole. This is our theosophical definition of religion.

Thus Theosophy is not *a* Religion, we say, but RELIGION itself, the one bond of unity, which is so universal and all-embracing that no man, as no speck — from gods and mortals down to animals, the blade of grass and atom — can be outside of its light. Therefore, any organization or body of that name must necessarily be a UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD.

Accepting this definition of Theosophy as RELIGION itself, and not *a* religion, it must be clear that neither the Theosophical Society nor any official of the Society has any right to advocate or support any sectarian creed or dogma, or any one religious system, Faith or Church. And to the extent that any one professes to follow Theosophy, if he be sincere in his profession, that is, to the extent that he is a Theosophist, in place of advocating any sectarian creed or dogma, or any one religious system, Faith or Church, in the sense of 'a particular set of dogmas and beliefs,' to the exclusion of or in opposition to other dogmas and beliefs, he will seek behind all these for the kernel of Truth which is common to all religions, and for those truths which are to be found in degree in all. He will hold less and less to the outer forms, creeds and dogmas which divide, and more and more to those teachings which have been universally proven to be true, and which *unite*. To take any other course would be to go contrary to this universal and basic principle of Theosophy.

It is true that in the Theosophical Society are men and women holding different religious views, Christians, Buddhists, Hindûs, Parsis, etc., and to all such it says: Seek to get at the foundation of the religious faith you profess, and you will find a common meeting-ground with others of different faiths. In an open letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury, (1887) Mme. Blavatsky said the following:

Theosophists know that the deeper one penetrates into the meaning of the dogmas and ceremonies of all religions, the greater becomes their apparent underlying similarity, until finally a perception of their fundamental unity is reached. This common ground is no other than Theosophy — the Secret Doctrine of the ages; which, diluted and disguised to suit the capacity of the multitude, and the requirements of the time, has formed the living kernel of all religions.

The same writer (Mme. Blavatsky) also says the following:

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.

In entire harmony with this is the following declaration in the Constitution of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society:

Every member has the right to believe or disbelieve in any religious system or philosophy, each being required to show that tolerance for the opinion of others which he expects for his own.

This declaration, however, does *not* concede or give the right to any member to proselytize for any church or religious system, or to advocate the support of any church or creed — thereby tacitly, if not openly, condemning all other churches and creeds. For this would be a violation of the principles of Theosophy and tend to create dissension.

Having found the inner meaning, having reached "the common ground of all religions" which is "no other than Theosophy," having found the *spirit* which giveth *life*, no one, no Theosophist, if he is faithful to himself, to the Higher Self within, can ever again go back to the letter which killeth, or the dogmas which separate. Having found "the living kernel of all religions," the bond of union between Christian, Hindû, Buddhist, Parsi, and men of all professions of faith, he will henceforth be a devotee of Truth alone. He can no longer call himself Christian or Buddhist, or by the name of any other *separated* religious faith. He will not and cannot subordinate Truth to a half-truth or a partial expression of Truth. It will henceforth be Truth and Light he will ever seek and follow; it will be Truth and Light he will teach and advocate. He will not advocate the support of any church or any creed, but only Truth, Divine Wisdom — Theosophy.

Religion, considered fundamentally, *unites;* religions, churches, creeds, *separate.* Looking back through all known history, what is the record of the wars, hatreds and strife between nations and individuals? Have not the bitterest of these and of all human dissensions been due to differences in religion, differences in creed and dogma, sectarianism?

The principal purpose and aim of the Theosophical Society since its foundation by H. P. Blavatsky in New York in 1875, and still more strongly insisted upon since its reorganization by Katherine Tingley, in 1898, as the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, has been and is to accentuate the fundamental principle of Theosophy, *viz.*, Universal Brotherhood. Harmony based on those foundation truths

which are the very essence of Theosophy; the basic truths common to all religions; to seek for the common ground; not to accentuate any creed, any dogma, not to support any Church or *any* religion, even the greatest, but to support RELIGION, Truth, — these alone can make men free. "There is no Religion higher than Truth," is its motto.

To come now to the application of the foregoing, and the reason for making this statement, the following has been brought to our attention. It is a statement published in the official organ in the U. S. A. of a society which claims to be 'Theosophical,' the same being a section of a society of which Mrs. Annie Besant, a professed 'Theosophist,' is President. The statement in question which quotes authoritatively from Mrs. Besant, is as follows:

> Our President has not left us in doubt as to the activities to which we should devote our every available energy in the immediate future; we have not been left groping to find those excellent things for ourselves. In the *Watch-tower* for November 1916 she has with directness and force informed us that it is a matter of very great importance that we shall do what we can (*1*) to strengthen the work of Co-Masonry; (*2*) to help in the establishment of that intellectually inclined, old but yet very small church, known as the *Old Catholic Church*, among Theosophists, and (*3*) to aid in giving out the educational ideas for the future race. She has made it as clear as daylight that we are to take the light of Theosophy into the outer world, entering the four great departments of life which so much need the illumination of our teaching at this critical time: these are politics, religion, education, and social reform.

The language is unequivocal: Mrs. Besant has "with directness and force informed us" (the members of the so-called 'Theosophical' society of which she is president) "that it is a matter of *very great importance that we shall do what we can*" (Italics mine — J.H.F.) . . . "(*2*) to help in the establishment of . . . the Old Catholic Church. . ." That is, that these people who call themselves 'Theosophists' shall do what they can to help in the establishment of a *sect;* that they shall desert, if indeed they ever held to it, *unsectarianism*, and become *sectarian*. No clearer evidence, surely, is needed to demonstrate the fact that Mrs. Besant by advocating such action, and those who, acting on her instructions, take such action, are not Theosophists, and have no right nor title to the name 'Theosophist.'*

Against this misuse of the name 'Theosophist' and against the misinterpretation and travesty of Theosophy which such action taken in the name of Theosophy implies, every true Theosophist protests.

For the sake of those of the public who may have been misinformed or do not know the facts, it should be stated that *neither Mrs.*

*This statement is not in any sense a criticism of the Old Catholic Church or its teachings, nor would that church be named here had it not been named by Mrs. Besant. The Theosophical Society attacks no church, no man's religion; but neither does it advocate *any* religion, but seeks only for the Truth underlying all.

Besant, nor any of her followers, nor, again, any of the members of the so-called Theosophical society of which she is president, is a member of, or affiliated with, the original Theosophical Society founded by H. P. Blavatsky which is now known as the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, of which Katherine Tingley is the Leader and Official Head, with International Headquarters at Point Loma, California.

But there is still another reason for making this present statement and for emphasizing the fact that neither Mrs. Besant nor any of her followers is a member of, or associated with, or endorsed by the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, which reason is to be found in Mrs. Besant's advocacy of 'Co-Masonry' and her urging her followers to actively participate in politics.

In regard to politics, the same general argument applies as in regard to religious dogmas, church creeds, etc., as given above. For the sake of the public, however, it should be said that as the Theosophical Society is *unsectarian* and does not therefore give support to any *church*, sect, or creed; so also is it *non-political* and cannot therefore support any political party or movement, or take part as a Society or through its members, in *politics.* For, as churches, sects, and creeds divide and provoke dissension, so do politics divide and provoke dissension and stir up strife; and are thus incompatible with the basic teaching of Theosophy, *viz*: Universal Brotherhood. The position of the Theosophical Society in regard to politics is clearly stated by H. P. Blavatsky in her work, *The Key to Theosophy*, in these words:

Do you take any part in politics?

As a Society we carefully avoid them, for the reasons given below. To seek to achieve political reforms before we have effected a reform in *human nature, is like putting new wine into old bottles.* Make men feel and recognise in their innermost hearts what is their real, true duty to all men, and every old abuse of power, every iniquitous law in the national policy based on human, social or political selfishness, will disappear of itself. Foolish is the gardener who tries to weed his flower-bed of poisonous plants by cutting them out from the surface of the soil, instead of tearing them out by the roots. No lasting political reform can be ever achieved with the same selfish men at the head of affairs as of old.

The Theosophical Society is not, then, a political organization?

Certainly not. It is international in the highest sense, in that its members comprise men and women of all races, creeds, and forms of thought, who work together for one object — the improvement of humanity; but as a society it takes absolutely no part in any national or party politics.

Why is this?

For the very reasons I have mentioned. Moreover, political action must necessarily vary with the circumstances of the time and with the idiosyncrasies of individuals. While, from the very nature of their position as Theosophists, the members of the Theosophical Society are agreed on the principles of Theosophy, or they would not belong to the Society at all, it does not thereby follow that they agree on every other subject. As a society they can only act together in matters which are common to all — that is, in Theosophy itself; as individuals,

each is left perfectly free to follow out his or her particular line of political thought and action, so long as this *does not conflict with Theosophical principles or hurt the Theosophical Society.*

The logic of this position is so clear that it is difficult to understand the state of mind of one, *professing* to be a Theosophist, who knowingly departs from it. In such case one can only conclude that there has been no real understanding of Theosophy.

Wide publicity has recently been given in the daily press to the recent action of the British Government in India in placing restrictions upon Mrs. Annie Besant, on account of her political activities. An Associated Press Dispatch, also widely published, reports that in the House of Commons, July 11th, the following statement was made by Mr. Austin Chamberlain, Secretary for India:

> The Madras Government had offered to relax its prohibition of Mrs. Annie Besant, head of the Theosophical Society, so far as it affected her Theosophical and religious activities, but that Mrs. Besant declined the concession on the ground that it was impossible to separate her Theosophical and political work —*

Compare Mrs. Besant's statement with that made by Mme. Blavatsky which we again quote.

> To seek to achieve political reforms before we have effected a reform in *human nature, is like putting new wine into old bottles.* Make men feel and recognise in their innermost hearts what is their real, true duty to all men, and every old abuse of power, every iniquitous law in the national policy based on human, social, or political selfishness, will disappear of itself.

This is the crux of the whole matter. The work of Theosophy and of all true Theosophists is basic. Any attempt to mix politics with Theosophy, or to use Theosophy or the Theosophical Society to further political ends or in support of any political movement, would be to desert this basic position; seeing that such action and such support would necessarily accentuate the differences and antagonisms between men and parties instead of fostering the basic principles of Universal Brotherhood by which men can unite to act in harmony for the good of all. Just as the accentuation of religious dogmas and creeds is a cause of separation, antagonism, and dissension, so too the accentuation of political opinions and the support of one political party as against another, are likewise fruitful sources of separation, dissension, and antagonism. Hence

*When just about to go to press, information was received through the publication of an Associated Press Dispatch dated Bombay, India, Sept. 17th, that Mrs. Besant and two of her associates "have been released from internment by the Madras Government. They had been held for political agitation." The Press Dispatch further states as follows: "It was recently announced that the Indian government was prepared to recommend to the Madras government that the restrictions placed on these people be removed if the government were satisfied they would refrain from unconstitutional and violent methods and political agitation for the remainder of the war."

no Theosophist, if he is seeking truly to fashion his life on the principles of Theosophy, and certainly no Theosophical Teacher will attempt to mix politics with Theosophy, for this would be a direct violation of the principles of Theosophy, and could not be regarded otherwise than as showing an utter disregard for those principles and for the main object and purpose of the Theosophical Society, and as a failure to apply those principles in the affairs of daily life.

The only alternative conclusion, if the above be not held as applicable, is that Mrs. Besant has totally failed to understand the principles and teachings of Theosophy, and the first object of the Theosophical Society. It should be said that Mrs. Besant ceased to be a member of the original Theosophical Society, being removed from its ranks by a majority vote of ninety three per cent. of its members, as far back as the year 1895, and *at no time since* having been recognised by the members of that society as an exponent of Theosophy.

In conclusion, the original Theosophical Society, now known as THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, ever has been and is fundamentally and irrevocably *unsectarian* and *non-political*. And while Theosophists, "as individuals," as stated above by Mme. Blavatsky, are "perfectly free to follow out his or her particular line of political thought and action," and as stated in the Constitution to "believe or disbelieve in any religious system or philosophy," it must be distinctly understood, as she further says, that this is so only "so long as this does not conflict with Theosophical principles or hurt the Theosophical Society," that is, *only so long as it does not provoke dissension and cause antagonism.* Official sanction or advocacy of any political movement or party or activity, or of any church, religious dogma, or creed, would be a direct violation of the principles of Theosophy and of the first object of the Theosophical Society. Founded as it is upon Theosophy, and holding to the principles of Theosophy, the Theosophical Society cannot be otherwise than fundamentally and irrevocably *unsectarian* and *non-political*, so long as it is true to its declared objects and purposes. And the history and work of the original Theosophical Society, under the guidance of its three Teachers, Helena P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge, and Katherine Tingley, have demonstrated that it has remained true to those teachings and principles. Furthermore, any society that deviates from those principles and teachings cannot be a Theosophical Society in the true meaning of that term; for Theosophy is more than a teaching or a mode of thought; it is a life, true living, right action. It is Theosophy that the true Theosophist will uphold, it is Theosophy he will seek to make the rule and guide of his life, for as H. P. Blavatsky said, "Theosophist *is*, who Theosophy *does*."

THE PASSING DAY: by M.

I WATCHED the pale moon rising in the blazing sky that was aflame with fires of the after-glow, which made the west a dazzling pageant, and the east a burning mystery, less brilliant than the bewildering glory of the region, where the clouds still sang the praises of the vanished ruler of the earth, but although less vivid, not less wonderful, in the vast sweep of softly glowing silences pulsing with tremulous tenderness of tones most sweetly harmonized, like memories that time has softened with the promise of oblivion.

Serene and with a regal reticence the full moon sailed aloft, not scornful of the fleeting pageantry; but, disregardant of all else, she rose fronting the sunken sun; and testified to his undying majesty by her own radiance.

And, as the turmoil of the sky died down, the soft moon gleaming freed herself from its infection, and soared supreme; then the sweet silence of the night enveloped all the land. So the day passed, as it had come, in gorgeous pageantry; and peace obliterated the loud record of the elemental festival.

It seemed to me a promise of the passing of the fierce frenzy that is now burning out the beauty of our civilization, and filling the world with smoke-clouds rising from the ravage of innumerable homes.

I thought, "another day will dawn, as this; what does it matter?"

And then there came the certainty that never again the same day dawns. What shall the next day bring? New days may bring new opportunities, but there will be the wreckage of today to block the passage to the progress of tomorrow.

What will new opportunities avail, if men today destroy the power of men to profit by the morrow's opportunities?

True! The power of man may be as surely paralysed in peace and in prosperity as it may be destroyed by War, which is indeed itself the surest evidence of lost opportunities; it is incontrovertible testimony to the failure of humanity to recognise the true source of power. But it is more than this; it is no remedy for the evils that have made it seem inevitable; rather is it itself the ultimate expression of those evils.

Man's destiny is not to wallow indefinitely in the mud of mere brutality, but to awake to recognition of his possibilities. The war that man must wage is not such savagery as that which devastates the earth today, but war against the brutal element in human nature; it is a battle for self-mastery, and for that power that links humanity with the next rank in the great hierarchy of the Universe.

New opportunities will come; new opportunities are here; and whatever man makes of these opportunities, that is the future of the race.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE: by H. T. Edge, M. A.

THE path of self-knowledge is still open to all men, now as ever. The scientific spirit proclaims an emancipation of the mind from superstition and imposed beliefs, and relies on knowledge obtained by studying nature by means of our faculties. The same spirit prevails in the quest for self-knowledge. But in this case both the field of investigation and the faculties used are wider in range than those of physical science.

This last statement is not dogmatic, but an inference from the generally accepted principles of evolution. Admitting, for argument's sake, the truth of any given evolutionary theory which holds that the human mind has reached its present level by gradual development from lowlier types, we feel bound to infer that evolution will accomplish still greater development of the human mind in the future. Hence the future possibility of higher faculties in man is scientifically valid. But it would be unscientific to suppose that all men will arrive at these higher stages simultaneously; for, on the contrary, everything favors the belief that some men will arrive before others. The conclusion that there may be now, and may have been in bygone times, men in advance of the normal evolution of the race, is irresistible.

Theosophy teaches that the path of self-knowledge has been known to mankind in the past; and an acceptance of this teaching gives the key to much of the mystic literature of the past. Theosophy does not teach this as a dogma, but adduces evidences in its favor. (See *Isis Unveiled* and *The Secret Doctrine* — H. P. Blavatsky's works — for instance).

Scientific inquiry, having been limited to the investigation of external phenomena, has not satisfied the need for essential knowledge; hence it has not been able to avert catastrophe. For remedy we have to look elsewhere; nor, in the many lay-sermons that are preached, do we find much appeal to ordinary religious beliefs; on the contrary, these themselves are in the position of inquirers rather than teachers. Common sense, intuitive knowledge, are appealed to; in which appeal we discern the tacit assumption that man does in fact possess the power to answer his own questions.

In nature we everywhere find desire accompanied by the power to satisfy it; and man cannot be alone in possessing a desire — the desire for knowledge — which he cannot satisfy. It becomes a necessity for man, at a certain stage of his development, to have knowledge concerning the meaning of his life. He cannot get it from scientific observations and theories that deal only with physical perceptions and conceptions; nor can he get it from dogmatic statements which he cannot verify.

He can only get it for himself by the use of his own faculties and by accepting such aid as may be obtainable from people knowing more than he does. This latter aid must not rest on claims or authority, but must be judged by its own merits. Anybody who can make us see what we did not see before, or answer our questions, is our teacher to that extent for the time being.

In obtaining self-knowledge, the first step is to desire it; and, as these remarks are addressed only to those who do, this step may be assumed. The next step is to convince oneself that self-knowledge is within one's reach. The evolution of humanity can be greatly helped by simply inducing people to look within and recognise that divine-human nature which is as much a *fact* as is the animal-human nature. The world is in its present condition because so many people are looking on the ground, wearing blinkers, refusing to recognise the divine part of their nature, and trusting to laws which, while they suffice for animals, are not sufficient for man.

We cannot ignore the laws of nature, but must perforce accommodate ourselves to them. If we do not accommodate ourselves intelligently, we shall have to do so blindly and be buffeted about. It is just the same with those higher laws that control the moral and spiritual life of man. The laws are there, the facts are there, and they will exact from us a due conformity, whether willing and intelligent or blind and reluctant. Because we have permitted uncontrolled desires and inadequate theories to lead us along paths that conflict with these higher laws, compensation has been exacted in ways that terrify us. In the life of the individual it is the same. His life is controlled by a higher law, which he does not understand or perhaps even recognise; and he takes refuge in resignation or indifference or cynicism or some strange philosophy. But it is possible for him to study the laws that control his life, and thus to attain to a state of intelligent acquiescence in his lot.

The laws of our bodily health claim our observance; and if we try to contravene them, they exact painful compensation. There are laws of moral and spiritual health, felt through conscience and the sense of honor, compassion, etc. A man should be true to himself. He should have due self-respect — not a vain over-confidence in his personality, but faith in his higher nature. He should feel that there are higher laws in the universe as inviolable as those which science recognises; and that faithful conduct will bring its recompense in an inner peace and light. The greater the number of citizens of this sort in the world, the better will be the body politic. Such people, at peace with their own hearts, would be a power among men.

The higher evolution of man is a reality; but it is not to be looked

for as something sensational. It means the stepping-out from the customary sphere of mind into a larger sphere lighted by a fuller knowledge. It is impossible to say at what point any given individual might achieve this step. Having achieved it, even in small measure only, he would at once become an influence for good — a man ready to give rather than receive, one anxious to help rather than expecting to receive help. He would not, perhaps, become a conspicuous figure, for he would have achieved a humbleness along with his strength; and he would neither desire nor receive the praise of others.

It is declared in all wise teachings that selfishness is the great obstacle to knowledge; and experience domonstrates the truth of the saying. The selfish man dwells in an ever-contracting sphere. And there are many forms of selfishness. Life is not meant for the glorification of any man's personality; but it takes us long to find this out; yet everybody must find it out some time. When we do find it out, we have verified a law of nature. The man who has found it out, ceases to make self-satisfaction the aim of his actions. He realizes that he has no permanent existence, save as part of a whole, and his effort henceforth is to perform his proper function in that capacity.

But the point is that, along with this liberation from the delusion of selfishness, comes knowledge. Just as the selfish man makes his life narrower and narrower, so the unselfish man continually widens his sphere. This is matter of common experience, but Theosophy contemplates a great extension of the principle. It sets no limits to the possibilities of human attainment in knowledge by the road of emancipation from the thraldom of selfishness.

