

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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"I feel in myself the future life. I am like a forest once cut down; the new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but heaven lights me with the reflexion of unknown worlds.

"You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of the bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head, but eternal spring is in my heart. I breathe at this hour the fragrance of lilacs, the violets and the rose as at twenty years. The nearer I approach the end the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvelous, yet simple. It is a fairy tale, and it is history.

"For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose and in verse: history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode and song; I have tried all. But I feel I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say, like many others, 'I have finished my day's work.' But I cannot say, 'I have finished my life.' My day's work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight, it opens on the dawn."—VICTOR HUGO

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N touching upon the needs of the hour, and presenting a picture of the unrest and confusion which are the result of the thoughts and acts of ages past, and particularly now the result of the recent war, my aim is to bring home to the minds of my readers what humanity most needs today: a New Optimism, a Hope of such royal and inspiring character that all must feel a touch of something a little higher than they have had before, and a New Strength, because of the possibilities that lie before all humanity. From all these there naturally must follow a great courage; for it is this which must be emphasized now — a New and Splendid Courage.

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One of the great examples of courage, the greatest that I know of in modern times, was Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, Foundress of the world-wide Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, the principles of which are as old as the ages, though they have been lost sight of for many years — brought by her to the Western world, although so old, they appeared as new, as something very optimistic, something very inspiring, for all the world's children to receive.

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At the time she came to the Western World in 1875 a great wave of materialism was sweeping over this country and all Europe. It was a marked time. The minds of men were turning away from the possibility of the higher spiritual thought; they had become weary of creeds and dogmas; they had found so much professed in the name of religion and so little practised in daily life that in their despair they had fallen back upon the power of reason as an anchorage, ignoring and in many instances attacking and seeking to tear down and to deny the divine principles of life and Nature.

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Under the divine urge of her soul, Madame Blavatsky came unheralded, a perfect stranger. She selected America as the field of her endeavor, because she was so imbued with the idea of the liberty that was accorded in this great country to every Helper of Humanity. She was a Russian and had suffered under the pressure of the conditions of her country. From childhood she had seen injustice practised upon the peasants and others in the name of the law. She had observed the appalling contrasts between the enormous wealth of the churches and the poverty and suffering under the shadow of their very walls. She realized the insincerity and the unbrotherliness of the age, its materialism and the resulting disregard of everything which could not be expressed in terms of matter. And so great were her sympathies for the human race that she selected America, this 'Land of Liberty,' to establish a firm foundation for the teachings of Brotherhood, so that from America should go out the knowledge of the practice of Brotherhood to all lands and all peoples — even to her own land.

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She was well aware then, as many are today, that any effort to reform Russia from within would only meet with failure; help must be given from without. It is no speculation on the part of her students to declare that she had foresight in regard to the conditions of the world, that she knew not only the needs of the time, but the remedy for those needs. How are we to account for the fact that she had more foresight than others? Why should we select her as an example and proclaim her to the world as one of its greatest teachers? One of the best answers to these questions, one that I have found in my study of her life, is this: if a man or woman can keep warm the Heart Doctrine in his or her life, and can feel it a sacred duty to be constantly cultivating the spirit of tolerance, the power of sympathy will so grow in the nature and the mind that the higher faculties of the immortal man, the soul, will come into action more positively and effectively. The higher part of one's nature is constantly alive in its way, although we may

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not have the outer expression, and although the brain-mind may be working against it, because of environment and conditions and Karmic seeds that have been sown—yet it is always there. It was the positive, conscious quality that was so needed to touch the minds of men — and that quality gave Madame Blavatsky the foresight and courage to persevere in her work for Humanity.

Her sympathy grew with the days of her childhood. It was aroused by the injustice and the insincerity that she saw in the life around her; and even as a young woman, when not more than sixteen years of age, there was in her mind and heart and life a superb purpose. She could not have had so great a purpose had there not been some incentive, not only from the outward things which I have mentioned, which she saw in her own country, but an incentive of such quality and foresight that in her heart she realized that all countries needed help according to their evolution and conditions. It was this that carried her through all the wonderful experiences in her travels in many lands until, in the seventies of last century, she brought to America this wonderful philosophy of life — Theosophy — and established the Theosophical Society as a nucleus of men and women who would work for Universal Brotherhood.

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There must indeed have been some unusual conditions that caused this great woman to leave her home in Russia, where she had position and wealth and everything that the modern world holds dear, and was already one of the promising lights in literature and an accomplished musician. She had no selfish motive, as one can see, for there was no money nor fame to be gained through her efforts. She had the foresight to understand humanity and to know that when she took up her cross, when she began her search for an answer to the problems of life, when later as a stranger she came to this great country and dared to speak openly the sublime truths of the Ancient Wisdom, Theosophy, she would meet the imperfections of human nature and have to suffer her share of persecution as all other true reformers had suffered in the past — possibly not in the same way, but that she must suffer, she knew.

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With the picture and history before her of the persecution that all true reformers had endured, she must have had a quality of courage far above the ordinary — I call it extraordinary. It was courage born of the superb sympathy in her heart; and with courage came new strength, and she walked as one clothed in the Light. She challenged religious systems, admitting that the essential teachings of religion were there, but that they were so honeycombed, so shut in, that all humanity

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was going awry because it had not the Light, it could not find the Path. Many great minds here and there in this and other countries were reaching out, seeking to lead the world on material lines, away from even those indefinite lights of the different religious systems, carrying men away from their moorings, so to speak, out into a darkness which would have become appalling if it had continued.

Madame Blavatsky challenged the minds of the time. One has only to read her books; you need not take my word for it, but just read her wonderful books, and you will see that through her sympathy and courage and her knowledge of human nature, there must have come into her life a quality of erudition, and a power to apply the remedy to the ills from which humanity was suffering. But what did she meet with when she came to this lovely country of ours? It makes one almost forget that there was ever given us a suggestion of Liberty. Instead of welcoming her as one who would lift the veil and shed a light upon the ancient teachings which the churches had so imperfectly presented, which had inspired the life of Christ and of all the other great Teachers, nearly every religious body criticized her, tore her life to pieces, so to say, just so far as they could reach the public through their control of articles in the newspapers and in the publication of sensational books. That was the royal welcome given to H. P. Blavatsky, the Friend of Humanity!

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I should not dwell upon this now, if it were not that somehow, just this hour, at this time when we as a people are trying to work with all humanity to bring about Permanent Peace, just now when there are such menacing conditions in the world, and there is unrest and despair and discouragement among so many,— now is the time when Madame Blavatsky should step forth again in all the glory and inspiration of her unselfish life with the Divine Message of Brotherhood which she brought to the world!

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We have no time to tarry along the way; we have no time for argument; we need to get down to basic facts; we must study cause and effect. We must realize why we are now in this state of such unrest; why, as a people, we are divided; why there is one class seeking help on certain lines perhaps too forcefully, declaring they are oppressed and losing their rights, while there is another class in our country today sitting in the quietude and so-called peace of their wealth and prosperity, indifferent to the heart-cry of humanity. And in presenting this contrast it does not mean that I as a Theosophist, or that any Theosophist, in any sense can support anything that is not absolutely in accord with the principles of Theosophy, that is, which is not absolutely in accord with Brotherhood and Justice.

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Surely, now is the very time when, if Madame Blavatsky could be heard and her message could reach the whole world, she would accentuate the idea of tolerance — love for one another. It is a time when we cannot afford to waste effort in criticizing each other. We have our weaknesses individually and nationally; but we have so many things to do, and so much to learn, that we cannot afford to waste a moment in tearing down anything which has a vital spark of goodness in it. If we oppose our brothers unfairly and unjustly we shall reap as we have sown and this is what we have done all down the ages and right into these modern times. We have with us today marked evidences of the mistakes of the past, made by our ancestors — the product of many of the old teachings, the harvest of the wrong seeds that have been sown. Foremost of all has been the spirit of unbrotherliness, which today is, and for ages past has been, the Insanity of the Age. It is appalling! And yet how many with their families and the bread-and-butter question to meet, take time to consider these conditions, even the conditions right in their own cities? How many realize that crime is increasing, and that the spirit of injustice is growing even in the name of religion? There are so many problems of life that are not understood. But one thing which all can do and which is so much needed, is to throw our whole heart and soul on to that line of action which Madame Blavatsky so clearly indicated — to create a New Spirit of Brotherhood, to cultivate a Sympathy superbly great, and to add to the Courage of the Soul — not the courage of the world, nor the courage of the mind, nor that courage which sometimes comes with just a little quality of self-serving — none of that; but the Courage that dares, with a royal quality of daring, to do the things that are right for Right's sake, for Humanity's sake.

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If we would do this, how long, think you, would it take to build up our nation in such a way that a new Light would be ours? And then would come forth in all its beauty and dignity that splendid divine Sympathy which is in the heart of every man, and the despair and unrest of the age would die out under the pressure of our Spiritual Will, our Brotherly Thoughts and Acts, and the great optimistic Hope which I have spoken of — the Hope that is inspired by the teachings of Theosophy. Under present conditions we need something a little more inspiring than the general trend of affairs. Our best writers write well, our best preachers preach well, our best statesmen do well — all within the limits of things as they are — but they could do better; so could we, each one of us; and so could everyone in the world. It is the united effort of all that is needed, of everyone as a unit in the whole, to call out the power of the Inner Divine Self, to find the strength of his character and the glory of the Real Life, each one clearing

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his mind of all its rubbish, its prejudices, and of the pressures that come to lead him astray, each one walking straight and clean like little children at the feet of the Great Law, so to speak.

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We need no reformers, no prayers. Prayers are good for those who truly pray, for there is in true prayer a lift and a touch of aspiration; but Theosophists, not believing in a personal God, cannot conceive how one can pray for one thing and another for just the opposite, or how different nations professing to believe in the same God, to love the same God, but each asking for something different, can expect to have their prayers granted. For what is this but self-serving? But we do believe in prayer to the Central Source of All Light, seeking only for strength to do our duty — prayer that lifts one far above all the discouraging aspects of life, and brings one home to his own and into harmony with his own divine nature. In that way, I think, we can interpret the beautiful idea of “going home to the Father,” that is, to the Supreme, to Deity, the Omnipresent, All-Powerful, and All-Loving — to the Infinite.

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I could not seek to present to you the beautiful thoughts which Madame Blavatsky taught, which are the same thoughts which the Nazarene and all the great Teachers have presented down the ages, but are now given in Theosophy in such a way that the mind of the inquirer finds the foundation, the basis, — I could not present these to you, except to urge the necessity of putting them into practice in daily life; for to preach and not to try to lead the life were hypocrisy. And we have our share of it in this great country of ours. We may preach eternally, we may dream, we may aspire eternally, we may think we have the will to do right, but unless we are positively unselfish and courageous in our efforts for good work, we do little.

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It is the positive courage that Madame Blavatsky possessed that I would inculcate in the minds of all Humanity. I would that I had a way of reaching all the prisons, just for one day, and of opening them up and letting in the light of the sun, of trusting the prisoners for ten minutes just enough to be free from the iron bars that hold them, that this message of Madame Blavatsky's might reach them. What they most need is New Hope, Larger Sympathy from their fellows, and that quality of Courage that is born of the Soul. Do you not know

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that those whom you turn away from, whom you consider so degraded that you fear to touch their garments — that even they could be redeemed under this Glorious Message of Brotherhood, if we would extend our hands to them in the true spirit of Brotherhood? We must do it sometime, somewhere along the way; we cannot continue to pile up telling records that we have been half-hearted; we cannot show on the Screen of Time any evidence of cowardice, of fear, of intolerance. If we are to live and to make our homes what they should be, if we are to send out the Light to the world, we Americans, we must find the New Way. We must begin right in our own private lives to accentuate the New Order of Ages which has been preached to us for so long, and which seems, in a sense, to be passing out, out over the great hills of the world into darkness, leaving us in despair and unrest.

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But after we have brought it into our own lives, and its purpose is so strongly ingrained in our natures that nothing can stop us, there will come to be sunshine in our very makeup and we shall carry the spirit of optimism everywhere. If we are merchants, or whatever be our calling or our dealings with others, we shall study our consciences, we shall realize that self-serving will not do, that self-love will not pay, but that we must deal with our brothers so justly, so correctly, so Theosophically, that we shall begin to sow the seeds of right conditions, and of a happy and glorious future for all Humanity. Everywhere and in all departments of life these simple, exquisite and spiritual ideas of Madame Blavatsky can be established, and then we shall have the great power of the truth of Brotherhood realized in our midst. How can we face the present conditions of affairs, the menacing conditions so near to us, without feeling that somewhere along the Path we have failed to do our duty to each other? We must know that the conditions that are growing all over the world, conditions of violence and antagonism, were not born in an hour, nor in a day, nor in a year nor a century. Their seeds were sown ages ago. But if the great spiritual truths which were given to man in the very dawn of his history had been kept in all their simplicity, and creeds and dogmas had had no existence, there would not have been this great separation in the human family which is everywhere becoming more and more manifest.

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To find the best way to set the Great Wheel of Brotherhood in motion — that is what we must do. There are many very interesting people, very intellectual, very energetic — we all know such — who would say; “Well, you know, one

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can't do much. The ideas that you present are very beautiful and I admire them and believe in them, but one can't do much!" I know better, and I know that Madame Blavatsky, that one woman, who faced the conditions that she did, coming here among strangers, leaving her home and its protection, bringing her message of Theosophy to the world,— that she alone was a colossal power, even at that time, and in spite of persecution and opposition. And today her message has increased a hundred-fold in its strength and possibilities and is permeating every department of thought. Sometimes you will hear of great preachers and speakers, particularly in the Eastern states, putting aside their dogmas and creeds — putting them aside in the expression of their own thought, I mean, for they are still hemmed in by their theology — but at the grand finale almost always they obliterate what they have said out of the depths of their hearts. Just for a moment at such times the speaker is himself, not trying to make an impression on the public, his soul has arisen for a moment into the Light, and he utters the teachings of Theosophy.

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You will find Theosophical ideas in romance and in poetry, and all along the line, but usually but half-expressed and half-heartedly. There are so few who come out openly as Victor Hugo did in recognition of the truth of Reincarnation as absolutely essential to an understanding of human life. Not many do this, but if you wish to know more about this subject of Reincarnation, which is one of the great keys to the solution of the problems of life, all one has to do is to study the Poets. Sit down for a few hours with Walt Whitman and say if it is possible that he did not have a glimpse of the higher ideas of life, if he did not immortalize himself in giving voice to the principles of Reincarnation. Take Whittier and the other poets, and you will find glimpses of the same truth as they had the courage and the daring to express it. The American mind is too much inclined to blend a few truths with fallacies and absurdities and idiosyncracies, and with popular thought and 'New Thought.' Men's minds are so laden, their mental luggage is so heavy, that the Light of Truth can but rarely find entrance.

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Turning again to Madame Blavatsky's teachings, we find the key that will open the door to the inner and higher natures of man. Holding this key, man challenges himself; he must enter the chambers of his soul, he must talk with himself; he must unroll the Screen of Time before himself, and see all his past, and question himself how far he has failed in his duty to his fellows. Then,

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with this picture and memory before him, if the heart is right, if aspiration is there, the soul will come into action and close the door on the past; and he will hold the lesson in his mind and go forth in new light, in new power, with a quality of Sympathy and Courage and an affectionate Tolerance which all the world should have. If only we could be tolerant towards our enemies — but that does not mean that we must support them in their errors or their weaknesses or their unjust acts — it means that we shall be so just in all that we do in protest, and in all that we do in lifting the veil on what is wrong, that we shall do no harm, but we shall show something of the spirit of tolerance and goodwill even in our protest.

The spirit of criticism, of vengeance, of unbrotherliness, intolerance and force, all combined into one hydra-headed monster, is a monster for the destruction of humanity!

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So in presenting to you dear Madame Blavatsky, our great Teacher, it is my hope to arouse in you such interest that you will seek to know more about her and her teachings. Oh! how I wish you could come really to know her! You would then begin to realize what her message was, you would see how the conditions of her life led up to her helping Humanity; and then, no matter how your mind may have been permeated with dogmas and creeds and intolerance in the past, you would find that something new had been awakened in your heart and life. It is there in the recesses of your being, and if you desire to be just, to do right, to live the life and sweep away this great fever of unbrotherliness, you will seek the Way, find the Light, and reach the Goal, through self-directed effort — self-directed evolution — for “the Way to Final Freedom is within Thyself.”

KATHERINE TINGLEY

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“What a relief to turn from the average newspaper and its redundancy of so-called news, its partially concealed suggestiveness, its multiplying and ever-changing subjects that lead the brain to loose thinking and make it a pandora box of forgetfulness. What a relief, I say, to turn to the calm crystal clean readings of Theosophy. Though only able to wade in the shallows we emerge a little cleaner, with stronger minds and firmer resolves to get the mastery so that we may be able to do a little while here and to prepare ourselves for future work.”— STUDENT

THOUGHTS ON KARMA

H. TRAVERS, M. A.

“You who desire to understand the laws of Karma, attempt first to free yourself from these laws; and this can only be done by fixing your attention on that which is unaffected by them.”

THIS quotation contains several points that are worthy of earnest attention. One of them lies in the insistence upon the inseparable connexion between knowledge and practice. We cannot expect to understand the laws of Karma fully by purely intellectual study divorced from action. Not that the student should be discouraged on this account from pursuing the study altogether; for intellectual study alone can teach him a great deal. But it cannot teach him all or nearly all. To understand more fully, he must practise; he must make his learning into a means of self-study, a handmaiden to duty; he must do what the practical chemist or biologist does when he goes to the laboratory to work out what he has studied.

This is an answer to those who may have expected to make the study of Theosophy an intellectual study only: they must not hope to progress far. Really to view a country you must advance over it, not merely take a perspective view from a fixed point. It is possible to give very helpful and lucid expositions of Karma, and this has often been done and is still being done. This has its use, but strictly within limits. The objections which inquirers may raise against the teaching are frequently such as are due to the purely theoretical nature of their study, such as would disappear in the light of knowledge gained by experience. Hence the importance of striving to realize in practice and by experience the truths that Theosophy teaches. Only by making Theosophy practical, a power in our daily lives, can we really learn its teachings.

