THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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"For all this is an everlasting sequence without beginning or end, sustained by its immutable law in the continuity of eternity. It rises and falls alternately, and as time rolls onward, that which had disappeared, again rises uppermost. For such is the condition of the circular movement; all things are interchained in such wise that neither beginning nor end can be distinguished, and they appear to precede and follow each other unceasingly."

— HERMES TRISMEGISTOS. *Asklepios*, xiv. (Translated by Kingsford and Maitland)

THEOSOPHICAL KEYNOTES

HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY, the Foundress of the present Theosophical Movement, is called the 'lion-hearted' by her followers, and I can conceive of no better name for her, because in every act of her life there was a superb courage, a courage of a quality which we rarely hear of except when under peculiar circumstances a man is aroused to his highest motive and most superb effort by some stirring emergency. I mean spiritual courage, of a quality which marks one who has realized that he is essentially divine, which endows him with a measure of knowledge that can come to him only through his inner nature, which at that moment makes him conscious that he is something more than he seems, part of the universal scheme of life, and in harmony with the wonderful forces of nature. In spite of his having made mistakes, in spite of having faltered, of having done injustice to others, once he realizes that he and every man inherits the power to be his own savior, and can make his life an expression of divine law, — that very fact will bring to him a superb courage such as Madame Blavatsky possessed in so marked a degree and which she carried through her whole life.

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What more optimistic presentation could I make of Theosophy? Here is an optimism that is so superb and so inspiring that I wish I had the power to reach the ear of every preacher and teacher and reformer and statesman with it. And I know that if the best expressions that we have of human life today could have this pulsating and inspiring power of knowledge which Madame

Blavatsky had, a way would open by which the present threatening problems in Europe and in the whole world might be solved. There would come into the minds of those who are seeking the solution an inner light, an inner knowledge, and an inner and a higher understanding of Brotherhood. The force would be so great that it would not only touch the hearts and minds of those who are participating and helping in this great effort; but it would go out through the world, wherever there is unrest, suffering, discouragement and despair; it would touch the most indifferent, those who are but half living because of the seeds they have sown in the past; it would reach to all nations and bring a breath of new life and hope and inspiration, not only to them but to those who shall follow after.

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We need the courage of our convictions, but how can we have this in the highest sense unless our convictions are founded on the granite rock of knowledge — self-knowledge — unless we know ourselves? The ancient injunction, "Man Know Thyself," has a greater power today than it had yesterday, because there is a greater demand upon each of us and upon the whole human race. When I think of the needs of the hour, my mind turns to Madame Blavatsky and the message which she brought to the Western world under the divine urge of her convictions, the divine urge of her soul; and the one great object she had in view was to free the minds of men from distrust and skepticism and all that obstructs the Light of Truth. Her endeavor was to remove if but a few of the heavy weights which obstruct the progress of mankind — obstructions that have been imposed upon us through many centuries, obstructions of creeds and dogmas.

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She did not aim to destroy Christianity. She held in highest reverence the pure teachings of Jesus; but the forms and creeds and dogmas which had obscured those teachings she sought to clear away. She began by bringing to those who would listen another side of the Gospels — an esoteric side. She called to their attention the time and peculiar circumstances in which the Gospels were written; and how the early Church Fathers, in their presentations of the teachings, accentuated certain aspects and obscured others — obscured so much that humanity has been, in a sense, groveling in darkness ever since, though human egotism has flattered itself into believing the opposite. Possibly the early Fathers thought they were acting for the best interests of humanity, the multitudes were not as enlightened as we are, there was little education, very few books, and we will not blame them, we will simply say they did not have the foresight to see the serious results that would follow from their obscurations.

The darkness and ignorance in regard to spiritual things have been largely the result of following the letter of the law rather than the spirit; due also largely to the fact that the early Fathers had not reached a point of inner knowledge, had not sufficiently advanced spiritually to have the inner, higher Light of the Soul, and to know that there were two sides to the teachings which they were passing on to future generations; that the teaching which was given by the Nazarene to the multitudes was different, and was intended to be different, from that which he gave to those who, in seeking to follow the Path, had reached a point of spiritual discernment. All this was shown clearly by St. Paul, truly one of the most advanced exponents of the teachings, and I am very sure that I have the majority of thinkers with me on this point. In his letter to the Corinthians he wrote that he could not approach them as he wished, for they were not in a state of spiritual discernment, he had to meet them as living yet in a carnal condition, saying, "I have fed you with milk, and not with meat: for hitherto ye were not able to bear it, neither yet now are ye able. For ye are yet carnal. . . . "

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There is evidence of true discernment in those words which shows that St. Paul must have known something of the basic teaching of the Wisdom-Religion which was taught far preceding the time of Christ. Study his writings as a Theosophist would, and you will find that he presents the teachings under two aspects. You will understand that he must have had inner knowledge, that probably he was an Initiate — Theosophists call him one — and that he had knowledge of the esoteric side of the teachings and was trying to lead the people slowly to it. He gave them an incentive to search for it, presented word-pictures of the duality of man, which showed they were still carnal, and had failed to reach the inner higher side of their natures. They were of little faith and so he must treat them as babes and feed them with milk instead of meat.

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In this and in other ways you will find, if you will but read the Bible from a Theosophical standpoint, that all in it that is worthy of study and belief has two sides. You will find too that in the preparation of the Bible and in the building up of the great Church of Christianity as an organization, much was introduced that had no rightful place in either. Madame Blavatsky clearly shows this in her writings, but please bear in mind that neither she, nor I, nor any true Theosophist, at any time attempts to misrepresent Christianity, though we cannot accept the creeds and dogmas. Take, for instance, the idea of Christ. Theosophists accept him as a great Initiate who had gained his knowledge through many lives, and came truly as the Teacher to the time in which he lived. Study

his teachings from the Theosophical standpoint, and you will find a new meaning and a new comfort in them. You will discover that something is lacking in the generally-accepted interpretation of them; but turn to Theosophy and you will find the Truth. Such suggestions as these are only for inquiring students, for those who are seeking to solve life's riddles; but for the ignorant and the self-serving and self-loving these things are not given. They are for those who are seeking the Truth, and enlightenment on those questions which to them have heretofore been hard to understand.

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It was this enlightenment that Madame Blavatsky sought to give, it was she who brought this knowledge again to the Western world. She declared that she did not bring anything original; in her modest and superb womanhood she declared that she had simply found these things, that she had been taught them. In her Introductory to her greatest work, The Secret Doctrine, *she wrote:*

"*But to the public in general and the readers of the* 'Secret Doctrine' *I may repeat what I have stated all along, and which I now clothe in the words of Montaigne: Gentlemen,* 'I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own but the string that ties them.'

"*Pull the 'string' to pieces and cut it up in shreds, if you will. As for the nosegay of* facts — *you will never be able to make away with these. You can only ignore them, and no more.*"

And it is these teachings which the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society is today trying to present — the great and glorious truths which Madame Blavatsky brought to the present age, and which have made this organization the wonderful religious movement which it is. Yet for this she was persecuted and her life shortened by the persecution which came right from the centers of certain religious organizations governed by creeds and dogmas.

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Let us consider for a moment the meaning of the word Christ, which in the Greek is Christos. There were two words, Christos and Chrestos, which the ancients used centuries before the teacher came whom people call the Christ. In one of her wonderful articles, 'The Esoteric Character of the Gospels,' Madame Blavatsky writes:

"*He who will not ponder over and master the great difference between the meaning of the two Greek words — Christos and Chrestos — must remain blind forever to the true esoteric meaning of the Gospels; that is to say, to the living Spirit entombed in the sterile dead-letter of the texts, the very Dead-Sea fruit of* lip-*Christianity. . . . The reader must bear in mind the real archaic meaning . . . involved in the two terms* Chrestos *and* Christos. *The former*

means certainly more than merely a 'good,' an 'excellent man,' while the latter was never applied to any one living man, but to every Initiate at the moment of his second birth and resurrection. *He who finds Christos within himself and recognises the latter as his only 'way,' becomes a follower and an* Apostle of Christ, *though he may never have been baptized, nor even have met a 'Christian,' still less call himself one."*

And Madame Blavatsky goes on to say:

"The word Chrestos existed ages before Christianity was heard of. It is found used, from the fifth century B. C. *by Herodotus, by Aeschylus, and other classical Greek writers, the meaning of it being applied to both things and persons."*

Many examples of its use are given by Madame Blavatsky, who says further:

"All this is evidence that the terms Christ and Christians, spelt originally Chrest *and* Chrestians, *were directly borrowed from the Temple terminology of the Pagans, and meant the same thing."*

Then after further reference to its use by the ancient writers, she declares:

"In short, there is a deep mystery underlying all this scheme [i. e., *the derivation usually given of the word Christos*] *which, I maintain, only a thorough knowledge of the* Pagan *Mysteries is capable of unveiling. It is not what the early Fathers, who had an object to achieve, may affirm or deny, that is the important point, but rather what is now the evidence for the real significance given to the two terms* Chrestos *and* Christos *by the ancients in the pre-Christian ages."*

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So we see that Chrestos meant a good man, and Christos, an Initiate, not one who had been divinely sent, but one who had advanced spiritually, who had attained self-mastery, self-knowledge, and had greater knowledge than those about him; and that the "anointing," which is the idea generally connected with the name Christos, was simply a form, and did not of itself confer any special power. We see too that this term applies to others as well as to the one whom Christians call the Savior. These ideas which I am presenting to you belong to the esoteric explanation of the Gospels; and so you can see that when Madame Blavatsky brought these simple truths, she brought to the human race something it had lost, something it should have had all down the ages from the old Pagan times when these things were understood. She placed in the hands of her students a key that will open the great book of revelation — man himself, revealing to him the inner, spiritual, immortal side of his nature, from which, as it unfolds, comes a superb courage, an impersonal, self-sacrificing courage, such as Madame Blavatsky had, which is the heritage of all men.

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If humanity had this courage today, if the human mind would but throw off the bondage of creeds and dogmas and self-serving, and work on the lines

of true Brotherhood, we should have a different system of education, a different race; we should be nearer to a state of true Brotherhood, instead of being, as we are, near to insanity — unbrotherliness — in the present condition of the world's affairs. For, as I have often said, unbrotherliness is the insanity of the age — we have but to look about us to see that this is so.

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In Madame Blavatsky's message there is a great force: it sets the mind to thinking in a new way, it starts new lines of inquiry for the betterment of mankind. She accentuated the idea of unity in diversity, and that in the undercurrents of our lives, in the immortal side of our being, we are all bound together, and Brotherhood is a Fact in Nature — we cannot get away from it. It is only in our outer lives, due to the systems of education which have been followed so long, teaching self-serving, and self-aggrandisement — which are the aims of so many — that it seems not to be so, that Brotherhood appears not to exist as a fact. True, there are many splendid souls in the world, but how many really have the courage of their convictions? They work out their best endeavors from the brain-mind only; they have not the splendid impersonal courage and spiritual virility that Madame Blavatsky had. They try and hope and have a certain quality of faith; they pray; but they are hemmed in, imprisoned as it were, by the limitations of their mental and spiritual life; they look for personal salvation in a heaven hereafter, instead of realizing that the kingdom of heaven is within and must be found here on earth. Is there not self-serving, self-seeking in this?

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But if you will take the real teachings of Theosophy which Madame Blavatsky brought, and will apply them to your lives, you find there can be no self-serving. On the contrary there must be a forgetfulness of the self. Which self? The higher or the lower? Not a forgetfulness of the higher, immortal self. Strengthen the higher, the real Self, call forth the virtues, make manifest the spiritual powers; but control the lower, selfish, mortal self, which is the stumbling-block of poor man in his journey along the Path.

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These thoughts are simply and crudely expressed, but instead of trying to give you a direct exposition of Theosophy, my endeavor is simply to start new currents of thought and to awaken you to the realization that there is a wonderful latent power sleeping in every man, imperfect as he is, and discouraged and possibly hopeless as some are. There is in every human being a great surging power of the Divine, it is the urge of the soul that gives courage to speak out to

the world in all simple acts of self-forgetfulness. But there are so few who recognise it; there is so little real companionship in life, because of the ignorance of the age respecting the realities of existence — the result of the imperfect preparation of those who professed to be working for the benefit of human kind. And because of the obscurations of the deeper truths which have grown out of the mistakes of the early Fathers when the Christian Church was being established, humanity has lost its way and instead of turning to the Light within, it is all the time seeking for some revelation from without.

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Another difficulty is, that so many insist on getting immediate results. It reminds me of myself as a child; I was very fond of flowers and had planted in my garden some choice flower seeds, and in a few days dug up the seeds, thinking that Nature must bend to my puny mind and give immediate results — but with the inevitable disappointment. To achieve true progress we must work on lines of least resistance in all things — in accordance with the laws of Nature. The thinking man, the one who really desires to reach the basic idea of this saying will find that it has many ramifications: to work on lines of least resistance; to fall back on the inner knowledge which is the heritage of every man; to seek companionship with the Higher Self. This Divine Inner Self of every man has no form, but is, as it were, an Illumination to the one who seeks it; it is the Helper, the Warrior-Companion who never deserts one; never alone can one possibly be when working in consonance with the Higher Law; and when the time comes that the Light illumines the soul — Oh, the Victory! The triumph of one soul finding the Light, following the Way, taking an optimistic view of life, understanding the law of Reincarnation, relying on Karma — which means that all life is under the governance of Immutable Justice, that the harvest will surely follow the seed that is sown in trust; and that "as ye sow, so shall ye also reap."

Accepting these few ideas — fugitive ideas, one might almost call them, in comparison to the splendid ones that the teachings of Theosophy call up — one no longer walks with crutches, hesitatingly and falteringly, no longer temporizes with the higher and lower natures, no longer plays the part of the saint one day and crucifies the inner Christos on another day; but one follows the straight path, with a courage born of conviction, based on the knowledge of these superb truths of Theosophy which are within the reach of everyone.

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For these truths, never has one cent been charged, that I have any knowledge of, by any true Theosophist who has followed Madame Blavatsky. It would

be a travesty on Theosophy, on its great, free, beautiful truths, if we should attempt to put its teachings on a pecuniary basis. But I can assure you that you will not have to search very far in order to find certain small bodies of people, some of them very queer people, who seem to have gone through life touching this system and that, this religion and that, making no great effort to build themselves spiritually, carried away with the idea that they have attained to a knowledge of Theosophy, professing to be its exponents — self-declared teachers — and often seeking for pecuniary benefit. They have their little coteries, and they attract the gullible into an acceptance of the very opposite of Theosophy though they use its name and preach it. These misguided people have taken some of the glorious teachings of Theosophy which Madame Blavatsky taught, and have so twisted and turned and overlaid them with fallacies and sophistries that, while they delude many, surely no thoughtful mind can accept them.

