THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

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THEOSOPHICAL KEYNOTES

THE object of the original Theosophical Society, founded by Madame H. P. Blavatsky, is to clear away the obscurations of the human mind, to remove the delusions that hold man bound to his worldly gods, so to speak. Customs and manners and methods change with the changing years, but the Truth never changes; and, as Truth underlies all the great religions of the world, the Theosophical Society is ever aiming to bring this essential underlying fact to the minds of the people in order that they may not only discern the Truth wherever they may find it, but as clearly see the counterfeit and draw the line between the true and the false, and thus be able to surmount the stumbling-blocks in their way, and above all to kill out the monsters of Doubt and Fear.

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We cannot obtain a clear conception of the Truth or of what our duties are to ourselves or our fellow-men, we can never fit ourselves to teach or help others, unless we first purify and strengthen our own lives and build up our characters on moral as well as on intellectual lines.

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Each individual has his own ills and trials; the human race has evolved from different standpoints of thought and action. If we could picture before our minds the great contrasts in life and clearly see human nature in all its different aspects — good and otherwise — we could then view life more rationally and justly; we could see our own and others' weaknesses more clearly, and thus gain the power to conquer all along the path of life.

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The Scriptures say that "he that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city." There is true enlightenment in this saying, for if one conquers

a city and cannot conquer his own spirit, he cannot be considered in the category of enlightened minds.

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Go into the prisons today throughout the world and study the real history of each prisoner, and seek for the first cause of his crime. In the majority of cases it would be found that the first seeds of immorality had developed in childhood, sometimes even in babyhood, from inherited conditions — in both cases the innocent victims unaware of the wrong, the danger.

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Little does the young mind know that it is the animal side of nature that is governing in habit, so that when the youth arrives at an age when he should have understanding — not having had the ideas of self-control and self-knowledge presented to him in childish language, having had no education in corrective or preventive lessons — he finds himself on the wrong path. If one could read the individual histories of the unfortunate, from the small beginnings of crime, the hidden habits of vice, insincerity, deceit, passion and selfishness, one would find that in almost all cases the cause could be traced back to early childhood, to the most plastic age in human life.

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The other day I visited the County Hospital of San Diego. I saw there very old men and women in most distressing conditions. Later I visited the Isolation Ward and there I saw the most beautiful physical embodiment of a little child, six months old. It seemed almost as though the gods had formed that child physically for some special service to humanity. I asked the nurse what was the ailment of the child, for while it was playfully moving its little hands, its eyes were closed. The nurse explained that the child was going blind from an unnameable disease that had been passed on to it through the father, and that there was no hope for the child's ever having its sight.

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This distressing picture will ever stay in my mind. I cannot get away from it. There was a lesson there in that moment for every human being. One might see all the different aspects of suffering, men killed or mangled on the battlefield, or suffering from the thousand and one diseases prevalent today, but to see a helpless, innocent little child so afflicted was too much to bear. It was not only its blindness that affected me, but it was the horror of the cause. I turned away

from that little sufferer with tears in my heart, feeling such an urge to impress upon the minds of all a realization of the appalling conditions threatening the very life of the human race today. It is plain to see that the vital refinements of life depend upon the moral as well as the intellectual status. If we are to build up a true civilization, if we are to become really enlightened, we must apply many remedies to such deplorable conditions. The human race cannot be built up, regenerated, except upon a basis of solid and splendid morality.

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The case that I have spoken of is only one of thousands. If I had gone into the other wards of the Hospital, doubtless I would have seen other appalling conditions, resulting from the same cause; and these conditions, bear in mind, are increasing rapidly. They are to be found in every one of our great cities, and in our smaller cities, and even in the country districts. Think of the families of those who are so afflicted; think of the children to come! Can we justly boast of our present civilization with this terrible curse upon us? Why do not all the reformers and preachers cease talking about heaven, or points in space, or any kind of future state, and why do they not begin to build now, here on earth, for the redemption of the human race, on a foundation of such clear, straight morality, that in the course of time the tide will turn for better conditions? We cannot temporize with these matters. Something must be done, or the human race will degenerate rapidly — so alarming is the increase in social vice.

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Why should we blame those who suffer or those who fail? Ignorance is the monster that holds humanity down — ignorance! We have not begun to apply the spiritual keynotes of human life to the children or the youth, and not until we do, can we establish schools of prevention in every city, town, and hamlet. Without new and drastic measures, ignorance and degeneracy and vice must inevitably follow.

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So there is great need that teachers and preachers, mothers and fathers, should begin right now to think quite differently from what they have heretofore thought. They should remember that the human brain is a mystery as yet. They have not yet found, at least those who have not studied Theosophy, the difference between the lower and the Higher Self. They have not yet learned that the brain is the instrument which is played upon by the master musician, the Higher, Immortal Self, or by the other — the lower, mortal self. Only Theosophy, the

ancient Wisdom-Religion, can bring to the mind of man the light of Truth so that he need no longer be a slave to the lower self, nor permit his mind to be the tool of passion that must lead him to destruction.

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The human family must rise to that state of consciousness where each can see these deplorable pictures and can face and understand the causes and apply the remedy. We must learn to analyse, to turn our minds so directly to the errors and to the afflictions of imperfect human nature, that we can begin to establish the vital refinements so needed. First, the mind must be purified. Then there must be "a clean life, an open mind," which are the first steps of the ladder up which the learner may climb to the Temple of Divine Wisdom. There must be established that power of the will. the power of concentration, of study, of analysis, before the human race will be ready to take up the grand work of human progress.

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Fewer books and better ones should be our aim — fewer children and better ones. The human mind, generally, takes human life too much on the surface. It does not reach down to the first causes of the unpleasant experiences and the weaknesses and vices that are so prevalent today. It simply glosses them over. There are exceptions, of course, but they are so few. There are so few who take humanity into their hearts in the truest sense. There are so many who say, in their blindness, "Let us make merry and die. There is but one life."

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How different are the teachings of Theosophy. How great the incentive to right action found in the Doctrine of Reincarnation, and in the teaching of Karma, that "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

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The saying that "Honor and profit cannot lie in the same sack" has a deep and occult meaning. If we are to follow the honorable, clean, true, dignified, unselfish and compassionate life, we must put the idea of profit where it belongs. We have no right to sacrifice our inner opportunities; we have no right to ignore our higher consciousness, which tells us the truth plainly and simply. We

have no right to turn away from the Eternal Teacher in ourselves, which is the Conscience — the Higher Being.

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When people wilfully ignore their responsibility to the race and their duties to themselves and others, when they avoid those means that will serve for self-purification, they are cowards — they shut their eyes so much that they cannot see the horses that are running away with them. They do not realize that egotism, selfishness, and passion, and the other vices, are tearing down the very fabric of society today.

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Many have thought as I do that all transgressors are not behind the prison bars, by any means, and if we were to search this or any other city, we would find a very large number who, in the most serious sense, are transgressors against the laws of human life and the rights of man. They are, indeed, moral lepers; and we have not to go to a colony of lepers to find the terrible disease and know how awful is its influence. It is in every city in the land, often in the lives of those who pass as respectable and prominent in the community.

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Oh, you who love your fellow-men, in spite of your service to humanity, in spite of your honest purposes, there is something more that you must do than you have done in the past. I have wondered if the parents who were really doing their best could see the pathetic pictures that I have seen in human life, would they not cry out for more light, for more knowledge, and make a supreme effort to reach out from their little houses of selfhood and mental limitation and step into a field of larger service? This is what the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society has been doing since its foundation. No other society has the key to the situation; they have not discovered the remedy, though there are in other societies many splendid, royal, persevering workers who are striving to meet the Great Issue, but they have not found the basis. They do not realize that the outside physical man is the house for both the lower and the higher natures. They preach, work, and serve, but if they had the knowledge of Theosophy and could have the antidote which Theosophy gives, we should in no long time have a lessening of crime and of many unnameable diseases.

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We must fire our minds with a new urge. Our souls must persuade us to take a step that will lift the veil, that will change us, and bring home to us not

only a higher sense of our duty here in this life, but of the need of a clearer understanding of the possibilities of human life. Where, in any exposition of thought, or in any literature, can one find this knowledge, except through a study of Theosophy, which will bring one straight to the point at issue? Many books are written, splendid books on reform, but there is lacking that one essential theosophical note; "Man, know thyself" — as an eternal Being. There is lacking that link that should bind man to the eternal verities and bring to him the knowledge that the persuasive power of the human soul is ever urging the mind to make greater efforts for the world's good. There is this constant divine urge within, if one will listen to it and cease harsh judgment, though holding the mind in protest against wrong, so that the smallest error will set one afire with the spirit of corrective helpfulness. One must study one's own life, one's own belief and religion, in order to see wherein the mind can come more closely to a knowledge of the inner meanings of life and realize the power there is for self-conquest, that "better is he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city"; — no matter how much one may sacrifice oneself to what the world calls 'profit' in a material sense (not but what honorable profit is right in all that tends to support human life) selfish profit cannot lie in the same sack with honor.

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All who seek the world's good must step into a larger field for more honorable and higher duties and the more vital refinements of life. And in conquering along these lines each shall reach a point of strength and become a corrective force, each in his place, working with that solicitude that will be an assurance that one's first duty begins with the self and in the home.

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So let us build our homes in a new way; let us seek to bring to the consciousness of every human being the realization that man is divine in essence, that in order to redeem the evil and the immorality of the age we must cultivate the very highest vital refinements of life — the essentials of progress and happiness.

KATHERINE TINGLEY
EDITOR

"WE say: I do not wish to plunge into vice, but neither do I wish to live like a Cato; I wish to lead an honest and comfortable existence. This is an illusion; we cannot be half man, half beast; soon or late, one tendency will triumph over the other. A moment will come when you will be forced to choose; the later the choice, the more painful and doubtful the victory." — From an unsigned footnote in W. Q. JUDGE's *Path*, Vol. V, p. 7, 1890.

THE WORLD-WAR AND UNIVERSAL PEACE PREDICTED IN MAY, 1914

(Published by request)

IN this Twentieth Century humanity is challenged for something greater than war: we are challenged to defend our country and the countries of the world by the nobility of our manhood and our womanhood.

"The time is coming when you, the noble Veterans of the Civil War, before you close your eyes, will see the beginning of a great and united effort in this country and all countries for a larger liberty, a royal freedom, a spirit of brotherhood so accentuated that war shall cease for evermore. Then we shall close the door of the past and begin a new era, so royally splendid that never again shall war come to our land or the lands of the people of the earth. . . .

"And I tell you, noble Veterans, before you pass to another condition of life you will feel a new urge, a new inspiration; yes, a new hope will be born in your hearts, and a new light into your lives, and you will realize that to truly live, to evoke all the noblest in his nature, man must gain the knowledge of his immortality of his divinity. . . .and then all humanity shall have peace, grand and superb — something that will be as a veil between us and the old memories of all that is sad and pathetic, the loss of life and all the suffering that war produces.

"Be assured we shall still have the inspiration of having defended our flag and our country and the grand principles of liberty laid down in that royal Constitution of our noble forefathers. We shall have a new conception of life, a new conception of a larger duty, and a grand expression of brotherly love."

From Katherine Tingley's address at Isis Theater, San Diego, California, May 6, 1914, on the occasion of the 47th Annual Encampment of G. A. R. Veterans of the Departments of California and Nevada.

THEOSOPHY CALLS FORTH LATENT GOOD:
by H. T. Edge, M. A.

"THE doctrines of Theosophy call forth every hitherto dormant power for good in us."
— H. P. Blavatsky

MAN is like a bud only partially unfolded; and consequently he has in himself many great powers that are not yet apparent. They are still latent. It is not as if man were a finished being, incapable of further improvement; for his evolution is not yet completed. He may grow into something much greater than he is at present. Neither is the good bestowed on man from without; it proceeds from within him. All the good is there, but much of it is latent and needs to be called forth. This is the meaning of the saying that man is his own savior and that the kingdom of God is within him. We can only approach the Divine through our own aspiration and through our devotion to the ideals of right that we intuitively feel.

Thus Theosophy does not discourage us, as some teachings do; it does not bid man regard himself as a failure, needing some external aid or favor to set him right. It bids him invoke and call into action the spiritual powers with which he has been endowed, and avers that there can be no fault worse than a denial of his own divinity and a refusal to seek its aid.

The bulk of people are of a neutral tone of character and very much like each other; but this is only because they allow so much of their character to remain latent and hidden, all undeveloped and unused. There are wonderful powers for good in everyone, and there is no knowing what might be called forth in a person if the proper inducement were offered him to seek within.

Some people are very pessimistic about their mental attainments, but there are greater powers than those of the head. Intuition is better than all intellect, says H. P. Blavatsky; and she assures us that the powers of the human heart are greater than all, and that "the heart has never fully uttered itself." So there is plenty of hope and encouragement for everybody.

He who embraces the teachings of Theosophy takes a new step in his evolution; he starts on a new phase of his life. Before this, he was perhaps cramped by dogmatic beliefs, and automatic habits of thinking, and copying the ways of others. But now a new world of ideas and of prospects opens out before him. There is nothing cramping about the teachings of Theosophy. So many beliefs that are offered us are restrictive; they limit us, telling us rather what not to do than what to do. Or they merely touch a small part of our life, leaving the rest unprovided for. The result is that we lead two separate lives, one religious and the other ordinary. The latter is not necessarily a wicked life,

but it is simply made up of all the numerous concerns that do not come under the head of religion. But Theosophy includes everything. Its teachings apply to all our activities and interests. It is at once religion, science, philosophy, art. It is a mode of life, a set of principles that can be carried out in all our undertakings.

So many people have a great amount of good in them, which is latent and not called forth, because their life is too narrow in its sphere and gives no opportunity for this good to be brought forth. Theosophy provides such opportunity. People who find themselves in a narrow sphere, with a monotonous life, are apt to wish they could change into some wider and more interesting sphere; but they should rather seek to find more life and interest in the sphere in which they are. Because, after all, we have each of us gravitated to the place where we belong; and the way to get into another place is to change our character so that we may become suited to another place; then the laws of nature will conduct us into it. Thus one who studies Theosophy enlarges his view of life, and the little world in which he lives and moves takes on new colors; he finds more in it; new opportunities and interests meet him in proportion as he sends out new feelers.

It has often been said that Theosophy is RELIGION itself. This means that what ordinarily passes for religion is too often something else. Much of what we call religion is of the cramping kind: it seems to be based on the idea that man is incapable of further growth, and that all he can do is to make the best of a bad job in this life and wait until he is 'called home.' It is no wonder that human nature refuses to be altogether suppressed by this kind of doctrine, and that it therefore seeks relief by confining its religion to one day in the week, or to five minutes in the day, and gives up the rest of the time to a non-religious life. But Theosophy declares that man is capable of further growth, and that he should expect to become something better while in this life; for this life is his school of experience. This can be done by simply getting back to the ancient truth that man is essentially divine. All religion is obliged to teach, theoretically at any rate, that man has the divine spark in him; but in practice the religions do not live up to the theory. Theosophy makes the truth practical, and calls upon man to invoke the divinity that is within him. Its teaching of reincarnation enlarges the bounds of life and hope, and removes the feeling of hopelessness that paralyses the will. A mere study of the Theosophical teachings is calculated to sow a seed in our character that will grow into something; for such a study is bound to remove many wrong ideas that have been cramping us.

Whatever religious persuasion a man may belong to — whatever

his nominal or professed religion may be — his *real* religion is the beliefs and principles that govern his life. And it is not often that the real and the professed religion are the same. This real religion is not usually formulated and definite; it consists of the principles and rules of conduct that we ordinarily follow, such as honesty, truthfulness, fair play, mutual helpfulness, self-respect, vanity, and so forth. These make up conduct and character and determine our fate. The professed religion is important only to the extent to which it affects this unformulated religion. Now Theosophy, by its intimate relation with every part of life, touches the springs of our real religion; it is not an exotic growth, for Sunday use only, but a new mode of life for every day.

We may therefore look for unexpected developments in individuals of every kind and class; for every man has the same fount of latent powers within him, and Theosophy is what draws them forth. Plans and schemes for the future ordering of society are usually based on the current standard of human nature; but if human nature is to grow and expand, it is evident that these plans and schemes will be too modest, and that it will be possible to achieve better results than would be possible if human nature remained as before.

That word human nature is a catch-phrase with which people have often humbugged themselves, as they have with the words fate and destiny. They excuse themselves by saying, "I can't help it; it is human nature"; or say that attempts at reform are futile, because human nature stays the same. But the phrase only stands for certain predominant features in the lower nature of man, and does not take much account of his higher nature. When some crisis calls forth heroic qualities — a man dies under torture, when he could have got free pardon by naming his allies; a woman drowns at a stake in the rising tide, sooner than violate her conscience — is this human nature, or what kind of nature is it? The question puts us in a dilemma: we must either say it is divine nature, or that human nature includes heroic and divine qualities. "Moments of exaltation," critics will say; but why should these moments be so comparatively rare? If man had more knowledge and faith, he would live less in his lower nature and more in his higher, and these moments would not be so rare; the standard of human nature would be raised.

History shows that neither absolute kings nor limited monarchs nor republics could act without being always pulled back by the standard of human nature at the time; and that this standard depended very much on the prevalence of narrow dogmatisms and local and racial prejudices. Theosophy shows that the essential part of religions is that which is common to them all, and that the real virtues of peoples are those virtues which the whole of the human race possesses.

THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN:

by Herbert Coryn, M. D., M. R. C. S.

I

THEOSOPHY undoubtedly has some quarrels with modern science — to speak more accurately, with inferences which science draws from facts thus far accumulated.

And with all due respect to science — and a great deal of respect *is* due — Theosophy is not in trouble about the divergencies. Science consists of facts and of inferences from facts. Facts are constantly accumulating. Some of them are in line with those already known. But every now and then one or a group turns up which necessitates an entire reconstruction of old theory. This has always been happening, and no one can say at what moment and in what branch of science it will not happen again. So the theories are provisional, mostly, and ought to be so phrased. The phrasing should be: "*As far as facts now known go,* the case stands thus."