Knowledge is not a mere accumulation, which a man carries about with him in his memory; it is the ability to know what is desired. The difference between knowledge and mere learning is the same as the difference between the man who *has* and the man who *can*. Hence it is not surprising that the path of knowledge consists largely of unloading previous accumulations.

Be humble, if thou wouldst attain knowledge: be humbler still, when knowledge thou hast attained.

The reason why we have so much so-called knowledge that is futile and leads to nothing, is that it is not accompanied by discipline. In other words, it is not accompanied by realization; it is left in the theoretical and unapplied stage. The word 'genius' is often applied to individuals who have developed themselves in a lop-sided manner, by trying to attain knowledge without having made any progress in overcoming the obstacles in their own character. When we attempt to apply our knowledge to the overcoming of these obstacles, the struggle begins.

A man's enemies are they of his own household. The most difficult obstacles are the little personal faults that are so near, the little failings of temper and self-restraint, the self-love or anger or sloth, to which we so often yield. So long as these remain rooted in the soil, our efforts in larger fields are rendered futile. With these removed, we are not only free from them ourselves, but able to overcome them in the world at large, so that we become a power for good; and the forces which once were turned against us are now our servants.

It has often been said that Occultism consists in dealing rightly with the present moment. Great things are mastered in their small beginnings. The application of this maxim is in boldly confronting the weaknesses in our nature, in the faith that their conquest will lead us to the next step on our path.

Many people are learning by suffering. The French mystic, Éliphas Lévi, says:

> To suffer is to labor. A great misfortune properly endured is a progress accomplished. Those who suffer much live more truly than those who undergo no trials.

What a great consolation! Though we may find it hard to realize this while we are actually in the throes, yet in the calm moments that intervene we can draw strength from the thought. If we have no philosophy, suffering seems a cruel and useless thing, and a horrible sardonic despair may seize us. But if we can manage to realize that the pain comes because we are climbing a hill in our life's journey, then we become reconciled with our lot.

Pleasure and pain are great teachers. The more we develop (throughout successive reincarnations), the more sensitive do we become to pain and pleasure. At last the vibration from one to the other becomes too keen for endurance, and we seek a position of independence and poise, free from the disturbing action of the oscillations. It is said that the first step on the path of knowledge consists in finding our feet, getting our balance.

It is certain that a man takes a great step forward when he first succeeds in grasping the truth of Reincarnation and Karma, and in viewing his life as that of an immortal Soul enacting one of a series of scenes in the great drama. He takes a step, because he has established a link between his intellect and that fuller knowledge that is within him. The formation of this link will enable the Soul to shed more of its light into the mind. The recognition of these truths constitutes, in fact, a sort of initiation, and life can never after be quite the same as before. Henceforth he will learn more deeply and more quickly from the experiences of life. Now, in the case of many people, merely to direct their attention

to the truths of Theosophy is enough to give them an inner conviction; and this even though the mind, trammeled by its habits of thought, may at first oppose. Hence the diffusion of a knowledge of Theosophy is the means of starting many on the road to self-knowledge.

It is dissatisfaction with the ordinary life that leads people to search for that which lies beyond — for a fuller self-realization. At first they are likely to make the mistake of seeking satisfaction in a mere intensification of sensation, in a mere enlargement of the ordinary experiences. But this only increases the source of discontent. With keener pleasure comes sharper pain. Thus they are driven to seek peace in a different path, and to make something else than personal satisfaction the object of life.

Since the higher evolution of man is contemplated by the scientific ideas as to evolution, it is but reasonable that we should stand ready for it. Already we have forced on our material civilization to a point where former standards of behavior no longer suffice to control the forces at our disposal. Unless we are to be torn to pieces by the powers we have invoked, and civilization is to go down in a catastrophe, the moral nature of man must be developed in equal measure. One way in which this is already happening is in the substitution of an international for a national commonweal. But besides going wider, we must go deeper — deeper into our own nature — there to discover greater powers of self-control, heretofore latent. But let it be borne in mind that the future is an unfolding of what has existed in germ in the past; that —

Man was and will rebecome God. (H. P. Blavatsky)

Man can become a God because he has been that (in potentiality) from the beginning. We must contemplate the future unfoldment of our latent divinity, both as individuals and as a race; for anticipation precedes realization. Each man finds the way for himself, but can obtain help and encouragement from teachers and teachings, in so far as these point to facts and do not dogmatize. And it is Self-knowledge that is the kind of knowledge to be sought. Man, know thyself, for otherwise thou canst really know nothing else. This is an ancient maxim.

THE more numerous the obstacles which are surmounted by the will, the stronger the will becomes. It is for this reason that Christ has exalted poverty and suffering.— ÉLIPHAS LÉVI (Abbé Alphonse Louis Constant)

VIEWS IN SWITZERLAND: by Carolus

THE Matterhorn, or Mt. Cervin as the French call it, lies in the extreme south of Switzerland on the Italian frontier. The little village of Zermatt lies at the base of the Matterhorn, yet itself is 5315 feet above the level of the sea; so high are the cliffs at the sides of the valley that in winter the sun is not visible till 9:00 A. M. and by 3:00 P. M. the evening shadows have fallen.

The finest view of the Matterhorn obtainable by ordinary tourists is from the Gorner Grat, a rocky ridge about two miles vertically above sea level, where breathing becomes a little difficult to the traveler who is not acclimated to heights. A funicular or cog-wheel railway now runs from Zermatt to the Gorner Grat, which is, however, one of the few favored spots in Switzerland to which untrained persons can climb to an elevation of over ten thousand feet without difficulty, for the path is well-defined and easy. An unbroken chain of snow peaks surrounds the Gorner Grat; nature seems to have provided this isolated rocky place for the purpose of an observation center of a panorama which is unsurpassed in sublimity. A traveler (Stanley Hope) says:

> The huge Gorner Glacier winds round its base at a dizzy depth below; beyond, are the snows of that glorious range beginning with Monte Rosa (which seems within a stone's throw) and ending with the Matterhorn. We lingered long in this wonderful spot . . . wrapped in that intense and awful stillness which at times pervades these mighty solitudes, broken only at long intervals by the sudden rush of an avalanche on the steep slopes of Monte Rosa or the low hum of a wild bee, attracted to this far height by the fervid noonday beams. We wandered along the ridge stretching towards the Stockhorn, where the gentian and other exquisite wild flowers which flourish at this elevation grow in the greatest profusion, peering up through patches of snow in shady nooks. . . . The Matterhorn seems to dominate the whole district of Zermatt like a pervading spirit. It is difficult to lose sight of it. Through rifts in the pine-wood, over grassy bluffs, from the depth of dark ravines, from one's chamber window, the giant peak is seen piercing the blue air above. The play of light and shadow upon it as the hours roll by is in itself a study.

The Matterhorn is one of the most difficult peaks to ascend; in 1865 it was conquered by the famous English climber, Edward Whymper, but the victory was marred by a terrible accident, his three companions and one of the guides being killed. The ascent was successful, though extremely hazardous, for after about 14,000 feet the only practicable foothold leads up the face of an almost perpendicular precipice, slippery with ice. On the return journey one of Whymper's friends slipped and dragged down all the others of the party except Whymper himself and two of the guides who were at the upper end of the rope and who were able to brace themselves against the shock. Whymper had previously made seven unsuccessful attempts to reach the summit, during one of which he slipped and fell two hundred feet, in seven or eight bounds, to the very edge of a gulf of eight hundred feet to the glacier below.

He was alone on this occasion, and being seriously injured, had great difficulty in reaching Zermatt. The ascent of the Matterhorn has since been made easier, and many climbers have reached the summit, but it

LOOKING DOWN THE VALLEY OF THE VISP FROM ZERMATT

is no place for beginners, for its terrible precipices and slippery surfaces demand the skill and steadiness that can only come by long experience.

A white cloud on the left side of the Matterhorn will be noticed in one of our pictures; this is called the 'lee-side or banner cloud' and is frequently found on the sheltered side of high peaks when a moisture-laden wind is blowing. Much discussion has arisen as to its exact cause, some of the best authorities disagreeing on the subject. Tyndall says:

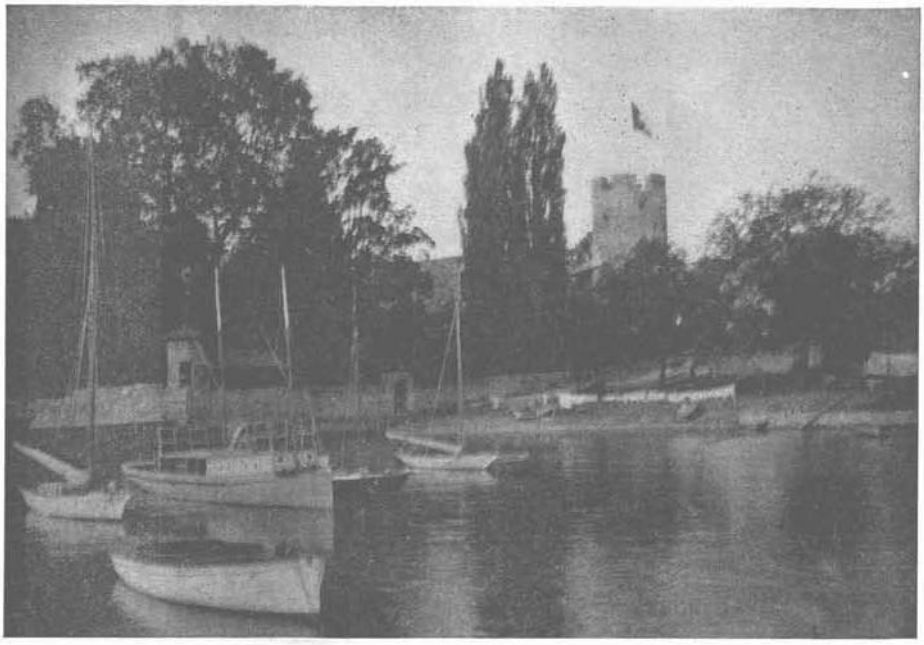
> The wind blew lightly up the valley, charged with moisture, and when the air that held it *rubbed against the cold cone* of the Matterhorn, the vapor was chilled and precipitated in his lee.

Ruskin, who was a very acute observer, in criticizing this, says:

> It is not explained, why the wind was not chilled by rubbing against any of the neighboring mountains, nor why the cone of the Matterhorn, mostly of rock, should be colder than cones of snow. . . . No true explanation of it has ever yet been given: for the first condition of the problem has hitherto been unobserved, — namely, that such cloud is constant in certain states of weather, under precipitous rocks; — but never developed with distinctness by domes of snow.

In one of his scientific lectures Ruskin gives a theory which he thinks to be nearer the facts than Tyndall's "rubbing against the rocks":

When a moist wind blows in clear weather over a cold summit, it has not time to get chilled as it approaches the rock, and therefore the air remains clear, and the sky bright on the windward side; but under the lee of the peak, there is partly a back eddy, and partly still air;



THE CASTLE AT VEVEY FROM THE LAKE

and in that lull and eddy the wind gets time to be chilled by the rock, and the cloud appears, as a boiling mass of white vapor, rising continually with the return current to the upper edge of the mountain, where it is caught by the straight wind and partly torn, partly melted away in broken fragments. — *The Storm-Cloud of the Nineteenth Century*

VEVEY

VEVEY is a town of about 12,000 inhabitants, situated on Lake Geneva, and is a favorite resort for tourists. It is the center for the extensive grape-culture of the canton of Vaud, and every fifteen years or so a remarkable 'Festival of the Vine' is held there. No two festivals are alike, but there is always a procession of the Seasons. The performances, which last for several days, include fancy dancing, chorus singing, processions in national and historical costumes, dramatic representations, and plenty of music of all kinds. The festival ranks, in a sense, with the Oberammergau Passion Play, and attracts thousands of visitors.

Vevey lies near the eastern end of Lake Geneva, not far from the ingress of the Rhône; its old streets are very quaint and interesting.

THE SOUL OF INDIA FROM A THEOSOPHICAL STANDPOINT: by Kenneth Morris

(A School of Antiquity Paper)

I WONDER what picture first rises in your mind, when you hear talk of the 'Soul of India'? A composite one, very likely; with an atmosphere, a local color, taken from some of Kipling's stories; perhaps an impression gained from Matthew Arnold's beautiful lines about the East awaking in deep disdain to watch the legions thunder past, and plunging in thought again; perhaps other impressions gained from the thin-spun arid metaphysics, or emasculated pathetic pleadings of certain Hindoo lecturers that have visited this country in recent years. On the whole, I suppose the result, the sum total, would be a sort of mournful, gorgeous inertia, patient with the patience of the impotent, and fed upon the poppy-juice of dreams. Before the mind's eye would appear a mixture of ineffectual quietism and sun-rich pageantry: a pomp of Rajahs and of elephants with jeweled trappings; a monotonous hymn, hopeless and passionless, chanted at twilight on the banks of Ganges or Jumna; fantastic temples, and temple gardens splendid with peacocks; villages, the same yesterday, today and forever, among the paddy-fields in the shadow of the jungle: — a sad monotone, a shrinking from life, the pathos of a vanished splendor, an opium-dream of the past. Some such mental impression as this, probably, is what we should get; and we should go on to contrast it with the virile, alert and progressive Soul of America, or whatever our own country might be.

But give me leave to suggest that there is no warrant in history for the idea that the West is naturally the home of progress, the East of stagnation; the West of the waking, the East of the sleeping nations of mankind. India herself has done a deal of legion-thundering in times past on her own account, for the matter of that. She has seen the swift march of native civilization; has had her eras of progress: her Elizabethan or Augustan ages, splendid in literature and art, and in adventure, spiritual and physical. And it is just as unlikely that she will see no great ages again, as that this winter will never give way to spring, or that tomorrow's sun will never rise. We have gained our impression of the Soul of India, from an India that is sound asleep; as if one should say: 'I know all about the soul, the genius, the higher capacities of So-and-so; why, I have heard him snoring.' For nations, like men, have their sleepings and wakings; and you cannot judge them by the slumberous and sterile periods, which come to all as surely as night-time or winter. Their Souls are not then in evidence; any more than ours are when we are asleep.

For the Soul is not an atmosphere, however picturesque; it is not a mere local color, however gorgeous or delicate or somber. It cannot be thought of as something helpless, pathetic, impotent or inert. It is not the Soul of India that we have heard cry out to be left alone, to be suffered to sleep on untroubled; only voices that know nothing of the Soul and its divine nature, could be guilty of such flapdoodleism. We may say that there are two flowers symbolic of India: the Lotus, and the Poppy: — the one, a crown of perfection upon the waters: a bloom facing the sky, and reflecting in its whiteness the purity, in its blueness the infinitude, of the upper ether; — the other, gorgeous, somber, sultry and luxurious, the scarlet mother of soul-killing delights and the pomp of extravagant poisonous dreams. The India of the Poppy pleads with you: 'Let me sleep on; let the world go down into ruin, but suffer me to drug myself now and forever with these opulent dreams'; she grows pale, emaciated, pathetic; she dares not face the world and duty, and the vigorous action that makes us men. But perchance still the India of the Lotus remembers her bloom that was of old time; she is beneath the surface now; her crown of loveliness and purity is not seen; but in that sub-surface silence, and by virtue of those sun-sweet memories and of the Soul that still is within her, surely she proclaims her intention to bloom out into the sunlight of life again, and take her royal place in the world.

For the Soul is that which is divine in us: that for whose high purposes the universe exists. It entered upon the Grand Adventure of the Life-Cycle, foreknowing the pains and perils to be met, that it might redeem the lower worlds of being, and permeate them with the essence of its own divinity. It is that which left its pure state in the heaven-world, to incarnate in these human generations; to build up these nations of men; to do mighty deeds and make mighty creations of art and empire: to achieve all things and suffer all things and win all things for the Divine. It is an active and royal essence; courageous, heroic, beneficent; compassionate, strong, adventurous and wise. When and where it is present, the cry is all for new worlds to conquer; since it is the Knight Errant of the ages, the Driver of the Chariot of Evolution. Purity is its characteristic, and transcendent thought, yes; but inertia, vague dreaming — never. Hear how Krishna, the divine Teacher or Avatar of the ancient Hindoo religion, rebukes the degenerate would-be teachers among his countrymen of modern times: "No man ever remaineth inactive," he says; and again, speaking as the Supreme Self of the Universe: "I am myself constantly in action; if I remained inactive for a moment, all these creatures would perish"; and "wherefore arise, cast off this doubt and hesitancy that afflict thy mind, and resolve to

fight!" — to fight, that is, against the difficulties of life, and the foes in thine own nature.

To what period shall we look to find the Soul of India — to find such teachings as these a living force in the life of the people? Unfortunately we have no ordered history of the ancient Hindoo ages; it is not till the time of the Moslem conquest, or say the reign of Mahmud of Ghazna in the eleventh century, that we come on anything like a definite record, with dates assignable to an ascertained long sequence of events. Even since then there have been epochs of real greatness and progress: such as that of the Emperor Akbar, contemporary with Elizabeth in England, when the Soul of India showed itself in gleams of a splendor deeper and truer than the trappings of elephants and gem-incrusted peacock thrones. For Akbar knew that there is no religion higher than truth; and sought and found, behind the creeds of his day, that ancient sublime Theosophy from which is drawn whatever virtue is in any creed or faith. But his reign was only a momentary waking from sleep; the heyday of Indian greatness had passed ages before.

What that heyday was like — or rather what those bright noon-periods were like, for there were many of them — we are not without means of guessing. We catch glimpses of them, now and again, through the eyes of Chinese or Greek travelers; then there are the rock-cut inscriptions of Asoka, the great Constantine of Buddhism, but in the purity of his character and the beneficence of his achievements differing from the Roman Constantine as light from midnight darkness. There is the story of the Buddha, whose life and times are made clear for us by the sunlight of the devotion of his disciples that shines on them. Again, pre-moslem India is rather like the dark star, obscured from the reach of our telescopes, which yet we know is there by its influence on the action of known stars in its neighborhood. Three times the seed and impulse of her greatness came to China from India. Then there is the picture we get from Megasthenes, whom Seleucus sent to Chandragupta's court at Magadha. Chandragupta was Asoka's grandfather. He tells us of the good government, the universal prevalence of law, order and contentment; the absence of slavery, and of crime; the valor of the men, and the high state of morality in every sense of that word. "In bravery," he says, "they exceed all Asiatics; they require no locks to their doors; no Indian was ever known to lie." That is pretty high praise, from a Greek, to whose countrymen, be it remembered, all non-Greek peoples were *barbaroi*, jabberers, an inferior grade of humanity.

But it is to a period still long before that of Chandragupta and Megasthenes that we are to look, to come upon India of the Lotus in her grandeur. What date to assign to that creative period in which she brought

forth the superb Sanskrit literature, who shall say? The West loves to belittle the age of everything; history is to be a kind of accordion, that you may get no music from, except by punching and jamming it together. Our learned will allow no great lapse of time between the writing of the Upanishads, and the coming of the Buddha; much as if one should say that Luther and Paul were very nearly contemporaries, or that Bacon, in time, followed close upon the heels of Plato. But plain commonsense would dictate at least this much: so sublime a revelation as the Vedic must have taken ages in which to crystallize, lose its purity, grow old and corrupt, before, in order to reform it and start afresh, the Buddha, that "Bright One of old time" had need to

> lay his sceptre down,
> So his heart might learn of sweet and bitter truth,
> And go forth bereft of beauty, throne and crown,
> And the sweetness of his youth.

You had much better take the traditional dates, which places him at twenty-five centuries before ourselves, and the death of Krishna at twenty-five centuries before him; and the Golden Age of the sacred Sanskrit literature at some time before that; since, whether the tradition is true or not, we have no means whatever of knowing that it is not; we deny it, upon no solid grounds under the sun, but mere whim and conjecture; we reject the evidence of those who may know, to replace it with whole-cloth suppositions of our own — who obviously do not and cannot know anything about it at all. I shall venture to say, then, that the Lotus was in its fullest bloom not later than five thousand years ago; and that the glorious Sanskrit literature comes to us from such an antiquity.