These are the very things that were spoken of by Jesus in that great sorrow of his on the Mount of Olives, when his disciples asked him:

". . . 'Tell us, when shall these things be? and when shall be the sign of thy coming, and of the end of the world?' And Jesus answered and said unto them, 'Take heed that no man deceive you. For many shall come in my name, saying, I am Christ; and shall deceive many. And ye shall hear of wars and rumors of wars: see that ye be not troubled: for all these things must come to pass, but the end is not yet. For nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom: and there shall be famines, and pestilences, and earthquakes, in divers places. All these are the beginning of sorrows.' "

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In seeking to carry out the principles of our lives, it is useless to pile up ideas and ideas in the library of our intellect. The world is weighed down with mental subtilties. We need something more; man is a spiritual being, and the principles governing life are spiritual principles. It is these that we must bring into action in our everyday lives, from the simplest and smallest act up to the greatest. In such an endeavor the sincere student finds the real sacredness of time. He is reminded that if he does amiss, even in little things, he is sowing seeds that must bring their harvest, and bring him face to face with the very obstacles — perhaps in a new form — that he has been trying to run away from. There can be no temporizing. Man must find himself through spiritual knowledge and reach that point of spiritual discernment and courage where he shall recognise the Christos Spirit in every man — the Eternal Truth. It is not a man, though it is a name that has been given to many men; and that great Teacher whom the world speaks of as the Christ, in his efforts to teach the multitude and to uplift the people of his day, had the wisdom to go slowly and surely, and to impart the truths of life according to the understanding of his followers.

I do not know where the deeper esoteric knowledge of those old truths of the Gospel is to be found, except in Theosophy. The Bible, as all students know, has been changed many times. It has been revised and adapted to the conditions of the times and sometimes according to the mental bias of the revisers or to further their aims. Those therefore who wish to find the Truth and to help their children to build their lives on right lines, and to build for themselves with a new courage and a new hope and a superb optimism, must go to the fountain-source. And it must be remembered that Madame Blavatsky never declared herself to be the fountain-source. She said she was simply a messenger of Theosophy, a torch-bearer. But the truths are there in her writings, they can be found and cannot be questioned. Who can read for instance The Key to Theosophy, *or* The Voice of the Silence, *or either of her two great works,* Isis Unveiled *and* The Secret Doctrine, *seriously and earnestly seeking truth, and turn away unenlightened?*

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Let the real student, the searcher after Truth, take up any of her great writings — say, The Secret Doctrine! *The lazy man would never care for it at all. She herself said it would be little understood, except by her followers, in the century in which she wrote — that is, in the last — but that in this, it would be better understood. The lazy man, the indifferent, the selfish man, the self-satisfied and the egotistical man, would never be interested at all. But the man who has been touched simply by the conviction that man is immortal, that there is a Divinity within him, will accept it, will pursue the light that he has glimpsed, small though it may be, and will ever follow it, ever seeking further illumination.*

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Real knowledge, in the deeper sense, comes from the inner life, from realizing that man is his own savior, that all the powers of earth and heaven, all the blood that may be shed, and all the atonements that might be offered, can never bring to him his heritage. Not until he seeks the Light within and finds the Higher Self, the Divinity within, and learns to love life because it is so sacred and because it possesses sacred moments and grand opportunities all along the way, can man come into his own. Realizing that there is no Chance in life, but that it is governed by Immutable Law, that if he is to work on the lines of least resistance he must find himself a part of the great Universal Life, that he must accentuate the spirit of Brotherhood in every act of his life — not in the large things alone, but in the smallest duties — thenceforth shall he carry with him a realization of the dear companionship that such knowledge brings.

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The companionship of the Higher Self is no visionary idea, it is vitally real.

Once you find it, as I have often said, never again can you lose it. It fills one's whole being; it changes the very atoms of one's physical body; and if you have as much faith in these things as I have, you will find yourself a new being, with new life, new hopes, and a new optimism. Remember that as you go on, every time you think high thoughts and every time you accentuate them in noble deeds, greater things are happening to you. And you will not seek these things in the spirit of self-serving, or for power, or to build up yourself in the minds of men; but you will come, all of you, like little children to the feet of the Master — the Divine Truth, the Central Light — sitting at the feet of the Truth in order that you may know the Self and find the Child-Life, the Christos Spirit, a name taken from the ancients by the early Fathers and applied to the great Initiate, Jesus.

VILLANELLE OF THE MEADOW-LARK

KENNETH MORRIS

THE Meadow-lark's at song; I know
That little crooked rune he sings
Down in the flaunting palm-tree row. . . .

Hush! it's a rippling lilting slow
Of tune from old forgotten Springs. . . .
— The Meadow-lark at song, I know!

— Some loon gnome with an old oboe,
Or broken bow (and heart) and strings,
Down in the flaunting palm-tree row;

And all his witless mirth and woe
Haunted with half-remembered things. . . .
— The Meadow-lark at song, I know!

— A villanelle from long ago,
Half daft, half wistful-sweet, that rings,
Down in the flaunting palm-tree row,

With old strange wizardries to throw
The soul to its deep imaginings. . . .
— The Meadow-lark at song, I know,
Down in the flaunting palm-tree row. . . .

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REINCARNATION

H. T. EDGE, M. A.

"THE very same way by which the race reaches its perfection, must every individual man, one sooner, another later, have traveled over. Have traveled over in one and the same life? Can he have been, in one and the selfsame life, a sensualist and a spiritual Christian? Can he in the selfsame life have overtaken both?

"Surely not that! But why should not every individual man have existed more than once upon this world?

"Is this hypothesis so laughable merely because it is the oldest? Because the human understanding, before the sophistries of the schools had dissipated and debilitated it, lighted upon it at once?

"Why may not even I have already performed those steps of my perfecting which bring to man only temporal punishments and rewards?

"And once more, why not another time all those steps, to perform which the views of eternal rewards so powerfully assist us?

"Why should I not come back as often as I am capable of acquiring fresh knowledge, fresh expertness? Do I bring away so much from once, that there is nothing to repay the trouble of coming back?

"Is this a reason against it? Or because I forget that I have been here already? Happy it is for me that I do forget. The recollection of my former condition would permit me to make only a bad use of the present. And that which even I must forget *now*, is that necessarily forgotten for ever?

"Or is it a reason against the hypothesis that so much time would have been lost to me? Lost? And how much then should I miss? Is not a whole eternity mine?"

— From LESSING'S *The Education of the Human Race*, translation by F. W. Robertson

REINCARNATION is today the confirmed and familiar belief of a very large part of the world's inhabitants, chiefly in the older lands, where that belief has survived from a time when it was more widely spread — from a time when it was knowledge rather than belief — and where it has not been destroyed by the advancing waves of occidental materialism. This doctrine is a truth; and it is recognised to be such when we apply it to a solution of the problems of life and thereby discover how it solves them.

Every thinking man has often felt that there is much more in him than can be explained or accounted for on the supposition that his experience is limited to the seventy-odd years constituting a single earth-life. Neither the materialistic theory that birth begins all, and death ends all, nor any of the ordinary dogmas as to a future state, will avail to satisfy the mind of such a man; nor again can he rest satisfied in the suspended judgment of an agnostic. To him therefore the doctrine of reincarnation — no newly devised theory, but an item of ancient knowledge revived — comes as a welcome resource. The quotation given above is but one out of a great number which show that this old truth has cropped out again and again in the minds of our greatest thinkers.

As we grow older *we feel more and more keenly that our knowledge and*

experience are ripening just as we approach the time when, according to conventional beliefs, *they will cease to avail us;* and it is little wonder if we ask ourselves, in despair or irony, what can be the meaning or the use of such a state of affairs. If death were the end of all, or even if man were removed for ever from the scene of his endeavors, what a fearful waste of effort would all these countless lives represent! We feel that our efforts and hopes cannot have been in vain; and, since we see that they are not consummated in this life, we inevitably infer that there must be a continuation of existence — that this life is but a fragment of a far greater life.

Looking in the opposite direction, too, towards birth, we find the same difficulty of understanding. The idea of a soul created at a point in time, yet destined to infinite existence at the other end of life, seems untenable. If the soul exists after death, we think, it surely must have existed before birth. The same arguments which demand a sequel to the present life, require also that we should regard this present life as itself a sequel. If this present life is but one fragment of the life of the soul, why should it be the first fragment — chapter one in the series?

Reflecting thus, some modern writers of note have ventured to advocate the idea of reincarnation, but they have nothing definite to go upon and so do not get farther than interesting suggestions and speculations. To attempt to evolve a theory of reincarnation, scientifically, by the adoption of provisional hypotheses subject to periodical amendment, would take infinite time and involve innumerable mistakes; and it is more sensible to turn to actually existing teachings on the subject and to subject them to critical examination in the light of our reason. Such teachings are not meant to be accepted on faith, but examined and tested. A man who wishes to learn music or mathematics does not attempt to reconstruct these subjects *de novo* for himself, but calls in the aid of books and teachers. Nor does he accept as dogmas what he is taught, but works out the problems and proofs for himself. So with reincarnation: if we can find teachings that will teach, let us avail ourselves of them. And we can scarcely do this without turning at once to H. P. Blavatsky, the Foundress of the Theosophical Society, who reintroduced the doctrine of reincarnation to the modern western world.

The idea of reincarnation of course implies that there is something which reincarnates and something wherein it reincarnates; something mortal and something (relatively at least) immortal. If we do not accept the idea that this life is the only one and that death ends all, what is our alternative belief? That there is a soul which outlives the body (and which therefore presumably lived before the body). Do we then accept any of the orthodox religious teachings on this point? What do they tell

us about the pre-existence of the soul? Again, do we believe that, if man has an immortal spark, that immortal spark is but a part of the Universal Life or Spirit, and that it will be reabsorbed into the Spirit at death? If we believe this, in what significant respect does our view differ from that of annihilation? How can the efforts of man, the fruitage of many lives, be garnered and brought to perfection?

To reconcile these difficulties it is necessary to study the teachings as to the sevenfold nature of man, so that we can understand what it is that reincarnates, and what is the vehicle wherein it incarnates. To enumerate the seven principles, they are:

1. The physical body
2. The Linga-Śarîra or subtle body
3. Prâna or the life principle
4. Kâma or the principle of desire

} forming the lower quaternary

5. Manas or the mind
6. Buddhi or the spiritual soul
7. Âtman or the spirit

} forming the higher triad

As this enumeration is confessedly rather rough, we are told, in further elucidation, that the fifth principle, Manas, is dual in its nature, part of it aspiring towards Buddhi, and part gravitating towards Kâma; so that it is more correct to say that there are two Manases, the higher Manas and the lower Manas.

Now as to what reincarnates. To quote from *The Key to Theosophy:*

"*What is it that reincarnates, in your belief?*

"The spiritual, thinking Ego, the permanent principle in man, or that which is the seat of Manas. . . . It is the Buddhi-Manas — the united fifth and sixth principles — which is called the Causal Body by the Vedântins, and which is *consciousness*, that connects It [Âtman, the Universal All] with every personality It inhabits on earth."— Chap. vii

"*I have heard some Theosophists speak of a golden thread on which their lives were strung. What do they mean by this?*

"In the Hindû sacred books it is said that that which undergoes periodical incarnation is the *sûtrâtman*, which means literally the 'Thread Soul.' It is a synonym of the reincarnating Ego — Manas conjoined with *Buddhi* — which absorbs the Mânasic recollections of all our preceding lives. It is so called because, like the pearls on a thread, so is the long series of human lives strung together on that one thread."— Chap. ix

We thus see that man has a distinct *Individuality* throughout the cycle of rebirths, so that the fruits of his earthly experience can be assimilated and gathered together. And this Individuality is the real man, for whose purposes the lives are led. It must be distinguished from the personality — or rather from the many personalities, a fresh one with each life — for these are evanescent. Our present personality did not exist when we were born; it has been gradually built up since; at death it will disappear (as such), just as our former personalities have. This

therefore is not the eternal man, not the real man. This fact explains why it is that life seems such a contradictory puzzle of vain hopes and thwarted purposes: it is because the real liver of the life is not the personality but the reincarnating Ego; it is his purposes, and not those of the personality, that are important.

Those to whom the idea of reincarnation is novel generally bring forward as an objection the question, "Why do we not remember our past lives?" But the question, though natural in an inquirer, is really superficial, as maturer consideration soon shows. The conclusion is soon reached that such memory is neither possible nor desirable until we have reached a riper stage of our evolution than we are in at present. Distinction should be made between memory and recollection: memory being that which is stored, and recollection that which is brought back into consciousness. Making this distinction, we can say that the memory of past lives exists, but that we find ourselves unable to recollect it; and it might perhaps be deemed sufficient answer to suggest that the reason for our failure is that we have not tried long enough or hard enough. In addition it must be borne in mind that the experiences of past lives pertained to different personalities, and that the Reincarnating Ego is the connecting link, and that the recollection would have to bridge the gap of death and rebirth. No such record exists in our present brain; to recall the past experiences we should have to rise above the level of the brain-mind. But though we have no recollection of events and scenes, the memory does actually manifest itself in another way — namely, as the Karmic effects of our past lives.

There will be a desire on the part of some people to have further and more definite knowledge of reincarnation than is readily available at present; but let us ask whether that desire is really justified. One great danger against which it is needful to guard is this, that theoretical knowledge and mere book-learning will get too far ahead of practical knowledge and experience. There was a time in Roman history when the people were filled with great enthusiasm for the pure and simple ideals of their ancestors, and the pursuit of these ideals became quite the fashion. Yet the people were at the same time moving in the contrary direction, by importing luxurious modes of living from the East; and they did not evince the least desire to return to the old simplicity in their actual lives, but on the contrary grew daily more lax and luxurious. Theosophy, with its beautiful teachings, might easily incur such a fate, and reincarnation might become an intellectual enthusiasm only, and the doctrine of Karma merely a subject for philosophizing. But the program of Theosophy is one of work, and it is essential that practice keep pace with precept. Enough has been said about reincarnation in the Theosophical literature

to give us all we need for the present; let us first assimilate this great body of facts, and then we may find ourselves in a position to learn more.