"Obviously," some one early last century might have said, "we can never know anything of the chemical constitution of the stars. How can we get a piece of star into our laboratories and test it?" But then came the spectroscope, and it became suddenly possible to ascertain from the qualities of a star's *light* what sort of matter was sending out that sort of light.

Until the end of last century the chemical 'elements' were *elements,* simple, uncompounded, unchangeable. Anyone who should have questioned this — and Theosophy did question and deny it — was almost blaspheming. But suddenly, almost in a day, we had the X-rays and radium, and it appeared that every 'element' was, after all, a compound of still simpler units.

In regard to the antiquity of man Theosophy is consequently content to differ widely at present from science. And this especially because science is so rapidly and constantly differing from herself on this point. A little while ago we could almost number on the fingers of our hands the few thousands of years during which man, as man, was allowed to have existed on the planet. But with later discoveries of human remains the time of his origin has gone back, and we may now, on good scientific authority, talk about half a million years.

And the entire theory about him is beginning to be in confusion. We are familiar, of course, with the theory of evolution: how from the microscopic amoeba in the drop of dirty water up to man the scale of ascent was uniform and unbroken. Going downward from man, the

link just preceding him was represented by some monkey-like ancestor from which certain of the apes diverged and from which man took the direct step forward — first into the lowest savagery and so onward. But it is beginning to be recognised that the 'missing link' is still missing; that the origin of man is still unaccounted for, and that it was from the already-produced man-type of hitherto unexplained appearance that the ape-type broke off on to a side path. And as for man's ascent from small-brained, brute-skulled savagery, it is now scientifically mooted that on the whole the evidence of the skulls shows that the earliest man whose traces we can find was possessed of as good a brain in point of size as we of the Twentieth century.

Theosophy is therefore content to wait for scientific acceptance of its teaching of the immense antiquity not only of man, but of man civilized; and of types of genuine civilization — especially as respects *consciousness* — of which we cannot yet form any clear conception.

And here is one little-considered item in man's anatomy which is infinitely suggestive. You doubtless know that in the development of the human embryo, in the prenatal evolution, it rapidly passes through stages representing all the main lower types; that it epitomizes, as it were, the whole path of evolution upward from the simple one-celled stage. At last it is human, with the human brain and the surface complexity of convolutions of the brain peculiar to thinking man.

Now this covering of the surface of the brain with those foldings or wrinkles called convolutions — foldings complex in accordance with the complexity of human mind — occurs *twice* in embryonic development. Wrinkles and convolutions are marked in *and then smoothed out again* as if they had never been there. After this they are produced *a second time*, this time finally.

What does that early set of folds mean? Does it not suggest a long-gone-by epoch in human mental evolution when there was a type or quality of intellect that has been put aside in favor of the type or quality that is ours? It is a prehistoric relic of which nothing has yet been made in science, and not a brute but a *human* relic, a relic, we must suppose, of a kind of mind not now functioning, but at one time in full activity.

Again: it is of course true that there have been skulls discovered, dating from immensely far back, which show that at that period there were men of the lowest type compatible with the name of human.

But suppose that in ten thousand years the scientist of that time should find in Australia the skulls of Bushmen. Would it therefore follow that nowhere else in the world there were men of a higher type than Bushmen? Degraded skulls have of course been found in Europe. But does it therefore follow that nowhere else at the time the owners of

those skulls lived there were men of infinitely higher type? And, as I said, the evidence for the existence of such a higher type is already coming in.

Now as to the remains of older civilizations.

Let us first consider this possibility, and at the same time consider the meaning we attach to the word civilization:

We think of our own civilization with all its material complexity and outward richness. If we are told of some very high ancient civilization we carry our present conception backward and demand evidences of some sort of like material and outward complexity.

But a civilization might reach a very high point in terms of *mind*, of consciousness, and yet be very bare and plain *outwardly*. Thought might have been carried a long way, to very high levels, philosophically and spiritually considered; not turned *outward*, as we have turned our thought, to mechanical invention and material complexity. There may have been peoples living a very simple outward life whose consciousness was nevertheless much higher than ours. We have more than a suggestion of this in what we know of ancient India, of the times when some of the Vedic hymns were first written and men speculated on spiritual things in ways of which we can divine something from the earliest Upanishads. The Vedas especially are like the ancient cities of Troy, strata upon strata, and with no suggestion of spiritual barbarism anywhere. They suggest in fact a general preoccupation of the mind of that day with spiritual and philosophical matters that we of our times cannot parallel.

So that civilizations of a far past may have arisen and vanished that have left no trace at all, pre-Vedic civilizations, of which we can form no idea, civilizations which, from the standpoint of *consciousness*, have no resemblance to ours. And yet, deep within ourselves, their results must lie buried, waiting resuscitation. For Theosophy teaches that the mind of man is far more complex than our psychology knows of; that it develops aspect after aspect through the great groups of successive civilizations, each such group developing some special aspect; and that that, once developed, is as it were laid aside while another comes forward for development — just as that early group of convolutions are laid aside for another; and that it will not be till the end, the finale of human evolution on this planet, that all will reawaken together, blend with the last developed, and show us the completed man. We are more complex, have more hidden powers and aspects and faculties, than we know; and just as some man, placed in new conditions, may suddenly show himself possessed of faculties and aptnesses which perhaps not even *he* suspected, so with ourselves as a whole. Old conditions have gone by and did their work upon us. And the results remain upon the shelf whilst we turn a new face of our many-faced consciousness to new con-

ditions. But nothing is lost. The old remains on call when the call shall come.

But apart from civilizations of which not a trace seems to remain — and Theosophy asserts on the authority of its records that there were many such civilizations, and not only on continents now for ages beneath the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific and about the North Pole — there are many whose shells, whose vast ruins, still remain, the greater part unexplored by archaeologists. How much is known, not to speak of the civilizations that *produced* the titanic remains in South America along the slopes shoreward of the Andes and in Mexico, hundreds of miles of them, but even of the remains themselves, guarded as they are by equally titanic or almost impregnable vegetation and by the peculiar and deadly fevers of the localities? Yet we know enough at least to wonder at a race that could have produced such structures.

When history first throws her light upon Egypt, she throws it upon a complex and fully-grown civilization that could only have been reached through long and historically unillumined stretches of time.

And of the prehistoric *Eastern* world here is H. P. Blavatsky's cursory sketch of our ignorance:

"In their efforts to collect together the many skeins of unwritten history, it is a bold step for our Orientalists to take, to deny, *a priori*, everything that does not dovetail with their special conclusions. Thus while new discoveries are daily made of great arts and sciences having existed far back in the night of time, even the knowledge of writing is refused to some of the most ancient nations, and they are credited with barbarism instead of culture. Yet the traces of an immense civilization, even in Central Asia, are still to be found. This civilization is undeniably *prehistoric*. And how can there be civilization without a literature, in some form, without annals or chronicles? Common sense alone ought to supplement the broken links in the history of departed nations. The gigantic, unbroken wall of the mountains that hem in the whole table-land of Tibet, from the upper course of the river Khuan-Khé down to the Karakorum hills, witnessed a civilization during millenniums of years, and would have strange secrets to tell mankind. The Eastern and Central portions of those regions — the Nan-Shan and the Altyn-Tagh — were once upon a time covered with cities that could well vie with Babylon. A whole geological period has swept over the land since those cities breathed their last, as the mounds of shifting sand, and the sterile and now dead soil of the immense central plains of the basin of Tarim testify. The borderlands alone are superficially known to the traveler. Within those table-lands of sand there is water, and fresh oases are found blooming there, wherein no European foot has ever yet ventured, or trodden the now treacherous soil. Among these verdant oases there are some which are entirely inaccessible even to the native profane traveler. Hurricanes may 'tear up the sands and sweep whole plains away,' they are powerless to destroy that which is beyond their reach. Built deep in the bowels of the earth, the subterranean stores are secure; and as their entrances are concealed in such oases, there is little fear that anyone should discover them, even should several armies invade the sandy wastes where —

> "'Not a pool, not a bush, not a house is seen,
> And the mountain-range forms a rugged screen
> Round the parch'd flats of the dry, dry desert....'

"But there is no need to send the reader across the desert, when the same proofs of ancient civilization are found even in comparatively populated regions of the same country. The

oasis of Cherchen, for instance, situated about 4000 feet above the level of the river Cherchen-daria, is surrounded with the ruins of archaic towns and cities in every direction. There, some 3000 human beings represent the relics of about a hundred extinct nations and races — the very names of which are now unknown to our ethnologists. An anthropologist would feel more than embarrassed to class, divide, and subdivide them; the more so, as the respective descendents of all these *antediluvian* races and tribes know as little of their own forefathers themselves, as if they had fallen from the moon. When questioned about their origin, they reply that they know not whence their fathers had come, but had heard that their *first* (or earliest) men were ruled by the great genii of these deserts. This may be put down to ignorance and superstition, yet in view of the teachings of the Secret Doctrine, the answer may be based upon primeval tradition. Alone, the tribe of Khorassan claims to have come from what is now known as Afghanistan, long before the days of Alexander, and brings legendary lore to that effect as corroboration. The Russian traveler, Colonel (now General) Prjevalsky, found quite close to the oasis of Cherchen the ruins of two enormous cities, the oldest of which was, according to local tradition, ruined 3000 years ago by a hero and giant; and the other by the Mongolians in the tenth century of our era.

" 'The emplacement of the two cities is now covered, owing to shifting sands and the desert wind, with strange and heterogeneous relics; with broken china and kitchen utensils and human bones. The natives often find copper and gold coins, melted silver, ingots, diamonds, and turquoises, and what is the most remarkable — broken glass. . . . Coffins of some undecaying wood, or material, also, within which beautifully preserved embalmed bodies are found. . . . The male mummies are all extremely tall powerfully built men with long waving hair. . . . A vault was found with twelve dead men *sitting* in it. Another time, in a separate coffin, a young girl was discovered by us. Her eyes were closed with golden discs, and the jaws held firm by a golden circlet running from under the chin across the top of the head. Clad in a narrow woolen garment, her bosom was covered with golden stars, the feet being left naked.' — *From a lecture by N. M. Prjevalsky*

"To this, the famous traveler adds that all along their way on the river Cherchen they heard legends about twenty-three towns buried ages ago by the shifting sands of the deserts. The same tradition exists on the Lob-nor and in the oasis of Keria.

"The traces of such civilization, and these and like traditions, give us the right to credit other legendary lore warranted by well educated and learned natives of India and Mongolia, when they speak of immense libraries reclaimed from the sand, together with various reliques of ancient MAGIC lore, which have all been safely stored away."

We spoke of the great submerged continents beneath the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, whose once existence is now fairly orthodox geology. These, Theosophy teaches, had their humanity and their civilizations — recorded, too; but not on records to which science has yet been given access. Why should it be given access to them, when it will give no consideration to the Graeco-Egyptian tradition recorded by Plato? Read Donnelly's book *Atlantis* for the whole of what can as yet be said on that score.

And let us remember that nature is not very kindly to remains. She has her ever-ready earthquake; her slow age-long denudations by rain and frost; her slow subsidences and upheavals, land and water ever changing place; her glaciers and avalanches and volcanoes; her sandstorms and her all-dissecting vegetation. Given time enough and she can wipe out the last trace of any human structure.

Well, after all this, we can perhaps come to a reckoning. Civili-

zation is the perennial flowering of the deathless plant humanity. And as, through the botanical ages, the plant, flowering year after year, slowly changes its type under the laws of evolution, so humanity. It flowers here and then as the evolved individuals transfer themselves there for other incarnations and come at last to a new and changed florescence. The dregs remain as types which wear out, the mental and moral degenerates of the type which was. Have we not degenerates enough visible in our midst today? Read the daily records of the crimes. Look at some of the faces in the streets. The new type flowers; a new phase of mind and consciousness is produced, intellectual, aesthetic, spiritual, moral, or what not. Some of the results are stored for use hereafter, as nature puts away for future use some organ of the animal body, or, if it has altogether served its turn, transforms it for some other function. The race betakes itself to the evolution of some new aspect or faculty or adds a further point to an old one. So we get the ups and downs of history. And so it is possible for those who do not see what is doing to argue that there is no progress; that the process is blind and functionless, a mere succession of samenesses that accomplish nothing. Do you not see what that means: that causes can be set going with no effects? That men can put forth their whole powers, mental or moral or spiritual, in art or science or what not — and remain what they were, the power expended vanishing traceless? For that is what it means to say that civilization does at best but repeat civilization. Every effort made by any of us on any line, mental or other, every worthy effort of will against our inertia, is a working force, raising him who makes it and contributing something *not there before* to the civilization of which he is a part. And as there always are and were those who make and have made such efforts, have even filled their lives with them, so there must be and have been eternal progress. And as a man at different parts of his life may work at different parts of his nature and develop each a step further, so with the successive civilizations. They represent humanity as a unit working at different parts of its nature. No effort fails of its result. And all results, when not now manifest, are stored against the great and superb future of our race.

So by way of final lesson we can remember that no noble stroke of work done by any of us on his own nature is wasted. It goes to his account and to the account of his civilization and to the account of all humanity. To make the smallest effort is to set a cause to work, and from then on the eternal current of effect is ceaselessly moving out.

(*To be concluded*)

THE NIGHT WATCH

By Kenneth Morris

WHEN that I go on Night Watch here,
From Temple Steps to Theater,
And up and down the garden through
And back by Pepper Avenue –

Here the dark palm-processions stretch away
Adown into the silence, silently down,
As giant priests mute from their sanctuary;
There, far across the dimness of the bay,
The muffled lights of San Diego town
Blink impotently at infinity. . . .

Veiling her Niobe face in cypress-lawn,
Night broods above the mountains. She hath known
Ten thousand universes born and die;
But holds her hoary secrets all withdrawn,
And speechless kneels as to some Hidden Throne
Upreared beyond the muteness of the sky.

And when I turn, and go the rounds
Northward towards the Athletic Grounds,
Northward and east, and then to west,
Back 'twixt the cliffs and Holland Crest —

Huge phantom multitudes come hurrying on
Up from the starless sea, into the night;
Ghostly, gigantic, mute; as it were a foam
Of old defeated populations. Anon
They come in-billowing, bosomed with faint light
Caught from the glow in the gold-green Homestead Dome;

Then rear up lightless into the dark vast,
And toss imploring spectral arms in vain,
Searching the limitless abysm on high.
And then they suddenly fall away and are past,
And the cold stars have leave to shine again;
And I hear inarticulate millions cry.

International Theosophical Headquarters,
Point Loma, California

RAMESES THE GREAT AND HIS VICTORIES:
by C. J. Ryan

POPULAR writers are fond of including the name of Rameses II, called the Great, when reciting the list of aggressive military conquerors. A well-known picture shows him associated with Alexander the Great, Attila, Caesar, Napoleon, and other scourges of humanity, marching along a pathway thick-lined on each side with the dead bodies of their victims. Now there is little justification in putting Rameses in this category, for his wars were few and he probably considered them essential for the preservation of his realm from invasion. The Libyans, for instance, were continually attempting to penetrate into the fertile lands of the Delta, and there was always danger from the Hittites in Syria and further north. Furthermore, out of his reign of sixty-seven years, the first twenty only were spent in active campaigning; the remaining forty-seven were devoted to the arts of peace. Rameses' claim to true greatness lay chiefly in the direction of architecture.

The famous historical paintings from the warlike period of his life, which are reproduced herewith, are found upon the walls of the small temple at Bêt-el-Wâli, near Kalâbsheh in Nubia. They represent various scenes in his early campaigns, and are full of curious and interesting detail. Rameses' great battle against the Hittites at Kadesh on the river Orontes, in which he gained immense personal glory by redeeming an apparently lost campaign by a furious charge at the most critical moment, is not pictured in this series; it is found in full detail in many of his other temples and shrines, for he was evidently very proud of his one outstanding act of despairing bravery when all seemed lost. Though he won the victory, it was dearly bought, and his army was nearly annihilated. The campaign must have ended indecisively, for Rameses brought back little if any booty, and finally married the daughter of the Hittite king, thereby sealing a remarkable treaty of peace between the two great empires. This treaty is a striking example of real statesmanship, and it is permeated with a fair and extremely humane tone. As a result, there was peace between Egypt and the Hittite Empire for the rest of the reign of Rameses and long after.

In describing the wall-pictures from Bêt-el-Wâli, which represent a few scenes from the Syrian, Ethiopian, and Libyan campaigns of Rameses' early years, Mr. A. E. P. Weigall, Inspector-General of Upper Egypt, Department of Antiquities, says:

"Turning to the south wall the first scene at the east end shows the king in his chariot furiously charging down on the flying host of Ethiopians, and shooting arrows from his bow in their midst. Behind him in two chariots are the king's sons Amenherunamf and Khaemuast,

the latter being described as 'the water of the god coming forth in strength.' Each of the princes has a driver in the chariot with him, and the drawing of these is most spirited. The negroes, who carry bows and arrows, dash back towards their camp amongst the dôm palms; two warriors lead along a wounded comrade; the women and children run hither and thither in panic: and one woman looks up terrified, from her cooking. The scene at the west end of the wall shows the king seated under a canopy, while the nobles and princes of Egypt bring the tribute of the Ethiopians to him. In the upper line are gold rings, bags of precious objects, fruit, bows, leopard skins, shields, chairs, fans, feathers, tusks, a lion, a gazelle, oxen, and finally a group of negro soldiers with spears. In the lower line are prisoners, monkeys, a leopard, a giraffe, bulls, one of which has its horns ornamented with a head and hands, women with their children, one carrying two babies on her back in a basket, a gazelle, an ostrich, and a leopard.

