THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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As a mother, even at the risk of her own life, protects her son, her only son, so let a man cultivate goodwill without measure toward all beings. Let him cultivate goodwill without measure — unhindered love and friendliness — toward the whole world, above, below, around. Standing, walking, sitting, or lying, let him be firm in this mind so long as he is awake; this state of heart, they say, is the best in the world.
—From the *Metta-Sutta* (*a Buddhist work*), translated by RHYS DAVIDS.

UNIVERSAL LAW: by H. Travers, M. A.

ENLARGING THE BOUNDS OF SCIENCE

IF science be defined as knowledge of facts and the study of natural phenomena for the purpose of arranging them in orderly sequence and thus arriving at the general principles underlying them; then Theosophy can claim to be a great science, because it greatly extends the scope of the above-mentioned knowledge and inquiry. And, as science worships *law*, so does Theosophy, and in an even greater degree. But, so far as science in the present age and civilization has extended, its recognition of the reign of law is confined to things physical. Its investigations and reasonings are directed to that world which is apparent to our five corporeal senses; and it abandons to other departments of the general category *knowledge* those worlds which engage the supersensuous parts of our nature. To ethics it leaves the study of conduct, to religion that of faith; the laws of ratiocination are included under metaphysics; and there are other departments lying vaguely within or without the nebulous boundaries of that which is understood as the realm of science.

Science has made the physical world and its laws very real to us, but has left the other worlds in which we live quite nebulous; and we live in a hap-hazard realm of scepticism, varying dogmatic faiths, speculation, and indifference. Yet, however far we may advance in scientific knowledge, whatever command we may win over the forces of external nature, the most vital question to humanity will always be that of the

meaning of human life itself; and the problem of ordering one's own conduct will ever remain the chief practical concern. Is it not, then, important that there should be a knowledge that embraces these departments, and that recognises and reveals the unvarying reign of *law* therein?

This is what Theosophy claims to do and is able to do; but, so vast is the subject, that the knowledge in question can only be the gradual and progressive reward of long study; while all that can be done in writing is to give clues and to point the way.

But Discipline Must Precede Knowledge

The mysterious link between mind and matter, the laws that govern thought-transference and other subtle connexions between beings, the possibility of finer senses in the human organism and other states of consciousness than the usual waking state — these and other fascinating subjects pertain to an intermediate realm between the outer and the inner world, a realm wherein it seems evident that many of the mysteries of life lie hid. Yet the student of Theosophy who directs his attention to this region, quickly discovers that he can make no progress therein until he has first attended to some important matters in his own character, whose satisfactory adjustment is an indispensable preliminary. He does not desire to possess more knowledge than he can use; and he realizes that he must first learn how to use the knowledge he already has. His daily life is a tissue of mistakes and shortcomings, his will needs training, his emotions are still wayward. He desires knowledge, it is true; but what he desires is the knowledge that will give him balance and self-mastery, not the knowledge that will burden and over-tempt him. And it is so with humanity at large; men's progress, to be beneficial, must be orderly. We do not find in the writings of H. P. Blavatsky or other Theosophical books any explicit directions how to obtain occult powers or become magicians. Undoubtedly information of the kind could have been given, but it was not in the plan; quite the contrary, indeed, the plan being to benefit humanity and promote progress, not to threaten humanity with new dangers.

In a nutshell — discipline has to precede knowledge. And therefore, of instructions how to set ourselves on the right and safe path, we shall find plenty.

Law of Cause and Effect Universal

The foremost thing to which a student of Theosophy learns to accustom himself is the idea that law and order reign universally and not

merely in physical science. This extension of the scope of law and order is usually dealt with under the name *Karma*, the Sanskrit word used to denote this idea in the Indian schools of philosophy. It is inseparably associated with the doctrine of Reincarnation, the two being mutually dependent. In physical science the principle is expressed in the familiar phrases: 'indestructibility of matter' and 'conservation of energy.' The workings of Nature are found to be so uniform that results can be calculated. In considering Karma, we are dealing with the same principle applied to a larger area and to a greater complexity. Physical science deals with lowly manifestations of the universal life, to which it gives the names 'energy,' 'inertia,' etc. Theosophy deals with subtler and more elaborate manifestations of the universal life; and in its philosophy, mind, thought, and acts take the place of the scientific mass, energy, and matter.

KARMA IS NOT FATALISM

It might be thought that this is a doctrine of determinism or fatalism, teaching that human conduct is bound in an inevitable chain of cause and effect, and abrogating choice and free-will. But the doctrine declares that man has the power to direct the chain of causation, and to exercise a discretionary influence upon it. For analogies to this, we can refer to the volitional freedom exercised by a conscious being over the laws of external nature: the laws of gravitation are indeed inexorable, but this does not prevent a bird from flying aloft or alighting, although a stone has no such power of choice in the matter. The bird acts consciously on a higher plane than that whereon the laws of gravitation act. And so a man, in his turn, has a wider discretionary power than the bird. A perfected man again has still greater power of independent action than the ordinary man, for he has isolated himself from many of the forces that control the ordinary man, these forces being instincts, personal desires, habits, and fixed ideas. Thus man is always subject to inexorable fate in a less or greater degree, according as he has or has not emancipated himself from the chains of his frailties.

REINCARNATION PRESUPPOSED

The neglect of reincarnation has prevented many from seeing the universality of law and order in human life. How could they, when, instead of viewing an individual life as a whole, they were merely viewing a section of it, and mistaking this fragment for the whole life?

Our present life is a sequel, not a beginning; neither is it an end. Could we see the whole pattern with unclouded vision, we should recognise the equity of it. As things are, we incur experiences whose causes we have forgotten, and seeming injustice is the result of this imperfect vision. Still, we are not so prone to cavil at our apparently unmerited *good* luck; human nature! always anxious to get its full rights, but not averse to a little extra. This point needs thinking about — that critics of Theosophy will grumble because they incur bad fortune whose origin they cannot trace, but have no objection to make when the question involved is *good* luck. In any case, however, Theosophists did not make the laws of nature, they merely offer reasonable explanations of them.

If it were to be asked, Where and in what do the causal links between our acts and their consequences inhere, the answer would entail a most lengthy disquisition. But the lack of an exact explanation should not deter us from our studies of the matter, for we are just as ignorant concerning other things, of which, however, familiarity has made us tolerant. How, for instance, do the atoms of our infant body grow into the adult man or woman? Or what is there in a seed which makes it grow into an oak? Is the potentiality in the seed or somewhere else? Ordinary knowledge gives no clear answer, but only some unsatisfactory formula full of vague names that do not stand for anything in particular. Therefore, when it is said that the incarnating Soul brings with it the seeds of its past lives, there is no logical reason for objecting to the statement on the mere ground that it cannot be readily explained in detail.

What Determines Events?

We do know for certain that every one of us has the seeds of character latent in him; and this circumstance alone is enough to account for a good deal of what happens to the person in question. Besides the seeds of character, there are other seeds which might be called seeds of destiny; that is, those which determine the kind of events usually described as casual and attributed to the divine will or else left unexplained. Yet, unless there is chaos in the universe, these events too must come under the rule of law. In short, there can be no chance in the universe. Events called casual are merely those whose causal relations have not been ascertained. If you go down a road and come to a fork, you will turn either to the right or the left; and your future destiny may hang on the upshot. What determines your choice? Either something or nothing, clearly. If nothing, then the universe is chaotic,

or (what is exactly the same thing) partially chaotic. But if *something* determined your choice, what was that something? Arguing thus, we start on a track which can lead to discovery.

Perhaps if you had controlled your temper that morning at breakfast, you might have taken the right-hand track and traveled to fortune; but possibly you gave way to your temper, and so took the other track. Can there be a connexion between things like this? It is an interesting thought at least; or perhaps it is all 'nonsense.' It might help, if one could indicate the nature of that connexion. A rough and ready one is that you had the black dog on your back that morning, and he sent you down the wrong road. But that is superstition, as we do not believe in imps nowadays. Let us try a more scientific explanation, and say that, when you gave way to temper, you 'generated a force,' or that the temper was caused by a microbe. But we can perhaps approach the true explanation by degrees. If a man has his nerves all upset, he will cut himself with his razor and spill the coffee. Here is cause and effect visibly connected. Then why may there not be a connexion between any evil mood and an evil event, however apparently remote and disconnected?

Again, if you insult a man, you are likely to suffer the next time you meet him, even though many years after and in quite another place. Here is cause and effect — Karma — again. And wherein did the causal connexion inhere? In the man, evidently. He it was who was the recipient of your act and the requiter thereof. This furnishes us another hint. Theology may make the deity the recipient and requiter of deeds. It speaks of God being 'offended' and of his chastising and requiting. When we do wrong we offend something or somebody, whether a law of nature or our own conscience or somebody else's feelings. We throw things out of gear. The reaction hits us, as though we tilted at the quintain. Also when we do right a corresponding reaction takes place. We reap what we have sown.

It is always advisable to remind ourselves, when speaking of the reign of justice, that the kindly offices of mercy are in no ways discredited thereby. If you meet a man who is suffering, you cannot turn him away with the reply, "You sowed the seeds yourself." *You must help him when he is down, no matter how he came to be down.* How would you like to be treated yourself?

We Create Our Own Destiny

All visible things spring mysteriously from an invisible source, and behind the world of phenomena lies the world of noumena; behind

events and actions stand ideas. We are constantly creating causes which will contribute their effects to the mass of our future experiences, leading either to actions performed by us or to actions performed upon us. The coalescence of an idea with a desire generates a living seed which bides its time in some thought-atmosphere beyond the ken of physical science, and will tend to germinate when the requisite conditions occur. Yet, like other seeds, it may be destroyed before it germinates.

It is a Theosophical doctrine that the conditions in which we find ourselves at any given time were generated by ourselves at other times in the past. The demonstration of this hypothesis is a matter of study and experience, and the proper scientific method of observation should be applied. But this will mean a great expansion of the range of our studies, and it will be necessary to study other parts of the Theosophical teachings. I find myself (say) equipped with a certain kind of a body, which is not well adapted to the kind of work I aspire to do now; but I realize that I myself am responsible for this kind of body, and that by my past thoughts and desires I created it. It is adapted to do things which I no longer want to do, and its tendencies are hard to overcome. But my physique is only one part of the circumstances by which I am surrounded; there is also my station in life, my calling, my business, my material welfare. These circumstances likewise have been generated by myself at some time in the past. Since I do not believe these circumstances can be casual or accidental (such words being idle in my philosophy), I have to regard them as effects produced by causes, as links in a chain of events; and I must try to trace out the connexion between the causes and the effects. A few of the circumstances in which we find ourselves can probably be traced to causes we have set in motion within our own recollection. Indigence may be traceable to extravagance, illness to excess; a Franklin may rise to world-wide renown through the conscious exercise of talents and virtues. But many of the circumstances arise through no conduct of ours *that we can remember*. Theosophy says that, in this case, they arose through conduct that we do *not* remember — in other words, through acts performed before birth, in previous lives. This life is but an instalment of the larger life which the real, the immortal, Man is living, as, like an actor, he plays his successive parts or appears on the earthly stage in successive scenes.

Fairness or Unfairness?

The question of fairness and unfairness, which always arises in connexion with this discussion, is largely disposed of by the reflexion that the principle applies to what we call good fortune as well as to what we

deem bad fortune. But, as said before, people are more prone to demand justice in affliction than in prosperity, and we seldom meet with complaints against the apparently unmerited enjoyment of good fortune. However, there is a difference between framing a theology to suit people's ideas of justice, and interpreting the laws of nature as we find them. Theosophy seeks to interpret the laws of nature. Now we find that nature recompenses actions equitably without regard to the limitations which our own imperfect ideas of equity would wish to impose on her. If we take poison, we are killed, whether we took it ignorantly or not. This fact has to be accepted, whatever views we may hold about divine justice. Objectors to Theosophy may cavil at Theosophists for preaching a doctrine that people are made to suffer for deeds which they do not remember committing. But the fact is that people actually do so suffer. If you have abused your health, you will suffer, no matter whether you remember or not. Theosophists did not make this law; they only seek to explain it. Consequently it is no valid objection to Karma and Reincarnation to say that these doctrines are unjust because they attribute our fortune to actions which we have forgotten.

But the whole matter is cleared up by bearing in mind the distinction between the immortal and the mortal man. The immortal man, who is the leader of the life, understands the whole drama; he preserves the entire memory intact; his purposes are fulfilled; he sees the justice and harmony of the whole scheme. But the mortal man — the part which the actor is for the time assuming — has not this prescience. He lives in the confusion of partial knowledge. But his lack of knowledge is not an unmixed evil; it is well that he should forget. He is not able to sustain the burden of memory that would encumber him, did he know all. His progress is perhaps dependent on his forgetting. It is well that death should wipe clean the slate, so that we can begin anew, and look forward with hope undimmed by despairing shadows from behind.

Acting with Wisdom

Yet there is no bar placed against that self-development which will bring the mortal man into relation with his immortal counterpart, so that the mystic 'second birth' may be achieved and the purpose of evolution accomplished. We should aspire towards that goal, and look forward with the eye of faith towards the knowledge that will one day be attained. And a great step is taken when we can say with faith and trust that our life is ordered with perfect justice; when we can feel that we are the creators of our own destiny — that, as we can mold our future,

so we must have molded our present; and when we can cease caviling at divine justice and set about remedying the cause of *apparent* injustice — that is to say, our own imperfect knowledge.

With a due appreciation of the omnipresence of law, every man would guard not only his acts and deeds but his very thoughts; nay, even more so, because thoughts are the seeds of words and deeds. We can do no act in secret; we cannot think in secret. For the law knows all; every thought is an act committed in presence of mighty Nature, who receives it into her bosom and works it up with all the other materials that enter into the complex fabric she weaves.

Unity of Life

The mystery of our life would vanish, could we view it in its entirety, tracing the connexions of our present earthly career with those careers that have preceded and will follow it. But besides thus taking a larger view in time, it is necessary to take a larger view in space. A man's entire existence is not shut up within the narrow confines of his personality; much of his existence is impersonal and shared; he is a part of the human family. We should think but poorly of a family whose members were so disunited as to assert their several personal claims in preference to the claims of the family. It sounds bad when husband and wife have separate estates and bring fiscal actions against each other. Questions of personal self-interest do not arise among members of a united family, nor is there any occasion to offset selfishness by rules of calculated self-sacrifice. A conscious unity prevails and its laws and conditions are instinctively fulfilled. Thus would it be with us all, if we were more conscious of the unity of the whole human family. The national idea can supersede the class idea when a crisis demands; and this fact should be a lesson.

Every man should assert his Individuality (*not* his personality). He should ever strive to realize more and more fully that his personality is but the shadow of his true Self, and that his mind possesses the inherent power of allowing itself to be the slave of passion and caprice or of affiliating itself with the Divine within. He should remember that knowledge comes through self-mastery, and that nothing is hid from those worthy to receive it. He has conscience and the knowledge of good and evil and the power of choice. He can make or mar his own life. Let him be strong in the faith that the moral law is as inviolable as the laws of physical nature, returning man the fair recompense of his acts.

THOUGHTS ON MUSIC: by Daniel de Lange*

PART VI

ARE not the lives of great poets, painters, musicians, and other artists a proof of the duality in Man?

To go thoroughly into this question would require a long article; we desire, however, to offer a few suggestions in order to draw attention to this subject and to emphasize its importance.

Artists may be divided into two groups: the first embracing all those whose moral life is on a level with their art, the second including all those of whom we might say; "The Spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak." Both groups are a proof of the duality in man, the one by the perfect harmony between the two sides of the nature and the other by the disharmony. The former of the two types seems the more natural; one is inclined to consider it an exceptional case, if the works of an artist are not in harmony with his personality; and yet we know that apparently the contrary seems to be much more frequent. But is it really so? Can an artist produce works of art which are not in harmony with his personality? This is impossible; unless we deny that the personality is the vehicle through which the Higher Self expresses itself on the material plane. We maintain that it is not the artist who produces works in disharmony with his personality, but that those who hear or see works of art lack discrimination, and are deluded by the skill and brilliancy of creation or by the intensely passionate expression which characterizes so many works of art today; they can no longer appreciate the real significance of the underlying idea of such works and mistake the materialistic feeling by which these works are inspired for spirituality. In daily life we find many such distortions of ideas and feelings; for example, in speaking of 'love,' the average man usually will have in mind something very different from what 'love' really is.

Connecting these thoughts with musical art, we find that many combinations of musical sounds coincide with the materialistic feelings of mankind in its present stage of evolution; and that if we could analyze sounds from a spiritual standpoint we might find that some of them correspond to pure and spiritual ideas and feelings, while others are closely related to evil propensities. So it may be supposed that works of art, as hinted at before, which express such feelings, appeal more directly to people of today than works of art in which the spiritual side is predominant.

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It is difficult to say which group is the more interesting for our argument, but surely both offer points of interest as soon as we admit that art must be considered as one of the highest expressions of spirituality in man.

For the moment we must put all artistic questions aside, because we must first examine and decide a few points.

First, we have to consider the character of man from a general point of view: secondly, we have to consider the influence which circumstances may have on his character; and, finally, we have to examine the question: Whether the divine nature in man does exert an influence, notwithstanding the fact that man's animal nature is not fully under control?

In regard to the first point we will only mention some characteristic qualities in human beings, for example: Spirituality, Feeling, Intelligence, Vanity, Egotism, Selfishness, Passion, Desire, Greed, etc. If we would know what a man's character is, we must simply notice what his predominant qualities are; for, although all qualities are latent in him, a single one or a few will certainly prevail, and will, of course, dominate the rest.

For our purpose it would be superfluous and impossible in such a short article as this to give even a synopsis of the combinations of the different traits of character. We will give one single example; and we choose that combination which is most applicable to the character of a musical artist, *viz.*, a character in which passion and egotism prevail.

If a man with such a character possesses a strong will, and is sufficiently spiritual to counteract the influence of the two above-mentioned lower qualities, his character may be most suitable for the task he has to fulfil, and may even attain to a high degree of development. But woe to the poor soul if the higher qualities are lacking; his lower nature will then drag him down and cause degeneracy.

Is not this one of the causes why a man, who seems to possess all the qualities needed to make him one of the greatest artists of his age -- and we could give examples — yet fails to reach the highest degree of perfection and expression?

With such a character is it not self-evident that the artist's works will be stamped by his passions, and so spirituality and everything connected with man's higher nature will be surrounded by, and hidden behind, clouds? For his mind cannot free itself from materialism.

But a man's character is not only the result of the qualities he possesses; it is shaped also by the circumstances in which he lives, and it is difficult to form a judgment unless we are acquainted with these latter. Who knows what Karma the man has made for himself in former lives: a Karma that must be faced and worked out in this incarnation? For

we cannot doubt that everyone is born in the environment and in the conditions that he himself has created in former lives, nor can we doubt that these conditions are the most suitable for the lessons he has to learn during his present existence. Besides, we must remember that not only everyone in every incarnation has to learn his own lesson, but that he has also to play *his* part and teach *his* lesson to others in the great orchestra called 'Life'! We must also admit that everyone is born in the epoch that procures him the best opportunities not only for his own development, but also for his work as a teacher. For example, can anybody imagine that Palestrina or Bach could have been born in an age which was suitable for a Wagner or a Debussy? The lessons which the former had to teach were entirely different from those taught by the latter.

What has been said answers sufficiently the two first points of our premises. In regard to the last point we have to examine the question: Can we admit that man's divine nature exerts an influence notwithstanding the fact that man's animal nature is not fully under control? This is a vital question, for its answer includes a statement not only in regard to man's musical activities but to all man's actions as well.

It is impossible to doubt that the divine spirit *does* exert an influence in man; for man, even if his lower self is not fully under control, is a living soul, and as such partakes of the divine life. Of course, if his lower self has been wrongly developed, his higher self may be likened to an artist, who, forced to use an imperfect instrument, will yet not be hindered from reproducing the inspiration of his soul, although in a less perfect way. So the Higher Self, if compelled to use a less than perfect personality as its instrument, will not be able to express itself in the most complete and most beautiful form, yet everyone will recognise that what is produced is part of the divine thought. Not only can a less than perfect personality be used as an instrument of the Higher Self, but even the most perfect personality is nothing but an instrument. The personality of itself cannot create: it is the spark divine that makes man create, in spite of himself.