Another point in the above quotation is that, in order to see anything clearly, it is necessary to stand outside of it; or, in order to exercise power over anything, we must have an independent standing-ground. We can see our body, but we cannot see our own face; we can lift somebody else, but not ourself. So we cannot fully understand Karma as long as we are involved in it; nor (what is more important) can we secure independence of action as long as we are involved in Karma. Yet it must not be thought that we pass from thralldom to freedom in one leap; the process is surely gradual and by stages. There are varying degrees of independence, according to our intelligence and power of self-mastery, ranging from animal types of character up to the most versatile and able

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characters. To take an illustration: a person who is very sensitive and emotionally concerned in everything that happens can be easily played upon by other people of stronger character, and is blown hither and thither by the tides of fortune; whereas a man who has learnt to subdue his emotions and to preserve an attitude of indifference to praise and blame, good luck and ill, preserves his fixity throughout all the changes and cannot easily be played upon by other people. The second man is, compared with the first, relatively free from Karma. Evidently this process of freeing oneself can go on indefinitely.

The next point concerns the means whereby we are to free ourselves from subjection to certain laws which now bind us: by "fixing our attention on that which is unaffected by them." What is it upon which we are to fix our attention? The center of the wheel evidently; the part which does not go round like the rim and spokes.

Thus we have a very ancient philosophy of life, to be found on the lips of many sages and teachers, since the world began; the truth that man approaches nearer to the solution of the great enigma in proportion as he draws nearer to the center of his own being; that there is in man a still place which is not affected by the revolutions that go on perpetually on the surface. Karma would seem to be the law that defines the workings of these revolutions. To understand it fully, we have to stand aloof and watch it working. For this, we must be impartial, unconcerned; our poise undisturbed by either pleasant or unpleasant experience. The feelings of jubilation and repining upset our poise and sway us to and fro. All great philosophies of conduct insist on the need of rising superior to emotional states. This is not the same thing as asceticism and self-mortification, for these are distortions of the doctrine. Our object is not sanctification or the attainment of bliss in a heaven; our purpose is to attain knowledge and freedom of action. We wish to understand the law of Karma — to solve the riddle of life. And —

"The operations of the actual laws of Karma are not to be studied until the disciple has reached the point at which they no longer affect himself."

All this seems to give a meaning to doctrines like that of the Stoics. It is probable that many Stoics did not realize the full meaning of the doctrine they followed. One gets the impression sometimes that they were simply making the best of a bad job, and adopting a system of quietism without the idea that it would lead them anywhere in particular. At least this is the impression which many people nowadays have about Stoicism. But what if the real reason for following such rules of conduct, for assuming such an attitude of mind, is the attainment of a state of balance that will make knowledge possible?

We have spoken of the desire to attain knowledge and freedom;

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but this needs careful consideration; for, as long as personal ambition remains, it is evident that we cannot achieve the freedom contemplated. Personal ambition is the very thing that chains us down to the Karmic influences wherefrom we aspire to be free. Hence it becomes necessary to think of the attainment of knowledge and self-mastery, not as objects of personal aggrandisement, not as possessions, but as ideals which we pursue from an impersonal motive, because it is our duty, or because we feel an impersonal love or aspiration.

“Self-knowledge is of loving deeds the child.”

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


“Never, never desire to get knowledge or power for any other purpose than to lay it on the altar, for thus alone can it be saved to you.”

Again, it is surely important to avoid thinking of the law of Karma too exclusively in relation to one's individual self. In actual life we are not so separated from each other; and although the progress of civilization has done what it could to emphasize the individual separateness of men, it has not yet succeeded in making us independent of each other. Since therefore we do not keep separate moral ledgers in our daily life, but receive and accept mutual obligations, it is not to be expected that we can be separate individuals in the eyes of the great Law. Hence, though we may have individual Karma, we shall also have group-Karma and share in the destinies of groups, both small and large, getting thereby more than is our due both of good luck and ill. This is but justice and natural law; it is one of the things we shall understand better when we shall have arrived at the stage described — that of being able to take a detached view of Karma. One of the misconceptions that blind us now is that misconception which makes us attach undue prominence to our personality; this removed, we shall get a juster view of Karma.

Desire is a mysterious thing. We can hardly move at all unless prompted by some desire — though we may choose to dub it ‘aspiration,’ if we think this sounds better. So it is necessary to desire knowledge, if we are to go after it at all. And yet we must eschew the desire of personal possessions. The truth is that our desires have to become elevated and purified — attached to higher and broader objects. And this comes about through failure and dissatisfaction, as we discover that we cannot fulfil our destiny or achieve self-realization by the method of personal satisfaction. Then the desire to acquire and possess may give place to the desire to unload and disencumber oneself; which is the meaning of the maxim, “Give up thy life, if thou wouldst live.”

BROADENING THE BASE OF RELIGION

H. T. EDGE, M. A.

 AN event which is stated to have caused great sensation in English clerical circles is recorded in an interview of the 'Special Service' press agency with the Dean of Lincoln, in which interview the Dean confirmed certain views which he had recently expressed at that most important ecclesiastical meeting known as the Canterbury Convocation. The Dean's views are reported as follows:

"The time has come when the clergy of the Church of England can no longer stand in the pulpit and profess their belief in things which they know their parishioners do not believe, especially when they also know that the parishioners know the preachers do not believe these things themselves. The time has come when every thinking Christian must recognise how the prophetic minds of the primitive Israelites interpreted natural phenomena in terms suited to the understanding of the people of those times."

He declared that he did not believe there was any historical truth in either the story of the flood or that of the creation of man as told in Genesis, and continued:

"All my hearers are intelligent men and know the higher criticism of the Bible; they also know that there is a Babylonian version of the flood even more circumstantial than the Hebraic. They also well know that the creation story has duplicates among other ancient cultures."

"No man is able to charge agnosticism against one using common sense in the interpretation of the scheme of ancient mythology. On the contrary, he is the best Christian who first recognises the folly of a pernicious agreement between preachers and parishioners in which both blink at professions and neither believes."

"The time has come," says Dr. Fry. "At last!" we add. It was inevitable that the time should come somewhen, however lamefootedly. It is admitted, by an easy implication, that the clergy *have been* standing in the pulpit and professing their belief in things which they do not believe, which their parishioners do not believe, which they know their parishioners do not believe, and which their parishioners know the clergy do not believe; etc. But at last the time has come when they can no longer do so; at least so the Dean of Lincoln thinks, and he proposes to involve his colleagues in the same expression of opinion. Have the clergy grown more bold or the people or both? Has a greater love of truth suddenly supervened? Has the spread of knowledge washed away the last standing-ground of a cherished and fortified faith? All these causes have co-operated, and the present world-crisis has given a definite era to a continuous process. Certainly, whatever may have been lost,

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the truth has gained a victory in this achievement of candor, this establishment of a better understanding between pastor and flock.

But one is not surprised at the alarm. When things *begin* to fall, people begin to wonder how long they will go on falling — how many other things, loosened by the first fall, will totter in their turn. Shall we apply the old adage that “What’s sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander”? How much of the Jewish Bible is to be discarded as the humble but misguided efforts of primitive minds? Where do we draw the line? At what precise point, some people will ask, are we to stop tearing out pages and consigning them to the waste-basket? What of the Books of Samuel, Judges, Kings, Chronicles? Is Solomon’s Song a love-poem? Are the prophetic books mere lucubrations? Can we even trust the Gospels? — Biblical criticism has been at work there too.

“Common sense!” But what will Convocation think of it? Is it not introducing a rather unruly new member into the councils? Who has the monopoly of common sense, or who can define its limits? And “ancient mythology”! No wonder there was considerable sensation.

The old question will of course arise in many minds as to whether a clergyman holding and declaring such views ought to remain in the church or resign; and with this question will come up that other question as to the definition of ‘a church.’ It would take us too long, and would be merely plowing old ground, to go into these points. It is clear that a definite epoch has been reached in the continuous process of change that has so long been coming over established religion; and that the question as to what Christianity essentially is, and on what it is to rest for the future, is more urgently than ever to the fore.

Now, we say, is the time for asserting the universality of Religion, as against the exclusive claims of individual religions; for assuredly it is becoming increasingly difficult to establish for any one religion such claims as will entitle it to exclusive weight or paramountcy in the religious world. The unity of all mankind is now emphasized as never before. “The time has come” when it is no longer possible to deny the equal claims of diverse religions to represent the truth as best they can; when it is no longer possible to assert with success any paramount and exclusive claims for a single creed.

If this be so, religion cannot rest on any one sacred book, but must take into equal account the sacred books of other religions. And much will the several religions be the gainers thereby. For it is only by *comparative* study, comprising a wide range, that the truth can be sifted out from the errors, the essentials from the incidentals. This is the method used by historians, philologists, investigators in many fields. It must be applied to the study of religion. The Bible is only one sacred book (or at

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least one collection). What would be thought of a philologist who should attempt to study language on the basis of a single tongue?

It may be advisable for us to state here, in case anyone should imagine that we are attacking Christianity, that this is far from being the case; also that we might go to a considerable length in criticizing that religion, without in the least going any farther than does this prelate of the established Church of England. We follow H. P. Blavatsky in championing true Christianity; and in so far as this necessitates a criticism of many things that pertain to Christianity as practised, we find ourselves in very good company, not only among the laity but among the clergy themselves, as seen. Times have so changed since Theosophy began its work in this age that many criticisms of the church made twenty or thirty years ago, would, if repeated today, sound like utterances of the clergy themselves; and if H. P. Blavatsky had exercised a prophetic power, she might in some cases have used the words of Dr. Fry in place of her own.

If Christianity is to stand amid the cyclic changes now so marked, it must broaden its foundations, it must dig deeper into the bedrock. This is now admitted by almost everybody. And in what other way can it do this but by recognising the fundamental unity of all religions, their common derivation from the one universal Religion, their common basis in man's recognition of his own essential divinity?

But we must be careful to avoid the mistake of supposing that the creation and flood stories, which the Dean admits to be so widespread among humanity, are mere 'folk-lore' or the maunderings of primitive minds. A study of comparative religion, carried on without prejudice and mental reservation, would show that these stories *have a basis of historical fact*. So, if the Dean is correctly quoted as saying that he does not believe there is any historical truth in them, we disagree with him on this point.

This is a most important point. It decides whether we are to throw the Jewish Bible impatiently into the fire and refuse to have anything more to do with it, or at least with its creation and flood stories; or whether we are to dig deeper into its meaning and see if, after all, there is not something to be learnt which we have missed. What is the source of all these legends, so similar in general outlines and often even in small details, to be found in lands as widely separated as Asia and America, Scandinavia and the south Pacific islands? The conventional theory of the folk-lorists — that primitive man in every land always invents exactly the same myths, and that he does this for the purpose of giving a poetical representation to natural phenomena — has been ridden to death. Nor can the theory of racial migrations within historical times

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suffice to explain all the phenomena, however much we may strain it.

A thorough and comprehensive study of symbolism and mythology convinces us that these flood and creation stories are survivals of the teachings of the ancient Secret Doctrine, once understood by our Lemuro-Atlantean ancestors, and carried to the ends of the earth when the dispersion of races took place. And by the same comparative study we can piece together the scattered fragments, extract the essential truth and winnow the adventitious matter, thus reconstituting the original teachings. This is the task undertaken (as far as possible at the time) by H. P. Blavatsky in her great work *The Secret Doctrine*. The subject has been so often treated in Theosophical writings that a reference thereto suffices and obviates the necessity of wearisome repetition. Again we say, let not the advanced clergy throw over the Jewish-Christian Scriptures in petulance, assuming the attitude of the atheistical park orator, and entering on the path which leads through varying grades of increasing breadth and shallowness to mere agnosticism. Let them study their religion and their sacred records, whether it be Hebraic allegory or the traditional dicta of a great Master of Compassion, and they will perhaps find that these are greater and grander than they had ever dreamed. *But there must be an equal tolerance for other great religions, which are all equally derived from the same perennial fount, and all enshrine the same undying truths.*

Man is a compound of the Divine and the animal. By reason of the indwelling Divine Spirit he possesses the power to come at the truth; and many times in the long history of this globe has he done so — not merely by individuals and sporadically, as in later ages, but in whole civilizations, whose enduring remains even now testify to the greatness and knowledge of the peoples who constructed them. What we have to do now is to try and regain some of this forgotten knowledge, to rescue some of the heritage that is due us from our remoter ancestry. These mighty civilizations in the past achieved solidarity, and with it the power of enduring through millenniums; they achieved these things because they recognised the divine nature of man and molded their order of life upon its laws, instead of upon the laws of the animal nature, which in later ages led civilizations to hasty and precipitate ruin. And now we have arrived at one of those cyclic epochs when we have a grand opportunity to make a great advance in the direction of recognising our divinity and building up a new order of society on the principles which we derive from that recognition.

It is good to see the leading lights of the clergy stepping fearlessly out and avowing their cherished convictions; and we earnestly hope the Dean's challenge will be accepted. His brethren will not allow the

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movement to sink into a barren agnosticism or a mere 'ethical movement.' That Church has always been famed for its great scholars, and not a few of them there must be who will now feel able to bring out the results of their researches and meditations. We may expect therefore to see new confirmations of the teachings of H. P. Blavatsky and of Theosophy.

It is reassuring to feel that, in the work of reconstituting religion, we shall not be limited to the efforts of a single nation or a single church or a single race or religion; but shall have the co-operation of members of oriental and other faiths, and many races and tongues, all belonging to the same brotherhood of humanity, all earnest in the same quest of Truth.

We must recognise that Jesus Christ, Gautama the Buddha, and many others, were great Teachers, Masters of Wisdom and Compassion, who came at important epochs in order to teach the Divine Laws of life, for the reminding of mankind. And instead of trying to found an exclusive empire, whether temporal or spiritual, upon the authority of their teachings and the prestige of their lives, we should endeavor to make those teachings a power in *our* lives. We should recognise that *all men are potential Christs*, and that these Teachers came to point the way by which man could win his own salvation from discord and darkness. They always enjoined their disciples to follow in their footsteps; but instead of following their example, we have exalted them into ideal figures of unattainable superexcellence.


If there is one thing which, more than another, we have to learn now, it is that everlasting religious truth that human happiness cannot be attained by the gospel of self-seeking, whether individual or national.

Why should not the clergy take a lead in this new departure? Why should they be content to follow in the wake, reluctantly conceding what they can no longer withhold? If they do not, the laity will assuredly take the matter into their own hands and a new and truly eclectic church will grow up spontaneously from below.

Why should we be afraid of cutting loose from old moorings, if we are confident in the sterling quality of our own motives and our own devotion to Truth? If our conscience is good and our intellect sound, we need not fear that we shall be doomed. Let us then be loyal to the Divinity that was breathed into us, and let us not dare to commit the sin of doubting or denying it; recognising that, though outward forms change eternally, as change the seasons, the Truth remains ever the same, and man's power to know it and to grasp it endures so long as his race exists.

CAN WE DO WITHOUT RELIGION?

R. MACHELL

 RELIGION is such a widespread 'custom' as to form a part of civilized life almost inevitable though not by any means indispensable, if we are to judge by appearances. For there are large numbers of people in civilized nations who seem to get along without any kind of religion.

But I think that a closer study of life might lead one to wonder whether these independents are not in fact as much under the influence of some sort of religion as are those who make a profession of faith. For man is a maker of substitutes, he loves imitations, and devotes a marvelous amount of ingenuity to the devising of new modes and fashions for his ancient habits and instinctual practices.

It would indeed seem as if religion were instinctual in human nature, and not to be ignored as a factor in civilization, although it may be disguised to the point of appearing unrecognisable to the casual observer. So we are told sometimes that the mass of the people is devoid of religion, when in fact the emotions that usually receive that name are in full activity in some irreligious guise.

The question 'Can we do without religion?' can be promptly answered in the affirmative or otherwise; so promptly and conclusively indeed as to force one to recognise the fact that there are many ways of understanding the word, and many more ways of misunderstanding it. Besides which one should know what is meant by the question, 'Can we do without it?' Does this mean, 'Is life possible without religion?' or does it simply mean, 'Is religion necessary to an ideal life?'

In the first case, it is obvious that while a man cannot live without breath, he can live without clothes; and it is possible that in this sense he can dispense with religion.

But when we come to look into the inner life of a human being we find that the instinct of religion remains with him when he has lost, or has not found, the elements of religious expression. For man is a being who by the nature of his mind is forced to recognise his own limitations on the one hand, and the great powers that are about him, and that are manifested to him in the phenomena of life, on the other. The recognition of his own weakness in the presence of Nature is in itself a preparation for the next step, that of an attempt to conciliate these powers and to turn them to his own advantage: and the process by which this is attempted is religion beyond a doubt, however it may be qualified.

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Look at a case of primitive man, such as is to be found almost anywhere in the educated classes of civilized communities today; a man who has repudiated religion, who derides philosophy who is ignorant of science, but who believes in CHANCE. This is primitive man; not prehistoric, but primitive; that is to say ignorant, stupid, and superstitious. You will find such a man most devout in his religious exercises, that is to say, in his little tricks and dodges for getting Chance on his side, for making luck favorable, for escaping accidents. These three: Chance, Luck, and Accident, are his trinity of gods, and his schemes and manœuvres for propitiating his deities are his ritual. This is primitive religion. The anthropologists have got things twisted. The prehistoric man is the degraded relic of a preceding civilization with a degraded remnant of religion consisting largely of traditions and recollection, and in no wise primitive; he is far away from the prime source of life; he is ancient and outworn. But the primitive man is with us now — ignorant in spite of education, superstitious because unenlightened, stupid because inexperienced, and because of the stupidity of his education, instinctual, and therefore cunning and crafty. Such a man may be commercially or financially successful, but he is somewhat of a failure as MAN. Yet he has his little substitute for religion and on it his success is built.

Religion is generally taken to be a recognition of divinity in some form, and man's attempt to approach it or to conciliate it, or to control it to his use. Various degrees of religion are classified in the dictionaries and encyclopedias, ranging from pure aspiration towards the divine down through the lower forms of intercession and supplication to the degraded idolatry of fetich worship, and the use of images of gods which are ordered to serve the devotee under pain of violence or deprivation. These things are fully dealt with, but I see no mention of the no less degraded worship of Chance, and the various spells and incantations employed to make Luck favorable; and I fail to discover any reference to that fundamental religion, which is the recognition by man of his own divinity.

The worship of Chance is a stupid and ignorant kind of recognition of the intelligence that exists in Nature, coupled with a belief that man is a stranger on this planet, forced to fight or plot for all he gets, against the malignant cunning of a hostile deity. While the recognition by Man of his own divinity, and of his oneness with Nature is that Theosophy from which all forms of religion have branched off, and to which they all must return, or perish in ultimate savagery, and the final degradation that the topsy-turvy of anthropology has humorously classified as primitive religion.