"On the north wall of the court the scenes refer to the wars of the king in Asia Minor and Libya, and their representation here was intended to show the natives that the king was as powerful at one end of the earth as at another. The first scene at the east end of the wall shows the king, with axe raised, holding a group of Syrian captives by the hair; while the Egyptian princes lead in other prisoners, who are drawn in attitudes of the utmost despair and exhaustion. In the next scene the king is attacking a Syrian fortress, and is slaughtering a figure who appears at the top of the tower, holding a broken bow; while one of the king's sons bursts in the door with an axe. Dead warriors fall from the battlements, while the other figures supplicate the conqueror, making offerings to him as though he were a god. The following scene shows the king bending forward from his chariot, which is being whirled along by a pair of galloping horses. He is in the act of striking down his Syrian enemies, who are flying before his onslaught. Then follows a scene in which Rameses is represented putting to death a kneeling figure of a Libyan, while, as an indication of the prisoner's utter humiliation, the king's pet dog is seen biting him as he kneels. At a respectful distance various princes and nobles of Egypt bow before the king. In the next portion the king, seated under a canopy, with his tame lion at his feet, receives the princes who bring in prisoners. Three forlorn old men are dragged forward, walking on tiptoes, as though from fright. Below these are other nobles bowing before the conqueror."

In discussing Egyptian art it has frequently been said that the painters and sculptors in relief were inveterately attached to the highly conventional method of drawing the human figure which we associate with their representations — the twisted shoulders, flat feet, and other non-natural positions. That these were preferred is, of course, a matter of common observation, and many efforts have been made to explain it. Without entering upon this controversy, it is worth drawing attention to the remarkable and naturalistic drawing of many of the figures in the pictures from Bêt-el-Wâli. Look at the nude prisoner being led before the figure standing upon two bound prisoners, or at the corpses falling from the battlements; the trembling chiefs being led before Rameses seated under a canopy are quite unconventional in drawing; and among the Ethiopians there are many figures whose outlines are simply natural and highly expressive; notice the women at the left who are receiving the news of the defeat of the Ethiopian troops. In other places in Egypt there are figures so well drawn that, as Mr. Weigall says, they would not disgrace Greek art. It is perfectly obvious that the Egyptians had reasons for their general preference for the conventional which did not depend upon inability to see nature correctly or to represent

what they saw. The fact is, we must admit that the Egyptians, like many Oriental races — the Chinese for instance — looked at nature from a different standpoint from that of Europeans in general. Dr. Sirén, in his recent series of articles in THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH, has conclusively demonstrated this in regard to the Chinese and Japanese, and has also shown that their peculiar (to us) notions of perspective and grouping of figures are perfectly logical and right when considered from their mental attitude. The Egyptian reliefs and paintings are certainly not photographic in effect, they are essentially decorative, and they tell the story concisely and with a wonderful artistry. It will be well for us to refrain from throwing stones until we have developed some kind of originality and character in modern art.

Rameses' victories over the Hittites, the Libyans and the Ethiopians were undoubtedly of great importance to the safety of Egypt, but to us his title to greatness has been far more deservedly earned by his prowess as an administrator and especially as the builder of some of the most splendid monuments the world has ever seen. Professor Breasted, of the University of Chicago, says, of the great Hypostyle Hall at Karnak, of which the decoration was entirely carried out by Rameses II:

"He who stands for the first time in the shadow of its overwhelming colonnades, that forest of mighty shafts, the largest ever erected by human hands — crowned by the swelling capitals of the nave, on each of which a hundred men may stand together,— he who observes the vast sweep of the aisles — roofed with hundred-ton architraves — and knows that the walls would contain the entire cathedral of Notre Dame and leave plenty of room to spare, — he who notes the colossal portal over which once lay a lintel block over forty feet long and weighing some hundred and fifty tons, will be filled with respect for the age that produced this the largest columned hall ever raised by man. And if the discerning eye is rather impressed by its size than by the beauty of its lines, it should not be forgotten that the same architects produced Rameses' mortuary temple, the Ramesseum, a building not inferior in refined beauty to the best works of the Eighteenth Dynasty."

Above all the other works of Rameses the Great in originality and spiritual imagination, the palm must be given to the lonely sanctuary of Ra Harmachis at Abu Simbel in Nubia. The illustration given herewith shows the wonderful rock-cut façade with the great colossi of Rameses, calm, dignified faces looking towards the sunrise with an expression of eternal peace. The passages and chambers of the temple are excavated out of the solid rock and are covered with inscriptions and reliefs. Mr. Weigall, in his *Antiquities of Upper Egypt,* says:

"As the temple faces towards the east, it is only at sunrise that the light penetrates into the sanctuary, and only then can the reliefs on the walls be distinctly seen. Thus the whole temple is designed for the one hour of sunrise. Those who visit it at dawn and pass into the vestibule and sanctuary will be amazed at the irresistible solemnity of that moment when the sun passes above the hills, and the dim halls are suddenly transformed into a brilliantly lighted temple; and though one has sickened of the eulogies of the literary traveler in Egypt, one may in this

case adopt his language, and describe the hour of sunrise here as one of profound and stirring grandeur. At no other time and at no other place in Egypt does one feel the same capacity for appreciating the ancient Egyptian spirit of worship."

In several places Rameses is shown leading prisoners towards or standing before his own deified self, and it is believed that he was worshiped in this temple. This appears very superstitious to those who have not penetrated into the possible inner meaning of such a strange-looking belief, but to students of Theosophy who have realized the distinction between the human personality and the divine, overshadowing, immortal Ego, it is seen to be a revelation, to those worshipers who could understand it, of the duality of human nature. While there can be little doubt that many evils had crept into the religious life of later Egypt, and that many of the kings were not true initiates into the Greater Mysteries, it is very difficult for our greatest scholars, whose point of view is essentially *modern*, to separate what was superstitious or the result of having to provide exoteric religious forms and ceremonies for the ignorant mob, from what was really a partially veiled exposition of the truths of the universal 'Secret Doctrine': in fact, it is impossible to appreciate these things with any accuracy without making a study of Theosophy.

In recent years much light has been thrown upon the literature of certain periods in ancient Egypt. Mr Flinders Petrie has published several volumes of curious and interesting stories some of which remind us of the *Arabian Nights*. The great age of Rameses II was noted for its literary output, though the written records of the State religion of that period show a decline in spirituality, in outward aspect at least. Many interesting manuscript stories, love-songs, religious poems and songs, official letters, records and accounts, and school exercises have come down to us from the time of Rameses II and the other Pharaohs of the Nineteenth Dynasty, and they have greatly helped in the reconstruction of the life of that age. Many of these have distinct literary character, and some of the poems are worthy of a place in the higher ranks of literature. The epic of 'Pentaur' is devoted to the Syrian campaign of Rameses II; especially to his dashing charge against the Hittites at Kadesh. It describes with effective dramatic contrast the valiant spirit of the young king who commands his charioteer to rush into the thick of the fight as compared with the charioteer's fear. The whole story of the battle is related with simplicity and clearness; in fact it is so well described that we can easily follow the mistakes of the Egyptians, the skilful strategy of the Hittite king Metella who "cut through the division of Re in the middle, while it was on the march, not knowing and not drawn up for battle," and the final extrication of the remains of his army from its perilous position by the desperate valor of Rameses, as related.

FAR AWAY: by R. Machell

FAR away from our shores there lies a land as beautiful as the heart of man can desire, and that is saying much, for the heart of man can desire much, as we all know. But this land is far away and that explains the matter.

Natural truths find their expression in proverbs, and there is one that asserts that "distance lends enchantment to the view."

There is much wisdom in this proverb, and a part of it may possibly have escaped general observation. One may ask why should distance act as an enchanter, and what is meant by enchantment? Simple questions enough and natural, but they open the doors of the mind upon regions that seem boundless. Distance itself suggests unlimited extension, and enchantment seems to imply illusion that defies definition: though it is true that we use the word also to express a deep sense of enjoyment or the power to charm.

This suggests magic, and magic implies mystery; all of which is of the nature of the undefined and intangible, that which the very ordinary person regards as the unreal or imaginary. So that we see at once the affinity that exists between distance and enchantment, charm and illusion.

The commonplace mind tries to avoid illusion, and scorns beauty, charm, and enchantment. It adopts the word Truth as its motto, and under cover of that high-sounding word it builds a little prison of theories which it calls facts, in which it shuts itself and glories in its isolation.

But though the word Truth may be written over the entrance to this temple of self, it means nothing, for the door is closed; and those who look closely see that the real name of the building is Pride. There are no windows in this temple; but the indwelling devotee worships eternally his own limitations, which are the closed walls of his castle of delusion. The walls close in upon him and he feels that they are real, he loves their irresistible embrace, and glories in his absolute seclusion.

What then? Will the shrinkage of the walls eventually crush him, or will he retire into the inmost essence of his own consciousness and pass through nothingness into infinity? Or will he escape as the prisoner did in one of Marryatt's stories of the sea, as told by a sailor who was set to guard the captive? The man drew a ship on the walls of his cell, then he drew the waves. He was a Chinaman or a Malay, if I remember right. The waves began to rise and fall, and the ship rocked. Then the captive rapidly drew two lines from the ship to the floor, filled the space between with cross lines to represent a ladder, and, before the sailor could interfere, ran up this ladder, boarded the ship, and sailed away, leaving the truthful sailor to account for the loss of his prisoner as best he could. Imagination is a potent factor in history, I believe,

That sailor must have felt that truth is indeed a mystery, which the profane are not qualified to use. Capt. Marryat may have been a transcendental philosopher, and he may have seen in this story an allegory of a truth in nature; to wit, the indestructibility of the essential principle of life, which passes from one plane of existence to another through the mysterious gateway of death or of transmutation, from the seen to the unseen, as a flame which opens the door between the visible world in which the candle exists tangibly, and the ethereal world in which its transmuted elements subsist invisibly. The flame goes out, the door closes, and the material candle has vanished — a mystery too familiar to be capable of real explanation. The things that are very near to us are mostly unintelligible for that reason. We can not judge of their significance or relative importance when they are so near. Indeed, we are often quite unable to find things that lie close at hand, or to see them when we are looking straight in their direction.

Distance lends more than enchantment, it lends value and relativity. And what is distance but a sense of detachment?

If you stand with your nose against the canvas you can not see the picture, if you touch the walls of a building you can not at the same time appreciate the architecture. If you want to know what happiness means you must wait till you have lost it. If you wish to know the true value of a man's work you must outlive him and read his history in the light of a wider knowledge.

In this fact lies a part of the explanation of the many unhappy unions and the frequent separation of partners and associates of all kinds. The need of distance. Nearness means disillusionment.

Did ever anyone associate happiness with disillusionment? Sometimes a cynic will thank God that he has got rid of all his illusions, but that is a mere bluff. No man can live on this earth if he is free from all illusions, since the earth itself is only known to us by its appearance to our sense-perceptions and imagination: without these a man is but a point in space, and space is unimaginable to the brain of incarnated man. As human beings we live by and in illusion.

True, we distinguish between these illusions and try to establish in this changing world, where permanence is so shortlived, some arbitrary standard of reality: but even here there is no sort of real agreement possible, only a kind of compromise. Still, within certain limits, we may agree that some illusions are true appearances, and others are false or distorted. Where all men are deluded by the very nature of their existence, and so may be called lunatics, it is necessary to establish some limits at which delusion may be said to pass the bounds of sanity. No one knows where such a line can be drawn, and only a compromise can

be reached, with disputes certain and unavoidable between so-called authorities.

But to return to our land of beauty that lies so far away. Why do we go to some high peak to get a view of the distant scene? Simply because of the charm of distance.

> "Blue glittering seas and headlands dim
> Of myosote and amethyst,
> Blue phantom mountains hung in mist
> Of pearl-dust on the horizon's rim."

Those headlands are not dim mysteries of myosote and amethyst when we get near them. They are like the ground we stand on, just that; no more; the spot we want to get away from, to lose ourselves in the infinite — yes, to lose ourselves, or to find ourselves as you please; it all depends on what you mean by Self. That is the key to all mysteries. Knowledge of the true Self. The old wisdom says: "Give up thy life if thou wouldst live"; or, again, we are told that we shall never come to know the meaning of Self until we can draw back and detach ourselves from it — and this detachment seems to suggest distance.

When our friends come back to Point Loma from the outside world they say: "You don't know what you have here; you ought to go away for a time, then you would understand."

I remember an old story of a man who had an ambition to be a great architect, and to achieve fame; so when he had learned his profession he set out to conquer the world, refusing the invitation of the council of his native city to stay and build the bridge that had fallen long ago and left the little city to dwindle into insignificance. Well, he gained some experience, as you may suppose, and was allowed to assist other men whose reputation was established, but he remained himself unknown to fame; until at last he grew homesick and went back to his native place. The bridge was still a ruin, and it stirred his pity. So he set to work to get the people interested in its reconstruction and one offered materials, and another implements, and another labor, and so on; while he worked and planned, and organized the builders into a community, to whom he gave instructions: and the work began. Then one day the floods came down and threatened to destroy the rising bridge, but the architect was there directing the whole community in the dangerous work of saving the unfinished structure. The bridge was saved, but the designer was drowned: and when at last the work was completed, the grateful city called the bridge by his name, and set up a statue of its designer to watch over it. So he found fame where it had lain waiting for him, near at hand, while he was far away pining for his distant home.

The beauty that distance gives to a scene is not an illusion, rather it

is a revelation. Sometimes it would seem as if the distance itself was the source of beauty, and that this charm is indeed borrowed by the landscape, and is not inherent in it. What then is distance? Is it a something in itself? a source of beauty? a reality? Or is it perhaps a something spiritual? That is to say, something that is not on this plane, something that is not a material tangible fact, but that is an underlying reality, that is one of the links between consciousness and objects of perception: something that is everywhere like the air, but which is not so material as the atmosphere. It is more like love, which is the bond between two that are separate; and which is a reality to them under certain conditions, and which vanishes sometimes with contact.

Possibly the charm of distance is in part due to its power of drawing the mind out beyond the bounds of self into the infinite, where it becomes responsive to vibrations of a higher order than those it experiences in close contact with the body.

Certainly distance is relativity, and while it separates it is also the bond of union. It is not something tangible, yet it is the relation between objects and their perceiver.

The love of travel is a natural response to the call of distance; and what if the journey destroy that illusion by the experience of nearness? Does it not repay the traveler by revealing to him the charm of that home he was so willing to leave? Is home-sickness an illusion? Ask those who have felt it. Yet the returned traveler is apt to make life miserable for those at home by his complaints and exactions, and by his disparaging comparison of the realities of home-life with the charms of the now distant lands that he has visited.

It seems to me as if distance were a presence from another world that permeates the visible universe with beauty, inspiring longing in the heart towards the infinite. It calls us away from earth to that other world, but we do not understand its message. We see through its fair face only the dull reality of the material world; and then rail at Nature or at life when we experience the disappointment that follows upon realization of actualities.

Discussing this subject once with an old Arab, I was answered as usual by a story, from which I was left to draw my own conclusion.

There was a man, he said, in Jerusalem, who dreamed that he would achieve great fortune in Cairo, and as he was very poor he decided to take the hint and go to Cairo; which he accomplished with some difficulty, being poor. In Cairo he sold fruit to earn a living, and waited in vain for the promised fortune. One day a customer as poor as himself was complaining of the conditions that made life so hard there, and inquired what could have induced the fruit-seller to leave home in order

to come to such a place. The man from Jerusalem told him; and was laughed at for his credulity. Trust a dream? Ridiculous! Why dreams are common enough; but he, the customer, was not such a fool as to be led away by one. As a proof of his indifference to such things he told one of his own, in which he had seen a treasure that was buried under the floor of a house, which he was able to describe with such exactitude that his listener at once recognised his own poor home in Jerusalem. When the story was finished the customer threw down the peel of a banana he had been eating, saying: "There is the value of a dream. Take it, you are welcome"; and went his way laughing. The fruit-seller did take it, and was soon on his way back to Jerusalem. When he arrived he did not stay to greet his family, but went to borrow a pickaxe and a spade, with which he tore up the floor of his house, to the amazement of his wife who thought he had gone mad. But at last the treasure was unearthed, that had lain there all the time while he was so badly in need of it. But he had to go far away in order to learn of its existence.

The meaning of the allegory was clear enough on ordinary lines of interpretation; but it seemed to suggest something deeper, and I began to wonder if it were not true that this material world is actually a shadow or a reflexion from another, and that the reflexion is in some strange way a reproduction by inversion of a world more real than this. We are always told that Truth can only be expressed in paradox, and it may be that therein lies a clue to the charm of distance and to the power of its appeal. It may be that the distance is the reality that seems to part us from the land of our desire, which latter is an illusion, so far at least as its charm goes. It may be that desire and disappointment, anticipation of delight and disillusionment, are but the result of our misunderstanding as to the nature of the world we live in and our own relation to it.

Those who retire from the world and seek wisdom in seclusion are not all blinded by selfishness, nor are they shirkers of their responsibilities. Rather are they students of the real meaning of life, who seek to identify themselves with the heart of the world, and to take upon themselves their full share of responsibility in the task of guiding human evolution along the path of progress, and of lightening the load of suffering that men pile upon their own shoulders through ignorance of the laws of life. By drawing back from the hurly-burly of life they are able to recover that mastery of their own lower nature necessary to those who would fit themselves to truly serve their fellows.

In this seclusion there is no peace unless the disciple find it in his own heart, for the paradox of life rules everywhere. As there is no solitude so distressing as loneliness in a crowd, so too there is no fiercer

conflict than that which a man finds in his own heart, when he can enter there demanding admission to the mysteries of his own inner self. And when that mystery is solved and peace is found, immediately the man becomes aware of his own oneness with the world. Then he has done with retirement from the world, for he has opened the door into a real sanctuary in his own heart, and can henceforth mix with the world unshaken by the storm and strife of human competition, and can with certainty guide others on the path of wisdom, and give help to those who seek the light, which he himself has found.

There is in every human heart a fountain of pure life, of joy and harmony beyond the dreams of men who only live for pleasure and enjoyment. There is a land, if one may call it so, more beautiful than even the heart of man can picture, for it is beyond the gateway of the heart. It is the region of the Soul; and it is far away from earth, for earth is here, and earth is there, whereas the regions of the Soul are everywhere. They are the invisible regions of space, the silence and the Infinite; they are the beauty that pervades the earth, they are the depth of heaven, and the radiance of the stars, and the light in the eyes of the children, the magic in music, and the mystery of art.