Look at the works of art and you will see; listen to the musical masterpieces and you will hear. In the works of the great masters, as for example Bach and Palestrina, you will find a perfection, a truthfulness, a profound feeling and at the same time a simplicity which makes you believe that they are parts of nature. Studying the biographies of these men, we find that their lives were in complete harmony with the works they produced. Palestrina, a fervent Roman Catholic, lived up to the principles of his faith, in which he seems to have found the highest expression of the ideals of his soul. Bach may be considered more or less

as the antipodes of Palestrina; for in the principles of the Protestant Church he recognised the expression of the highest human ideals and tried to make these principles the living power in his life. In the works of the first all is serene, passion has been avoided, something no longer human is prevalent; in the works of the latter it is the struggle of human mind which finds expression, but behind the struggle one feels the splendid intuition of the divine; and the victory of the Higher Self over the lower is the ultimate result in every piece of this great artist. In Palestrina we have the expression of the soul of a child, which gives itself unhesitatingly in unshakable faith. In Bach we have the expression of the soul of a man, surrendering without doubt or hesitation to spiritual ideas; but it demands knowledge and aspires to a higher degree of faith, a faith founded on the highest principles to which man's intelligence can rise. Is it necessary to give examples of artists whose personalities are not in harmony with their soul-life? We do not believe it is, for everyone knows them.

And so it happens that never before and never afterwards has any one been able to produce works of a character and perfection that could possibly be compared with the works of the two great masters already named. Doubtless other great artists have produced very, very great works, but there is no one whose art shows a more complete unity between the underlying idea and the material form than theirs. And, as said, we know from their biographies that in thought, word, and deed, these two composers were in perfect harmony with the works they produced. To them the divine was embodied — for Palestrina, in the faith which was his; and for Bach, in that of the Protestant Church; and the result was not only a wonderful expression of beautiful and lofty feelings, but a perfection in technique that never has been equaled or surpassed.

With these examples before us, is it not evident that we must admit the duality in man in order to find a logical and reasonable explanation of the various aspects of art and of artists of which this article treats?

How is it that notwithstanding great mental development, no one composer can be compared with the two mentioned above?

How is it that these two artists had a command of the technical side of music so great that all combinations of sounds seem to be 'their obedient servants'? And, how is it (and this is the most astonishing aspect of the question) that these artists, although their works are more complicated than those of any other composer, speak a language more simple and more impressive than any other artist has used?

If such men had not relied upon their spiritual potentialities, they certainly could not have reached the point from which they were able

to reveal to the world some of the mysteries of another plane. Ask the great masters of art why they do this or that, or why they do it in such or such a way? They will smile, because they themselves cannot tell you anything; for they know well that it is only while creating that *they know*. They do not give birth to their spiritual children in an ordinary mental way; their works are children of their will. Besides this, everyone knows also that an artist is not able to produce merely at will, he can only produce when his — (what name can we give it?) urges him. And that unnamable quality, which every artist nevertheless knows, is just that which, as we have endeavored to show in the course of our thoughts on music, is the *proof* of Man's Duality.

MEMORY: by R. Machell

OF all man's faculties the most precious perhaps is memory; without it he is hardly man. Its loss disqualifies him even to take care of himself or to attend to any kind of business; yet he may lose the faculty of memory almost entirely without being irrational. While on the other hand many are driven to the verge, and even beyond the borders of insanity by the insistence of involuntary memory or by their inability to forget.

Loss of memory may not in itself imply insanity, although it certainly means irresponsibility, and is an evidence of derangement scarcely distinguishable from actual madness. Insanity is neither more nor less than loss of balance in the functions of the mind; just as disease is disorder arising in the relations of the functions of the body.

At first sight memory appears to be more than a mere function of the mind. Is it not rather, one may ask, the continuity of consciousness which constitutes our individuality?

To be sure of one's own identity one must have continuity of consciousness but not necessarily memory of facts and circumstances, of events and thoughts: one may lose memory and forget one's own name without loss of individuality; one may forget all else and yet retain the sense of Self. We all of us have such experiences sometimes in dream, if not in the waking state, or else, it may be, in sickness, when one no longer recognises familiar faces or the room in which one may have lived for years; but yet one is still one's self.

Man is a complex being; he *has* a personality, he *is* an individual. The individual is the immortal Ego; the personality is but the tem-

porary appearance of the Ego for the period of one single incarnation.

Continuity of self-consciousness is one thing; memory is another. The self-consciousness that makes a man individual is due to an internal recognition of union with the Supreme Self, of which the individual may be called a single 'ray.'

Personal identity depends on memory. It is a thread on which are strung the beads of experience gathered during one short incarnation. This personal memory is accessible to the individual self by contact with the brain-mind of the physical man. And as a man has a new brain at each new incarnation, so his personal identity changes at each new birth while individual self-consciousness goes on. Self is immortal.

The memory of a man is one thing, the memory of humanity is another, and the world-memory is yet otherwise, though all are dependent on the power of Nature to record events, and hold the records in that store-house of universal memory, the so-called 'Astral Light.' That store-house is not in any particular place, but is universally diffused; it has been sometimes called Nature's library of reference. Each man's own memory is a part of it, but is in many cases the only part to which he has personal access; so that to him his memory seems different from the greater memory of humanity as a whole.

Memory plays a peculiar part in the drama of life. It is the very foundation of tragedy, which is the most important aspect of the classic drama, that mirror of the human soul in action on the earth. The keynote of classic Tragedy is Revenge, or Retribution, both of which are the natural outcome of remembered wrongs. They are but different aspects of reaction, or the natural repetition by inversion of deeds of violence: they are both forms of retaliation for remembered wrongs. Revenge without memory would be unthinkable, as would be also the super-human aspect of revenge, the sort of Retribution that is meted out to men by Fate, by Destiny, or by the Lower Gods. This crude sort of justice is a natural raw product of memory uncontrolled by higher knowledge. It is an attribute of the lower gods and of those masses of humanity who in one form or another pay homage to the lesser deities. The High Gods alone administer true Justice, which is the expression of the Law of Harmony. Sometimes we find them spoken of as tempering justice with mercy: but this is merely the lower man's misunderstanding of the Higher Law, the Law of Love. Justice is but the right expression of the Law of Love, not tempered nor qualified.

Revenge and Retribution hold high places in classic Tragedy, but are denounced by Teachers of that Doctrine of Compassion, on which from time to time men seek to found a new religion loftier than the last.

The failure of such efforts is due to the hold which the lower nature has on the soul of man during his incarnation here on earth (particularly in this cycle of human evolution). The lower nature naturally obeys the 'lesser deities' who personify those powers of nature principally concerned with material existences. The Law of Love, however, is the expression of the Higher Law, of which the lower gods know nothing.

But Man is dual in his nature, and can identify himself with either the higher or the lower law or he can act so as to form in his own person a living bridge between the upper and the under world.

So in the antique drama we see men favored by various deities, who become champions for opposing factions of the gods, being also at the same time their protégés; for the old dramatists knew well that men could express in their own lives the spiritual powers of the Universe whether they be divine or elemental. This in fact is the real basis of the classic drama; and this it is that lifts a tragedy out of the rank of vulgar melodrama and makes it Classic. When each particular is seen to be an expression of the universal, the personages of a drama become naturally symbolic, typic of humanity; the story of the play then loses all littleness or character of gossip, and becomes large as life itself: it is no longer a mere story, but a revelation of the inner drama of the soul; its interest is general, its appeal universal. This is what makes a play classic. Literary style, if genuine and not a mere affectation, is the appropriate form in which the allegory is expressed, and necessarily partakes of the lofty character and purpose of the thought. So it too becomes classic.

The continuity supplied by the persistence of memory, that permeates the Classic Tragedy, is absent from the Comedy of the same period, or if not absent is so distorted as to appear grotesque. The essential element of tragedy is lacking; and this lack produces an incongruity that excites a sense of the ridiculous. The fun of one age is often unintelligible to an audience of a later date: the antique comedy may appear to us heavy and overloaded with exaggeration. But we must remember that to people accustomed to see an allegory in every story, the incidents and personages of the drama would be symbols of something great and universal. This largeness of allusion calls for a broader treatment than is needed in a play which is merely an illustration, an incidental narrative, a piece of gossip (as it were) compared with a page of history. The difference between the great Classic Drama and the modern problem play, lies just in the fact that in the former the consciousness of the eternal union of the particular with the universal, of the human with the divine, is ever active; whereas in the latter it is dormant or absent altogether. There is a chasm between an allegory and an illustration,

which no brilliancy of intellectual analysis or literary style can bridge. As to exaggeration, that may be due to an overwhelming sense of the dignity of Man and of the imminence of divinity; or it may be used as a means of detaching the mind of the spectator from the mundane reality of the story, so as to liberate his imagination for the appreciation of the spiritual revelation, which is the aim of the Great Drama of Antiquity. This character of religious ceremony is deeply stamped on the work of ancient dramatists, and is surely due to their recognition of a great underlying purpose in human life.

The Gods themselves seem hardly more than emblems of the pitiless continuity of Fate that works through memory, and weaves the web of human life upon a pattern fashioned in the dawn of time to be passed down from age to age by Memory, the tyrant, whose slaves are men, and whose decrees are executed by the lower gods.

The classic tragedies all breathe an atmosphere of awe and reverence, as well as horror and despair; the most compelling cause of which is certainly the relentless persistence of the memory of wrong, which takes on the aspect of religious obligation in men, and of divine necessity among the gods. This reverence for memory still haunts the minds of men even in an age soaked with irreverence.

In many nations and in some isolated communities the *vendetta* is regarded almost as a religious duty. Forgetfulness of injuries is counted a disgrace. Failure to revenge an insult or a wrong of any kind in such races is regarded as a betrayal of trust, a fall from honor, or as an evidence of baseness, such as to disqualify a man to associate on terms of intimacy with decent people. Memory in all such cases appears to be regarded as a divine attribute, for all revenge is based on memory of wrong. The memory of benefits received is also deified as gratitude; and moralists as well as religionists insist upon the exercise of gratitude as a duty both towards Gods and men.

Yet the Great Teachers of Wisdom uphold Compassion, which blots out the memory of wrongs; and they preach Love and Universal Brotherhood so vast and all-embracing, that in the glory of their radiance even gratitude sinks into shadowy insignificance and seems but a small virtue, a kind of mere repayment of a debt, or the discharge of an oppressive obligation; admirable in its way, but scarcely more worthy of renown than simple honesty, which only wears the aspect of a virtue in a community in which the standard of morality is low, and in which the law of Brotherhood is inoperative if not unknown.

Love gives to all alike, regardless of benefits received or injuries. Love transcends gratitude as Justice supersedes revenge. Man can escape the degrading tyranny of the lower law of vengeance only by

raising himself to the plane on which the Higher Law of Justice, Love, and Brotherhood is supreme.

The exoteric Drama of antiquity displays the Gods in constant conflict; the High Gods sometimes overruling the lower, and occasionally outwitted by them, or in open war: which things are allegories of the eternal struggle in Man between the higher and the lower nature. Such images were more or less intelligible to an ignorant populace, that was yet fond of poetry and familiar with poetic imagery.

The esoteric teachings of one age become the exoteric science of succeeding times, as man evolves, or, rising from a long relapse into mere barbarism, asserts once more his right to his inheritance of knowledge.

Increase of knowledge brings with it higher obligations; and emancipation from a lower law implies acceptance of a higher. There is no freedom from Law: Law being but the expression of the inherent nature of things universal or particular. But the fulfilment of the lower law brings man to the border of a region in which a higher order reigns, and if he cross the border he naturally becomes subject to the Higher Law; but if he tries to free himself from all Law he naturally becomes an outcast doomed to the desolation of the 'No-man's-land' that lies between two states of evolution, a non-existent territory in fact. So that the unfortunates who try to stand upon the imaginary space will find themselves the victims of their own delusion torn by contending forces in their own nature.

Hate and revenge are obviously lower ideals than Love and Justice, but it may at first seem hard to look upon gratitude as anything less than a high virtue. Yet gratitude is something less than Love. Where there is no sense of benefits received there is no call for gratitude: but Love is not born of benefits received or hoped for. In speaking thus of Love it stands to reason that the term is used in its highest sense.

Justice and Love are the reflexions in the heart of Man of the pure light of Truth, eternal, universal, transcendental, and yet imminent, although incomprehensible in its purity to the brain-mind of man. But gratitude is like revenge, it springs from memory of deeds done, of benefits received, just as revenge arises from remembered wrongs.

Memory is what binds man to the past: memory is the instrument of Karma which brings round the regular recurrence of historical events. The universal memory is Karma, the symbolic wheel on which the heavenly exile is allegorically bound.

Significantly enough the ancient drama of Prometheus has come down to us in mutilated form, and we in our age are still in the position of the Titan bound. But Theosophy proclaims his liberation, and calls on man to free himself, to open his eyes, and to see that he *is* free.

The tragedy of tragedies in human life is man's submission to the tyranny of memory, and the long crucifixion of the Soul upon the cross of physical existence, to which the heavenly exile 'Man divine' is nailed by the powers that dominate the material world in which the eternal tragedy is performed.

The proclamation of Universal Brotherhood, which is the mission of Theosophy, is a call to man to rise from his long dream of degradation, to claim his heritage of Truth, and Light, and Liberation; to throw off the yoke of the old tyrant memory, and to realize his oneness with the Supreme, from which he emanates as a ray from the Central Sun. It calls upon him to achieve his freedom from the lower, and to assume the joyful burden of the higher Law, the Law of Brotherhood: and it urges him immediately to bring his own life on earth into some semblance of harmony with the divine ideal. It bids man turn his back on memories of past faults and failures, and to say to them: "Get thee behind me, Satan!"

That is where memory belongs.

The austerity of the old code of honor, which made revenge a duty so sacred as to be regarded more in the light of a religious rite than as a social obligation, was tempered in the middle-ages by the attempt to graft a gentler code of courtesy upon the harsh stem of the old classic system, which had been hardly modified by the Judaic law accepted by the so-called 'Christian' churches. The institution known as Chivalry, which was a form of Mariolatry adapted to the needs of fighting men, was an attempt to soften the harshness of the old code, and to exalt the worship of womanhood. It failed, and degenerated into mere romanticism. The austerity of the old code was weakened, but the new ideal found no firm foundation either in philosophy or in the practical requirements of those unsettled times. There was an esoteric side to the new movement, but it was soon swamped in the general corruption of the age, and faded out of sight beneath a veil of mysticism and romance. Something of its sentiment perhaps remained and a more or less florid symbolism adorned its tomb.

There is no possibility of compromise between the higher and the lower law. It is a question of evolution, and in evolution there are mystic gateways through which the candidate must pass: just as in Nature there are changes of condition which allow of no compromise. The unborn child comes under a new dispensation the moment he sees the light and draws his first breath: there is no going back or halting half way: and evolution is continual birth, with death as but another kind of birth. The new state once entered calls for a new standard of morality: and Nature mercifully blots out memory at some of these changes of

condition. In others Man must adapt himself to the new state by voluntary effort.

There is a Wisdom-Religion from which all codes and creeds and customs are derived originally, and into which they must eventually be resolved, but from which they none the less depart in various directions temporarily deceptive, yet not altogether false. This Wisdom-Religion is what we call Theosophy, and is the source from which our Teachers draw their doctrines. Studying these teachings we discover clues to the mystery of human discord and Man's aspirations, his hopes and high ideals, and his fanatical attempts to fit his own fetters on to the souls that come to earth to solve the mystery of life. Thus he bequeathes his limitations to succeeding generations in obedience to the dictates of Memory, which causes the human race to carry upon its shoulders a load that is entirely unnecessary. Death tries to set men free, but education (?) binds the old fetters on the new-born souls, and sets the children's feet upon the tread-mill of destiny, that they may keep the great wheel moving eternally. The wheel is Karma. Karma is memory in action. The emblem of the man bound upon the wheel may be an exoteric allegory, but it is also a true image of man bound by memory to the past which shall be for him the future. The wheel is a favorite symbol and has many possible interpretations; one of these is the revolution of recurring ages around a changeless center, which is the Supreme self. When the wheel is displayed with an eye in the center, it would seem to symbolize the awakened Soul conscious of its spiritual identity with the central sun or Soul of the Universe, which looks on unmoved while the worlds ceaselessly revolve around that place of peace, which is eternally unmoved although it bears the strain of all the forces that produce the visible universe. In that symbol is expressed the spiritual supremacy of Man. It is the declaration of his power to awaken in himself his higher consciousness, his Soul, which is the Seer, the all-seeing eye, and to attain freedom from the bondage of the lower law — the wheel of memory.

THE soul, if immortal, existed before our birth. What is incorruptible must be ungenerable. Metempsychosis [reincarnation] is the only system of immortality that Philosophy can hearken to. — *Hume*

THE ANCIENT AND MODERN SCIENCES OF THE RADIOACTIVE TRANSFORMATIONS OF NATURE

by W. A. Dunn

A VINDICATION OF THE TEACHINGS OF H. P. BLAVATSKY

PART TWO

AT the Chicago meeting of the American Chemical Society, reported in *Journal, Chemical Society*, March, 1909, Prof. H. N. M'Coy of the University of Chicago said:

During the past eleven years enormous advances have been made along entirely new lines in the knowledge of the interrelations of the elements, and the nature of matter. This new knowledge had its origin in the discovery by Becquerel in 1896 of the radiations emitted by uranium. It was found by Becquerel that all uranium compounds send out rays capable of affecting a photographic plate through light-proof paper, and also of enormously increasing the electrical conductivity of air, by ionizing it. Schmidt, and independently Mme. Curie, found that all compounds of thorium produce similar rays. Scientists will never forget the intense interest taken in the discovery by the Curies of *Radium*, a substance which possessed the properties of uranium and thorium augmented more than a millionfold. There were also new properties: powerful physiological effects, evolution of light and even of heat, it having been found by Curie and Laborde that the temperature of a tube of radium is always perceptibly above that of its surroundings. Here then was a most marvelous result — the continuous and seemingly undiminished production of a portion of matter, which appeared to suffer no chemical change. It even seemed as if a source of perpetual motion had been found.

It was soon clearly established that the activity of radioactive substances was not due to the excitation of any *known* radiation. Some scientists, however, including Lord Kelvin, Becquerel, and the Curies, imagined as the source of the observed energy, an *unknown cosmic radiation* [italics ours] which was intercepted and transformed by the radioactive body. . . .

The radiations were found to be of *three* sorts, called the Alpha, Beta, and Gamma rays. The nature of the Beta rays was first established. The photo-activity is chiefly due to these rays; they readily penetrate light-proof paper, are easily deflected by a magnetic or an electric field, and in such a direction as to show that they are negatively charged. . . .

The Alpha rays are quite different; they are unable to penetrate a single sheet of writing paper; but they are the chief cause of the ionization of the air, and the elevation of temperature.

The Gamma rays are apparently very penetrating X rays. . . .

There is now no shadow of doubt that the rate of radioactive change *is entirely independent of the form of chemical combination* of radioactive substance; temperature is also without influence, a given transformation occurs at precisely the same rate at the temperature of liquid hydrogen or at a white heat.

It thus appears that *radioactive change is a natural process which is entirely beyond man's control.* [Italics ours.]

Radium emanation acting on water, produces neon; while with a solution of copper nitrate it produces argon. . . .

The formation of lithium from copper has been observed four times by Ramsay. . . .

Radioactive matter is easily extracted from the air by means of a negatively-charged wire. . . .

In conclusion it may be said that while the work of the nineteenth century produced abundant and varied evidence that between the elements there exists the most intimate interrelations, the researches of the past few years of this new century have shown the fundamental significance of these relationships and lead us to the conclusion that the elements may no longer

be considered immutable; that matter is probably of but a single sort, of which our common elements represent the more stable forms which have resulted from a process of natural evolution.