Reincarnation is a part of the general teachings of Theosophy, and cannot be separated from the whole of which it is a part. It has been necessary, in what has already been said, to refer to the seven principles of man, and also to Karma. A study of reincarnation will necessitate a study of other parts of the Theosophical teachings. What applies to Theosophy in general, applies to reincarnation as a part of Theosophy; and in speaking of Theosophy it is important to insist on the need of making the teachings practical in our lives. Therefore the same can be said of reincarnation. When we learn a little about Karma, about our dual nature and essential divinity, and about the fact of rebirth, we are expected to make these ideas the basis for a readjustment of our life; and this for two reasons: that Theosophy has a reformative mission in the world, and that we cannot advance in real knowledge except in so far as we realize in conduct what we have studied in theory.

Let us not therefore regard reincarnation as merely an interesting speculation, but try to live as though we realized its truth and its importance. In this way we shall be carrying out the purposes of our teachers in acquainting us with the doctrine, and we shall be setting our feet on the path which leads to knowledge and wisdom.

The study of reincarnation includes a study of what occurs at the time of dissolution. The dogmatic religious teachings as to the condition of the soul after decease have been found by many people to be too vague for their satisfaction. We may refer to the Platonic doctrine, that the Soul, before it enters the body, dwells in a place and a condition appropriate to its own divine and spiritual nature, and it returns thereto after the dissolution of the body. Such a doctrine is of course familiar in the beliefs of all times, and may be said to represent a rational and common-sense view. The reincarnating Ego is said to enter at death the state called Devachan, about which the following is stated in *The Key to Theosophy:*

"Devachan is the idealized continuation of the terrestrial life just left behind, a period of retributive adjustment, and a reward for unmerited wrongs and sufferings undergone in that special life."— Ch. viii

"If *Devachan* — call it 'paradise,' if you like; a 'place of bliss and of supreme felicity,' if it is anything — is such a place, or say *state,* logic tells us that no sorrow, nor even a shade of pain, can be experienced therein."— Ch. ix

"During every Devachanic period the Ego, omniscient as it is *per se,* clothes itself, so to say, with the *reflexion* of the personality that was. . . . The *ideal* efflorescence of all the abstract and therefore undying and eternal qualities or attributes — such as love and mercy, the love of the good, the true, and the beautiful — which ever spoke in the heart of the living 'personality,' after death cling to the Ego, and therefore follow it into Devachan."— Ch. ix

"Devachan. The 'dwelling of the gods.' A state intermediate between two earth-lives,

into which the Ego (Âtmâ-Buddhi-Manas, or the Trinity made one) enters after its separation from Kâma-Rûpa and the disintegration of the lower principles on the death of the body on earth."— Glossary, *The Key to Theosophy*

Besides this paradise of the immortal Ego, there is a state or place called Kâmaloka, defined in the *Glossary* as:

"The *semi*-material plane, to us subjective and invisible, where the disembodied 'personalities,' the astral forms called Kâma-Rûpa, remain until they fade out from it by the complete exhaustion of the effects of the mental impulses that created these *eidolons* of the lower animal passions and desires. It is the Hades of the ancient Greeks and the Amenti of the Egyptians — the Land of Silent Shadows."

It is seen, then, that the decease of the body dissolves the ties that link all the principles into one septenate; that a sort of second death takes place in Kâmaloka — namely, that of the non-material principles of the lower quaternary; and that the reincarnating Ego passes to its place of bliss, there to await the hour of rebirth. In all the numerous dogmatic teachings, and in the beliefs of many ancient and modern races, we shall find traces of these truths, modified and distorted in various ways.

In a brief paper like the present, our purpose must be confined to outlining the doctrine and touching upon a few salient features in such a way as to invite the inquirer to further study. Many details will be found in *The Key to Theosophy* and elsewhere.

The great importance of the doctrine of reincarnation is that it raises us to a much higher plane of vision, from which we can take a far more comprehensive view of life, seeing life more as a whole; and thus we can solve many a problem which we have been unable to solve in the dim light of our previous conceptions. When seeking for a *proof* of reincarnation, students should bear in mind that this class of subjects is not susceptible of tangible proof in the strict scientific sense of the word, but that the real proof lies in the conviction of its truth which grows in the mind as we apply the teaching to the solution of our problems and thereby discover its efficacy. Moreover, as already said, we must study reincarnation in connexion with the general body of Theosophical teachings, with which it is in perfect harmony, and not try to force it into adaptation with any erroneous conventional beliefs or theories.

The author of the quotation at the head of this article regarded the doctrine of reincarnation as natural and obvious, until the sophistry of men's minds intervenes and confuses matters. And, believing as we do that it is a truth, and that there are faculties in man superior to the ordinary functions of the mind, which faculties are capable of recognising a truth when it is presented to them; we infer with confidence that the truth of reincarnation will commend itself to humanity, and we point to what has already been accomplished since the days of H. P. Blavatsky as evidence that this truth is actually so forcing itself upon the public mind.

JAPANESE CITIES

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ALONG THE STREETS IN OLD TOWNS

I

IT was a vague impression, almost too fugitive to be intellectualized and put into words, yet deep and full of life like a sudden glance into another world, that I saw only as a play of passing shadows. Nevertheless, I remember it as distinctly as if every form had been drawn on a copper plate. The early spring night was clear and quiet. I was riding in a *jinrikisha* along the slowly rising upper part of one of the main streets in Kyoto. In the distance appeared the thickly wooded Higashiyama gradually growing darker and darker, forming a monumental curve on the horizon, while faint stars were beginning to appear in the deep blue sky over the forest. It must have been about dinner-time because very few persons were in the streets. I saw no children running along with babies on their backs, and heard scarcely any clatter of wooden clogs on the stone bridges. The murmuring voice of the Kamogawa sounded less like the ripple of a familiar river than like an echo from bygone ages when wealthy *Daimyos* held their revels in the tea-houses along its banks, and Buddhist monks were seen in brilliant processions along the streets that lead across the river.

My *kurumaya* jogged along at a comfortably slow pace, and for once I was glad that we did not go faster. It seemed that night that I could not perceive quickly and completely enough all that was going on around me. The street itself was dead and empty, but the small wooden houses began to live with a mysterious inner life. In one house after the other, the lights were turned on and I could see faintly through the paper shutters figures that moved like shadows or formed close groups around the glowing *hibashi*. I heard the tinkling sound of a *samisen*, followed by the monotonous singing of a sad and thin voice. It was hardly music, but it was the expression of a heart. Farther on, from the upper story of a little house that was made quite dark with wooden shutters, there came the deep voice of a priest reading aloud some Buddhist *sûtra*. Now and then he was interrupted by a chorus of voices repeating the sacred formula; evidently a memorial service was being held in honor of some family member who had passed away. And I heard some merry laughter from a native inn that was brightly illuminated, undoubtedly offering plenty of food and *sake* to its guests. I passed it all so near by that I almost

could have opened the shutters of the doors with my outstretched hand. Still it all was far away; mysterious and dreamlike. The people looked like wraiths and the voices were hollow, as if they had come from another world. The small plain houses with their paper shutters and their curving tent-like roofs seemed to be more impregnable than stone palaces. Yet some of them were hardly more than large paper lanterns, faintly illuminated, that had withstood both the snowstorms of the winter and the scorching sun of the Japanese summer. Often renewed but never altered in their essential form, they had offered shelter to many successive generations. And so it is with many things in Japan. They seem so frail and ephemeral, yet have a wonderful power of endurance.

To me there was something inexplicable and inconsistent in this world that made it appear unreal. It was alive with an inner life that I could hear and observe but could not understand, or enter into. And as I passed farther along the street, it gradually waned and faded away into the soft darkness of the spring night.

II

VERY different are the impressions of an old-fashioned street in a Japanese town in the daytime. The mysterious quietness and remoteness are changed into movement and life, floating merrily and easily, as if it all were a jolly fête. The crowd is often considerable in the most popular business or amusement streets of Kyoto, for instance. But as far as I could observe, there never was any real congestion in spite of the absence of traffic-regulating police. It seemed sometimes when large crowds were moving along these narrow thoroughfares, as if the people were led by some common subconsciousness. There was no such tendency toward individual differentiation or separation of contending interests as may easily be observed in the more restless crowds of Western cities. Traffic moves on quietly, merrily, and easily, and there are very few who do not fall into measure with the whole.

I never saw a more homogeneous crowd. The whole atmosphere is so different from the air which we associate with the common street-crowd — smell, sound, and color-effect. Everyone is clean, newly bathed and scrubbed, even if his kimono is soiled. There is no obtrusive mode of feminine attire and nothing of the monotonous rectangular coats which form the hustling processions along our streets, but softly floating long kimonos of silk or cotton with an innumerable variation of colors and patterns, from the striped gray or brown of the older people's garments to the gay and bold ornaments in red, green, violet, and blue of the kimonos of the young. The most attractive in the crowd, however, are the small children, who seem like some strange gigantic flowers in their

multi-colored long kimonos, and the coolies who usually have their blue coats marked on the back with a large Chinese ideograph within a circle, a purely practical device denoting the firm or guild to which they belong, which, however, stands out as a superb decoration. All these people clatter along on their wooden *geta*, a practical footwear on muddy roads, but nerve-racking on a paved street. Frankly, there was little need of paving the streets in the old Japanese towns because horse-carriages are very rare and *jinrikishas* move more easily on the unpaved smooth roads. The *jinrikisha* men stride almost noiselessly on their soft *tabi*, and as nearly all of their carriages have rubber tires, they pass along merely with a soft thud. Their quick movement along the winding roads sometimes reminded me of the gondolas gliding on the canals of Venice — the likeness, of course, was simply a subjective impression caused by the ease and lightness of movement and transportation.

But how different is the material frame of an old Japanese street. It is not lined with palaces or stone buildings. There are hardly any façades because the small wooden structures which stand in uneven rows on both sides are not constructed with a view of offering an attractive decorative outer appearance. In fact, they are so simple that they probably do not attract any attention from the average tourist, except by their miraculously small size and that appearance of impermanency and fragility which is naturally connected with a thing made out of wood and paper. Often in the business streets the buildings stand very close together so that the roofs overlap. In other streets, the dwelling-houses are separated by *godowns*, storehouses built of baked clay with no ornamentation, or by picturesque large gates and high fences constructed of bamboo stems, or of artfully joined boards enclosing gardens.

There is little in the general outer appearance of the average Japanese house itself to arrest the attention. It seems rather as if the endeavor had been to make them as inconspicuous as possible. They are unpainted, gray wooden structures with little exterior ornamentation besides the geometrical arrangement of the paneling and the *shoji* before the windows. But if one looks closer, it is possible to detect some varieties of shapes and proportions in the design of the windows and balustrades, in gables and roofs. All the good old Japanese houses have some little distinction of their own. They are not manufactured according to a uniform design like the gabled boxes that fill many modern Western towns; but really constructed and created in accordance with the individual taste of the owner and with a wonderful ability of utilizing the natural quality and beauty of the wooden material itself. And as they show only slight deviations from the traditional form, and as none of them has ever been touched by the painter's brush, the effect is uniform and harmonious.

How soft and subdued in tone the Japanese street appears to one accustomed to the jarring colors and contending shapes along a modern residential street in the West. It offers an instructive illustration of the natural and harmonious beauty that can be created with little expense in a street, simply by avoiding extreme measures of modernization that offend against sound traditions of old craftsmanship and social town-life. Of course, it needs the homogeneous spirit of the Japanese to create and keep up such a uniform appearance of the streets.

III

THERE is, however, one element in the Japanese street, particularly if it happens to be a business thoroughfare, which to some extent breaks the monotony, and has the power of drawing the curious attention of the foreigner. I refer to the large sign-boards which are either carved or painted on wood, and are placed over the entrances to the shops; or if they are more temporary announcements, simply painted upon sheets of paper or cloth and hung in or outside of the shops, which have their open fronts on the street. These shop-signs are formed of Chinese ideographs drawn on a large scale and often with considerable artistic skill. I know of several such sign-boards the subjects of which were written or painted by famous calligraphists among professors or priests, and then enlarged to serve as shop-signs.

Whatever impression they make upon persons who have been accustomed to them and are able to interpret their mysterious meaning, to a foreigner who enjoys the Chinese hieroglyphs simply as ornamental paintings, they are full of life and beauty. Aesthetically the illiterate foreigner probably is at an advantage. His artistic enjoyment is not hampered by any purely practical considerations as to the price of salted fish or gilt Buddhas, or whatever may be advertised on these signs. He faces an incomprehensible mystery which, of course, makes these hieroglyphs still more fascinating. They are not like letters that can be spelled into words or used as equivalents for sounds. They are ensouled with living power which they may have retained since those ancient times when they were pictorial images of ideas and emotions. The pictorial image is no longer recognisable, but the weird ornamental form that gradually crystallizes out of the picture is still a potential vehicle of rhythm, movement, and aesthetic expression. But this vehicle must be handled in the right way in order to receive its full value. A poor writer who has no feeling for rhythm of line, or for the elastic touch of the brush, will not be able to infuse much life in the Chinese ideograph, but if the scribe is something of a creative artist who knows the truth of the old Chinese saying, "The Spirit lives at the point of the brush," then these

hieroglyphs become the wonderful living symbols of thoughts and feelings.

They imply much more than simply an intellectual meaning which can be translated. They awake the sense of beauty in the beholder; they fascinate him as musical compositions which cannot be fully interpreted. The art of writing always was valued equally with the art of painting in old China and Japan, and high and important positions were never accorded to a man who was a poor calligraphist. Therefore, no one should be surprised that two or three lines of writing by some famous calligraphist are paid for by Japanese collectors nowadays at the same rate as paintings by the greatest masters. They are treasured and exhibited in the museums just as are other works of art. But, of course, the museums are prisons for such subtleties and it is a much greater enjoyment to see good writings displayed in their original places along the narrow winding streets in some old Japanese town. Naturally, among these samples of Chinese calligraphy there are many which do not reach a high artistic standard (although usually written or painted by specially-trained men), but the whole fits so wonderfully into an ensemble of picturesque variations and unexpected caprices of balustrades and doorways, that they become an essential element in creating that atmosphere of easy and merry life that I shall always associate with a Japanese street.

The Japanese shop or house is seldom entirely closed except on very cold or rainy days. When you pass through the business streets, you therefore cannot help seeing at least the front room of the interior, and need only a short step over the threshold to take you right into the little shop where you can look at the things which are displayed on the raised floor, or on the shelves all around. The shops are delightfully simple and open, and seemingly more easily accessible than if there were footmen to open the doors and pages to take one up in an elevator. Yet, as to the actual accessibility, opinions may differ, particularly among feminine shoppers, because if you do desire to step farther into the room and walk on the matted floor, you must take off your footwear and go through some ceremonial bowing before you can make your honorable entrance.