That world is the Soul itself, it is that which has many names, and yet remains unspeakable; once it was called TAO, and devotees have sought it under many of its names, and some have found it and passed on; and others have caught a glimpse of it; and none may claim it for his own; and none may guess when it will reveal itself, nor how, nor where he shall come on the heart of TAO. The legends tell us how the seekers sought for it, and how the mystery would sometimes be revealed to outcasts in their misery, while wise and pious devotees waited and watched in vain. One such I call to mind:

"There where the brook comes down in a white cascade,
From the gloom of the pines above, to the green of the mountain glade,
Suddenly I was aware of the heart of TAO.

"I was making a poem — simple thoughts enow,
And choosing the simplest words — and then. somehow,
There where the brook comes down in a white cascade,

"At the sound of a lute blown down through the pinetrees' shade,
The spirit within me thrilled and leaped and swayed,
And suddenly I was aware of the heart of TAO.

"First there was one came bent, and the sweat on his brow,
Bearing a load, 'twixt low-hung bough and bough,
There where the brook comes down in a white cascade;

"And then came that One unseen in the wood, who played;
And then, this one that heard, in the woodland strayed,
Was suddenly wholly aware of the heart of TAO.

THE GARDEN OF EDEN

"But suppose I had only striven and searched and prayed,
And not gone forth where my fancy took me — how
Should I so have suddenly come on the heart of TAO,
There where the brook comes down in a white cascade?"

NOTE. Poetical arrangement by K. V. Morris from translations of a Taoist poem. R. M.

THE GARDEN OF EDEN: by H. T. Edge, M. A.

"AND the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden; and there he put the man whom he had formed. And out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight, and good for food; the tree of life also in the midst of the garden, and the tree of knowledge of good and evil."

WHAT a spell is woven around the very name of the Garden of Eden, for all of us who have been brought up amid the associations it recalls! Nor do I believe that this spell is wholly due to the association, or that it can be broken by a mere critical analysis of the Hebrew text. For there is more behind the name than the unaided mind can analyse, and the intuition of man, who is the heir of the ages, must have *felt* some of that inner allegorical meaning that lies hid in the name of the Garden of Eden and enshrines some of the most sacred memories of our great human family. Truly, those who have seen no more in the Bible than its literal dead-letter meaning, and those who have scoffed at it as mere fable, are both in the wrong; neither have glimpsed its real sacredness. Let us see if we can now discover any of this inner meaning and thereby add sacredness to an already sacred association.

Many people have speculated as to the geographical site of the Garden; and this is but natural, seeing that so many of the places mentioned in the Bible narratives can be identified and visited today. In *Genesis* certain topographical details are added; a river runs through the garden to water it, and is parted into four streams; the lands through which these streams flow is briefly described. These particulars seem to afford hints for identification of the site; yet to what varying conclusions have they led! Josephus was of opinion that the four rivers were the Tigris, Euphrates, Ganges, and Nile (which must therefore have had a common source). Calvin believed Eden to have been at the mouth of the Euphrates on the Persian Gulf. General Gordon and others were strongly of opinion that Eden was in one of the Seychelles Islands in the Indian Ocean. Others, who have heard something of American archaeology, have placed

the Garden in Yucatan. Still others believe it was at the North Pole, which, according to geology, was formerly warm. From all this it seems evident that the topographical details given in the Bible are not sufficient to enable us to choose any one site.

But supposing the Garden of Eden to have been a real place, still upon the map (if we could only find that place), what is to be said of the Creation story? Is that all literal truth? Very few believe so nowadays, and we shall find ourselves in good theological company if we declare our disbelief in the exact *verbal* truth of the narrative. But we are very far indeed from running to the opposite extreme and avowing that the whole story is futile folk-lore. Such extreme views, on either side, show shallowness of mind. Like other Theosophists, especially H. P. Blavatsky herself, we believe that there is much more in the Bible than has yet been gotten out of it; and that, however confused and obscured it may be, it is in the main one of the world's sacred allegories and may prove a mine of truth for those who can find the proper keys to unlock its mysteries.

It is evident that we have in the Eden story a very confused and altered symbolical narrative or allegory. Yet, if it be asked whether the story is *all* allegory, we cannot answer even this in the affirmative. The domain of literature contains many examples of stories which are at once allegorical and historical; and I think the immortal epics of Homer may be numbered among this class. What if the various gods and heroes depicted do represent the powers of the human soul, such as courage, strength, devotion, etc., it is possible and even very probable that historical personages were often chosen as the figures around which to weave the allegory. In old England there used to be enacted certain dramas called 'Mystery Plays.' In these the characters were symbolical, such as Virtue, Vice, Pride, and so forth. But later on it became the custom to introduce real characters, historical characters, among the *dramatis personae.* Thus were obtained dramas which were both historical and allegorical, and might possibly have puzzled critics ignorant of their origin. Coming down to the present moment, it is easy to see that any good writer might sit down here and now and compose an allegory of the struggle of the human soul, with Theodore Roosevelt and his big stick occupying the part of Hercules, and the dragons represented by something else. What would future critics make of this? Would they say Roosevelt was nothing but a solar myth or a religious conception?

H. P. Blavatsky says that Eden, as a locality, was no myth, but a real place, being the name for the Tigris-Euphrates region. But here we come up against an apparent obstacle. We find that the idea of a garden of Eden was not confined to the Hebrews nor to that part of the world, but is universal. It has already been found by scholars that the Bible narrative

must have been derived and somewhat altered by the Hebrew scribes from an older Chaldaean source, which has been found and translated. But this is a small matter compared with the fact that the same legend has been found widely scattered among the aboriginal tribes of America thus leading some theorists to locate the garden of Eden on this side of the ocean. Prescott tells us that the early Spanish pioneers found many of the Christian symbols and narratives paralleled among the Aztecs. For fuller particulars we may refer to various sources, among them a book called *The Myths of the New World*, by Professor Brinton, formerly of the University of Pennsylvania. He says:

"In the myths of ancient Iran there is mention of a celestial fountain, Arduisur, . . . whence four all-nourishing rivers roll their waves toward the cardinal points. The Tibetans believe that on the sacred mountain of Himavata grows the tree of life, Zampu, from whose foot once more flow the waters of life in four streams to the four quarters of the world. . . . The same tale is told by the Chinese of the mountain Kou-an-tun, by the Edda of the mountain in Asaheim, whence flows the spring Hvergelmir, by the Brahmins of Mount Meru, and by the Parsees of Mount Albors in the Caucasus. . . .

"The Aztec priests never chanted more regretful dirges than when they sang of Tulan, the cradle of their race, where once it dwelt in peaceful indolent happiness, whose groves were filled with birds of sweet voices and gay plumage. . . .

"The myth of the Quichés but changes the name of this pleasant land. With them it was Pan-paxil-pacayala, where the waters divide in falling. . . . Once again in the legends of the Mixtecas we hear the old story repeated of the garden where the first two brothers dwelt. 'Many trees were there, such as yield flowers and roses, very luscious fruits, divers herbs, and aromatic spices.' "

Not to weary with quotations, I may take this as sufficient for the present purposes, though it is but a sample of what might be adduced to show that the idea of Eden is universal, as are also the stories of the fall of man, the flood, and other related particulars. But what is the significance of all this? Does it detract from the value, the beauty, the sacredness of the story of the Garden of Eden? Not one whit, but greatly enhances it. Need we try to get rid of these facts or explain them away? Not at all; on the contrary we should welcome them because they show that the Hebrew Bible story is far more ancient and sacred than we had thought.

Brinton, in his book, and many other scholars, think that these stories are nothing but the attempts of primitive man to express his feelings; but this does not explain why the story is always and everywhere the same, even down to minute details, such as the sending out of birds from the ark. The wiser surmise would be that it is the same story — the same story repeated over and over again by different peoples, each people adding to it the names suitable to their particular locality.

Evidently the Hebrew scribes took this ancient mystery-story, and

located their Eden in the Tigris-Euphrates region; evidently each one of these American tribes had received the story from their ancestors and with them the story received its various local colorings. But whence and how did it originate?

Scholars have told us — it is written in our school history-books — that the cradle of the Aryan race is somewhere in the Highlands of Central Asia; and they opine that in this region once dwelt the great single race from which, as they think, the various races of Europe and some of those in Asia separated and dispersed. There is truth in this theory, but also much error. They do not put the Aryan race far enough back in time nor make it large enough. According to Theosophical teachings, the Aryan race is the Fifth great Root-Race of humanity, and has been in existence as an independent race for about 800,000 years. Its early sub-races dwelt in a part of Asia, some of which is now submerged beneath the sea. In ancient India dwelt some of the descendants of these early sub-races; and others had migrated to America — journeying thither by a land route which at that time existed. It is this which has caused the marvelous world-wide similarity beneath religious myths, and the wonderful similarity between the temples and pyramids of ancient America and those of Egypt. All these divers races are the remote offspring of a common race, which had a common religion. This common religion was embodied in allegory and symbol and passed down from generation to generation. Such allegories are undying, for they enshrine living truth, and continue to live in the racial memory of mankind for untold ages. The Eden story is one of them. And now let us consider its meaning.

Every one of these great sacred symbols has *many* meanings, *many* applications; and it is absurd to quarrel over different meanings or to belittle the subject by narrowing it down. Eden signifies the innocent bliss of a child-state. But a child-state may apply to an individual, or to a nation, or to a race, or to humanity itself. Let us take the widest meaning first. The Garden of Eden signifies the happy innocent child-state in which humanity dwelt before the fall — the Golden Age of humanity, so to say. But it also signifies the primeval state of the Fifth Root-Race of Humanity, and it is in this latter sense, doubtless, that it is generally to be understood in the Eden stories. They tell of the peace and innocence of the early sub-races of the Aryan race, and of the wondrous land in Asia where heaven and earth reflected the harmony and happiness of man.

The subject can hardly be continued without reference to the subsequent story of *Genesis*. The 'Lord God' had commanded Adam not to eat of the Tree of the knowledge of good and evil, for that he should surely die. But the Serpent persuades the woman Eve to eat the forbidden

fruit, assuring her that "Ye shall not die, but shall become as Gods, knowing good and evil." She eats and persuades Adam to eat; and their eyes are opened and the outraged Deity expels them from Eden to the outer world to win their living by hard toil. This is the well-known story.

Now who or what is the Serpent mentioned in this narrative? H. P. Blavatsky points out — what many had already suspected — that our familiar theology has made a grave mistake in interpreting this Serpent as an evil power and also in misapplying the word 'tempt.' The Serpent is a universally accepted symbol of Wisdom, and is so mentioned in the Bible itself elsewhere. I am aware that this may come as somewhat of a shock to some minds, but am very far from wishing to shock anyone. I merely wish to arrive at an understanding of the Bible teaching — and at an understanding more reverent and more in harmony with our sense of the Eternal Goodness than is the ordinary crude conception. It would seem that the power which man gained by eating of the fruit — a figurative expression, of course — was not an evil power. It is expressly stated that, by so doing, he became as a God, knowing good and evil, and that his eyes were opened. According to the ordinary interpretation it is very difficult to understand how the Deity could permit his will to be thwarted, or could tolerate such an adversary as the theological Devil is represented to be. But many have thought, and surely in all reverence, that this 'temptation,' as it is called — though I should prefer to call it a test or a trial — was *permitted* or even ordained by the Deity as a necessary step in man's growth. Without it, man would have remained for ever in his state of blissful ignorance. May we not, then, suggest that the Deity was desirous of conferring upon man more power, and therefore endowed him with the power of free choice? This gift of free choice could not be thrust upon him; it had to be offered. If this be so, then the Serpent spoken of may well have been an agent of the Deity himself, sent to test man. Man accepted the tremendous gift, and with it assumed a new responsibility. It is of course conceivable that he did not make the best use of his new power; perhaps he even in a sense *failed.* But at all events he did not fail irremediably; and it was prophesied that man should eventually redeem all his errors by the power of the Divinity within him.

This interpretation certainly clears up much of the perplexity that has arisen around the question, and in no way detracts from any reverence one may feel for the subject.

The eating of the fruit refers to the time when man received the gift of the free-will and became thereby a responsible being. He was exiled from his previous state of ignorant bliss and child-like innocence, and he braved dangers and risks in order to win a greater glory. In order to ascend to greater heights, he assumed a power that could be abused.

And there is little doubt that he did abuse his power, and has often abused it, and still abuses it; but he will one day win through and justify his Divine gift.

Sometimes you may hear people wondering whether man's gift of intelligence has been to him on the whole a blessing or a curse. It is both, according to the use he makes of it. The child-state of ignorant innocence has its merits; but we cannot always be children. We must grow; and in undertaking new responsibilities, we shoulder new burdens. Yet a sacred book says that the candidate for Wisdom must "regain the child-state he has lost"; and this may serve to remind us that Paradise Lost has its sequel in Paradise Regained. If the evolution of man involves a fall, it also involves a resurrection. The Christ in man is entombed in the grave of earth, but will rise again, victorious over the flesh. Man will learn by experience to master his lower nature and command all the forces of the lower kingdoms; and thus he will be redeemed and fit once more to enter Paradise; this time not in the innocence of ignorance, but in the purity of Knowledge.

Though much more could be said on this important subject, it is time to draw to a close. Let us sum up the leading points. The Garden of Eden is a feature in a sacred allegory of great antiquity, which has been preserved for us by our ancestors as a tradition of the Golden Age of our race. But in its wider meaning it typifies the history of all mankind, in its mighty progress from the pristine state of innocence, through the state of responsibility, to the final triumph. In conclusion, we may apply the symbol on a still smaller scale — to man the individual and to man the society. Let us ever keep alive in our hearts this sacred memory of a golden past. Let us remember that each one of us has come into this life as a babe fresh from the eternal spheres and the abodes of bliss wherein the untrammeled Soul dwells. Let us remember that that bourne lies before us when we depart; that to it our departed loved-ones have gone. But above all let us bear in mind that we need not wait until we die in order to re-enter Eden. For it is the destiny of man to make an Eden of earth. Unless man can do so, the whole purpose of his incarnation is futile. We have, then, to restore the lost Eden, to make a heaven on earth, to regain the child-state we have lost.

Whatever critics may say about the Garden of Eden — let them put it in a test-tube and analyse it, or dissect it with a knife — we will keep alive in our hearts that sacred ideal; and even if there never was an Eden, we can resolve that in future there shall be one, if it is only around the spot which our own footsteps may be privileged to make brighter.

THE PASSING OF MERLIN: by Kenneth Morris

IV: How Merlin grew old, dwelling alone in Celyddon

THE years flew by. Beyond Celyddon still
Darker and darker waxed the world of men:
There was no hope the sun should rise again,
The Spirit Sun, and with his splendors thrill
The inward firmaments to light, as when
O'er the tense blackness of some eastward hill
Dawn lights her daffodil.

Once on aerial far journeyings
Aquest through all those islands Merlin wended;
And sought in regions dolorous or splendid —
The cells of monks, the palaces of kings —
And many communed with, and heard commended
All but that Splendor in the Heart of Things,
Those proud imaginings

Which made the bards and heroes mighty of old
To uphold things fair and excellent and true;
No man he found to understand or rue
Time's pillars broken, stripped of all their gold
And ivory, and the chill winds shuddering through
The desolate chambers — and the world grown cold,
Lightless and pygmy-souled.

Whereafter, anxious vigils must he keep
In the Orchard; scarce, him-seemed, since Time began
Had so great ills oppressed the race of Man,
Such loss, distraction, and untimely sleep.
And in deep trance he set himself to scan
For any sign the blue unmeasured deep
Wherethrough these systems sweep.

And still no sign he saw: hope was denied,
Near hope, to him. And now he dwelt alone,
And as he might, 'gainst foes known and unknown
Held that lone garth unsullied, unespied;
Pacing at dawn and eve, as erst, to intone
His wizard chants along the forest side
In lonely faith and pride.

And a long, long time passed, and he grew old,
And the world came about him soft as dream;
And half fantastical all things did seem,
Half real: golden dimness did enfold
All that of old in clear light used to gleam:
The stream, the old trees lichen-boughed and boled,
The daffodilly gold.

And often, in the azure-silvered night,
Strange scintillations filled the interim
'Twixt his bright dreamings and the outward dim:
Slim silvern spirits, willowy, plume-bedight,
Cream-gold, of frost and flame — and wreathings slim
Of violet-shadowed dance, and fleeting light
Blue turkis-bright.

And these in vaguest intertwining maze
Wandered and paled far off among the trees,
And then were lost in the interstices
Where the blue night shone through. And midst the haze
Of slumberous summer days and drone of bees,
Shone phantoms of old times and golden days
Down the green forest ways.

Once on a golden morn in blue July,
When on the grass the dew shone diamond fair,
And, nets of silver in the crystal air,
Hung the spun gossamer — he, half dreaming, by
The well-side, 'neath the low-hung boughs, was ware
Of sunlit populations drifting nigh,
Real or fantasy;

Gliding they rose, and flashed and vanished through
The little spaces of bright jewel-green
Where the sun shone on ferny meadows, seen
Far off between the trees: — cloaks lupine-blue,
Bright eyes incognisant — a drifting sheen,
Drifting and passing, silent as the dew,
Speechless, unspoken to. . . . . .

—He started from his dreams. —From far and far,
Breaking the golden quietness of morn,
Faint shouting through the forest leagues came borne;
Bray of a battle-horn — the shock and jar
Of rieving war. —There was no time to mourn
The Druids' toil outworn: their spells, to bar
Ingress of wrath and war

Outworn — the haunted mountains desolate
The Gods first sowed with rigors dire of yore,
Impassable to wandering feet no more,
A wall no more to hold indesecrate
Their garth; —but now forsooth passed featly o'er
By thievish kings at war, to flaunt their hate
Where Heaven's Peace reigned of late.