The following quotations are from a paper read before the British Association of Science by Professor Joly of Dublin University:

It is to uranium that we look for the continuance of the supply of radium. In it we find an all but eternal source. The fraction of this substance which decays each year, or, rather, is transformed to a lower atomic weight, is measured in tens of thousands of millionths; so that the uranium of the earth one hundred million years ago was hardly more than one per cent. greater in mass than it is today. As radioactive investigations became more refined and extended, it was discovered that radium was widely diffused over the earth. The emanation of it was obtained from the atmosphere, from the soil, from caves. It was extracted from well waters. Radium was found in brick-earths, and everywhere in rocks containing the least trace of demonstrable uranium, and Rutherford calculated that a quantity of radium so minute as 4.6×10^{-14} grammes per gramme of the earth's mass would compensate for all the heat now passing out through its surface. . . .

In an article by Mme. Curie, written in 1906, she says:

Here are now a new series of facts which are interpreted by the theory of radioactive transformation. Radium disengages continuously a substance which behaves like a gaseous radioactive material and which has received the name of *the emanation*. Air which has been in contact with a solution of radium salts is charged with the emanation, and may be drawn away and studied. . . .

When the emanation is drawn into a flask containing zinc sulphide, the latter becomes luminous. The emanation is an unstable gas and spontaneously disappears, even from a sealed glass tube, at a rate in accord with a strict law. . . .

The emanation possesses the property of imparting radioactivity to all the bodies in contact with it, and such bodies are said to possess induced radioactivity. . . .

It has been shown that there is nothing absurd in supposing that the energy *we receive from the sun may be in part, or even in total, due to the presence of radioactive bodies which it may contain.* [Italics ours.]

In the French Journal of Science *La Nature*, Professor de Launay wrote as follows:

We have supposed hitherto for simplicity an independence between matter and ether which does not really exist. . . . As soon as we regard any . . . phenomena closely we see that most of the properties commonly attributed to matter are really *those of the ether in matter*. .

We must mention a curious hypothesis recently enunciated by Sir Oliver Lodge with the boldness characteristic of English men of science. The human brain, our organ of thought, is composed of matter. Lodge suggests that *ether* may constitute the instrument of another form of thought which may to a certain degree, affect our thoughts, just as ether intervenes in our ordinary sensations. This implies the existence of a mysterious connexion between mind and matter.

As bearing upon the quotations given above, the following utterance by Professor H. E. Cramption before Columbia University on the New Biology is given:

The most striking feature of animals and plants is their adjustment to their *vital conditions*. An organism that seems so sufficient unto itself, so capable and independent, is nevertheless

inextricably locked with its surroundings, for its very substance is composed of materials wrested from the environment. . . .

The generalized biological formula, then, for the turmoil of nature is *adaptation — Life*. Here then is the heart of the mystery. How has this universal condition been brought about? What have animals *within* them that might determine their greater or less efficiency?

These few quotations, taken from a large number of similar utterances, give a fair idea of the *direction* in which scientific thought is moving with unprecedented rapidity. It will be seen that the spirit of speculation is almost absent. Conviction is stamped upon every utterance, as is warranted by the unquestionable proof that has been gathered in a few short years by the most exact men of science.

It will now be our privilege to present, from the writings of H. P. Blavatsky, the ancient teachings of Sages and Mystics — and the mind must indeed be a prejudiced one that does not recognise in them a direct reference to these recently discovered forces of radioactivity, as it affected, and was intimately known to, the ancient Teachers of Humanity. And it is small wonder that many scientists are according the alchemists some knowledge of fact. It is almost certain that the direction in which scientific thought is proceeding will carry it direct to a body of knowledge that has been accumulating from the earliest time, and has dealt with these very forces of radioactivity as known *from the Moral and Spiritual point of view*, by men who *possessed* developed internal faculties to cognise interiorly what science has only approached exteriorly.

In 1877 Madame H. P. Blavatsky wrote her first great work entitled *Isis Unveiled*. From it the following extracts are made. (Italicized lines show correspondence to scientific descriptions of radioactivity.) *Isis Unveiled*, Vol. I, p. 155:

We may once more return to the symbology of the olden times, and their physico-religious myths. Before we close this work, we hope to demonstrate more or less successfully how closely the conceptions of the latter were allied with many of the achievements of modern science in physics and natural philosophy. Under the emblematical devices and peculiar phraseology of the priesthood of old lie latent hints of sciences as yet undiscovered during the present cycle. . . .

There are myths which speak for themselves. In this class we may include the double-sexed first creators, of every cosmogony. The Greek Zeus-Zên (aether) and Chthonia (the chaotic earth) and Metis (the water), his wives; Osiris and Isis-Latona — the former god representing also ether — the first *emanation* of the Supreme Deity, Amun, *the primeval source of light;* the goddess earth and water again; Mithras (Mithras was regarded among the Persians as the *Theos ek petras — god of the rock.* —Footnote) the *rock-born* god, the symbol of the male mundane-fire, or the personified primordial light, and Mithra, the fire-goddess at once his mother and his wife. . . . Mithras is the Son of Bordj, the Persian *mundane mountain from which he flashes* out as a radiant *ray of light.* Brahmâ, the fire-god and his prolific consort; and the Hindû *Agni, the refulgent deity*, from whose body issue a thousand streams of glory and *seven* tongues of flame, and in whose honor the Sâgnika Brâhmans preserve to this day a *perpetual* fire; Śiva, personated by the mundane mountain of the Hindûs — the

Meru (Himâlaya). This terrific fire-god who is said in the legend to have descended from heaven . . . *in a pillar of fire,* and a dozen of other archaic, double-sexed deities, all loudly proclaim their hidden meaning. *And what can these dual myths mean but the physico-chemical principle of primordial creation? The first revelation of the Supreme Cause in its triple manifestation of spirit, force, and matter;* the divine *correlation,* at its starting point of evolution, allegorized as the marriage of *fire* and water, *products of electrifying* spirit, union of the male active principle with the female passive element, which become the parents of their tellurian child, cosmic matter, the *prima materia,* whose spirit is ether, the ASTRAL LIGHT!
Vol. I, 155 - 156.

The marriage of fire and water, from which cosmic matter proceeds, is precisely what science is demonstrating by dissolving radium in water.

Thus all the world-mountains and mundane eggs, the mundane trees, and the mundane snakes and pillars, may be shown to embody scientifically demonstrated truths of natural philosophy. All of these mountains contain, with very trifling variations, the allegorically-expressed description of primal cosmogony; the mundane trees, that of subsequent evolution of spirit and matter; the mundane snakes and pillars, symbolical memorials of the various attributes of this double evolution in its endless correlation of cosmic forces. Within the mysterious recesses of the mountain — the matrix of the universe — the gods (powers) *prepare the atomic germs of organic life.* . .

This read in conjunction with statements of science on radioactivity, is almost literally identical, especially as referring to the radioactivity of mountains and rocks.

Isis Unveiled. Vol. I, p. 163:

To bridge over the narrow gulf which now separates the *new* chemistry from *old* alchemy, is little, if any harder than what they have done in going from dualism to the law of Avogadro.

As Ampère served to introduce Avogadro to our contemporary chemists, so Reichenbach will perhaps one day be found to have paved the way with his OD for the just appreciation of Paracelsus. . . . Vol. I, 163.

(Paracelsus wrote) page 164,

I considered with myself that if there were no teachers of medicine in this world, how would I set to learn the art? No otherwise than in the great open book of nature, written with the finger of God. . . . I am accused and denounced for not having entered in by the right door. But which is the right one? Galen, Avicenna, Mesne, Rhasis, or honest nature? I believe, the last! Through this door I entered, and the *light* of nature, and no apothecary's lamp directed me on my way! 164.

He [Paracelsus] demonstrates that in man lies hidden a '*Sidereal* force,' which is that *emanation* [radium emanation!] from the stars and celestial bodies of which the spiritual form of man — the astral spirit — is composed. This identity of essence, which we may term the spirit of cometary matter, always stands in direct relation with the stars from which it was drawn, and thus there exists a mutual attraction between the two, both being magnets. 168.

This is precisely the relation between radium and its emanation.

The identical composition of the earth and all other planetary bodies and man's terrestrial body was a fundamental idea in his philosophy. "The body comes from the elements, the [astral] spirit from the stars. . . . Man eats and drinks of the elements for the sustenance of his blood and flesh; from *the stars are the intellect and thoughts sustained in his spirit.*" *The spectroscope has made good his theory as to the identical composition of man and stars; the*

physicists now lecture to their classes upon the magnetic attractions of the sun and planets.

Of the substances known to compose the body of man, there have been discovered in the stars already, hydrogen, sodium, calcium, magnesium, and iron. In all the stars observed, numbering many hundreds, hydrogen was found, except in two. . . .

And now, a very natural question is suggested. How did Paracelsus come to learn anything of the composition of the stars, when, till a very recent period — till the discovery of the spectroscope in fact — the constituents of the heavenly bodies were utterly unknown to our learned academics? . . . Could Paracelsus have been so sure of the nature of the starry host, unless he had means of which science knows nothing? . . .

We must bear in mind, moreover, that *Paracelsus was the discoverer of hydrogen, and knew well all its properties* . . . and that, if he did assert that man is in a direct affinity with the stars, he knew well what he asserted. . . .

"The sun and the stars attract from us to themselves, and we again from them to us." What objection can science offer to this? *What it is that we give off, is shown in Baron Reichenbach's discovery of the odic emanations of man, which are identical with flames from magnets, crystals, and in fact from all vegetable organisms.* [In short, radioactivity.] 168-169

It is indeed strange that no great man of science has had the courage to acknowledge that Madame Blavatsky wrote about radioactivity a full generation previous to its discovery by the Curies. The following quotation requires no comment. In *Isis Unveiled*, Vol. I, p. 200, Madame Blavatsky wrote:

Aristotle maintains that this gas, or astral emanation, escaping from inside the earth, is the sole sufficient cause, acting from within outwardly for the vivification of every living being and plant upon the external crust. In answer to the skeptical negators of his century, Cicero, moved by a just wrath, exclaims: "And what can be more divine than the exhalations of the earth which affect the human soul so as to enable her to predict the future? And could the hand of time evaporate such a virtue?" . . .

All the prophets of old — inspired sensitives — were said to be uttering their prophecies under the same conditions either by the direct outward efflux of the *astral emanation*, or a sort of damp fluxion, rising from the earth. It is this astral matter which serves as a temporary clothing of the souls who form themselves in this light. 200

The four elements of our fathers, earth, air, water, and fire, contain for the student of alchemy and ancient psychology — or as it is now termed, *magic* — many things of which our philosophy has never dreamed. . . .

Henry More, of Cambridge University — a man universally esteemed, may be named as a shrewd logician, scientist, and metaphysician. . . . His faith. . . . The infinite and uncreated spirit that we usually call GOD, *a substance of the highest virtue and excellency, produced everything else by emanative causality.* God thus is the primary substance; the rest, the secondary; if the former created matter with a power of moving itself, he, the primary substance, *is still the cause of that motion as well as of the matter*, and yet we rightly say that it is matter which moves itself. "We may define this kind of spirit we speak of to be a substance indiscernible, that can move itself, that can penetrate, contract, and dilate itself, and can also penetrate, move, and alter matter," which is the *third emanation*. (*Antidote*, lib. I, cap. 4) 205 - 206.

Battista Porta, the learned Italian philosopher . . . left a work on *Natural Magic* [*Magia Naturalis*, Lugdini, 1589] in which he bases all of the occult phenomena possible to man upon the world-soul which binds all with all. He shows that the astral light acts in harmony and sympathy with all nature; that it is the essence out of which our spirits are formed; and that by acting in unison with their parent-source, our sidereal bodies are rendered capable

of producing magic wonders. *The whole secret depends on our knowledge of kindred elements.* page 208

Is the inner organism of man less sensitive to climatic influences than a bit of steel? 211

That this 'astral emanation' is in fact the emanation of radioactivity now discovered by science is shown by the following quotation from *Radioactivity and Geology*, by Professor Joly, 1909, Dublin University:

The gaseous nature of the emanation derived from radium was instrumental in first indicating the very widespread existence of radioactive substances in the surface-materials of the earth. . . .

Air drawn through the soil contained a radioactive emanation. . . .

Air in caverns was exceptionally radioactive. . . .

The radioactive emanation was also found to be generally diffused through the atmosphere, depositing an active substance on negatively charged surfaces. These and a host of observations by various investigators all over the world pointed to the conclusion that radioactive matter was a widely diffused constituent of the surface-materials of the earth. (pp.35,36.)

This extraordinary 'emanation' of radioactivity, proceeding from the whole surface of the earth, filling the atmosphere, caves, soil, rocks, ocean, (and of course all vegetable and animal life) should be clearly held in thought. We should remember that we are not reading from the old mystic books, but from the pages of a book on Geology by an eminent professor of Dublin University, when he says:

The emanation of radium is a remarkably stable body. It has been subjected to the most extreme chemical and physical conditions by Rutherford, Ramsay, and others. Sparkling for hours with oxygen over alkali, *heating to a red heat in contact with various substances, etc., had no measurable effect on its radioactive properties.* Passed through tightly compressed cotton-wool it issued unchanged in amount. It is, in fact, purely gaseous in its properties, and diffuses like any other gas. The first products of change — as well as the subsequent ones — are solids. These are deposited from the emanation upon any surface exposed to the gas. . . . Once deposited, a certain number of the rays emitted in the course of further changes must penetrate the solids on which the particles rest. (pp. 23, 24.)

This radioactive surface-layer must extend to a depth of some miles. (p. 39.)

The condition of the deep-sea deposits fully supports the observations on the radioactivity of the ocean. (p. 49.)

We know that the sediments in the ocean once in solution are all ultimately derived from igneous rocks. (p. 56.)

There appears to be little doubt that the occurrence of helium in springs, in natural gases, and in the atmosphere, must be ascribed to the general diffusion of unstable elements in the surface-crust of the earth. For *there is no longer any question of the identity of helium with the alpha ray.* (p. 63.)

These 'alpha rays' are but one of the *three* rays emitted from radioactive substances. These triple rays are explained by Professor Joly on page 13:

Gases become conductors of electricity under *the ionizing influence* of the rays attending the transformations of radioactive matter. These transformations are accompanied by the emission of: — (*a*) relatively heavy material particles — helium atoms — *electrified positively* and projected with great velocity. These are the alpha rays. They represent a definite ma-

terial part of the atom from which they are derived, and probably indicate that helium enters into the constitution of very many of the elements; (*b*) electrons or beta particles, of very much less mass, but moving at yet higher speeds and electrified negatively; the gamma radiations, the nature of which is still under discussion, which may be material or *ethereal*, and which also produce ionization. Of these three forms of radiation the alpha rays are far the most important. . . .

Spectrum analysis was the most delicate method possessed for detecting the constituent elements in the sun and stars. In reference to radioactivity, Professor Joly says:

In the application of radioactive methods, we work for the first time with a means of detection many thousands of times more delicate than the spectroscope [preface] . . . . The presence of helium everywhere in the rocks, notwithstanding its continual escape into the atmosphere, is, therefore, independent proof, not only of the widespread distribution of the radioactive elements, but of their ceaseless evolution of energy [preface]. The transformations of radioactive matter are accompanied by the emission of the alpha, beta, and gamma rays.

Some scientists . . . including Lord Kelvin, Becquerel, and the Curies, imagined as the source of the observed energy an *unknown cosmic radiation* which was intercepted and transformed by the radioactive body. (Prof. M'Coy's address to the American Chemical Society.)

There is no doubt that the radiations emitted from active bodies serve as very powerful agents for the ionization and disassociation of matter. . . .

The atoms of nitrogen appear to be more easily stimulated to give out their characteristic vibrations than any other gas so far examined. Rutherford. *Radioactive Transformations*, p. 274.

In view of the place occupied by *nitrogen* as the *inert* vehicle of ordinary compounds — its reference to radioactivity is worthy of attention. The astral body carries the life principle which both kills and builds up the body. Therefore radioactivity of the *Soul* in acting upon the astral vehicle suggests the link between soul and body.

Let us again refer to *Isis Unveiled*, Vol. I, pp. 212—213. In the light of radioactivity the following quotation vibrates with truth:

Man is a little world — a microcosm inside the great universe. Like a foetus, he is suspended, by all his *three* spirits, in the matrix of the macrocosmos; and while his terrestrial body is in constant sympathy with its parent earth, his astral soul lives in unison with the sidereal *anima mundi*. He is in it, as it is in him, for the world-pervading element fills all space, and *is* space itself, only shoreless and infinite. As to his third spirit, the divine, what is it but an infinitesimal ray, one of the countless radiations proceeding directly from the Highest Cause — the Spiritual Light of the World? This is the *trinity* of organic and inorganic nature — the spiritual and the physical, which are three in one, and of which Proclus says that "The first monad is the Eternal God; the second, eternity; the third, the paradigm or pattern of the universe"; the three constituting the Intelligible Triad. Everything in this visible universe is the outflow *of this Triad*, and a microcosmic triad itself. And thus they move in majestic procession in the fields of eternity, around the spiritual sun, as in the heliocentric system the celestial bodies move round the visible suns. The Pythagorean *Monad*, which lives "in solitude and darkness," may remain on this earth forever invisible, impalpable, and undemonstrated by experimental science. Still the whole universe will be gravitating around it, as it did from the "beginning of time" and with every second, *man and atom* approach nearer to that solemn moment in the eternity, when the Invisible Presence will become clear to their spiritual sight. When every particle of matter, even the most sublimated, has

been cast off from the last shape that forms the ultimate link of that chain of double evolution which, throughout millions of ages and *successive transformations*, has pushed the entity onward; and when it shall find itself reclothed in that primordial essence, identical with that of its Creator, then this once *impalpable organic atom* will have run its race, and the sons of God will once more "shout for joy" at the return of the pilgrim.

"Man," says Van Helmont, "is the mirror of the universe, and his *triple* nature stands in relationship to all things." The will of the Creator, through which all things were made and received their *first impulse*, is the *property of every living being*. Man, endowed with an additional spirituality, has the largest share of it on this planet. It depends on the proportion of matter in him whether he will exercise its magical faculty with more or less success. Sharing this divine potency in common with *every inorganic atom*, he exercises it through the course of his whole life, whether consciously or otherwise. In the former case, when in the full possession of his powers, he will be the master, and the *magnale magnum* (the universal soul) will be controlled and guided by him. In the cases of animals, plants, minerals, and even the average of humanity, this ethereal fluid which pervades all things, *finding no resistance*, and being left to itself, moves them as its impulse directs. Every created being in this sublunary sphere, is formed out of the *magnale magnum*, and is related to it. Man possesses a double celestial power, and is allied to heaven. This power is "not only in the outer man, but to a degree also in the animals, and perhaps in all other things, as all things in the universe stand in a relation to each other; . . . It is necessary that the magic strength should be awakened *in the outer as well as in the inner man.*

Maxwell, in his *Medicina Magnetica*, expounds the following propositions, all of which are the very doctrines of the alchemists and kabalists.

"That which men call the world-soul, is a life, as fiery, spiritual, fleet, light, and ethereal as light itself. It is a life-spirit everywhere, and everywhere the same. . . . All matter is destitute of action, except as it is ensouled by this spirit. This spirit maintains all things in their peculiar condition. It is found in nature *free from all fetters;* and he who understands how to unite it with a *harmonizing body* possesses a treasure which exceeds all riches." (p. 215.)

Radium emanations are absolutely 'free from all fetters' known to science.

"This spirit is the common bond of all quarters of the earth, and lives through and in all. . . ."

"He who knows this universal life-spirit and its applications can prevent all injuries."

"If thou canst avail thyself of this spirit and fix it on some particular body, thou wilt perform the mystery of magic."

"He who knows how to operate on men by this universal spirit, can heal, and this at any distance that he pleases."

"He who can invigorate the particular spirit through the universal one *might continue his life to eternity*."

"There is a blending together of spirits, *or of emanations, even when they are far separated from each other.* And what is this blending together? *It is an eternal and incessant outpouring of the rays of one body into another.*" (p. 216.)

The above words speak for themselves. And it is indeed a consolation to know that no human being can exercise such powers *except through such a process of personal purification as Theosophy teaches.* The selfish and ignorant man, only commands *his own self-elements*, and he can only rise to radioactive powers by transmutation — *of himself*. A few more facts from science will emphasize the truth given by Theosophy.