One could not, of course, in a short paper like this, give any idea of the vast wealth of literature that it is; with its sacred Vedas and Brahmanas and Upanishads and Puranas; embodying a clear, snow-capped philosophy which transcends all others as Himalaya transcends all other mountain ranges; its wonderful drama; its two great warrior epics, the Mahabharata and Ramayana, either of them I forget how many times longer than the Iliad. But I think that a few remarks upon the teaching and poetry of the Upanishads, with some illustrative quotations, may perhaps serve to indicate what the Soul of India really is: to enable us to sense at least the fragrance of the Lotus bloom, and catch a glimpse of the full-crowned splendor of its beauty.

They do not, as we may say, advertise their grandeur, these Upanishads — sacred poems, the more important of them some twelve in number. It is no matter, here, of "he who runs may read" — to any purpose. There is something living and elusive about them; they often

let loose on you their poetry and their wisdom unawares; as if you should have talked long with one you supposed a peasant, and suddenly discovered in him a King of Faërie wielding enchantments. Your scholarly Max Müller complains of them, that, coming from what he calls the "dawn of religious thought," they are "not without its dark clouds, its chilling colds, its noxious vapors"; he finds in them "by the side of so much that is fresh, natural, simple, beautiful and true," much that is "not only unmeaning, artificial and silly, but even hideous and repellent." How did he know it was unmeaning? I think the attitude of the Upanishads to such an inquirer is that of Mr. F.'s Aunt: "This fellow has a high stomach; give him a meal of chaff." 'Twas the husks of grammatical and syntactical sense, mainly, that were thrown to him to feed on; something deeper and humbler than scholarship is needed, to get at the rich grain within. Mere philological learning may often prove a hindrance to the subtler perceptions (as Matthew Arnold argued in the case of Homeric criticism), by deflecting attention from the spirit, a subtle thing, to the gross letter. In your common daylight moods you may find, like Max Müller, only a childish story or rigmarole of tedious ritual; but when the Silence of the Soul is stirred, and the crystal vision wakens, it is very different. And even in your common daylight moods, look that a line be not thrown, so to say, from the Infinite, to dance and glimmer through the text, till you find the latent divinely wise part of you hooked.

In this magic — for what else are you to call it? — lies all the difference between a sacred book and a creed. The creed fixes you: "Stay here!" it says; "budge not, or perish!" — It was made by the brainmind of some fellow or synod of fellows; and your true brainmind will ever, as they say, be "talking through its hat." It pronounces on the things it knows not, and will have all the world kowtow to its dictum. It takes so many elm-planks of fudge, and knocks you together a neat coffin for the Infinite. But the worst is, the Infinite will not 'stay put'; rather, it will not enter any coffin, however handsome. You cannot pin down truth to a verbal definition; it must pass into the imagination, and there be born again with spiritual potency, before it begins to be true. Words and definitions are finite; but truth pertains to the infinite worlds, and we can perceive it only with that in us which is infinite too. So, whatever you shove in your creed-coffin, it must end by becoming a corpse; if it is your own mind goes in, consider the earth already six feet deep above its lost potentialities, and *Hic jacet* written, and the daisies as good as in bloom. —It always is your own mind.

But now see how the Sacred Book goes to work. It knows that behind mind and normal consciousness is an infinite light; and that

the salvation of mind and normal consciousness depends on the rising of that light till all the being of the man is permeated by it. It addresses its messages to that; it flings rockets to the imagination stowed away, seeking to kindle it to the true flame. It knows intellect and egoity for the barriers, and its end is to dodge them, and awaken the soul. It knows that if truth could be crammed into a nutshell of infallible words, the brainmind would seize upon the nutshell, never bother with its contents, but cry *Credo* and brag itself saved — and be damned the while more hopelessly than ever. So it — the Sacred Book — shuns infallibility, dreads churchism and sectism; and goes about to provide you a rough road for the brainmind, over which to pass with many jolts and bumps. Its business is to set you free: to wake you into setting yourself free; not to give you a comfortable luxurious coffin, though you perhaps desire that as the kind of bed in which one sleeps longest and soundest. It hides its truth in an ambush, so to say; whence, when you pass that way, it may spring out and surprise you into a glimpse of the Divine.

Hence the complaints of Max Müller, and of many like him who go to the Upanishad armed, beyond their philology, only with a patronizing tolerance, curiosity, or contempt. "Here comes a bore," I imagine the Upanishad saying; "let's give him a dose of his own medicine"; and forthwith deals out some fifty pages of directions to the hotri priest at the sacrifice; — of which, of course, our good enquirer can make nothing. "*There's nothing to make*," says he; and goes off to lecture on the "dawn of religious thought," with its childish superstitions and what not.

And then the Upanishad turns, and a great wind suddenly blows in from the shining spaces, and on its hum and overtone we hear echoes out of infinity; we who read are sensible that a great light supernal has flashed, and wonderful unwonted things are stirring within: —

> All this is Brahman the Supreme. Let a man meditate on this visible world as beginning, ending, and breathing in It.
>
> The Intelligent, whose body is spirit; whose form is light; whose thoughts are true; whose nature is like ether, omnipresent and invisible . . . . who never speaks and is never surprised,
>
> That is my Self within the Heart, smaller than a corn of rice, smaller than a grain of barley, smaller than a mustard seed, smaller than a canary seed or the kernel of a canary seed. That also is my Self within the heart, greater than the earth, greater than the sky, greater than all these worlds.

We in the West, banishing Deity to a place beyond the sky, have banished ourselves from the Kingdom of Heaven that is within us; we have slammed the door, with our dogmas, on all the divine worlds. Believing in a personal God, we have made ourselves horribly personal little men. We take strictly our own standpoint: this we call 'I' seems the only reality to us; we attend to the interests of 'Number One,' count-

ing all things after and out from this five-cents' worth; we can hardly look at things even from a national standpoint, almost never from a universal. So we get our wars and all the contemptibilities of modern life. But the Upanishad, the voice of the Soul of India, strikes at the root of all such tomfoolery. Deeper than the personal self, it says, is the Universal Self; look within, and again within that within, and you shall find Deity, the Supreme Self of all these worlds and systems. Nearer and more intimate to you than the thing you call yourself, is the "Intelligent, whose body is spirit, whose form is light . . . . who never speaks and is never surprised."

Have we not here the water of life? It is no question of the "dawn of religious thought," as learned Max supposed; this teaching was old and old before the writers of the Upanishad were born. And yet also it is new and new; as new today as then — for the one who will read it out of his own heart and the heavens, consenting to receive the daily revelation. Today, now, the soul of man may burgeon inward and upward towards that infinite deep blue, apprehending the Self within the heart which is also, as it says, "that Golden Person who is seen within the sun." The value of this book is not in its antiquity merely, but in its everlasting modernity. We do not believe in the sea's existence, because Homer has that about *poluphloisboio thalasses;* or in the sun, because the Bible tells us Joshua stood him still in mid-heaven. *Vixere ante Agamemnona*, they were before Israel smote Amalek hip and thigh; but we believe in them because they are there now for us to see. The Upanishad is worth our study, not as a revelation made once for all to them of old; but because it deals with the universe and man as they are now; because it interprets for us what we see, and what we may know, and what we are. In this sense, no one need scruple to call it a Sacred Book.

It is in these sunbursts and golden dawns in the Upanishad that we come best on the Soul of India: a thing luminous and crystal clear, pure in color, reflecting the brightness of the Indian sky and sun. There is none of the atmosphere of creed or sect about them; they were never thought out in a lightless argumentative brainmind; but came on the wings of poetry, birds out of the eternal ether, direct inward or illumined perceptions. Some of the sheerest poetry in the world is in these books; the kind you cannot so knock out of shape in translating, that it ceases to be illuminous, beautiful, divine. Even Max Müller rises into something like soaring when he thus translates a passage from the Talavakara:

The Pupil asks: At whose wish does the mind sent forth proceed on its errand? At whose command is the first breath breathed? At whose wish do we utter this speech? What god directs the eye or the ear?

The Teacher answers: It is the ear of the ear, the mind of the mind, the speech of speech,

the breath of the breath, the eye of the eye. Freed from the senses, the wise, on departing from this world, become immortal.

The eye does not go thither, nor speech, nor mind. We do not know; we do not understand how it can be taught.

It is different from the known; it is above the unknown: thus we have heard from those of old who taught us.

That which is not expressed by speech: that by which speech is itself expressed; that alone shalt thou know as Brahman, not that which they here adore.

That which does not think with mind: that by which mind is itself thought; that alone shalt thou know as Brahman, not that which they here adore.

That which does not see with eyes: that by which vision is itself seen; that alone shalt thou know as Brahman, not that which they here adore.

That which does not breathe with breath: that by which breath is itself breathed; that alone shalt thou know as Brahman, not that which they here adore.

Poetry, says someone, is the expression in words of the inexpressible; here then, we certainly have poetry. Indeed, in this great poem of the Upanishad — poem in essence, in thought, as well as in form — the ever-recurring thought-rhyme is *That Brahman*, the Supreme Self of the Universe; again and again, from that angle and this, the revelation of That is flashed back on us; the mind senses it as a refrain, a satisfaction, as in verse the ear hears the rhyme. There is a fundamental rhythm of ideas, innate, basic, echoed by the rhythm of the speech. "This is the teaching of Brahman with regard to the gods," says the Talavakara; "it is that which is now flashed forth like lightning, and now vanishes again." You are to crack open the most intimate thing in consciousness, the innermost of the innermost; and the kernel within that again, that is the Brahman, the divine Self of the Universe, the Supreme. — A Great King on a throne above the heavens, say we in the West: a Super-emperor aloft, busy rattling his thunders and ruling the creatures and worlds. (He must be over-occupied with some other world than ours now, one would think.) Such is the conception of meek Christendom (which has inherited the earth). But here in the Upanishad we find the Deific Beauty revealed to the quick, clear Soul of ancient India, anew and anew ever like a strange sunburst,

> Out of the seas and the mountains,
> And the waves of the rivers,

— out of the peacock skies of night and noon-skies hued in lapis lazuli; out of the golden opulence of the sun; out of the most secret and familiar operations of our own consciousness. IT is the eye of the eye, the ear of the ear, the breath of the breath; that which lurks behind and is the Cause of these; the archaeus of our being: so intimate that in all the fields of consciousness it escapes our notice. You are to bring your

mind to the brink of the inmost thinkable; and that golden flaming mystery beyond and within — look and listen — *That alone shalt thou know as Brahman, not that which they here adore.* The body itself is no longer to be a refuge for this personal 'I', the source of all our sins and woes; there is a more august Inhabitant, divine and universal; *The Intelligent, whose body is spirit. . . . . That is my Self within the heart . . . . who never speaks and is never surprised.* These words hint, they do not formulate; they disarm creedalism; as fast as you may make a dogma of them, they smash down and deny the dogma. It is always "not that which they here adore."

I am inclined to say that the Upanishad is altogether an epic of the worlds within; no wonder it seems unintelligible in parts; since we, who in this outer world have discovered the poles and all the islands, and ravished Africa of the last of her marvels, know next to nothing of the geography of the soul. Its realm seems a dark place to us; indeed, not even dark; for we have hardly turned our eyes in that direction, to see whether it be dark or light. 'I', we say, am the thing that hungers, desires, errs, and has glimmerings of aspiration: the flippant or woeful thing that the world sees and that does business with the world. As for *my soul,* it may come in handy presently to be saved or damned; for the time being I know nothing of it and care less, though whiles I may pretend to, of a Sunday. But the Upanishad is full of what brightness, what color, what beauty and augustness may be found in that hidden region; ancient India knew, though we know not or have forgotten. And now we find modern India forming 'churches' of her own, good lack! and aping our ignorance at pitiful prayers. Not so the Soul of India, the India of the Soul; who knew behind this personal consciousness, the Lord of the Body, the Immortal; and behind that again, That Brahman. The Upanishad reveals our personal selves, too, having strange communion at unknown times with that inner and higher part of us; what illumination there is in this:

> After having subdued by sleep all that belongs to the body, he, not asleep himself, looks down upon the sleeping senses. Having assumed light, he goes again to his own place, the Golden Person, the Lonely Bird.
>
> Guarding with the life-breath the lower nest, the body, he moves away from the nest; that Immortal goes where he will, the Golden Person, the Lonely Bird.
>
> *Brihadaranyaka-Upanishad,* IV, iii, 11, 12

But this inner or spiritual geography, so to call it, is not confined within the limits of human consciousness: indeed, there are no limits of human consciousness — looking within, we apprehend anew the meaning and beauty of things, the sun and the sky and the earth and these systems of stars. Apprehend them anew; see that they, too, are a part

of ourselves: this is the doctrine of the Upanishad. There is but one thing. The Dwarf in the heart, the Self, That Brahman — that is also the Self of

That Golden Person that is seen within the sun, with golden hair and golden beard, golden altogether to the very tips of his nails, and whose eyes are like blue lotuses.

— With infinite intricate correspondences, upon a sublime and shining pattern, all these worlds and beings flow out from that Supreme Self, and then again are withdrawn into It. Reflecting or figuring these transcendental processes, and the oneness of the universe, and the links which connect the worlds within and without us, are all the stories, all the directions as to ritual; it is altogether a hymn of delight in the godhood which is everything: a wisdom beyond the wisdom of our schools: virile, yet delicate: true, but packed with gladness.

The Self is unborn, it dies not; it is not killed, though the body be slain.

If the red slayer think he slays, or if the slain think he is slain, they do not understand, for this one does not slay, nor is that one slain.

The Self, smaller than small, greater than great, is hidden in the heart of every creature. A man who is free from desires and grief sees the Supreme Self through tranquility of the senses.

That Brahman is the Sun-Swan dwelling in the brightness; it is the air dwelling in the sky; . . . . It dwells in men, in gods, in the sacrifice, in the heavens; It is born in the water, on earth, in the sacrifice, on the mountains; It is the True; It is the Great.

There is one Eternal Thinker, thinking non-eternal thoughts, who, though one, fulfils the desires of many. The wise who perceive It within themselves, to them belongs eternal peace, not to others.

Roger Ascham on learning

Learning teacheth more in one year than experience in twenty; and learning teacheth safely when experience maketh mo miserable than wise. He hazardeth sore that waxeth wise by experience. An unhappy master is he that is made cunning by many shipwrecks, a miserable merchant that is neither rich nor wise but after some bankrouts. It is costly wisdom that is bought by experience.

We know by experience itself that it is a marvelous pain to find out but a short way by long wandering. And surely he that would prove wise by experience, he may be witty indeed, but even like a swift runner, that runneth fast out of his way, and upon the night, he knoweth not whither. And, verily, they be fewest in number that be happy or wise by unlearned experience.

AN OLD BOOK: by Philip A. Malpas

WHO was Tiphaigne de la Roche?

About the middle of the seventeenth century several books appeared in Paris written by an author of this name, and considering the really remarkable knowledge he showed, it is surprising that he is not better known to literary fame.

Under the disguise of a playful satire on society as constituted in those days, this author wrote the book Giphantie, an anagram of his own name. It was published in 1760, a date which is important for those who might suspect that it was written after the event. In accordance with the custom of the time, he makes a somewhat ponderous titlepage which is none the less interesting for that.

GIPHANTIE
OR
A VIEW OF
WHAT HAS PASSED
WHAT IS NOW PASSING
AND, DURING THE PRESENT CENTURY
WHAT WILL PASS
IN THE WORLD.

The introduction describes the writer's great inclination for traveling. "I considered the whole earth as my country, and all mankind my brethren, and therefore thought it incumbent upon me to travel through the earth and visit my brethren," he says,

> I have often found great folly among the nations that pass for the most civilized and sometimes as great wisdom among those that are counted the most savage. I have seen small states supported by virtue, and mighty empires shaken by vice, whilst a mistaken policy has been employed to enrich the subjects, without any endeavor to render them virtuous.
>
> After having gone over the whole world and visited all the inhabitants, I find it does not answer the pains I have taken. I have just been reviewing my memoirs concerning the several nations, their prejudices, their customs and manners, their politics, their laws, their religion, their history; and I have thrown them all into the fire. It grieves me to record such a monstrous mixture of humanity and barbarism, of grandeur and meanness, of reason and folly.
>
> The small part, I have preserved, is what I am now publishing. If it has no other merit, certainly it has novelty to recommend it.

Describing a vast 'desart' in Guinea, the traveler felt an intense desire to explore it, and in spite of the danger penetrated far into the sandy waste. Then arose a sandstorm, which, but for the protection of a 'benevolent Being,' would have proved his death. The storm subsides and he sleeps peacefully through the night.

On awaking he finds himself within sight of a green oasis which grows the more luxuriantly as he advances into the interior. Even the plants in that wonderful land seemed to possess consciousness, and their variety, as well as that of the birds, beasts, and fishes, was wonderful to behold,

Trees 'co-eval with the world' form an immense amphitheatre which majestically displays itself to the eyes of the traveler and proclaims that such a habitation is not made for mortals.

Wondering that he had not seen any inhabitants in these gardens of delight, the traveler heard a voice: "Stop and look stedfastly before thee; behold him who has inspired thee to undertake so dangerous a voyage."

"I looked a good while and saw nothing; at last I perceived a sort of spot, a kind of shade fixed in the air, a few paces from me, "says the narrator. "I continued to look at it more attentively, and fancied, I saw a human form with a countenance so mild and ingaging that instead of being terrified, the sight was to me a fresh motive of joy."

The benevolent shade declares himself to be the Prefect of the Island, who had been prepossessed in favor of the wanderer by his inclination to philosophy, and had defended him from the hurricane. He explains:

> This Solitude . . . is an island surrounded with inaccessible desarts, which no mortal can pass without supernatural aid. It's name is Giphantie. It was given to the elementary spirits, the day before the Garden of Eden was allotted to the parent of Mankind. Not that the spirits spend their time here in ease and sloth. What would ye do, O ye feeble mortals! if dispersed in the air, in the sea, in the bowels of the earth, in the sphere of fire, they did not incessantly watch for your welfare? Without our care, the unbridled elements would long since have effaced all remains of the human kind? Why cannot we preserve you entirely from their disorderly sallies? Alas! our power extends not so far: we cannot totally screen you from all the evils that surround you: we can only prevent your utter destruction.
>
> It is here the elementary spirits come to refresh themselves after their labors; it is here they hold their assemblies, and concert the best measures for the administration of the elements.

In Giphantie, Nature has an opportunity of doing many things which would be impossible in the outer world. One of her works there is the constant endeavor to increase the numerous tribes of Vegetables and Animals and to produce new kinds. She works with admirable skill, but does not always succeed in perpetuating them, in which case they return for ever into nothing. The Guardians of the Island cherish them with the utmost care, and when they are sufficiently organized to produce their kind, plant them out in the earth. Hence the new plants sometimes discovered by naturalists and the sudden disappearance of certain exotics which, meeting an unfavorable climate, decay and are lost as a species. The Prefect speaks of many plants he has which can produce marvelous effects in medicine — such as one for fixing the human mind, only in fifty years of Babylon (Paris) he has never observed a mood worth fixing.

Here nature

> incessantly repeats her labors, still endeavoring to give her works that degree of perfection which she never attains. Flowers she endeavors to make still more beautiful. Animals she

tries to make still more dexterous. Mankind she endeavors to render still more perfect, but in this is not so successful.

Indeed one would think that mankind do all in their power to remain in a much lower rank than nature designs them! and they seldom fail to turn to their hurt the dispositions she gives them for their good.

The nature of the elementary spirits was originally pure, consisting as to their material substance of fire, or air, or of their unmixed elements. But by mixture with earthly impurities their pure essence becomes spoiled and some have even become so degraded through the mixture of various elements that they have been visible to men. People have seen them in the fire and called them salamanders, and cyclopes; they have seen them in the air and called them sylphs, spheres, Aquilons; they have seen them in the water and called them sea-nymphs, Naiads, Nereids, Tritons; they have seen them in caverns, desarts, woods, and have called them Gnomes, Sylvans, Fauns, Satyrs, and so forth.

From the astonishment caused by these apparitions, men sank into fear, and fear begot superstition. To these, Creatures like themselves, they erected altars which belong only to the Creator. Their imagination magnifying what they had seen, they soon formed a Hierarchy of Chimerical Deities. The sun appeared to them a luminous chariot guided by Apollo through the celestial planes; thunder, a fiery bolt darted by Jupiter at the heads of the guilty: the ocean a vast empire where Neptune ruled the waves: the bowels of the earth, the gloomy residence of Pluto, where he gave laws to the pale and tremulous ghosts: in a word, they filled the world with gods and goddesses. The earth itself became a Deity.