As for the Japanese house, it may be that the accessibility as well as the fragility of its construction are qualities more apparent than real, but nobody can deny that it is constructed in much closer conjunction with nature than any Western building. It opens so easily and completely that it almost can be turned into an open pavilion or tent, and the architectural composition always includes a garden which often is placed, so to speak, within the house. The garden seems just as essential as the living-rooms which surround it on two or three sides, and it frequently is hard to tell what is out and what is in, in an architectural composition where nature and art are so intimately blended. And if a fence is needed

to enclose a part of the garden, it is made of bamboo, or uncolored wood, as natural and apparently artless as if it had grown up from the soil.

IV

It does not need any large hill, or high tower, in order to get a good view of a Japanese city. You can see Kamakura splendidly, for instance, from the hill of Kwanondo; or large parts of Tokyo from one of those wooden towers which are hardly more than four or five stories high and are used by the fire guards. The towns are all low, stretching out over a vast expanse of ground, and there are few ups and downs in the silhouette; no church-towers or palaces; no sky-scrapers or big power-plants, only the endless number of small gray houses and between them patches of green gardens. The general view is more like that of a village with the expanse of a big city. It needs some familiarity with the place to be able to detect in this monotonous mass of wooden cottages the general thoroughfares, the bridges, streets, and open places. It is all so uniform and so hidden, and the extending roofs fall like a concealing sheath.

The right time to see such a city is when the air is bathed in that vaporous light which is so characteristically Japanese and which makes things look still more impermanent and transparent. Such a view is indeed a revelation to one who is accustomed to the sights of the old cities of Europe, or the newer business centers of America. Many of the well-preserved medieval towns of Europe, primarily, were fortified places, often built on heights and always surrounded by walls or waterways. When the wall was built, the area of the city was practically decided for all posterity; it was only in the great imperial cities where the sovereign could command labor in unlimited quantities that walls could be altered and successfully enlarged. In the smallest cities the wall-line marked the limits once for all, and within this everybody had to find room. The more the population increased, the more the houses had to be cramped in along the narrow streets and built up in height — a problem well known and still similarly solved in modern cities. But over the houses with their pointed roofs, their turrets and chimneys, rose the church-spires, ever so much higher than the tallest gables. They were built as the symbols of that whole civilization which created medieval Europe, and they are still the landmarks of the old cities, the dominating factors in their architectural compounds. A medieval town without church-spires is like a tree in springtime without flowers. How these have been crushed and far over-reached in modern American cities, where the business houses and manufacturing plants have grown high above the church-spires, is another story not less significant and illustrative of the general tendency

of Western civilization during the last hundred years. To relate it fully would require a whole résumé of the development of modern American life which has required ever-growing material comforts and mechanical facilities, without a corresponding development of a higher form of beauty and a deeper harmony with the finer forces of nature.

The evolution of the Japanese city was never restrained by any surrounding walls. It has never had to defend itself against foreign invasion and, after all, as it was built only of wood and paper, there could never have been a reason for stone walls. True enough, Japanese cities often have been devastated by fire, but parts of them have been renewed over and over again, always according to the same principles and the same architectural style. The larger they grew, the more they expanded over neighboring country, and in most cases there was no city commission or authority to regulate their growth according to a definite plan. Thus Tokyo, for instance, is the most labyrinthine capital in the world, where even experienced residents or *jinrikisha* men have great difficulty in finding the less-known streets, which take unexpected turns like cow-paths in a forest. Indeed, the less central parts of Tokyo have the appearance of large villages. The streets are simply unpaved roads without sidewalks.

Kyoto, on the other hand, is more regularly planned according to the Chinese principles which were imported in the early *Fujiwara* times, and consequently it is easy enough to find general directions. But even here is a network of smaller streets which are far from drawn with ruler and compass. The character of Kyoto is decided less by the roads and thoroughfares than by the canals and rivers with their bridges, and by all those delightful gardens that here are hidden behind buildings, outwardly so extremely simple. It is the old classical garden-city of Japan, and one hardly needs to go outside of the city limits to be within the most enchanting nature. As a whole, Kyoto both in plan and general arrangement of the streets is so far superior to the other Japanese cities, thanks to the strict adherence to the Chinese principles, that it hardly can be quoted as a good example of the average city view.

Looking down upon Kamakura, or some other country town in Japan, I sometimes ask myself: Isn't this, after all, more like a large camp than a real city? Are not all those small buildings with widely curving and overhanging roofs simply large tents, temporary barracks which have been hastily put up to afford shelter and rest during a long journey? If we recall how often the Japanese cities have been renewed and removed, this impression of a temporary camp gains in strength. But why should the people of Japan build in this impermanent way? Because of the frequent earthquakes, somebody says. True enough. But earthquakes

are hardly less frequent in certain parts of Italy, for instance, where stone buildings are found. I do not think that this reason is adequate to explain the origin of the architectural forms and the particular mode of living in Japan. The abundance of fine wood materials and the relative scarcity of stone may be quoted as another good reason, but this is only of relative value because wooden structures need not necessarily be so small, so light and open, as the Japanese houses. And why could not brick architecture have been developed in Japan, just as well as elsewhere?

Evidently the people had no need or desire for it. They had no use for large and permanent structures that are meant to be a stronghold for man and his material possessions, or a more or less impenetrable protection against nature and other men. The medieval idea: 'My home is my castle,' and all that it implies of individual isolation and distrust of nature and neighbors, never enters the consciousness of the Japanese. Only a few great overlords and rulers of Japan built castles and those at a time when Western influence had been felt, at least in an indirect way. When we remember what a large percentage of the famous historical buildings in Europe were erected as strongholds of more or less habitable character, it is surprising, indeed, to find so few buildings of that time in a country like Japan. The warlike spirit of the Japanese nation which commanded the attention of a world blinded by social and political militarism, did not find much expression in the buildings or in the general aspects of Japanese cities. Their aspirations in molding the outer aspects of Japanese homes and communities must have been of greater consequence, and we hardly can go far wrong if we associate them with the numerous Shinto shrines and Buddhist temples which are found in every village, and so abundantly in the larger cities.

In the old capitals of Nara and Kyoto, the temples are (or were) the main buildings, and many of them have stood for centuries. There are temples 1200 years old, and if they had to be renewed it was done with strict adherence to the old plans and architectural forms. Thus it may be said that the temples represent the strongest feature of continuancy in the architectural aspect of the Japanese cities, although they do not dominate in the general view in the same way as do the churches in a medieval European town, except when they include pagodas which rise five or more stories high. But of such towers very few are left nowadays in the cities. The temple buildings also were not erected with a view to permanence or conspicuousness, but were hidden away in the midst of large trees and beautiful gardens that seem to shelter them from the curiosity and approach of the outer world. The largest and most important of the temples were not placed in the center of the cities but in the outskirts, or outside of the city limits, where they could be com-

pletely imbedded in beautiful nature. Their purpose was never like that of a Roman Catholic or a Protestant church, but rather intended to offer a quiet place for study, meditation, and religious rites. Therefore the general tendency was to erect several smaller structures within the compound, rather than one huge dominating church. Their prominence in the general city view consequently is only relative and cannot be compared to that of the medieval European cathedrals. Of course they are larger than the dwelling houses, but are built according to similar principles with sliding walls and paper screens, just as open and light, and still more completely merged into natural surroundings.

The same spirit that seems to have inspired the common dwellings is indeed present in the temples. The old Japanese city as a whole is the most homogeneous architectural compound that can be found anywhere. It is so simple, so open, so free from all that is heavy and immovable. It is the same spirit that is expressed in the Buddhist teachings about freedom from material attachments. This material world is, according to Buddhism, after all only an illusion, and it is useless to try to build here permanent homes. Only the tombs should be built more permanently. Man should be free at any moment to leave his earthly abode and move into another existence, perhaps more real and beautiful than the present. The home of man is only a shelter for his personality and as this dissolves at death, so will his earthly belongings decay; but nature lives and renews itself eternally. Man is only a flower on the great tree of nature that sends out new blossoms every spring. He should not cling to life or seek permanency in the material world, but keep himself free and unattached, bringing joy and happiness to others while he lasts . . . . . and then fade away with unsullied beauty — as does the cherry-blossom when spring is ending. Such is the Japanese spirit.

"It may be doubted whether the strangeness and improbability of this hypothesis (pre-existence) among ourselves arises after all from grounds on which our philosophy has reason to congratulate itself. It may be questioned whether, if we examine ourselves candidly, we shall not discover that the feeling of extravagance with which it affects us has its secret source in materialistic or semi-materialistic prejudices."

— PROFESSOR WILLIAM ARCHER BUTLER'S *Lectures on Platonic Philosophy*

THE REINSTATEMENT OF RELIGION

MAGISTER ARTIUM

[Ammonius Saccas taught that] "the religion of the multitude went hand in hand with philosophy, and with her had shared the fate of being by degrees corrupted and obscured with mere human conceits, superstitions and lies; that it ought therefore to be brought back to its original purity by purging it of this dross and expounding it upon philosophical principles; and the whole which Christ had in view was to reinstate and to restore to its primitive integrity the wisdom of the ancients; to reduce within bounds the universally-prevailing dominion of superstition; and in part to correct, and in part to exterminate, the various errors that had found their way into the different popular religions."—*Mosheim.*

THIS quotation appears in *The Key to Theosophy*, and seems so important that we have decided to give it a wider publicity and make it the text for some comment. Christ is usually thought of as being a *founder* of religion, of a new religion, and as a supplanter of other religions. But here he appears as the restorer and reviver of older religions, or rather of Religion itself. In other words, he is recognised as one of those great Teachers who appear from time to time in the world's history, for the purpose of doing this same work — the resurrection of religion from its tomb, the purifier of religion that has grown corrupt.

For Religion itself is in fact perennial, as old as the human race. It assumes varying forms at different epochs and among different peoples; but these differences are external, and at its root it is one and the same always and everywhere. It may be defined as the compact between man and his own Divinity, the recognition of the bond between our material and our Spiritual nature. Thus it rests on the intuitive knowledge which man has in virtue of his Divine origin; and on the innate power which man possesses, in virtue of that same Divine origin, of drawing near to the Spiritual fount of all good and Wisdom. Religion is, in fact, founded on the Truth, and there can be but one Truth, however widely opinions may differ. Thus Christ was one of those great Teachers who, standing ahead of his contemporaries, had reached that point of human evolution when self-mastery and Knowledge are attained.

He is thought of especially as a Master of Compassion, an attribute which characterizes all great Teachers of Religion, and among whom Gautama the Buddha stands prominent. This shows that Religion is grounded in the Heart as well as in the Head.

But here it is advisable to state that, when we speak of the Heart, we do not mean emotionalism. Intellectual religion and emotional religion are both familiar enough; but neither one of these represents the true spirit of Religion. For the emotions include much that belongs

to the lower nature — the man of clay; indeed the word 'emotions' is generally thought of as having this meaning. We know the excesses to which emotionalism in religion can run. The state of neurotic excitement, which at its first onset seems so exalted, runs quickly through the gamut of emotional states until it ends with something entirely different and not at all edifying. Such emotions are not only of a low grade, but they may control the will and the judgment instead of being themselves under control. And besides this violent kind of emotion, we have the weak sentimentalism, the attitude of negative goodness, the religious self-indulgence, as it were, that characterizes a good deal of what is called religion.

Passing to the consideration of intellectual religion — what we mean by this is theological controversy, metaphysical speculation, or even mystical contemplation, so long as these are divorced from action and remain purely intellectual pursuits not affecting the life that is led.

It is possible for the frailty of human nature to carry either of these attitudes into anything, even Theosophy; so that we may happen to come across emotional or purely speculative types of so-called Theosophy.

But the Heart is seated deeper in our nature than these emotions or than the speculative but unpractical mind. For it is the center whence issue conscience and high aspiration, desire for truth and right. Hence a Teacher whose work is to reinstate Religion, aims to place Religion on a basis of conscience. He inveighs against formalism, inertia, corruption, emotional types of religion, and everything that is opposed to true Religion. This is, of course, exactly what we find in the work of Jesus, as far as we have the records. It should be noted, however, that it is not so easy to discover any records of Christ's esoteric teachings, as given to his disciples in private. This appears to have been put aside when Christianity became sectarian, and unfortunate divisions arose between cults who studied the philosophical side of the teachings and those who insisted on the devotional and theological sides.

Such a subdivision or disintegration of Religion was particularly noticeable at the time when H. P. Blavatsky began her work; for religion and science were two opposing camps, such agreement as there might be between them being of the nature of an accommodation or compromise rather than a unity. Now the Truth is one, and there should not be any such divisions as that between religion and science. A reviver of Religion seeks to abrogate this distinction by showing that all Knowledge has one and the same source. The pursuit of science, if carried on in disregard of ethical motives, leads to sorrow for humanity, as we know; and on the other hand, devotion requires to be salted with knowledge, if it is to achieve its object and avoid the results of ignorance.

This knowledge must be a knowledge of human nature, a better understanding of it than is usual at present. The dual nature of man is never sufficiently regarded by people who write and speak about the problems of life and the nature of man, whether they speak as men of science, as men of religion, or what not. No distinction is made between the Individuality and the personality of man. Consequently they do not understand how it is possible to emphasize the Individuality while subordinating the personality. We have gospels of self-assertion and gospels of self-depreciation; at one time individualism is preached, at another time collectivism is advocated. And all the confusion comes from not distinguishing between the Individuality or real Self and the mere personality or lower self of man. Thus a better understanding of human nature is necessary.

Jesus taught the Divinity of man, as is shown by so many of his sayings. "The kingdom of God is within you." Paul taught it. "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?" Jesus said to his special pupils: "Unto you is given to know the kingdom of God: but unto them that are without, all these things are done in parables." He upbraided the professed teachers of his day for having taken away the key of knowledge, for refusing to enter in themselves, and for hindering those who were trying to enter in. He told an inquirer, who applied to him privately for instruction, that a man who desires knowledge has to go through a second birth, a birth in the Spirit. He said that "the Son quickeneth whom he will." He promised that those who could follow his teachings should attain the same powers that he had attained.