In effecting measurements of the radioactivity of terrestrial materials, we do not usually deal with radium itself, but with the *first product of change — the emanation* which is a gas at ordinary temperatures. (Prof. Joly, 18.)

[Italics ours] The radioactive property is ATOMIC, and consequently must result from a process occuring in the atom *and not in the molecule* . . . the process occurring not only in thorium but in all radioactive bodies. . . . Matter loses in atomic energy at each stage of the transformation, and the *energy radiated* is derived from the internal energy resident in the atoms themselves. The atom is supposed to consist of a number of charged parts in rapid oscillatory or orbital motion and consequently contains a great store of energy. . . .

This latent energy does not ordinarily manifest itself, since the *chemical and physical forces at our disposal do not allow us to break up the atom.* Part of this energy is, however, released in radioactive changes when the atom itself suffers disruption with the *expulsion* of one of its charged parts with great velocity. This theory has proved of the greatest service in correlating the various phenomena. (Rutherford: *Radioactive Transformations*, pp. 14, 15)

The presence of helium everywhere in the rocks, notwithstanding its continual escape into the atmosphere, is . . . independent proof, not only of the widespread distribution of the radioactive elements, but of *their ceaseless evolution of energy* . . . .

. . . That the helium in the rocks came into existence as the alpha particles evolved by transforming atoms, hardly admits of doubt. . . . To these laboriously detailed observations upon the rocks, the more *generalized* ones upon the radioactivity of the ocean have to be added. (Prof. Joly, *Radioactivity and Geology*)

It will be seen that the processes taking place in a mass of radioactive matter are very complicated. In a compound of radium, for example, there occurs a rapid expulsion of alpha and beta particles, accompanied with the generation of gamma rays, a rapid emission of heat, the *continuous* production of an *emanation* or gas, and the formation of an active deposit which gives rise to "excited" activity. (Rutherford, in his work, *Radioactive Transformations*)

From *The Electrical Experimenter* of September 1915, the following facts are taken: (In substance.)

Prof. Curie constructed an apparatus which consisted of two large glass bulbs connected by means of a glass tube that had a stop-cock attached. In one bulb a solution of radium salts was placed, in the other some phosphorescent zinc sulphide. When the stop gap was opened the radium *emanation* passed through the connecting tube into the opposite bulb containing the zinc sulphide, and this salt immediately became so luminous that one could by its means read a newspaper six feet away. As nothing is consumed, *such a lamp would give out cold light almost indefinitely.*

In connexion with this modern 'discovery,' it is instructive to *read again* what Mme. Blavatsky has written about the *perpetual lamps* of the ancients. In *Isis Unveiled,* Vol. I, p. 226, we read:

Among the ridiculed claims of alchemy is that of the *perpetual* lamps . . . as we know the ingredients employed, and the manner of their construction, and the natural law applicable to the case, we are confident that our statement can be corroborated upon investigation in the proper quarter. What that quarter is, and from whom that knowledge can be learned, our critics must discover, by taking the pains we did. Meanwhile, however, we will quote a few of the 173 authorities who have written upon the subject. . . . It will not be denied that, if there is a natural law by which a lamp can be made without replenishment to burn ten years, there is no reason why the same law could not cause the combustion to continue one hundred or one thousand years. . . .

The discovery is claimed by the ancient Egyptians, those sons of the Land of Chemistry. . . . The *astral soul* of the mummy was believed to be lingering about the body for the whole

space of the three thousand years of the circle of necessity. Attached to it by a magnetic thread, which could be broken but by its own exertion, the Egyptians hoped that the ever-burning lamp, symbol of their incorruptible and immortal spirit, would at last decide the more material soul to part with its earthly dwelling, and unite forever with its divine SELF.

Mme. Blavatsky supports her statements by extracts from many ancient writers, to whom our readers may refer for themselves. But the above quotation is sufficient to show that she was *not* creating fiction, but speaking from knowledge in accord with the latest discoveries. Moreover, the above throws light upon what has long been a mystery, *viz:* why did the Egyptians take so much trouble in the building of their tombs and mummifying their dead? Thoughtful minds might discern some answer in the reference made to the 'magnetic thread' between the astral soul and its *mummified* body – and the *resultant* ever-burning light. And still more, to a similar connexion *between* soul and body *in daily life,* when the higher emanations of spiritually controlled thought make luminous the lower emanations of the natural self elements.

As we have been so misled on these questions by modern theology, it is but just and logical that the phenomena of ancient and modern radioactivity should be compared, and their application to the *inner* life of man be recognised. No other thesis gives certitude to the paths to power pointed out by the ancient Teachers.

(*To be continued*)

I WOULD TESTIFY: by H. T. Patterson

LIFE, DEATH, AND THE HIGHER LAW

ONE who spent in study the years which were necessary to procure him his collegiate degree; who for thirty-one years was in the heaviest stress of New York business life; who has been for the last thirty years working for Theosophy, and for the last sixteen of the thirty in the activities at the International Theosophical Headquarters, at Point Loma, would bear witness; would testify to the world; would express before it his gratitude for what has been done, for what is being done, and, most of all, for what is about to be done, for humanity by the Theosophical Movement, under the leadership, first of H. P. Blavatsky, then of W. Q. Judge, and now of Katherine Tingley. This is an unselfish gratitude. He would also express his gratitude for benefits he has received himself — a selfish, or more correctly speaking, a personal gratitude for those benefits.

What is the first reward for those who serve — not merely the conspicuous servers, such as the three Leaders of the Theosophical Movement, but for those less conspicuous ones who assist? It is the privilege of further service. What reward comes next? It is the privilege of greater service. And what is the greatest, the final reward? It is the privilege of uninterrupted service — for incarnation after incarnation.

"In the midst of life we are in death." But, *per contra*, in the midst of death we are in life. Evolution, which is life-process, is dependent upon incessant change. Death is merely a cessation of one form of activity to give place to another form of it. Extinction of activity is as inconceivable as extinction of matter, and no such thing is possible during this period of universal manifestation. Annihilation, the production of nothing from something, is no more conceivable than the production of something from nothing. Continual change is the order in all manifested realms, no matter how immaterial they may be. The greater number of these changes are so slight as to be imperceptible in themselves. The lesser number, those which come within our cognisance, are the mass cumulations of the innumerable slight ones. Life and death are merely two sides of one thing; two of its phases, as the convex and the concave sides of a saucer are two phases of it. They are not contradictory; they are complementary.

There is not a single point in the universe that is not overflowing with life, and, therefore, with death. If death ceases then life ceases; then growth ceases; evolution ceases. Then, even the atoms of metals become dissociated, and matter resolves itself into its unknown base. Then non-existence follows, and non-existence as to manifestation may be a fact; but this nirvânic condition has its proper time, and that proper time is not now, neither for the races, the entire race, nor the individuals in the races, nor anything that comes within their ken.

An old race is dying out. A new one is being born. Disintegration and reintegration are going on concomitantly — as they always do — but now in an accentuated form. We are on the earth — the special place of creation — the world of works, 'the world most blessed of all'; and we are, also, at this particular epoch, in the place of disintegration, Purgatory — Hades, according to the Greeks; the Amenti, according to the Egyptians. What shall the outcome be? In such momentous periods each deed, each word, each thought, each mood, is potential for good or for ill. The incoming conditions will depend upon the racial Karma, modified by the increment from the moments now passing, but modified far, far beyond the seeming importance of that which modifies,

be it deed, word, thought, or mood — collective or individual, intentional or unintentional — for this is THE HOUR OF CONCENTRATION.

Life and death always work under the guidance of The Higher Law. They are, in reality, its embodiment. The more we assimilate life and death the more do we garner, from the double phase of existence, life and death. Savages have almost unrestricted liberty of choice as to action. Their morals, their customs, their scruples, are almost as limited as is their clothing — which is godlessly scanty. But they cannot take advantage of this liberty on account of lack of facilities for the exercise of it. Civilized men are more restricted, by laws, customs, conscience — such as it is — and by ideals. Nevertheless, they are freer, on account of greater facilities. They work more under The Higher Law. It is not always the seemingly free who are most truly free. Those who carry out The Higher Law so strictly as to become almost embodiments of it are the freest.

The Theosophical Movement is the present incarnation of world-redemptive work. It is world-embracing. Taoistic, Confucianistic, Buddhistic, Christianistic, all these phases of the world-redemptive work, were limited to certain parts of the earth at the time of their inception. Theosophy, in its very conception, has not been so limited. From the very first it has been world-wide.

At the center of the Theosophical activities, the International Theosophical Headquarters, at Point Loma, the home of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, conditions are approximating to the ideal. Here men and women and children are honestly and sincerely studying The Higher Law, and striving to follow it. Here they are trying to understand themselves, their fellow-men and women, and humanity itself as an incarnated host — of which host they are integral parts. The minds are here induced to dwell upon that which is the most exalted, the most perfect of its kind, whatever the kind may be; and, thus, that which is exalted, that which is perfect, is, gradually, being assimilated. From this, too, that which is undesirable, that which is evil, is, at the same time, being eliminated, is sloughing off. Genius, which pertains to the higher consciousness, is here not fettered within a hard shell, but is picking its way out, like a chick from the shell of the egg.

The world is in woeful need of regeneration. Example goes further than precept. But both in example and precept the Theosophical Movement has been lavish for years and years. Its members have been devoted, and its Leaders have given their lives to the movement without any reservation whatsoever. Both Leaders and members expect nothing in

return for their efforts beyond the privilege of rendering ever greater and greater service to humanity, knowing well that The Higher Law will allot this reward to them.

". . .the awakening of man's immortal Spirit to inner and eternal life. This is the science of the Râja-Yogins. . . ." Point Loma is the home of Râja-Yoga.

The upward path has been chosen for humanity — chosen by the few, not by the many. The many are still following the downward way — the path leading to Purgatory, to Hades, to the Amenti. To them the few are calling, calling, calling, "Come ye up, O ye children laden with your woes! The way is 'easy and the burden is light'."

THOUGHTS FROM GIORDANO BRUNO, THE NOLAN

WITH what understanding the ant gnaws her grain of wheat, lest it should sprout in her underground habitations! The fool says this is instinct, but we say it is a species of understanding. (*Summa Ter.*, 509)

No body is today the same as yesterday. (*De Trip. Min.*)

All things, even the smallest, have their share in the universal intelligence. We do not doubt that there is a soul within all things, and with the soul the intelligence or universal thinking power. (*Summa Ter.*, 499)

For without a certain degree of sense or cognition the drop of water could not assume the spherical shape which is essential to the preservation of its forces. All things participate in the universal intelligence, and hence come attraction and repulsion, love and hate. (*ib.*, 496)

Intellect and the powers of thought are not in place, but as the form is in the subject. The intellect, which is the universal substance and the cause of all knowledge in all things and in each thing, is the one substance or essence of the whole, as the soul is in the body. (*Summa Ter.*, 513)

There is a difference, not in quality but in quantity, between the soul of man, the animal, and the plant.

TYDAIN TAD AWEN: by Kenneth Morris

OUT of the woods and the wilds where the fairies are,
And the ancient, hundred-branchéd, murmuring trees;
Out of the fern-deep glades and rushy places
Where, beautiful and bright and full of song,
The shining Gods pass on their ways in the evening,
There came an old man in the olden time,
And in his deep eyes there were stars aglow.

Sing, Children of the Island of the Mighty, sing!
Tydain Tad Awen came; the Father of Awen came!

The starry Gwyddon fires had all grown cold;
The starry Gwyddon Wisdom had grown old
Before the greatest of the Gwyddons came,
An old man in whose eyes there were stars aglow.

Sing, Children of the Island of the Mighty, sing!
Tydain Tad Awen came; Tad Awen came!

II

Through the gray towns and in the courts of kings,
An old man went his ways for many a year;
So long that no man now can tell how long.
Old he was when he came from the quiet wilds,
Old he was when he died — none knows how old!
Old he was through the long, long years between;
But always in his eyes there were stars aflame.

Mourn, Children of the Island of the Mighty, mourn!
Tydain Tad Awen hath gone; the Father of Awen hath gone;
Dim in his eyes are the star-fires that shone;
The mist-wet wind blows from the cold, lone wilds,
The yellow leaves are falling, and ye are left alone;
Mourn, Children of the Island of the Mighty, mourn!
Tydain hath gone; the Father of Awen hath gone. . . .

What of the Gwyddon fires he set aglow?
They must burn low, as though he never had been.
And all the green and gold of the oak-trees die,
And the blue of the summer sky is turned to gray,
And he hath gone away — ah, mourn and mourn!
He that was born to make an end of grief
Is as a leaf from the oak-tree of the world,
Caught by a wind, and whirled away and away;
And none can say whither it goes wind-borne.

Mourn, Children of the Island of the Mighty, mourn:
Tydain hath gone; the Father of Awen hath gone!

III

Nay, for the gray old towns would have passed away
But that that old man gray, whose merciful eyes
Shone like the wide, deep skies with bright star-fire,
Toiled without tire to make an end of woe.
And the bright Gwyddon fires he set aglow
Shall not burn low, as though they never had been;
The oaks shall be green again, and wet with the dew,
And the skies blue, and the world full of song. . . .

Children of the Island of Hu, glad be your song!
Tydain Tad Awen came, the Father of Awen came!
Sing, for the Father of Awen hath conquered wrong,
And in our own hearts there are stars aflame!

See where the hills are waving flaming plumes,
Aind the sky blooms with purple and beryl and gold!
Dm were those fires and cold on the hills when he came,
But now they sprinkle with flame the starry night,
And now they sprinkle with light our hearts and minds;
And out of the winds and the wilds and the quiet skies

Look his deep merciful eyes; and in the trees,
And in the wild old seas hear we his song;
And he hath conquered wrong, and set aglow
The fires that heal all woe and ease all pain.
Tydain Tad Awen lived, and the Lords of Sin are slain!

Sing, Children of the Island of the Mighty, sing!
Tydain Tad Awen came, the Father of Awen came!
The Golden Dragon of the world is on the wing,
And the sky is aflame, and the land and the sea are aflame!

CURIOUS ASTRONOMICAL INSTRUMENTS AT PEKIN:

by F. J. D.

THE observatory at Pekin was built by Kublai Khan in 1296. The sundial, shown in the first illustration, may or may not belong to that period. In any case, it is a good example of the principles upon which a public sundial located in moderate latitudes should be made, although in this case the correct apparent time is directly indicated for only three hours on each side of apparent noon. This is found on the south side during the winter half and on the north side during the summer half of the year. All the other divisions on either side are non-radially vary in size, and apparently can hardly be and their use a photograph. guessed from

SUNDIAL, ROYAL OBSERVATORY, PEKIN

A dial constructed upon this principle, with the XII-o'clock and the other five-minute divisions displaced to correspond with the distance from a standard meridian, these slightly curved on either face to the analemma, crossing the same centric circles, seen on the southerly face of this Chinese sundial--which circles correspond to the four forty-five-day periods between the autumnal and vernal equinoxes—would show correct standard time without manipulation.

Some years ago the English Royal Society was much exercised about a new sundial which would show railroad time, but in fact that dial always needed a double and very careful manipulation before anything could be learned about the time of day.

The large quadrant shown in the third illustration was the gift of Louis XIV to the Emperor Kang Hi; and the remaining instruments, which underwent some vicissitudes during the Boxer rebellion, were made in China about the same period, under the instruction of some missionaries. In adjacent buildings are modern telescopic equipments.

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

CONCLUSIONS

ALL things visible are symbols: the husks of unseen things within. We are denizens of two worlds: Science busies itself with the outer and less important of these; Literature listens for indications from the inner. Science can never discover the Soul of man; but Poetry made that discovery aeons ago. Say perhaps eighteen million years ago. And has gone on rediscovering it ever since.

Written literature is like the waters of the well Pirene; we may watch it as Bellerophon did to discover the movements of Pegasus in the sky. All the familiar ranges of consciousness will pass, broadly reflected; we shall see the clouds driven by, and the shining of the blue: the passions will appear, intellect, reason, and so forth; — and then, behold a flash, a sudden white radiance will lighten, and there goes that wonder thing the human Soul, divine. Its passagings thus mirrored make that which is immortal in poetry. "Poetry," said illuminated Shelley, "redeems from decay the visitations of the Divine in Man." It is the photosphere — is that the right word? — on which celestial happenings are recorded. Every true poem is a Patmos of its own Apocalypse, wherefrom we may see the heavens opened.

Dealing with the material and the husk of things, Science may come on the husks of universal laws; but in a study of literature, the record of the movements of the human mind — and Soul, — we may find indications of those laws themselves, and glimpse them in operation a thousand times nearer the Center of Things. The science of sciences, which was called of old the Great Science or Magic, is simply the science of the Soul. Why should it not be discoverable? And in what outward thing should it be discovered, unless in literature, the record that the Soul has left?

The purpose of these essays has been, largely, to suggest the unity of English poetry: — that it has been, so to say, a vertebrate entity, a growth inevitable; that the poets have been the voices of a single consciousness — not arising haphazard, but each in his place according to a pattern in the unseen, and each foreseeable from the first; — that the whole history of English poetry might be recorded in a single glyph or symbol. — A glance back, to make this clearer: —

Since England began to be a nation, there have been definite and regularly alternating cycles in her literature. A day began in the twelve-seventies, lasted about a hundred and thirty years, and ended when

Chaucer died in 1400. It was followed by thirteen decades of night and sterility.* A second day dawned when Wyatt returned from Italy in 1529 or '30, bringing with him the seeds of a new poetic inspiration; it endured, again, during thirteen decades, ending with the Restoration of the Stuarts in 1660. Thence on until the coming of Wordsworth, in 1790, was night; with Wordsworth the third day dawned, and has lasted since. During the days, poets have seen Nature; during the nights they have not.

In the first day, their vision was primitive: not deep or penetrating: they saw personalities and the outside of things, looking out through the eyes of schoolboys bent on a good time in the open. It was a time of inceptions, and need not detain us. One thinks of that passage in *Light on the Path*, which speaks of the tremendous effort, instinctual, made by every infant to master its eyes, and see. That was what England did in the thirteenth century. In the way of resultant literature there is little to show for it, except Chaucer; and even with Chaucer counted in there is not much to make a stir over; since in his pages you may hardly see reflected the motions of the Soul. Plain outward vision was the gift he and his co-evals gave to the race. Yet we may guess a mighty effort of the Race Soul, to attain as much as that.

With the second day things become more interesting: here we begin to see the greater forces at work. The keynotes are *form* and *style:* two aspects of one principle, I think: these were the gifts won for the Race Soul by its poets. Wyatt, and then Surrey, brought in forms from Italy; and for fifty years or so a quiet preparation was going forward. Then, in the 'eighties, Spenser made his grand attempt to produce a Soul-symbol in the *Faery Queen;* and Lyly, Peele, Greene, and Marlowe, were making straight the road for the Race Soul's triumph in Shakespeare. We can trace no *curvature* of the cycle in the first Day: can only say that it reached its highest point in the *Canterbury Tales* within fifteen years of its close. But in this second day a gradual rise is clearly marked from Wyatt in the fifteen-thirties to *Hamlet* in the first years of the sixteen hundreds; then a gradual decline until the Restoration. — This, note, is the midmost period of English literature; with Chaucer's age on that side, and Wordsworth's on this. Right at its very midmost stands Shakespeare in the blaze of noon. Six hundred and fifty years separate 1270 from 1920; half of that time had passed in 1595. Greene had died in '92; Marlowe in '94; Peele was

*Which were, however, by no means night in Scotland, but a time rather fruitful in fine poetry. King James, Robert Henryson, Gawain Douglas, and especially William Dunbar, were a good deal more than imitators of Chaucer. They had a very characteristic, and Scottish, vision and music of their own.

to live on until '97, and Lyly a little longer; but when Marlowe died, Shakespeare had no serious rival. In '95 it was that he began to come into his marvelous own. *The Merchant of Venice* (1596) was probably the first play in which he saw clearly to the great forms in the Soul's realm, and consciously embodied one of them. He saw it, you may say, as a thing apart from himself, and wrote down, as a seer still mortal might, the thing he saw. About seven years later came *Hamlet;* in which he *was* the form, and wrote down in fire and life and his own essence the thing he was. I have no doubt it is the record of his initiation, the most tremendous event in the history of any individual soul. It came in the very noon and midmost of his greatness; since about seven years after it came *The Tempest;* and then, probably, the laying down of his pen.