It is not surprising that the dictionaries and encyclopedias confine themselves to forms and ceremonies when speaking of religion for the

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writers knew no more; or, knowing more, deliberately confined themselves to that which their religious directors allowed them to speak about openly. But in this age many barriers have broken down, and it is possible to speak openly today of some things that were not so very long ago guarded as secrets that would be dangerous to reveal. Time has removed the ban by the spread of education, and today even the most timid religionist has a courage of opinion that would have made him a dangerous person in the days that are past.

But even in the darkest days of religious tyranny there were always schools of Theosophy, and teachers who left traces of their teachings in the literature of all lands. And in those teachings the essential divinity of man was told of, while the exoteric theology taught the apparent opposite, to wit, that man was born in sin, and so forth. Yet it requires but a little knowledge of Theosophy to enable one to reconcile these teachings with the fundamental truth, and to find in the diversity an illustration of the dual nature of man, which is the explanation of the eternal divergence of exoteric forms of religion from the original parent-stock that has so long been called Theosophy.

If we were to accept the narrow view of a sectarian we would have to admit not only that man can do without religion, but also that the great majority of the world *is* without the blessing of true religion. But if we take the broader view and accept all man's attempts to negotiate with the unseen powers of Nature as religious acts, then it becomes evident that religion is at least so widely diffused as to be almost universal. While in taking the higher point of view of Theosophy we see that, if man is inherently divine, he cannot deny his own nature without temporarily paralysing his own humanity and reducing his life to a field of experience that is little above that of the animals. Such men are indeed in pretty much the degraded condition that some preachers of religion would have them believe is their normal state, one of sin and misery, in spite of the divinity that is within them waiting for an opportunity to reveal itself in their lives. This revelation means the appearance of the perfect man, the goal towards which all evolution tends, and to which every student of Theosophy aspires. Evolution proceeds by steps, and as no step can be spared, so in this sense we cannot afford to be without that kind of religion which brings man nearer to the goal, which is recognition of his own inherent divinity. But this is not just what is ordinarily understood by the word. The churches, claiming a monopoly of religion, have taught that men are worms of the earth born in sin and reared in iniquity; the consequence of their sinful condition being eternal damnation, from which they may be saved through various religious observances. Hence the popular conception of religion as a means of salvation.

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It is evident that if the people can be made to believe this doctrine they will readily submit to its discipline in order to secure the promised reward of eternal bliss consequent on salvation.

It is against such teachings and practices that the intellectual part of the people continually rebel, and, knowing of no other religion, repudiate religion itself; thereby closing up a part of their nature that must express itself if man's evolution is to continue. This is probably the most fertile field for the growth of rationalism, which is the attempt of man's intellect to explain away the soul that should be its guide. For man is a complex being in whom intellect is a most active and self-asserting principle. The intellect is a faculty that should be the link between the higher and the lower nature, and which in that capacity may well appear to be the man himself. But when the intellect becomes divorced from the soul and tries to establish itself as the supreme authority, then man is cut off from all that higher spiritual side of him that really entitles him to be called Man. True Religion re-establishes the balance of all his faculties and produces the perfect Man. Whereas false religions appealing to the selfishness of the lower man tend to widen the gulf between the higher and the lower, while offering a narrow and dangerous plank, by means of which certain favored mortals may pass over into a state of glorified selfishness, which by its very nature must be temporary, delusive, and apart from the direct path of human evolution.

Theosophy, which has also been called the Wisdom-Religion, teaches the law of Karma, which is roughly speaking the law of cause and effect, from which there is no permanent escape by any scheme of salvation; for cause and result are one in reality, though apparently separate by the illusion of time and space in which we live here on this earth. For the benefit of those who are not familiar with Theosophy and the ancient teachings of the Wisdom-Religion, it should be said that life is eternal and continuous through birth, death, and rebirth, through countless incarnations and reincarnations, in which the soul reaps in time what it has sown in past lives and so gains wisdom through long ages of varied experience.

The Wisdom-Religion is not speculative, but is based on Spiritual Vision, or direct perception of truth by the soul of man. Knowledge of this sort was called the *Gnosis* by the Greeks; it was *Tao* to the ancient Chinese; it had various names in various lands; but it was universally the same. Today it may be approached by Intuition, but the age is so materialistic that even intuition is not at all generally understood. It depends upon the reality of the Soul as the center of man's individual existence, and while it is superior to reason as generally understood, it is pure reason in the highest sense: not merely the result of empirical

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investigation, it is re-enforced by the fruits of experience. It is not artificial; it is not an expedient devised by intellect; it is rather the essential energy of individual existence; it is the link between man and the Supreme, as well as between man and the natural world in which he lives; and in the highest sense of the word I think that the recognition of this great reality is the spirit of religion.

Furthermore it must be true that, as there is no ultimate separation between the various parts of the universe or the creatures that inhabit it, all men must have this foundation of religion at the root of their nature, just as they all have life and intelligence, though the life may put on outer forms of fantastic variation, and the intelligence may conceal its operation under the most unreasonable disguises. Just as it is impossible to tell a lie that does not bear some relation to truth, so it is impossible to find a superstition or a negation that is not based upon some true doctrine or actual experience. So that it is a hard thing for a man to live without religion in some form or another if he be really a man.

To the ordinary person, I suppose religion presents itself as worship of God, a phrase that sounds simple and easy to understand until one begins to try to discriminate between true religion and false. Then the troubles begin. To the sectarian the matter is simple, for he has it laid down as an axiom that there is but one God, *his* God, and but one way to worship, *his* way. All others are spurious imitations in his sight. But to the person who has begun to think for himself it is not so easy to decide among all the objects of worship which of them is entitled to be considered a true God; and when that is settled the question arises as to which of the hundreds of ways of worshiping that particular deity is the true way. The result of such a study is generally to satisfy the student that there is no other authority for a decision on the point than the intelligence of the one who makes the choice.

The number of its adherents at any one time is no guarantee of the endurance of a religious form, or church, or creed, or sect. History proves that. Nor can the number of its supporters add anything to its genuineness; for all the religions that are now discarded were at one time accepted as authoritative by the entire population of some country or continent. The Gods themselves fall into disrepute, and are discarded, ridiculed where they were once worshiped with awe and reverence, forgotten where their temples once filled the land. What has been, shall be again. History repeats itself, and the gods of today will pass as did those of former ages. What then? If the Gods of the nations pass and are forgotten, how can they be the one true God?

The answer is obvious. The gods of the people are all ideals created by the people to express their very limited conception of some of the

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attributes of Deity, the unknown supreme Intelligence, that Theosophy reveals as the Soul of the Universe.

When one grasps the idea of a Universe that is the manifestation of the unmanifested Spirit, one easily realizes that all things and all creatures in that Universe are direct expressions of some aspect of the Forces that flow out from the Spirit of Life into the innumerable forms that go to make up a universe.

So too one can see how there must be some ray of truth in every kind of worship and a vast amount of error along with it: for each worshiper is to some extent testifying to his belief that there is a spiritual Intelligence somewhere to which he is anxious to do homage, and at the same time each devotee mistakes his own conception of Divinity for the Supreme.

One of the most sacred of ancient scriptures, the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*, familiar to all students of Theosophy, continually insists upon this point, declaring that any true worshiper of any god is actually paying homage to the Supreme, who is behind all Gods and all men. It is well expressed in Swinburne's *Hertha*:

"I am that which began;
Out of me the years roll,
Out of me God and man,
I am equal and whole:

God changes, and Man, and the form of them bodily: I am the Soul."

And again:

"I, that saw where ye trod
The dim paths of the night,
Set the shadow called God
In your skies to give light:

But the morning of Manhood is risen, and the shadowless Soul is in sight."

Such a big view of Deity was intelligible to the people during certain ages, and in certain countries, in which true religion reigned; but to smaller minds and to the worshipers of personal gods such true religion appears as sacrilegious blasphemy: for the narrower the creed the fiercer is the fanatical dogmatism of its adherents. While the enlightened mind that sees the whole universe as a manifestation of the Divine has no use for intolerance of that kind. Nor is such tolerance in any way akin to indifference. On the contrary it is compatible only with intense devotion, though the devotion of the enlightened mind may be unrecognisable to the fanatic.

When one can look upon life as one long opportunity for the Soul to express itself, and upon the world we live in as a manifestation of the Soul of the Universe, then all life is a religious act, and every duty is a sacred rite, not necessarily solemn, but sacred, that is to be done with the purpose of acting in harmony with the eternal fitness of things. Such

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action is joy, pure joy. The gloom that is characteristic of some forms of religion is alone enough to condemn them. Gloom is a characteristic of matter; it belongs to the lower nature, it cannot endure the light of the higher. Another characteristic of popular religion is ceremonial, or ritual. And what is that but an attempt to bring about a momentary accord between the mixed and often antagonistic elements that are temporarily drawn together for the purpose?

These forms and ceremonies are in themselves a testimony to man's belief in the existence of Law and Order in the Universe. History shows that they were originally established by men who had, or who thought they had, some knowledge of the laws of Nature and of the relation of Man to the world he lives in; but the knowledge was lost, while the form remained as a witness to the reality of the Secret Sciences. And as these forms and ceremonies once symbolized the action of real forces in life, so there may still remain in them some power to blend together if only for a moment the heterogeneous elements of a congregation.

But where there is knowledge of the true nature of Man and the world about him, there will be an order and harmony in all the acts of his life and in his association with his fellows, so that his whole life will become a kind of natural ceremony, a rhythm that is in the very highest sense religious.

The secret of music is rhythm, and rhythm is the manifestation of the spiritual principle in all art. In life rhythm is established by doing the right thing at the right time in the right way. An important factor in life is punctuality, simply because punctuality in life's duties is like keeping time in music; it is essential to the production of rhythm.

That rhythm aimed at in many so-called religious ceremonies is actually accomplished without ceremonial or ritual in the life of one who knows how to live in accordance with Natural Law. It is in this sense that we may say that all true life is religious and that religion is an essential of true life.

But how far away from this ideal has the world gone! Until now it would seem as if the worship of chaos had replaced true religion and the meaning of the word seems almost lost.

But though man may forget his real nature and do violence to his own soul, and though he must suffer the consequences, the Soul will assert itself in time, and will demand the opportunity for its expression and then the dead forms and empty ceremonies will be remodeled in a living form; and life will be reconstructed on lines that shall be in accord with nature, so that there shall be no failure in the great harmony of evolution, and every discord shall find its right solution in the true religion that is life.

PRAYER IN THE LIGHT OF THEOSOPHY

T. HENRY, M. A.

“MEN pray for what they want, and Providence makes them sore by handing them what they ought to have.”— New York *Evening Sun*



WE found the above in a column of jokes; but, like many jokes, it contains wisdom; and it does not lose in force from the pithy vernacular in which it is expressed. In writing on the subject of prayer, it may be as well, in view of the advanced opinions now appearing in contemporary print, to take the precaution of establishing our priority by reference to H. P. Blavatsky's *The Key to Theosophy* (1889), and *Theosophical Manual, Number 14*, (1907), as also to Theosophical literature *passim* for the past thirty years.

Prayer has been defined as communion with a superior power. But this definition, if unqualified, suggests a separation between man and the superior power; whereas Theosophy, insisting that man himself is an incarnation of a ray of Divinity, would prefer to define prayer as communion between the human soul and its divine counterpart. The distinction is important; for if we restrict divinity to the superior power, we remove it from man, thus dwarfing him into a non-divine being; recognising his lower nature, we ignore his divine nature. By entertaining such an idea we set our doctrine in opposition to our intuition, and there arises a conflict between submission to divine power and reliance on the light within. There should be no such contrast, no such conflict. Obedience to divine law should be recognised as concurrent with true self-reliance. The real conflict is between personal selfwill and obedience to the law of our higher nature.

What is meant by the word “Providence” in the above quotation? Whatever the writer's belief, it implies the recognition of a governing power higher than the personal human will. Everybody has to recognise this, whatever his professed belief. It amounts to this, that our mind, in its present state of development, is not fully competent to understand the laws that govern human life. It does not know what is good for it. We are, in short, in the position of a child asking for much candy, and being refused by a wiser parent, who knows what is really good for us.

So prayer means the endeavor to reach the light that is within us; it means that we lay aside ordinary thought and appeal to something that is higher than such thought, so that from this higher source wisdom may flow into our mind and solve the problems which our mind cannot

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solve. This is the prayer for light, understanding, guidance. But prayer is often understood to be a petition for some object of desire — the gaining of some boon or the removal of some affliction. It is then that our efforts tend to counteract and neutralize each other; for we are inconsistent. We ask that the desires of our imperfect ignorant lower nature be granted, and yet at the same time we appeal to a higher wisdom, which knows that those desires cannot be granted. To be consistent, we should always end our prayer with, “Nevertheless, not my will but thine be done.”

If suffering from illness, to pray that we be made well is not the right kind of prayer. The sickness may be just, it may be needed for our strengthening and purification. We should strive earnestly to get some intuition as to the real state of affairs; pray for light; try to find out what is really the matter and to adjust ourselves to it, whether in resistance or in patient endurance.

The ancients, recognising a number of deities, prayed to various gods for various purposes. Modern Occidentals, though recognising but one God, nevertheless send up petitions of various kinds, which reach different altars. Our prayer may be nothing more than a strong desire; and in that case it has no wings to carry it aloft to the throne of wisdom, but remains near earth, and is perhaps answered by some minor deity. In other words, we merely evoke some latent psychic force in our own nature. Thus we are merely using our lower nature, we obtain what is not good for us; our desire is gratified at the expense of our welfare, or other people's welfare. There are people and cults who advocate this sort of prayer, thereby degrading the word ‘prayer,’ and intensifying the personal desires, which are our chief enemies.

It would appear therefore that we are in the habit of using the word ‘prayer,’ like the word ‘God,’ in a variable sense, to cover a number of different things; and that consequently prayer may be anything from an act of reverent acquiescence to the Wisdom that rules all life, to a mere mental intensification of some personal longing. The ancients would have expressed this latter act as the invocation of some minor deity.

As to the efficacy of prayer: the prayer for a specific object is likely to fail, because in entertaining in our mind the specific desire, we do not invoke a high force, and consequently achieve nothing; while, supposing our will is sufficiently strong to obtain results, those results are not likely to be beneficial. The old story tells how Midas asked for the gift that everything he touched should be turned to gold, and how this gift was mockingly bestowed on him to his own undoing. But prayer for light and guidance is sent up from the center of our nature and reaches a high source, and is therefore likely to be effectual.

The Bible affords us some familiar maxims regarding prayer: how

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we should retire into our room and pray to our Father in secret; how, when two or three are gathered together “in my name, there am I in the midst of them”; and the contrast between the prayers of the Pharisee and the publican.

Sincerity is evidently an indispensable requisite in prayer; we must be true to ourselves, not approach the throne of Wisdom with a lie in our heart. We cannot bargain with the Supreme; bargains are made with lesser powers, to whom sacrifices are offered. We should not mix up tribal magic with our religion, as when we pray for rain, like an ancient priest striving to propitiate Jupiter Pluvius; if we do such a thing at all, let us at least recognise it as not prayer but magic or science.

True prayer may be said to answer itself at once, in that we cannot pray at all till we have first put ourself in the right attitude. The Ancient Mariner could not pray — the power was denied him — because he had a sin on his heart; but as soon as a pure compassionate thought entered his heart, the power to pray came back. Hence the mere effort to pray constitutes prayer to a certain extent.

“May the aspirations of my Soul illumine my mind, that my mind be cleansed and my footsteps guided!” Thus do we call upon the Light within us, and not only call down a benediction upon ourself but form a channel of communication through which blessings can descend from heaven to earth.

How few people believe in the efficacy of prayer! But what good would be done if its efficacy were better understood! And why should it not be? We are in the hands of powers beyond our own comprehension — this must perforce be admitted by everyone, however skeptical. But it is not sufficiently realized that man has the power to deepen his understanding and to call Light from its hidden source in his Soul, so that Intuition may guide his steps. And intuition, if it cannot manifest itself as a thought in the mind, may make itself felt in the heart. And thus conduct will be determined, for men act far more from impulse than from calculation; and it is important that their impulses be right and wise and just; and this can only happen when we have cleared our atmosphere from dark influences of passion and anger, or fear and despondency, and put in their place sentiments of faith, hope, and charity.

“Nevertheless, not my will but thine be done.” Prayer implies a setting aside of the personal will in favor of the higher Will which we acknowledge as the real guide in our life. We realize the inadequacy of the personal will, which is merely a combination of desire and delusion — a longing to achieve or acquire something that is not in our real interest. And we rest ourself upon the guidance of a Wisdom which we recognise as being within our heart, though it “surpasseth all intellection.” (This

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is our reading of the well-known Biblical phrase, *ὑπερέχουσα πάντα νοῦν*, which, in the Elizabethan English, is rendered, “passeth all understanding.”) Thus prayer means a making of oneself right, a squaring-up of accounts with our conscience, a trust in the Light within, a resolve to obey the Law. Such an attitude could be undertaken by a body of people as well as by one. In this we trace the real meaning of ceremonials, such as always preceded important undertakings in antiquity; though we must bear in mind that such ceremonials might degenerate into mere attempts to evoke a tribal fetich or summon the god of battles for victory over another tribe. And in the same way we might find people today advocating some kind of ‘meditation’ or ceremonial for a purpose other than the pure and lofty one spoken of above. The touchstone is sincerity in our devotion to the right and the true; our conviction that no good can come from the intensification of a personal desire or an unjust motive.

Viewed in the right light, prayer ceases to be the action of a special moment and becomes a constant attitude. We may have special times set apart for self-examination and high resolve, but the attitude can and should be maintained all the time. In this way we shall receive light and guidance — not in the form of a mass of intellectual knowledge of the kind that confuses and leads to no practical result, but of the kind that prompts right action and clears away the delusions of the mind and heart.