When the elementary spirits perceived how apt their apparitions were to lead men into error, they took measures to be no longer visible: they devised a sort of refiner by which they got rid of all extraneous matter. Thenceforward, no mortal has seen the least glimpse of these spirits.

The great column or refiner is shown and many spirits are seen ascending after purification like exhalations from the sun. It is explained that their visibility is artificially produced by the adoption of a very thin surface partaking of the nature of the spirits who assume them, much as looks describe a man. Human beings use these surfaces very much and thus it is that a "Babylonian would rather be nothing and appear everything than be everything and appear nothing." All is one gigantic sham in society.

There is a description of something like a telephone. A vast globe is ingeniously erected by the utmost skill of the spirits. By minute tubes to all parts of the earth sound is conveyed to the globe and the current which had grown weak in the imperceptible pipes is reinforced on its

entry into the globe in such a way that all the joy and sorrow of the world is heard with every kind of sound in a confused disagreeable murmur. By the placing of a rod on any point of the mapped surface of the globe any particular speech or sound can be detached from the rest — a sort of universal telephone 'central.' With the addition of a 'mirrour' anything can be seen at the same time; it is in the seer's power to "view the habitations of every mortal."

The traveler uses the 'mirrour' and the rod and sees and hears much. "I beheld wise nations rejoice at the birth of their children," he says,

and deplore the death of their relations and friends; I beheld others more wise stand round the newborn babe, and weep bitterly at the thoughts of the storms he was to undergo in the course of his life: they reserved their rejoicings for funerals, and congratulated the deceased upon their being delivered from the miseries of this world.

And so the book goes on, describing the wonders of this 'Island' in the midst of an impassable desert. Of the many ideas given, perhaps the strangest for the time (1760) are those on the constitution of man. Discussing the principles, there occur some paragraphs of no little interest.

"The rational soul is united to the human body, the instant the motion essential to life is settled there," we read.

It is separated the instant that motion is destroyed; and once separated, it is known to return no more, it departs forever; and enters into a state of which there is to be no end.

The universal soul is united and separated in the same circumstances: But it is not always separated forever. Let, in any person, the motion essential to life, after having totally ceased, come to be renewed, (a thing which every physician knows to be very possible) and what will be the consequence? The rational soul, which departed upon the ceasing of the vital motion, cannot return; but the universal soul, always present, cannot fail of reuniting with the organised body set in motion again. The man is dead, for his soul is separated from his body. He preserves, however, the air of a living man; because the universal soul is resettled in his brain, which it directs tolerably well.

Such to you appears a person perfectly recovered from an apoplectic fit, who is but half come to life; his soul is flown; there remains only the universal spirit. Excess of joy, or of grief, any sudden opposition may occasion death, and does occasion it, in fact, oftener than is imagined. Let a fit of jealousy or passion affect you to a certain degree, your soul, too strongly shocked, quits its habitation forever: And, let your friends say what they please or say what you will yourself, you are dead, positively dead. However, you are not buried: the universal soul acts your part to the deception of the whole world and even of yourself. Do not complain, therefore, that a relation forgets you, that a friend forsakes you, that a wife betrays you. Alas! perhaps it is a good while since you had a wife, or relations or friends; they are dead; their images only remain.

How many deaths of this kind have I seen at Babylon? . . .

I shall now speak of the signs by which the living may be distinguished from the dead: And, doubtless, the reader sees already what these signs may be. To behold wickedness with unconcern; to be unmoved by virtue; to mind only self-interest; and without remorse to be carried away with the torrent of the age, are signs of death. Be assured, no rational soul inhabits such abandoned machines. What numbers of dead amongst us! you will say. What numbers of dead amongst us! will I answer . . .

I will conclude with opening a door to new reflexions. Suppose a man like so many others, vegetates only, and is reduced to the universal soul. I demand whether the race of such a man

is not in the same state. If so, I pity our posterity. Rational souls were scarce among our forefathers; they are still more so among us; surely there will be none left among our offspring. All are degenerating, and we are very near the last stage.

The interest in the above account for those who remember the Theosophical division of the human constitution into seven principles lies in the distinct indication of such principles. The whole chapter is too long to copy, but we are told "there are in us two contrary Beings, which oppose one another," as is "manifest by the clashing between the passions and the reason." The 'universal soul' is described as everywhere present and homogeneous, like a sea in which fishes swim, one may say. The animal soul is clearly distinguished from the higher, manly, rational soul. Matter is described as something separate. The universal soul may be present everywhere in the solar system or even farther, but it has its bounds, it is God alone that fills immensity. The 'motion essential to life' is distinguished. Here are five 'principles' described by a Parisian in 1760 and in other places he shows that he does not limit his 'principles' to these five alone.

Among the wealth of ideas put forward in this remarkable little book, the famous description of the photographic process, or, as some describe it, the *cinematograph*, has always been a stumblingblock for scientists and critics of every hue. Facts are pitchforks, but this pitchfork has no handle visible. The best that science can do with the matter is to relegate the thing to the storehouse of 'literary curiosities,' and not to keep it too closely under observation. For it was *published* forty years before the first glimmerings of photography dawned on the scientific mind, and yet today, more than a hundred and fifty years afterwards, it describes our most modern development of the art. The mocking omission of chemical details is disconcerting to say the least, for without such details, how can we tell just how much he did not know?

Here is the chapter, in its entirety:

THE STORM

Some paces from the noisy globe, the earth is hollowed, and there appears a descent of forty or fifty steps of turf; at the foot of which there is a beaten subterraneous path. We went in; and my guide, after leading me through several dark turnings, brought me at last to the light again.

He conducted me into a hall of middling size, and not much adorned, where I was struck with a sight that raised my astonishment. I saw, out of a window, a sea which seemed to me to be about a quarter of a mile distant. The air, full of clouds, transmitted only that pale light which forebodes a storm: the raging sea ran mountains high, and the shore was whitened with the foam of the billows which broke on the beach.

By what miracle (said I to myself) has the air, serene a moment ago, been so suddenly obscured? By what miracle do I see the ocean in the center of Africa? Upon saying these words, I hastily ran to convince my eyes of so improbable a thing. But in trying to put my head out of the window, I knocked it against something that felt like a wall. Stunned with the blow, and still more with so many mysteries, I drew back a few paces.

Thy hurry (said the Prefect) occasions thy mistake. That window, that vast horizon, those thick clouds, that raging sea, are all but a picture.

From one astonishment I fell into another: I drew near with fresh haste; my eyes were still deceived, and my hand could hardly convince me that a picture should have caused such an illusion.

The elementary spirits (continued the Prefect) are not so able painters as naturalists; thou shalt judge by their way of working. Thou knowest that the rays of light, reflected from different bodies, make a picture and paint the bodies upon all polished surfaces, on the retina of the eye, for instance, on water, on glass. The elementary spirits have studied to fix these transient images: they have composed a most subtile matter very viscous, and proper to harden and dry, by the help of which a picture is made in the twinkle of the eye. They do over with this matter a piece of canvas, and hold it before the objects they have a mind to paint. The first effect of the canvas is that of a mirror; there are seen upon it all bodies far and near, whose image the light can transmit. But what the glass cannot do, the canvas, by means of the viscous matter, retains the images. The mirror shows the objects exactly; but keeps none; our canvases show them with the same exactness, and retains them all. This impression of the images is made the first instant they are received on the canvas, which is immediately carried away into some dark place; an hour after, the subtile matter dries, and you have a picture so much the more valuable, as it cannot be imitated by art nor damaged by time. We take, in their purest source, in the luminous bodies, the colors which painters extract from different materials, and which time never fails to alter. The justness of the design, the truth of the expression, the gradation of the shades, the stronger or weaker strokes, the rules of perspective, all these we leave to nature, who with a sure and never-erring hand, draws upon our canvases images which deceive the eye and make reason to doubt, whether, what are called real objects, are not phantoms which impose upon the sight, the hearing, the feeling, and all the senses at once.

The Prefect then entered into some physical discussions, first, on the nature of the glutinous substance which intercepted and retained the rays; secondly, upon the difficulties of preparing and using it; thirdly, upon the struggle between the rays of light and the dried substance; three problems, which I propose to the naturalists of our days, and leave to their sagacity.

Meanwhile, I could not take off my eyes from the picture. A sensible spectator, who from the shore beholds a tempestuous sea, feels no more lively impressions: such images are equivalent to the things themselves.

The Prefect interrupted my extacy. I keep you too long (says he) upon this storm, by which the elementary spirits designed to express allegorically the troublesome state of this world, and mankind's stormy passage through the same; turn thy eyes, and behold what will feed thy curiosity and increase thy admiration.

Site of the New Râja-Yoga School at Santiago de Cuba

THE estate adjacent to Santiago known as 'San Juan de Râja-Yoga,' was purchased by Mme. Katherine Tingley in 1906 to provide a permanent center for her humanitarian work in Cuba, begun immediately after the Spanish-American War.

In addition to its historical interest, the situation is ideal, and under Mme. Tingley's directions the beauty of the grounds has been greatly enhanced by extensive improvements. In 1908 she laid the corner-stone for a Râja-Yoga Academy, the building of which, however, was deferred, owing to the unsettled conditions in the Island at that time.

Additional illustrations and an article dealing with the interesting associations of San Juan Hill, in connexion with the fall of Santiago after the battle on these grounds, which terminated the war, will appear in the November issue of THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH.

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

PART III — STYLE CHAPTER III — MILTON

THE Elizabethans were all orators. The flow of great speech called for retardation: great obstacles to be encountered; a craggy and uneven course: lest by mere ease of attainment, attainment itself should come to seem not worth trying for. The Race Soul, having lavished itself in facile noble expression through a score of dramatists, began to look forward with apprehension; at this rate continued growth of any kind would be impossible; and there were still many great things and much perfection to express or attain. Shakespeare himself had done his noblest under the pressure of great internal stress: *Hamlet, Macbeth, King Lear, Othello* and *Julius Caesar* had been the record of his initiation, the direst stress that can happen to man; and the titan pangs of initiation had to be suffered by yet another before the noblest and best that was in England could be all recorded in song. Shakespeare had left one picture unpainted: that of the Soul as indomitable hero; the Soul fallen, in adversity, in hell, — and there unconquerable by all the thunders. The Gods desired that this picture, also, should be painted.

They searched, and found in due course a young fellow at Cambridge, called "the Lady of Christ's" (College) for the sweetness and refinement of his character, busy at the writing of Latin verses; and it occurred to them to take a peep over his shoulder, and read, that no chance might be lost. To this effect they read:

Ille quidem parce, Samii pro more magistri,
Vivat, et innocuos praebeat herba cibos;
Stet prope fagineo pellucida lympha catillo,
Sobriaque e puro pocula fonte bibat.
Additur huic scelerisque vacans et casta juventus,
Et rigidi mores, et sine labe manus;
Qualis veste nitens sacra, et lustralibus undis,
Surgis ad infensos augur iture Deos.

. . . . . .

Diis etenim sacer est vates, divumque sacerdos,
Spirat et occultum pectus et ora Jovem.*

— It might seem tinged with youthful and priggish bombast to some of us; but the Gods are not deceived. "He has the root of the matter

*He (the great poet) must live sparely, after the manner of the Samian Teacher; herbs must be his harmless food; clear water in a beechen cup, sober draughts from a pure spring, his drink. His must be a youth chaste and void of offense, rigid morals, and hands without stain. He shall be as a priest shining in sacred raiment, washed with lustral waters, who goes up to make augury before the Gods. . . . . For indeed, the Bard is sacred to the Gods he is the priest of the Gods; mystically from his lips and breast he breathes Jove.

in him," said they. "Since these are the lines he has laid down for himself, it may well be that he is our man."

And they were right — not for the first time, by any means. Doctrine such as this was written deep in the heart and soul of the Lady of Christ's; than whom, never a stronger warrior breathed on English soil. The verses were no effusion from a too learned-strict young man; they were the expression of a wisdom, a high bardism, that he had not learnt as the scrivener's son of Bread Street in London, nor as the undergraduate at Cambridge; but that the soul in him had brought with it from the experience and struggles of many past lives — *the* Soul that was "like a Star, and dwelt apart."

Then the Gods set about the training of him. They gave him to perfect himself in many languages; as much learning as was to be had in the Classics, they saw that he acquired it. At his studies they kept him, or he kept himself, during his school and college years, daily until midnight; not, however, to the detriment of the sweet wholesome youth that was in him. They taught him also to see and love the beauty of the world, the beauty of common things; to hear whatever music might be heard in a rural Buckinghamshire landscape: to delight in country sights and sound such as you shall find in *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso.* Then, to get earnest of what in future they would demand of him, they sped him westward to Ludlow; prompted nobility to demand of Harry Lawes a Masque for an occasion, and prompted Harry to demand the words for it of him. The theme was to be: a sister and two brothers lost in Haywood Forest on the Welsh Border; the occasion, the installation of their father as Lord President of Wales. Here were two opportunities: one for Milton, one for the Gods. The masque form offered the first: to introduce thereinto things that never were in a Masque before: not merely Comus,* strayed into Shropshire out of Greek mythology, and invested with dark significance in the world of morals; but also a complete expression of his own philosophy: a Platonic Idealism Miltonized — and made consummately artistic, say what you will. And that of the Lord President of *Wales* gave the Gods their chance: to flood their poet's brain for a moment with that haughty nobleness which was to mark his later writing, and get a foretaste of the quality they desired: molding in his soul that line which stands the first to be created in the Miltonian Grand Manner:—

An old and haughty nation, proud in arms.

Came troubled times: not yet civil war, but certainly the inevitable

*Ben Jonson had put him in a Masque, but made him a paunched Silenus or Falstaffian deity; Milton's Comus is his own creation.

promise of it for those blessed or cursed with foresight. On the one hand was a stubborn fatally foolish king and a corrupt and oppressive Church; on the other a Parliament of Pyms and Hampdens; stubborn too, and with marked ideas of its own on civil and religious liberty. The political part of it made so far no such appeal to John Milton as to call him to poetry; the ecclesiastical part did. It was the year in which Jenny Geddes flung her stool at the preacher in Saint Giles' Cathedral at Edinburgh, and set dour Scotland stiff-necked for a kind of religious freedom — freedom at least from episcopal direction; Laud at Lambeth was riding roughshod for episcopacy over English and Scottish liberties. It chanced that a ship was wrecked off the Welsh coast, and among the drowned was a young clergyman, Edmund King, formerly of Cambridge University; where he must have cut something of a figure, for a memorial book was now to be produced in his honor. To which, among others, the quondam "Lady of Christ's" was asked to contribute; and *Lycidas* was the result. It marks the passing of the young Milton, the sweet singer of natural beauty, into the old Milton, God's Warrior armipotent, the Master of the Grand Manner.

With the first line of it there is some presage of the change: a loftier diction than he had used before, except in that one line from *Comus*. A little farther on come new distinct signs of a certain nobility of spirit and high design, in lines which I shall quote as showing what this poet meant when he spoke of 'fame' as a thing to be desired:

> Alas! what boots it with uncessant care
> To tend the homely, slighted Shepherd's trade,
> And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
> Were it not better done, as others use,
> To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
> Or with the tangles of Neaera's hair?
> Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
> (That last infirmity of noble mind)
> To scorn delights and live laborious days;
> But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
> And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
> Comes the blind Fury with abhorred shears,
> And slits the thin-spun life. "But not the praise,"
> Phoebus replied, and touched my trembling ears;
> "Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
> Nor in the glistering foil
> Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies,
> But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
> And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
> As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
> Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed."

— It is the fact of having done nobly; one cannot even call it desire for acquisition of good Karma, since it was the high rewardlessness

of right doing to which he looked. He was in love with righteousness for its own sake, he would conquer all passion and evil within himself for the lofty sake of conquering it, and of offering up to 'Jove' or 'God' — for he had not yet crystallized into dogma, and remained uncertain by what name to call the Divine Principle to which all such sacrifices are made — the sacred gift of perfect life and song.

But Style? It is when he comes to deal with the false teachers and the failings of a persecuting church, that he is kindled into his first great blaze of it; when

> Last came, and last did go
> The Pilot of the Galilean Lake —

Peter amongst the heathen deities, to rebuke, as their first founder, the ecclesiastics. A rage here begins to burn in Milton, that for the time being destroys his faculty of clear outward vision: catches up his whole universe, and sends it helter-skelter in roaring conflagration forward, as he denounces these

> Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
> A sheep-hook, or have learnt aught else the least
> That to the faithful Herdsman's art belongs!
> What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;
> And, when they list, their lean and flashy songs
> Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;
> The hungry sheep look up and are not fed,
> But, swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw,
> Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread;
> Besides what the grim Wolf with privy paw,
> Daily devours apace, and nothing said.

So far, allegory; brainmind, though infused with fires from the Soul, made it; and brainmind can interpret it easily: who are the blind mouths, who the sheep, and who the grim Wolf with privy paw, one may find in the notes to any good edition. Yet, too, the lines have not a little of that daemonic force which lifts poetry above mere temporary applications, and endows it with eternity. But then comes this: Style full-blown, mysterious and terrible: wholly baffling the efforts of the brainmind to interpret it:

> But that two-handed engine at the door
> Stands ready to smite once and smite no more.

What is it? Not the "spiritual and secular powers," nor the two houses of Parliament, nor the "axe that is laid to the root of the tree," or the "two-handed sword of the Apocalypse," or what not, as critics have guessed; — or, if you like, it is all these and much more besides; for ultimately I dare swear it is nothing less than great Karma itself, that rewards and punishes: an "engine" — that is to say, no personality,

no individual entity, but a Law, the fundamental Law of the Universe. Nothing less can it be; the very majesty of the couplet proclaims something lodged in the eternities. It is when you come on this spacious mysterious grandeur, this limitless sense and atmosphere of the Absolute, that you know the Soul's utterance, the voice deeper than to be from any personality, even the greatest. — It is the third high enunciation of the Law that we have had from English poetry. Marlowe's was remote, impersonal, unconcerned: a mere opening of poetic vistas through which, if we gaze, we discern the far goal. Shakespeare's was impersonal, eternal, august; a threat, and the premonition of universal recoil to follow upon a definite transgression; it befits the utterance of one who was rather wizard than warrior; who saw all things as a spectator, and remained serenely aloof. No aloofness would do for Milton; his word is stern, winged with danger, terrific; a threat denounced against living men. Karma has issued its warning to the wrongdoers through this fighting Prophet-Poet, and nothing more can be said; threats, rebukes, and incrimination after this would be foolish. Wherefore he leaves the subject, and continues

Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is passed.

— But not for long. He was on the eve of finishing his poetic apprenticeship, and before this *Lycidas* was finished, he felt the oncoming of a tomorrow that should bring its "fresh woods and pastures new."

— So far, said the Gods, he has not failed us; now let us see if he can make the grand sacrifice, and forsake Poetry itself, and all eternal things, to wage a dull necessary warfare here upon this bank and shoal of time. — They had by then raised up Cromwell to be their chief of men in England; to him they attached their poet as Latin Secretary, with a deal of miserable work to do in the way of flaring up in Latin against learned men in Holland and elsewhere set on by enemies of the Republic to discredit the Cromwellian regime. So he produced *In Salmasium*, *In Morum*, and the like; and in English, some still half-remembered half-obsolete, magnificent, but on the whole unimportant fulminations, also in prose. So passed the years of this Poet of poets' prime; wasted, you would say; but the Gods might think differently. Trumpery work; but much needed, or supposed much needed, at the time; and he, whose proper creations were so eminently not for time but for eternity, turned with the simplicity of the titan from the great work to the apparently small — because the Gods called him to it. Between *Lycidas* and *Paradise Lost* he was a mere political pamphleteer — he — Milton; the song for the Gods, which he had had in mind to sing even from childhood, indefinitely postponed so long as a common duty to his fellow-men

and freedom and national righteousness should keep him from it. —Yet still in those years he would turn occasionally to poetry; and once or twice, or more often, the great Gods were behind him as he wrote it; as in that great sonnet *On the Late Massacres in Piemont;* or that still greater one (imperfect in form) *On the new Forcers of Conscience under the Long Parliament.* In both it is the whip of small cords he is wielding, against those who profane with intolerance or persecution the Temple of the Lord.

Then Cromwell died, and the night of time descended upon England.

And then at last, having found him duly and truly prepared, worthy and well qualified, the Gods decided that this was the man who should do their grand business for them. He had served them in the temporal and secular things; he should serve them now in the things that are eternal. And so they stripped him of victory, of his honors and his eyesight, of all that he lived for and loved; gave his mind, as a helpful hindrance to work against, the cold, harsh falsities of a creed; and, as it seemed, abandoned him

In darkness, and with dangers compassed round,

— to sing their Song for them.