He rose, and seven times paced the Orchard round,
Sternly, and wrought with all his strength to impel
Far out the awe and resonance of a spell
Should boom and sing and tremble along the ground;
And the elemental hosts invisible
Awoke, and made the glades and groves resound
With that deep glory of sound;

And then the invading noises died away;
And there were days of sunlit quietude
Again, and glimmering days of rain dim hued
O'er the green lawn, and whisperings silver-gray
In the leaves, and the wet woods in wizard mood
Brooding on Them whose immemorial sway
Keeps the green world so gay.

(O little drifting multitudes! O Wind
That shouting sweep'st along the billowing sea
Whose foam is green leaves, whose waves, tree by tree;
O swift and footless, eyeless and unblind,
Tongueless loud-crying! —for thy young-heart glee,
Of all things known to our dull humankind,
What cause didst ever find?)

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

V: How the Elemental Races fled from Celyddon

A little while that peace endured, and then
Sounds of the world without broke in again;
And now such noises as one might not hear
But they should strike upon his sense with fear,
Though wisest he of all the sons of men.

For in his cell, or pacing to and fro,
He had no peace for far off blow on blow
Of axes, and anon the Woodmen's call
Ill-omened, and anon the crash and fall
Of some great leafy titan laid alow.

He might betake him to his spells anew
In the gray dawn, and at the fall of dew,
And pacing at new moon and at full moon,
Raise in midwood his holiest druid croon,
White wonder of star-speech where the nightjar flew;

But ever, as the vibrance died away,
Or at day's dawn, or at the wane of day,
Blew in from far and far the ominous, slow,
Dull repetition of axe-blow on axe-blow;
And the eve shuddered and the noon grew gray. . . .

Once in the gloom and rainless evening weather,
In a lone place purple with dusk and heather,
He was aware of faery lamentations,
And shining through the dusk, faint flamey nations,
As seed of the thistle blown, aglow like a dove's neck-feather,

In pale processions waning down o'er the moors and valleys;
And a trailing of wan flame-bubbles through the branch-groyned midwood alleys;
Low wailing through the pillared green-gloom; drifts of stars by grove and glade;
Plaining of low voices:— Nevermore in the beechtrees' shade
Song to be, nor laughter and harping by rush-grown hollow and hill-heart palace.

And he watched them shine and pass, as a pale, pearl-dim smoke-plume
Where now in sudden sombre orange and rose and gold and lavender-bloom,
The west burned o'er the hills and the trembling tops of the beeches;
And he deemed that now no more forever, in the forest's secret reaches,
Song should be, nor laughter and harping of fairies wake through the moon-dim gloom.

And he knew there was no spell in the world potent to hinder or undismay them;
Not the speech of the moon-glossed waters: not the speech of the stars, should stay them;
For they were aware of Terror hiding behind the low red panting moon;
And it seemed to them that the Lights of Heaven were appalled, and falling down in a swoon,
And that for them some curse as an arrow wandered the winds of the world to slay them.

VI: How the Woodmen besieged Celyddon

Some nightshade magic, mightier than his own,
Opposed him now, and must prevail, he knew,
Unless the Master of a Starry Throne
Swift to his aid, should lighten down the blue;
Was little more that he might do, alone.

Little — except to live in the Eye of Light,
A Druid, nowise ceasing, night or day,
From sacrificial rituals wrought in sight
Of That whose quickening thrills the Milky Way
Into delight, into calm, keen delight. . . . . .

So lived he always. Yet as mockery borne
Wind-blown to one astrayed in wastes of sands,
Who nourisheth no hope of night or morn
That he may win to green and watered lands,
But hears the demons laugh, and bides forlorn —

Or as the battle-drums of Uffern boom
About some stronghold midst the Spatial Snows,
Which might, well-manned, withstand the Hordes of Doom,
But now some angel outpost holds, who knows
That this side Sirius' rayed and flamey bloom,

And this side those arcane and dreadful Seven
That swing through night slowly the Pole Star round,
There move no pluméd Paladins of Heaven:
Aldebaran holds some distant battle-ground;
Algol disarmed forth from the field is driven; —

So rang the axes, louder and yet more loud,
Round the woods' rim, round and about his mind;
And still he went unhurried, white and proud,
A Druid Compeer of the Sun and Wind;
Lonely in the world; old; unperturbed; uncowed.

Uncowed — even though he knew the Kings of Hell,
Hungering for dominance, their hosts arrayed
Against Celyddon: tree by tree to fell,
Grove after grove, green secret glade by glade
To waste, where erst the beautiful Gods did dwell;

Till they should reach the seven and seven score trees
Of wisdom, and that One, holiest of all,
Where grew the Threefold Herb of Mysteries,
The Mistletoe. Then belike heaven should fall,
And all her stars drown in the nether seas.

VII: OF THE LAST BATTLE IN CELYDDON

So lonely had he dwelt unnumbered years;
Unnumbered years on all sides compasséd
By Hellions round about; and now sans cease
The ravening of their axes in his ears
Rang near at hand; the forest leagues were dead
Which once engirdled round the Garth of Peace.

Daily he strove with them, and was driven back;
And summer waned, and the sad autumn came,
And slowly the fruit ripened; though e'en now
Full half the trees were leafless, stark, burned black
'Neath the first breaths of Hell's oncoming flame —
Leafless, burned black, stark trunk and broken bough

THE PASSING OF MERLIN

Night came down slowly. Merlin paced the lawn
Between the many and the lonely tree;
Dim yellow Hesper westward down the gloom
Sunk drowning. Still, perchance, till break of dawn,
Chanting his holiest hymns of druidry,
He might hold back Earth's and Heaven's threatened doom;

Longer he dared not hope. From every hill
Swelled loud a thunder of incantations dire
To counter him; and all his lambent soul,
Challenged by so immense and imminent ill,
White to the combat flamed: heroic fire,
White, keen, celestial, pitted 'gainst the whole

Black wrath of chaos. In and out the trees,
Moving in a white light, all night he sang;
And round him from the darkness flashed and flamed
Red shuddering fulminations; sorceries
Harsh, sharp and abominable outrang;
And night's self moaned and trembled, frighted and shamed.

All spells, save one Lone Name, he sang; he knew
That were That spoken, he should pass from thence
And be at peace, and leave the world forgot;
And leave, maybe, the demons to subdue
Earth utterly, and wreak their insolence
Wholly, here on the Gods' most hallowed spot.

Shining and striving and singing, through the hours
Of night he battled. Sometimes so the might
Of inspiration thrilled him, he might go
Outward, and circling near, afflict the powers
Of Hell with keen swift syllables of light,
Arrowy, bitter with pity, to work them woe;

And sometimes new auxiliar hordes from Hell
Ever upthrown, poured forth, crowding anear,
So dealt in thunders of the infernal deep,
So waxed in might, that now his utmost spell
Might not oppress, forefend, nor work them fear:
Driven back, he might no more the boundaries keep.

VIII: OF THE SPELL HE SANG AT DAWN

Flickered at last gray dawn eastward in heaven;
And Merlin, gazing from the holy mound,
Beheld the seven score beautiful trees and seven,
All save the One, broken, torn from the ground;
And still the chanted spells, the flaming levin
Of Hell against him, and the hill-tops crowned

With Hell triumphant. There then, spent and worn,
To raise one last escarpment round the Tree
Ere all hope, light, truth, beauty, fell forlorn,
He did betake himself to Poesie
That last best weapon of Heaven, and hymned the morn;
And was foredone, and knew not what should be.

Then, like some great wave curving, rimmed in foam,
That comes on haughtily against the shore
To drive his thunderous anger utterly home;
And then, remembering bonds imposed of yore,
Ere half the sands be o'er-ridden, the rocks o'er-clomb,
Moans and stumbles and falls, and is no more;

Hell's onslaught came in rolling, and went down.
And Merlin stood, unhoping, half adream:
Not as a man whom night-dark waters drown,
Clutching at each white reeling star agleam;
Rather as some gaunt watchman from a town
Long sieged and famishing, who sees astream

Towards the gates wain by high ox-drawn wain
Well-laden, and bright spears and banners borne
By succor long despaired; and turns again,
Dull-eyed and wordless: being so spent and worn,
He cares no whit what passes on the plain;
Him-seems death surely lurks there, night and morn —

IX: HOW GLOYWEDD PEARL-WHITE CAME TO HIM AT THE LAST

So Merlin turned. And lo, above his head
The hollow of the tree did shift and flow
With nigh-forgotten light. The mistletoe,
Seven-sprayed, from thrice seven opalled berries shed
White wisps of song, white little wrens of flame
To dart and sing; and from the light-heart came

THE PASSING OF MERLIN

Gloywedd the Pearl, the Orchard's Tutelar,
Emerging in this mortal time and space
Out of some aureoled deep inward place
Whenceforth the Spirit's premonitions are.
And as she came, the wounded world shone fair
With natural dew and sun, and down the air

Came drifts of blackbird-music; and for him,
Release from burden of his latter years,
And he was Merlin again, the Seer of seers,
Scatheless and confident, with eyes undim,
And limbs unweighted with the moil and stress
Of his long wars on Hell, and weariness.

—"Yes," she said, "though the Kings of Chaos rage
Around the brink of space, and all the skies
Are loud with clash of arms and battle-cries
Where we make conflict o'er the dying age,
No one hath dreamed in Heaven but thou wouldst hold
This Tree for us." Then he: —"I am grown old,

"And all the utmost of my lore is spent,
All my spells spoken." —"Nay," she said, "not all;
One word is yet to say, that should appal
Hostings more vast than these, and drive them shent
And fearful from the world." He bowed his head:
—"Who speaketh that, passeth from time," he said.

—"Yet," said she, "were it spoken, round this Tree
Such viewless battlements were surely wrought
That, though ten thousand years ten thousand sought,
They should not find." —"Tell you the Gods," said he,
"Their Tree of trees bears fruit in Ynys Wên
Till their day dawns, and They seek Earth again."

L'ENVOI: *Once I heard a Wren say:*
Somewhere far away in Wales
Flows a little well-spring, gay
With a light of faery-tales.

From a druid mound it flows;
No one knows where that may be,
For enchanted round it grows
Old Celyddon's mystery.

Cuckoo-flower and kingcup gold,
Myosote beside the stream,
Oaks a thousand winters old —
In the midst the Hill of Dream.

Roar the winds and moan the sea —
Raging March, November gales —
Silence broods incessantly
O'er Celyddon forest vales.

On the mound beside the rill
Blooms an olden Apple-tree;
Cures for every human ill
In its golden fruitage be.

And I heard the Wren say —
She's the Druids' Bird, and knows;
There's no region hid away,
But thither, when she will, she goes —

That an Old Enchanter lies
Dreaming there since the olden time
All the Wisdom of the Wise,
All the splendor of the prime —

The haughty things, the holy things
Druid sages knew of old:
Lore of blackbird-haunted Springs
In the Forest Age of Gold —

All that was and is to be,
Life and death in golden streams
Flow and glitter endlessly
Through the spaces of his dreams.

Magic apples, year by year —
So that druid birdie said —
Ripen in the sunlight clear,
And no one knows, and none is fed.

VITAMINES AND NUTRITION

Only sometimes on the stream
Fallen applebloom is whirled,
Shadowy-bright, to float and gleam
Through this darkling human world.

And she told me this beside,
Lighting from her flight along
The alders on Garth Faerdre side,
For a sudden burst of song:—

Some day someone not so blind
As the lave of mortals be,
Seeking here and there, shall find
Deep Celyddon's Wonder Tree.

Some day, far away or near,
Someone singing, with his song
Shall awake the sleeping Seer —
Then there'll be an end of wrong.

International Theosophical Headquarters,
Point Loma, California

VITAMINES AND NUTRITION: by T. Henry, M. A.

THE subject of food and nutrition, being one of perennial interest and no little importance, is therefore entitled to a place in any journal which treats of such matters. And in this connexion the word 'vitamine' is one that has lately loomed large in the public mind, exciting speculation and some anxiety in the minds of those concerned about their welfare. Under these circumstances it will not be amiss to notice an article which affords some information on this topic; we refer to 'Vitamines and Nutrition,' by Dr. H. Steenbock, of the University of Wisconsin, in the August number of *The Scientific Monthly.*

It may be as well to state at the outset that the sense of this article is such as to remove all anxiety from the public mind, as being needless; for it is made clear that this essential ingredient of food is so widely diffused in our diet that it takes considerable scientific skill and precaution to devise a diet of any kind whatsoever that shall exclude it.

It seems that it was in 1912 that attention was first publicly directed to this hitherto unknown dietary essential, by Casimir Funk; and that previously to this we had been relying on the belief that a nutritive food was one which contains proteins, carbohydrates and fats, and inorganic salts. The carbohydrates and fats furnished energy, the proteins built up the protein of our own body, and the salts were needed for some other purposes. But it was found that, when animals were experimentally fed on food containing all these ingredients in a highly purified form, they refused to thrive, or even to live. Alarmed, though not yet defeated, the experimenters averred that it was lack of palatability which had prevented the due assimilation of the food by the animals; but, when they mixed all sorts of flavoring extracts with the food, and found the result the same as before, this refuge had to be given up. And all doubt was finally removed by the fact that the animals, however sick, recovered in a few hours after the administration of a minute dose of extract known to contain vitamines.

A number of such experiments are cited, and photographs of the little patients in their various experiences are given. One is that of a rat suffering from polyneuritis due to a deficiency of vitamine. It is helpless, its back is curved, its weight reduced from 120 to 54 grams. Yet twenty-three hours later we see the same rat, looking frisky and able to sit up and eat, after an alcoholic extract of 3.4 grams of wheat embryo. A bird in violent convulsions, as a result of lack of vitamines, will often preen itself, coo, and strut around the cage, in from six to ten hours after the treatment.

It seems that a disease called beri-beri had troubled the natives of certain rice-eating countries, and was not properly understood until Eykman, a Dutch investigator, observed that birds fed exclusively on white rice developed similar symptoms. Then it was realized that the false luxury which had induced the Orientals to whiten their rice by removing the hull had brought its own retribution. In Newfoundland a scarcity of food caused the people to subsist almost entirely on a patent wheat flour, with similar results; and cases are reported from Denmark and Japan of an abnormal condition of the eyes in children fed on pasteurized milk or grain milk-substitutes.

It is evident, however, that such cases are highly exceptional, and that the ordinary mixed diet contains so many varieties that any mistake in one is compensated by another. There is more danger in the case of a person who limits himself to a very small number of articles; since, if he does not understand the matter, he may inadvertently deprive himself of the essential ingredient. Dr. Steenbock thinks that probably man cannot safely restrict himself to grains as the source of his supply

of vitamines, but must supplement them with the actively growing and assimilating parts of plants. Leafy materials have been found to contain them in large amounts. Hence we are safe so long as we include garden produce in our diet. As to butter, while it is richer than other fats in vitamines, it contains more than is necessary, and the other fats contain enough.

The chemical nature of vitamines is not yet understood, nor have they been isolated from the substances that contain them. As the name suggests, they are believed to be amines — compounds consisting of ammonia in which one or more of the hydrogen atoms have been replaced by one or more compound radicles. There are two kinds: one soluble in water and fats, the other soluble in water but not in fats. The latter is called a water-soluble vitamine; the former, a fat-soluble vitamine. It is the water-soluble vitamine whose lack produces the more acute symptoms.

It would seem that hitherto we have been, to some extent at least, feeding off the husks and throwing the fatted calf to the swine; and that now we are recommended to change places with that animal and rescue from his wash-trough the good material we have been throwing into it. It is true that what we give to the cow or the pig, we get back again in butter and pork; but it would be a shorter and more economical process to eat it ourselves in the first place. Again, it has been said above that the plentiful eater is safer than he who restricts himself; but to seek safety by this method is a wasteful hit-or-miss policy. Are we to eat as much as we can of everything on the chance of getting some of the right kind along with a great deal of the wrong? It would be better to season our diet with a little of the salt of knowledge. As to economy, enforced by present conditions, it will prove a blessing if it impels us to discard a number of expensive and useless articles in favor of cheap and valuable ones. We shall not lose much by refraining from spending money in removing the vital essence from our food and throwing it to the pigs.

But the revolution in thought caused by this discovery is very interesting, and involves a principle which may profitably be applied to many other cases. That principle is that what science deems to be essentials may prove after all to be merely incidentals. With respect to proteins and carbohydrates, we may say, "What shall it profit a man if he have all these and lose his vitamines?" They are as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. Can we safely accept a chemical analysis as a criterion of the efficiency of a food? Is a food which has been taken to pieces and put together again the same as before? It seems likely that the essential element in food will for ever escape the researches of purely physical science; and that physical research can only result in the discovery of vehicles of that elusive essence, whatever it may be.

WHAT DO WE KNOW? by Montague Machell

"HE is the wisest who can tell how first he lived, then spake the truth."

WHEN a man stops to consider what a complex entity the human being is and how easy it is for the different aspects of his nature to work at cross-purposes with one another, he is apt to be slow about making any positive statements as to what he does or does not know. A man may say he knows all the fundamental laws of health. Yet he will leave the office at noon aggravated and disturbed over some business miscarriage, sit down to the noon meal all out of tune, with mind absorbed with business cares, hurry through his meal and rush away to make up lost time and catch up with his competitors. Yet this same man, if asked to name the factors contributing to business success would probably say first of all 'efficiency'; if asked the factors contributing to this, he would name among the first physical health; of the factors to its attainment, sound digestion, preserved by thorough mastication of food eaten in a quiet and undisturbed frame of mind. These things he could tell you and would claim to know. Question: is he justified in his claim, and with what part of himself does he 'know' these things?

"Perhaps he did know these things," you may say, "and was willing to sacrifice health to business." But if business success is dependent upon bodily health, he cannot sacrifice the one without the other. So if he really did *know* the effect of sickness brought on by indigestion, caused by eating hurriedly in a disturbed frame of mind, he probably would seek to change conditions before sitting down to lunch. This same man, after having been confined to his bed with acute dyspepsia, thereby losing perhaps several weeks from his business, returning to work with *real* knowledge of one of the laws of health, gained by painful experience, will probably never again talk of sacrificing health to business.