“No one can study ancient philosophies seriously without perceiving that the striking similitude of conception between all — in their exoteric form very often, in their hidden spirit invariably — is the result of no mere coincidence, but of a concurrent design: and that there was, during the youth of mankind, one language, one knowledge, one universal religion, when there were no churches, no creeds or sects, but when every man was a priest unto himself. And, if it is shown that already in those ages which are shut out from our sight by the exuberant growth of tradition, human religious thought developed in uniform sympathy in every portion of the globe; then, it becomes evident that born under whatever latitude, in the cold North or the burning South, in the East or West, that thought was inspired by the same revelations, and man was nurtured under the protecting shadow of the same TREE OF KNOWLEDGE.”—H. P. BLAVATSKY: *The Secret Doctrine*, I, p. 341

THE THEOSOPHIC LIFE IN THE HOME

GRACE KNOCHE

I

“Reconstruction is the keynote of the hour; but above all, we must reconstruct the home. It must be regenerated, purified, redeemed; and the secret of its redemption is *the Theosophic Life*. . . . The true home is the sanctuary of the soul.”— *Katherine Tingley*



THE Theosophic life in the home! A subject such as this is difficult to touch upon in words, for something deeper than words is involved. Perhaps if we lived in the whole of our natures, instead of only in a part, words would not be needed. We should find our expression in other ways: in music possibly; along the silent, unseen channels of intuition; or in noble, sympathetic works of art.

But as the Theosophic life is the intensely practical life, so the theme of the home, however supernal in its beauty and its strength, has a practical side that cannot be ignored.

Certainly, if the home-ideal did not possess a four-square, utilitarian side, men high in the governments of the world would not be concerned about problems of the home, and that they are so we know from legislative and other efforts, continued over many years. In spite of such efforts, however, the home-life of the world is in a state to give anyone concern, and recent despatches from over the water present a new phase in the difficulties attending the demobilization of the large numbers of women who stepped out of their homes and into war-work three and four years ago. Now, in alarming numbers, they announce themselves as unwilling to step back. They prefer the generous independent wage for work outside of the home to the old unsatisfactory ‘getting along’ within it.

They have tasted of a certain cup called ‘freedom,’ and have found it coarse wine, but good. They have no inkling of their power to transform the home itself into a very kingdom of freedom, and freedom, too, of the only kind worth its keep. They only know that the home-life they stepped out of was rather too much of a strain, and they do not want it any more.

This does not apply to all women, of course, and pre-eminently not to those who entered upon outside work in the true spirit of service, giving freely of their time, their strength, and their private means, without wage or pay of any kind. Nor does it apply to those who have served in a professional capacity along many lines, for these are demobilizing with a graciousness that is beautiful to see. But these, too, are mostly

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not going back into the home on the old terms — which are the only terms a few alarmists seem to see. And even if they did, forced by ‘the stern logic of facts,’ their spirit of unwillingness would bring into the home forces of disintegration as fatal to its finer life as any of those operating from without. Changes are imminent; that much is certain; but what will they bring about? There is a want of that deeper understanding which is the key to a true home-life. It is that want which all down the ages has written the tragedy of the home, and the pages are not all in. The tragedy of the home in actual war, though more gruesome, evident, and harsh, is not more complete than that threatened by the aftermath of war, *if some new light does not enter in*. The slaughter of brother by brother has ceased, it is true, but, to quote the words of Katherine Tingley:

“The violation of Theosophic principles is still going on, and more than any other institution, excepting possibly the institution of religion, the home-life of the world is in the balance.”

No, the Theosophic life is not in the homes of the world, nor has it been for long ages, but it will take more than governmental requests, more than treaties or arbitrations or constitutional law to put it there. The simple truth is that what the world needs, and Now, is the great Moral Builder, the Teacher who can show us *the constructive place of the home* in the great inclusive temple of human life, now being so made over for the future. Builders for a generation or a day may undervalue and reject it, but the wise Master-Builder, the Teacher who works for eternity and not for time, knows that its place is ‘at the head of the corner.’

For problems of childhood, of education, of woman’s mission and of man’s work, of economics, of religion, of social service and of social disruption and disease, are not only tangled up inextricably with the basic problem of the home, but not one of them can arrive at its ultimate solution until the home-problem is solved. Theosophy can do this. It can show the sweet reason of the principles on which alone the true home-life can be built, and it can support them with evidence that cannot be impeached.

The International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma are open to visitors, and many thousands come to the gates in the course of every year, hoping to gain some glimpses of Lomaland life. Two questions are frequently heard by the students who serve as guides: “What is this mysterious something called the ‘Theosophic life’?” and “What does Katherine Tingley teach with regard to marriage and the home?”

These are best answered by Katherine Tingley herself, who not only founded a Theosophic life and home-life in Lomaland many years ago, but who has written and lectured frequently on both themes ever since she became identified with the Theosophical Movement. Especially has

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she touched upon marriage and the home, and in giving her own words in answer to the second question, we shall answer the first by implication. As early as 1901, shortly after founding the Lomaland Institution, she spoke on marriage and the home before an immense audience in the largest theater in San Diego, emphasizing the need of a great readjustment in the home-life of the world and appealing to the wives and mothers of America to do their part, by applying Theosophical principles to the home, to bring this readjustment about. From a later address we glean the following:

“Home is the school of experience. It is the center of affection where children should be born and reared in harmony with the Higher Law. We have looked too long for light outside of ourselves and not enough to the Christosspirit which is within and is a part of the eternal law.

“Let us make a picture of two people united in a comprehension of the Christos spirit, and let them represent for us the ideal father and mother, who know that they are the temples of the living God. Let us imagine a young life springing into action from their union, from their thought and their superb and divine aspirations, to grow under the protection of these two grand souls. From infancy it would be taught to know no fear. . . . From the first moment its parents would teach it self-reliance; they would teach it to know its own responsibility. They would know that its tiny body was the temple of God, something that could be trained for the weal or woe of humanity, and they would nourish this body according to its needs, wisely, religiously. . . .

“When that child reaches years of understanding, when it steps out into the world, it will realize its responsibility because it will have been fashioned in the image of God. Its physical life will have been so built up that it will be the home of the Christ-mind. Such a child would be already armed for the battle of life. It would be a monument to the soul-devotion of mother and father. *If Christ were here tonight would he take exception to a single word of this?*”

The above is quoted from an address given in July, 1903, on the subject, ‘Christ in the Home — Where are the Marys and the Josephs of the Twentieth Century?’ and in the same address Madame Tingley said further, referring to the position of a young girl stepping into womanhood from the threshold of such a home:

“She will be armed with wisdom; she will know the power of her own nature; she will know what life means and will have been taught the sacredness of that love which is neither abused nor misused, as is too often the travesty of today which is called by that divine name. True love is Christ-love; it is that part of woman’s nature which lifts it above the ordinary level, which fills the soul with compassion and with a force such as words cannot describe. . . .

“Many will say that this is a beautiful picture, but it is so far away! *It must ever remain far away unless a beginning is made!* . . . Is it not time to begin to apply Christ-principles to the home and make an altar in that sacred place?”

In July, 1906, Katherine Tingley said:

“Theosophy teaches that marriage is most sacred, but there are many so-called marriages in which the true life has no place, as the records of the divorce courts show. If we take the true interpretation of the marriage-tie, we shall find it absolutely true that ‘whom God hath joined together *no man can* put asunder.’”

“Theosophy teaches the necessity of a truer understanding and a closer relationship between parents and children, and calls upon parents to realize more fully the sacredness of their respon-

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sibility. Theosophy calls for a higher home-life, so that the children may have examples of right action to guide them."

The following is from an address delivered in December of the same year:

"The human family is moving towards the realization of great truths. Now in this connexion we should commence to build on broader and more unselfish lines of effort; we should cultivate a divine courage; we should begin in the home, with a sacred comprehension and a consequent pure living of the married state. We should make that home the Altar of Purity, and endeavor to accentuate what Theosophy teaches — that where two are joined together in the sacred ties of marriage no power on earth can separate them. Home temples, under the benign teachings of Theosophy, will become schools for the parents as well as for the children."

In 1907 Madame Tingley made a lecture-trip to England and the Continent, and we quote the following from the report of an interview accorded by her to a representative of the *London Daily Telegraph* in August of that year.

"We aim at a very high moral standard [in the life at Point Loma]. We have very strong views on the sanctity of the marriage-tie. We believe that the home is the altar of spiritual life."

Many citations might be made from lectures given year after year, showing an unbroken continuity of teaching and opinion on this subject during Madame Tingley's entire Theosophical life, but there is room for only a few. We give the dates to show this continuity. To quote:

"If we are to make America what I have dreamed it could be and what you all should hope that it could be, there is no other way than to begin at the basis — right in the home."

(From a lecture on 'The Purification of Civic Life,' March, 1910)

"Open your churches as schools. Build up the home. Purify politics. Have a funeral over creeds. Make home a sacred altar in life. Do that and you have a key which will open the mystery of the philosophy of life." (April, 1911)

"Humanity must take a new view of marriage. Though the subject has been seriously studied all down the ages, yet rarely do we hear of a marriage that carries with it in after years that sacred atmosphere which should be there. . . .

"Not until woman has higher knowledge — a better understanding of her own nature and of her power to serve — can her children have their best and rightful opportunities. . . . The mother-heart, we know, holds love and devotion and the spirit of self-sacrifice for her own; and this is also to be found in the father's heart. But when a soul enters upon the arena of life, it is not the real 'possession' of its mother and father. Besides, they have not gained that sure knowledge necessary to give it its best opportunities. And so, in the course of time, the child inevitably drifts into the great ocean of ignorance, unrest, and suffering. . . .

"If we are to serve humanity rightly, we must begin our preparatory and remedial work in the home." (From an address given at the Copley-Plaza, Boston, in September, 1913)

"Nothing so malicious and untrue was ever said about me as the story which was circulated to the effect that I disrupted home-life and separated children from their parents. I do not take children from their parents. They bring them to me, just as they bring them to any college. Also there is nothing that is idealized as much in our teachings as the sanctity of the home, and nothing so inculcated in the children's minds as the love and honor and respect they owe their parents. We teach children to give to and not to take from their parents. We teach the wonderful privilege and happiness of service. So when the children visit their parents, many of whom have taken up residence at Point Loma, they go bearing gifts — flowers from

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their own gardens, something they have made with their own hands, anything to express concretely their love and devotion. I am constantly in receipt of letters from parents who marvel at the development of this trait in their children. It is something quite unusual and refreshing, they declare, to have their children expect to give and serve rather than to be given to and served, in this day and generation." (From an interview published in the *Boston Herald*, September 21, 1913)

"Theosophy says: Build spiritual altars in the home. Let the parents spend as much time in accentuating the spiritual laws of life in the family as they do in caring for their worldly needs and pleasures and the impermanent things of life! How inspiring is the picture of a home that has been really touched by the teachings of Theosophy. . . . I linger on the threshold of such a home, and feel in its atmosphere that the Kingdom of Heaven on Earth has already begun. . . .

"As I have often said before: when woman finds her true place in life, man will find his. When woman realizes the true power of motherhood and its responsibilities, then man will awaken to his duties in this connexion. Then we can conceive that home-life built on a solid foundation of spiritual life will bring a higher and richer expression of joy than we have ever dreamed, and that true marriage will be an eternal courtship." (January 10, 1915)

"May we not through the home bring more quickly something new and uplifting into the world? If the spiritual life were understood and were the prevailing influence, our homes would already be sanctified. . . .

"Humanity needs health, physical, mental, and moral; and children born under right conditions, in the atmosphere of the real harmonies of life . . . cannot help but become splendid vehicles for spiritual development, for the making of the temple of the inner, living God. Balanced physically, mentally, and morally, there will be innate in them not only the devotional and pure religious life, but the intellectual aspiration for all that is high and noble. Such children would grow day by day under the guidance of parents who had placed themselves in harmony with the Higher Law and who, in their aspiration to serve and pass down to later ages a noble expression of childhood, manhood, and womanhood, would not only be building for the present, but for all time. Such home-builders would perpetuate their ideals in their children, and would begin to make that kingdom of Heaven on earth which we have been promised. . . . Is not the picture fascinating? Is it not inspiring? And best of all, is it not possible?" (January 31, 1915)

"The mission of woman is to discover herself, to find her true place in life. The greatest work that woman can do today is to become so sweetly feminine, so sweetly spiritual and strong, so grandly compassionate and helpful, that she will hold the whole human family in her keeping. She will make the home her altar, her kingdom; and from that kingdom shall be sent out the gospel of life to all people. . . ." (From an address on 'Woman's Mission,' February, 1915)

"The race needs the building of true homes, wherein will grow divine ideals of true manliness and womanliness. . . ." (November, 1916)

"If we can carry the meaning of brotherhood and Theosophy into the families of the world, if we can go into homes of discord and readjust them and bring about understanding and peace, then the sacredness of human life and of parentage will be understood. It is not enough merely to hold principles: they must be expressed in daily life. Above all is this the case with the great moral principles that make for character-building, for without that there is nothing." (October 7, 1918)

II

True Theosophy holds home-life sacred as "the sanctuary of the soul"; it defends it from libel and attack as the most basic of our institutions, whose integrity must be kept as sacred as the integrity of the soul itself.

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But it declares also that it has dropped from its antique spiritual place and that *it must be restored to the old primeval dignity* if the future is to be assured. If any present agencies, as the world goes, could restore it, Theosophy would have nothing to say. Since they have not done so, and mostly admit that they cannot,— well, what would you have?

While reflecting, let us see what Theosophy has to say through the voice of its earliest Leader, Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, who founded the Theosophical Society, in New York in 1875.

In the Theosophical magazine founded by H. P. Blavatsky in London in 1887, we find the following, the question being from a New York correspondent and the answer by H. P. Blavatsky herself. The inquirer asks:

“whether a would-be Theosophist-occultist is required to abandon his worldly ties and duties such as family affection, love of parents, wife, children, friends, etc? I ask this question because it is rumored here that some Theosophical publications have so stated, and would wish to know whether such a *sine qua non* condition really exists in your rules?”

To which H. P. Blavatsky makes reply:

“This is an old, old question, and a still older charge against Theosophy, started first by its enemies. We emphatically answer, NO; adding that no *Theosophical* publication could have rendered itself guilty of such a FALSEHOOD and calumny. No follower of Theosophy, least of all a disciple of the ‘Teachers of Theosophy’ would ever be accepted on such conditions.”

In 1889, in *The Key to Theosophy* Madame Blavatsky wrote:

“INQUIRER. If such are our duties to humanity at large [the reference is to self-sacrifice and work for others], what do you understand by our duties to our immediate surroundings?

“THEOSOPHIST. Just the same, plus those that arise from special obligations with regard to family ties

“INQUIRER. Then it is not true, as it is said, that no sooner does a man enter the Theosophical Society than he begins to be gradually severed from his wife, children and family duties?

“THEOSOPHIST. It is a groundless calumny, like so many others. The first of Theosophical duties is to do one’s duty by *all* men, and especially by those to whom *specific* responsibilities are due, because one has voluntarily undertaken them — such as marriage ties — or because one’s destiny has allied one to them — such as those we owe to parents or next of kin.”

And in *The Voice of the Silence* (*Fragments from the Book of the Golden Precepts*, selected and annotated by H. P. Blavatsky) we find not only a flat denial of this calumny, but also, in language of exquisite beauty, the tenderest of home relationships is used to symbolize the state of the almost perfected soul. To quote:

“If thou art told that to become Arhan thou hast to cease to love all beings — tell them they lie.

“If thou art told that to gain liberation thou hast to hate thy mother and disregard thy son; to disavow thy father and call him ‘householder’; for man and beast all pity to renounce — tell them their tongue is false.

“Thus teach the Tirthikas, the unbelievers. . . .”

“So shalt thou be in full accord with all that lives; bear love to men as though they were thy brother pupils, disciples of one Teacher, *the sons of one sweet mother.*”

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The Leaders of the Theosophical Movement are committed by their very office to work for the regenerated home, though it is indeed a pioneer work in our day. They would lift the home-life of the world to the position of spiritual dignity that it had in the elder days of the world, beyond even the reach of written records. They urge the study of history in this regard, and, with archaeology's help, of the world's great eras of pre-history. Those who would restore to the modern home the old pure Theosophic life will find nowhere such encouragement as history gives in showing that this has been done before, that it is thus a living possibility, not a dream. And, on the other hand, in the testimony of those ages when Theosophic truths were most obscured, and home-life was at its lowest ebb, they will find in the pages of history a warning and a lesson for the soul.

Yes, if the modern woman feels that marriage would be a restriction, let her study Antiquity before she ignores the institution of the home or fancies that she would hear in the echo of children's voices the knell of her cherished freedom. If she studies the past Theosophically, she will soon drop the hindering notion that true freedom and the true home-life cannot occupy the same place. Certainly she will discover this if she adds to the study of Antiquity the study of herself. Katherine Tingley is not playing with words merely when she iterates and reiterates that the mission of woman is *to discover herself*; and also that, in making this discovery, woman will find that true freedom and the Theosophic life in the home are one and the same thing. In such study she will arrive at a higher ideal than the modern ideal of home, with its devotion — addiction rather — to selfish pleasure, to ease, to time-wasting, social ambition, and all sorts of temporal things. And she will not be set adrift, either, as women everywhere are now, when she faces the fact that with too many the home-ideal is fast vanishing into oblivion through the impatient Spirit of the Age. Theosophy will give her eternal principles to tie to and a boundless optimism and trust; and it will easily show her that there is no tragedy in this condition, but rather the reverse. A change was bound to come, in any event, for all institutions are changing now. Our old set selfish ideas have been melted away in the fires of suffering, and institutions are but the progeny of ideas. The tragedy comes from not knowing how to meet the condition Theosophically, or in other words, understandingly. That is why the Teachers of Theosophy speak and have spoken so fearlessly on this subject of marriage and the home.

Yet these Teachers hold to middle lines, the 'golden mean,' and no woman should imagine that they would push all women into married life, against their duty or their will and regardless of whether the basis

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were just and pure. Never that! We think this point can be cleared by a further citation from Katherine Tingley:

“Think of the ruined homes which result from the unwisdom of the day, of the wives who are martyred from their false sense of duty to men who are wholly unworthy. Think of the children born under such conditions, children who must be, and who are, simply moral abortions. Shocking and startling as these words seem, it is well sometimes to be thus shocked and startled, and if human words could prevent such travesties and such abortions, these words must be spoken throughout the land. . . .” (July, 1903)

But Madame Tingley says further:

“You cannot make the world over in a moment. You cannot change woman's life in a moment. Realizing the mistakes that have been made down through the ages, and that the Wisdom-Religion is the key [to an understanding of them], let woman become acquainted with herself. Let her not be so anxious to succeed that she loses her balance, but remember that the crucifixions that come to human life have often proved blessings. Let the woman who finds herself unhappily married, or suffering from conditions brought about through marriage, remember that these things came because she was not acquainted with herself.