It is no parable; it is the eternal way of Them — blessed be They! They know what it is that uncovers a Soul: that forces the mind to the great refuge of the Soul; that enables it — the mind — to be the organ through which the mighty music of the Soul is rolled. He had been faithful; whatever limitations, outgrowth of his age and creed, had been in his personal mind, he still had lived by those Latin elegiacs of his college days: had felt himself, as poet, a thing to be kept unstained, priest and prophet, that through his lips mystically Jove might breathe. It was the ultimate favor and mark of their love they bestowed on him: that old age in a ruined world; that darkness; those encompassing dangers.

It is surely the strangest book in existence, this *Paradise Lost.* Where else are soul and mind of the writer so patent, and so at variance? where else does the Soul make such grand capital out of the opposition of the mind and its views? In spite of that opposition, yes; but even also actually by the help of it. It is always retardation, the sense of overpassing obstacles, soaring over them triumphantly, but not without scathe and scar, that assists and accents the peculiar grandeur of the work. Not a sentence, but you feel that to fashion it mountains have been hurled into the meltingpot. The less you believe in its dogmatism, the better you can appreciate its symbolic truth; I think we shall only realize its value in full, when that whole brainmind scheme of doctrine has gone where the gods of Greece and Egypt have gone, and is no more

a question of belief with any one. We still have leave to talk foolishly of its effect on Christian thought. In this also we espy the duality of the authorship. The brainmind perhaps meant it to prop and expound an indubitable Christianity; the Soul meant it chiefly for a time when Christianity should be no more.

Be it remembered that it is always of the great first and second books that one speaks, and of here-and-there passages in the rest. Hell is the scene of the grandeur; come to earth, and you come into an atmosphere of personality and creed.

Emphatically, then, there are inner and outer meanings in *Paradise Lost;* the latter the work of Milton the Puritan; the former, of Milton the Poet. Commonly, one would suppose, when a great twofold work of the kind is written, the mind has at least some inkling of what is going forward above, and concerns itself obediently to make a vehicle of poem or story for the truths the Soul would convey: a vehicle that shall at once conceal and reveal; that shall be an excellent good yarn for the uninitiated, but for those with eyes to see, the Legend of the Soul, replete with ancient wisdom. But here it seems as if the Soul stood behind the blind poet as he dictated, and forced his imaginings to Its purpose. Urania, he says, the Sacred Muse, came to him in the nights and revealed what should be written down in the days. But we can see that in the sum it was the Soul who was Milton: the Soul and the Titan, the muse Urania; the brainmind, the puritan and the blindness are incidentals. The whole will and life of the man were on the great side; it was no case of a temporary receptivity that could be used. But still, there was that stubborn dogmatic mind. . . . Indeed, he does say once or twice that it is all figurative or allegorical; that you are not to take it literally; — one supposes that the Soul made a mighty throw to get that admission from its reluctant puritan mind. But imagine the story flowing swift and easily, like the Iliad — and one imagines it without the very quality the Gods desired of it: the prodigious atmosphere of struggle, of agonizing (in the Greek sense): of locked horns, giants wrestling. Without that perpetual resistance we should not be so fundamentally reminded of the strength and heroism of the human soul. It is a reminder deeper than thought, more innate than the story; it rings out from the construction of every sentence.

Out of this duality, too, comes the life of the landscape: the depth, the recedingness of vast horizons — rather the absence of all horizon, limit or bound. You cannot get foot on hard ground; in the prison of deep hell you cannot come by prison walls; always, materially and inwardly, you are confined only by the infinity that flees out away from you on all sides. They blame him for "teaching a material hell"; but

in poetry you cannot speak of hell as a mental state; for the simple reason that poetry deals in concrete images, and may not touch the abstract at all. If you are going to present a poetic symbol of the human soul cast down into this "dungeon horrible" of the flesh, and seared with the fires of passion, you must present a picture, something concrete, visualizable; it is no poetry, if you destroy the illusion with abstract discantations interlarded, to save a muddle-headed public from dogmatic interpretation. Indeed, as all words and even thoughts are but symbols, and not the reality of truth in themselves, there is no absolute way at all of conveying truth; you can but give a man a symbol; it depends on his own powers of perception, whether he gets the truth, and how much of it. Poetry has to use such symbols as will quicken the imagination; because that is the faculty, chiefly, wherewith truth may be sensed. So the ultimate value of Milton's symbol is the poetic value: the power to awaken and decrystallize the imagination; and its greatness in this respect is inestimable. His pictures are pictures, and therefore concrete; but material they are not. They are not done in pigment; but the paints used are primordial darkness and light. They are concreteness raised to the point where immateriality, vastness, indefiniteness, are suggested, forced upon you, at every turn. The last impression left by them is that of the symbol of the Soul, its grandeur and tragedy. Brainmind-Puritan sets out to "justify the ways of God to man": — of — perhaps, for I am never too sure of the outer Milton's ignorance — a foolish, dogma-wrought God, sitting inanely in a fatuous heaven, and terrible only by reason of his super-Krupp weapon, the thunder. But what is it that the poem does justify? — The Soul in its fall and agony and sacrifice; the scheme of things; the Law. We all know now that the legend of the fall of the angels relates to the fall of the Divine Soul into incarnation; and in spite of Milton the Brainmind-Puritan, Milton the Titan-Soul wrote that large over his book. In his way he provided the incarnate Soul with such another august symbol as that of Prometheus on Caucasus or Christ on the Cross; it is the Archangel

> vanquished, rowling in the fiery gulf.
> Confounded, though immortal.

For it is we who are the

> **Powers that erst in Heaven sat on thrones;**

and it is we who suffer torment and lamentable degradation, here in our oblivion and hot desires, in these

> Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
> And rest can never dwell.

And this, I take it, is how this world of passion, wherein we agonize,

may well appear to the gaze of that supreme witness aloft, the Soul:

> A dungeon horrible, on all sides round,
> As one great furnace flamed; yet from those flames
> No light, but rather darkness visible —

which is our ignorance, our blindness to the spiritual worlds, as the lightless flame is our passion and desires. And the Fallen Cherub is incarnate Man, whose

> Form has not yet lost
> All her original brightness, nor appears
> Less than Archangel ruined, and the excess
> Of glory obscured.

It is in passages like this last that one surprises Style at its fountain. Here is the 'spiritual excitement': that haughty impatience, inseparable from a profundity of moving sorrow, of compassion, which is characteristic of the superhuman reaches of our human consciousness. A 're-casting or heightening of the words' —

> His form had not yet lost
> All her original brightness —

(what magic lurks in that little unusual *her*?) — A torrent is let loose of deeper waters than those of our normal thought or emotion; an up-surging of feeling more sovereign and absolute overtakes us; somehow, the greatness of the Soul, the everlasting pity, is revealed.

In this picture of Satan it is true that we hear the puritan get in his word edgeways now and again; I italicize it when it comes; but how the Soul, the Style-Wielder, does over-ride him! —

> Darkened so, yet shon
> Above them all the Archangel: but his face
> Deep scars of thunder had intrenched, and care
> Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
> Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride
> *Waiting revenge. Cruel his eye,* but cast
> Signs of remorse and passion,

— read *compassion*, you must —

> to behold
> The fellows of *his crime*, the followers rather
> (Far other once beheld in bliss), condemned
> *Forever* now to have their lot in pain —
> Millions of spirits for his *fault* amerced
> Of Heaven, and from eternal splendours flung
> For his revolt — yet faithful how they stood,
> Their glory withered.

— There we have the very notes of Compassion and of Pride (in the sense of dauntlessness, unsubduability, consciousness of innate divinity): the hall-marks of the Soul. Flung in our faces is the great challenge:

human inextinguishable worth, the everlasting potentiality of godhood in man, only the grander, in the result, because framed so black and terribly: "darkened so," yet shining. The brainmind puritan would inject his little "revenge," "cruel" and the rest: the Soul was not to soar quite untrammeled, or how should it put forth its strength? But in spite of this cloven hoof-mark, where else in literature have we so deep, so fathomlessly deep and reverberating a presentment of divinity in fallen man? Useless to say that Milton was not speaking of man at all, but of the devil; the picture is drawn, and it is the picture the Gods demanded of Milton; for the sake of obtaining which, they gave him his long training. And it is drawn from the life: a life hidden from our uninitiated eyes, but existent, or he could not have drawn it. This mood and this life are in the fields of consciousness, of which we possess only a little acreage, though the whole wide domain is our heritage, and awaits us. It exists, and so it is human. As if one should say: Here am I, having my whole being within these few roods of land; outside these there is nothing. — Fool, out yonder are China and Kamchatka, France, Turkestan, Palestine — what not? and by one means or another you might come into them all! These hills and waters are proof for you of all the Mississippis and Himalayas; this garden-plot, of the solid earth; and the breath you draw, of the airs of space! — Humanity can imagine nothing in consciousness that was not once, or shall not be, or is not now, somehow and somewhere, human.

Again and again these Promethean lines ring out in *Paradise Lost*, despite all the puritan's efforts to damn the devil and justify his foolish conception of God. Again and again we get a surface enunciation of dogmas the very essence of ignobility, and yet through the words and defiant of the dogmas comes the thunder and nobility of supreme truth. As for instance:

> For this infernal pit shall never hold
> Celestial Spirits in bondage, nor the Abyss
> Long under darkness cover. . .
>
> — O myriads of immortal Spirits! O Powers
> Matchless, but with the Almighty! — and that strife
> Was not inglorious. . . . . .
>
> — And thou, profoundest Hell,
> Receive thy new possessor — one who brings
> A mind not to be changed by place or time. . . .
>
> — What though the field be lost?
> All is not lost — the unconquerable will. . . .
> And courage never to submit or yield:
> And what is else not to be overcome?

And here let us say that, before we can enter into our Soul-heritage: before we can burst the hell-bonds of personality and stand free Gods

where we are destined to stand, we must ourselves be just in that position: feel all that the Fallen Cherub felt: so thundered on, so hurled into flame and darkness, we must know within ourselves

> the unconquerable will
> And courage never to submit or yield;

— that, the bedrock of our being, the one thing left in our possession.

Milton stood there; dogmatism or no, he more than half-consciously wrote himself into Satan: used the white-hot granite of his own substance to build the shining temple of his poem. He was blind; well then, in an ecstasy of inward uplift he invokes the memory of

> Those other two, equal with me in fate,
> So were I equal with them in renown —
> Blind Thamyris, and blind Maeonides;

— renown meaning, with him, remember, service rendered, high action done. Cromwell had gone, freedom had gone, public virtue had gone; yet

> More safe I sing with mortal voice, unchanged
> To hoarse or mute, though fallen on evil days,
> On evil days though fallen, and evil tongues,
> In darkness, and by dangers compassed round.

His enemies and God's had triumphed; the world had gone down in ruin; and if ever any good thing should come to be on earth again, *he* would never see it, never hear of it: *his* hope and *his* vision were evanished; — very well then, with this supreme thing Poetry he would still justify God — the Soul. He would still pull down the pillars, vice and materialism, of their foul temple upon the Philistines; for it was he who

> though blind of sight,
> Despised, and thought extinguished quite,
> With inward eyes illuminated,
> His fiery virtue roused
> From under ashes into sudden flame,
> And as an evening dragon came. . . .

— This much is to be said for it and him: he painted just the picture Shakespeare had not painted: just the one thing. Shakespeare had drawn the world, and shown playing through it and upon it, ordering and transforming it, the supernal forces; now Milton had come, and with strange superhuman concentration of genius, and inspiration from the same sources, had painted out of himself the key, the Master, the Secret of it all, the Soul. To come at the essence and meaning of *Hamlet*, read Samson or Satan into the Dane; read there Divinity fallen and brain-imprisoned: Spirit incarnate, flesh-shackled, bound, blinded, embodied in Hell, in Gaza; — and the greatness of the Shakespearean masterpiece becomes at once evidently multiplied a thousandfold.

FROM THE 'GOLDEN PRECEPTS'

BY P. A. M.

(Adapted from the *Voice of the Silence* by H. P. Blavatsky)

A MIRROR hath the Mind's defects,
It gathers dust while it reflects.
Unless the Soul above protects,
The Mind will reap confusions.

Like winds that whisper in the trees,
We need Soul-Wisdom's gentle breeze
To brush away the mind's disease,
The dust of our illusions.

Like perfumed petals of a flower
The Virtues made a Living Power,
Not preached but practised every hour,
To help on Man's salvation,

Atone the Past with all thy might,
Attune the Head and Heart aright,
Attain the distant mountain height,
And then — Renunciation!

Compassion's Law must be obeyed.
Renounce rewards. Be not afraid;
Step out from sunlight into shade,
To make more room for others.

The life of self to Self resigned,
Our steps upon the Path inclined,
We live to benefit Mankind,
For all Mankind are Brothers.

THE WANDERINGS OF ODYSSEUS: AN INTERPRETATION OF THE ODYSSEY: by C. J. Ryan

A MYSTERY-DRAMA OF THE PILGRIMAGE OF THE SOUL.

IN old times, when life was simpler and the influence of the imagination greater, keynotes of thought were struck which have never ceased to resound. A certain number of these are in the form of legends or narratives which make a very direct appeal to all who hear them, whether simple or cultivated. Among them are the eternally young allegories of many nations which, under the outward form of epic poems or even historical traditions, reveal the tragi-comedy of the human soul. Even in this age of unrest and indifference there is a chord within the heart which echoes faintly to the music coming from them. Among the popular legends of antiquity which are really founded upon the deepest facts in our nature, there are many that are not commonly regarded as possessing an inner meaning. Some of these exist only in fragmentary form, and others require careful analysis with the aid of the key given by Theosophy to unravel their real significance. The story of the Wanderings of Ulysses (or as the name is, more properly, Odysseus) is one which can fairly easily be understood with this aid.

The wise teachers of old knew human nature thoroughly, and they knew that not only children but grown men and women are always ready to listen to an interesting story. In ancient times, when the cheap newspaper was not available to distract attention from the more permanent values of life, bards and story-tellers would travel about singing or reciting, as they still do in the East. Serious teachings about life and morals being put into the form of vivid and absorbing stories, the interest and sympathy of the masses of the people were aroused in the trials and triumphs of the heroes. Enshrined in imperishable forms, the great truths were presented by the effective method of suggestion. Allegory was a recognised method of instruction, as it is now in the Orient.

The basis of the legends of the class referred to was the experience of man, individually and as a race, in seeking a higher and nobler life, in the great quest for true enlightenment. The pilgrimage and tribulations of the awakening personality when it seriously commences to seek for purification, or in other words, union with its own higher nature, have been presented in various forms according to the varying conditions of the times, but the underlying principle or *motif* was always the same. At a certain stage of intelligence man is no longer satisfied with the ordinary pleasures and ambitions of life; he begins to suspect and finally to know that a greater life awaits him, and he becomes willing to endure

with patience the experiences in store for him which are necessary for his purification.

The vulgar Western belief of modern times, that we live but once on earth, has deprived us of a right understanding of many of the greater truths concealed in the ancient allegories. Once comprehended in the light of reincarnation — the key to evolution — human life no longer appears a meaningless frenzy, but something worthy and governed by justice.

The epics of the nations which tell the story of man's aspiration are built upon the trials, temptations, and victories that precede the final union of the purified lower personality with the Higher Ego, its overshadowing Divinity, the Father that lives in 'heaven.' Remember that 'heaven' is said to be *within* man. The goal of attainment is symbolized in various ways. It may be the vision of the Holy Grail, or the winning of a treasure such as the Golden Apples of the Hesperides or the Golden Fleece; it is sometimes a marriage with a princess after rescuing her from a monster, as in the story of Perseus and Andromeda, or with a goddess. Perhaps a wife has to be regained. In India the subject of the semi-historical Bhagavad-Gîtâ — included in the great epic of the Mahâbhârata — is Arjuna's battling for his rightful heritage in deadly warfare. The Biblical story of the Israelites breaking out of bondage and passing through the Red Sea and then wandering for forty years in the Desert of Sinai on their way to the Promised Land is a very clear allegory: the parable of the Prodigal Son is unmistakable; and even the story of the patient Job is an allegory of the initiation of the soul which (in its own words) "knows that its redeemer liveth." Perhaps the story of Dante and Beatrice should be included in the same category.

In Ireland we find the legend of Bran seeking the mystic country of joy and peace; of Art the son of Conn overcoming ordeals in his search of a princess of the Isle of Wonders, and many others. In Wales there are the legends of Pwyll and Manawyddan, and the journey of King Arthur to the Annwn, the Welsh Hades, to obtain a magic caldron — a type of the Cup of the Holy Grail.

Thanks to Wagner, the Teutonic legends of Siegfried and Brünhilde and the rest are now familiar. The sacred myth of Orpheus and Eurydice is a very plain rendering of the drama of the soul; but, as a secular and popular story, nothing has appeared of more enduring fame than the Wanderings of Odysseus as told in the *Odyssey* of Homer.

Odysseus is representative of the awakened mind of man seeking, after long years of battling with worldly things — represented by the Trojans — to find, or more accurately, to regain, the knowledge of the

the soul. His faithful wife, Penelope, representative of the higher nature, the spiritual Intuition we might say, stands in the dim background of the whole poem as a permeating influence, calm, and waiting patiently for him to find her. While Odysseus, as the active mentality, is fighting against obstacles and pushing onward in rapid movement, Penelope sits at home and weaves her patterns, creating and preserving. Odysseus is not only separated from his wife but is an exile from his hearth and country; not only has he to keep constantly in action *but he has to find for himself* the true Path which leads homeward, a very significant point.

In tracing the plain Theosophical interpretation of the Odyssey, we need not follow the order of the poem as arranged by Homer or by whomever compiled the Homeric legends, but will take the simple narrative of the wanderings of Odysseus in their natural sequence of events. This paper is not an analysis of the poem from a literary standpoint in any way, nor shall we consider the archaeological problems aroused by sundry references to customs and the construction of buildings found in the text, interesting as these may be, particularly in view of the recent discoveries of early Mediterranean civilizations.

After leaving the battlefields of Troy, Odysseus embarks for his native isle, "Ithaca the Fair," expecting to arrive there quickly, but a tempest drives the fleet out of its course, and a great fight impedes his progress at the very outset. The destruction of all his ships but one, and of many of the sailors, follows quickly. One of the most curious stories of this introductory part is that of Polyphemus, the Cyclopean giant with a single eye in the midst of his forehead. Madame Blavatsky, in her great work, *The Secret Doctrine*, gives considerable attention to the partly-hidden meaning of this grotesque incident. She reveals the clue by showing that it is based upon historical facts, however little they may be known in modern times. Urged by curiosity, Odysseus ventures too near the giant, and with his companions, falls into his hands. In order to escape, they destroy the single eye of Polyphemus and deceive him by the stratagem of the flocks of sheep. The legend is based upon the disappearance from use of the 'third Eye' (the existing vestige of which is commonly known as the pineal gland in the brain) at a very early period in human evolution. H. P. Blavatsky says that Odysseus'

> adventure with the latter [the pastoral Cyclopes] — a savage gigantic race, the antithesis of cultured civilization in the *Odyssey* — is an allegorical record of the gradual passage from the Cyclopean civilization of stone and colossal buildings to the more sensual and physical culture of the Atlanteans, which finally caused the last of the Third Race to lose their all-penetrating *spiritual* eye.*

**The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. II, p. 769. See also *Isis Unveiled*, Vol II, p. 423.

The story of the one-eyed Cyclops, which preserves the memory of a transformation in the human frame far more than a million years ago, is found in many countries in different forms. In China, the legends speak of men who had two faces and could see behind them; in Ireland the hero who blinds the giant is called Finn. There is one living animal possessing the third eye in recognisable form today — the New Zealand lizard *Hatteria punctata,* a relic of long-vanished conditions on earth.