What then, is the difference between his 'knowledge' in the first and second case? The first we call theoretical knowledge, the second actual knowledge derived from personal experience. In that case 'theoretical' knowledge is half-knowledge and useless for practical purposes, and we really only know what we have experienced.

But what is this thing we call 'experience', and what is the difference in us before and after undergoing it. And what of the people we meet who seem really to know so many things which they have not actually experienced, who act, as we say, from principle? What is 'principle'?

If I have never had the toothache, but have heard it vividly described and have been in the presence of one who was suffering from it, I should know it intellectually and should be able to sympathize with the sufferer to a degree. But should I have an attack of toothache myself,

then my knowledge of it would be very different. In place of knowing *about* toothache, I should know toothache itself, for, if my attack was serious, I was *myself* for the time being the toothache. My brain knew it, my head knew it, all my nerves and organs of sensation knew it, and it may even have colored my thought and imagination (blue?)! This would be the knowledge derived from *experience*, the latter being, apparently, the acquirement of knowledge of a thing by contact with one's whole being, as opposed to its acquisition by the intellect merely. The difference in us after experiencing something is that the whole of our make-up is in possession of additional consciousness. The difference between a swimmer and a non-swimmer is that the former is imbued with a swimming consciousness throughout his whole being, the latter with a merely intellectual consciousness of it.

With regard to people who appear to know things they have never experienced, the error is in the assumption that because experience has not come in this life, therefore it has never been acquired — the one-life psychology, which ignores innumerable previous lives in which experience has been undergone and knowledge gained. Principle in the light of reincarnation becomes organic knowledge of right action become part of the very being, through the experience of former earth-lives.

Without the Theosophical explanation of man's dual nature, one might find cause for cynicism in the thought that nothing but suffering and discomfort can drive human beings to right action. But no; the suffering drives not the *real* human being, but only the animal in him from its indulgence to submission to the Angel, which is neither seeking joy nor shunning sorrow, but simply seeking its own sphere — Truth, Harmony, *Reality*. So long as the duality of our nature obtains, we remain subject to the dual forces — the 'pairs of opposites'. When we shall have entirely surrendered the lower to the Higher, then we shall have surmounted this duality, and our Knowing will be the revelations of the Self with which we have become identified.

Moreover, this acquirement of knowledge through experience seems itself to be again dual in aspect. It comprises a going forth of something from ourselves to the thing to be known, and a receiving back to ourselves from that thing. Thus, take the experience of compassion: he who exercises it towards another both calls forth from his Self that ray of divinity which manifests as compassion, and receives from the experience of this giving forth an added intellectual comprehension of compassion. And according as one is far advanced on the road towards Truth or but a beginner, so he will either initiate this current of compassion from within outward, making the returning experience from its exercise secondary; or he will wait for circumstances to call forth the quality before

he makes response. The strong man creates his own opportunities.

And must not the same thing be true in the acquirement of intellectual knowledge on any subject? What is 'making an atmosphere' or 'getting in sympathy with one's subject' but just this evoking from within the inherent kinship with the subject to be known? I am an Englishman living in England and desiring to learn Japanese. Now the *essential* element in me is identical with the *essential* element in the Japanese, and could I get into close enough contact mentally (as in meditation or the eastern Samâdhi) with my essential Self, I could become at one with my Japanese brother. Being only a very average human being I cannot do this; but what I can do is to make an atmosphere, get in sympathy with my subject — *draw forth from myself* my latent kinship with things Japanese. Approaching my subject in this frame of mind, what it gives back to me must be much greater and more valuable than it could otherwise have been. Here is a hint towards *concentration* — who can say to what mighty force this 'making an atmosphere' may be the initial step!

We know, then, simply that which we have *become*, and all learning is a constant becoming. "Knowledge is power", because it is added be-ness; and in the highest sense, the more we *are* (as conscious spiritual beings, *not*, as personalities) the greater is our power for good. Merely theoretical knowledge regarding things spiritual, sometimes called 'head-learning', H. P. Blavatsky says is to be separated from "Soul-wisdom — the 'Eye' from the 'Heart' doctrine" — mere sense perception, from be-ness. For "Even ignorance is better than Head-learning with no Soul-wisdom to illuminate and guide it."

In this acquirement of knowledge, one of the most valuable sources of help is to be found in philosophy, the contemplation and study of which turns the mind to the path along which knowledge is to be found. The more sincere and conscientious the philosopher, the more inseparable becomes his thought from his action. But just as the ignorant and unaspiring nature rejects and shuns all philosophy as beyond his comprehension and capacity, so the true student, as he and his knowledge become more and more one, has less and less occasion to discuss or ruminate upon his philosophy. The truths he loves and aspires to, ever becoming more and more a part of himself, cease to call for proclamation and discussion — the man *is* more, and *talks* less. After all, discussion and definition are but insignificant factors in the attainment of knowledge. For it is ever to be borne in mind that the *source* of knowledge is not without, but within the deepest recesses of our own nature. We are to 'look inward' towards those deep recesses, and above all to remember that "Wisdom comes from the performance of Duty, *and in the Silence.*"

SCOTTISH FOLKLORE: by William Scott

VI — Magicians

Thomas Learmount and Canobie Dick

MAGICIANS and Witches were at one time, and that not so very long ago, quite numerous in Scotland. There were all degrees of them, from the amateur artist who could do but one or two magical tricks, to the finished Magician whose powers were almost boundless. Doubtless many of them were merely men or women of more than ordinary talent, who were suspected of having dealings with the prince and father of Magicians, for it was a foregone conclusion that abnormal powers could only be acquired by those who were in league with the Devil.

According to popular belief there were no 'White Magicians' in Scotland; all 'magic' was 'black-art,' which was probably too true, or had been too true, for many a long year. That there was magic, plenty of it, no one can doubt, but the mystic schools were kept very secret, and to the ignorant, the superstitious, and the uninitiated, they were all mysteriously connected with the denizens of Hell and were therefore regarded not only with suspicion and distrust but with horror and contempt. But the very name '*black*-art,' implies a '*white*-art' as well; and the chief difference between the two is the difference between selfishness and altruism. Whoever uses the powers which he possesses, as far as he knows how, for selfish purposes, is a Black Magician: while he who uses all the powers at his command to help the onward march of human progress, is a White Magician.

Looking over the past history, not only of Scotland but of every other country in the world, it is easy to see that White Magicians have not been a majority at any time or anywhere during the historic period, but it is not so certain that there have been none at all, either in Scotland or elsewhere.

One of the most famous of Scottish Magicians was Thomas Learmount of Ercildoun, better known as Thomas the Rimer, of whom we have spoken already, who, according to tradition, may be still alive. At least there is no record of his death, and he is reputed to have been seen from time to time during the centuries that have passed since he was seen to go into the forest with the hart and the hind that called for him, towards the close of the thirteenth century.

One of the most remarkable of his reappearances was on the occasion of his relations and dealings with Canobie Dick, which are the subject of our present tale. Canobie Dick was a typical, old-time, Scotch horse-cowper, reckless and fearless, and admired but dreaded amongst his

neighbors. One moonlight night, as he rode over Bowden Moor, on on the west side of the Eildon Hills a favorite rendezvous of Thomas the Rimer — having a brace of horses which he had not been able to dispose of at the right figure, he met a man of venerable mien and ancient garb, who, to his surprise, asked his price and began to dicker for a bargain.

To Canobie Dick a dealer was a dealer, and he would have sold a horse to old Nickie Ben himself, and, more than likely, would have cheated the Devil in the bargain. The stranger, whether cheated or not, paid the price agreed upon, but the thing that puzzled Dick the most in the transaction was, that the gold which he received was in unicorns, bonnet pieces, and other ancient coins, having a relic as well as an intrinsic value. Dick, being no fool, saw the chance of a double profit, and accepted the obsolete currency without a murmur. But the first deal with this strange trader was by no means the last. Many like profitable bargains followed: the curious customer only stipulating that Dick should always come at night, and alone; to which conditions the fearless Dick raised no objections.

After Dick had sold many horses in this way, without improving in the least his acquaintance with the mysterious merchant, his curiosity was aroused to the pitch of investigation, and he resolved to try to unmask the mystery by means of the friendly cup; so he began to complain that 'dry bargains' were 'unlucky,' and hinted to the strange buyer that since he must live in the neighborhood, he ought, in the courtesy of dealing, to wet the bargain.

"You may see my dwelling if you will," said the stranger, "but if you lose courage at what you see there, you will rue it for the rest of your life."

Dick laughed the warning to scorn, and having secured his horse, he followed the strange man up a narrow footpath which led them up the hills to the singular eminence sticking out between the southern and center peaks, called, on account of its resemblance in form to such an animal, the 'Lucken Hare,' which is almost as famous for witch-meetings as the windmill of Kippilaw. Here Dick was startled to observe that his guide entered the hillside by a cavern which he had never seen or heard of before, though he knew the spot well.

"You may still return," said his guide, looking ominously back upon him; but Dick scorned to show the white feather, and on they went.

After a long and gruesome journey along the dark cavern, they entered a long range of stables; in every stall stood a coal-black horse, and by every horse lay a knight in coal-black armor, with a drawn sword in his hand: but all were as silent, hoof and limb, as if they had been marble statues. A long row of torches lent a gloomy luster to the range of stables,

which, like those of Caliph Vathek, were of large dimensions. At length they arrived at the upper end, where a sword and horn lay on an antique table.

"He who shall sound that horn and draw that sword, shall, if his heart fail him not, be King over all broad Britain. So speaks the tongue that cannot lie"; said the stranger, now intimating that he was no other than the famous Thomas the Rimer of Ercildoun. "But," he added, "all depends on *Courage*, and much on your taking the sword or the horn first."

Dick was much disposed to take the sword, but his realization of the presence of the great Magician, and the supernatural terrors of the great hall, had awed his bold and daring spirit, and he thought that to unsheath the sword might be construed as defiance, and give offense to the powers of the mountain. So with trembling hand he took the horn and blew a feeble note, but loud enough to produce terrible results.

Thunder rolled in stunning peals through the immense hall; horses and men started to life; the steeds snorted, champed their bits, stamped, and tossed their heads; the warriors sprang to their feet, clashed their armor, and brandished their swords. Dick's terror was complete. When he saw the great army, which had been silent as the grave, now in an uproar and ready to rush upon him, he dropped the horn and made a feeble attempt to grasp the enchanted sword; but at the same instant a voice proclaimed aloud the mysterious words:

> "Woe to the coward, that ever he was born,
> Who did not draw the sword before he blew the horn."

At the same moment a hurricane of irresistible fury howled through the long hall, and swept the unfortunate horse-cowper clear out of the mouth of the cavern, and hurled him over a steep *rickle* of loose stones and landed him, almost lifeless, on the plain below. In the morning the shepherds found him with just breath enough to tell his terrible tale before he expired.

MICHAEL SCOTT

ANOTHER of Scotland's famous Magicians was Michael Scott. Stories of his mysterious powers are still told in every nook and corner of the land. There is no agreement with regard to the time when he lived, but there is no doubt that the scenes of his activities covered a wide area of Scotland, as well as the environs of Edinburgh. In the early part of his life he was in the habit of going to the metropolis for the purpose of being employed in his capacity of mason.

On one occasion while he and two companions were journeying thither

with a common object, they had occasion to pass over a high hill, the name of which has been forgotten, but it is supposed to have been one of the Grampians; and being fatigued, they sat down to rest themselves. No sooner had they been seated than they were warned by the hissing of a huge serpent that their life was in danger. The serpent, they observed, was winding towards them with great velocity. Terrified at the monster, Michael's two companions fled for their lives, while he, on the contrary, prepared to combat the deadly reptile. The appalling monster approached the young Magician with distended mouth and forked tongue, and throwing itself into a coil at his feet it raised its head to strike, but just as it was about to inflict the mortal sting, Michael, with one stroke of his stick, severed its body into three pieces. Rejoining his affrighted comrades, they resumed their journey.

When they arrived at the next inn it was late, and the travelers being weary, they decided to remain there for the night. Naturally, before retiring, Michael's exploit with the serpent became the subject of the conversation; and the landlady, who was remarkable for her 'arts,' happened to be present. Her curiosity became excited, and she began to inquire about the size and color of the serpent. When told that it was white, she offered any one of them, who would procure for her the middle piece, such a tempting reward that one of the party was instantly induced to go for it. On reaching the spot he found the mid and tail pieces where Michael had left them, but the head piece was gone.

The landlady on receiving her coveted piece was highly gratified, and over and above the promised reward she regaled her lodgers most generously with the choicest dainties in her house.

Fired with the spirit of curiosity to know the lady's intended purpose with the serpent, the wily Michael Scott feigned that he had been seized with a severe attack of indisposition, which he affirmed would be greatly benefited if he might be allowed to sleep near the fire. Never suspecting Michael's duplicity, and naturally thinking that a person so ill would feel little curiosity about culinary affairs, the landlady allowed his request.

As soon as her guests had retired, the sorceress resumed her darling vocation, and in his feigned state of illness Michael had a favorable opportunity of closely observing all her actions through the keyhole of her alchemical laboratory. He could see the rites and ceremonies with which the serpent was put into the oven, along with many mysterious ingredients. Later, the unsuspecting woman placed the dish by the fire (where lay the distressed traveler) in order to let it simmer till morning.

Once or twice in the night, the enchantress, under the pretense of nursing her sick lodger and administering renovating cordials, the beneficial effects of which Michael gratefully acknowledged, took occasion

to dip her finger into the saucepan, which was curiously coincident with the crowing of the cock. This wrought so powerfully upon the imagination of Michael that he could not dissipate the desire to try it himself. Although he more than suspected that Satan had a hand in the pie, he wanted very much to get to the bottom of the mysterious conjurations: and thus his reason and curiosity combated and clashed for several hours. At length the desire for knowledge conquered, and Michael, also, dipped his finger in the saucepan, and applied it to the tip of his tongue, and immediately the cock announced the deed with a mournful clarion. Instantly his mind was illuminated in a manner that he had never dreamed of before; and the amazed and undeceived sorceress now found it in her interest to admit her sagacious lodger to a full knowledge of the remainder of her secrets.

In addition to his own natural brilliancy, sagacity, and courage, Michael was now endowed with a complete knowledge of all the magic arts, good and evil, and of all the 'second sights' and 'second hearings' that can be acquired. No wonder he left the country inn next morning feeling assured that he had the Philosopher's Stone safely in his pocket.

By a series of new and original discoveries, of a recondite nature, he continued daily to perfect himself in his supermundane attainments, until at length he became more than a match for the Earl of Hell himself. Indeed, he succeeded in changing some thousands of Satan's finest workmen — the very 'imps o' Hell' — and converted them into good and useful fairies, friendly to humanity, and engaged them in his own employment. These, with marvelous success, he trained to great perfection in the science of architecture and in all the arts and crafts connected with building and construction. But his greatest achievement of all was, that after he had trained his devoted workmen to the highest degree of perfection in skill that it was possible for them to attain, he inspired them with such faithful and industrious habits that their capacity for building operations was more than sufficient for all the architectural work of the whole Empire. The truth of this can easily be established by simply referring to some of the remains of their workmanship, still existing, both north and south of the Grampians, some of them stupendous bridges, built by them in one short night, with no other visible agents than two or three workmen.

Indeed, Michael's greatest difficulty was in keeping his workmen employed, so industrious and capable were they. On one occasion work was getting scarce, as might naturally have been expected, and, as they were wont, his workmen flocked to his door, clamoring for — "Work, work, work." Michael, at his wits' end of finding useful employment for them, told them to go and build a dry road from Fortrose to Arderseir

across the Moray Firth. The fairies were immediately appeased, and went to execute his order, and, Scott thinking that the employment he had given them would keep them going for many a long day, retired, laughing in his sleeve, to enjoy himself at his favorite occupations.

Early next morning, however, he got up to take his usual constitutional walk at the break of day, and, to divert himself, he took a walk down the shore to view, as he thought, the fruitless labors of his zealous workmen. But to his amazement, on reaching the scene of their efforts, he perceived that already they had almost finished their more than herculean task, which he had allotted to them. Realizing that a dry road across the Moray Firth would be a barrier to navigation, he ordered his workmen to demolish the greater part of their work, consenting, however, to leave the Point of Fortrose as a monument to prove to posterity the prodigious powers of Michael Scott's Fairies.

This being done, they were again thrown out of employment, and resumed their clamor for work; nor could Michael, with all his sagacity, devise a plan to keep them usefully employed. Finally, he commanded them to go down to the sea-shore and manufacture a rope of oat-shells and sea-sand, that would reach to the back of the moon. Thereby Michael found the employment problem completely solved. When all useful employment failed, he had only to dispatch his industrious workmen to the rope manufactory. But although the fairies failed to make substantial ropes from oat-shells and sea-sand, their efforts were by no means contemptible, as can be well seen by some of their ropes that lie by the sea-side to this day.

Towards the close of his long career Michael Scott had a violent quarrel with a person who had done him a great injury, and he resolved to send his adversary to the proper place reserved for evildoers. Setting the proper machinery in motion to convey the unfortunate man thither, he was rapidly transported to the nether regions, and had he been sent by any other means than those of Michael Scott, no doubt he would have been given a warm reception. But when Satan learned who was his billet-master, he would no more receive him than he would receive the Wife of Bath. Instead of treating the unfortunate man with his characteristic severity, the Archfiend showed him considerable civilities. He even went so far in his hospitality as to introduce him to his 'Ben Faigh,' (housekeeper) and directed her to show his friend any interesting curiosities that he might wish to see, hinting very significantly that he had provided suitable accommodation for their mutual friend, Michael Scott, and suggested that a view of the quarters assigned for his future comfort might give the visitor some satisfaction. The polite housekeeper accordingly conducted the stranger through the principal apartments of

Hell, and many a gruesome sight did he see. But the bed of Michael Scott! — words fail. His greatest enemy, with omnipotent power, could have added nothing to make it more complete. It was far too horrible to be described. It was filled promiscuously with the hellish elements of all the most awful brutes imaginable. Toads, leeches, lizards, lions, were there; and not the least conspicuous were huge serpents, with mouths gaping wide open. But with revenge more than satiated, the terrified stranger had seen too much, and begged to be led to the outer gate.