All this is what Theosophy teaches today. It does not exalt the personality of man, for that would be destructive vanity; but it points to the essential Divinity within man as being his true Self. Theosophy bids man to rise to the dignity of his nature and to realize his responsibility. When we find people teaching, in the name of religion, that man does not possess this Divine power to save himself, but that he is helpless and hopelessly sinful, then it is time to say that religion needs reviving; for this is not what Christ taught.

In fact, the essential Divinity of man is the keynote of Religion. This is pre-eminently what H. P. Blavatsky teaches; and we have only to look around us to see what progress has been made by this idea since she was with us. But it needs safeguarding, for many are the possibilities of misconception and misapplication of the idea. As already said, the lack of a proper distinguishing between the Higher and lower self may cause people to exalt and magnify the personality instead of the real Self, thus creating a gospel of self-glorification, a gospel of personal

might. The personal note in religion has in many cases been overdone: the idea of personal salvation or personal holiness has been emphasized. There have been times when people have cultivated this personal religion in entire disregard of the welfare of humanity in general. This sort of holiness may amount to little more than a carrying of selfishness on to a higher plane — a sort of refinement of selfishness: the person still wants things for himself, and has only exchanged one kind of personal desire for another.

This element of selfishness has to be purified out of religion; and indeed there does seem to be a reaction against the exclusive note in devotion nowadays. It is not so much a question of saving one's own soul as it used to be; the idea of benefiting the human race is more to the fore. This marks a trend towards regeneration in religion. All true religion is founded on Compassion. But what is Compassion?

Not merely charity. Charity (in the present sense of the word) implies a separation or gulf between the bestower and the recipient; hence the word has to a great extent come into bad odor because it seems to imply pride and superiority and condescension. To find the meaning of Compassion, we may safely go back to the derivation, from which we find that it means fellow-feeling, a feeling of unity with another or with others, a sharing of feeling, and entering into the feelings of another. To realize what is understood by the word Compassion when it is said to be the foundation of religion, we have to go beyond the ordinary ideas attached to it; it is something greater and grander. It means an actual realization of the spiritual unity of mankind. This spiritual unity is a fact, not a theory; and when it is realized, the atmosphere of Compassion arises in the heart in place of the feeling of self-interest.

The full attainment of such a state is a definite step in human evolution, and will be reached by all some day, though it may be in a future birth. No doubt the great Teachers, who reinstated Religion, had attained this state. It would seem, from Christ's words, that he had reached it and was anxious to have others reach it; and the same can be said of other teachers. But even though we may not yet be able to achieve such illumination and beatitude, we can all feel the glow of the inner light shining from behind the veil of thought and senses and inspiring us to better and nobler ideals. For it is an essential teaching of true Religion that man *is* a Soul, that the Soul is not something that comes only after death, but that it is always present in this life, though it is obscured by the mind and the senses.

The doctrine of the inner light is of course nothing new, even in comparatively recent times; but it has not been made practical enough. It has been too much limited to *personal* experience, too much associ-

ated with the idea of personal holiness. To become a force in the world, it must influence mankind in the mass rather than individually. But what is the actual state of the case? When representative people meet together to confer on the welfare of humanity, how much do we hear of the Soul and the Soul-life? It has been pointed out by some critics that neither religion nor God are mentioned on such occasions; but what can be expected when the conferees are of many diverse religions or of no religion at all? Is there not then sore need for the Universal Religion, so that all could join in an appeal to its aid and sanction?

Religion is one and universal, but it has been made many and sectarian. Hence a restoration of Religion means a restoration of its original unity and universality. This is a very different thing from trying to bring different religions together on a basis of mutual accommodation. We do not want to create an artificial unity but to recognise or reinstate an actually existing unity. To do that, we must go below the surface of human nature in search of that Spiritual quality which is inherent in all men and common to them all. Though it may not be feasible to appeal to a God or a creed, it is surely possible to appeal to the guidance of the Light that is in all men.

But there are so many influences tending to belittle man's estimation of his own nature. This lessens his self-respect, but it does not lessen his self-conceit; for vanity steps in where self-respect is lacking. History has been distorted in the interests of materialistic theories of human nature; and we have historians who try to explain history on the theory that men have always been moved by sordid motives, and not by noble purposes, which is contrary to fact and fails to explain history. In the name of science, the biological and animal side of human nature is thrown into brilliant relief, and nothing is said that will explain the origin and nature of those higher powers which man possesses.

It would seem as though neither religion nor science had the keys of knowledge.

Both need reconstituting; the existing state of affairs is due to our having split up our faculties into two halves, by which we seek the truth by two divergent roads. We need more conscience in our science and more knowledge in our religion.

Certain vital ideas, of tremendous importance and influence, and belonging to the ancient and universal Religion, have been reintroduced by Theosophy. Reincarnation is one, and with it the law of Karma, which latter cannot be understood without the former. To these must be added the clear light thrown on the dual nature of man by the teachings as to man's septenary nature. The idea of human perfectibility

while on earth must not be omitted from this list of vital ideas. In a word, Hope is the watchword of Theosophy: Theosophy has resurrected for many the buried Religion from their hearts and given them new hope and an inner joy in the finding of new and strong purposes in life.

THE DIVINITY OF MAN IN THE PULPIT

T. HENRY, M. A.

"REDISCOVERING our Fellow men" was the title of a sermon recently delivered in the First Congregational Church, San Diego, by the Rev. W. B. Thorp, who, as reported in the San Diego Union, said that the old view of man was that he was born under a curse, the object of the wrath of God, and with the fearful doom of eternal torment hanging over him. "It is almost incredible to us today that men should have taken such an idea seriously. . . If we ask what is found [in our fellow-men] the answer is just what Jesus indicated — children of light working their way up to the light through the soil of mother earth, revealing energies of knowledge, love, and creative achievement that bear the mark of their divine origin and destiny."

This fine declaration, which is but a sample of many, illustrates the extent to which broader interpretations of Christianity are finding their way into the pulpit. We call attention to some of the implications involved in these statements.

What of the doctrine of salvation and vicarious atonement? In its most familiar form it is consistent, not with the ideas put forth by this broad-minded clergyman, but with the ideas which he stigmatizes as outworn and untenable. Hence the familiar form of the doctrine must be modified, if only to render it thus consistent with these new teachings.

Jesus the man has been confused with Jesus as a representative of the Christos. Jesus the man was one of the world's great Teachers, who, having himself attained to light and liberation, came forth to point the way to other men and to restore religion in his day. But the Christos is the Divine Self in every man, manifested especially in Jesus (as in other great Teachers) because of his attainments, but capable of similar manifestation in other men, if they would follow in his footsteps, as he himself urged. Jesus the man was a Savior in the sense that he proclaimed to man the path of liberation. The Christos or Divine Self in man is

his Savior in the sense that, through its incarnation in the flesh, it undergoes a sacrifice, bears the sins of the carnal man, and finally redeems the human nature by raising it to the light. Jesus, like other Teachers, speaks in two voices: sometimes he speaks as a man; sometimes he speaks with the voice of the Christos, impersonally.

The important point is that man should realize that he is his own Savior, when he acknowledges the God within him and resolves to be true to his own higher nature. This is in contradistinction to the belief that we can do nothing of ourselves, but that we are excused from our guilt by a special intercession between ourselves and an angry and unjust deity.

Again, is not reincarnation implied in the above admissions? If not, what meaning are we to attach to the expression, "working their way up to the light"? How many of the people we see around us will work their way very far along that path before Death, the kindly physician, summons them to a period of rest and rejuvenation? Clearly a further field of opportunity is needed for continued progress; though it is possible that the preacher may have had in mind some other idea than that of reincarnation. If so, one would like to know what it was, and whether or not it was orthodox.

Yes, our fellow-man becomes an unimportant individual if we limit his existence to a single earth-life; there is no scope then for the love and creative power which we desire to recognise in him. It is therefore necessary to recognise that these finer graces do not proceed from or belong to the perishable lower nature, but pertain to the immortal part of man, which has infinite opportunity to progress toward the light. And having conceded to man a prolonged existence of opportunity and progress, it would seem to be inevitable that the old neglected truth of rebirth should be reinstated, since that is the only way out of the difficulty.

The term "divine origin" of man, which Mr. Thorp used, suggests that man existed as a spirit prior to his appearance in incarnate form. Or are we to suppose that each man is created anew at the time of his birth into the world? The doctrine of continued existence implies also pre-existence; if the present life is one of a series, it is not likely to be the first of that series. The idea of divine involution, as an accompaniment of biological evolution, is also suggested. While the animal forms were pursuing their upward path of evolution, what was occurring in the world of Mind and Soul? The ancient teaching is that man is the result of two lines of development, one downward from Spirit, the other upward from matter, which converge and unite so as to form the composite human nature. If the preachers can offset materialism in science by teaching the *Divine* evolution of man, they will be accomplishing a great work.

ASTRONOMICAL NOTES

C. J. RYAN

(Part I was published in the March issue)

PASSING on in our survey of modern advances in some fields of astronomy, we reach the planet Mars, a great bone of contention despite its comparative nearness and the ease with which we can see it when in opposition. There are the markings plainly enough; the conspicuous white polar caps, increasing in the Martian winter and disappearing in summer; the dark-blue regions close to the white caps — apparently seas produced by the melting ice; the great areas of light ruddy color, the continents; and the darker areas formerly supposed to be oceans; and, above all in interest, the so-called 'canals.'

While there may be some agreement about the larger features on Mars, though not much, the 'canals' have aroused a bitter controversy which seems interminable. At the Lowell Observatory, Flagstaff, Arizona, which is favored by an extremely dry and clear atmosphere, and which possesses two very powerful telescopes, the astronomers frequently report fresh discoveries that seem conclusively to demonstrate the existence of the 'canals,' the long, dark, straight lines, thirty to two hundred miles broad and varying in length from a few hundred to many thousand miles.

Professor Lowell, who died recently, was famous for his theory that Mars is undergoing a slow process of drying up and that the (supposed) inhabitants have been compelled to husband their scanty resources by constructing an elaborate series of waterways to carry the water from the diminutive oceans at the poles toward the equatorial regions to irrigate the arable country through which they pass. Dr. Slipher of Flagstaff and the defenders of the 'artificial' hypothesis consider its probability demonstrated by the striking geometrical regularity of the lines, and the characteristic manner in which they become visible by darkening in color at the poles in the springtime when the 'ice' is melting, and slowly darkening all the way down to the equator. They disappear in the reverse order. The dark lines are not supposed to be the actual waterways, but the wide, irrigated region colored by the growth of vegetation. It is claimed that the recent observations completely establish the fact that the northern 'canals' deepen in color and even become double in some cases at the time of the melting of the north pole, and that the southern do the same at the beginning of the southern summer.

In answer to the charge of illusion and self-deception which Dr. Lowell and his assistants and supporters have had to meet, in regard to the very existence of the dark lines, Dr. Slipher says it has been given careful consideration and that elaborate experiments made to test it have completely failed to shake the conviction of those who have watched the waxing and waning of the dark lines at their regular seasons. He hints that there is some insincerity or unfairness in the arguments of some of his critics, and to many dispassionate persons who have studied both sides of the case, he seems justified in his denunciation of their attitude.

The strongest argument against the existence of the 'canals' is that some observers have seen them in the form of discontinuous spots in rows, which "run into lines under inferior conditions of definition." But, even if true, this would not invalidate the possibility that such rows of spots were large areas of vegetation irrigated by the narrow and invisible (to us) waterways. However, the defenders of the 'canals' claim that the dark lines are seen to be unbroken at the moments of *best* definition, and that inferior atmospheric conditions break them up into spots.

As none of the astronomers who reject the 'canal' hypothesis possess telescopes situated in such a remarkably dry and steady atmosphere as that of Flagstaff their criticisms are weakened. Dr. Slipher remarks:

"Furthermore, an absolutely incontestible proof of the reality of the canals and oases" (round spots where the canals cross) "of Mars is furnished by the photographs of them. . . . Some of the double canals have also been photographed as such . . . the photographs also show the distinct changes in the intensity of these markings which occur from time to time. . . . There is nothing in terrestrial topography or the markings on other planets that is comparable to the markings on Mars."

Recent spectroscopic analyses by Professor Very and Dr. Slipher of the light reflected by Mars have confirmed the presence of oxygen and water-vapor in its atmosphere. There is greater humidity near the white polar caps at the times of their melting, which is strong evidence that they are snow or ice.

If the claims of the astronomers in favor of the 'canal' and irrigation hypothesis are established the idea of Mars having lands and seas, and being the seat of intelligent physical life will become probable, to say the least, but we must yet give some weight to the opinions of the critics, especially as such an authority as the Swedish Arrhenius has joined them.

Students of Theosophy will recollect that H. P. Blavatsky makes the point that it is not reasonable to suppose that intelligent beings — other humanities — on the planets are necessarily like ourselves in bodily frame or physical necessities, for, as the conditions on the planets differ so widely one from another, the forms of life must be adapted to

meet them. If we rise above our mental limitations for a moment we shall see that our specialized human structure cannot possibly be the ideal for the whole universe, but that other planets must be "peopled equally with beings created in *some other image* of God" (H. P. Blavatsky). From a passage in *The Secret Doctrine* (p. 164, Vol. I), "It is quite correct that Mars is in a state of obscuration at present. . .," some have imagined that Madame Blavatsky implied that the planet was totally devoid of life, but a page or two later this occurs: "the Jovians, Martians, and others can perceive our little world," and in a special article in *The Theosophist* (June 1883, p. 232), a magazine brought out by her in the early days of the Theosophical Society, she published a statement by a very advanced student, which throws some light upon the subject:

"It will not be easy to understand the doctrine under consideration completely until the nature of the Obscurations and the periods of the duration of the different races of the planets are clearly ascertained. Nevertheless, I can state here that a planet may be said to be in a state of Obscuration when a small portion of it is inhabited."

From this it does not look altogether impossible that Professor Lowell's hypothesis of intelligent beings struggling to irrigate limited parts of Mars in order to conserve every drop of water available may have some foundation. Perhaps the new giant telescope at Mount Wilson will clear up some of the difficulties, and settle the acrimonious controversies.