“If she is in the light, she will know when to endure and when to protest; and when she comes to that point she will be ingraining into the atmosphere of human life heroic warrior-courage, something splendid, and if she comes again as a woman her progeny will pay tribute to her sufferings, her crucifixions, her combats. That is the story of Theosophy. What a picture!” (March, 1910)

The call today is not, as in Israel, for a man to stand in the gap, but for a woman. Yet, if the signs of the times are true, when woman takes her place there she will find the man beside her.

The question for the modern woman to consider is — and it is an important question: Will she permit the God of Materialism to drive herself and man out of the Eden of the future as out of the Eden of old? It is part of Theosophy's mission today to make her so wise, so spiritually confident and resourceful, that the old tragedy can never be repeated. It is part of Theosophy's mission to bring about a more royal comradeship between men and women, and many other just and royal things, too, and the Cycle of Light now opening will nurture spiritual attempts as the old Cycle of Darkness could not do.

“All of which is beautiful as a theory,” someone says, “but how will it work out in the test? If Theosophy can create the ideal home, will it not show us an example?”

At the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma, California, a Theosophic home-life was founded nearly twenty years ago. It has not been heralded, but nevertheless many thinkers and reformers — some of them connected with the Theosophical Movement and others not — have watched its growth through the years. They have seen the magic of Theosophical principles applied to new homes, and to old and long-established ones; to homes being slowly shaken to pieces by outside forces of disintegration, and to homes secure from such disaster. They

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have seen divisions healed, love brought to life again, and harmony restored. They have seen young folk — some of them educated at Point Loma from early childhood, and others not — establish homes under the benign teachings of Theosophy in which the discords, perplexities, and disappointments that mar all but the most exceptional homes of the world are unknown.

Not all have reached the same measure of success, certainly, for with the imperfections of human nature, it cannot be expected that everyone shall have that knowledge of self, that determination to put into action one's highest ideals, or that love of unselfish service of others, that mark the true home-life. But even the one or two failures do not militate against the potency of Theosophical principles in their application to home-life. On the contrary, for such seeming failures have been due to previous inharmonies in the life and previous lack of effort in the building up of character along the lines of unselfish service and self-control. Even in the case of apparent failure, the attempt, imperfect as it may have been, to apply the Theosophical principles to life, will yet have been a strengthening factor in the character, and will make for a greater happiness and peace in the future — after Karma shall have had its perfect work, and some of the most needed lessons of life shall have been learned.

Hence it is that Katherine Tingley's first efforts, particularly in the education of children and the youth, are along the lines of prevention, educating the children to face the seemingly small weaknesses before they grow into greater ones. Again and again has she declared that the children are the home-builders of the future, and that the home-life of the future depends upon the education of the children of today.

In the eighteen years since Katherine Tingley established her Râja-Yoga system of education much has been accomplished — so much, indeed, as to stand as one of the most encouraging signs of the times. And those who have seen the results will tell you, if you ask them, that these are due to the practical application of the principles of Theosophy to everyday life under the teaching and guidance of Katherine Tingley. It could not have been done without her guidance, for it takes more than the average genius to translate precept into practice, and the translating of Theosophy into terms of actual life was her main purpose in establishing the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma. The help she has given her students as a spiritual Teacher has been the key to their success in the home-life, and those who know that life the best will tell you so. She has combined what was noblest in Antiquity with something that even its brighter days did not have.

In a lecture given before the outbreak of the war, Madame Tingley said:

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“We are in a new age, a new time, and the world must be awakened. It must be startled with some grand, new thought!”

It has been hideously startled since that day with the horrors of conflict and rapine; but shell-shock is not illumination. The “grand new thought” will come in another way and speak to another part of man’s nature. Indeed, in the teachings of Theosophy it has already come in the reverberating *You are Divine!* — but the echoes of it have not reached all ears.

When that great thought comes close enough to woman, the Theosophic life will rule the home. It will truly be life’s Eden, protected by a guardianship nurtured in experience and pain, but with woman at last in her true place and man in his, and the childhood of the world in their keeping.

(*To be concluded.*)

AMERICA THROUGH CHINESE SPECTACLES

PERCY LEONARD

“Oh, wad some power the giftie gi’e us,
To see oursel’s as others see us.”—*Robert Burns*

IN *America Through the Spectacles of an Oriental Diplomat* the ex-ambassador, Mr. Wu Ting-Fang, sets down some very interesting impressions. In spite of the fact that all Americans are supposed to be born equal, he points out that the theory of social equality has not eradicated the human desire for distinction; and you may be always sure of pleasing a lawyer by addressing him as ‘Judge’; one who has served in the army as ‘Colonel’; and a sailor as ‘Admiral’ or ‘Captain.’ He cites instances in which the citizens are manifestly born unequal and says:

“I do not know how my American friends account for this undoubted fact; but the Chinese doctrine of previous lives, of which the present are the continuation, seems to afford a satisfactory explanation.”

The children in the United States, he tells us, are so imbued with the national feeling that they imagine themselves to be on a perfect equality with their parents, and before obeying an order must have the whys and wherefores explained. When the child finally yields, he obeys not his parent, but expediency and the dictates of reason. In this the author sees the foundation of independent, self-reliant manhood, though it is evidently completely at variance with the ideal of parental respect as understood by the Chinese.

The frank directness of American speech wins his hearty approval.

AMERICA THROUGH CHINESE SPECTACLES

It seems that we drive straight to the heart of the matter in hand without any beating about the bush; whereas two Chinamen will discuss almost everything under the sun before approaching the business which each knows to be uppermost in the mind of the other. In favor of the Chinese method, however, he claims that it has its advantages by bringing the minds of both parties into harmonious relations and promoting a mutual understanding.

He notices that a man in America will perform the most menial service cheerfully, because he still preserves his social status. He does not become a servant; he condescends to 'help' for a time; but always with the idea of its being a stepping-stone to a better position. His employer is not his 'master,' but a fellow-citizen; and outside the bounds of this contract their mutual positions are unchanged. He says:

"Few people are more warmhearted, genial, and sociable, than the Americans. . . . Their kindness and warmth to strangers is particularly pleasant, and are much appreciated by their visitors. . . . In some countries the fact that you are a foreigner only thickens the ice, in America it thaws it. To good Americans, not only are the citizens of America born equal, but the citizens of the world are also born equal."

He believes that unfortunate marriages would often be avoided if the Chinese method were followed and searching enquiries made by the parents of the contracting parties as to their physical and moral fitness for each other. In nine cases out of ten, he tells us, the Chinese bride and bridegroom meet each other on the wedding-day for the first time; and yet they live contentedly and quite often even happily together. Divorces in China are exceedingly rare. The author has no wish to graft the Chinese customs on to the social habits of the West; but he does urge that before a definite engagement is concluded, a thorough investigation as to mutual fitness should be made.

Travelers in China have given us heartrending descriptions of the binding of the feet as practised upon the girls of the upper classes. Mr. Wu Ting-Fang is shocked by the binding of the waist which affects the health not only of western womanhood, but also that of their posterity. The author himself suffered from the costume which he adopted while here. It was too cold in winter, and too warm, because too tight, in summer. He underwent the customary torture from fashionable shoes, and only when he returned to China and reverted to the national foot-gear did he finally obtain relief from his distressing corns. He goes so far as to suggest an international convention to deliberate on the question of a universal uniform, the most healthful and convenient that can be devised. "Uniforms and badges promote brotherhood," he says, a statement that is open to serious question, however, because it is harmony of aim and purpose which is the real bond; whereas clothes of the same

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cut would never stop a quarrel between nations if difference of opinion or conflicting interests urged them on.

As one of the Chinese ideals of the truly civilized man, he quotes: "He sends charcoal in a snowstorm, but he will not add flowers to embroidery"; meaning that he is prompt to render timely assistance, but does not seek to curry favor by presents to those who do not need them. This of course is only a variant of Christ's recommendation that we should invite the poor to our suppers and not the rich.

The virtue of punctuality is little cultivated in China, it would appear. When making a business appointment you merely agree upon one of the twelve two-hour divisions into which the day is divided. So long as one turns up during the specified two-hour period, he is reckoned on time! Mindful of this national peculiarity, conveners of meetings when notifying a Chinese guest will often name a time an hour or two earlier than that given to the others. Mr. Ting-Fang was once obliged to wait for an hour through this device, and he begged that in future he be treated as a fellow-citizen.

The author asks: "Do the civilized people of the West live longer than the so-called semicivilized races? . . . Are they happier than others?" And he supplies the answer himself: "I have formed the opinion that the Chinese are more contented than the Americans; and on the whole happier; and certainly one meets more old people in China than in America."

He is scandalized by our habit of eating live oysters, the scavengers that swallow all the dirt washed into the sea, and recommends shark's fin in preference to 'high' pheasant, and birds-nest soup to the hot solution of turtle's meat so much esteemed by the epicures of the West.

One is interested to learn that no Chinaman would consent to let his son go upon the Stage.

"The ideal of China is sincerity and an actor is a pretender. . . . The actor was always debarred from attending any literary examination, and was also deprived of the privilege of obtaining official appointment; in fact, he was considered an outcast of society."

It appears, however, that under the new régime the social standing of the actor has improved.

In China reform mainly consists in applying the principles of morality to one's own conduct; while in America, we are told, the ideal is to reform somebody else.

"In China we do not expend as much energy as Americans and Europeans in trying to make other people good. We try to be good ourselves and believe that our good example, like a pure fragrance, will influence others to be likewise. We think practice is as good as precept, and if I may say so without being supposed to be critical of a race different from my own, the thought has sometimes suggested itself to me that Americans are so intent on doing good to

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others, and on making others good, that they accomplish less than they would if their actions and intentions were less direct and obvious. I cannot explain all I mean, but if my readers will study what Li Yu and Chuang Tsz have to say about 'Spontaneity' and 'Not Interfering,' I think they will understand my thought."

The author is a thorough-going supporter of the doctrine of Reincarnation, and applies its teaching as an incentive to fair-dealing in all questions of international policy.

"Those who believe in reincarnation (and I hope most of my readers do) understand that when people are reincarnated they are not always born in the same country or continent as that in which they have lived in their previous life. I have an impression that in one of my former existences I was born and brought up in the United States. In saying this I do not express the slightest regret at having now been born in Asia. I only wish to give a hint to those white people who advocate an exclusive policy, that in their next life they may be born in Asia or in Africa, and that the injury they are now inflicting on the yellow people they may themselves have to suffer in another life."

The book is full of friendly criticism which does not always win our entire assent; but the writer's evident good-will, sincerity, and large-hearted toleration, are visible on every page, and one can only wish that some western critics of the 'heathen Chinese' were possessed of a tithe of his charity and moderation in the expression of their ideas.

WHITEWASHING A SINISTER REPUTATION

E.



REHABILITATING a reputation is one thing, and whitewashing it is another; and somebody has been trying to rehabilitate (or whitewash) the California Road-Runner. This fowl, so familiar to all residents in this neighborhood, has been accused of robbing the nests of small birds. It would seem to most people as though this charge could be either proven or disproven by ordinary methods of observation. But a recent scientific writer has chosen a more roundabout way of judging the case. Instead of observing the habits of the living bird, he caught and killed a hundred of them and examined their stomachs to see if he could find evidence of their having included eggs in their diet. On the basis of this examination he acquits them.

We should be only too glad to assist with our sympathy in the rehabilitation of an unjustly blackened reputation, but unfortunately find some difficulty in doing so on account of the evidence of the small birds in the nesting season. Anyone who has watched what happens in that

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season when a road-runner appears in the neighborhood knows that the small birds have a pretty strong notion that mischief is in the air. They fly from the ground, perch high, and keep up a continuous sounding of the danger note as long as the road-runner remains in the vicinity. We may be pardoned for setting up their evidence against that of the dissector.

It is perhaps not safe to generalize from specific instances, or to assume that the behavior of an animal, as witnessed by ourself, represents an invariable character. Certain it is that one's personal observations frequently contradict the general statements one finds in books. In this case, it might be pertinent to suggest that the experimenter should have dissected one thousand birds instead of a hundred, with a view to gaining a broader base for his inductions. But why, we say, cut up any birds at all? If methods of investigation which involve such destruction are necessary, they are at least a regrettable necessity; and we should welcome any evidence tending to depreciate their reliability. Such evidence the present instance seems to afford, if the testimony of the birds can be relied on.

THE CREST-WAVE OF EVOLUTION

KENNETH MORRIS

*A Course of Lectures in History, Given to the Graduates' Class
in the Râja-Yoga College, Point Loma, in the College Year 1918-1919.*

II,—HOMER



WHEN the Law designs to get tremendous things out of a race of men, it goes to work this way and that, making straight the road for an inrush of important and awakened souls. Having in mind to get from Greece a startling harvest presently, it called one Homer, surnamed Maeonides, into incarnation, and endowed him with high poetic genius. Or he had in many past lives so endowed himself; and therefore the Law called him in. This evening I shall work up to him, and try to tell you a few things about him, some of which you may know already, but some of which may be new to you.

What we may call a European manvantara or major cycle of activity — the one that preceded this present one — should have begun about 870 B. c. Its first age of splendor, *of which we know anything*, began in Greece about 390 years afterwards: we may conveniently take 478, the year Athens attained the hegemony, as the date of its inception. Our present European manvantara began while Frederick II was forcing a road for civilization up from the Moslem countries through Italy; we may take 1240 as a central and convenient date. The first 390 years of it — from 1240 to 1632 — saw Dante and all the glories of the Cinquecento in Italy; Camoëns and the era of the great navigators in Portugal; Cervantes and his age in Spain; Elizabeth and Shakespeare in England. That will suggest to us that the Periclean was not the first age of splendor in Europe in that former manvantara; it will suggest how much we may have lost through the loss of all records of cultural effort in northern and western Europe during the four centuries that preceded Pericles. Of course we cannot certainly say that there were such ages of splendor. But we shall see presently that during every century since Pericles — during the whole historical period — there has been an age of splendor somewhere; and that these have followed each other with such regularity, upon such a definite geographical and chronological plan, that unless we accept the outworn conclusion that at a certain time — about 500 B. c. — the nature of man and the laws of nature and history underwent radical change, we shall have to believe that the same thing had been going on —

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the recurrence of ages of splendor — back into the unknown night of time. And that geographical and chronological plan will show us that such ages were going on in unknown Europe during the period we are speaking of. In the manvantara 2980 to 1480 B. C., did the Western Laya Center play the part in Europe, that the Southern one did in the manvantara 870 B. C. to 630 A. D.? Was the Celtic Empire then, what the Roman Empire became in the later time? If so, their history after the pralaya 1480 to 870 may have been akin to that of the Latins in this present cycle: no longer a united empire, they may have achieved something comparable to the achievements of France, Spain, and Italy in the later Middle Ages. At least we hear the rumblings of their marches and the far shoutings of their aimless victories until within a century or two of the Christian era. Then, what was Italy like in the heyday of the Etruscans, or under the Roman kings? The fall of Tarquin — an Etruscan — was much more epochal, much more disastrous, than Livy guessed. There were more than seven kings of Rome; and their era was longer than from 753 to 716; and Rome — or perhaps the Etruscan state of which it formed a part — was a much greater power then, than for several centuries after their fall. The great works they left are an indication. But only the vaguest traditions of that time came down to Livy. The Celts sacked Rome in 390 B. C., and all the records of the past were lost; years of confusion followed; and a century and a half and more before Roman history began to be written by Ennius in his epic *Annales*. It was a break in history and blotting out of the past; such as happened in China in 214 B. C., when the ancient literature was burnt. Such things take place under the Law. Race-memory may not go back beyond a certain time; there is a Law in Nature that keeps ancient history esoteric. As we go forward, the horizon behind follows us. In the ages of materialism and the low places of racial consciousness, that horizon probably lies near to us; as you see least far on a level plain. But as we draw nearer to esotericism, and attain elevations nearer the spirit, it may recede; as the higher you stand, the farther you see. Not so long ago, the world was but six thousand years old in European estimation. But ever since Theosophy has been making its fight to spiritualize human consciousness, *pari passu* the horizon of the past has been pushed back by new and new discoveries.

What comes down to us from old Europe between its waking and the age of Pericles? Some poetry, legends, and unimportant history from Greece; some legends from Rome; the spirit or substance of the Norse sagas; the spirit or substance of the Welsh Mabinogi and the Arthurian atmosphere; and of the Irish tales of the Red Branch and Fenian cycles. The actual tales as we get them were no doubt retold in much later times;

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and it is these late recensions that we have. What will remain of England in the memory of three or four thousand years hence? Unless this Theosophical Movement shall have lifted human standards to the point where that which has hitherto been esoteric may safely be kept public, this much: — an echo only of what England has produced of eternal truth:— something from Shakespeare; something from Milton; and as much else in prose and poetry from the rest. But all the literature of this and all past ages is and will then still be in being: in the hidden libraries of the Guardians of Esoteric Science, from which they loose fragments and hints on the outer world as the occasion cyclically recurs, and as their wisdom directs.

How do they loose such fragments of old inspiration? It may be by putting some manuscript in the way of discovery; it may be by raising up some man of genius who can read the old records on inner planes, and reproduce in epic or drama something of a long past splendor to kindle the minds of men anew. In that way Greece was kindled. Troy fell, says H. P. Blavatsky, nearly five thousand years ago. Now you will note that a European manvantara began in 2980 B. C.; which is very nearly five thousand years ago. And that this present European manvantara or major cycle was lit up from a West Asian Cycle: from the Moors in Spain; from Egypt through Sicily and Italy; and, in its greatest splendor, when Constantinople fell, and refugees therefrom came to light the Cinquecento in Italy. Now Constantinople is no great way from Troy; and, by tradition, refugees came to Italy from Troy, once. Was it they in part, who lit up that ancient European cycle of from 2980 to 1480 B. C.?