On returning to Earth, the entertainment that awaited his friend Michael Scott was too spicy a piece of news to be left untold, but Michael did not appear at all perturbed by his friend's intelligence. He affirmed that he would disappoint all his enemies in their solicitude for his future diversion; and to prove the truth of his asseveration, he gave the following instructions:

"When I am just dead, open my breast and extract my heart: carry it to some place where the public can see the result. You will then transfix it upon a long pole, and if Satan will have my soul, he will come in the likeness of a black raven and carry it off; and if my soul will be saved, it will be carried away by a white dove."

His friends faithfully obeyed his instructions, and his heart being impaled as directed, there came from the East a large raven, with exceeding swiftness, and with equal speed there came a white dove from the West: the raven made a furious dash for the heart, but, missing its aim, the momentum of its velocity carried it far beyond its mark; meantime, the white dove gently carried the heart away, amid the rejoicing of the numerous and joyous friends of Michael Scott.

THE HEALTH HABITS OF ANIMALS: by Percy Leonard

THE celebrated Danish light-cure specialist, Finsen, was set upon the track of his discoveries by an untutored and illiterate cat. He noticed a cat upon the roof one day enjoying herself in the sunshine. Whenever the shadow reached the cat, she got up and stretched herself in the sunshine again. It suddenly struck the observer that sunshine was of some particular benefit to the animal, and from this humble starting-point he arrived at those valuable conclusions embodied in his famous book on Light Cure.

That we should take time over our meals and masticate our food

conscientiously, is vaguely realized by all and almost as universally disregarded. Horace Fletcher has exalted this simple fact to the status of a 'cure', and on this simple basis has built up a voluminous literature. Yet all the wild animals which masticate their food at all, 'fletcherize' their food most religiously, as a mere matter of instinct. Most children prolong their meals instinctively until the natural habit is broken by the example and precept of their elders.

Advertisements of toothbrushes and dentifrices fill the pages of our magazines, and most people seem to imagine that without these helps a healthy mouth is impossible; and yet the wolves living close to Nature neglect all such precautions, with the result that the whiteness of a wolf fang is proverbial.

Prepared and predigested foods are resorted to in the hope of getting into touch with the healing currents of Nature; but the colossal strength of bulls and cart-horses is maintained without any such extraneous aids; and nourished solely on coarse herbage and cold water, they preserve the forces of their youth almost until their death.

The way to health and vigor is a simpler thing than we suppose, and the reason for our exhausted nerves is not because Nature is niggardly, but because we exhaust our energies in passionate regrets, fierce longings, and the continuous leakage of our vital force in feelings of annoyance and anxiety as to the future.

The food of the gods enters into the composition of the commonest articles of diet, and the elixir of life may be drawn from the nearest hydrant; and ignoring the legacy of bad health bequeathed us by our ancestry, and self-acquired by our bad habits, it may be said that wrong thinking is the barrier which stands between diseased humanity and that vigorous and exuberant health to which it so earnestly aspires.

"WHO can forget that Troy was once upon a time proclaimed a myth, and Homer a non-existing personage, while the existence of such cities as Herculaneum and Pompeii was denied, and attributed to mere fairy legends? Yet Schliemann proved that Troy had really existed, and the two cities, though buried for long ages under the Vesuvian lava, have had their resurrection day, and live again on the surface of the earth. How many more cities and localities called 'fabulous' are on the list of future discoveries, how many more personages regarded as mythical will one day become historical, those alone can tell who read the decrees of Fate in the astral light."

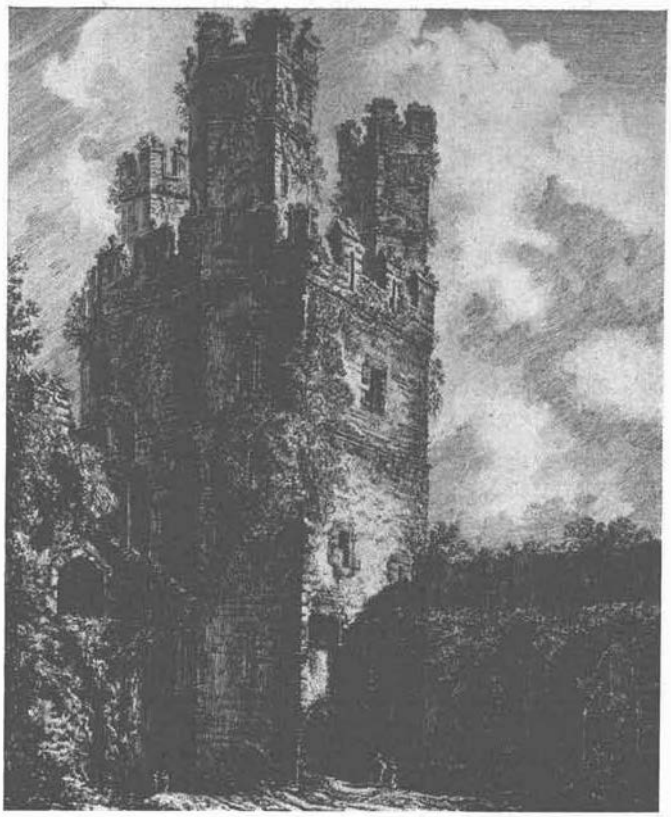
— H. P. BLAVATSKY, *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. II, p. 236

CARNARVON: by Rhyw Gymro

CARNARVON has a long history, and an atmosphere of its own in which romance and realism blend. It was Segontium, and a stronghold, with the Romans; then Caer Seion, changed to Caer Seint, yn Arfon, the City of Saints in Arvon, with the Welsh; till by and bye the saints were forgotten, and it became what it is now, Caer yn Arfon, the City in the Land over against Mon — which the English *will* lengthen out into Anglesey. Realism ugly enough — for this great and beautiful castle was the chief of a chain of them built by Edward I to hold in awe his conquest; Romance: for was it not here Macsen Wledig found at last Elen his bride? Macsen Wledig — pagan writers, for reasons of their own, call him the Emperor Maximus — being then in his city of Rome, rode one day a-hunting; and presently fell weary, and lay down to sleep; and sleeping, dreamed. Here is his dream: that he crossed many lands and seas, till he came to a region he had never known: "Valleys he saw, and steeps, and rocks of wondrous height, and rugged precipices; never saw he the like. And thence he beheld an island in the sea facing this rugged land. And between him and this land was a country of which the plain was as large as the sea, the mountain as vast as the wood; and from the mountain he saw a river that flowed through the land and fell into the sea. And at the mouth of the river he beheld a castle the fairest that man ever saw, and the gate of the castle was open, and he went into the castle.

"And in the castle he saw a fair hall, of which the roof seemed to be all gold; the walls of the hall seemed to be entirely of glittering precious gems; the doors all seemed to be of gold. Golden seats he saw in the hall, and silver tables. And on a seat opposite to him he beheld two auburn-haired youths playing at chess. He saw a silver board for the chess, and golden pieces thereon. The garments of the youths were of

jet-black satin, and chaplets of ruddy gold bound their hair, whereon were sparkling jewels of great price, rubies and gems, alternating with imperial stones. And beside a pillar in the hall he saw a hoary-headed man, in a chair of ivory with the figures of two eagles in ruddy gold thereon. Bracelets of gold were on his arms, many rings were on his hands, and a gold torque about his neck; and his hair was bound with a golden diadem. He was of powerful aspect. A chessboard of gold was before him, and a rod of gold and a steel file in his hands. And he was carving out chessmen. And he saw a maiden sitting before him in a chair of ruddy gold. Not more easy than to gaze upon the sun when brightest was it to look upon her, by reason of her beauty. A vest of white silk was upon the maiden, with clasps of ruddy gold at the breast, and a surcoat of gold tissue upon her, and a frontlet of ruddy gold upon her head, and rubies and gems were in the frontlet, alternating with pearls and imperial stones. And a girdle of ruddy gold was around her. She was the fairest sight that man ever beheld."



From an etching by Cuitt, 1812

EAGLE TOWER, CARNARVON CASTLE

So he sent over the wide world seeking this rugged land with the island in the sea facing it; and at last his messengers came to Caer Seint yn Arfon; and found the castle, and everything Macsen had seen in his dream; and that "fairest sight that man ever beheld" became, as you would suppose, Empress of Rome.

With none of the bright light and dews of faerie that drench and illumine this story of the Dream of Macsen Wledig is that other famous one

about Carnarvon: the story of Edward Conqueror's baby son, "born in the land and speaking no word of English," whom he is said to have foisted off on gullible chieftains for their Prince — the first English Prince of Wales. But it is less true than the Dream of Macsen: which has a truth of its own, of the kind "not made with hands," as somebody said; but this baby-worshiping yarn has no truth of any sort. It was invented in Elizabeth's time; when, under a Welsh dynasty, much euhemerisation of Welsh history went forward in England; and the English generally traced their descent as a race only on the distaff (which is the Celtic) side; and scorned Anglo-Saxonism as a mere disagreeable interlude in the national story. You shall find the truth of this in Spenser, Churchyard, Drayton; in Shakespeare himself, who ignores Harold and Alfred, and skips back, in setting forth the epic of England, from King John to King Lear and Cymbeline; while from Milton we get this: "Lords and Commons of England! consider what a nation it is whereof ye are, and whereof ye are the governors — a nation not slow and dull, but quick, ingenious and of piercing spirit: acute to invent, subtile and sinewy to discourse, not beneath any point the highest that human capacity can soar to. Therefore the studies of learning in her deepest sciences have been so ancient and so minute among us that writers of good antiquity and able judgment have been persuaded that even the School of Pythagoras and the Persian wisdom took beginning from the old philosophy of this island. And that wise and civil Roman, Julius Agricola, who governed once here for Caesar, preferred the natural wits of Britain before the laboured studies of the French."

The "old philosophy" was of course Celtic Druidism.

Edward II was born in Carnarvon Castle. But he was the fourth son of his parents, and not born heir to the throne: Alfonso, his eldest brother was alive and twelve years old at the time. Henry III had already with royal inconsequence established a precedent: had presented a Wales that very much did not belong to him to his son and heir, who became Edward I. Had Alfonso lived, he, not Edward of Carnarvon, would have been created Prince of Wales; but he died some seven months after his brother was born. And it was not till seventeen years later that the king gave the Principality to his eldest remaining son. And this Eagle Tower, in which the legend will have it that the little Edward was born, was added to the castle by himself when he was grown a man. *Sic transit gloria!*

The castle itself is a monument to the genius of Edward Conqueror's architects; in strength and beauty it is worthy of its setting, with the mountains of Eryri behind, and before, on one side the sea and on another the Strait of Menai; its magic casements — But no! Keats's lines have been spoken of it too often, and one must resist temptations.

THE RED ROSE AND THE WHITE: by R. Machell

(Continued from the September number)

CHAPTER III

AS she thought of her manoeuver, Cantric's goddess laughed a malicious laugh. The Viceroy had tried to find the name of the singer on the lake, in order to secure a novelty for the entertainment of his guests, and he had not consulted her in the matter: two offenses against her supremacy that she could not pardon, for she was a spoiled child of fortune.

Her position was peculiar, and she felt that she must make herself necessary to the Prince, or risk the loss of all she most valued. She had grown up in the household petted and favored as the adopted child of her patron, yet not formally accepted nor officially entitled to any particular rank. Her mother had been a dancer, and the Prince in his youth had built for her the pavilion by the lake now occupied by Surati. Detached from the family mansion and hidden by trees, its existence could be ignored when necessary; and the girl learned to accept the limitations thus put upon her privileged familiarity with the Prince, whom she was not allowed to claim as father, though the relationship was known to all. She was as keen a critic in matters of art and music as he, and her taste was more sure. She ruled supreme in the house, when no relatives or guests were in residence. Then she retired to her pavilion, and the Prince visited her there to get her advice on such matters as the arrangement of entertainments or festivals. She was a fountain of inspiration to him in suggesting new amusements, new schemes of decoration, or new dishes for the feasts he loved to lavish on his noble guests. She supplied him with witty tales and bits of scandal, and sometimes by a word influenced his judgment in matters of state. Therefore she resented any attempt of his to arrange a concert or to engage a new singer without consulting her.

Another cause of annoyance to her was the prolonged visit of the noble Princess Mirrah, whose presence cast a blight upon the genial conviviality that usually distinguished the Prince's company. Fuchuli himself went in awe of her, and made such desperate efforts during her visits to live up to her austere ideals that he became irritable and depressed. This entertainment given in her honor was really meant to celebrate the close of her visit, and the hospitable Viceroy felt himself called upon to provide some new feature for the musical program, such as might be acceptable to one whose taste was refined and pure. Cantric's song had caught his fancy, for he was keen enough to detect in it something unusually lofty, as compared with the style of singing then in vogue, and he

wanted to get this rare treasure for his concert that night, and to be able to tell a fanciful romance he had prepared to describe the manner in which he had discovered this new genius. For the noble patron of all the arts was a great romancer, and he always introduced a new discovery with some artistic fiction suited to the occasion, usually provided by the fertile fancy of Surati.

But the Princess Mirrah absolutely ignored the existence of the pavilion and its beautiful tenant, and the Prince dared not set foot in the house while his noble cousin was his guest. She made severe demands on his attention, for she had schemes of reform, of education, of sanitation, of social improvement, and even of religious revival, that appalled the easy-going sybarite. The worst of it was that the Emperor himself had to some extent endorsed her views, so that the Viceroy was compelled to promise many things, some of which might have to be seriously considered at some later date. In the meantime her visit was coming to an end, and then there would be Surati to conciliate and console for her long seclusion. Truly, the society of women is a source of tribulation to man.

The Princess had extracted a promise from the Viceroy that he would institute an extensive system of more popular education than any that had yet been allowed in that very conservative land, and she had pressed him to make some definite move in that direction before she returned to the Imperial City, which was her home. Now he felt the need of Surati's counsel, to show him how he might evade the issue without offending the Princess, whose influence at the Imperial Court was not to be ignored by one who wished to end his days in honor and ease.

There were other matters on which he wanted the assistance of his talented though capricious adviser, and he decided to visit the pavilion discreetly during the hour devoted to his siesta, when no one who valued his life would dare to intrude upon his privacy.

Surati had expected such a visit for some time, and was piqued to find that her patron could dispense for so long with her valuable counsel.

Fuchuli appeared prostrated with the cares and anxieties of his administration, and lamented the restlessness of men and particularly of women, who could not let well-enough alone, but must be stirring up trouble with uncalled-for innovations in the established order. He talked without ceasing, till he thought he had cleared the ground sufficiently to be able to come to a more precise explanation of his difficulties.

Surati rose to the occasion, and showed him how to please his exacting cousin without compromising his own policy of inaction. Then came the question of the evening's entertainment. That was a more serious matter, for it was a question of art. He felt that some novelty was

absolutely necessary to give point to the whole program, and he was forced to confess that he was unable to put his hand on a performer of originality, suited to excite the interest of so severe a purist as the Princess.

At the mention of the Princess Mirrah, Surati's face clouded; but no cloud stayed long on her smooth brow.

"Leave it to me, Fuchi," she said gaily, using the childish name she had given her patron long ago, and which always pleased him, for he loved the girl better than anything except his own comfort and enjoyment. "Leave it to me. I promise you an artist who will make you the envy of the Imperial Court for having discovered him. He is my present to my dear Fuchi."

"And you will make him understand that, if he is asked about his past, he must accept my story. I know how to present a singer; it takes some skill to discover a genius in the proper manner; he must listen attentively, and never allow his own vulgar past to interfere with the family history I shall endow him with."

Surati promised to school her new-found genius, and the Prince willingly left the matter in her hands, suspecting that it was the singer of the morning, who had already fallen under the spell of the siren. In any case he had absolute confidence in her judgment, and went to his deferred siesta comforted, and prepared both with answers to Mirrah's demands, and with an opportunity for the recital of the romantic adventure which he had invented to account for the discovery of his latest genius, the as yet unknown singer.

CHAPTER IV

BENDORAH felt that fortune smiled on him at last when he saw the change in the young poet's costume and received orders to row straight to the little tower entrance, for he knew that only the most favored were admitted by that door. Already he saw himself enriched by the generosity of a powerful patron such as had never yet patronized his humble skiff.

The poet was reserved but calm, as a man sure of himself, confident of success; yet his heart beat fast as he felt the key turn in the lock and the tower door yield to his touch. It swung to behind him and Cantric found himself within the garden sacred to his goddess. His heart burned beneath the purple robe he had chosen that day as suited to his high calling and humble origin. Beyond a screen of bushes and trees were lights and sounds of conversation, but nothing more was visible in that direction. After a moment's pause he followed the path that lay before him and found himself facing the pavilion of Surati.

The door stood open and the poet entered. The air was heavy with the scent of roses, soft light bathed the darkness of the draperies that covered the walls. The beauty of the place was intoxicating to one of Cantric's temperament, and he stood entranced, yielding himself to the spell without an effort at resistance. He woke from the trance at the soft ripple of a woman's laughter.

There was no time to be lost, and Surati promptly assumed the role of initiator, instructing the singer in the dramatic situation prepared for his début. She had no objection to his worship, but the right to worship must be earned by service, and his service was what now called for attention.

The fitting moment for the entry of the new singer had been carefully chosen and the musicians duly instructed and rehearsed, so that the host knew when to expect the climax of the program. Cantric was to sing first unseen and at a distance, gradually approaching till he was within easy reach of the illuminated space, into which he should enter only when called. Surati examined his appearance, and herself put the final touch to his costume by the addition of a rich scarf and a wreath of red roses, that she placed on his head.

The poet felt as if he stepped on air; the song came rushing to his lips in a wild burst of joy that thrilled the audience to silence. Fuchuli smiled and watched his cousin Mirrah.