The more information we receive about Jupiter, the more we are puzzled by the strange problems it presents. To all appearance it has a cloudy envelope many hundreds or perhaps thousands of miles deep; we seem to see enormous masses of many-colored vapors moving in layers one above another, the equatorial belts rushing along at about two hundred and fifty miles an hour faster than those at high latitudes. The possibility of an atmosphere of enormous thickness which is generally believed to exist on Jupiter has been vigorously attacked, especially by Holmes, who argues correctly that the immense attractive power of the giant planet would condense such a mass of vapor into a density greater than that of platinum! He repudiates the popular idea that intense heat is the explanation of Jupiter's low density and thick envelope of vapor — the planet being presumably in an early state of condensation from a nebulous form — on the ground that there is no positive evidence in its favor and a good deal against it. For instance, it is unlikely, on any theory, that the four principal satellites of Jupiter are hot, for, owing to their small size, they would have radiated their heat, if they ever had any, into space long ago, and would have become solid and dense while Jupiter still remained partly vaporous. But they are in reality hardly denser than Jupiter on the average (the first satellite is actually less so) being only a little heavier than water, and so the argument that

heat is the cause of Jupiter's low density seems to be inconclusive. Yet if the lightness of the Jovian system in proportion to its size is not caused by fiery heat what can it be that prevents the solidification of the components? Magnetic forces? Or some force with which we are not familiar? Why are we compelled to accept any hypothesis based on our limited and merely *terrestrial* knowledge of physics?

The behavior of that singular object, the great Red Spot on Jupiter, is very curious and we have not solved the mystery. It drifts more slowly than its surroundings if at all, and rapid currents pass to the north and south of it, and occasionally *underneath*. It resembles nothing so much as a huge floating island. Flammarion suggests that it is the first condensation of a continental crust forming on a liquid surface, but there are serious difficulties to be faced before this can be admitted.

One of the most curious and inexplicable phenomena in the Solar System is the reported change of shape of Jupiter and its first and third satellites. The first satellite was noticed about 1873 and later to be elliptical; in 1892 and on other occasions it was perfectly round. It is supposed to rotate on its axis in twelve hours, but its weird changes of shape have not been explained. Ganymede, the third satellite, is always very elliptical. Its polar diameter is only 4300 miles while its equatorial diameter is 4700 miles, but the ellipticity does not always lie the same way! Ganymede is usually the brightest satellite but it is sometimes surpassed by Callisto, the fourth, which is much smaller. No law has been found to cover these and other anomalies, though the rather far-fetched suggestion has been made by Professor Pickering that the abnormally elliptical satellites are composed of swarms of meteorites and are not solid bodies at all! At rare intervals observers have reported sudden and startling changes in the outline of Jupiter such as a flattening of the polar and the equatorial regions, the "square-shouldered effect" as it is called. Similar peculiarities of outline have been reported on Saturn, but, as they mean convulsions of the most cataclysmic nature on a gigantic scale, more testimony is required before they can be established as firmly as the changes of shape in the satellites. Still, they ought not to be ignored, as they may be clues to some of the mysteries of Jupiter and Saturn; if real they support the hypothesis that those planets are in a gaseous state for a long way beneath the visible surface, and demonstrate the existence of forces working in unknown ways.

The reality of another singular phenomenon on Jupiter has been confirmed by recent observations. This is the periodic and alternate change of color from gray or brown to red of the northern and southern equatorial dark belts. The maximum redness of these belts occurs soon after the spring equinox of the particular hemisphere in which the belt exhibiting

it is situated. As the inclination of Jupiter is only about three degrees it is surprising that such a slight difference should make any effect of seasons at the distance of four hundred and eighty millions of miles from the Sun. The great Red Spot has also a rhythm of its own, a color-deepening in about thirty-five years. We have, therefore, enough information to prove that very curious and unexpected phenomena are taking place in the Jovian system, and that they are subject to the great law of cycles that runs through all nature, but a humble attitude of mind and suspension of judgment is desirable in regard to its physical state and other possibilities. Madame Blavatsky definitely states that its substance and texture are much finer than, and superior to, that of the Earth.

Owing to its great distance Uranus has been rather neglected until lately, and little has been known about it except its approximate size and density and its four moons with their curious backward motion. If a human being were born on Uranus he would have to reach the age of eighty-four of our years before he would have celebrated his first birthday according to the reckoning of the Uranians, supposing there are any. We might say he would have begun his second childhood before he had completed his first! The axis of the planet is tipped up at a great angle, and for many years (owing to the slowness of its motion) one or other of the poles is directed toward us so that we only see the upper or lower hemisphere. Gradually, as the planet changes its position, we get a view at right-angles to the axis and are able to see the true outline and the whole surface as it revolves. Uranus is now in this position and the great modern telescopes are able to examine it under favorable circumstances.

The oval shape of the planet, long suspected, is confirmed, and it is proved that the four satellites move in the same plane as the equator of the planet. Titania, the largest moon, is variable in brightness. The existence of dark belts resembling those of Jupiter and Saturn has been definitely established, and also the fact that the light reflected from the four major planets, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune, when analysed by the spectroscope, is almost of the same character, but very different from that of the inner planets. The four outer planets are also much alike in other respects, so it becomes more obvious that there is some great unfathomed mystery in this separation of the Solar System into two grand divisions, contrasted in size, appearance, density, and other characteristics.

To us it would seem a terrible thing to be banished to the outer realms of the Sun's kingdom, nearly two billion miles from the center. Uranus, at this inconceivable distance receives only as much sunlight as would

be given by three hundred full moons like ours. It would, however, be absurd to calculate the conditions of life upon such a planet by a consideration of our own needs, as so many unimaginative writers have done. For all we know the inhabitants of Uranus may have eyes for which the feeble amount of sunlight they receive may be a dazzling blaze, or they may be sensitive to ultra-violet or other rays invisible to us. Possibly the Uranians, inhabitants of a giant planet thirty-six thousand miles in diameter, would think it a terrible thing to be cramped in a tiny world like ours spinning round the Sun in the absurdly short time of three hundred and sixty-five *days* instead of eighty-four *years*, and to live in such close contiguity to the central blaze of the Sun that they would surely be burned to death in an instant! It is probable, however, that the Uranians, if there be any, do not consider us at all, for all the planets, except Neptune, Saturn, and perhaps Jupiter, are invisible to them, lost in the glare of the Sun.

Uranus can rarely be seen by the naked eye, and then only when its place is known, yet it is a curious fact that the Burmese mention eight planets, Mercury, Venus, Earth, Moon, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn and an *invisible* one. Neptune is not spoken of; it is quite invisible without optical aid. H. P. Blavatsky says in *The Secret Doctrine* that Eastern philosophy teaches that Neptune, and Uranus too in a certain measure, do not properly belong to the Solar System. It is worth noting in this connexion that while the spectral absorption lines of the four great outer planets have some peculiarities in common, those of Uranus and Neptune are conspicuously different from the others but resemble one another.

"NONE sees the slow and upward sweep
By which the soul from life-depths deep
Ascends,— unless, mayhap, when free,
With each new death we backward see
The long perspective of our race
Our multitudinous past lives trace."

— WILLIAM SHARP: *A Record*

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

III: GREEKS AND PERSIANS

NOW to consider what this Blind Maeonides did for Greece. Sometime last century a Black Potentate from Africa visited England, and was duly amazed at all he saw. Being a very important person indeed, he was invited to pay his respects to Queen Victoria. He told her of the many wonders he had seen; and took occasion to ask her, as the supreme authority, how such things came to be. What was the secret of England's greatness? She rose to it magnificently, and did precisely what a large section of her subjects would have expected of her. She solemnly handed him a copy of the Bible, and told him he should find his answer in that.

She was thinking, no doubt, of the influence of Christian teaching; if called on for the exact passage that had worked the wonder, very likely she would have turned to the Sermon on the Mount. Well; very few empires have founded their material greatness on such texts, as *The meek shall inherit the earth.* They take a shorter road to it. If a man ask of thee thy coat, and thou give him thy cloak also, thou dost not (generally) build thyself a world-wide commerce. When he smiteth thee on thy left cheek, and thou turnest to him thy right for the complementary buffet, thou dost not (as a rule) become shortly possessed of his territories. Queen Victoria lived in an age when people did not notice these little discrepancies; so did Mr. Podsnap. And yet there was much more truth in her answer than you might think.

King James's Bible is a monument of mighty literary style; and one that generations of Englishmen have regarded as divine, a message from the Ruler of the Stars. They have been reading it, and hearing it read in the churches, for three hundred years. Its language has been far more familiar to them than that of any other book whatsoever; more common quotations come from it, probably, than from all other sources combined. The Puritans of old, like the Nonconformists now, completely identified themselves with the folk it tells about: Cromwell's armies saw in the hands of their great captain "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon." When the Roundhead went into battle, or when the Revivalist goes to prayer-

meeting, he heard and hears the command of Jehovah to "go up to Ramoth Gilead and prosper"; to "smite Amalek hip and thigh." Phrases from the Old Testament are in the mouths of millions daily; and they are phrases couched in the grand literary style.

Now the grand style is the breathing of a sense of greatness. When it occurs you sense a mysterious importance lurking behind the words. It is the accent of the eternal thing in man, the Soul; and one of the many proofs of the Soul's existence. So you cannot help being reminded by it of the greatness of the Soul. There are periods when the Soul draws near its racial vehicle, and the veils grow thin between it and us: through all the utterances of such times one is apt to hear the thunder from beyond. Although the Soul have no word to say, or although its message suffer change in passing through the brain-mind, so that not high truth, but even a lie may emerge — it still comes, often, ringing with the grand accents. Such a period was that which gave us Shakespeare and Milton, and the Bible, and Browne, and Taylor, and all the mighty masters of English prose. Even when their thought is trivial or worse, you are reminded, by the march and mere order of their words, of the majesty of the Soul.

When Deborah sings of that treacherous murderess, Jael the wife of Heber the Kenite, that before she slew her guest and ally Sisera, "He asked water and she gave him milk; she brought forth butter in a lordly dish," — you are aware that, to the singer, no question of ethics was implied. Nothing common, nothing of this human daily world, inheres in it; but sacrosanct destinies were involved, and the martialed might of the Invisible. It was part of a tremendous drama, in which Omnipotence itself was protagonist. Little Israel rose against the mighty of this world; but the Unseen is mightier than the mighty; and the Unseen was with little Israel. The application is false, unethical, abominable — as coming through brain-minds of that kind. But you must go back behind the application, behind the brain-mind, to find the secret of the air of greatness that pervades it. It is a far-off reflexion of this eternal truth: that the Soul, though it speak through but one human being, can turn the destinies and overturn the arrogance of the world. When David sang, "Let God arise, and let his enemies be scattered; yea, let all his enemies be scattered!" he, poor brain-mind, was thinking of his triumphs over Philistines and the like; with whom he had better have been finding a way to peace; — but the Soul behind him was thinking of its victories over him and his passions and his treacheries. So such psalms and stories, though their substance be vile enough, do by their language yet remind us somehow of the grandeur of the Spirit. That is what style achieves.

Undoubtedly this grand language of the Bible, as that of Milton

and Shakespeare in a lesser degree — lesser in proportion as they have been less read — has fed in the English race an aptitude, an instinct, for action on a large imperial scale. It is not easy to explain the effects of a great literature; but without doubt it molds the race. Our subconsciousness is acted upon; we are unwittingly inspired. Now the ethic of the Old Testament, its moral import, is very mixed. There is much that is true and beautiful; much that is treacherous and savage. So that its moral and ethical effects have been very mixed too. But its style, a subtler thing than ethics, has nourished conceptions of a large and sweeping sort, to play through what ethical ideas they might find. The more spiritual is any influence — that is, the less visible and easy to trace — the more potent it is; so style in literature may be counted one of the most potent forces of all. Through it, great creative minds mold the destinies of nations. Let Theosophy have expression as noble as that of the Bible — as it will and of that very impulse it will bite deep into the subconsciousness of the race, and be the nourishment of grand public action, immense conceptions, greater than any that have come of Bible reading, because pure and true. Our work is to purify the channels through which the Soul shall speak; the Teachers have devoted themselves to establishing the beginnings of this Movement in right thought and right life. But the great literary impulse will come, when we have learned and earned the right to use it.

Now, what the Bible became to the English, Homer became to the Greeks — and more also. They heard his grand manner, and were filled by it with echoes from the Supermundane. *Anax andron Agamemnon* — what Greek could hear a man so spoken of, and dream he was compounded of common clay? Never mind what this king of men did or failed to do; do but breathe his name and titles, and you have affirmed immortality and the splendor of the Human Soul! The *human* Soul? —"Tush!" said they, "the *Greek* Soul! he was a Greek as we are!" . . . . And so Tomides, Dickaion and Harryotatos, Athenian tinkers and cobblers, go swaggering back to their shops, and dream grand racial dreams. For this is a much more impressionable people than the English; any wind from the Spirit blows in upon their minds quickly and easily. Homer in Greece — once Solon, or Pisistratus, or Hipparchus, had edited and canonized him, and arranged for his orderly periodical public reading (as the Bible in the churches) — had an advantage even over the Bible in England. When Cromwell and his men grew mighty upon the deeds of the mighty men of Israel, they had to thrill to the grand rhythms until a sort of miracle had been accomplished, and they had come to see in themselves the successors and living representatives of Israel. But the Greek, rising on the swell of Homer's roll and boom, had need of no

such transformation. The uplift was all for him; his by hereditary right; and no pilfering necessary, from alien creed or race. We have seen in Homer an inspired Race-patriot, a mighty poet saddened and embittered by the conditions he saw and his own impotence to change them. — Yes, he had heard the Golden-snooded sing; but Greeks were pygmies, compared with the giants who fought at Ilion! There was that eternal contrast between the glory he had within and the squalor he saw without. Yes, he could sing; he could launch great songs for love of the ancients and their magnificence. But what could a song do? Had it feet to travel Hellas; hands to flash a sword for her; a voice and kingly authority to command her sons into redemption? — Ah, poor blind old begging minstrel, it had vastly greater powers and organs than these!

Lycurgus, it is said, brought singers or manuscripts of your poems into Sparta; because, blind minstrel, he had a mind to make Sparta great-souled; and he knew that you were the man to do it, if done it could be. Then for about two hundred and sixty years, without much fuss to come into history, you were having your way with your Greeks. Your music was ringing in the ears of mothers; their unborn children were being molded to the long roll of your hexameters. There came to be manuscripts of you in every city: corrupt enough, many of them; forgeries, many of them; lays fudged up and fathered on you by venal Rhapsodoi, to chant in princely houses whose ancestors it was a good speculation to praise. You were everywhere in Greece: a great and vague tradition, a formless mass of literature: by the time Solon was making laws for Athens, and Pisistratus was laying the foundations of her stable government and greatness.