In the Homeric poems a somewhat vague tradition seems to come down of the achievements of one of the European peoples in that ancient cycle. Sometime then Greece had had her last Pre-periclean age of greatness. What form it took, the details of it, were probably as much lost to the historic Greeks as the details of the Celtic Age are to us. But Homer caught an echo and preserved the atmosphere of it. As the Celtic Age bequeathes to us, in the Irish and Welsh stories, a sense of style — which thing is the impress of the human spirit triumphant over all hindrances to its expression; — so that long past period bequeathed through Homer a sense of style to the later Greeks. It rings majestically through his lines. His history is perhaps not actual history in any recognisable shape. Legends of a long lost glory drifted down to a poet of mightiest genius; and he embodied them, amplified them, told his message through them; perhaps reinvented half of them. Even so Geoffrey of Monmouth (without genius, however) did with the rumors that came down to him anent the ancient story of his own people; and Spenser followed him

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in the *Faery Queen*, Malory in his book, and Tennyson in the *Idylls of the King*. Even in that last, from the one poem *Morte D'Arthur* we should get a sense of the old stylish magnificence of the Celtic epoch; for the sake of a score of lines in it, we can forgive Tennyson the rest of the *Idylls*. But Tennyson was no Celt himself; only, like Spenser and Malory, an Anglicizer of things Celtic. How much more of the true spirit would have come down to Homer, a Greek of genius, writing of traditional Greek glory, and thrilled with racial uplift.

Where did he live? Oh, Goodness knows! When? Goodness knows again. (Though we others may guess a little, I hope.) We have Herodotus for it, that Homer lived about four hundred years before his own time; that is to say, to give a date, in 850; and I like the figure well; for if Dante came in as soon as possible after the opening of this present manvantara, why not Homer as soon as possible after the opening of the last one? At such times great souls do come in; or a little before or a little after; because they have a work of preparation to do; and between Dante and Homer there is much parallelism in aims and aspirations: what the one sought to do for Italy, the other sought to do for Greece. But this is to treat Homer as if he had been one real man; whereas everybody knows 'it has been proved' (a) that there was no such person; (b) that there were dozens of him; (c) that black is white, man an ape, and the Soul a fiction. Admitted. A school of critics has cleaned poor old blind Maeonides up very tidily, and left not a vestige of him on God's earth — just as they have, or their like have, cleaned up the Human Soul. But there is another school, who have preserved for him some shreds at least of identity. Briefly put, you can 'prove' upon what may be classed as brain-mind evidence — grammar, microscopic examination of text and forms and so on — that Homer is a mere airy myth; but to do so you must be totally oblivious of the spiritual facts of style and poetry. Take these into account, and he rises with wonderful individuality from the grave and nothingness into which you have relegated him. The *Iliad* does not read like a single poem: there are incompatibilities between its parts. On the other hand, there is, generally speaking, the impress of a single creative genius. One master made the Homeric style. The *Iliad*, as we know it, may contain passages not his; but — *he wrote the Iliad*.

What does not follow is, that he ever sat down and said: "Now let us write an epic." Conditions would be against it. A wandering minstrel makes ballads, not epics; for him Poe's law applies: that is a poem which can be read or recited at a single sitting. The unity of the *Iliad* is one not of structure, but of spirit; and the chances are that the complete works of any great poet will be a unity of spirit.

Why should we not suppose that in the course of a long life a great

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poet — whose name may not have been Homer — that may have been only *what he was called* — his real name may have been (if the critics will have it so) the Greek for Smith, or Jones, or Brown, or Robinson — but he was *called* Homer anyhow — why should we not suppose that he, filled and fascinated always with one great traditionary subject, wrote now one incident as a complete poem; ten years later another incident; and again, after an interval, another? Each time with the intention to make a complete and separate poem; each time going to it influenced by the natural changes of his mood: now preoccupied with one hero or god, now with another. The Tennyson in his twenties, who wrote the fairylike *Lady of Shalott*, was a very different man in mood and outlook from the Mid-Victorian Tennyson who wrote the execrable *Merlin and Vivien*; but both were possessed with the Arthurian legend. At thirty and at fifty you may easily take different views of the same men and incidents. The *Iliad*, I suggest, may be explained as the imperfect fusion of many poems and many moods and periods of life of a single poet. It was not until the time of Pisistratus, remember, that it was edited into a single epic.

Now these many poems, before Pisistratus took them in hand, had been in the keeping for perhaps three centuries of wandering minstrels — Rhapsodoi, Aoidoi, Citharaedi and Homeridae, as they were called — who drifted about the Isles of Greece and the Asiatic mainland during the long period of Greek insignificance and unculture. The first three orders were doubtless in existence long before Homer was born; they were the bards, trouveurs and minnesingers of their time; their like are the instruments of culture in any race during its pralayas. So you find the professional story-tellers in the East today. But the Homeridae may well have been — as De Quincey suggests — an order specially trained in the chanting of Homeric poems; perhaps a single school founded in some single island by or for the sake of Homer. We hear that Lycurgus was the first who brought Homer — the works, not the man — into continental Greece: importing them from Crete. That means, probably, that he induced Homeridae to settle in Sparta. European continental Greece would in any case have been much behind the rest of the Greek world in culture; because furthest from and least in touch with West Asian civilization. Crete was nearer to Egypt; the Greeks of Asia Minor to Lydia; as for the islanders of the Cyclades and Sporades, the necessity of gadding about would have brought them into contact with their betters to the south and east, and so awakened them, much sooner than their fellow Greeks of Attica, Boeotia, and the Peloponnese.

Where did Homer live? Naturally, as a wandering bard, all over the place. We know of the seven cities that claimed to be his birthplace:

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*Smyrna, Chios, Colophon. Salamis, Rhodos, Argos, Athenae
Orbis de patriâ certat, Homere, tuâ.*

Of these Smyrna probably has the best chance of it; for he was Maeonides, the son of Maeon, and Maeon was the son of Meles; and the Maeon and the Meles are rivers by Smyrna. But De Quincey makes out an excellent case for supposing he knew Crete better than any other part of the world. Many of the legends he records; many of the superstitions — to call them that; — many of the customs he describes: have been, and are still, peculiar to Crete. Neither the smaller islands, nor continental Greece, were very suitable countries for horse-breeding; and the horse does not figure greatly in their legends. But in Crete the friendship of horse and man was traditional; in Cretan folk-lore, horses still foresee the doom of their masters, and weep. So they do in Homer. There is a certain wild goat found only in Crete, of which he gives a detailed description: down to the measurement of its horns: exact, as sportsmen have found in modern times. He mentions the *kubizeteres*, Cretan tumblers, who indulge in a 'stunt' unknown elsewhere. They perform in couples; and when he mentions them, it is in the dual number. Preternatural voices are an Homeric tradition: Stentor "spoke as loud as fifty other men"; when Achilles roared at the Trojans, their whole army was frightened. In Crete such voices are said to be still common: shepherds carry on conversations at incredible distances — speak to, and are answered by, men not yet in sight. — De Quincey gives several other such coincidences; none of them, by itself, might be very convincing; but taken all together, they rather incline one to the belief that Smith, or Brown, or Jones, *alias* Homer, must have spent a good deal of his time in Crete; — say, was brought up there.

Now Crete is much nearer Egypt than the rest of Greece is; and may very likely have shared in a measure of Egyptian culture at the very beginning of the European manvantara, and even before. Of course, in past cycles it had been a great center of culture itself; but that was long ago, and I am not speaking of it. In the tenth century A. D., three hundred years before civilization, in our own cycle, had made its way from the West Asian Moslem world into Christendom, Sicily belonged to Egypt and shared in its refinement — was Moslem and highly civilized, while Europe was Christian and barbarous; later it became a main channel through which Europe received enlightenment. May not Crete have played a like part in ancient times? I mean, is it not highly probable? May it not have been — as Sicily was to be — a mainly European country under Egyptian influence, and a seat of Egyptianized culture?

Let us, then, suppose Homer a Greek, born early in the ninth century B. C., taken in childhood to Crete, and brought up there in contact with

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cultural conditions higher than any that obtained elsewhere among his own people. But genius stirs in him, and he is Greek altogether in the deep enthusiasms proper to genius: so presently he leaves Crete and culture, to wander forth among the islands singing.—

*En Delo tote proton ego kai Homeros aoidoi
Melpomen,*

says Hesiod: "Then first in Delos did I and Homer, two Aoidoi, perform as musical reciters." Delos, of course, is a small island in the Cyclades.

He would have had some training, it is likely, as an Aoidos: a good founding in the old stories which were their stock in trade, and which all pointed to the past glory of his race. In Crete he had seen the culture of the Egyptians; in Asia Minor, the strength and culture of the Lydians; now in his wanderings through the isles he saw the disunion and rudeness of the Greeks. But the old traditions told him of a time when Greeks acted together and were glorious: when they went against, and overthrew, a great West Asian Power strong and cultured like the Lydians and Egyptians. Why should not he create again the glory that once was Greece?

Menin aeide, Thea, Peleïadeo Achileos!

— Goddess, aid me to sing the wrath (and grandeur) of a Greek hero!
— Let the Muses help him, and he will remind his people of an ancient greatness of their own: of a time when they were united, and triumphed over these now so much stronger peoples! So Dante, remembering ancient Rome, evoked out of the past and future a vision of United Italy; so in the twelfth century a hundred Welsh bards sang of Arthur.

I think he would have created out of his own imagination the life he pictures for his brazen-coated Achaeans. It does not follow, with any great poet, that he is bothering much with historical or other accuracies, or sticking very closely even to tradition. Enough that the latter should give him a direction; as Poet-creator, he can make the details for himself. Homer's imagination would have been guided, I take it, by two conditions: what he saw of the life of his semi-barbarous Greek countrymen; and what he knew of civilization in Egyptianized Crete. He was consciously picturing the life of Greeks: but Greeks in an age traditionally more cultured than his own. Floating legends would tell him much of their heroic deeds, but little of their ways of living. Such details he would naturally have to supply for himself. How would he go to work? In this way, I think. The Greeks, says he, were in those old ages, civilized and strong, not, as now, weak, disunited and half barbarous. Now what is strength like, and civilization? Why, I have them before me here to observe, here in Crete. But Crete is Egyptianized; I want a Greek

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civilization; culture as it would appear if home-grown among Greeks. — I do not mean that he consciously set this plan before himself; but that naturally it would be the course that he, or anyone, would follow. Civilization would have meant for him Cretan civilization: the civilization he knew: that part of the proposition would inhere in his subconsciousness. But in his conscious mind, in his intent and purpose, would inhere a desire to differentiate the Greek culture he wanted to paint, from the Egyptianized culture he knew. So I think that the conditions of life he depicts were largely the creation of his own imagination, working in the material of Greek character, as he knew it, and Cretan-Egyptian culture as he knew that. He made his people essentially Greeks, but ascribed to them also non-Greek features drawn from civilized life.

One sees the same thing in the old Welsh Romances: tales from of old retold by men fired with immense racial hopes, with a view to fostering such hopes in the minds of their hearers. The bards saw about them the rude life and disunion of the Welsh, and the far greater outward culture of the Normans; and their stock in trade was a tradition of ancient and half-magical Welsh grandeur. When they wrote of Cai — Sir Kay the Seneschal — that so subtle was his nature that when it pleased him he could make himself as tall as the tallest tree in the forest, they were dealing in a purely Celtic element: the tradition of the greatness of, and the magical powers inherent in, the human spirit; but when they set him on horseback, to ride tilts in the tourney ring, they were simply borrowing from, to outdo, the Normans. Material culture, as they saw it, included those things; therefore they ascribed them to the old culture they were trying to paint.

Lying was traditionally a Greek vice. The Greek lied as naturally as the Persian told the truth. Homer wishes to set forth Ulysses, one of his heroes, adorned with all heroic perfections. He was so far Greek as not to think of lying as a quality to detract; he proudly makes Ulysses a "lord of lies." Perhaps nothing in Crete itself would have taught him better; if we may believe Epimenides and Saint Paul. On the other hand, he was a great-hearted and compassionate man: compassionate as Shakespeare was. Now the position of women in historical Greece was very low indeed; the position of women in Egypt, as we know, was very high indeed. This was a question to touch such a man to the quick; the position he gives women is very high: very much higher than it was in Periclean Athens, with all the advance that had been made by that time in general culture. Andromache, in Homer, is the worthy companion and helpmeet of Hector: not a Greek, but Egyptian idea.

(To be continued)

THE AGE OF THE EARTH

F. J. DICK, M. INST. C. E., and the late WILLIAM SCOTT



RECENT article on this subject in the *Scientific American Supplement* deals with the question of geologic time, based upon the rate of degradation of uranium-lead. This article is extremely interesting, although it appears to illustrate a tendency not uncommon among scientists to build up vast conclusions from the most slender laboratory data. Perhaps it would not be easy to demonstrate that rates of degradation may vary enormously in different ages, and that conclusions drawn from present facts among some elements may be wholly inapplicable to conditions existing in Primordial, Primary, and Secondary epochs, during the earlier of which the state of terrestrial matter was emerging from the astral to the physical condition. Such reasoning, however plausible, somewhat resembles that of one who should infer that because the surface of a few square feet of a lake appears to be an absolute plane, therefore the radius of the Earth must be infinite. An appeal is made to stellar evolution theories so far as developed, in confirmation, but such theories consist very largely of assumptions, again derived from a very limited range of data.

Of course anyone knows that the prime feature of interest in Geology lies in the testimony afforded as to past biological conditions rather than in the merely physical or chemical factors. But one of the assumptions tacitly and constantly made throughout the whole business is that in archaic and later times there were no intelligences on or connected with the life of this planet capable of knowing, directing, observing, and recording its varied history, growth, and development. One might put the assumption plainly and say that its fundamental proposition is that prior to the present generation of ultra-materialistic scientists there were no living, conscious, or divine intelligences anywhere competent to supervise the evolution of ordered worlds and systems with their myriads of human and other intelligent and conscious forms, or to teach man the truth regarding the innate divinity at the foundation of his own being!

In the presence of such an attitude on the part of the educators of our day it were small wonder that the world should be plunged continually in wars and every kind of misery, thinkable or almost unthinkable, including crime, suicide-mania, and insanity. Can there be in the asylums, one wonders, utterances much more insane than those of some scientists when discussing the question of human evolutionary history? Were

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there no intelligences capable of ordering, observing and recording Earth's past history until our philosophicules of the past century appeared, one might as well leave all the problems of Man's evolution and destiny severely alone. Recorded history, however, points to an exactly opposite conclusion, fortunately for us all. While most of the records are in safe keeping on visible and invisible planes of being, sufficient extracts from them exist, not only among the old Eastern and Western classical writings, but even alone in the works published by H. P. Blavatsky, to occupy the attention of men of intelligence for several centuries in following up the many clues and hints, to say nothing of the very numerous recorded *facts* brought forward for our consideration.

Why should all these things — even so simple a question for instance as the true meaning of the word ἐντελέχεια — continue to be ignored by those who nevertheless assume to teach the world about the whole history of man? — picturing him at a comparatively recent period as nothing more or less than a grinning and senseless ape — carefully associated, one notes in the article referred to, with the elevation of the Himâlaya range. And back of that — vacuity!

Nevertheless all this is but one aspect of the modern panorama. That in man which prompts him to explore the universe, to make elaborate researches aided when possible by the highest refinement of mathematical processes, to experiment, and to invent endless hypotheses, proceeds in reality from his higher and divine nature. It is only the constant interference of his brain-mind, when attempting broad generalizations on woefully inadequate evidence, which places him continually and inevitably in a humiliating position before his fellows, even though at first he achieve world-renown for apparent daring and seeming originality. Those who knew the fundamental truths have mainly preferred to remain unknown, whether in ancient Egypt or in the far East. And anyone who takes the time to read carefully *Isis Unveiled* and *The Secret Doctrine* cannot fail to perceive the many reasons for this. Is it not mainly our own stupidity which creates the barrier?

Only the other day the age of the world was held to be capable of estimation from the salinity of the sea. Prior to that the average rate of sedimentation or deposition was regarded as a good method, always provided that the true average could be ascertained. But students of Theosophy, as put forth by its true teachers, have fortunately been spared any elaborate estimation of this factor, because the stage of incrustation, or of *physicality*, is known to have commenced about 320,000,000 years ago. Consequently if we take the thickness of all the strata as 160,000 feet (William Scott's figure) "the *average* rate would be one foot in two thousand years," whatever the departures from this average in times of

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world-convulsions and varying conditions in the other epochs. We can thus at least construct an approximate table on this basis and study its relation with other events, such as the approximate periods of the great convulsions, and of the later of the five Root-Races of the present Fourth Round of world-evolution. Here we especially address those who have perused H. P. Blavatsky's epoch-making writings, and in doing so we shall avail ourselves of excellent work along these lines by the late Mr. William Scott, an enthusiastic student of them. Quotations from his notes will be followed by his initials.

First we may introduce a brief summary of the hypothetical results given in the article referred to, which are as follows:

Period	Date of beginning of each period (minimum values) reckoned from now backward in millions of years
Primordial	(3000)
Devonian	350
Triassic	190
Eocene	55
Pliocene	7
Pleistocene	1

And follow it by a table mainly condensed from Mr. Scott's notes and with a few additions:

TABLE A — ROUGH OUTLINE OF EARTH'S PHYSICAL HISTORY

Period	Approximate thickness of strata	Duration of each in millions years	Date of beginning in millions years	
Primordial	35,000	70	320	Semi-ethereal
Cambrian	28,000	56	250	
			(210)	"Earth now opaque"
Silurian	23,000	46	194	
			(180)	"Throes of adolescence"
Devonian	19,000	38	148	
			(120)	"The last great change" — first convulsion
Carboniferous	18,000	36	110	
Permian	15,000	30	74	
			(50)	Second convulsion
Triassic	8,000	16	44	
Jurassic	6,000	12	28	
			(18)	Kumâras begin incarnation — thinking man (semi-ethereal) contacts physical plane
Cretaceous	4,000	8	16	
			(10)	Third convulsion
Eocene	2,000	4	8	
Miocene	1,000	2	4	
			(3)	Fourth convulsion
Pliocene	500	1	2	
Pleistocene etc.	500	1	1	

In the above round numbers are taken for the more recent deposits,

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for the sake of simplicity. In the next Table what is put at 870,000 years (Pleistocene etc.) appears as 1 (million) in Table A.

It may be observed that while there is a wide difference between the mean thicknesses of the strata in the Tertiary and Quaternary periods in the above, and the figures given by Professor Keith,* the time (8 millions) is nevertheless double his estimate. He assumes a mean rate of deposition of one foot in a hundred years, instead of 2000 years. Stratic classification depends on the fossils, and there was a great world-convulsion during this period, which rather tends to upset uniformitarian methods of estimation for comparatively limited intervals of time; and additive methods may not always be applicable to groups nearly contemporaneous.

With regard to Table A, it has to be said that there is no pretense to finality in the various figures which are "working approximates, probably nearer the truth than any to be found elsewhere, because they conform as nearly as possible with the time-values given in *The Secret Doctrine*. The depths in feet of the stratigraphic systems are moderate scientific estimates." (W. S.)