The Princess started at the voice, and listened with a look of wonder on her face that delighted her host. Surati had redeemed her promise, and she should be richly rewarded. But the Princess looked grave, and her eyes had the intent look in them that usually made Fuchuli feel abashed in her presence. Instinctively he felt that she resented the passion that pervaded the song, but the guests were enraptured and the applause overwhelming, so that the Prince forgot his cousin in the triumph of the moment, and bade the attendants bring the singer forward to receive the applause he had won.

His appearance was the signal for a fresh ovation. The Princess opened her eyes with recognition and surprise. She leaned forward and fixed her gaze upon the artist who stood waiting for permission to sing again.

The Prince gave the sign; the singer looked up and caught the wonderful deep gaze of those mysterious eyes. Once more the scent of the white rose came faint and ethereal to his senses like a memory, and he saw again the fountain and the veiled litter and the eyes that were like nothing under heaven. But the lights, the company, the heavy perfume, and the fumes of the wine which Surati had made him drink before he sang, all rose to drown the vision, and when he touched the lute again it was in answer to the appeal of the place and its presiding genius, and his

own unmastered passion. Wildly he sang and well, but the eyes of the Princess darkened as she listened.

The guests were charmed and showered gifts and praises on the hero of the moment. Fuchuli was delighted, not alone with the success of the singer, but with the fire of the song; and when his chance came to introduce his protégé more fully, he excelled himself in the fluency and fancy of the story he told, of how he had found and fostered the youth, and kept him for this occasion, to do honor to his noble cousin and his other noble guests. Cantric listened in amazement, and Surati clapped her hands in delight behind the bushes, where she had stood to see the triumph of her latest victim.

The Princess Mirrah almost smiled as the youth approached, but there was something stern about the eyes that denied the approval of the smile. She took a white rosebud from beside her fan, and threw it to the singer, who stooped and gathered it, raising the flower reverently to his forehead, not to his lips, as was the general usage. At that her eyes softened and saddened, though her lips still smiled serenely.

It seemed to him as if a silvery ray of pure light for a moment pierced his brain, and left a scar like that which the lightning leaves where it strikes. His triumph fell to ashes in that flash of light, and left him weak and faint as if from a blow or a fall from some great height.

Behind the screen of bushes he sank on a bench, and Surati bade a servant give him wine. He drank it eagerly, and felt the blood rush to his heart and course through his veins with wild fire. Surati smiled.

CHAPTER V

WHEN the Princess Mirrah was gone, Surati resumed her sway. The feasts and festivals given by her generous patron were more frequent, more lavish, and more brilliant than before. The promises of reform were lightly set aside, and the old system of neglect and corruption continued undisturbed. The court of the Viceroy set the fashion, and the extravagance of the nobility reached its culmination in the outbreak of a revolt that was in reality engineered from the Imperial City with the tacit approval of the Emperor.

This climax was hastened by political intrigue, which was aided by the reports that reached the Imperial court of the scandalous excesses to which Fuchuli's luxurious hospitality had encouraged the nobility of the city and province which he ruled so negligently. Released from the temporary restraint of the Princess Mirrah's presence, the pleasure-loving Viceroy abandoned himself more and more to the domination of Surati, whose genius fanned the slow fire of his weak nature into a flame

from which many a kindred fire was lit. The new singer was installed as prime favorite, petted by great ladies, and patronized by all the nobles of the court. Surati was his goddess; and the evil fires that burned upon her altar were the source of his song, that in its turn incited his admirers to a veritable frenzy of esthetic intoxication.

Fuchuli's court was a hotbed of corruption, in which the rank growth of vice had its roots. The branches of these poison-plants stretched far and wide, and the unwholesome fruit they bore soon ripened and rotted, polluting the moral atmosphere of the whole province. The officers, both civil and military, applied the funds of the State to the replenishing of their private purses, emptied by the luxurious mode of life made fashionable by the example of the court.

Surati was the flame that gave luster to this age of decadence; her imagination devised the novelties that lent piquancy to the feast and sparkle to the festival. While Cantric by his wild, despairing songs stirred the last embers of a burnt-out fire of genius in the poets and singers of the city into a semblance of flame, that for a while made men think an age of literary glory had begun, which should make their generation famous for all time.

But the people groaned under the load of taxation, the oppression of bad government, and the laxity of the administration. Complaints flowed in to the Emperor, and the close of Fuchuli's administration was decreed. The Emperor sent a special envoy with a large retinue bearing a magnificent present and a laudatory message of greeting to the astonished Viceroy.

Almost simultaneously a revolt broke out in a distant part of the province denuded of police by the 'economies' of the governors, who had cut down the number of men to be fed and clothed, in order to have enough for their own needs. The Viceroy's guards were sent to quell the revolt.

Then a sudden rising occurred in the city itself, and in one night all the principal officials fell. The morning found the gateway of the palace of the Viceroy adorned with ghastly trophies of the storm. Displayed on spears were seen the heads of those who had so lately ruled the land. Fuchuli and Surati held the places of honor in this ghastly festival; and every palace in the city was in like manner decorated. The envoy of the Emperor and his retinue held the viceregal palace, and the people did homage to the Emperor in his person. The storm had passed.

And Cantric the favorite, the idol of the court; on him the anger of the Muse fell with the cruel mercy of the Gods. His humble birth made him unworthy of a place beside the high nobility: his life was

spared, on payment of the awful tribute of his tongue, cut from his mouth, that he might testify henceforth in silence to his own apostasy. He recognised the justice of the Gods in the cold cruelty of the decree, that made him but the living tomb of a dead singer, branded by silence for his crime of song.

Fuchuli and Surati had but lived by the light they had, and died in their meretricious glory: but he, who had aspired to stand in presence of the Gods and sing the songs of the immortals, he had betrayed the light that he had seen; he had debased his genius to the service of the wild spirits of the underworld, and soiled his soul by blasphemy against the light he had himself invoked, and to whose service he knew himself pledged and his life dedicate. He bowed his pride before the hand of destiny, that sent him forth, naked of soul and mutilated, to seek the path in silence. In mockery they gave him back his lute, and set a wreath of roses on his head, one that had fallen in the slaughter of the night.

A woman of the people sheltered him, and healed him of his wound. She hung the wreath of roses on his lute; and, when at length the dumb man went his way, a beggar, bearing that emblem of his spiritual heredity, the lute, he took the withered wreath, and lo! a marvel. Among the faded blossoms and dry leaves one flower still lived, a white rose in the bud. And, as he looked upon it, there came again the memory of the fragrance which he had sensed so strangely when he had gazed into those eyes whose light had seared his brain like lightning.

He took the white rosebud and placed it in his bosom in an empty purse that hung by a gold chain about his neck. Then he set forth to seek the path, and, as he went, the fragrance of the white rose floated round him, and in his heart the rhythm of a far-off melody seemed calling to him like the tones of a loved voice echoing through a dream.

THE PRINCESS BARBY: by Stanley Fitzpatrick

A STORY FOR CHILDREN

SHE wasn't a princess — a real princess; at least not the kind we read about who are the daughters of kings and queens. Oh no! poor Barby was not in the least like one of these; and still less was she like any Fairy Princess ever heard of.

Now the children of kings — as we used to hear of them — lived in palaces with troops of attendants ready to gratify every wish. Every child knows what a Fairy Princess is like; or if it doesn't, it ought to know all about them. It is a great pity that any child should be told that these things are all nonsense when the truth is that each element

in the realm of Nature is inhabited by its own kind of living beings who are exactly fitted to their own life there as we are to ours here.

Well, *our* Princess Barby lived, not in any of the beautiful Fairylands all about us, which so few can see: nor in any grand palace in Earthland: but up, up, up four long, wearisome flights of stairs in a rickety, tumble-down old building that ought to have been pulled down years before. And then the only share she had in it was one bare little room, at the top, with a tiny gable window and a very grimy bit of skylight. This house stood in a crowded and not at all pleasant part of the great city; and the air poor Barby breathed was as dull and grimy as the light by which she worked; for she was a very industrious princess indeed, and never found any time in which to be idle.

It was a bleak, raw afternoon in December, and though only three o'clock, the halls and stairs were dark enough as the child climbed wearily upward, with a large basket on her arm. When she reached her attic room she paused, listening attentively at the door. Then she opened it carefully and stole in on tip-toe. But quiet as she strove to be, she was heard by the occupant.

"Is that you, Princess?" cried a clear, childish voice, from the darkest corner of the room.

"Yes, Bessie," replied Barby; and her tone was bright and cheery, though she had dragged herself so wearily up the stairs and once had sobbed outright; and her eyelids were still wet. Putting down her basket on a long table under the skylight she went over to a sofa in the dark corner and knelt down beside it.

Though it was dark and gloomy in the room, Barby was accustomed to it and could plainly distinguish the pale little face turned toward her. It was such a beautiful face, too, and childish, though worn and wasted with suffering. Bright golden curls were tossed about over the pillow; but the large wistful blue eyes had a strangely still and vacant look — for the child was blind. But she put out a thin little hand and touched Barby's hair and cheek, and then clasped her fingers.

"Why, Princess Barby! how cold you are," she said; "and you stayed so long, when I told you to hurry back."

"Yes, Pet; I fear it was long for you. But I couldn't help it. I'll try and not stay so long again."

"Well, I didn't mind so much," said the child sinking back on her pillows. "But I do want my tea. I hope you have something good for supper; and you will have so much more to tell — of all you have seen today — won't you, Princess?"

"Yes indeed, Pet," cried the princess, springing up and setting briskly about preparing for the meal.

Lighting a small coal-oil stove, she placed it near the couch, that Bessie might enjoy the warmth, though the child was well covered with soft warm blankets. Then she proceeded to make the tea and fry — oh! such a tiny little bit of sausage.

"Oh, you have got just what I like!" cried Bessie. "It smells so nice, and I'm hungry."

"I knew you would like it; and I have something else you like, too — nice, fresh butter."

And Barby took from a paper bag the precious bit of butter, two fresh white rolls, and a stale brown loaf. It was all soon arranged on a rickety little stand close to Bessie's sofa which she never left, for having an affection of the spine she was well-nigh helpless as well as blind. She then poured out the tea, cut up the bit of sausage, and buttering one of the rolls placed all before the child, who began to eat with apparent enjoyment.

"It is all good," she said: "but why don't you eat, Princess?"

"Me! oh, I am eating," cried Barby cheerfully, putting a crumb of stale bread into her mouth and trying very hard to swallow a big lump that *would* rise in her throat. It wasn't that there was nothing for her but the stale bread — that happened frequently — but she did not know how Bessie's next dinner was to be provided; and that was an altogether different matter.

But of this Bessie knew nothing. She never had known of the dire straits to which the poor princess had been pushed; nor had she any idea of the poverty and misery by which she was surrounded. While her mother lived she had managed to keep them in comparative comfort. She had been a first-class worker in the making of artificial flowers, and while absent at the factory Barby acted as housekeeper and cared for Bessie. They were only step-sisters, as their parents had each a daughter when they were married five years before. But after a couple of years, Barby's father had been killed in an accident, and a year ago the dear mother had gone.

Bessie was only seven then and the other five years older; and what was poor Barby to do? Her stepmother had taught her to make the simpler kinds of flowers, and she worked faithfully, keeping the terrible truth from the little blind child whom she loved so dearly. To her this poor garret was as the light, pretty rooms of her former home. They had been brought here by an old cobbler to whom their parents had been kind, he contenting himself with a dark little den across the passage to give the children this room. But he was old and ill and could do no more.

Everything was gone but the sofa on which little Bessie lay, with its soft pillows and warm covering. But of this she was ignorant; and

her blindness, which had been caused by an illness only a year before her mother's death, enabled Barby to keep up the fiction of still being surrounded by the things she still remembered.

To her fancy poor, pale Barby, with her hollow, dark eyes, unkempt hair, and worn garments, was a creature as lovely as any of the princesses of whom Barby used to read to her; and for this reason the child had called her Princess Barby. But Barby had little time to read now, and so she told, over and over, the stories they had read, varying them according to her own imagination. Then she amused Bessie in a way she liked almost better by detailing every incident she had observed during her absences, which were not to be avoided, and making up stories of the people she saw.

Some persons might say all this was foolish and wrong; but poor little Barby only thought of making the afflicted child comfortable and happy. She never dreamed of being untruthful because the cold hard facts which so bruised her own heart were concealed from her listener. Or if the facts were presented, they were so clothed with the veil of the romantic, poetic, and fanciful, that to the blind child they appeared interesting and beautiful: and sometimes even to Barby herself they lost some of their sharp, cruel ugliness.

After all, is there not always more than only the one view to be taken of every act and event in life? Are we to think only of the one narrow point that most irritates and wounds us? If so, we shall fail to see much of the truth.

Today an unusually unpleasant array of facts had presented themselves to Barby. First, when she had carried back her work the forewoman was in a bad humor, found fault with her work and paid her less than usual; and she had been kept waiting a long, weary time before she got another basketful to take home. Then when she went to the baker's the good man was out and the attendant looked contemptuously at her and overcharged for the two rolls, because they *were* only two, and made her pay nearly as much for the stale loaf as a fresh one, and the poor child knew that it would not taste half so good. Still that didn't matter so much — for the princess seldom thought much about herself — only if it had been fresh, Bessie might have eaten some of it too.

When she came into the hall, so cold and tired and discouraged, she had been met by the landlady who demanded her rent; and of course Barby had no money to pay it. The old cobbler had died a few weeks before. All she could do was to earn the little that kept Bessie and herself from starving; and it seemed that this might not be possible much longer.

For all her protestations of hunger, the weak appetite of the child

was soon satisfied and she leaned back, sighing wearily and leaving the sausage and roll unfinished.

"What is it, Pet?" asked Barby anxiously. "You said you were hungry and that it was good."

"So it is, Barby dear; but I'm not hungry now — I've had all I want. Oh, I'm so tired, Princess. Won't you tell me something pretty tonight?"

"Yes, dear," said Barby, clearing away the things and carefully keeping the bits of sausage for another meal. Then sitting down by the light of a dim lamp, her fingers busily shaping the bright flowers, she told a long fairy-story to her little sister, in which there was light and warmth and music and beauty everywhere.

As the days went by the winter grew bleaker, and work became more scarce and harder to obtain. Sometimes now Barby could not get even a stale loaf.

But Bessie grew weaker and cared less for food, though she still talked of Santa Claus and of what he would bring. This wrung the heart of Barby; for how could she provide gifts when even food was wanting?

It was the day before Christmas and Barby had taken back her work and a little more was grudgingly given her. On her way out she saw a lady who was looking at her. There was something in the dark eyes that seemed wonderful to the child. The look of pity and compassion on her face brought the tears to her eyes. But the forewoman pushed Barby toward the door, telling her to make haste and get out of other people's way.

She hurried home with a tiny pitcher of milk and a few crackers, all Bessie cared to take now. While heating the milk her tears fell silently, for the little one must not be troubled.

"Oh!" she thought, "if that woman had only let me wait a little. I think the kind lady would have spoken. Then I would have told her about Bessie, and I'm sure she would have done something for her."

After Bessie had drunk her milk she said: "Don't work tonight, Princess. It's Christmas Eve, you know; and Mama always had a Christmas tree. But we don't need it, do we — only you and me? I dreamed while you were gone that Mama came to see me. Do you think she can see us now, Princess?"

"I don't know, darling," whispered Barby, kissing her.

"Why, Barby dear, you are crying! I thought you were always so bright and happy. I don't know why — but I feel happy tonight, though we have no tree and Mama's gone away from us. I feel as if something very good was coming to us this Christmas. I wish you to feel that way, too. I love you so dearly, Barby; and you have always been so good to me."

After a long silence Bessie spoke again: "Come nearer, Barby dear,"

she said. "Though I am happy, I am cold and tired—Oh! so tired, tired; but I can't sleep. I want you to come here — on the couch with me. I want to have you close to me."

"Yes, Pet, I am close to you," answered Barby, gathering the frail little form into her arms and pressing her face against the golden head.

"That rests me, Princess. Now tell me all the nice stories you can think of; and sing me the Christmas songs. Then I shall go to sleep by-and-by."

But Bessie did not sleep, and all night Barby choked back the sobs and tears, that she might not distress the little sufferer. Her voice was low and clear as, hour after hour, she told again the stories of Fairies, Angels, and Heroes, which she had read, and crooned over the songs their mother had sung with them. Then before dawn they both fell asleep.

When Barby awoke the first gleam of sunshine she had seen for many days was shining dimly on the smoky skylight. But there was something stranger still; for two ladies stood there with kind faces and gentle eyes looking down on the little sisters.

"Why, how did you come?" asked Barby, rising very carefully, not to waken Bessie. "But neither of you is the lady who looked at me so kindly yesterday. And I dreamed she came and told me that what Bessie said was true; that a great good was coming to us both on this Christmas Day."

"Yes, it will — it has come!" said one of the ladies. "The lady you saw would have come last night, but she had to go on the evening train. So she learned your address and asked us to come this morning."

"Oh, I knew she was good!" cried Barby. "But we must be quiet and not waken Bessie. She did not sleep all night — until just this morning."

"Don't you know, dear," said the other lady, "that Bessie has gone? She will not wake here any more."

With a cry Barby turned to the couch. "Oh, it is cruel!" she said. "She thought the good was coming to her, too."

"So it has, my child; the very best good of all. Nothing could be better for her. And you are going to the lady you saw. It is a place where there are no bitter winters like we have here. All the year flowers bloom and birds sing. You will like to be there, will you not?"

"Oh yes," sobbed the child, "but if only Bessie could come —"

"She has gone to a more beautiful place; and she will no longer be blind, nor lame — nor know want or pain. Think of that, dear child. With you she would still have to keep all that. You do not wish her to suffer any more, do you? She will return with a new and better body. You will go into the school founded by this lady where many children are

now being taught how to become good and useful women and men, so they can help make the world a better place to live in than you have found it."

"Oh, I should love to help do that!" said the child earnestly.

And in this way the "great good" which Bessie had seen in her dream came to the Princess Barby and her little sister on Christmas Day.