After their escape and some further perilous adventures, Odysseus and his companions soon reach the island of the enchantress Circe, which very clearly represents the fascination of sensual delights. Odysseus is unaffected by the gross temptations which overwhelm his companions, who are turned into swine by the goddess. He retains his human form and is helped by the Olympian god Hermes to frustrate the designs of Circe. Odysseus' boldness and "confidence in heaven" finally conquer the enchantress and compel her to serve him. She becomes transformed into a friend and counsellor. She restores the men to human form and instructs Odysseus how to find the way to the Underworld. This part of the narrative reminds us of a striking passage in a well-known Theosophical book, *Through the Gates of Gold:*

> Once force the animal into his rightful place, that of an inferior, and you find yourself in possession of a great force hitherto unsuspected and unknown. The god as a servant adds a thousand-fold to the pleasures of the animal; the animal as a servant adds a thousand-fold to the powers of the god . . . The animal in man, elevated, is a thing unimaginable in its great powers of service and strength . . . But this power can only be attained by giving the god the sovereignty. Make your animal ruler over yourself, and he will never rule others.

Now comes the ordeal of Terror, an emotion not familiar to Odysseus. Circe has warned him that, before he goes farther, he must gain some necessary information about the future from Tiresias, the ancient prophet who lives with the Shades in Hades, though he himself is not dead. The approach to this great seer and the initiation itself are surrounded by fearful dangers; to pass safely through the multitudes of the vengeful shades of the dead calls forth the highest physical and moral courage of Odysseus. Like all the heroes of the epics of the soul, he has to pass through the Valley of the Shadow of Death in a very real sense; to meet and face and remain unappalled by the Shades, the lingering remains of past sins and errors; then to learn what is necessary for his further progress; and finally to return unharmed, though tried to the uttermost. This Descent into Hell, or the Underworld, or the 'Open Tomb,' has more than one meaning, and it is always introduced in some form in the myths of initiation. For instance, in the legend of Perseus and Andromeda, the hero, aided by the gods, flies to the hideous regions of cold and darkness and destroys the death-dealing Medusa before he can

rescue from the dragon the princess of Ethiopia in the fair southern land. Orpheus, Aeneas, and many others descend into the Underworld. We are told that in the ceremonies conducted in the profound recesses of the Great Pyramid of Egypt the candidates had to descend into the subterranean chamber or symbolic Underworld, for trial, reascending the third day strengthened and illuminated. The descent into the shadows is an indispensable part of every complete story of the pilgrimage of the soul, for it represents a necessary experience. "No cross, no crown." It is not mere *physical* death and resurrection or rebirth into a new body; that is but a natural incident, frequently recurring, in the far-stretching career of the soul, the close of a day in its life-story. When the true resurrection has been fully accomplished there will be little necessity of reincarnation on earth, except by the deliberate choice of great souls who descend for the purpose of helping humanity.

The tone of the poem changes at this point; the lightness and gaiety with which Odysseus has related his adventures is replaced by a deep solemnity, and the horrid scenes in Hades are described with intense vividness, and many curious touches of realism, as in the account of the blood-evocation — a necromantic ceremony the contemporaries of Homer would firmly believe in. In his description of the Underworld, Homer shows a real knowledge of certain conditions of the *post mortem* life, a knowledge more common then than now. He unveils only a partial glimpse of the lower states or planes, and, of course, he allegorizes everything for the popular understanding, but he gives a very striking picture of the weird and desolate sphere of restless phantoms, most of them merely "eidolons," *i. e.*, soulless images or dregs of what once were men whose real higher nature or spirit has passed onward. Leaving the impure remains to fade out, often painfully, in the lower astral planes, Odysseus gets a passing view of "stern Minos," the Judge of the Dead, the personification of the Law of Karma or Justice, rewarding the righteous and dooming the guilty, and he is privileged to gain a momentary glance into the heavenly world or Elysium of the gods in which live in blessedness during the periods of rest between incarnations on earth, the higher, immortal spirits of those whose fading shadows wander, decaying and disconsolate, below. H. P. Blavatsky says:

> The Hades of the ancients is a *locality* only in a relative sense . . . still it exists, and it is there that the *eidolons* of all the beings that have lived await the *second death*. . . . (*The Key to Theosophy*)

Plato and Plutarch give more complete accounts of the Greek teachings on this mysterious subject: examined in the light of Theosophy they are seen to be practically identical with the Egyptian, Indian, and other ancient teachings on these states of existence.

Odysseus does not ask the shuddering phantoms to help him; he appeals to the prophet Tiresias, who, though shadowy himself, is fully human:

> . . . the Theban bard, deprived of sight;
> Within, irradiate with prophetic light;
> To whom Persephone, entire and whole,
> Gave to retain the unseparated soul:
> The rest are forms, of empty ether made;
> Impassive semblance, and a flitting shade.

Tiresias sees what possibilities the future has for Odysseus, outlines his trials, and warns him against the rashness of his followers. Odysseus replies to the prophet:

> . . . If this the gods prepare,
> What Heaven ordains the wise with courage bear.

Returning to Circe, who outlines in greater detail the dangers of his coming journey, and gives him good counsel, he once more collects his men and starts. Then comes the perilous passage of the Straits between Scylla and Charybdis, and the subtle temptation of the Sirens. The Sirens, whose outward appearance is exquisitely fair, offer the hero the satisfaction of the pride of knowledge. They tell him they know "Whate'er beneath the sun's bright journey lies," and they sing with all the charm of celestial music:

> O stay, O pride of Greece! Ulysses stay!
> O cease thy course, and listen to our lay!
> Blest is the man ordain'd our voice to hear,
> The song instructs the soul, and charms the ear.
> Approach! thy soul shall into raptures rise!
> Approach! and learn new wisdom from the wise.

Having passed through the initiation in the Underworld and having learned unspeakable things therein, Odysseus may be in danger of being overcome by pride and rash self-confidence and may yield to the fascination of the temptation. The mere satisfaction of intellectual desires threatens to lead him from the direct path into destruction, for the Sirens are maneaters. Knowing well the overwhelming power of this temptation, the hero takes every precaution. He has himself firmly bound to the mast so that he cannot fling himself out of the vessel, and he stops the ears of his crew with wax so that they cannot hear the Siren voices while they work the ship. Exposed to the full force of the temptation Odysseus struggles to be free, but he gets through in safety. The sailors, whose ears are deaf to the allurements of the intellectual seductions, seem to represent the lower elements in man's nature, particularly in view of the next incident of importance, when they kill and devour Apollo's sacred oxen to satisfy their gluttony. This so greatly arouses

the wrath of the god that he sends a great tempest and destroys the last of Odysseus' followers. The hero is now left alone with nothing but his own strength and the favor of Athena, his Guide, to bring him safely through. In his desperation and loneliness he meets with a temptation that nearly proves his undoing, *i. e.*, the dalliance with the lovely nymph Calypso in her enchanted Atlantean island upon which he is cast by the waves. Seven long years he lingers with Calypso, unmindful for the most part of his purpose, and dazzled with the glories of her magic realm. Now and again something faintly stirs within him calling him to be up and doing. The poet says he has never been quite able:

To banish from his breast his country's love.

Calypso even offers him:

Immortal life, exempt from age or woe.

but, with the help of Athena, the personification of Divine Wisdom, he has enough strength to resist this supreme test. This is one of the passages in the Odyssey, that show the profound wisdom of the poet and the high quality of his teaching, for here he shows the great difference between the real immortality gained when the lower elements of the personality are dissolved and ultimate union with the Higher Self is made, and an artificial prolongation of the unpurified life of the ordinary personality with its selfish cravings and desires. Odysseus recognises that to drink the elixir of life in any form before he is truly purified would be a fearful error. A great deal might be said upon the philosophy of this, for it goes very deeply into the roots of our being, but it would carry us too far for our present purpose. We are irresistibly reminded of the words of the Nazarene:

If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me.

For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever will lose his life for my sake, the same shall save it.— Luke ix, 23, 24

Paul, the 'wise masterbuilder,' in common with all the great teachers of antiquity, refers to the same principle when he speaks of being changed 'in the twinkling of an eye,' a very cryptic saying suggesting the springing into activity of the inner 'eye' or power of intuition which sees the difference between the higher life and the delusions of sensual gratification. To Odysseus, after his luxurious existence in Calypso's magic island and the promise of eternal youth, the return to ordinary life and duty offers a great contrast and many trials, but at the bottom of his heart he languishes "to return and die at home." When he makes his decision the irresistible power of the Olympian deities is exerted in

his favor: Calypso abandons her enchantments and, like Circe, is transformed, from the tempter she at first appears to be, to helper.

Calypso's Isle is said by Homer to be far away, over:

> Such length of Ocean and unmeasured deep;
> A world of waters! far from all the ways
> Where men frequent, or sacred altars blaze.

Calypso was the daughter of *Atlas*, and the island was called "Ogygia the Atlantic Isle." H. P. Blavatsky points out, in *The Secret Doctrine*, that the poet, in certain passages, distinctly refers to the lost continent of Atlantis, mentioned later by Plato, and to certain historical events that took place upon that former seat of a powerful civilization.

Odysseus builds a new vessel with his own hands and sets forth joyfully, feeling sure he will soon reach his goal. But, although he has received the powerful aid of Athene and other Olympian gods, the opposition of Poseidon, who has been his enemy from nearly the beginning, is not withdrawn, and he still has many perils and trials. Poseidon, the god of the sea, was the father of Polyphemus, whose 'third eye' was destroyed by Odysseus. This is significant, for the sea often stands in symbolism for the great Illusion, the ever-shifting unstable elements in life. Odysseus is no exception to the rule that all who start on the great adventure for self-knowledge and the higher life must fight continually against the false ideals and illusions of their surroundings; they are swimming against the stream of the ordinary worldly consciousness. The hero in Homer's epic is just strong enough — with the divine aid — to save his life, and though wrecked and left without an atom of personal possessions, he reaches the friendly coast of the wise king Alcinous who helps him to reach his native land, Ithaca.

Upon his arrival home he discovers the terrible straits to which his wife and son have been reduced by the outrageous conduct of her admirers, and he soon perceives that his greatest battle is yet to come. Though the odds are apparently entirely against him, he knows that he cannot fail, for his cause is just and he has the help of Athene.

At this point we have another opportunity to admire the profound insight of the poet, and to realize that he must have been a true initiate into the mysteries of human life. Penelope, the wife of Odysseus, who stands for the climax of his endeavor, his goal, his higher self, does not immediately throw herself into his arms in welcome. Ragged, worn, and disguised as an old man, he is not easily recognised by her, though his old nurse and his faithful dog know him quickly. Even when Athene restores him to his prime of life and to greater dignity and beauty than before, he has to prove his identity to Penelope without possibility of doubt before she can accept him as her long lost husband. This hesi-

tation on her part is not, as some have thought, a blemish on the story; it could not be otherwise and remain true to the meaning Homer wished to convey, if our hypothesis of the general import of the poem be true. It is the law that the aspirant for recognition by the higher self should make a clear demand; he must recognise and call upon the inner voice before it can help him. A mystic writing on this subject, has said:

> Look for the warrior and let him fight in thee. . . Look for him, else in the fever and hurry of the fight thou mayest pass him; and he will not know thee unless thou knowest him. If thy cry reach his listening ear then will he fight in thee and fill the dull void within. . .
>
> (*Light on the Path*)

A great teacher said:

> Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.

Odysseus' final opportunity comes when he finds his palace invaded and his wife surrounded by a mob of suitors all trying to persuade her that he is surely dead and that she should choose a second husband among them. They are utterly repugnant to the hero; they have no power over him; but he must destroy them before he can regain his rightful place. They represent the last lingering traces of the lower desires, even "the very knowledge of desire" mentioned by H. P. Blavatsky in *The Voice of the Silence*, which must be slain forever, even though its force has passed away.

The suitors have already received a warning from Zeus in the form of two eagles fighting in the sky. This is, of course, a direct reference to the stirring up of the lower nature when the awakening of the higher aspirations compel it to realise that the time has come for the last desperate battle in which no quarter is asked or given. The scene of the struggle which shall decide is the very home of Odysseus itself. This seems strange, yet how could it be otherwise! It is from the heart that come the issues of life. The higher powers, symbolized by Athene in the background, give encouragement, and at last the battle is won and the evil forces annihilated. The master of the house, calm, purified, and restored to more than his former beauty, attired in his royal robes, proves his identity to Penelope and is joyously recognised by her.

From a practical point of view, the method adopted by Odysseus in attacking the suitors may seem singular, but there is good warrant for it in the mystical symbolism familiar to Homer. Although the struggle takes place in the confined space of the palace hall, at very close quarters, the hero depends upon his mighty Bow for success — the Bow that none other can wield — instead of trusting to his sword or spear, which only come into action later. In making the Bow so prominent Homer shows his knowledge of a profoundly significant symbol in ancient

psychology. The bow is the weapon of Apollo, the god of light, and the day of Odysseus' victory is sacred to that diety. In Indian philosophy the bow, or in some cases the arrow, stands for man himself who must be strong enough in texture to stand the strain or the spiritual archery will fail. The bow, not the sword, is the principal weapon of Arjuna, Prince of India, the hero of the Bhagavad-Gîtâ, the Indian allegorical poem, famous as the vehicle of a profound philosophical teaching. In other Oriental scriptures the bow is a frequent symbol. One of the Upanishads says: —

> Having taken the bow, the great weapon, let him place on it the arrow, sharpened by devotion. Then, having drawn it with a thought directed to that which is, hit the mark, O friend — the Indestructible. Om is the bow, the Self is the arrow, Brahman is called its aim. It is to be hit by a man who is not thoughtless; and then as the arrow becomes one with the target, he will become one with Brahman. . . . Hail to you that you may cross beyond the sea of darkness.

William Q. Judge wrote a very striking article on the practice and theory of archery as an illustration of concentration, poise, firmness, high aims, and other valuable qualities.

The Odyssey closes with the hero, now triumphant as the rightful king and leader, going forth and subduing the few remaining rebels, after which, the poet says, the "willing nations knew their lawful lord." His future peaceful and wise reign is left to the imagination, but it is secure, for he cannot fail after the final conquest of the enemies who found lodgement in his own house.

H. P. Blavatsky, has summed up in eloquent words what is the very core of the hero-stories such as the one we have been considering: —

> There is a road steep and thorny, beset with perils of every kind, but yet a road, and it leads to the Heart of the Universe. . . . There is no danger that dauntless courage cannot conquer; there is no trial that spotless purity cannot pass through; there is no difficulty that strong intellect cannot surmount. For those that win onward, there is reward past all telling, the power to bless and serve Humanity. For those who fail there are other lives in which success may come. —*H. P. Blavatsky*

A LONG series of hierophants of Egypt, India, Chaldaea, and Arabia, together with the greatest philosophers and sages of Greece and the West, are known to have included under the designation of Wisdom and Divine Science all knowledge, for they considered the base and origin of every art and science as *essentially* divine. Plato regarded the Mysteries as most sacred, and Clemens Alexandrinus, who had himself been initiated into the Eleusinian Mysteries, has declared "that the doctrines taught therein contained in them the end of all human knowledge."

—H. P. BLAVATSKY in *The Key to Theosophy*

MAN AND ANTHROPOID: by T. Henry, M. A.

A CORRESPONDENT writing to *Science* (New York) says that in our current scientific literature we often find the assertion that man is a lineal descendant of the extant anthropoids — the orang, gibbon, gorilla, and chimpanzee; and that this error, though combated from the days of Huxley till now, has not disappeared from popular science. He quotes eminent authority against it and gives anatomical reasons. In conclusion he makes the following excellent remark:

> Many of us believe that a sound science and a sound education demand fidelity to the facts of experience and to those theories which grow out of them.

This is an excellent principle; but a faithful application of it might prove disastrous to one's own views, as well as to the views which one is combating. It might, for instance, be asked what ground we have in the facts of experience, and in the logical inferences therefrom, for supposing that man has developed from *any* anthropoids, past or present; or that he has developed from any animal at all. If we confine ourselves to our observations of the actual history of the human race, so far as it has been possible to trace it, we find that it has remained true to type; that it has been subject to fluctuations, but not to continuous variation; and that there is no such chronological sequence between the coarser and finer grades of the human type as would justify us in surmising a continuous refining process commensurate with the progress of history. Coarse and fine grades coexist today, and they have done so in the past, so far as our observation goes. Fossil evidence must be regarded as too fragmentary to establish anything; yet it does not even tend to confirm the idea that the older forms are always the lowlier. As to the possibility of finding links between man and animal, though degraded forms of man have been unearthed, they are not more degraded than forms which can be found alive today; and there is no more reason for regarding them as stages in an ascent, than for considering them as degenerate specimens.

Next, there is the difficulty of accounting for the human mind, which is essentially different from any mind found among the animals, and cannot be found in any partial stage of development; for self-consciousness is either present or absent. What reason do the facts of experience give us for thinking that self-consciousness can be gradually developed from the unreflective mind of the animals?

Even as to evolution among the animals themselves, the facts of experience (at any rate those which science recognises as such) do not carry us very far; for, in place of a continuous flux of changing forms

and species graduating imperceptibly into one another, we find distinct types, each of which, though subject to fluctuation, back and forth, remains for long ages true to a standard type. We see, in fact, what may be disjunct stages in a line of evolution, but fail to find the connecting links. The small variations which arise from the interaction of outward circumstances with the adaptive power possessed by the animal, do not tend to add themselves up so as to make the larger variations. This at least is the opinion of eminent authorities today. While evolution is undoubtedly a fact, its method is much more complex than any of the theories have so far contemplated; and we have more to learn about it than has yet been learned. And, as regards man, the facts about his physical derivation are of minor importance to those concerning his mental and spiritual derivation. For, supposing him to have derived his frame and its functions from the lowlier kingdoms, the facts of experience warrant us in asking what was the nature of that power by which this marvelous evolution was promoted.

Every new Manvantara brings along with it the renovation of forms, types and species; every type of the preceding organic forms — vegetable, animal and human — changes and is perfected in the next, even to the mineral, which has received in this Round its final opacity and hardness; its softer portions having formed the present vegetation; the astral relics of previous vegetation and fauna having been utilized in the formation of the lower animals, and determining the structure of the primeval Root-Types of the highest mammalia.

—*The Secret Doctrine:* II, 730

There are centers of creative power for every ROOT or parent species of the host of forms of vegetable and animal life. . . . There are certainly 'designers.'. . . That they work in cycles and on a strictly geometrical and mathematical scale of progression, is what the extinct animal species amply demonstrate; that they act by *design* in the details of minor lives (of side animal issues, etc.) is what natural history has sufficient evidence for. In the *creation* of new species, departing sometimes very widely from the Parent stock, as in the great variety of the *genus Felis* — like the lynx, the tiger, the cat, etc. — it is the 'designers' who direct the new evolution by adding to, or depriving the species of certain appendages, either needed or becoming useless in the new environments. Thus, when we say that *Nature* provides for every animal and plant, whether large or small, we speak correctly. For it is those terrestrial spirits of Nature, who form the aggregated Nature; which, if it fails occasionally in its design, is neither to be considered blind, nor to be taxed with the failure; since, belonging to a *differentiated* sum of qualities and attributes, it is in virtue of that alone *conditioned and imperfect*.

—*Ibid.* II, 732

In these quotations we see that certain very important 'facts of experience' are given due weight; the omnipresence of intelligence is recognised as a fact; and this fact can and should be used as a legitimate basis for inference. The existence of other kinds of matter than the physical is also recognised by this writer as a fact, so that we are enabled to regard those changes which do not occur in the physical matter as occurring in the finer (or 'astral') matter. It is a fact of experience that something invisible unfolds in an animal as it grows from the seed to the embryo,

and so on to maturity; as also that something invisible departs from manifestation when the body decays. It is this invisible something which constitutes the real animal and is subject to evolution. Recent chemical discovery furnishes an analogy. It is believed that the chemical elements form a chain of evolution; but the elements are disjunct stages, and they do not change directly one into another. Instead, there are intermediate states, involving a subtler kind of matter, and called 'emanations.' What we know as the chemical elements are separate stages, which retain invariable atomic weights and other properties. There is no continuous gradation of matter, having every possible atomic weight, down to the minutest decimal; the stages are disjunct and sharply marked off; the intermediate stages occur in the subtler grade of matter. The animal kingdom shows just such a set of disjunct stages; and the analogy suggests that the transformations occur in the invisible ultra-physical matter.

Between man and the animal — whose Monads (or Jivas) are fundamentally identical — there is the impassable abyss of Mentality and Self-consciousness. What is human mind in its higher aspect, whence comes it, if it is not a portion of the essence — and, in some rare cases of incarnation, the *very essence* — of a higher Being: one from a higher and divine plane? Can man — a god in the animal form — be the product of Material Nature by evolution alone, even as is the animal, which differs from man in external shape, but by no means in the materials of its physical fabric, and is informed by the same, though undeveloped, Monad — seeing that the intellectual potentialities of the two differ as the Sun does from the Glow-worm? And what is it that creates such difference, unless man is an animal *plus* a *living god* within his physical shell? — *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 81.