Of *Hamlet* we may say this much: it is the central drama of the Human Soul: greatest of forms, greatest of symbols; has the Soul ever, in this Christian era, set forth so nobly, fully, seriously, its own history in a piece of literature? Each of the tragedies that followed it contains some titanic symbol. The repulsive *Measure for Measure* shouts, even in its title, Karma-Nemesis to the world; *Othello, Macbeth, King Lear, Antony and Cleopatra, Troilus and Cressida, Coriolanus,* and *Timon of Athens,* all deal with the workings of that Karma in one or another of its aspects. But *Hamlet* opens a wider door into the sacred secrets than any of them; because the Macbeths, Lears and Othellos in life are exceptional; but every human being is, or has been, or is to be a Hamlet. The rest are bypaths; this is on the main road of evolution. It treats of the human personality at a certain moment in its growth: an inevitable moment: that in which it first stands in the presence of its Divine Self, and is called on to become that Greater Thing. *Light on the Path* is its best commentary; *Hamlet* is *Light on the Path* dramatized. To each of the other tragedies one might append one of the rules in that handbook of devotion: as to *Macbeth,* 'Kill out ambition,' and so on. *Macbeth* contains more pure poetry; *Othello,* perhaps, more finished dramatic art; *Lear* is darker tragedy; but none of them has the same centrality and universal appeal. It is the grand affirmation of the Superpersonal. It is the midmost peak, the Mont Blanc of literature; from which you may look out on the sister summits, the Jungfraus and Matterhorns — and cannot tell, at a glance, that you stand higher than any of them.

All these tragedies followed *Hamlet* within five years; then in the fourth period the Master had passed through all tumult of purification and entered into graciousness and peace. There is not the same molding vehemence of the fire of fires, to create a perfect and visible form. — As if his work had been done, his tremendous message delivered;

then of the mere sweetness of his soul he gave us *The Tempest*, *Cymbeline*, and *The Winter's Tale* to still the throbbing of the scars he had made: a last word of benediction from his gentle self, to say that at eventide there should be peace.

So from that supreme moment of *Hamlet* there was a decline — very gradual at first — until the end of the age. Ben Jonson, Webster, Beaumont and Fletcher, were the chief of those that followed him; reaching their noon while he was passing from his. I think he must have seen clearly enough through Ben's brain-mind (though in some ways admirable) art; but it would seem he half thought Fletcher might wear his singing-robes, when he should himself have cast them off. Did he not deign to add a scene or two to Fletcher's *Henry VIII?* — But it was not to be; Fletcher had none of the great stuff in him; or no more than enough to write Wolsey's speeches under the eye and aegis of Shakespeare; and to see some glimmerings of a divine form with his own eyes once — in *The Faithful Shepherdess*, which afterwards helped Milton to the far greater *Comus:* a kindred symbol. Fletcher's was a too fertile, accomplished, facile and fluent mind; all the world was full of flowers for his butterfly sippings and cleverness; for the most part he never guessed at things deeper, or at any deepness at all. As for his yokefellow, Beaumont — 'twas a mad wag, and died almost in the vaward of his youth. We should miss his *Knight of the Burning Pestle**, I think, more than any of the plays on which they worked together; but — 'tis nothing after all. — Ben is more interesting. Despite his fierceness and coarseness, and that he wrote with a jemmy or bludgeon for pen, he was a conscientious artist, a wholehearted scholar: a lover of the right and true: a most truculent bravado on the side of the angels. He had killed his man, had Ben, Homerically out there between the watching armies in Flanders; and the trick of it never left him; — yet a score of poets testify to his lovable nature. He sensed that the great thing was form; but he went to Latin Seneca and Co. for his models; it did not occur to him to go to the Human Soul. So with all his conscious artistry and finished excellence as playwright, he got nothing from the Eternal, and therefore nothing much that matters. Sweet bully Ben! He did good work in and for his own day — cleared London of several kinds of rogues, it is said. His forms are to wonder at; but being of the brain-mind, have ceased to live. We may write his own epitaph on their tomb: — not without something of love for the old ruffian. King most absolute of letters in his day; sun of a galaxy of poets and adopted father of them all: except Samuel of his own ilk, there was

*His, but for two or three love-scenes supplied by fluent Fletcher. All the fun is Beaumont's; as you could almost tell by a glance at his picture.

never so adored an autocrat in English literature: — and of all the things he has left us, nothing lives but a song or two, and his tribute to the man he worshiped "on this side idolatry as much as any," "my gentle Shakespeare," the "Sweet Swan of Avon" whose flights upon the banks of Thames

Did so delight Eliza, and our James —

above all, that one line in it which hits off the difference between Shakespeare and himself:—

He was not for an age, but for all time.

— And then there were the sudden lightnings out of the midnight gloom of Webster; the sudden flare and extinction of Cyril Tourneur; the mob of Fords, Dekkers, Heywoods and the rest — and the age dwindles into its last Massingers and Shirleys, whom the Soul knew not, and who knew not the Soul.

That was the natural course of things, the natural ebb of the cycle. There were still sparks flying till the death of the age: a Lovelace, with his once or twice regal utterance; a Herrick, not without some eye for daffodils; a Herbert; a dear Treharne with prose lovelier than poetry, and that third Welshman, who

Saw Eternity the other night;

a quiet Puritan Andrew Marvell, who walked, like Adam, with God in a garden (only the God he walked with was Pan — a Puritan Pan),

Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade;

— these were what serenity there was in the old age of the cycle; not great voices, though some of them, and sometimes, voices divine. On the whole, they might have been expected.—

But there was that which no man might have expected; the age was not to slide quietly down into night. Milton arose, and while the Massingers and Shirleys were chatting pleasantly, thundered: while they were slipping down into the dark, made a road for himself upward into the topmost snows, and beyond, into mid-ether. He is a greater marvel than Shakespeare himself. Shakespeare was England at full bloom; had he never been born, the Soul of the race *must have* flowered into supreme triumph *just then:* it was the mid-most cycle, and the midmost moment of it, and *Hamlet had to be written.* Spenser had invoked the Divine Thing; Lyly had done what he could towards providing it a

vehicle. Greene, in one scene* of his *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay,* had caught a glimpse into occult history, and given one of the strangest symbols in literature. Marlowe had taught English poetry to roll the thunders; Peele once had hurled the lightnings† with Aeschylean audacity. These are the Lunar Pitris of English Poetry; they had brought matters to such a point that the incoming of the Manasaputra was inevitable. As above, so below; the cosmogony of *The Secret Doctrine* applies universally. It was just such an incarnation of the Lords of Mind, the Soul, that did happen when Shakespeare entered into his kingship. *Hamlet* was the next step upward from

> Sporting Kyd, and Marlowe's mighty line;

and it was a step bound to be taken. Perhaps onlookers might have noticed no such tremendous difference. But sporting Kyd is forgotten, and Marlowe treasured mainly by the elect, the tasters of the fine wines, of Poetry; whereas *Hamlet* —. It was simply that the Soul had incarnated — *et voilá!* — So too, the peak having been reached, the next steps were inevitably downward: to Webster's horror-lit gloom; to Middleton and Ford, with horror waxing and genius waning; to mild Massinger and pleasant Shirley. The Soul of the Race had gone on; had spoken its word, and was content; was bethinking itself of an age of sleep, when Milton came. Marvell and Treharne and those others were the sweet thought that should precede sleep. But there were no signs of sleep in Milton. He was great in spite of his age; mighty, not with, but against, all the tides of time. From the setting of the sun of Shakespeare, to the kindling of Dryden's farthing dip, all other voices

*The two friars had made a Head of Brass, which by magic was to be endowed with speech: it was to raise a brazen wall about England, to keep her forever from the peril of invasion, and *to utter maxims of sublime and secret wisdom.* But all their work should be lost unless they, or one of them, were present when it first spoke, to question it. After watching for sixty days or so, Roger Bacon, worn out with the need of sleep, confided the watching to his disciple Miles, and slept. Miles was quite equal to the task, and resisted sleep manfully. Presently the Head cried out: "Time past!" — "Time past!" said Miles — "what is that? When you begin to talk sense I will wake my master." After awhile the Head spoke again: "Time present!" — "Am I to wake my master to hear what any fool could tell him?" said Miles, and fell to his watching again. A third time the Head spoke: "Time to come!" "Speak sense; let us hear your maxims of wisdom," said Miles, "and I will awake my master to listen to you!" and then an arm stretched out of the invisible smote the Head with a hammer, shattering it to pieces — and Friar Bacon awoke.

†At him the thunder shall discharge his bolt,
And his fair spouse, with bright and fiery wings,
Sit ever burning on his hateful bones.
From *David and Bethsabe.*

were drawing towards the stillness of evening, or towards the ignominy of black night. But Milton rode sun-splendid in a heaven of his own. How came such a wonder to be possible?

There is that old teaching that the Gates of Heaven, so to say, are opened to the world in the last quarter of each century: that the Gods and great Initiators of mankind are then enabled to pour out a measure of their supernal light and an impulse from the Soul of Things among the children of men. Such impulses sometimes make their deep mark on history; sometimes it is difficult enough, for lack of recorded data, to trace them. Cyclic law sets apart these times for these outbreathings; just as Nature appoints the Spring for seed-sowing. A door is opened in the 'seventy-fives; the Gods do what they can; then the door closes as though mechanically in the even hundreds; — unless, I suppose, men on their side have done something to hold it open. Poetry being, in the last analysis, a message from the Spirit, these last-quarter-century cycles should have some importance in the history of poetry; they should have left their furrows. And indeed, they have. We will call them, for convenience, the *Theosophic Cycles.*

Two of them were included in the first English literary cycle. It took the whole force of one — that of the thirteenth century — to open the eyes of the baby nation, as we have seen. One knows of no Teachers, either then or in the fourteenth century — no organized effort; very likely there was none, in England; but the quickening influences were abroad, and there was an awakening of senses inner and outer. — In the thirteen-eighties Chaucer made his pilgrimage to Canterbury: the spiritual impulse of that Theosophic cycle, filtered down, so to say, through many films of thought in an age as spiritual as an average schoolboy, gave us the *Canterbury Tales.* If the harvest (spiritually considered) was poor, it was because the field was new to agriculture; it needed much tilling, much richness imported, before it could yield real wealth of grain. But as Chaucer had set English Poetry going, and as English poetry was to be — what it has been; we cannot count the Gods' two efforts wasted. — Neither Wyatt's nor Wordsworth's cycle was blessed, as Chaucer's was, with the impulses of two full Theosophic cycles. *C'est le premier pas qui coûte:* there you have the explanation. . . .

Of the outbreathing in the fourteen-seventies we see no sign in poetry, because it fell in a poetic night-time. The new day was not to begin until 1530, when Wyatt brought the seeds from Italy; which slumbered in the soil, as it were, until the Theosophic Cycle came to quicken them. Then there was quick sprouting, ripening, harvest. Spenser's *Shepherds' Calendar* marked the incipience of Elizabethanism: it was written between 1575 and 1579. Then came *The Faery Queen,*

with clear evidence of sensitiveness to the spiritual breath, — and Peele and Greene and Marlowe and Shakespeare: — the Golden Age undimmed to overlap the century by about ten years. We have not understood how marvelously Theosophy kindled in the glory of the Elizabethan Age. One can point to no Teacher or open propaganda; yet who can doubt the Masters of the World were embattled and at large? It was all a time of grand action; action, not thought, was the characteristic of the age. The champions of the Light were kings, admirals, and princes: Henry of Navarre and France, William of Orange; Elizabeth the Tudor Lioness: all fighting the great fight, and winning at least a measure of victory. The truths of the Soul had to be symbolized, not descanted upon, to find hearing in so vigorous an epoch; and then, it was to be a hearing not with the conscious mind. Thought flowed out as action; and there was one inevitable form that the teaching of Theosophy might take: Drama; in which thought and action meet, the first expressing itself in terms of the second. A mighty age, a mighty impulse from the Spirit; shall we say, a mighty response thereto on the part of men? Such, at least, that *Hamlet* itself came after the century had closed; all the greatest works came after the century had closed. Which is to say, I think, that the champions of Light in England had, for all that there were failures, forced a wedge into the opened doors of the spiritual, and prevented their snapping shut in 1600.

Or was it a partial salvation, for the sake of ten righteous — for the sake of one righteous man? *Light on the Path* has that about the grand opportunities that come to the nations* — which they do not take. There was one man at least for whom the doors did not shut; or if they shut, 'twas when he was on the yonder side of them. We know so little of his outer life; but the whole inner is writ large in his plays; it is that of one who had entered the Path, fought the dragons and demons, and won through to the goal. If that serene brow was crowned with bay-leaves and with laurel, it was crowned also with the wounding thorns. "Every individual who accomplishes this is a redeemer of the race." Was it his — Shakespeare's — victory that redeemed his age from a unanimity of decline, and made it possible that another of the Race of Heroes should be born, some seven years before he died, to sing its

*"Man, when he reaches his fruition, and civilization is at its height, stands between two fires. Could he but claim his great inheritance, the incumbrance of the mere animal life would fall away from him without difficulty. But he does not do this, and so the races of men flower and then droop and die and decay off the face of the earth, however splendid the bloom may have been. And it is left to the individual to make this great effort; to refuse to be terrified by his greater nature, to refuse to be drawn back by his lesser or more material self. Every individual who accomplishes this is a redeemer of the race."

grand swan-song in tones of the thunders of Sinai? Milton, in the heyday of the wan Massingers and Shirleys, could create the symbol of *Comus*, fair with all the purest colors of the best Elizabethan days, but chastened to a higher art, as to a higher purpose, than anything in them not Shakespearean; when the flower of England had bloomed and withered, and its seed fallen (in America as the Pilgrim Fathers), he could write *Paradise Lost;* and then, when night and winter had set in, and all was howling desolation, he wrought the lonely sublimities of *Samson Agonistes;* and all these he left to the permanent literature of humanity; — for having the Soul in them: being supreme symbols: they are not to die. It represents an extraordinary victory for the Hosts of Light.

All the three poet-initiators: Chaucer, Wyatt, and Wordsworth: brought in their impetus from abroad. Chaucer went for his to France and Italy; Wyatt for his to Italy; Wordsworth, in the very year the third literary cycle should begin in England, went on a tour in France, and became infected there with the Light of the Ages, which made him a poet. Thus the Great Wind blew each time; and all three went out upon its road to meet it. Is there an occult, a spiritual and esoteric geography? are there currents in the seas of the Soul, prevailing winds in spiritual skies? — A few years later, Wordsworth and Coleridge went out together, again questing the Great Wind: this time to Germany. Wordsworth, the initiator, found there nothing; Coleridge found metaphysics galore, and soaked his soul in them. Coleridge's was the greater intellect: one of the most marvelous on record. His poetic harvest, wonderful in the extreme, was small, and barren; but Wordsworth's, quickened by the Great Wind, is undying; with seed from it ripening in every generation since.

In 1790 he made that first French tour; France was then "standing at the head of golden hours," "thrilled with joy"; "human nature seeming born again." The Revolution had not yet failed and gone down into a debauch of bloodshed. France had caught a glimpse of the potential divinity of man; her delight of that vision was the flame that lit Wordsworth, and, through him, English poetry. The spiritual outbreathing — the Theosophic cycle — of the eighteenth century is well recorded. Saint Germain and Cagliostro were sent to Europe, chiefly to France, to teach that Secret Wisdom which renovates Man; the result of their work was the golden promise of the first years of the Revolution. Mankind was visited with a marvelous hope: the doors of the God-world were flung wide open; and bewildered France looked in, and went mad with joy of what she saw. The finding of a new world, in Tudor times, had set England, and Spain, agog after discoveries, heart-hungry to accomplish "things unattempted erst"; a keener, more sanguine effer-

vescence of the spirit rose now in France, upon the discovery of worlds upon worlds within. Men, that had thought themselves mere brutes, stood revealed to their inner eyesight potentially Gods. That dreadful failure followed, argues no falsity in that first vision; but only a lack of patience and fortitude to attain. The balanced life was wanting; so Theosophy was lost sight of. Extremists rose to power; the Terror ensued, and the Napoleonic Wars. — Rouse the God in man, and the danger is, the demon will be roused also; else it were an easy labor to save the world. — But meanwhile Wordsworth had caught the higher infection, "the consecration and the poet's dream." He carried the effluences of Theosophy into English poetry, and English poetry was redeemed, born again. The dead stuff of the eighteenth century was to have vogue no more; smart formalism had seen its day.

The quickening of that Theosophic cycle had indeed struck English poetry before Wordsworth's time; in Blake, whose first volume was published in 1783, when the outbreathing was eight years old. But Blake came too early for the literary cycle; this explains the loneliness of his position: a light shining in the darkness, which the darkness comprehended not. The Theosophic cycle began in 1775; the poetic in 1790; Wordsworth took contagion of the former at the exact moment the latter was due. Hence his significance and power.

And yet — the Movement from which he drew his fires had failed; and presently he failed also. He lived eighty years, and was a poet during ten of them — that is, a poet in the supreme sense, a wizard, an illuminator of

> The dusk within the Holy of holies.

His genius, slow to ripen, came to its own in 1798; after 1808 he wrote nothing, perhaps, for which the world is the better. He conceived a horror of the Revolution on account of its excesses; exchanged his citizenship of the world — he had been on the point once, in Paris, of throwing in his lot with the Gironde — first for a fine, then for a rather narrow, Englishism; and gradually forwent the faith and divine joy that had made him wonderful. Once he had

> Heard old Triton wind his wreathéd horn;

once he had seen

> The light that never was on sea or land;

— (the strangest line of pure poetry that was ever written, I think! In denying the thing he affirms it most potently: gives us absolute realization of it, while declaring that it *never was!*) — now he was to drift into sheer treason against all he had heard and seen: against Poetry, and the Human Soul, that fountain in Paradise from which Poetry

flows. Fourteen sonnets in a sequence, in his latter years, in favor of — a thousand guesses would never hit it! — *Capital punishment* — no less! — with all the old tommyrotical arguments Flubdubbery loves to drub our hearing withal. Was ever a falling away more disgusting? Better Shelley's drowning in the Mediterranean, or even poor little Keats's in the sea of passion, than such ignominious exquatulation beneath the dull Waters of Plug! Church and State enveloped him with deadly tentacles; in 1808 he ceased to be, if not till 1850 he died and was buried. Opium killed the poet in Coleridge; but Wordsworth had no vices. He was cut off from the fount of his inspiration; the spiritual outbreathing had ceased in him. That which had made his ten great years beautiful had run dry at its source — so far as he was concerned.

And yet, strangely, those waters had still some years to flow in English poetry. Entering into darkness, he still passed on the light. I do not understand why he should have been silenced before the early 'twenties. There was a kind of short apostolic succession: the mantle of Wordsworth fell to Shelley and to Keats. In some measure also to Byron, who was of the true lyric clan; — though of him we must say that he rather ought to have been, might have been, nearly was, than definitely *was*. But the soul of Wordsworth was hardly quenched, when the soul of Shelley was on fire: kindled also by sparks thrown forward from the first pure altar-flame of the Revolution. It was an unbounded faith in the Brotherhood of Man, a vision of the heights, a fanatic's ardor for the Spiritual, that made this beaconish Shelley all the best he was. — There was much else in him too: much of the *young fool*, as we say; with his interminable brain-mindizings, and his imperfect discrimination between the higher and the lower fires. Let the foolish that he thought and did be cremated with his bones; the soul of him stands forever symbol of the divine ichor: Poetry: the poetic or Theosophic love for and faith in man. The devil indulged in capital thaumaturgy, when he made Wordsworth write for Church and State and capital punishment, who had erst seen the vision of Sinai, and heard God speak among the mountains; — Omnipotence itself, one suspects, would have fallen short of it, to work such a bad wonder with Shelley. Time, we must think, would have relieved him of that which was silly in him; it could not have turned him traitor to his snow-bright flame-bright Soul-faith. — But Time then was on a cycle downward, away from Soul-faith altogether: smug comfortable materialism was looming ahead; the industrial revolution; mid-Victorianism; later Wordsworthianism; imperial wealth and appalling night. What should it do with this young Apostle of the Soul; who, in the middle nineteenth century, would be a very pterodactyl in Piccadilly — or in South Kensington

(where they keep them stuffed)? Time solved the problem simply, and I think kindly: it drowned him off the Tuscan coast in 1822.