"The *actual* duration of the first two and a half Root-Races (of this Round) is withheld from all but the higher Initiates."—*S. D.*, II, p. 312.

"And indeed few of us can comprehend much about the habits and characteristics of ethereal or astral beings; to say nothing about the sub-races of a deathless ethereal Race. Yet (*S. D.*, II, pp. 712-15) a parallel is drawn between the first Root-Race and the Primordial epoch; between the second and the Primary; between the third and the Secondary, the fourth and the Tertiary, the present fifth and the Quaternary. Several similar hints are also given (*S. D.*, II, pp. 312-4) as to the proximate duration of the early Races, such as the accounts of the cataclysms which destroyed the successive main continental systems. Again (*S. D.*, II, p. 776) we read 'The whole globe is convulsed periodically, and has been so convulsed, since the appearance of the First Race, four times.' The stratigraphic record leaves no doubt as to when these universal convulsions occurred. The first was in the Devonian period, doubtless when the Hyperborean continental system was mainly upheaved. The second was during the Permian epoch when Hyperborea went down and Lemuria made its first appearance. The third was in the Cretaceous period, when Lemuria was mainly destroyed and the Atlantean system was born. The fourth took place during the Miocene, when Atlantis mainly perished and our present continental system began its career. Not only do the geologists recognise these as periods of universal convulsion by adopting them as boundaries between the great stratigraphical

**The Antiquity of Man*: London, 1915.

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systems or ages, Primordial, Primary, Secondary, etc., but palaeontologists regard them as periods of great biological revolutions as well, and likewise use them as dividing lines between the stages of material world-life — Archaeozoic, Palaeozoic, Mesozoic, Cainozoic, etc.” (W. S.)

TABLE B — ROUGH OUTLINE OF TERTIARY AND QUATERNARY AGES

Formation	Period	Type	Approx. date (back) of Type	Approx. duration of each group	Date of start of each per.
London Clay	Eocene	Skilfully worked flints	Several millions	4,200,000	7,870,000
London Clay					
Land surface	Miocene	Stone tools	2,000,000 1,500,000	1,800,000	3,670,000
Coralline Crag (Suffolk)	Pliocene	Pitdown	1,000,000	1,000,000	1,870,000
Red Crag					
1st Glacial Period					
Lenham beds	Worked flints	Pithecanthropus	800,000	108,000	870,000
Plateau drift					
Norwich, Cromer beds, etc.		Heidelberg	700,000		834,000
2nd Glacial Period				36,000	
Boulder Clay	Chellean	Galley Hill Grenelle	600,000 500,000	288,000	726,000 690,000
100-ft. Terrace	Acheulean	Denise			
3rd Glacial Period			Moulin Quignon Bury St. Edmunds		
		La Quina	300,000	36,000	402,000 366,000
		La Chapelle	260,000		
		Spy	240,000	144,000	
		Neanderthal	230,000		
		Bañoles		36,000	222,000 186,000
4th Glacial Period		Gibraltar			
Lowest Terrace	Solutrean	Combe Capelle		176,000	
Buried Thames channels					
River beds	Magdalenian	Cromagnon	150,000		
Recent alluvial	Neolithic flints	Barrow, etc.		10,000	10,000
		Modern			
				7,870,000	

In reference to Table B, “Dr. Sturge in 1911 placed the end of the Pliocene at 400,000 years and more recently Professor Osborn thought 525,000 years a short duration for the same period, and he calculates that the latest glaciation ended only 25,000 years ago. Therefore the time values for these events in Table B do not in the least correspond with such estimates. They correspond as nearly as possible with those of *The Secret Doctrine*, which (II, p. 147) places the beginning of the first glaciation about 869,000 years ago. Professor Croll, in *Climate and Time*, put the upper limit of the last glaciation at 240,000 years ago, as to which

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it is stated that his estimate does not clash materially with Eastern sources of information. In the table it is put at 222,000 years — post-glacial time commencing about 186,000 years back. (See *S. D.*, II, p. 695.) This seems to be supported by the geological evidences of the Champlain epoch of northern submersion and re-elevation which Geikie (p. 910) says was post-glacial, and during which Northern Europe, Siberia, and nearly the whole of Canada were submerged — *The Secret Doctrine* adding that Easter Island was then uplifted, so that it was no minor or local affair occurring overnight. Although, owing to questions of overlapping, this last period, as well as the other glacial periods, is assigned only 36,000 years, it is not improbable that it may really have lasted nearer 100,000 years. Lakes Ontario and Erie were both submerged and then re-elevated at slightly different levels, changing the course of the Niagara river, so that the seven-mile gorge between Ontario and the Falls has been cut during post-glacial times, which can hardly have taken less than 50,000 years, for it is through hard Silurian rocks. Thus 186,000 years have been assigned to the post-glacial time — which subtracted from 870,000 leaves 684,000 years as the duration of the Pleistocene period. Osborn's plan of dividing the Pleistocene into 19 units — 4 for the four glacial, and 3, 8, and 4 to the interglacial periods — was adopted, changing his unit of 25,000 to 36,000. As to the Calaveras skull, not only does it bear indisputable evidence of having long been buried in the auriferous gravel, but in the same deposit a number of stone implements of a high order of workmanship have been found; so that even were the skull disposed of, such implements would still have to be accounted for. The whole of these auriferous gravels are Miocene deposits, and cannot be less than two million years old. Here we have man, of a modern type, contemporary with the earliest anthropoids!" (W. S.)

Pending further discoveries, we may here note Professor Keith's admission that "there are the most circumstantial accounts of the discovery in these gravel beds of stone mortars, pestles, hammers, spear-heads, etc. . . . by expert and reliable geologists." And he says, "these gravels lie buried under tides of lava which swept the western flanks of the Sierra Nevada in the Miocene and Pliocene periods."

"Osborn's contention is that no man of sufficient intelligence to chip flints existed until the third glacial period, some 150,000 years ago at most. But Dr. Sturge, a careful geologist, places the Heidelberg man in the lower first interglacial period, and Piltownensis unquestionably in the Pliocene, for the gravel has no appearance of having been disturbed since Pliocene times, and all the fossils therein found are beyond doubt Pliocene. Osborn argues that because [the assumption is that] the skull belongs to the third interglacial period, *therefore* the gravel was deposited

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in that period, but he omits to mention the Suffolk flint implements found beneath the Red Crag, a Pliocene deposit — to say nothing of the Calaveras stone implements found with the skull in the Miocene auriferous gravel.” (W. S.)

The following statement in *The Secret Doctrine*, II, p. 312, regarding the early stages of the fourth globe, Fourth Round, evidently commences with the beginning of sedimentation, *i. e.*, of the Primordial period:

“During the first seven crores [70 million years] of the Kalpa the Earth and its two Kingdoms [mineral and vegetable], one already having achieved its seventh circle, the other hardly nascent, are luminous and semi-ethereal, cold, lifeless, and translucent.”

Which means that the rains, oceans, and sediment were semi-astral. It will be seen that this 70 million years is precisely the duration of the Laurentian period, whose rocks merge imperceptibly into the Plutonic.

“In the eleventh crore [Cambrian period] the Mother Earth grows opaque. [Geikie says every class of living mollusca had their representatives in the Cambrian seas.] And in the fourteenth the throes of adolescence take place. [Silurian period, fishes, etc.] These convulsions of Nature [geological changes] last until her twentieth crore of years, uninterruptedly [in the Devonian period when, as all geologists agree, one of the greatest revolutions of the Earth’s history took place], after which they become periodical, and at long intervals. The last [great] change took place nearly twelve crores [120 millions] of years ago.”—*S. D.*, *loc. cit.*

This again takes us into the Devonian period. Thus the whole sedimentary period is epitomized, twenty plus twelve crores equaling 320 million years. “But the Earth with everything on her face had become cool, hard, and settled ages earlier” (than the Devonian period, when Hyperborea was upheaved).

“Little is said about the sinking of the Hyperborean continental system or of the uplifting of the Lemurian, but the next great geological revolution occurs in the Permian period, which leaves no doubt as to when this great change occurred, and the Race-periods here again correspond.” (W. S.)

“But it is the sub-race, which preceded the one that separated sexually, that is to be regarded as the *spiritual* ancestors of our present generations, and especially of the Eastern Aryan races.”—*S. D.*, II, p. 165.

“Men separated in the fifth sub-race of the third Root-Race.”—*Ib.*, p. 715.

The Kumâras are said to have begun to incarnate in the *fourth* sub-race of the third Root-Race, 18 million years ago, in the Jurassic period, which in Table A is put as extending from 28 to 16 million years ago. The fourth Root-Race was in its fourth sub-race when destroyed (*S. D.*, II, pp. 147, 314) in the Miocene period, several million years ago “coincident with the elevation of the Alps.” (*S. D.*, II, p. 778.) And that fourth sub-race existed from about four to three million years ago. While in II, p. 147, the commencement of glaciation is fixed at 869,000 years

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ago, on p. 395 the Aryans are said to have been then 200,000 years old, which places the beginning of the fifth Root-Race 1,069,000 years ago. "Again the periods of the four glaciations agree fairly well with the periods of the four later sub-races of the fifth Root-Race. Doubtless with a little adjustment of the four ice-periods the agreement could be made more exact, though it should always be remembered that it is with races and sub-races as with geologic periods and sub-periods — there is bound to be overlapping in almost all cases." (W. S.)

It will be observed that the post-glacial period, roughly corresponding with *the beginning of the fifth sub-race*, is placed at about 180,000 years ago. On referring to *The Secret Doctrine*, II, pp. 417-8, we find that the immigration into Egypt from India of the Eastern Ethiopians — the race of Io, "the cow-horned maid," — occurred at a time plainly indicated. "It is there that a new race (the Egyptians) will begin --- *fifth in descent*," in other words, the start of the fifth sub-race of the fifth Root-Race, in which we live today. It fixes the date of Menes, or Mena, at least approximately — and the efforts of Eusebius to jerrymander what of Manetho's supposed chronology happened to reach him are unavailing. The long gaps in Egyptian chronology (VII-XI and XIII-XVII) are therefore very considerably longer than has been assumed. (See School of Antiquity paper, 'Ancient Astronomy in Egypt.')

"I think it is reasonably certain that the *oldest* of the megalithic monuments were built as far back as the second interglacial period, over 600,000 years ago.

"The archaic records show the Initiates of the *Second* Sub-race of the Aryan family moving from one land to the other for the purpose of supervising the building of *menhirs* and dolmens, etc.'"—S. D., II, p. 750.

"Many of the supposed early *neolithic* caves . . . pyramidal and conical *menhirs* . . . are the works of the first settlers on the newly-born continent and isles of Europe . . . that remained after the submersion of the last Atlantean continents and islands (850,000 years ago), with the exception of Plato's Atlantean island, and before the arrival [there] of the great Aryan races; while others were built by the earliest immigrants from the East.'"—S. D., II, p. 352

— probably after the latest glaciation 180,000 years ago. The period of the second sub-race was about from 900,000 to 650,000 years ago. For one thing, the whole of these megalithic monuments are built of practically indestructible stone, which proves the lithological knowledge of the builders. From an ordinary standpoint it seems impossible that upright monoliths could have withstood several glaciations, but those who built them probably well knew the vicissitudes they would have to endure, and would make due provision. They were in fact sunk deep in the soil, to resist both glaciation and erosion. The 'Rudstone Pillar,' Yorkshire, of millstone grit, with a length of 48 feet, is sunk 24 feet in the soil. Callernish Circle was covered to a depth of seven feet with peat. Mosses of no


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great depth have arctic flora in their lower strata. On the average it would take 100,000 years to grow seven feet. And the geologic changes which transformed Callernish into a peat bog were probably part of the Champlain movement immediately following the last glaciation." (W. S.)

There are many collateral points — myriads! — connected with this line of investigation, which touches but an infinitesimal part of the topics discussed in *The Secret Doctrine*. We hope to return to the subject later on.

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AMBROSIUS KESTEVEN

 IACOMO and Camilla had been up at the castle all day, pottering about and dreaming; and, towards evening, preparing a meal in case their master should return. This was a daily observance, and the ritual of their religion: carried out in simple, unanxious faith for the last thirty years. What would happen when they were gone, neither of them troubled to speculate. The Marchese would have come back before then, and the ancient splendor of Castel Giuliano would have returned.

It was the subject of all their talk, that ancient splendor. The old Marchese Don Giulio — how noble, how glorious a man he had been! — "But severe, Giacomino mio; severe!" Don Ferdinando, *poverino*, had perhaps been a trifle gay; there was generous blood in his veins; *ecco!* you could not expect the prudence of age from the heart and brains of youth. A matter for Fra Domenico to absolve; what else were they for, those priests? A little penance; with peas in the shoes, if the saints were really offended. *Ecco!* — she herself, Camilla, understood the boiling of peas; she could have arranged all in such manner that no violence should have been done to the Marchesino's gentle nurture. As for the saints, they would have thought the better of her for it, had the matter come to their ears. Even that was doubtful; "they have a deal to attend to, my Giacomino!" But that of driving the *poverino* from the castle of his ancestors — Sant' Ampeglio, it was altogether too severe! Might it be pardoned her for saying so — and Don Giulio himself a saint in glory now. . . . as without doubt he was; and let the Holy Father mark what she said.

Camilla had been Don Ferdinando's nurse, and he remained in her eyes the one who could do no wrong. His birth had followed quickly on a birth in their cottage: hence the honor done Camilla. For the daughter born to her then — her only child — the Marchese himself had stood

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sponsor; of his great grace giving the child the name of Maria Giuliana. This was a bolt to transfix the heart of Giacomo forever: thenceforth the Marchese, living, had been for him the pattern and *ne plus ultra* of noblemen; and dead, the saint to whom his prayers were addressed. But then, Giacomo had been born, forty-five years before, into the personal service, you might say, of that same Marchese's father; so hereditary faithfulness entered into his composition, and formed the basis of this later cult. Camilla, on the other hand, was from Apricale, beyond the valley: of the estate, but not of the household. And her soul was over-occupied with the two babies at the time, for Don Giulio's condescension to impress it fully. Consequently for her Don Giulio, and for Giacomo Don Ferdinando, had been the one to shine with a borrowed light: had been respectively the father and the son of Perfection: although in each case, very near to being Perfection himself, be it said.

When Don Giulio banished his son, Giacomo accepted the fiat with sorrow, but unquestioningly: the Marchese, if severe, was infallible. Don Ferdinando, he considered, would go to the wars, achieve greatness, and return to rule his life and lands after the fashion of his so glorious progenitor. It was not well, in any case, for your young eagle to stay in the eyrie over-long; *ecco!* one must see the world. Meanwhile it was sad, certainly. — Not so had Camilla taken it, however. She *knew* there could have been no adequate cause for sternness so unpaternal: it was the natural wickedness in the heart of man, that moved the world to persecute her darling. She went into open rebellion when the news was brought to the cottage. "There, there, thy tongue is too long, Beppo!" — this to the servant who had brought it. "Thou hast been told lies, or art thyself lying. It was malice sent thee; it was Angela thy sweetheart, who hates me out of jealousy. *Basta!* I go to the castle myself; and thy Marchese shall listen to reason before I return." — "Bide where thou art, Camilla; I command it!" said Giacomo. — "Command thou where thou mayest find obedience, my spouse," she answered; and was gone.

In the servants' hall she received confirmation of the news: there was an atmosphere of unease and tension there, that shattered her faith in Angela's malice before ever a word was spoken. Her questioning elicited this: during the morning the Marchese had sent for his son; at noon Don Ferdinando had ridden forth. None knew what had passed at the interview, but rumors were rife. There had been anger certainly; though Don Giulio's anger was not of the kind that finds expression in loudness, and eavesdropping had been disappointingly unprofitable. But the whole house felt it, and trembled. There had been a summons, and: — *Saddle Don Ferdinando's horse — immediately!* — and he, *poveretto*, with the as-


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pect of one crushed and appalled, had ridden forth. . . . — “And you, dastards, pigs,” cried Camilla, “you suffered this crime to be done, and made no sound?” Eloquently she poured scorn on their lineage, from which courage nor virtue was possible. “For me, I go to talk to this tyrant so cruel; I go to undo this fearful wrong. And whoso desires reward from a penitent father, let him saddle and ride after my lord, and bid him return.” They made no sign of compliance, knowing their master better; but neither did they attempt to rail back at her. With the men, this last was mainly out of pity; with Angela, because she found herself for the moment over-awed.

Don Giulio was anything but a tyrant, or cruel; though it might be said that in him the ancient Roman honor more appeared than any that drew breath in Italy. His mother had been a Spaniard; and some ichor from the land of Don Quixote, also, undoubtedly ran in his veins. He had lived the life of a recluse on his estate, feeding upon refined, haughty, and benevolent ideals. He had walked the straight path; had governed with justice and mercy. He had dreamed Mazzini's dream before Mazzini; and knew its fulfilment postponed until the Bruti and Lucretias should return. He could strike no blow for Italy himself, since the time was unripe; but he could live exaltedly for her, and hope all things from his son. His wife had died when Ferdinando was three: a bereavement that would have broken him, but that the intense and knightly devotion he had accorded her, found other vents through which to burn. The loves that remained to him glowed whiter for his pain, and were to be called spiritual, almost entirely: they were for Italy, for his people, and for the ideal he had made of his son.

He governed his estates through Giacomo, his steward; whom, above all, he trusted. It was characteristic of him that he would have no city-born stranger in that office; but one of the peasants themselves, who would understand his fellow peasants; and, being trustworthy, see that none suffered and none transgressed. His own exterior pride and sternness, an outward semblance from the intensity of his dreams, held away from him the popular love that he deserved: his people were well contented, and honored him; but their Marchese was too aloof to be adored. Yet such ardent, you may say passionate, benevolence as his is a force more potent than steam or electricity, and is bound to awaken its response; the adoration was given, and liberally, but to Don Ferdinando his son. The latter, as child and boy, was as unlike his father as might be: all sunshine and affability, he was here, there, and everywhere among the peasants, and had for supreme talent the faculty to make himself loved. Later, when he had grown into youth, his doings had come to be questioned: there were stories afloat; and prudent mothers, if their daughters

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had the fatal gift, were on guard when he was by. Except always Camilla, whose faith was perfect, and made her heroic now to beard the Marchese and storm.