And then you were officially canonized. Solon, Pisistratus, or one of the Pisistratidae, determined that you should be, not a vague tradition and wandering songs any longer, but the Bible of the Hellenes. From an obscure writer of the Alexandrian period we get a tale of Pisistratus sending to all the cities of Greece for copies of Homeric poems, paying for them well; collating them, editing them out of a vast confusion; and producing at last out of the matter thus obtained, a single more or less articulate Iliad. From Plato and others we get hints leading to the supposition that an authorized state copy was prepared; that it was ordained that the whole poem should be recited at the Panathenaic Festivals by relays of Rhapsodoi; this state copy being in the hands of a prompter whose business it was to see there should be no transgression by the chanters.* — The wandering songs of the old blind minstrel

*For a detailed account of all this see De Quincey's essay *Homer and the Homeridae.*

have become the familiar Sacred Book of the brightest-minded people in Greece.

Some sixty years pass, and now look what happens. A mighty Power in Asia arranges a punitive expedition against turbulent islanders and coast-dwellers on its western border. But an old blind minstrel has been having his way with these; and the punitive expedition is to be of the kind not where you punish, but where you are punished: — has been suggesting to them, from the Olympus of his sacrosanct inspiration, the idea of great racial achievement, till it has become a familiar thing, ideally, in their hearts. — The huge armies and the fleets come on; Egypt has gone down; Lydia has gone down; the whole world must go down before them. But there is an old blind minstrel, long since grown Olympian in significance, and throned aloft beside Nephelegereta Zeus, chanting in every Greek ear and heart. Greeks rise in some sort to repel the Persian: Athens and Sparta, poles apart in every feeling and taste, find that under the urge of archaic hexameters and in the face of this common danger, they can co-operate after a fashion. The world is in a tumult and threatens to fall; but behind all the noise and ominous thunder, by heaven, you can hear the roll of hexameters, and an old blind sorrow-stricken bard chanting. The soul of a nation is rising, the beat of her wings keeping time to the music of olden proud resounding lines. There are battles: Marathon, Salamis, Plataea and the rest. Who led the Grecian fleet at Salamis? — Not Spartan Eurybiades, but an old blind man dead these centuries. Who led the victors at Marathon? Not sly Athenian Miltiades, but an old dead man who had only words for his wealth: blind Maeonides chanting; and with his chanting marshaling on the roll of his hexameters mightier heroes than ever a Persian eye could see: the host that fought at Ilion: the creatures of his brain: Polymechanos Odysseus, and Diomedes and Aias; Podargos Achilles; Anax andron Agamemnon.

The story of the Persian Wars comes to us only from the Greek side; so all succeeding ages have been enthusiastically Prohellenc. We are to think that Europe since has been great and free and glorious, because free and cultured Greeks then held back a huge and barbarous Asian despotism. All of which is great nonsense. Europe since has not been great and free and glorious; very often she has been quite the reverse. She has, at odd times, been pottering around after ideal schemes of government; which Asia in large part satisfied herself that she had found long ago. As for culture and glory, the trumps have now been with the one, now with the other. And the Persians were not barbarians by any means. And when you talk of Asia, remember that it is as far a cry from Persia to China, as from Persia to England. Let us have no more of this preoccupation with externals, and blind eyes to the Spirit of Man.

I suppose ballot-boxes and referenda and recalls and the like were specified, when it was said *Of such is the kingdom of Heaven?* . . .

— But Persia would not have flowed out over Europe, if Marathon, Salamis, and Plataea had gone the other way. Empires wax and wane like the moon; they ebb and flow like the tides; and are governed by natural law as these are; and as little depend, ultimately, upon battle, murder, and sudden death: which are but effects that wisdom would evitate; we are wrong in taking them for causes. Two things you can posit about any empire: it will expand to its maximum; then ebb and fall away. Though the daily sun sets not on its boundaries, the sun of time will set on its decay; because all things born in time will die; and no elixir of life has been found, nor ever will be. There is an impulse from the inner planes; it strikes into the heart of a people; rises there, and carries them forward upon an outward sweep; then recedes, and leaves them to their fall. Its cycle may perhaps be longer or shorter; but in the main its story is always the same, and bound to be so; you cannot vote down the cycles of time. What hindered Rome from mastery of Europe: absolute mastery: and keeping it forever? Nothing — but the eternal Cyclic Law. So Persia.

She was the last phase of that West Asian manvantara which began in 1890 and was due to end in 590 B. C. As such a phase, a splendor-day of thirteen decades should have been hers; that, we find, being always about the length of a national illumination. She began under Cyrus in 558; flowed out under Cambyses and Darius to her maximum growth — for half the thirteen decades expanding steadily. Then she touched Greece, where a younger cycle was rising, and recoiled. She should have been at high tide precisely three years before Marathon — a half-cycle after the accession of Cyrus, or in 493; — and was. Then the Law pronounced its *Thus far and no further;* and enforced it with Homer's songs, and Greek valor, and Darius' death, and Xerxes' fickle childishness (he smacked the Hellespont because it was naughty). These things together brought to naught the might and ambition and bravery of Iran; but had they been lacking, the Law would have found other means. Though Xerxes and Themistocles had both sat at home doing nothing, Alexander would still have marched east in his time, and Rome conquered the world. So discount all talk of Greece's having saved Europe, which was never in danger. But you may say Persia saved Greece: that her impact kindled the fires — was used by the Law for that purpose — which so brilliantly have illumined Europe since.

Persia rose in the evening of that West Asian manvantara; the empires of its morning and noon, as Assyria chiefly, had been slower of growth, longer of life, smaller of expanse; and for her one, had had several periods

of glory. A long habit of empire-building had been formed there, which carried Persia rapidly and easily to her far limits. Assyria, the *pièce de résistance* of the whole manvantara, with huge and long effort had created, so to say, an astral mold; of which Persia availed herself, and overflowed its boundaries, conquering regions east and west Assyria never knew. But if she found the mold and the habit there to aid her, she came too late for the initial energies of the morning, or the full forces of the manvantaric noon. Those had been wielded by the great Tiglath Pilesers and Assurbanipals of earlier centuries: fierce conquerors, splendid builders, ruthless patrons of the arts. What was left for the evening and Persia could not carry her outward her full thirteen decades, but only half of them: sixty-five years her tides were rising, and then she touched Greece. Thenceforward she remained stationary within her borders, not much troubled internally, until the four-twenties. To a modern eye, she seems on the decline since Marathon; to a Persian of the time, probably, that failure on the Greek frontier looked a small matter enough. A Pancho Villa to chase; if you failed to catch him, pooh, it was nothing! Xerxes is no Darius, true; Artaxerxes I, no Cyrus, nor nothing like. But through both their reigns there is in the main good government in most of the provinces; excellent law and order; and a belief still in the high civilizing mission of the Persians. Peace, instead of the old wars of conquest; but you would have seen no great falling off. Hystaspes himself had been less conqueror than consolidator: the Augustus of the Achaemenids, greater at peace than at war; — though great at that too, but not from land-hunger or vulgar thirst of victory. He had fought to round off the frontiers; and indeed, had had ample provocation, as those things go, for his punitive expedition that failed. For the rest, he had strewn the coast with fine harbors, and reclaimed vast deserts with reservoirs and dikes; had explored the Indus and the ocean, and linked Egypt and Persia by a canal from the Red Sea to the Nile. Well; and Xerxes carried it on; he too played the great Achaemenid game; did he not send ships to sail round Africa? If there was no more conquering, it was because there was really nothing left to conquer; who would bother about that Greece? — Darius Hystaspes was the last strong king, yes; but Darius Nothus was the first gloomy tyrant, or at least his queen, bloodthirsty Parysatis, was; which was not till 424. So that Persia too had her good thirteen decades of comfortable, even glorious, years.

Whereafter we see her wobbling under conflicting cyclic impulses down to her final fall. For lack of another to take her place, she was still in many ways the foremost power; albeit here and there obstreperous satraps were always making trouble. When Lysander laid Athens low in 404, it was Persian financial backing enabled him to do it; but Cyrus might march

in to her heart, and Xenophon out again, but two years later, and none to say them effectually nay. Had there been some other West Asian power, risen in 520 or thereabouts, to outlast Persia and finish its day with the end of the great cycle in 390, one supposes the Achaemenids would have fallen in the four-twenties, and left that other supreme during the remaining years. But there was none. The remains of Nineveh and Babylon slept securely in the Persian central provinces; there was nothing there to rise; they had had their many days long since. Egypt would have done something, if she could; would have liked to; — but her own cycles were against her. She had had the last of her cyclic days under the XXVIth Dynasty. In 655 Psamtik I reunited and resurrected her while his overlord Assurbanipal was wrecking his — Assurbanipal's — empire elsewhere; thirteen decades afterwards, in 525, she fell before Cambyses. Thirteen decades, nearly, of Persian rule followed, with interruptions of revolt, before she regained her independence in 404; — stealing, you may say, the nine years short from the weakness of Persia. Then she was free for another half-cycle, less one year: a weak precarious freedom at best, lost to Artaxerxes Ochus in 340. All but the first fourteen years of it fell beyond the limits of the manvantara: the West Asian forces were spent. Egypt was merely waiting till the Greek cycle should have sunk low enough and on to the military plane; and had not long to wait. She paid back most of her nine years to Persia; then hailed Alexander as her savior; and was brought by him, to some extent, under the influence of European cycles; to share then in what uninteresting twilight remained to Greece, and presently in the pomps and crimsons of Rome.

Persia, too, was waiting for that Greek military cycle; until it should rise, however, something had to be going on in West Asia. The Athenian first half-cycle — sixty-five years from the inception of the hegemony — ended in 413, when the Peloponnesian War entered its last, and for Athens, disastrous, phase. Another half-cycle brings us to the rise of Philip; who about that time became dominant in Greece. But not yet had a power consolidated, which could contest with Persia the hegemony of the world. Having enabled Sparta to put down Athens, the western satraps turned their attention to finding those who should put down Sparta. Corinth, Thebes, Argos and Athens were willing; and Pharnabazus financed them for war in 395. A year after, he and Conon destroyed the Spartan fleet. In 387 came the Peace of Antalcidas, by which Persia won what Xerxes had fought for of old: the suzerainty of Greece. But she was not strong; her cycle was long past; she stood upon the wealth and prestige of her better days, and the weakness of her contemporaries. Internally she was falling to pieces until Artaxerxes Ochus, between 362

and 338, wading through blood and cruelty, restored her unity, wore out her resources, and left her apparently as great as under Xerxes, but really ready to fall at a touch. He prepared the way for Alexander.

So ended an impulse that began, who knows when? on a high spiritual plane in the pure religion of the Teacher we call Zoroaster: a high system of ethics expressed in long generations of clean and noble lives. From that spirituality the impulse descending reached the planes of intellect and culture; with results we cannot measure now; nothing remains but the splendor of a few ruins in the wilderness — the courts the lion and the lizard keep. It reached the plane of military power, and flowed over all the lands between the Indus and the Nile; covering them with a well-ordered, highly civilized, and wisely governed empire. Then it began to ebb; meeting a counter-impulse arising in Eastern Europe.

Which, too, had its source on spiritual planes: in the heart and on the lyre of blind Maeonides: and worked downward and outward, till it had wrought on this plane a stable firmness in Sparta, an alertness in Athens. It contacted then the crest of the Persian wave, and received from the impact huge accessions of vigor. It blossomed in the Age of Pericles on the plane of mind and creative imagination. It came down presently on to the plane of militarism, and swelled out under Alexander as far as to the eastern limits of the Persian Empire he overthrew. Where it met a tide beginning to rise in India; and receded or remained stationary before that. And at last it was spent, and itself overthrown by a new impulse arisen in Italy; which took on impetus from contact with Greece, as Greece had done from contact with Persia.

The Greeks of Homer's and Hesiod's time, before the European manvantara, elsewhere begun, had reached or quickened them, were uncouth and barbarous enough: they may have stood, to their great West Asian neighbors, as the Moors of today to the nations of Europe; they may have stood, in things cultural, to the unknown nations of the north or west already at that time awakened, as the Chinese now and recently to the Japanese. Like Moors, like Chinese, they had behind them traditions of an ancient greatness; but pralaya, fall, adversity, squalor, had done their work on them, developing the plebeian qualities. Now that they have emerged into modern history, as then when they were emerging into ancient, we find them with many like characteristics: a turn for democracy, for example; the which they assuredly had not when they were passing into pralaya under the Byzantine Empire. A turn for democracy; plebeian qualities; these are the things one would expect after pralaya, if that pralaya had been at all disastrous. With the ancient Greeks, the plebeian qualities were not all virtues by any means; they retained through their great age many of the vices of plebeianism. They

won their successes for the most part on sporadic impulses of heroism; shone by an extraordinary intellectual and artistic acumen. But taking them by and large, they were too apt to ineffectualize those successes, in the fields of national and political life, by extraordinary venality and instability of character. I shall draw here deeply on Professor Mahaffy, who very wisely sets out to restore the balance as between Greeks and Persians, and burst bubble-notions commonly held. Greek culture was extremely varied, and therein lay its strength: you can find all sorts of types there; and there are outstanding figures of the noblest. But on the whole, says Mahaffy — I think rightly — there was something sordid, grasping and calculating: *noblesse oblige* made little appeal to them; was rather foreign to their nature. Patricianism did exist; in Sparta; perhaps in Thebes. Of the two Thebans we know best, Pindar was decidedly a patrician poet, and Epaminondas was a very great gentleman; now Thebes, certainly, must have been mighty in foregone manvantaras, as witness her five cycles of myths, the richest in Greece. In her isolation she had doubtless carried something of that old life down; and then, too, she had Pindar. Nor was Sparta any upstart; — of her we have only heard Athenians speak. But outside of these two, you hardly find a Greek *gentleman* in public life; hardly that combination of personal honor, contempt of commerce, class-pride, leisured and cultured living; — with, very often, ultra-conservatism, narrowness of outlook, political ineptitude, and selfishness. The Spartans had many of these instincts, good and bad. They reached their cultural zenith in the seventh century or earlier: probably Lycurgus had an eye to holding off that degeneration which follows on super-refinement; and hence the severe life he brought in. My authority makes much of the adoration the other Greeks accorded them; who might hate and fight with Sparta, but took infinite pride in her nonetheless. Thus they told those tales of the Spartan mothers, and the Spartan boy the fox nibbled; thus their philosophers, painting an Utopia, took always most of its features from Lacedaemon.