As it had killed Keats a year before, in Rome; who also could hardly have lived in the times that were coming. — But Keats at least, you object, had nothing spiritual in him? O indeed he had! Who was it said, speaking as the Supreme Self, "I am Beauty itself among beautiful things"? The *Ode to a Nightingale* is simply a hymn to Eternal Beauty, a longing for that which shines out through the visibility of things. You need but compare (and contrast) him with Tennyson, to know that he was born, like Shelley and Wordsworth, within a charmed circle, which the great Victorian was hardly privileged to enter. He did not merely paint, or reproduce, but *interpreted* the forms of Nature: they became symbols for him: he saw through them — if with no conscious or brain-mind's eye, as Wordsworth did — to the Light of lights beyond.

O for a draught of vintage! that hath been
Cooled a long age in the deep delvéd earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country-green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!
O for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stainéd mouth;
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim —

Almost it calls for an apology, when one sets out to deny a material or sensuous nature to that true and blushful Hippocrene: to say that it is a wizard's spell spoken in the fields of consciousness: an *Open Sesame* into the further realms of beauty and wonder and mystery, which are within, and yet again within. — He used the language of the senses, but the light he hungered after was of the Spirit. The world was for him a Chinese lantern; its exterior glowing with rich, soft and exquisite colors, but visible these by a light shining from within. In ancient India they called that Hippocrene the 'divine Soma juice'; in Persia the 'Wine of Oneness.' It is not their sensuousness that makes Keats's poems supreme, but the radiance of supernatural beauty that shines through them.

One does not forget the duality of human nature; assuredly it was never more manifest than here. But I cannot think he would have been fool enough to incarnate, had he known how things would be. If only that Movement had not failed; if there had been true Theosophic *help* in the world for him: a philosophy of life taught publicly (as, glory be to God, it is now!) — if there had been, somewhere or other, a Râja-

Yoga School to educate him, wherein he might have learned, as so many are learning now, the difference between the higher and the lower selves: how to discriminate, and how to conquer; — his life would never have ended in tragedy. He had the root of the matter in him. "I find," said he, "there is no worthy pursuit but the idea of doing some good to the world." All might have been well with him, if Cagliostro's and Saint Germain's Movement had fought its way through as H. P. Blavatsky's has done. I think he might have lived on, and baffled the oncoming of materialism: flaunted the Beauty of God in the face of the ugliness of Mammon, and driven that 'least erected spirit that fell' back to its grubbings and grovelings in the pit. Consider what he was, this pugnacious little Cockney: — a young angel fresh from worshiping before the central throne of Beauty Eternal, cast down, at a time when all Europe was blanched with horror, quivering with passion, and when you could not be born but with peril of deadly extremism, into a body with passionate heredities of its own; — a fledgling out of the seventh heaven of the Muses, hurled unarmed into hell; bringing with him the vision and the faculty divine, but no atom of knowledge how to meet the sulphurous conditions he was hurled into; finding none to help and warn him: — only Theosophy could have hoped to avert the disaster; and Theosophy ought to have been there, but was not. Thank God at least for Reincarnation, which gives assurance that Keats is not wasted in everlasting inanity! —

I take much joy in this Theosophy
Whereby I know you not thrust out afar
From life, and moaning in some frozen star
O'er dreams that were, and dreams that may not be;
And that that dark and fevered phantasy
Which your last saddened days on earth did mar,
Is but an old, long-healed, unthrobbing scar
Got on the long, stern road to victory.

Belovéd, O, 'tis good to know that still
This sweet mysterious sunlight waits for you.
And that these seas still sparkle bright and blue
Your heart with kindred loveliness to fill;
And that o'er forest-haunt and faery hill,
Minding you, Night still drops her dreams and dew!

Wordsworth contacted his inspiration while the spiritual doors were open; while Theosophy was still being taught in some sort; before the Movement had definitely failed. So he wrote with some philosophy — a measure of conscious understanding of the light. It may well be that he came on these teachings at Orleans, where Cagliostro's disciples must have been many in the early 'nineties, when he spent that year there. What else, and opposite, he also came on, has lately been re-

vealed: it is symbolic of the mingling of the lower with the higher fire, in that early nineteenth century illumination. Even Shelley was not without a conscious understanding — reinforced, in his case, by study of Plato. While still at Eton, and while the light of Wordsworth was still in being, he betook himself to thinking; indeed, pledged himself to a life for humanity. But Keats blossomed a little too late: Theosophy had fairly passed into the unconscious by the year after Waterloo, when his own proper inspiration struck him. His is the swan-song of a defeated illumination; unutterably beautiful; a glimpse into heavens that might have been. Yet we should not forget — it is too commonly forgotten — that he set out to make *Endymion* a symbol of the Theosophic Path; and that he quite consciously made it embody such a teaching as this from *Light on the Path:*

> He cannot send his voice up to the heights where sit the gods till he has penetrated to the deep places where their light shines not at all. . . . If he demands to become a neophyte, he at once becomes a servant.

— As things were, there were but two fates that could have befallen him: a choice of Shelley's, or Wordsworth's; to live on lightless into the dark age, or to hurry back to his native heaven-world. Both he and Shelley were born before the door shut, and when there was still a chance that such as they would find that which should enable them to do their best work.

And then, when the light was out, and the door shut, the great Victorians began to pour into the world. Tennyson especially. Whatever final verdict criticism may pass on Tennyson, no doubt he was one of the great bards. He knew the bard's mission; took for his own that motto of the Welsh bards which is indeed *the* motto of all true bards always: *Y Gwir yn erbyn y Byd* — 'The Truth against the World.' A noble soul, richly endowed with the beauty sense: a warrior on the angelic side: there can be no doubt about this. Also, considering the cycle as merely literary, occupying its midmost (and highest) point; — it was in the fifties he became Laureate, and paramount in poetry, by all estimation, throughout the English speaking world.* And until the end of his life he fought the good fight, suffering no falling off. But in the character of his poetry, in its informing essence, how different from Wordsworth, Keats, and Shelley! Out of light they shone into darkness, even if the darkness killed them; and the same ought to have been true of Coleridge, and even of Byron; — but it was up from the

*In America, Poe hailed him as the greatest of all poets; Walt Whitman used to speak of him, with affectionate reverence, as "the boss."

darkness that Tennyson fought, and kept fighting, his way towards the light. For him, too, the world was beautiful: as beautiful as the pigments of Nature could make it; and no one knew better how Nature, so to say, lays on those pigments. But pigments it was with him, not light; a beauty of opacity; — the Chinese lantern was no longer lit. He came armed with a faith, not a revelation. "Trailing clouds of glory," said Wordsworth, "we come From God;" but Tennyson:

> Men can make them stepping-stones
> Of their dead selves to higher things.

Again:

> Strong Son of God, Immortal Love,

said Tennyson,

> Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
> By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
> Believing where we cannot prove —

— but young untamed Shelley had but to lift his eyes by night or day, and the Spirit was gazing friendlike at him out of the blue or the myriad eyes of the stars: he did not *believe*, valiantly and by act of volition; but (when his prophetic singing-robes were on) could imagine nothing else: he *knew*. And Keats — did himself come visibly trailing the clouds of glory.

Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Keats, and Byron: take the best that they gave, and all they might have been; and one gets a hint as to the meaning of the Theosophical Movement; as to the loss the world suffered when it failed at the end of the eighteenth century. One might add Burns; he too saw the vision splendid of Man Redeemed. They reflected the hope, the potential beauty and splendor; also, most of them, the failure and its causes. We look on the failure as inevitable, and laugh at the transcendent hope; but we are wrong. Man *is* potentially divine; and they knew better than we. — The Victorians reflect for us the results of that failure: with their faith instead of vision; their courage instead of joy; their despair (sometimes heroic) instead of glowing hope. There were many great souls that came in to redeem the defeat of the Spirit: to patch up the torn robe as well as they might. The ruin of the Revolution brought on the Napoleonic Wars; which brought on, in victorious England, the industrial revolution: an ever-increasing material prosperity; a stunting and denaturalization of the laboring masses; an ever-increasing spiritual darkness. If we began to understand what war really means! The ruined homes; the fair regions laid waste; the young lives sacrificed by the thousand: — all this is obvious, but insignificant. It strikes inwards at the vitals of

the race; sows degenerate heredities, and evils that run on through generation after generation: the stuff and substance of humanity is deteriorated by every infliction of it we suffer. — The light and the great hope were not for the children of the victors of Waterloo. Again, its poetry is the pulse of the age. Tennyson seized what poor tools science could give him, to manufacture the not too inspiring semblance of a hope. Browning turned his face from the age — and perhaps, too, from beauty. Swinburne, born at the right time, might have been altogether a Shelley — perhaps a greater Shelley; in sheer disgust and defiance of smuggery he ran riot at first in illicit domains. Morris, with all his wonderful color, his outward lightness and brightness, is ensouled for the most part, in his verse, with a heavy hopelessness of physicality — one might use an uglier word. Matthew Arnold, a true seer among them, sensed the *inlook* of the times, and gave it expression thus:

> The Sea of Faith
> Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
> Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled.
> But now I only hear
> Its melancholy, long withdrawing roar
> Retreating to the breath
> Of the night wind, down the vast edges drear
> And naked shingles of the world.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> For the world, which seems
> To lie about us like a land of dreams,
> So various, so beautiful, so new,
> Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
> Nor certitude, nor any help for pain;
> And we are here as on a darkling plain
> Swept with confused alarms and struggle and flight,
> Where ignorant armies clash by night.

— Withal it was a true literary, a poetic cycle; its voices were major voices, richly and highly vocal; there is a difference in kind, radical, between the mid-Victorian Age, with all its materialism, and the so-called Augustan. Its poets did not mistake the smartness of the brain-mind for the splendor of the Soul. The *Idylls of the King* may be (for the most part) uninspiring; they still grope after the great light; by no chance or straining can they be put in the same category with *The Rape of the Lock.* That is the smart dealing of an Anti-poet; these the partial obscuration of a Poet. The representative men of the eighteenth century saw Nature not at all; or only, like well-meaning Thomson of *The Seasons,* through a glass darkly: a smoked glass; a miserable distorting lens; — those of the nineteenth saw her with what eyes they had: directly always; very finely sometimes. Only, the Movement

that should have made their cycle the greatest of all, had failed. The men were there: really large souls: but they had painfully to create what light they might for themselves; it was not there ready for them, as it had been for the young Wordsworth. — It was a kind of Brummagem-Golden Age. Science made great strides; invention made great strides. Industrialism undermined the merrieness of England, changing the face of the land. Education, and partial education, and wrong education, became universal. Carlyle rose with great weapons of the Spirit, and fought a despairing battle for the Gods; Tennyson did the like in verse, the chief among many. Never had there been such an output of literature; never such imperial pomp and prosperity. The glory of England resounded over the world; and they that had ears to hear, and to listen to the Sea of Faith, heard only 'Its melancholy long withdrawing roar Retreating to the breath Of the night wind, down the vast edges drear And naked shingles of the world.'

It was to such a state of things that H. P. Blavatsky came when the doors of the Spiritual opened again in 1875.

And now mark: in 1871 Swinburne, whom the inward darkness of the age had driven into Saturnalian singing, suddenly turned; sensed a dawn ahead that should make truth and beauty and goodness worth worshiping, and not mere smugly unpleasing, or fantastically useless things; and sang his *Songs Before Sunrise.* "A voice of one crying in the wilderness, 'Prepare ye the way of the Soul'!". — It was as if Shelley had come to life again, with a bigger, sterner, more real hope. The book is epochal; it dared proclaim the flaming glory of the Soul of Man. Something was coming greater than the liberation of Italy; read the *Prelude, The Halt before Rome, Hertha.* Out of the Eternal the great winds once more were blowing: from Italy and France — as ever — from Mazzini and Victor Hugo, he took the nexus of his inspiration; but it was the Soul, the doctrine of the Soul, absolute spiritual stuff, that began to be blown in. There had, indeed, been *Omar Khayyam* before; but all through the 'sixties* Quaritch was selling a poor two hundred of him at a penny or twopence apiece; he had to wait till the 'nineties for popularity. — And then, when H. P. Blavatsky had come to England, a great change set in. *By a strange coincidence,* poetry took on once more something of the light, the color and the wonder that had been unknown to it since Keats's death. 'By a strange coincidence' is, as Artemus Ward would say, "writ sarcustic." At least one thing may be said: the outstanding feature of the poetic revival of the last decades of the nineteenth century was the Celtic Renaissance in Ire-

*To be exact, from '59 to '68.

land. The criticism of the future will know that it lit its fires directly from the teachings of the Great Theosophist.

What is to come? The literary cycle ought to end in the nineteen-twenties, if we may judge the future by the past. And indeed, present indications make that seem not improbable. But H. P. Blavatsky's Movement *has not failed, and will not.*

The End

SECRESY: by R. M.

THERE is an inherent charm in a secret that is irresistibly attractive to the inquiring mind: and this charm is entirely independent of the real value of the thing concealed.

We shall perhaps agree that curiosity is a vulgar weakness; and we shall all certainly agree that we ourselves are incapable of indulging such a pitiful tendency; whereas I think few of us can have failed to remark the very general spread of this peculiarity in other people.

In some form or another curiosity is probably a normal characteristic of the human mind. The desire to know is one of the most powerful factors in human evolution, and as we can easily recognise its presence in the animal kingdom we may infer that the evolution of humanity is not entirely distinct from that of the animals.

The desire to know is certainly active in every normal human being, though its mode of manifestation may vary indefinitely in individuals. It seems as if it were an inherent impulse in the mind that may be cultivated, or neglected, intensified or deadened, but which can hardly be destroyed altogether in a normal man.

From this it would be reasonable to infer that there is in man some sort of consciousness which knows of the existence of things that are not yet known to the mind of the individual. These things are to him secrets and they excite his curiosity.

It is hardly possible to conceive of curiosity without presupposing the existence of things to be known, secrets that may be found out.

The belief in the existence of secrets is necessary for the existence of curiosity or the desire for knowledge. Therefore we may reasonably assume that secresy is a fact in nature. But what is secresy?

Is it natural or artificial or both? Is it inherent in the things concealed, or is it merely the result of the limitations of the inquiring mind?

Are there such things as natural secrets, or has secresy been invented by man as a means of guarding his mental possessions?

Has man the right to know? This question lies at the root of the

revolt of intellect against the tyranny of dogmatism: for the right to know carries with it the right to think, the right to investigate, and the right to question all authority.

It is usual to compromise on this question and to allow man the right to know just so much as is good for him. This of course implies the right of some authority to decide what is good for him to know, and this authority is assumed or claimed by the heads of most religious bodies.

But common-sense would seem to say that a man is inherently entitled to know all that he is capable of understanding, and further it must be assumed that a desire to know more than this is evidence of a morbid curiosity which seeks the gratification of desire for the sake of gratification alone.

From such a point of view one would be likely to look upon all secrets as things ultimately knowable, though temporarily concealed.

But reason tells us that the thinking brain-mind is always more or less limited in its power of understanding, and consequently it must recognise the fact that there are things knowable to other and more advanced minds that must remain hidden from it.

But more than this, it must be admitted that man's intelligence includes such powers as intuition and imagination, which are of a different character and quality to his reasoning faculty. And he must know that at times he can perceive that which his brain-mind cannot fully understand and is entirely unable to explain or express. Such unthinkable perceptions are natural secrets.

The ancient philosophy recognised the secret sciences as the study of these unthinkable perceptions. The higher mind was looked upon as the real knower, and it was forbidden to speak of such knowledge at all, for the simple reason that these perceptions were not capable of expression in terms of brain-mind thought, or speech.

It is easy to see how this philosophical secresy could be parodied by priesthoods who had long lost the use of the spiritual perceptive faculties and who yet retained the authority inherited from predecessors, who had in their own day been able to guide mankind along the safe path of evolution in the pursuit of knowledge proper to his degree of development. Such degraded hierophants made artificial secrets to conceal their own lack of knowledge, and multiplied mysterious rites by means of which they hoped to evoke in their congregations emotional states that would pass for spiritual illumination.

So the ancient mysteries became degraded till today we have reached a complete burlesque of secresy in many of the innumerable 'orders' whose rites of initiation are now a mockery of what was once reality.

But even so man cannot kill the truth, nor can he utterly destroy the

pathway to his own inner self. And so he makes artificial mysteries in unconscious imitation of truth, and compounds a hash of relics of philosophy to excite the curiosity that instinctively urges on men to seek the light of knowledge. Thus curiosity defeats the knower in his search for true knowledge: for in every man there is such a knower: but the knowledge that he seeks is esoteric.

There is a wide difference between true esotericism and that which is generally called secresy.

The commonest kind of secret is perhaps some scandalous story that is circulated freely under seal of secresy, for it is true, as said by Sir Benjamin Backbite when asked why he did not publish his scandalous skits, that they attain much wider circulation when told privately under seal of secresy.

Then there are secrets that are meant to be kept within a certain order or body, but which, being spoken or written, are exoteric and cannot be kept secret.

A nearer approach to true secresy is in the thought that is never spoken or put into writing: but it is not esoteric truly, for thought is objective to the mind, and thought-reading is far more common than most people imagine. Thought is exoteric on its own plane.

But in all spoken words and formulated thoughts there may be hidden secrets that are esoteric. Things only perceptible to the intuitive faculty, things unutterable either as words or thoughts, things secret which the lower mind may feel but cannot understand. It is such secrets that are involved in art, and which endow the work of art with the mysterious power to charm and fascinate men, who vainly endeavor with their brain-minds to analyse the source of beauty and to enunciate rules for the expression of the unutterable.

Such esotericism there must be in all true religion, and without it the exoteric form is meaningless.

So I conclude that secresy is natural and is inherent in all deeper truth. That which is esoteric is secret because it cannot be told. To be known it must be perceived, and that must be accomplished by the knower himself. No secret can be told, for in the utterance it ceases to be esoteric; it takes form, and the form is not the thing, any more than the image in the mirror is the original before it.

So the one who would know the secret science must himself become the knower: that is to say he must become one with the knowledge. No one can do this for him. He must identify himself with his esoteric self which is the knower; and his brain-mind must learn to know its own limitations and be content with such knowledge as it can deal with, realizing that the most exoteric fact may be an image of esoteric truth.

THE WISDOM FROM ABOVE: by H. T. Edge, M. A.

No "wisdom from above" descends on anyone, save on the *sine quâ non* condition of leaving on the threshold of the Occult every atom of selfishness or desire for personal ends and benefit. —H. P. BLAVATSKY

THIS may seem a hard saying, from the standpoint of the personal ego; yet must it not necessarily be true? A wisdom which was personal, even in the slightest degree, would sometimes find itself at variance with other personal wisdoms. Instead of one wisdom, there would be many. It is characteristic of the wisdom from above that it is not personal; personal wisdom is wisdom tinged with personal opinion, and carries the seeds of variance. As H. P. Blavatsky says, in the article quoted above,* the word 'wisdom' has been used indifferently for things which are dissimilar: divine inspiration and terrestrial cunning. But St. James teaches two kinds of wisdom: the divine wisdom from above, and the wisdom which is terrestrial, psychic, and daemonic. (ἐπίγειος, ψυχική, δαιμονιώδης) *James*, iii, 15)

The word ψυχική translated in the Authorized Version as 'sensual,' is the adjective derived from ψυχή (*psyche*), which means the 'animal soul,' whether in man or animals, as distinguished from νοῦς (*nous*), the intelligent, understanding soul in man. The latter is "the Wisdom that cometh down from above" (ἡ σοφία ἄνωθεν κατερχομένη)

As said in *The Dual Aspect of Wisdom:**

Divine Wisdom being diffused throughout the infinite Universe, and our impersonal HIGHER SELF being an integral part of it, the *âtmic* light of the latter can be centered only in that which though eternal is still individualized — *i. e.* the *noëtic* Principle, the manifested God within each rational being, or our Higher *Manas* at one with *Buddhi*. It is this collective light which is the "Wisdom that is from above," and which, whenever it descends on the personal Ego, is found "pure, peaceable, gentle." Hence Job's assertion that "Wisdom is with the Ancient," or *Buddhi-Manas*. For the Divine Spiritual "*I*" is alone eternal and the same throughout all births; whereas the "personalities" it informs in succession are evanescent, changing like the shadows of a kaleidoscopic series of forms in a magic lantern. It is the "Ancient," because, whether it be called Sophia Krishna, Buddhi-Manas, or Christos, it is ever the "first-born" of *Alaya-Mahat*, the Universal Soul and the Intelligence of the Universe.