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD: A FACT IN NATURE: by J. H. Fussell

THIS ORGANIZATION DECLARES THAT BROTHERHOOD IS A FACT IN NATURE. ITS PRINCIPAL PURPOSE IS TO TEACH BROTHERHOOD, DEMONSTRATE THAT IT IS A FACT IN NATURE, AND MAKE IT A LIVING POWER IN THE LIFE OF HUMANITY.

Such a declaration, made in the Constitution of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, one would think, would be plain enough even to the man in the street, as the saying goes. Certainly one could expect no quibble from a supposedly intelligent man, even though he might deny it; but would not such denial argue his non-intelligence? And yet there is probably no statement, not the simplest, most self-evident, that some men would not seek to twist if only such a course might appear to serve their purpose, and try to make out that it had some hidden meaning behind the actual words something mysterious, suspicious.

Ask a man regarding his relationship to another, born in the same family of the same parents, and because he says of him, "he is my brother"; and because, again, he says, "it is so, it is a fact" — and you would have as much reason to quibble, to suppose something suspicious, mysterious, as you would in regard to the statement: "Universal Brotherhood is a fact in Nature."

And as, according to this declaration, even the stupid, the non-intelligent, as also our enemies, are our brothers; and as, if we accept the principles of Theosophy as true, as indeed we do, we have a responsibility at least *to try* to enlighten the unenlightened; let us explain as far as we can, and examine what are the foundations for such a statement.

If it were a child asking for explanation — but no! a child has intuition; but a grown man, who has some knowledge, or at least the appearance of it, in regard to the meaning of words, and has had some experience of life — that is a different matter. Surely there are none so blind as those who will not see.

Universal Brotherhood, the Brotherhood of all men, of all mankind; the whole of Humanity of one kith and kin; — as an idea, surely it is not untenable, and it is ages old. Even from the standpoint of orthodox Christianity, we are all descendants of one first pair, Adam and Eve, if we accept the Biblical story literally. But then, of course, and here the quibble comes in, we are not all *brothers* and *sisters*, but cousins and uncles and aunts and nephews and nieces to the *nth* remove. So, of course, to speak of Universal *Brotherhood* as a fact is absurd. But what of that other teaching of orthodox Christianity, so glibly professed, so lightly ignored, that we are all children of One, the Father of all?

Is there, then, no Universal Brotherhood as a fact, a supreme fact in Nature? Or is it a mere sentiment, or a theological dogma?

For those who do *not* believe in Deity as the origin and supreme goal of all, or do *not* recognise the deeper implications of science, or follow to their logical conclusion the everyday experiences of life, both individual and collective, the Brotherhood of all men may seem to be a mere sentiment. So too for others is it merely a theological dogma, a religious belief, and consequently as such having no real meaning, no power; so lightly do some men wear their religion as a cloak to help them to pass, in the eyes of the world, for something they are not in their heart and life. There is little need to call to mind the fable of the wolf in the sheep's skin.

But to meet the unbelievers — honest indeed, many of them, and as such worthy of respect, compared with the hypocrites — let us see if we cannot put the matter before them from another standpoint; for even they will hardly deny Nature, and the facts and operations of

Nature, in her physical aspect at least. And the declaration is that Universal Brotherhood is a fact in Nature.

We must first of all, however, determine what we mean by Nature, for evidently only by carefully defining and explaining our terms can we expect to avoid misunderstanding.

By Nature, then, we mean the sum-total of the manifested life around us; and by physical Nature, the whole of the physical, material universe. As Goethe so beautifully expresses it,

> 'Tis thus at the roaring loom of Time I ply,
> And weave for God the garment thou seest Him by.

Literally, of course, Nature means that which is born, that which has come forth into manifestation; and, for the moment, we will not inquire from whence. And of this sum-total we, men and women and all Humanity, are part. This we assume as a self-evident fact. The ancient Egyptians, and all other ancient peoples, even as most people do today, used to regard Nature as the Great Mother. Isis, in one aspect, was Nature, the Mother of all living. And "it is easy to see," says Helena P. Blavatsky, in *The Secret Doctrine*, (II, 43), "that *Ad*-Argat (or *Aster't*, the Syrian goddess. . .) and Venus, Isis, Ister, Mylitta, Eve, etc., etc., are identical with the *Aditi* and Vâch of the Hindus. They are all the 'Mothers of all living,' and 'of the gods.'" This plainly has a mystical and spiritual meaning, but we quote it merely to show the universal belief in regard to Nature, thus personified, as the Mother of all. At present we are concerned only with Nature in its physical, material aspect; and if we were to go no further, if we could accept this as a fact, not as a mere poetic fancy, or in any mystical sense, but as a demonstrable fact, then are we all, indeed, kith and kin, — brothers and sisters, — "born of One Sweet Mother."

But what do we find? As Madame H. P. Blavatsky, in *The Key to Theosophy*, declares:

> All the unselfishness of the altruistic teachings of Jesus has become merely a theoretical subject for pulpit oratory; while the precepts of practical selfishness taught in the Mosaic Bible, against which Christ so vainly preached, have become ingrained into the innermost life of the Western nations. "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth" has come to be the first maxim of your law. Now, I state openly and fearlessly that the perversity of this doctrine and of so many others *Theosophy alone* can eradicate.
>
> How?
>
> Simply by demonstrating on logical, philosophical, metaphysical, and even scientific grounds that: (*a*) All men have spiritually and physically the same origin, which is the fundamental teaching of Theosophy. (*b*) As mankind is essentially of one and the same essence, and that essence is one — infinite, uncreate, and eternal, whether we call it God or Nature — nothing, therefore, can affect one nation or one man without affecting all other nations and all other men. This is as certain and as obvious as that a stone thrown into a pond will, sooner or later, set in motion every single drop of water therein.

Let us then question science, and ask, what has she to tell us? And the answer of science is that we all are born in the same fashion, made of the same materials, live in general on the same kinds of food; that our loves, our hates, passions and desires, all have much in common; that underneath what is with most people but a veneer of what we are pleased to call civilization, is the same primitive, unregenerate animal nature — animal, not human nature, which latter, as all students of Theosophy know, has another, a divine origin. And I speak of the generality of humankind, not of those great souls who have transmuted all the lower forces of the animal nature, who have achieved self-conquest, self-knowledge and all of whose powers are used in the service of Humanity.

Then, too, there is a marvelous similarity in our thought-life, though the ideals of one race or people may differ somewhat from those of another; yet this often happens in the case of two brothers born of the same father and mother, and such differences provide no argument against the fact of their relationship. In very truth, all goes to show that the differences between races and peoples are in general no wider than those between brothers and sisters in the same family. Is it a far-fetched idea, then — that of regarding all nations and peoples and races as belonging to one human family; and are we going too far afield when speaking of all mankind as brothers *in fact?*

Let us look a little further. A few hundred years ago the people of Europe knew nothing of this vast continent, or rather double continent of the two Americas, the New World; and the majority of them knew but little or nothing of the Orient or of Africa, and nothing of Australia. Modern scientific research, however, is not only presenting it as a theory but actually proving, that far, far back in the past, there were connexions between the peoples of those continents and between them and these; that the Europeans are first cousins, aye, brothers, younger perhaps, but brothers nevertheless of the Hindûs, — in fact, that both belong to the same Aryan Race. Some assert, too, that there is a relationship between the ancient Egyptians and the Maoris of New Zealand, and some even find traces of the Mongols in America. But whether these two latter assertions are theories based on fact or not; whether or not we accept a dividing line between the Mongol or Turanian, the Aryan, the Red Man or American Indian, and the Black Man or Negro; there still exists that relationship between us all as children of our one Universal Mother — Nature.

Considering now some of the present-day facts, however, not theories, whether we regard the latter as truly scientific or as mere speculation, we find much food for serious thought. In our own day, no longer is there the separation between different countries that existed a few hun-

dred years ago, of which we have just spoken, as for instance before Columbus made his epoch-making discoveries. Today, what goes on in Europe, or America, or India, or China, is known tomorrow over practically the whole world.

Within a month or less after the outbreak of the European war, the commerce and finance of the whole world was shaken, not sentimentally, but actually and in fact; while today, after three years of fighting and wastage of both natural and manufactured resources, there is no nation on earth which does not have to bear part of the burden of the war. If we study the problem from the standpoint of the principles of economics, even the U. S. A., whose great cities are glutted with gold, while apparently profiting so enormously in certain respects from the war, is gaining nothing in true wealth; but is, like the Nations of Europe, suffering impoverishment. The apparent riches which many of its people are acquiring are fictitious only; they are the price only of wastage and as such inevitably carry with them the impress and characteristics of that which they represent.

It is not out of place to recall the trite simile which likens Humanity to the human body. It is indeed very much in place to speak of it here, for it illustrates a principle that is apt to be overlooked by those who are reaping their harvest of gold from the suffering of their brothers on the other side of the Atlantic. There is much practical wisdom in Paul's description in I Corinthians, xii, from which the following is quoted:

v. 12 For as the body is one, and hath many members, and all the members of that one body, being many, are one body: . . .

v. 15 If the foot shall say, Because I am not the hand, I am not of the body; is it not therefore of the body? . . .

v. 17 If the whole body were an eye, where were the hearing? If the whole were hearing, where were the smelling? . . .

v. 25 That there should be no schism in the body; but that the members should have the same care one for another.

v. 26 And whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it. . .

And the still older fable of which Paul's illustration is an adaptation, the fable of the quarrel between the different members and organs of the body, shows how futile and indeed ruinous is their dissension. In the childhood of the race, the greatest truths were oftentimes veiled in allegory, or told in a simple fable; today we, at least many of us, flatter ourselves that we look at Truth unveiled; that we are no longer children to be beguiled with fairy tales or childish fables, but men and women demanding facts and scientific demonstration. Well, so be it, and hence instead of the fable illustrating for us the interdependence between the organs of the body, that the stomach, for instance, cannot

live independently and for itself alone (albeit many people act as though it could, or at least crown it, metaphorically speaking, as the king organ of the body), we flatter ourselves we are so much wiser than the ancients because modern physiology demonstrates scientifically that the proper functioning of the stomach depends upon the blood supply, and that the blood supply depends upon the digestion; and that, in fact, heart and lungs and stomach and brain and all the organs of the body are interdependent, each upon all, and all upon each, for the general health of the whole physical organism, the body of man.

But are we much or any wiser than the Ancients for all our 'scientific' knowledge? How do we know they did not possess scientific knowledge which may not have come down to us as such, or which may not yet have been rediscovered? Fables and folk-tales live on in the common consciousness of the race; but the very fact that so many of them are true to science, are simple popular expressions of scientific truths, surely is evidence that scientific knowledge, as such, and beyond a doubt scientifically expressed, was possessed by the wise ones in those days. And perhaps many of the great truths concerning men and Nature were put in the form of fable, or folk-tale, or fairy story, not so much in order to teach the people, though perhaps that was one of their purposes, as to prevent the people from forgetting and losing sight of these truths. Today we have rediscovered some of them. We have learned again through physiology, the scientific fact of the interdependence of the organs of the human body, but we have not profited therefrom in the application of our knowledge to the human race as an organism. The teaching of Paul, "now are ye members one of another," which was but the expression of a far, far older teaching which we shall quote later is today little more than a dead letter, and men and nations think, in spite of all the spiritual teachings to the contrary, and in spite of all practical experience demonstrating the opposite, that one can benefit by and from the misfortunes of another.

But Nature's law is not to be so cheated — Nature's law of Brotherhood, Brotherhood as a fact in Nature! And if this holds good from the consideration of man as a physical being, still more does it hold from a consideration of him as a thinking spiritual being. The ties on those inner planes of thought and spirituality are immeasurably closer, and the interaction more potent for the weal or woe of all humanity.

But it is not enough merely *to recognise* that Brotherhood is a fact in Nature, and that Brotherhood is Nature's law. This is indeed the first step, but man who would really be man must go further; he must make Brotherhood a living power in his own life and so help to make it a living power in the life of Humanity. Something more is required

than the recognition of a fact; it must be acted upon; for, in a sense such recognition, until acted upon, is negative. Man cannot rest there, he must act. There is no standing still in life. Life demands action; it is action. Stagnation is death. And man's action must be either with the law, in accordance with the fact, or against it; but the fact still stands. Brotherhood still stands as a fact in spite of unbrotherliness.

Are two brothers, born of the same father and mother, less brothers in fact because they contend against one another, perhaps hate one another? Brothers they still remain, albeit brotherliness is absent.

"Unbrotherliness," says Katherine Tingley, "is the insanity of the age." And it is rightly called insanity, seeing that insanity primarily is inability or refusal to recognise the facts of life, to act in accordance with those facts, and fashion one's life on lines of right action.

It is an appalling fact, but a fact nevertheless, that hatred binds as fast as love; unbrotherliness as closely as brotherliness. In reality, it is the *thought* that binds; thought itself is the connecting link. Whatever a man thinks of, that in a measure does he become; he assimilates to himself the object of his thought, binds himself to it. "Man," says William Q. Judge,

> made of thought, occupant only of many bodies from time to time, is eternally thinking. His chains are through thought, his release due to nothing else. His mind is immediately tinted or altered by whatever object it is directed to. By this means the soul is enmeshed in the same thought or series of thoughts as is the mind.

And elsewhere, he says:

> Man is a soul who lives on thoughts and perceives only thoughts. Every object or subject comes to him as a thought, no matter what the channel or instrument, whether organ of sense or mental center, by which it comes before him. These thoughts may be words, ideas, or pictures.

Hatred and love both depend upon thought and feed upon it. We think we wish to get away from that which we hate, but so long as it occupies our thoughts, *i. e.* so long as the hatred continues, we do but bind ourselves more and more closely to it.

From this it might appear that to get away from that which, or those whom, we hate, we need only to cease to think of it or of them, but this is only partly true; for there are other ties that bind us and them together in indissoluble bonds. In truth there is no cure for hate but love, compassion, brotherliness, — that is, mutual good feeling, friendship, helpfulness — and it is a law of the Universe that we shall come together again and again until love and compassion and sympathy and friendship take the place of hatred. For, as Gautama, the Buddha, declared: "*Hatred never ceases by hatred at any time; hatred ceases only by love.*"

A great Teacher once said that "we are continually peopling our current in space" by every thought that goes out from us. We are too apt

to regard ourselves as limited within the boundaries of our physical bodies, or to regard our influence as extending no further than our immediate surroundings, the sound of our voices, the visible example of our lives, the destination of a letter or the circulation of our thoughts in a printed book. But if we consider further we shall realize that this is by no means a complete statement of the facts, though we are too prone to act as though it were. Each one of the many or the few who come under the influence of our voice, our example, or the expression of our thought, is himself a center from which radiates the influence of *his* life; and through the influence of our lives, our thoughts, our example, his life has become modified, in however small, however infinitesimal a degree, it may seem to us, or perhaps in some great degree; and through that modification his influence on the lives of all others whom he may contact is modified also and so on and on in ever widening circles.

But there is a still deeper basis for the statement, "Brotherhood is a fact in Nature"; namely that it is based in that which is the origin of Nature. For while Nature, as said, is that which is manifested, that which is born; its origin, that from which it comes, is Divinity itself. Nature is but the garment of Divinity, not Divinity itself; it is the veil of Isis, not Isis, though Isis is the mother of all living, "the one that is and was and shall be," whose veil no mortal has raised. Indeed, to stand in the presence of Divinity, to gaze upon Isis unveiled, one must have undertaken the supreme task of self-conquest, self-knowledge, and not only undertaken the task but completed it; he must have conquered self, he must have achieved self-knowledge, attained immortality, and become one with Divinity — Deity Itself, "In whom," the Initiate, Paul, declares, "we live and move and have our being." It is this fact, this "identity of all souls with the Universal Oversoul," that is the spiritual basis of the statement that "Universal Brotherhood is a fact in Nature." And how beautifully the same teaching is expressed in the following dialogue, which ages ago was part of the instruction of those who sought the higher knowledge. It is a dialogue between a Teacher and his pupil:

Lift thy head, O Lanoo; dost thou see one, or countless lights above thee, burning in the dark midnight sky?

I sense one Flame, O Gurudeva, I see countless undetached sparks shining in it.

Thou sayest well. And now look around and into thyself. That light which burns inside thee, dost thou feel it different in anywise from the light that shines in thy Brother-men?

It is in no way different, though the prisoner is held in bondage by Karma, and though its outer garments delude the ignorant into saying, 'Thy Soul and My Soul.'

This teaching of Universal Brotherhood as a fact, not a mere sentiment, but an *unescapable* fact in Nature, one of the supreme facts of

Life; this teaching of the essential Divinity and of the identity of the inner, real natures of all men — just as the same sun is mirrored in a thousand mirrors; this teaching of the interdependence of all men, and that all are governed by the same immutable and universal laws of life; this it is which is the heart of Theosophy, and to teach and demonstrate which the Theosophical Society was formed.

Were but this teaching, this fact of Universal Brotherhood accepted, could there be war? Had it but been accepted and acted upon all down the ages by those whom men generally regard as the enlightened, the leaders of the people, would the long history of the human race be so marred by the almost continuous record of war and strife?

In one of the oldest of the sacred scriptures of the world, the Bhagavad-Gîtâ, it is said:

> Even if the good of mankind only is considered by thee, the performance of thy duty will be plain; for whatever is practised by the most excellent men, that is also practised by others. The world follows whatever example they set.

Why is there war? Because there is unbrotherliness. Why is there so much unbrotherliness in the world? Because 'the most excellent men' — those whom the world in general regards so — are not brotherly and do not practise Brotherhood, they do not realise that Universal Brotherhood is a fact in Nature. A great Teacher, whom millions in the world profess to follow, once said: "Love one another."

There are two great commandments which Jesus is said to have given:

> Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment.
>
> And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

And he said:

> On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.

Did he mean what he said? Of what value to profess to follow him, if his commandments be disregarded? Must it be acknowledged that the "Book of the Sacred Law", the "Word of God," is but a 'scrap of paper' to be disregarded whenever its dictates do not fit in with our ambitions, our loves and hates? Yet the commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thy self," is based on the fundamental law of our being, on the law of Brotherhood as a fact in Nature. Some day we must wake up to the truth of this. Why not now; why delay?

Jesus said: "A new commandment give I unto you, That ye love one another." In one sense it was not new, for it had been taught in all ages past by all the great teachers of Humanity; and yet were he here today, he would say the same, "A new commandment give I unto you" for it would indeed be new to this day and generation. We know

the words well enough, but as a commandment we do not know it; it has no force, no power. Is there not need of Theosophy then, with its teaching that Universal Brotherhood is a fact in Nature, and to demonstrate it as a law of life?

In his *Jean Christophe*, the great French writer, Romain Rolland, declares:

> To save the light of intelligence; that is our rôle. We must not let it grow dim in the midst of our blind struggles. Who will hold the light if we let it fall?

And in his recent work *Au Dessus de la Mêlée* (After the War), he says:

> Try to forget your ideas [those ideas which separate one from another] and look into each other's eyes. "Don't you see that you are me?"— said old Hugo to one of his enemies.

—For indeed "Universal Brotherhood is a Fact in Nature."

Barren Karman

THERE are three conditions, O priests, under which deeds are produced. And what are the three? Freedom from covetousness is a condition under which deeds are produced; freedom from hatred is a condition under which deeds are produced; freedom from infatuation is a condition under which deeds are produced.

When a man's deeds, O priests, are performed without covetousness, arise without covetousness, are occasioned without covetousness, originate without covetousness, then, inasmuch as covetousness is gone, those deeds are abandoned, uprooted, pulled out of the ground like a palmyra-tree, and become non-existent and not liable to spring up again in the future.