He was standing at his library window, looking out over his valley, to the little towns perched here and there on the hillsides: white Lorgnone, San Giacinto, Dolceacqua: his little towns and his fathers' before him. There they were, the little towns on their crags: lime-washed walls and red roofs in a sea of gray-green olives; below, the vineyards and the fields; above, the stretches of wild thyme, rosemary, and myrtle among the pines. There, yonder, was his olive mill; there was his river, his *dolce acqua*, whose music, except in dry summer, rose forever to the towers of Castel Giuliano. There were the scenes and sounds that he loved, that he had always longed for during the few occasions in his life when he had been absent from them for more than a few days together. And now, where was their beauty; where was their sanctity gone?

On this mood in him Camilla broke, to pour forth the torrents of her wrath, and end in a storm of tears. "Ah, Signore, what is this that I have heard? what is this wickedness that you have done?" — None had so treated him before; and the household was intensely apprehensive, knowing whither she had gone, and in what temper. But in truth they did not know the man, nor guess the depths of his pride and love. His people were a part of himself, and their honor was his own. She was utterly unprepared for the reception he gave her. "Thou too?" he said, turning from the window. "And thou knowest not why he has gone?"

"Ah, Signore, I know not and I care not. For what reason are there priests, except to absolve our little sins? Ah me," she sobbed, "your lordship is unjust and cruel — but cruel! But you will repent — already you have repented! You wait to give the order to ride after him!"

"Listen then, poor little Camilla! Thou wilt understand too soon, alas; and then —"

He would have said — "then the child that will be born, and the mother, shall have right done them, if it lies within the power of my marquisate." Right — that is, adoption, education, and, if the law could achieve it, recognition as heir of Castel Giuliano. But in fact, his eye having offended him, he had plucked it out; and the wound was too sore for speech. His ideals might have stood him in better stead, had Ferdinando himself not been so intimate a part of them: he had played the Roman father by virtue of will and idealism, not through any coldness of heart. "Go now, then, *poverina*," he said, "and put thy trust in the good Gesù and his saints!" And she, having expended her armory, departed; to give herself to days of quiet weeping.

And then her own Maria disappeared; and Camilla was still too grief-

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sick over the first, to feel the second blow in its intensity, or to perceive its significance. A runaway match, no doubt; that might end well enough, for that matter: we should hear of the little ingrate in time. . . . To connect her disappearance with the cause of the Marchese's anger against his son; to imagine that the latter's expulsion was punishment for wrong he had done Maria: would have been as impossible to Camilla as the commission of any deadly sin. Nor did even Giacomo guess the truth; perhaps being too much concerned about his master, to give himself to brooding on troubles of his own. One must consider how peasant loyalty had been growing in his line for generations; and how Don Giulio's virtues had turned what was an instinct into a passion. The whole incident had held from the first less than its due importance in their minds; the Marchese, who knew the cause of it, felt it much more deeply than they did. But now you must hear the whole story of it: both that which Don Giulio knew, and that which, for lack of knowing, he died.

We must say that there were grand elements in this Maria Giuliana; it needed but the bitter touch to bring them to the surface. Ferdinando, bringing all his arts to play, had wakened passion in her, promised her marriage; then, when he turned and laughed at her pleadings, the revelation of herself and of him came to her. For all his charm and brilliance, she saw, he was a veritable weakling; although passion had swept her headlong once, she knew that she was a hundred times stronger and braver than he. She loved him still, and was big enough to mingle her love with pity; to transmute it, largely, into that. Had the Marchese not banished him; had he remained at home, his guilt undiscovered, she would have bided her shame and said nothing. But now that he was gone she set forth to follow his trail through the Apennines, with peasant sense and instinct for guides, and something far higher than vulgar passion as motive. You are not to think she excused herself, or was blind to her fault; only, with the difficulties that lay before her, she could not afford to indulge in remorse. A child was to be born, and for its sake she must find its father; but she must find him for his own sake also: she must make him do right by his child, if she could; but also she must, if she could, shield and wean him from wrong. Her main thought was: *He will come to great grief, poor child, with none to protect him.* I will not speak of her sufferings during her search and the weeks that preceded it; out of them strength came daily seeping into her; as is the way when the potentiality of a grand compassion lies at the roots of character. She tracked him to Vienna, came upon him in utter poverty and depression, played her cards consummately, and convinced him of his dependence on her; then, taking him in a mood of penitence, won from

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his better nature, before her son was born, the marriage to which his father had commanded him in vain. After all, he reflected, such a step would mean repatriation: immediate wealth and comfort restored: and Maria, for whom he cared at times, had the manners and education of a lady, and was undoubtedly beautiful. He married her, and wrote of it to his father; but before the letter was posted, news came that his father had died. Whereupon he changed his mind about returning: partly because he saw how Maria longed for it, partly for other reasons. He could spend his patrimony in Vienna, where pleasures could be bought that neither love nor money would win at Castel Giuliano. Here Maria would be useful, there she would be a drag socially; so, that none of his acquaintances there might know he had married beneath him, he forbade her to write to her parents. Thus it had come about that now, in their old age, she had passed entirely out of their lives.

As for Don Giulio's death, it had happened in this way. Half his life had gone with the loss of Ferdinando; Maria's disappearance, of which he knew the cause, seemed absolutely to threaten what of it remained. Giacomo and Camilla, in his dreams, were types of the peasants of Italy: of the new Italy that was to be, all faithfulness, frugal virtue, and simplicity. Twenty years before, in the joy of his own recent fatherhood, he had stood sponsor to their child: an act that he looked on as symbolic, and was proud to perform. He had taken his sponsorship seriously, too — in his life and in his dreams. She should be educated; and he had himself superintended her education. She should honorably marry: perhaps, if the time were ripe, a soldier of Italian liberation; at least she should bear strong sons to fight for that holiest cause. He would provide her dowry; God send her husband might fight under his son, or her sons under his son's sons! Now she was lost, and he felt himself not unresponsible; since he had been dreaming and mourning, these last weeks, when he should have been taking steps for her protection. He had not been able to speak of it to her parents, when word of her disaster first came to him: time, that would force that ordeal on him, he had thought, would also bring him strength to go through with it. Now, what a march that same time had stolen on him! Should he tell them now, when what they were inclined to make light of, stood revealed to him as their daughter's probable perdition? He had the country scoured for her; rode himself; it was wonderful that she succeeded in escaping. Returning, his horse had taken fright, and thrown him; he had broken a thigh in the fall; complications followed; of which, and mainly of grief, he died after five months.

“Giacomo,” he said at the last, “what wilt thou do, thou and Camilla?”

“What my lord may command,” said the weeping Giacomo. They had

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their little hoard, those two, gathered carefully during their years of service; and their cottage and garden, at the foot of the castle hill, were freehold, given them by Don Giulio at the time of their marriage.

“Listen then; I have made provision for you in my will. My son will repent, and return some day; perhaps he has already repented. Remain where you are; be steward for him until he returns; take care of the people; collect the rents and keep the house in order for him. . . . Take care of the people! . . . Take care of the people!” A pause; then followed instructions as to certain work that was to be carried out; privileges that were to be granted or extended. “And now,” said he, “send for Camilla. I must have her forgiveness before I go.”

Giacomo wept. “Signore, signore, she shall go on her knees beside the bed here, and pray for yours! A shrewish and bitter woman, signor mio; but of the great goodness of your heart you will forgive her, remembering her love for her fosterchild. Ah my lord, bitter will our days be, when your highness is with the saints in paradise!”

“Call her, Giacomino.” He intended to tell them, now at the last, why he had banished his son; and to pray for their forgiveness of the sin done by his flesh and blood against theirs. But when Camilla came in with her husband she was all tears and voluble prayers for forgiveness. She would do penance, indeed she would — ah, none of Fra Domenico’s bagatelles! — she would trudge in to the capital, seek out Fra Ludovico Menoni, who inspired terror; and to him confess to theft, to perjury, to parricide. . . . All this for having upbraided the Marchese, a few months before. — Perhaps it confused the dying man, and drove distinct memories from his mind. Instead of telling them of his son’s sin, he merely blessed them as they knelt at his bedside, weeping and kissing his hands. Then the priest came with extreme unction; and while it was being administered, he died.

Besides what provision he had made for them, he had left an astonishing sum — all that he had in money or investments, in fact — “to my beloved god-daughter Maria Giuliana Giacomelli”; to be held in trust for her by the advocate Paolo Bolognini, pending her discovery; or to be dispensed, on proof received of her death, in charity. To Giacomo, who was named in it steward and guardian of the estates, Advocate Paolo, called Big Bolognini, explained as much of the will as concerned him; and he in turn explained it to Camilla.

A month later a letter had come from Vienna: “Giacomo: I need money. Send the year’s rents, and what else thou hast in hand. Thy lord, Ferdinando di Castel Giuliano.” Giacomo sent the rents, with a full account laboriously drawn up, and duly attested by the lawyer.

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A few months passed, and then this came: "Giacomo: I need more money; what was sent was insufficient. If thou hast not twenty-five thousand in hand, sell such and such lands. Thy lord, Ferdinando di Castel Giuliano." The steward took counsel with his wife. — "He has generous blood in his veins," said she. "He will need vast sums to maintain his state among the Tedeschi, so that they may not become familiar, those ones." — "Or perhaps," said Giacomo, "it is for good works he will require it." — "That also is likely," said Camilla; but leaned to the opinion that it was to overawe the Tedeschi. "In any case, the money must be sent." Giacomo groaned. — "But to sell the lands —" he began; but found no words to express the horror of it. — "Who speaks of the lands?" said Camilla. "We are over-rich, Giacomino mio, thou and I — *ecco!*" — "It is as thou sayest, Camilla," said Giacomo, a load lifted from his mind. Next day he explained his need to Big Bolognini, and by his aid converted half the Marchese's legacy into notes. "I charge thee nothing for advice, Giacomino," said the lawyer; "since thou art an obstinate pig, and wouldst take none." "*Si, sissignore!*" Giacomo agreed: who had always found legal advice a thing that tended to confusion. He sent the money to Vienna, explaining that by God's grace there had been no need to sell the lands.

But the demands had come thick and fast; and first their own money, and then, bit by bit, the estates had gone. So things had come to be as they were. There were no servants left at Castel Giuliano; two rooms only remained furnished and habitable: of the rest, one after another had been closed, shuttered and bolted after everything sellable in it had been sold. It was a long siege, an unequal contest: time and ruin and decay the beleaguering host, and Giacomo and Camilla the garrison. And there was a traitor within: an arch-traitor and agent of the enemy: old age. Hard living and the natural passage of the years had long been telling against the steward and his wife; they were up early and late; they sought no rest; but limbs will stiffen at last, and minds grown old run towards dream. The scouring that in the days of their affluence Camilla would have finished in early morning, now took her all day; the repairs, or the gardening, that Giacomo used to do in a day, now lasted him a week. It was — "how many years, Camilla mia?" — "Ten at the least, Giacomino," — since he had written to his master: "Signore, there are no more rents, and nothing left to sell; therefore I cannot send the money." "Thou hast been careless and improvident," came the reply. "I shall return, and demand full accounts." Giacomo pondered grievously and long, seeking wherein his improvidence had lain; but gave it up at last, concluding that his nature was to be stupid. Now, he had long since forgotten all that last letter, except the fact that it

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promised return. There was very much that they had forgotten, the two of them.

But that stopping of the funds marked a change in the prodigal's menage in the far country. No more riotous living now; but for Maria, his diet should have been "the husks that the swine did eat." And you will note that a measure of poetic justice had been done him; had he permitted her to write home, nothing could have saved her fortune from him. Henceforward it was she who was to hold the purse strings and the reins of government. She had fought daily battles for his soul, and lost heroically; had borne long with his cruelty, which now wasted down into mere cantankerous peevishness. Meanwhile she had captured certain of the sums sent by Giacomo, and started a little business of her own, of which her husband knew, or professed to know, nothing. At this business she had worked early and late; had developed it with indomitable courage, Italian taste and sound peasant sense; until, when resources from Castel Giuliano failed, with the help of her son she was making good money. And she had achieved bringing up the boy decently, with the object-lesson of his miserable father before his eyes; heaven knows how she had sacrificed and striven, to educate him! Long ago she had paid for that first mistake, had this brave Maria Giuliana; and turned her life, so gravely once in jeopardy of ruin, into a thing all nobility. But she had won her reward: in seeing Don Giulio's virtues, and not Don Ferdinando's vices, develop in her son.

All of which, of course, was infinitely far from the knowledge of the old folk at home. Their life and hers had diverged so widely, that now there was no correlation, in realities, between the two. For them, the black-haired and laughing-eyed Maria had somehow grown out of the past into the future; all the facts concerning her over-shadowed by their ruling passion. They had never thought of her departure as tinged deeply with tragedy; they had expected her to return sometime; now they had come to think of her as of one who had never gone out of their lives — who was absent for the moment, that was all; — and to speak of what she would do, what she would say or think, on the day of days. — "For she also loves him, as we do." So they traveled by a quiet and silvery road into the paradise of old age, which need have no boundary, no sharp distinction, between it and the paradises that lie beyond.

It was their own devotion that made that road pleasant for them; to a looker-on, the way would have seemed barren and difficult enough. How did they live at all? One would have had to ask the Big Bolognini; he, it appeared, had still mysterious funds belonging to the estate, and paid them weekly what should have kept them from hunger. They accepted it in good faith, and tried more than once to get him to dis-

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gorge it in lump to send to their master. But Bolognini was adamant as to that: "Would you have me sent to prison?" said he; and referred in vague terms to the will. He thought he was compounding with the saints for the safety of his soul; in reality it was the milk of human kindness. Of which in truth there was much in him; and he had no wife or children to consult as to what he should do with his own. "Poor little old ones so sympathetic!" he would sigh, soothing his business acumen after such an indulgence; "after all, one derives from it amelioration of appetite and digestion." The money he gave them, used peasant-wise, would have met all their needs; but there was the daily supper to prepare for Don Ferdinando, and they spent it expensively, nine tenths of it, on that. The meal thus prepared, however, served themselves for rations the next day. They never expected their lord to arrive in the daytime, and never failed to expect him in the evening: a superstition, one must suppose.

Poveri vecchietti tan simpatici! — they were, in truth, very old now. Their mouths were deep sunken; their faces innumerable lined; their limbs somewhat stiff and unmanageable; but their minds had struck root deep in dreamland, and there bloomed and rioted. "When their lord returned" — ah, when their lord returned — and the Golden Age! All the greatness of the house would be restored; all the prosperity of the valley. The virtues they had known in Don Giulio, they transferred to Don Ferdinando; plus all the charm that had been his own. It was the beauty and tranquillity of their youth that they looked to see again: the whole romance of years long since, whose bright days only were remembered.

Now to go back to the point from which we started: — they had been up at the castle all day; now it was past ten o'clock and once more they postponed their expectations. "Clearly he will not come tonight, my Camilla." They lit their lantern, and began the hobble homeward. "It is better that it should be tomorrow," said Camilla; "I have but half scrubbed the floor of the sala; by tomorrow evening it will be finished." This also was a convention with them: to find consolation in the unfinishedness of their work. A storm was blowing, and no moon shone; though here in the great avenue there was some shelter for them, it was no night for old folk to be gadding abroad. Suddenly: — "Eh — who calls?" said Giacomo; and Camilla: — "It is our Maria only, *sposo mio*; it is nothing. *Pazienza*, little Maria; we come!" And I am to tell you that Camilla was right; that it was Maria who called, and no other. Thirty years ago they had lost a merry peasant daughter; now the lantern should have shown them a tall, grave, well-dressed lady; but "*It is our Maria only, sposo mio*," said Camilla; "*it is nothing*."

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“Ah, *carissimi*, your forgiveness!” she said. —“*Ebbene, piccolina*, thou didst well to come, on the contrary” — this from Giacomo — “thou canst help thy mother through the storm.” And Camilla: — “Take the lantern from thy father, child; it grows difficult for him to manage it, these stormy nights.”

One could not shout explanations against the wind; and none seemed to be needed — immediately. So, wondering and waiting for light, she shepherded them to the cottage in all love. She must have time to think, to discover things, must this brave Maria, before serious action could be taken, or serious words said.

They came to the door, and the old people entered in front of her; from what might happen now she would get her guidance. What did happen was more a surprise to her than to her parents. There, standing in the candle-light waiting for them, they beheld — that which they had been expecting all those years. There he stood, young and handsome, precisely as they had always pictured him — their own lord, their Don Ferdinando. Camilla gave one cry of joy, and had him in her arms, was hanging on his breast. —“Ah, *signorino mio*, thou hast come back to thy old nurse; thou hast come back to thy little Camilla, to make glad her ancient eyes!” There was none of the shock of surprise which kills; they had been expecting this for thirty years. The shock would have been, perhaps, if he who had returned had been the worn-out rip who had died a few weeks before in Vienna, after wasting their money and his father's estate; if they could have been made to realize that *he* was their Don Ferdinando, it might have killed them. But this was just their own boy: a few years older than when he left, but still young and merry.

For a moment Maria did not realize how things stood. “Ah; love him, *madre carissima*; since he is your own grandson.” —“What nonsense she talks, the little Maria! Calm thyself then, my daughter; thy head is turned with joy at the return of our lord the Marchesino!” Then the situation dawned upon Maria; one cannot say whether with more sadness or relief. There was nothing to explain. “Thou seest how it is with them, my Dino,” she whispered to her son. “To them thou art thy father, who was as thou art when last they saw him.”

—“Ah, but he has even improved, our Marchesino,” said Camilla. “Eh, Giacomo?” —“It is as thou sayest, *sposa mia*. Signorino, thy father, the sainted Don Giulio, would behold thee with pride now.” —“For a saint, he was too severe,” said Camilla sadly. “To take so gravely thy little faultlings.” So they made much of him; while Maria, seated apart, wept quietly. There was nothing to explain; they would never know the story of her life.

You see how it ended? Big Bolognini needed but to see the marriage

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lines, the birth certificate, and the certificate of the death of her husband in Vienna; he was on his feet in a moment, bowing profusely; he was a good man, if stout, and a little soapy and flaccid. "But welcome, Madonna! Signor Marchese, you are most welcome! Ah, and there is much money waiting for you, too. Giacomo — your excellent father, Madonna, tried hard to get it from me. Had I known you were at Vienna, it would have gone."

In fact, there was enough to rehabilitate the castle; even to buy back much of the land: completely to restore, so far as Giacomo and Camilla ever knew, the ancient splendor of Castel Giuliano, the Golden Age of their dreams.

They lived to see two wonderful years of it; then, entered upon dreamings new and even brighter, but still kindred to their old ones.