It is of this individualized ray of the Universal Soul that the following, from an ancient catechism, is said:

"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.' "

*'Dual Aspect of Wisdom,' *Lucifer*, Sept., 1890; reprinted in *Studies in Occultism*, Vol. iv.

The reader may remember the vision of Dr. Fenwick in Bulwer-Lytton's *A Strange Story*, where a strong distinction is drawn between the red and blue lights that play in the human body and are found in the animals as well, and the silver spark, that dwells apart, yet is mysteriously omnipresent, and that is not found in the animals. When this silver spark finally quits its tenement, the man is left a soulless but cunning monster, a black magician.

But if we were to leave matters thus, it would be making man into two separate beings — a god and an animal. There is, however, the connecting link, called *Manas* or Mind, between the divine and animal parts of man, and affected by both. This principle has the quality of selfhood and possesses the power of forming an Ego. In union with the divine Monad (*Âtmâ-Buddhi*), it forms the Higher Ego, which is the real Man, immortal throughout rebirths; and in union with the seat of animal desires and passion (*Kâma*) it forms a spurious and temporary ego, which lasts but for one incarnation. Such is the teaching — crudely expressed, as is inevitable, when the attempt is made to formulate such a subject at all — and its outlines must be filled in from the results of study, reflexion, and experience.

In an article entitled 'Kosmic Mind,' (*Lucifer*, April, 1890, republished in No. iv of *Studies in Occultism*) H. P. Blavatsky treats of the ancient teaching that there is life and consciousness in every atom in the universe, and that there is a Universal Mind which manifests itself everywhere through many different grades of organisms. Thus even the so-called inorganic kingdom of nature is ensouled by the Universal Mind. The plant and animal kingdoms have their own special and more highly evolved vehicles of the Universal Mind; and man is raised above them all by the possession of the *Manas*, which is the vehicle of the higher potencies of the Universal Mind. Thus man can reflect both the lower and the higher forces of the Kosmic Mind, and his nature is dual.

> Every atom, like the monad of Leibnitz, is a little universe in itself; and . . . every organ and cell in the human body is endowed with a brain of its own, with memory, therefore experience and discriminative powers. The idea of Universal Life composed of individual atomic lives is one of the oldest teachings of esoteric philosophy. —*Kosmic Mind*

The animal, though its body is composed of so many lives, is nevertheless a unit, because the one life dominates and includes all the lesser ones, setting for them the law within which they act. In man a higher stage is reached; for he can set aside even the animal life. And this higher status of man is represented even in the structure of his body, which has been compared by H. P. Blavatsky to an Aeolian harp with two sets of strings, one of fine silver, the other of coarse gut. The finer strings

are responsive only to influences from the divine center of man's being; the coarse strings respond to the breath of the passions. It is also said that, while the cells and organs of man's body vibrate to the passional impulses from the lower nature, it is the higher Mind alone which can influence the atoms within those cells.

Thus the well-known ancient division of the human mind into the *noetic* and the *psychic* (from the Greek νοῦς *nous*, and ψυχή *psyche*) has its correspondence in the anatomy and physiology of the body. H. P. Blavatsky, in *Psychic and Noetic Action*, speaks of this subject in a way that is convincing and informing. It is easy to understand why she could not say even more about it; for the dangers incident to uninstructed meddling with the body and its forces are great. Enough is said to bring strongly before us the fact that we have a higher nature, and to make it as real as possible; and then, with this in mind, we are urged to follow the path of duty and purity. And it is well at this point to call attention to the following remark of H. P. Blavatsky's, namely that, if we wish to understand the workings of our inner self, for the purpose of self-mastery, we must do so by comparison; for we must strive to fathom the mysteries of the human heart in general before we can learn the whole truth about the mysteries of our own soul; and the power of introspection does not go very far if limited to oneself. Hence solitary self-contemplation must yield the place to the study of human nature in the course of our duties among our fellow-students and those whom we are striving to help.

It is characteristic of true Wisdom that it 'vaunteth not itself'; whereby we perceive that a great deal of what is trumpeted about as Wisdom is in fact something else. The very words and teachings of H. P. Blavatsky are being used as instruments of a propaganda of sensationalism and personal vanity, as can be seen from the pages of magazines devoted thereto. But such people have no originative power and are no more than parrots, repeating what they have heard, but unable to advance an inch beyond. When the seeds of Wisdom fall into the receptive soil of a genuine nature, they fructify in the silence.

The teaching of the Mysteries must be based on a foundation of purity; otherwise the attempt will result in disaster and we shall have nothing but weird and fanatical cults. Hence all those who are sincere candidates for self-knowledge attend first to the securing of this condition. It is not by sensational assertions concerning one's private 'teacher' or 'inner light,' not by strange doctrines about astral and psychic powers, but by carrying out the behests of conscience and following the voice of duty, while living a clean and wholesome life, that our nature can be made ready to receive the Wisdom that descendeth from above.

THE CAULDRON OF CERIDWEN: by C. ap Arthur

(With pen-and-ink drawings by R. Mackell)

SIR DAVID PROSSER was in his study at Parcyrun. The lamp, green-shaded, stood on his desk to the left of the fireplace; its light fell on a litter of manuscripts there, some in his own or his secretary's handwriting, some ancient. It left the room, with its book-lined walls, for the most part, to the half obscurity and tremulous shadows of the fire-light.

Sir David had turned from his work, and sat in a low, deep-seated chair before the fire: his outward vision occupied with the flame-flicker, but giving no news of it, nor of any externals, to his mind. Which, indeed, had a matter more insistent to brood over: surprise, acquiescence, protest, indifference, rebellion against fate — mostly, perhaps, a very ungracious acquiescence. — So it might come at any time . . . it might come at any time! Dr. Lloyd had been uneasy about these attacks, and had prevailed on him to summon the great man from London, whose verdict had been passed that day: it might come at any time, and there was nothing to be done. Hours, days or weeks, there was no telling; though weeks were hardly to be hoped for, he judged. Hoped for? — yes, for he had a master passion; could he count only on a fortnight, he might at least round off his life's work by settling the hash of Taliesin, and showing up that myth for the late forgery it was. Only yesterday he had seen some scribbler's screed on it in the *Geninen;* which he had *not* read, but it had the sickening look of a kind of mystical interpretation. Well, his book would be published, with or without that last chapter; and no one, he guessed, would write or talk much about Taliesin after that. But he must give this one evening to meditation; with this news fresh on him, even though it made writing the more imperative, he could give his mind to nothing. He had dismissed his secretary for the night: an irritating fellow, but better than the run of them. Secretaries were always a problem. To get a man with a sound educa-

tion, learned in the Welsh, without pressing ambitions towards the ministry, and with a smooth equable temper, was no easy task. Temper they would be showing, sooner or later, every one of them; and he could not work with an irritable, whimsy man. This one, indeed, had shown none of his tantrums so far; but he was stupid and timid, and it was a pleasure to be quit of him for the evening. But *pleasure* — now!

What might lie beyond that which was coming to him, he did not trouble to think. It was the past with its stings and successes that held him; the future was merely a thing out of which he was to be cheated by death; of the inner life (which is immortal) his sense was atrophied. Not that it had always been so: some men are born dead; Sir David was of those who achieve deadness. Thirty years since, at the time of his return, laden with honors, from Oxford, his life had been tinged with ethereal hues. A fine scholar, he was then also a fine poet; and could use the tortuous meters of Welsh classical poetry to some purpose. Not upon the well-worn themes of the competitions, either; not for him *Creadigaeth* or *Elusengarwch*, after the manner of the scribes. He had possessed, you may say, two of the three essentials of bardhood, as the Triad gives them: an eye to see, and a heart to understand, Nature; time was to show whether he had the third, courage to follow her.

—Those were the days when Iolo Morganwg was still wandering Wales from library to library of the great houses, hunting in faded manuscripts for a light he believed was hidden in the ancient times; a wisdom, look you, deeper than any in science or dogma; remnants of Druid knowledge concerning the Soul of Man, its origin, wanderings and destiny. This theosophy Iolo deemed he had found; and David Prosser, coming under his influence, meant to illumine the Principality and the world with it. Like many in Wales in those days, he saw visions and dreamed dreams. He would avenge his country for her insignificance in the world, proclaiming broadcast the riches she had saved from her ruin, and hoarded unused in her secret heart through the centuries of her penury.

But life is a thing of currents and undercurrents, and we know not what we may become. We sail upon a blue and glassy sea, and manage helm and canvas with a song: this is the voyage, we think, 'from Lima to Manillia'; we shall drift from island to island of delight, and disembark at last in the flamey havens of the sunset. But a little gust arises here; and there, some uncharted current sweeps us from our gentle courses. Our song passes into a strained silence; the isles we touch are deserted, or abodes of sordid trade; the blue brightness turns leaden dulness, and the sun goes down at last over a howling waste of winds and stinging spray. So and so sows his wild oats, we say; when often 'twas his rigid parents sowed them for him; or at least ensured that

he should sow them, by souring the ground with their narrowness against growths of beauty, equability and peace. So in the life of David Prosser. "There's pious his father was before him," said Marged Owen in her prayers; the truth is, the child's poet soul had been ever in potential rebellion against a rule of life that yoked the Good with a substitute for the True and the antithesis of the Beautiful. In such cases unbalance results; if the nobler side of us has been given to regard righteousness coldly, what specious arguments will it not lend to the worse! The young David had had generous sentiments, noble leadings, but an intolerable thirst for freedom at all costs: he would express in perfect liberty the whole of his nature; too long had too much of it been fettered and starved. There was a passionate marriage, out of which all the poetry had passed in a year. At the end of two: "My life is spoiled," said David; "I married a Fool." The Fool had had her own complaints to make; and made them naggingly day and night. There were many incidents, of the kind that poetry will not survive; we need not go into them. The poet in him died presently; but not his ambition and fighting vein. He would not surrender and pass into negligibility; the fame of the scholar grew.

All light had waned from the ancient poems and stories, as from the ancient hills and moors. He sought the key to their interpretation no longer in life, which had become a poor wounded thing with him, but in learning: he searched for the Soul with a microscope; and, finding it not, knew that it did not exist. The Great Wonder is a property of the Divine; blind your eyes to the deity within you, and what radiance shall you see without? Where you caught a glimpse of the beauty and mystery of things, you shall perceive only delusions, that cannot stand the test of your crucible or dissecting knife. The dreams that had pleased and haunted him, he came to view with growing impatience; since he had no longer aught wherewith to handle them, except the sterilizing tools of philological research. He had parted with all sense of their poetic values, and scorned for childish foolery the pretensions of those who had not. His sole delight now – a savage one — was in exploding superstitions, pricking bubbles, smoking out mares' nests, blowing up castles in Spain. *Mysticism? Gammon!* — *Let's have Philology!* quoth Sir David. — A famous and snappy scholar, of opinions much respected, and personality wholly unbeloved.

Except, of course, by Marged Owen, his housekeeper, who had been his mother's maid and his own nurse, and was still three parts mother to him in her heart. A placid, not unstately woman, with great shining gray eyes behind her spectacles, and "indeed, driving on her ten and threescore," as she reflected; she knew naught of his opinions,

though she gloried in the thought of his renown; but loved him because he had been, and was still, her 'boy bach,' and because motherly love was her general attitude towards anything human she contacted. It was she who managed the house, shielded its master from the non-intellectual world; gave law to the gardener, that his realm might be maintained as it was in Mister Davie's youth; and pre- served intact the reason of the secre- tary *pro tem.* with her calm inexhaust- ible kindliness. Her Welsh Bible and hymnbook, and the changing skies and old-fashioned June- sweet flowers of the garden, kept her in an inner life: these, and a fighting loyal- ty to Sir David which was tempered, not modified, by a know- ledge of some of his peculiarities. Which, be it said, were a se- cret, so far as she was concerned, between herself and her God; with whom she ar- gued nightly on his behalf. — "Indeed, Lord, 'tis true Zion do see little of him these days" — he had not been inside a chapel since his fa- ther's death, but no good to remind the Lord too precisely — "but there's pious his father was before him, and there's reli- gious he was brought up! 'Tis them books he is writing, I s'pose: they do hold his mind; grand bardism he is making to glorify Thee! In his heart, indeed, indeed, there is nothing out of its place; consider Thou what he has suffered!" — And so, in truth, he had; but there were few beside her gentle self that would have said that about his heart. Morgan Llewelyn Zion had more than once made pointed reference from the pulpit, especially in his prayers, to the "heathen in our midst"; and no one but Marged had failed to understand at whom the shafts were pointed. Had she so much as guessed, I imagine she would have seceded to Zoar, even though the three miles extra would have entailed the wagonette. — From her book, indeed, I would borrow a page or two of charity. She had never doubted that his fame was based on his bard- hood; if she knew nothing of his poems, that would be, she s'posed, because they were in English, and therefore beyond her. (*Pity you are not cleaving to the Welsh, whatever, machgen i!*) In her eyes, then, the poet had never died; and I am content to believe that her eyes, so

love-lit, so short-sighted in things of the intellect, were gifted in compensation with glimmerings of spiritual vision. I would say, then, that the poet had not died, but was only numbed with the torture of a long crucifixion; banished, if you like; reviled and tormented; nearly dead; but still secretly feared by the scholar and critic its persecutor.

Sir David, sitting in his chair, fell to calling up pictures of the past: of his not too happy childhood and his school days; of Jesus College at Oxford; of his return thence, and of his father's death that followed so quickly; and of his own marriage. Then — ah well, he had long since freed himself of those follies! He chuckled sardonically, remembering how he had set aside the Tale of Taliesin, even then, to be a great part of his life's work. It was to be a poem in the *cywydd* metre: a vindication of the ancient light of his people, making real and definite the legendary figure of that great Bard-Initiate, who had stood the symbol of their aspirations and dreams. He remembered the days when conviction first flagged; when the lines would not ring true; when the supposed light that he had followed died — no, revealed itself for a worthless fantasy.

He thought of that passionate marriage; the first rapture that blurred the inward images, after heightening them to sunblazing vividity. He thought of the Fool, with a half sneer as of one whose heat of anger had long vanished: of the Fool, dead now these twenty years: her nagging, tongue, he told himself, had at least done much to relieve him of his illusions. Well, well, thanks to her for that; with all the triumphs he had won, he could afford to be magnanimous. And after all, when Gwen the Mill had gone mad, and killed her baby, the Fool had done much better than she might; considering that suspicion — or was it knowledge? — that he had seen in her eyes and heard, not in her words, but in the sharpened bitterness with which they were uttered. She kept off that subject; some might have blabbed their injuries abroad. But it was all past and done with a long time ago. Poor little Gwen! But there, for all that happened, she had but herself to thank, — herself, and the Fool his wife. He was not going to blame himself, at this time of day.

How could you call it a barren or wasted life, wherein he had won so much? A knighthood, and a string of letters after his name; honors from a dozen universities, at home and abroad, of such as be interested in Celtic research: surely all this betokened a life well-spent? — Evil on that *well-spent!* when now at any moment the account was to be closed, and there remained so much in him yet to spend. So many idiots to chasten with the lashings of his cold logic — as witness this man in the *Geninen*, with his rigmarole of mysticism about Taliesin. — Have

at that fellow now, whatever! These memories grew none too amusing; he had better find relief from them in action; he had better keep his brain busy with cold work till the last. He drew the lamp to the edge of the desk, picked up the magazine, and began reading.

It brought back his youthful dreams to him like an ache. He, too, had fancied an universal symbolism in the old story. — The witch Ceridwen, it will be remembered, had a son who was the ugliest man in the world; and she, fearing he would obtain no honor at the court of Arthur, determined to brew for him the Three Drops of Science in her magical cauldron. — How he, Sir David, had brooded in those old days, upon that cauldron; extracting worlds of wonder out of its name, *Pair Dadeni*, the Cauldron of Rebirth! It was all so familiar to him; he might have written the article himself. — She set the cauldron to boil among the hills, bidding Gwion Bach watch the fire while she gathered the herbs of the mountain in their season. The water boiled over, and scalded Gwion; who, putting the hurt finger for relief to his mouth, tasted the Three Drops, was illuminated by them, and "instantly became aware that he must fear above all things Ceridwen." In all this a vast human significance was guessed: it referred to the initiation of the Bard, and the severe trials attendant thereto. "Then," said the writer, "woe unto him that is not —"

Ah God, that pain again! The cold sweat broke from his forehead; he lay back, clutching the arms of the chair, and waited. It had never been like this before. In thunder-crashes of agony it shook and rent him; breaking his courage; shattering his conceptions of time, of space, of selfhood; dislocating all the molds of his mind. The pictures he had been calling up went whirling past him; that wherewith he commented on them had grown impartial and impersonal with pain. His honors brought him no comfort now; he blamed none but himself for his errors. He perceived the beauty of his early dreams, and had it not in him to mock at them. He appeared to himself as two men: an individuality torn asunder by the raging storm of his torment: the poet he had been once, thirsty after golden non-material Truth; the acrid scholar he had become, avid only after truths barren and desolating — *truths!*

— *Prepared!* — *Woe unto him that is not prepared!* In waves and receding waves the great pain ebbed, leaving him strangely clear of brain and light of body; he finished the sentence he had been reading; or it was as if he had heard the words spoken aloud. *Woe unto him that is not prepared*, he repeated; what did it mean? It was something that interested him no longer; it had to do with — He stood up, undecided, strange, with a feeling of having experienced some momentous but indefinable change. A curious half restless sense came over him; as of

one playing chess with Fate or Providence, who waits, yet with detachment, for his opponent to play. It was not his move; he must bide the time, and see what would happen. Meantime he went to the window, and looked out; as though expecting the move to come beneath the open sky. The full moon was shining above the sycamores, and he could see the glisten of drops on the grass-blades, and the movement of the April leaves on the trees. — What was that? . . . He listened, and a second time heard his name called, from outside, from the direction of the drive. "Gwen the Mill!" he whispered; forgetting she had died so many years ago: "Gwen the Mill, indeed now!" He went out into the hall, put on his overcoat, and took hat and stick. "I am going out for a stroll in the moonlight, Marged fach," said he, as Mrs. Owen appeared in the door of the housekeeper's room. "Take you care against your catching cold now, Mister Davie dear," she answered; and turned back, I suppose, for something she had forgotten. A moment later she was in the hall again, and he was gone. "Dear now," said she, looking anxiously at the hat-rack, "what hat did he take, whatever? And sure I am I did see him putting on his overcoat. My old eyes are failing me, I think."

Out into the drive went Sir David, and on towards the gate. At the curve a woman's figure, shadowy in the uncertain light, flickered before his vision and was lost. "Gwen!" he called softly; "Gwenno fach, is it thou?" A wave of clear thinking came on him, and he remembered, and chid himself for falling a victim to illusions. 'Twas the shock of that attack, he supposed, had left his mind unclear. But he would investigate, and satisfy himself, lest recurring moments of weakness - - He went on through the gate, and up the road on to the mountain. Hush! there was a call again — and there, on the right, standing on the bank above the road, in full moonlight, a beckoning figure.

While he looked it was gone. He was not sure that it was Gwen the Mill's; I do not think he thought of that; but he was in no doubt that it must be followed. He made up the slope and on to the wild moorland; the night was very bright; there was no difficulty about the going. Down and up; over heather and through fern; there was no difficulty; he knew which way to go.