When a man's deeds, O priests, are performed without hatred, . . . are performed without infatuation, arise without infatuation, are occasioned without infatuation, originate without infatuation, then, inasmuch as infatuation is gone, those deeds are abandoned, uprooted, pulled out of the ground like a palmyra-tree, and become non-existent and not liable to spring up again in the future.— WARREN, translated from the *Anguttara-Nikâya*, iii, 33 (a Buddhist work)

TRIED IN THE BALANCE: by R. Machell

(Illustrated by the author)

CHAPTER VII

ALTHOUGH there was no dedication written in the book that Julia had burned, it was not difficult for her to guess the name of the sender; yet it stirred no jealousy in her heart. She had no fear that any other woman would rob her of her throne. But in Theosophy she recognised a rival that she could not cope with if once it were allowed an entrance in the studio. Nor was she jealous of Art, believing as she did that she could herself become the channel through which artistic inspiration should come to her husband. She held herself more as a leader than a fellow-student. Her rôle of wife was the most sacred thing she knew, and its responsibilities were boundless as her own ambition.

It may be that the goddess Art smiled somewhat pitifully on the presumption of her human rival, knowing the frailty of womanhood, the instability of human life, and her own immortality.

Julia had heard that "Art is long, and life is short"; but she believed that youth and love and life were inexhaustible. Convinced that her love was wholly unselfish, she did not hesitate to make her husband entirely dependent on her. In the studio she reigned supreme; and Martin was well content to have it so. She was the central figure in all his more important works; she was in fact the *genius loci*, the spirit of the studio, and she could brook no rival influence there.

When she had read that book and understood the spiritual nature of the Theosophical ideals, she shuddered and drew back alarmed at the vast horizon suddenly revealed. It was as if the solid walls had ceased to shelter her from the dull horror of infinity; as if her little world had lost for a moment its reality; and as if utter impotence had fallen upon her. She was afraid. She realized the danger at a glance, and in desperate defiance she had burned the book, believing that in doing so she broke a spell that had been cast upon her husband. And yet she feared. Was it too late? No! Her love was stronger than destiny, and made her bold to brave his anger. She was triumphant when he kissed her for she knew that she had won. And yet his lips were cold, and there was something almost scornful in his tenderness. But she was unmindful of it in her gladness. She had defied the Gods and vanquished them by love; and yet it has been said: "The mills of the Gods grind slowly but they grind exceeding small."

Martin plunged into work again on a more ambitious composition than the last. In it he intended to embody much of the archaeological

lore he had accumulated, as well as to display his mastery in handling a pageant.

The year passed busily enough for him, and when the time for finishing his picture for the Salon came round, he felt that he could count upon a more pronounced success than had rewarded his last year's effort.

Occasionally he saw Clara Martel's name in the theatrical news. It seemed that she was in America winning some little notoriety, but he knew nothing more. And now another interest had come into his life, for Julia was soon to become a mother.

The coming of the child seemed ominous to him. It would occur about the same time of year as that which brought the first visit of the strange girl with the big brown eyes that stamped themselves so vividly on his imagination at the time. Then too it was the time when all his labor of the year was tested in the ordeal of the public exhibition. But the coming event did not distract him from his work, and he saw no cause for any anxiety on Julia's account. She was serenely happy and confident. But just at the last, when his picture had gone in, and he was free to give more attention to his wife, there came a telegram announcing his father's serious illness, and begging him to come home at once to see him before he died. Martin could not refuse. Julia was well, and Lady Marshbank who had just arrived assured him there was no need for him to stay in Paris, so he left immediately.

The journey naturally enough recalled that other journey to England, when he met Julia, and changed the current of his life. What would the returning cycle bring him now, he wondered. His natural mysticism had been crushed by the materialistic spirit of his surroundings and of his own scientific studies in archaeology, but it was not dead, it was degraded into superstition. He looked for omens and found them in occurrences that his brain-mind told him were purely fortuitous coincidences.

The prospect of his father's death filled him with a vague sense of catastrophe, which was altogether unwarranted by the natural and peaceful close of a long life. Nor was there anything alarming in the separation, since he had long ago broken his home-ties with the parents who had not been at any time demonstrative in their affection. Somehow he felt as if called upon to meet some crisis, the nature of which was altogether a mystery to him.

His father was sinking slowly, but lingered on, and Martin decided to stay with him, because his wife wrote so cheerfully, and Lady Marshbank added her assurances that all was going on well. He read all sorts of trivial literature and exhausted the magazines and papers. In one of these he came upon an item under the heading of theatrical gossip, from which he gathered that Clara Martel had given up a promising

career upon the stage in order to devote herself to the study of Theosophy and the propaganda of what the paper called the 'new cult.' This news hardly surprised him, but it seemed to have some peculiar significance, as a stray thread woven into the web of destiny in which he had become involved. There seemed to be some link between them that was forged perhaps in other lives. He was pondering over this news when the servant brought in the letters. He looked for Julia's handwriting, but found in place of it a letter from Lady Marshbank informing him that the event was to be expected shortly, and promising to telegraph the news.

This definite announcement brought to him the realization of a new aspect of life. So far his interests had all been centered in his art, that is to say, in himself. Julia herself was but a satellite who fostered the self-sufficiency of the great central sun of his little universe. He was so absolutely devoted to the cultivation of his own tastes and hobbies, and so entirely convinced of his whole-hearted devotion to Art, that he had not, until this moment, realized that a new center of interest could take possession of the home, in which he had occupied the chief place. The thought that he must take a back seat in his own house was somewhat of a shock to his abnormal egotism. To calm his mind he strolled out into the garden, and stood for a long time watching the gold-fish in the lily pond, until a groom came to bring him a telegram that had just arrived. It read: "The child was still-born this morning. Complications feared. Come if possible."

His father's condition was unchanged, and the call was too urgent to be neglected. He decided that his place was with his wife, and left for London by the express. Catching the night train for Dover he was in Paris by next morning, but too late. His wife was dead.

Martin was staggered by the blow. It seemed impossible that Julia could be dead. She seemed to him the very embodiment of life. He had occasionally meditated speculatively upon the possibility of his own death, but never of hers. Death had not touched him closely hitherto, and it surprised him in a strange way. The very foundations of life were shaken; he seemed to be standing on a quick-sand. His mind was shaken from its fancied security and found no resting point, except that lifeless body on the bed, that looked like Julia, but was not. He could not grasp the truth. He found his brain listening for her step. His eyes wandered continually to her favorite corner in the studio, then to the empty easel. Some letters lay there waiting for him, and he wondered why they did not interest him. One was from the Salon, evidently, but he did not open it.

What was it that had happened? Something incredible, impossible; Death. His little world was utterly shattered, and now he was alone.

Lady Marshbank was kind and motherly to him, and he accepted her presence there as if she were in fact his mother, but she was not able to reach him. He was shut in beyond the reach of sympathy. He talked to her quietly, like a child wondering at the strange thing that had befallen. She wished that he would show some feeling, but he had none to show beyond astonishment and loneliness.

All day long and nearly all night he wandered about the studio. He could not sleep and refused food, and when at last the funeral was over, he was completely worn out. Then the doctor could no longer refuse to give him the sleeping-draught he demanded; but its effect was only temporary, and his demand was so insistent that the doctor gave him a prescription that he could get made up when necessary, merely accompanying it with a warning against allowing its use to become habitual. A futile warning. From that day he was never without an opiate at hand. He smoked continually and ate seldom. Soon he found means to procure the drug in other forms, and then the days as well as the nights were passed in a dream, in which his loneliness was blotted from his memory along with his former ambitions and aspirations. His life was nothing but a long debauch.

He excused himself from going to England for his father's funeral; and he did not go to see how his picture was placed in the Salon. He had forgotten it. The papers were unopened, he was no longer curious to know what people thought of his great work. The world was dead to him. Julia had made herself necessary to his life, and now that she was gone, he had no care to live. She had rescued him from his high ideals, and cured him of dreams; and now they had their compensation, making him their slave. She had obliterated his early life, and closed the door she thought was opening on to a new world in which she had no part; now she was gone, and he was adrift without a past to fall back on, or a future to look forward to, and for the present moment what wonder if he chose oblivion.

Extreme in everything he did not hesitate to increase the dose continually, and was in a very short time reduced to a moral wreck, whose physical decay would follow swiftly.

Winter found him in Egypt; and, when it was known that the great English artist had returned, his studio was besieged by natives whom he had used as models on former occasions; but now they got small consolation from his servant, who could only say that there was no work for them at present, for the artist was not painting pictures now. He only smoked and dreamed. They all understood the matter, and were sorry for themselves; for he had been very generous to them.

One old Arab who had been dragoman for him on several expeditions, came to him and tried to persuade him to make an excursion to a newly discovered buried temple or tomb some distance up the Nile, but Martin refused to go. Arabi tried hard to arouse his interest, thinking that if he got him away he might contrive things so that he should be forced to do without the drug for such a time as might be sufficient to enable him to break off the habit. But Martin was not to be persuaded. Old Arabi was sad because he had known so many victims of the fatal drug, and also because he looked upon the artist as one who in heart had reverence for the ancient Gods of Egypt, one who although an alien was yet a brother in a spiritual sense. He would have saved him if he were allowed. Martin himself was fond of the old man, who had been quite a traveler and had known many artists in his day. He had a wonderful store of anecdote and legend, which he would spin into most delightful stories, having the native faculty of romance. Martin would listen to his stories when he could tolerate no one else near him, for he had grown irritable and morose when he was not actually dazed with drugs, and almost oblivious to his surroundings.

One day old Arabi came to the studio and begged admission. He had a dream to tell, a dream that concerned the artist, and this explanation opened the door for him, though it was closed peremptorily to everyone else.

Martin was in a very irritable mood and hardly tried to conceal the fact that he wanted to be alone, but Arabi was gently imperturbable and quietly insistent, so that in a little while, when coffee and cigarettes were brought, his host was almost amiable and was anxious to put the old man at his ease.

"Well now, what is this dream? I used to believe in dreams: and then I lost faith in all that sort of thing; and now — well — tell me the dream."

Arabi slowly blew a cloud of smoke and watched it circling and swirling away into invisibility.

"That is like a dream," he said. "At first it is strong and all alive and then it gets fainter and is gone, so that you cannot bring it back. But there are some dreams that stay fixed; they are the true dreams, sent to us to be remembered." There was a pause for another whiff, and then the old man went on. "I was standing in a garden and the trees were full of fruit and flowers, and there were bees and birds and grasshoppers, and the pink lotus in the pond was full of blossom. And I saw a woman coming toward me with her face unveiled. I do not know who she was, but she had dark eyes and looked like a queen. I bowed to her and kissed the hem of her robe; and she spoke to me, say-

ing: 'Arabi, you have been faithful to the one we must not name for many lifetimes, and I know that you are faithful still. Look up! what do you see?' I looked and saw a man wandering in a black forest full of reptiles writhing in the swamp; and down among the roots of trees, where the black mud was almost like water, there were things like alligators, but black and shiny and with dull white eyes. They seemed to be watching the man, and somehow I seemed to know that if he slipped and fell he never would get up again, but so long as he could keep his feet they dared not touch him. He leaned against a tree and in his hand he held a bunch of big red poppies; and the lady said to me, 'Ask him to throw away the poppies and to follow me: tell him that I will save him from himself, and bring him to a safe place, if he will trust me; but he must throw away the poppies. That he must do himself, or else I cannot help him.' Her eyes were beautiful; I think she was a queen. When I looked back to where the man had been I saw no forest, nothing but the garden and the flowers and the trees full of fruit; and then I woke."

"And what has that to do with me?" asked Martin trying to seem unconcerned. Arabi sighed gently and smiled as one might in speaking to a sick child.

"The man was you, sir."

"Ah!"

There was no use in trying to misunderstand the dream. Its meaning was too obvious.

There was a long silence, and Arabi smoked quietly muttering to himself an invocation or a prayer in Arabic.

"What are you muttering there?" asked Martin irritably.

Arabi waved his hand courteously, but kept silence.

Martin began to pace the floor as he did formerly when trying to find a clue to some allegory or dream-picture. He felt that those eyes had found him out, and that now they would not let him die in peace. In peace? Was he in peace? His life was little better than a long nightmare, which he seemed powerless to break; and yet she said that he must throw away the poppies. He knew the meaning of that symbol, it was plain enough. But no! it was too much for him to do. Better to die and finish with it.

Arabi got up to go, and said, as if in answer to something that Martin had spoken, "Death is like sleep, and life goes on in sleep; perhaps it is the same in Death. I think it is."

"Is there no rest even in death then?"

"There may be if a man dies properly. Sometimes there is no rest in sleep."

"Then you believe that death is not the end of it?" asked Martin.

Arabi carefully threw his cigarette end in the bronze dish and said: "There is no end. That cigarette is ended, may I take another?"

"Help yourself," said Martin.

Arabi took one and lit it.

"So! one cigarette is ended and another lit, and there is no end of it, although that too will end. Good day, sir, and thank you."

Saying so and bowing courteously the old man went out, leaving the artist staring at the cigarette end on the dish.

"Yes! Life is like a cigarette: and it may be as he says that life follows life: but what of that if only memory is cut off by death? But is that possible? Ah! Who can say?"

Martin started once more his wandering up and down the studio, following the various lines of thought that opened out involuntarily from the message he had just received. His scientific skepticism had fallen away and left him helpless against the wild vagaries of his disordered brain. Now no theory appeared improbable if it seemed but to fit the occasion, and he was convinced for the moment that he had received a warning from the Great Queen herself. Clara Martel was no longer a distinct personality to his mind, but seemed somehow to be herself a mere phantom used by a higher power as a medium of communication between the living and the dead. "Throw away the poppies?" he repeated doubtfully. Then going to the cabinet he took out the box in which he kept the drug, and looked round almost as if he thought those eyes were on him now. He set it down and looked at it, then opened it slowly, but impatiently snapped down the lid again, muttering, "Throw it away? Yes: throw it away! Well! Why not?" Again he looked

round the room suspiciously. It was getting dark. The servant came in with a lamp and asked if he should light up.

"No!" said Martin. "You can leave that. I am going out. Give me my hat."

The man went for the hat: Martin put the little box under his arm and lighted a cigarette.

"Your coat, sir?" suggested his servant, seeing him starting to the door in his long studio coat, but Martin ignored him and went out as he was.

Instinctively he avoided the fashionable streets, and wandered on into a quarter generally avoided by Europeans after dark, that is if they are respectable; but Martin was following no clearer plan than that of finding a safe place in which to throw away the box he carried. He felt as if it were alive and would come back and haunt him unless he could destroy it utterly. He was in a kind of waking nightmare, tormented by his craving for the thing he carried, and haunted by the warning, "He must throw away the poppies." At last in a bewildered way he stopped at a café, where he thought he was not known, and ordered coffee and cigarettes. He kept the little box under his hand as if it were a jewel-case, and more than one pair of eyes turned curiously to get a glimpse of it. He was conscious that his studio coat and shoes seemed to attract attention, and it annoyed him. When he rose to go an Arab sitting outside got up and followed him. He turned impatiently and found that the man was Arabi, who bowed respectfully and said:

"This is not a good place for you, sir, will you let me follow you? They know me here."

"Where am I? I did not notice where I was going. I can take care of myself, but I shall be glad to talk with some one. I am tired of my own company. Yes, come along. Show me a place where we can get coffee that is fit to drink and where they won't stare at me."

Arabi looked at the box and said:

"They think you are carrying some rich jewel there. Will you allow me, sir, to put it in my pocket?"

"Yes, do!" said Martin eagerly. "It is nothing. I was going to throw it away."

Arabi took the box, and recognised it. He guessed the truth at once, and smiled to himself, for this was more than he had hoped. He thanked God devoutly, and felt that now he would be able to help his friend the Englishman, who had shown his faith and had gone so far as to intend to "throw away the poppies."

He talked in his most entertaining manner, telling stories of the old temples and the mysteries, such as he had not hitherto revealed his

knowledge of: for in his philosophy it would be wrong to so much as appear to believe in such things unless the one to whom he spoke had shown himself worthy of trust or capable of understanding spiritual things.

Martin was fascinated, and rejuvenated in spirit by this unveiling of a soul. The faith of the old man rekindled the dead fire in his heart; and for a time his bodily craving for the drug was conquered by his mind, busied as it was with deeper interests and the pictures created by the spiritual side of his imagination.

So Arabi talked on, and gradually re-introduced the scheme he had proposed for an expedition up the Nile to visit the site of a newly discovered 'treasure-house of mystery.' This time the scheme was eagerly accepted and impatiently adopted. Arabi took charge of everything, and at once attached himself to Martin's person, watching him like a mother and doctor and nurse, as well as serving him as dragoman. He was his servant and his teacher, his counsellor and his entertainer, whose fund of anecdote and allegory was unlimited; and now and then he seemed to assume a higher rôle, speaking with dignity and authority that somehow seemed quite natural. At such times his master felt that he was a mere infant by comparison with this illiterate Arab, and almost as it were a humble disciple giving obedience willingly to a respected teacher. He was not left alone for more than a few moments till they were fairly on the way. Arabi seemed to have no need of sleep, and to be incapable of impatience, as well as insensible to the occasional outbreaks of the sick man, who was at times almost insane for lack of his accustomed dose. But Arabi was inflexible and imperturbable; and at last sleep came to the exhausted brain of his friend and patient, and the old man lay down, first thanking God that the long fight was over and the battle won: then he too slept like a little child.

Martin Delaney dreamed that he was back again in the old studio, where first he saw the Queen, and where her messenger had found him. Once more he stood before the easel, and looked at his own work, wondering a little at its majesty. It was his own work, yes, but completed, lifted beyond the stage of doubtful experiment into the region of accomplishment. What he saw now on the canvas was the work of one who knew his purpose, and who at the same time was able to make his knowledge subservient to his own soul, that higher self, that seems to the uninitiated as a being from another world, a ministering angel, or a God perhaps. A soul seemed brooding over the masterpiece ready to reveal the mystery of Art to the beholder who could evoke the spiritual presence. The Great Queen in the picture looked at him from those deep brown eyes, and smiled her benediction. The studio was full of her presence as of old; but now that presence was more intimate; it was

no longer foreign to his own individuality; it was indeed an emanation, as it were, from his own soul, a kind of connecting link between his brain-mind and his spiritual intelligence. The consciousness of unity was momentary; and again he seemed to be listening to a message that certainly was never spoken in audible words, but which transformed itself into intelligible language as it reached his mind. It seemed to come from the painted Queen, and yet the whole air tingled with sweet sound around him and the words formed themselves in his brain spontaneously. It said: "The Gate is passed; behold the Path before you. Follow it!" The studio vanished, and he saw the panorama of his life flash past him as a fragment of a great drama in which he had a part to play: but there was no break in continuity between the past, the present, and the future. The present was in himself; and all around unbroken continuity. He tried to catch the sequence of the pictures, and in the effort something seemed to break; the vision vanished; and he heard a voice singing softly in the night.

"Oh my Beloved; I am waiting for you in the glamor of the changeless day, which knows no night. Come to me in the rose-garden, where I sit singing to the silence. Oh my Beloved; while you linger in the shadows, the garden is forlorn, and I am but a dream. You are my life, Beloved, when we are One; but until then, you are but a wandering ghost, and I a dream."

The plash and ripple of the water against the sides of the house-boat made an accompaniment to the song and emphasized the stillness of the night. A single ray of light ran through the darkness and revealed strange visionary distances that called him on. It was again that picture of the Path, seen long ago, but nearer now. He was no longer in the shadows outside the Gate, but stood in the way and felt his feet upon firm ground, and faced the distant mountains joyfully.

And Arabi too dreamed a dream, in which he saw himself waiting on a river's edge for one who followed timidly the path he knew so well. His friend was far behind him, but he knew that the ferry-man would wait for him, and that they two would cross the broad stream together and go up the great marble stairway to the Palace of the Queen upon the other side. He waited patiently, and heard the singer tune his lute to a new theme, the words of which were in another tongue but seemed to him like a mother's song, saying something like this, as he translated it.

"The roses that bloom in my garden are sweet, and the lilies are fair. The river flows by, and the ferry-man waits for your call. Oh my children! Ah, fairer than roses and lilies, and sweeter to me are the smiles and the tears of my children beside me. Oh come! I have waited, and hearkened, and watched from afar, while you wandered among the red-

poppy-fields dreaming their dreams, and you heard me not calling my children. Come home to me, Come!"

. . . . . .

Arabi smiled and murmured: "The children are coming home."

The singer was silent, and the ripple of the water lulled the sleepers dreaming peacefully, as countless generations have done, passing up and down the ancient water-way, that is as young today as when it bore on its breast the royal barges of the Great Queen herself. It seemed to Arabi she was calling them from the past to come to her in the Eternal Present, where there is neither you nor I, nor any difference of me and Thee.

So the night passed and a New Day dawned.

The End