On and on he went. The moon set; a great wind arose; he heard the keen shrill of it, but it caused him no inconvenience. There was a whisper out in the night; there was a mystery, a thrill; the wind and the moor and the sky were filled with haughty elemental importance; all were part of some vast ceremony in which he, too, played a part, though an uncomprehended one. Presently he saw leaping lights and

shadows far off, and the glow of flame on smoke. He made his way towards it, and came soon to the rim of a hollow, in whose bottom a fire burned; round it figures were moving in silence. Gypsies, he supposed; he would go down and question them. He greeted them pleasantly enough; and they, it seemed, were not disinclined to be companionable. Gypsies? — Well, no, they were not *shipshwns;* watching the fire they were, and the pot cooking on it. They had no Saxon — *dim gair.** — It struck him vaguely that there was something very strange about them: nine of them there were: as he could see when the firelight shone on their faces, the strangeliest handsome men he remembered seeing. —Had they news of a woman wandering on the mountain — was she perhaps of their company? —Well, there was the Mistress; he might have seen her, indeed. — What would she be doing, roaming the wilds in the night? — Whence did they come — from Llan-this or Cwm that? — the usual Welsh questions. — Oh, they answered, the Mistress would be gathering herbs in their season for the brew in the pot; and as for themselves, they came from — but here he could make nothing of their answer. "But come you, sir," said one of them; "cold you will be; warm you yourself by the fire." He drew near, and in that shelter from the wind's keening, heard above all sounds in the world the hissing and boiling of the water in their kettle, and listened to it, and listened to it, and listened to it.

He held his hands to the fire, listening, and forgot the nine watchers. Once again his life moved in minute procession before him. Now bright hopes, splendid aspirations, poetry; now the angry hissing and buzzing of acrid scholarship, and bitter criticism of the kind that eats into and

*Not a word (of English).

destroys all beauty and mystery and truth. All his life, all his life. . . .

A sudden hubbub within the kettle; a cry from one of the nine: "Mind you your finger, sir!" He drew back his hand hastily; but not before a jet of the boiling fluid, hissing out, had scalded him. At the pain, the finger flew to his mouth. . . .

Ah, heaven, how glorious a thing was life! Why, the universe was all blazing poetry; the stars had voices, and called to him out of the far skies: god-voices, that cried aloud to him, *Brother!* As a note in the singing of Seraphim: as a gleam in the flame that is God: appeared to him the rejoicing world and his own being, tremendous with joy. Ah, heaven, the immensity of time! the vista of ages behind him! the lives on lives he had lived! the starry serenity of his liberated self! the majesty of his thought! the flaming beauty of existence! All the littleness of his past life vanished from his consciousness; it was a dark incident closed, a bitterness from which he had extracted all the meaning. He was no more Sir David Prosser; he was a "marvel whose origin"—

"And instantly he was aware of the peril he stood in, and that above all things he must fear Ceridwen." . . .

He started up in terror; the cauldron had fallen; the fire was quenched; a black flood, seething and writhing, was rising about him in the hollow. He fled forward through the dark air; immitigable terror driving him on. The darkness of night threatened; out of the thick core of the midnight doom hurried in pursuit of him: loss whose magnitude was not to be fathomed by imagination: death vibrating inward to absoluteness. Below he was aware of the black flood rising and covering the moorland: he heard its hiss and roar as it flowed down over the hills, into the valleys, bearing poison and death. In an agony of fear he heard the rush of far wings: he knew of a terrible Pursuer behind, sweeping over the night-hid vales and mountains. On and on blindly through the darkness; from everywhere the night and the storm and the starless gloom cried out to him *Too late! — Woe unto him that is not prepared!* cried the midnight. . . . A rush of wings behind him in the air; a storm of great wings beating and nearing; the wind of swooping wings impelling him helpless to the earth; then — silence, and the darkness died, giving place to no light. . . .

. . . . . .

At half past ten Marged Owen went into her master's study, to see that he had returned from his stroll without harm taken, and to bring him his hot milk and biscuits. She found him dead in his chair.

THE SILVER STAR: by Stanley Fitzpatrick

PART II

IN course of time another change came to the family; for the peasant died, leaving them still more forlorn and helpless. With his help they had fared hardly enough; and they now faced the future with many fears and heavy forebodings.

The following winter was unusually long and severe. The two elder boys had gone out to seek work, and they sent to their mother the little they could from their scanty earnings. Yet the winter was, as it had been of late years, a season of great suffering and privation. Still they went through it in some fashion. The poor can endure so much misery; and because they do endure it those who have plenty are apt to forget all about them, or conclude that it is not so very hard after all.

But a day came in the early spring, before anything in the garden had grown, when the last handful of oatmeal was gone. To be sure they had the milk of two goats, and some of the rye which made their bread was still left. But they all missed the warm porridge. Then one day the grandam said:

"Why should we go hungry when there is silver in the house?"

"But there is none," replied her daughter.

"Nay, but there is a broad piece in the till of the chest."

"Ah yes; but that we may not spend."

"May not;" cried the old woman shrilly, "And why, pray, when we are all hungry and have no meal?"

"Why mother, you know that was given to Trywith by the holy man, the pilgrim. We ought to keep it for him."

"Given to Trywith!" angrily retorted the grandam. "Given to him indeed; and what of that? was a silver piece given to any of the other children? What is this brat that he should have silver laid by for him? I warrant he scarcely remembers having it. Take it; and he will never know it's gone."

"But I would not like to do it," still objected his mother.

"Well, well!" said the old woman, beginning to weep. "Keep the silver laid by for that dark, ugly thing who bears the mark of the Evil One. You know yourself, as you have often said, that he brought a curse with him, and ever since we have had only trouble and misfortune. I am near four-score years and able to work no longer, so what does it matter if I perish? Better I were lying in my grave since even my own child no longer cares in any way for my comfort."

The daughter, too, wept; but she had always been weak and easily led, so opening the chest she took out the silver piece and giving it to the eldest boy then at home she bade him go to the miller's and buy meal.

While this was taking place Trywith was out near the edge of the forest watching the flock where he remained all day, taking a piece of rye bread with him for his dinner. Thus his brother went and returned and he knew nothing of it. He observed indeed that they had porridge for supper; but he asked no questions as he seldom received a kind answer.

A few days after when all the family were out the boy stole softly in to secure his cherished treasure. He lifted the lid quickly and confidently, his hand already outstretched to grasp it. But alas! it was not there. The beautiful silver piece had disappeared. Astonishment kept him silent, as he stood in the same attitude, staring wildly into the empty till. He did not even hear the approaching footsteps until the voice of the old woman fell harshly on his ear.

"Look at that Evil One's brat! Look! how dare he lift the lid of the chest?"

Turning then he saw that both of the women had entered the cabin and stood regarding him. Stunned by the greatness of the calamity which had overtaken him — rendered fearless by the very magnitude of his loss — he ran straight to his mother and seizing her gown cried in a hoarse, broken voice:

"Where is it, mother? where is my silver piece? O mother, mother! give it back to me: it is my own — my very own. Give it to me!"

But she made him no answer. When she saw the grief-stricken look on his pale face and in his great dark eyes she was sorry for what she had done. So she looked at the old woman and was silent.

Trywith turned, too, and gazed reproachfully at her. Then her anger was aroused against both.

"How dare you look at me like that?" she cried out fiercely. "You wicked black one! You changeling! You ungrateful little wretch! You ought to have been thrust out into the snow to perish when you were born. What right have you to keep a broad piece of silver when the rest of us are starving? It has gone to the miller to buy meal. Now you know you will never see it again; so take your wizened face, with its staring black eyes and ugly red mark out of our sight. Go! Begone, I say!" But for once he did not obey.

"O, mother! mother! is it true?" he gasped piteously, looking wildly into her averted face and unconsciously wrenching at her gown.

"Yes, yes," she answered hurriedly; "your silver is gone; so let us hear no more about it. See, you are tearing my gown. Let go of it."

The boy's hands fell helplessly at his sides. He stood for a moment like one stricken unto death. Then with a low, bitter cry he stumbled from the hut and went blindly into the forest. He never could recall afterward where, nor how far, he went. The others had been long in bed that night when he crept silently into the cabin, worn out with his unavailing grief and trembling with cold.

His mother was waiting for him more anxious and troubled than she was willing to own. If she could have done so she would have got back the piece of silver for him. But alas! how impossible it is to recall an act, a word, or even a thought when once it has gone from us. She had kept a bowl of porridge for him and spoke with more kindness than he had ever received from her before; she even offered an awkward caress or two.

At any other time his poor little bruised and burdened heart would have leaped for joy at such unwonted tokens of affection; for he was by nature a loving little fellow, and no one ever dreamed how he hungered and thirsted for human love and would have poured out his own without stint or measure. But no one had ever given him any love and his own had been rudely repelled. But now he could make no response. He was too utterly overwhelmed by the grief and despair occasioned by his irreparable loss. So his mother desisted, thinking him sullen and unfeeling and that any kindness would be thrown away if offered to him. There was nothing in the poor woman through which she might fathom or comprehend the sorrow of the child.

For some time the lad went about his wonted tasks silent and despairing, his mind filled with bitter and revengeful thoughts and his heart more deeply stirred by anger than it had ever been before, toward every one, and more especially his grandmother. But gradually these feelings began to subside and the more kindly and gentle moods returned. Then to his boundless delight the faces and pictures which he had seen in the silver star began to appear in his dreams. Then when he sat alone in the forest the voices began again to come to him. To his infinite joy he now found that all he had so deeply prized was not lost to him forever.

The other children had at first been somewhat sorry for his loss.

But as the old woman kept continually repeating: "Why should he — the ugly dark one — have silver any more than the others?" they speedily adopted her views and began to taunt and torment him in the usual manner. But Trywith, being comforted and sustained by his dreams, and thinking constantly of the Voice and the many new and strange things which it suggested to him, was enabled to endure with more patience than he had shown in former times. So again the grandam boasted of her wisdom in having the silver piece taken from him.

And now another strange thing happened to him; for the dark, red

spot upon his forehead began to grow lighter; and at times when his heart was filled with gratitude and love, it assumed, in dim wavering outline, the form of the star and shone with a faint, soft radiance. But he himself was unconscious of this change. It was brightest when he listened to the Voice or was wrapt in his beautiful dreams. But as the former came only when he was alone and the latter when he slept, it was long before it was discovered by his companions.

One night an elder brother chanced to awake in the loft where they all slept on pallets of straw. His attention was arrested by what he at first thought a moonbeam; but soon recollecting that there was at this time no moon he sat up in bed to examine more closely. To his astonishment he now perceived that the light proceeded from the corner where Trywith lay apart and that it seemed to hover directly over his head. For some time he gazed at it in doubt and wonder. He would have gone nearer but awe held him back. The speeches of the grandam had made the entire family believe firmly that there could be nothing good connected with the lad; so now he dreaded some strange and unheard of danger or evil. Nevertheless he resolved to watch Trywith narrowly and try to discover the meaning of this strange thing.

Now it happened that some days after that the boy was watching the sheep as usual. As he sat alone, under a great tree on the edge of the pasture, suddenly the three younger children came upon him. Catching a glimpse of the light on his forehead one cried: "O, see! see! Trywith has another piece of silver." Then they instantly surrounded him, demanding that he should show them the silver and tell where he had found it.

The lad was bewildered by their words and knew not to what they referred. But they continued their clamor until one of the elder boys came upon the scene, when they called him to come to their aid, explaining that the ugly "black one" had a beautiful piece of silver and would not allow them even to look at it.

"What are you hiding, you ugly changeling," cried Olaf, seizing him by the arm and shaking him roughly. "Show it to me at once, I say."

"But I have nothing to show," replied the boy, "I do not know what they mean, I have nothing at all."

"O, he has, he has!" cried the children. "He must have hidden it in his cap, for he was holding it up to his forehead when we first saw it. It is a silver piece just like the other. Make him give it up, Olaf! take it from him!"

Olaf believed them. It was he who saw the light in the loft and now concluded that it must have been a piece of silver, wondering he had not thought of it before. He was now determined to have it and was

bitterly angry with the poor helpless lad for not instantly obeying him.

"Give me the silver!" he shouted furiously, advancing with clenched fists upon the boy who stood pale and silent before him, making no effort to escape. Rushing upon him Olaf tore the ragged cap violently from his head, but no silver was there. Then, dealing blow after blow, he threw him to the ground, searching his pockets and clothing for the hidden treasure. But of course his search was unavailing.

Trywith arose and stood in silence before them, turning his dark eyes from face to face. There was something in that look that made them shrink back, abashed and ashamed, they knew not why. His clothing was soiled and torn, his body wounded and bruised; and the blood was trickling from his temple where it had come in contact with a sharp stone. Young children often see more clearly than their elders. Suddenly little Hilda, the youngest, cried out:

"Why only look, Olaf! See, it is only his forehead that shines!" But the others, staring sullenly at him, saw only the dull red mark.

Trywith then turned and walked slowly into the forest. His heart was swelling with the bitter sense of injustice and wrong. He went to the rock by the brook and lying upon his face he wept long and hopelessly. But at length his tears were spent and he sat up, faint and dizzy; then he bethought him of Hilda's words. But it could not be possible that any light could be on his brow — much less one like that which had once shone on his lost silver star. Nevertheless he went with a beating heart to the edge of the stream and leaning over looked timidly at his reflexion in the water below. But he could discern nothing unusual in his appearance. After bathing his face in the cool, refreshing stream, he still sat there musing on the glorious things of which he had dreamed, and the lessons of truth and love breathed into his soul.

Then he reflected that those who had wronged and injured him knew nothing of these glorious things; and his anger gave place to pity for them and an intense longing to share with them the goodness and power which had surrounded and sustained him. So filled was his mind with these thoughts that all else was forgotten and time passed unheeded until the sun was at its setting. Then he chanced to look once more into the stream murmuring at his side. There he again beheld his own mirrored face, but could it indeed be his own? He had always regarded himself as dark and unlovely, with a blemish on his brow that would have spoiled the beauty of a fairer face.

Yet he knew this was his own countenance, now made beautiful and glorious by the light from within, the light of love and truth. The great dark eyes were clear and luminous — the forehead expanded into proportions grand and beautiful; while in the very center, the spot where

the birthmark should have been, trembled the silver star from which emanated a pure effulgence, surrounding the head as with a halo and transfiguring the face into a thing of beauty and of glory.

While he thus gazed, in awe and wonder, upon himself thus transfigured, again came the inner Voice to whose teaching he had listened.

"This is the soul you now see illumined by the light of Divine Truth and Love," it said.

Then the soul of the boy, that which he knew to be the true inner self, was freed from all trammels and filled with a sacred joy which lifted him above all earthly things. Where now were the sorrows, the tears, and the anguish, that had ever been his portion? They were all swept from his mind. No sense of the wrongs and injuries which had been heaped upon him now remained. There was no longer any want or longing unsatisfied. He was no more alone — nor could he ever be again, for he was indissolubly united with the universe and all it contained — for all were one family — all Sons of God.

The great All-Father's heart was ever open to all, and his own had gone forth, trustingly, joyously, to meet it, to mingle with all beings, all things, and to be baptized in the eternal fount of Divine Love. Time went by unheeded; the sun went down and darkness covered the earth and Trywith awoke once more to outward things.

Then he arose and took his way toward the cabin. So deeply impressed was his mind by his late experience, that the preceding events of the day were scarcely remembered. He found the entire family awaiting his return. The supper hour had long past; but this time nothing had been put aside for him.

The door had scarcely closed behind him when he found himself surrounded by them all.

"Now where is the silver?" cried the grandam fiercely. "You hid it slyly enough from the children; but you will find me a match for your cunning. You will give it to me, I warrant you, you evil one."

"Nay, grandmother," answered Trywith mildly. "I have no silver for you. But if you will listen I can tell you of things more precious than silver or gold."

As he spoke these words, standing up before them with calm and quiet dignity, they all stared at him in amazement. He seemed suddenly to have become older and like a stranger to them. There was something in his bearing and aspect which they had never seen before. So they all fell back a little and left him standing alone.

"I will tell you first about the silver piece," he said, "and why I was so deeply grieved at its loss."

And then he told them of the star and the wonderful pictures he had

seen: of the dreams that came later, and of the silent, inner voice, which had taught him lessons of love and patience; and he told them how this wisdom, priceless and above all earthly things, might be attained by all who truly desired it.

At first they listened in wonder. Then they grew troubled and afraid; and at length, his words seeming like an accusation against them, they grew angry.

"What talk is this!" shrilled the old woman, trembling with passion. How dare you say such things to me, telling us of your stars and voices, and dreams and lights. Liar! liar! do you think to impose upon me? Am not I above fourscore? and never yet have I seen — no, nor heard tell of such things. Who are you, ugly black one, to try to teach me?"

"Yes, yes! grandam is right," cried the others. "She can find out his deceit and lies. He thinks to set himself above us all. Let him be careful or we will again take hold of him. Then he will see if his stars and lights will help him."

"But there *is* a light now on his forehead," whispered little Hilda trembling.

"And what if there was?" cried the old woman in a voice of rage. "The changeling brat! Cannot the Evil One light his own lamp whenever he pleases? It is his ugly red mark that burns."

At this the clamor increased; and though Trywith would have spoken again his voice was drowned by their threats and imprecations. At length Olaf and the other boys, urged on by the old woman, rushed at him and beating, pushing, and buffeting, finally thrust him from the room and bolted the door behind him.

Breathless and bruised Trywith sat for a few minutes on the doorstep trying to realize what had befallen him. Then he understood that he had been cast out forever. He rose slowly, wondering what he could do — where find shelter for the night.

Even as he thought came the answer. A footstep sounded on the narrow path and in the clear starlight he saw beside him the tall, upright figure of an old man. He was clad in the loose gray garment and carried the long staff of the pilgrim.

"Whither goest thou, Trywith?" he inquired.

"That I know not, father," was the reply.

"Await me here," he said. Then he approached the door and knocked loudly with his staff. After some hesitation the door was opened and he stepped over the threshold.

They all looked at the old man in awed and guilty silence. Turning to the mother he asked: "Where is the child that I named?"

The woman turned pale and trembled. But his keen blue eyes were

fixed upon her with a look not to be disobeyed. Looking appealingly toward her mother she faltered:

"He is gone; he was a wicked and unnatural child and fled from us."

"And had he no cause?" asked the holy man sternly.

"Nay," said the grandam. "My daughter speaks but truth."

"Truth!" said the old man. "Woman, what knowest thou of truth? You have had it with you these many years; but you knew it not because you hardened your hearts against it. I gave to this child the name which signifies truth. He saw it in the silver star of which you robbed him. He listened to its voice in his heart and grew pure and wise through its teachings. Its lessons sank deep into his soul.

"But when, forgetting past unkindness and cruelty, he would have brought it to you, you met him with scorn and contumely. Both him and it have ye reviled, rejected, and cast out. Even for bearing its mark have ye hated and tormented him.

"But Truth in him has striven and conquered. He shall go forth bearing the standard of the most High. He shall open the prison doors of ignorance, error, and prejudice to myriads of earth's blind and sin-sick children. He shall throw down the gateways of Darkness that Light may enter in. He shall battle with falsehood and dethrone it.

"He shall visit the huts of the lowly and walk in the palaces of Kings. The mightiest of earthly monarchs shall bow before the symbol in his right hand. For Truth is mighty and shall prevail. It shall be inscribed forever upon the sacred banners of true Progress and Wisdom; for those twain are one."

With this the Messenger turned and left them. Taking the youth with him he departed as he had come and they saw his face no more.

But the word of the Pilgrim was fulfilled; for Trywith became a mighty worker in the harvest fields of the world, speaking ever the words of Divine Wisdom and Compassion that awakened the hearts of men. Patiently and humbly he toiled, seeking not wealth, honor, or renown. He endured without murmuring, labor, hardships, and suffering. He entered the abodes of the lowly and stood in the palaces of kings.

When he spake to the multitudes who gathered about him, many heard him with gladness of heart. To those who accepted Truth with willing minds it appeared as though a halo of Light encircled his brow, and his face and form were of an aspect lofty and sublime.

But to those who loved falsehood rather than Truth; who sought Darkness rather than Light, he appeared only as a plain, dark man with an ugly, red mark upon his forehead. For having eyes, they saw not.

The End