All of which I quote for the light's sake it throws on the past of Greece: the past of her past, and the ages before her history. Or really, on the whole history of the human race; for I think it is what you shall find always, or almost always. I spoke of the Celtic qualities as having been of old patrician; they are plebeian nowadays, after the long pralaya and renewal. As a pebble is worn smooth by the sea, so the patrician type, with its refinements and culture, is wrought out by the strong life currents that play through a race during its manvantaric periods. Pralaya comes, with conquest, the overturning of civilization, mixture of blood: all the precious results obtained hurled back into the vortex; — and then to be cast up anew with the new manvantara, a new uncouth formless form,

to be played on, shaped and infused by the life-currents again. In Greece an old manvantara had evolved patricianism and culture; which the pralaya following swept all away, except some relics perhaps in Thebes the isolated and conservative, certainly in Sparta. Lycurgus was wise in his generation when he sought by a rigid system to impose the plebeian virtues on Spartan patricianism.

Wise in his generation, yes; but he could work no miracle. Spartan greatness, too, was ineffectual; there is that about pouring new wine into old bottles. Sparta was old and conservative; covered her patrician virtues with a rude uncultural exterior; was inept politically — as old aristocracies so commonly are; she shunned that love of the beautiful and the things of the mind which is the grace, as Bushido — to use the best name there is for it — is the virtue, of the patrician. You may say she was selfish and short-sighted; true; and yet she began the Peloponnesian War not without an eye to freeing the cities and islands from the soulless tyranny an Athenian democracy had imposed on them: when there is a war, some men will always be found, who go in with unselfish high motives. -- Being the patrician state, and the admired of all, it was she naturally who assumed the hegemony when the Persian came. But she had foregone the graces of her position, and her wits, through lack of culture, were something dull. She lost that leadership presently to a young democratic Athens endowed with mental acumen and potential genius; who, too, gained immeasurably from Sparta, because she knew how to turn everything to the quickening of her wits — this having at her doors so contrasting a neighbor, for example. — Young? Well, yes: I suspect if there had ever been an Athenian glory before, it was ages before Troy fell. She plays no great part in the legends of the former manvantara; Homer has little to say about her. She had paid tribute at one time to Minos, king of Crete; her greatness belonged not to the past, but to the future.

As all Greeks admired the Spartans — what we call a 'sneaking' admiration -- so too they admired the Persians; who were gentlemen in a great sense, and in most moral qualities their betters. Who was *Ho Basileus, The King* par excellence? Always 'the Great King, the King of the Persians.' Others were mere kings of Sparta, or where it might be. And this Great King was a far-away, tremendous, golden figure, moving in a splendor as of fairy tales; palaced marvelously, so travelers told, in cities compared with which even Athens seemed mean. Greek drama sought its subjects naturally in the remote and grandiose; always in the myths of prehistory, save once — when Aeschylus found a kindred atmosphere, and the material he wanted, in the palace of the Great King. To whom, as a matter of history, not unrecorded by Herodotus, his

great chivalrous barons accorded a splendid loyalty — and loyalty is always a thing that lies very near the heart of Bushido. Most Greeks would cheerfully sell their native city upon an impulse of chagrin, revenge, or the like. Xerxes' ships were overladen, and there was a storm; the Persian lords gaily jumped into the sea to lighten them. Such Samurai action might not have been impossible to Greeks — Spartans especially; but in the main their eyes did not wander far from the main chance. You will think of many exceptions; but this comes as near truth, probably, as a generalization may. We should understand their temperament: quick and sensitive, capable of inspiration to high deeds; but, *en masse*, rarely founded on enduring principles. That jumping into the sea was nothing to the Persians: they were not sung to it; it was not done in defense of home, or upon a motive of sudden passion, as hate or the like: but permanent elements in their character moved them to it quietly, as to the natural thing to do. But if Greeks had done it, with what kudos, like Thermopylae, it would have come down!

They were great magnificoes, very lordly gentlemen, those Persian nobles; *hijosdalgo*, as they say in Spain; men of large lives, splendor and leisure, scorning trade; mighty huntsmen before the Lord. Of the Greeks, only the Spartans were sportsmen; but where the Spartans hunted foxes and such-like small fry, the Persians followed your true dangerous wild-fowl: lions, leopards, and tigers. A great satrap could buy up Greece almost at any time: could put the Greeks to war amongst themselves, and finance his favorite side out of his own pocket. On such a scale they lived; and travelers and mercenaries brought home news of it to Greece; and Greeks whose wealth might be fabulous strove to emulate the splendor they heard of. The Greeks made better heavy armor — one cause of their victories; but for the most part the Persian crafts and manufactures outshone the Greek by far. All these things I take from Mahaffy, who speaks of their culture as "an ancestral dignity far superior to, and different from, the somewhat mercantile refinement of the Greeks." The secret of the difference is this: the West Asian manvantara, to which the Persians belonged, was more than a thousand years older than the European manvantara, to which the Greeks belonged; so the latter, beside the former, had an air of *parvenu*. The Greeks dwelt on the Persian's borders; and fought him when they must; intrigued with or against him when they might; called him barbarian for self-respect's sake — and admired and envied him always. Had he been really a barbarian, in contact with their superior civilization, he would have become degraded by the contact; in such cases it always happens that the inferior sops up the vices only of his betters. But Alexander found the Persians much the same courtly-mannered, lordly-living, mighty

huntsmen they had been when Herodotus described them; and was ambitious that his Europeans should mix with them on equal terms and learn their virtues.

Where and when did this high tradition grow up? There was not time enough, I think, in that half cycle between the rise of Cyrus and Marathon. In truth we are to see in these regions vistas of empires receding back into the dimness, difficult to sort out and fix their chronology. Cyrus overthrew the Medes — all these figures, remember, can be but approximate — in 558. About half a cycle earlier — say in 625 — Cyaxares the Mede overthrew the Assyrian; from whose yoke his people had freed themselves some fifteen years or so before. The Medes had been rising since the earlier part of that seventh century; sometime then they brought the kindred race of Persians under their sway. Sometime then, too, I am inclined to think, lived the Teacher Zoroaster: about whose date there is more confusion than about that of any other World Reformer; authorities differ within a margin of 6000 years. But Taoism, Confucianism, Jainism, Buddhism, and Pythagoreanism all had their rise about this time: the age of religions began then; it was not a thing of chance, but marked a definite change in the spiritual climate of the world. The *Bundahish*, the Parsee account of it, says that he lived 258 years before Alexander; almost all scholars reject the figure — once more, "it is their nature to." But you will note that 258 is about as much as to say 260, which is twice the cycle of thirteen decades: I think the probabilities are strong that the *Bundahish* is right. The chief grounds for putting him much earlier are these: Greek accounts say, six thousand years before the Greek time; and there are known to have been kings in those parts, long before Cyrus, by the name or title of Mazdaka,— which word is from Mazda, the name of the God-Principle in Zoroastrianism. The explanation is this: you shall find it in H. P. Blavatsky: there were many Zoroasters; this one we are speaking of was the last (as Gautama was the last of the Buddhas); and of course he invented nothing, taught no new truth; but simply organized as a religion ideas that had before belonged to the Mysteries. Where then did his predecessors teach? — Where Zal and Rustem thundered as they might; in the old Iran of the *Shah Nameh*, the land of Kaikobad the Great and Kaikhusru. Too remote for all scholars even to agree that it existed; set by those who do believe in it at about 1100 B. C.— we hear of a "Powerful empire in Bactria" — which is up towards Afghanistan; I take it that it was from this the Persian tradition came — to last down to, and through, the period of the Achaemenidae. What arts, what literature, these latter may have had, are lost; nothing is known of their creative and mental culture; but, to quote Mahaffy once more, it is exceedingly

unlikely they had none. Dio Chrysostom, in the first century B. C., says that "neither Homer nor Hesiod sang of the chariots and horses of Zeus so worthily as Zoroaster"; which may mean, perhaps, that a tradition still survived in his time of a great Achaemenian poetry. Why then is this culture lost, since if it existed, it was practically contemporary with that of the Greeks? Because contemporaneity is a most deceiving thing; there is nothing in it. Persia now is not contemporary with Japan; nor modern China with Europe or America. The Achaemenians are separated from us by two pralayas; while between us and the Greeks there is but one. When our present Europe has gone down, and a new barbarism and Middle Ages have passed over France, Britain, and Italy, and given place in turn to a new growth of civilization — what shall we know of this Paris, and Florence, and London? As much and as little as we know now of Greece and Rome. We shall dig them up and reconstruct them; found our culture on theirs, and think them very wonderful for mere centers of (Christian) paganism; we shall marvel at their genius, as shown in the fragments that go under the names of those totally mythological poets, Dante and Milton; and at their foul cruelty, as shown by their capital punishment and their wars. And what shall we know of ancient Athens and Rome? Our scholars will sneer at the superstition that they ever existed; our theologians will say the world was created somewhat later.

Or indeed, no; I think it will not be so. I think we shall have established an abiding perception of truth: Theosophy will have smashed the backbone of this foolish Kali-Yuga a little, before then.

So that Creasy is all out in his estimate of the importance of Marathon and the other victories. Wars are only straws to show which way the current flows; and they do that only indifferently. They are not the current themselves, and they do not direct it; and were men wise enough to avoid them, better than the best that was ever won out of war would be won by other means that the Law would provide. And yet the Human Spirit will win something out of all eventualities, even war, if Karma and the Cycles permit. In a non-political sense the Persian Wars bore huge harvests for Greece: the Law used them to that end. The great effort brought out all the latent resources of the Athenian mind: the successes heightened Greek racial feeling to a pitch. — What! we could stand against huge Persia? — then we are not unworthy of the men that fought at Ilion, our fathers; the race and spirit of *anax andron Agamemnon* is not dead! Ha, we can do anything; there are no victories we may not win! And here is this dead weight and terror of the war lifted from us; and there is no anxiety now to hold our minds. We may go forth conquering and to conquer; we may launch our triremes on immaterial seas,

and subdue unknown empires of the spirit! — And here is Athens the quick-witted, hegemon of Greece; her ships everywhere on the wine-dark seas; her citizens everywhere; her natural genius swelled by an enormous sense of achievement; her soul, grown great under a great stress, now freed from the stress and at leisure to explore; — in contact with opposite-minded Sparta; in contact with conservative and somewhat luxuriously-living slow Thebes; — with a hundred other cities; — in contact with proud Persia; with Egypt, fallen, but retaining a measure of her old profound sense of the Mysteries and the reality of the Unseen: — from all these contacts and sources a spirit is born in Athens that is to astonish and illumine the world. And Egypt is now in revolt from the Persian; and intercourse with her is easier than ever before in historical times; and the triremes, besides what spiritual cargoes they may be bringing in from her, are bringing in cargoes of honest material papyrus to tempt men to write down their thoughts. — So the flowering of Greece became inevitable; the Law intended it, and brought about all the conditions.

SONNET

H. T. PATTERSON

"Unless thou hear'st, thou canst not see.
Unless thou seest, thou canst not hear.
To hear and see, this is the second stage."

WHEN from the womb the soul comes forth on earth,
Although the new born child has eyes and ears,
It cannot use them, knoweth not the worth
Or the intent of what it sees and hears.
But as the days, and weeks, and months go by,
It learneth to interpret it, in part —
The eye informs the ear, the ear the eye,
The brain is nourished by the pulsing heart.

A second birth the soul must have to live,
Its eyes and ears upon an inner plane
Be made to act, each to the other give
What it has gained in its secured domain.
There, as below, the eye must teach the ear,
The ear tell to the eye all it may hear.

JUSTICE

AN ADDRESS AT ISIS THEATER, SAN DIEGO, BY MR. REGINALD MACHELL

I SUPPOSE that there is no subject that has given rise to more trouble, more talk, more fighting, than justice; and there is not an easier occupation to be found for a man who has a small scattering of mind and intelligence and a certain amount of observation than that of denouncing the injustice in life. Everybody can see the injustice; and many people have come to the conclusion that there really is no such thing as justice; which is ridiculous; because if justice does not exist, whence do we get the idea of injustice? One implies the other. We all object to injustice - why? Simply because we have in us a conviction that there is justice and that justice is right.

Now when we come to analyse our complaints against the injustice of the world, we shall find ourselves driven back to the position of having to say what we would consider just. Then we find that we have very various ideas of what would be right, and that they all are based upon the assumption of justice as a fact in nature; upon our belief that there is somewhere such a thing as justice.

What then do we mean by justice? What is it? That question is not easy to answer; and yet probably there is not an individual of any kind, no matter how small his mind may be, who has not a conviction that he knows what is right, and that he knows what justice is, and that he very positively knows what injustice is. That sort of conviction is almost universal, except perhaps among the more thoughtful, who are careful as to their statements on such matters; yet even they seldom abandon the conviction that they each know definitely what justice is, and what is right or wrong.

Now, injustice, being the most common thing in the world apparently and the cause of so much complaint and so much trouble, implies a constant violation of some principle of justice inherent in life: and when we come to look into that a little, we shall find that the ideas of justice that are being violated are nearly always based upon conceptions of individual rights. When we try to discover upon what individual rights rest, then we find nothing as a rule to go upon other than a personal belief or feeling that an individual has some natural right or another.

Now, without going into an analysis of the value of these different ideals of right and justice, I think one may take it that the fact that we all have this inherent perception, this conviction of justice, is in itself an indication that there is in nature and in man a principle of justice;

and that by justice we mean the principle of right; and that, further, we may say that there is a conviction — I do not say in the minds, but in the heart, in the inner nature of individuals — that the essence of things *is* right, the essential laws of life *are* right; and that law, justice, and order, are all different ways of expressing this right of things, which has been well described, I think, as the inherent fitness of things.

If you try to think of things, of anything, you will find yourself forced back to the conviction that everything that exists is a manifestation of some inherent principle, and that it exists in that form because of its inherent nature, and that further it is an expression, as far as possible under the circumstances, of its own nature; that is to say, that the whole of life is controlled by its own inherent nature, and that that control is the law of justice, the law of existence.

You will find nearly always that complaints of injustice in the world are made against the interference of some outside influence disturbing what the complainants believe to be inherently right and proper. That is to say, we see at every turn that we have — no matter how pessimistic our minds may be, no matter how much we may doubt the existence of law in the universe,— that we have inside, behind the mind, a conviction that there is justice in life, though we are unable to get it.

Of course, when we try to grasp an inherent principle, we are attempting something that is pretty difficult to do. The whole of life is an attempt of the soul of things, the inherent principle of things, to show itself in a proper and fitting form; and of course the attempt is not always successful; it cannot be; in fact, one might say that it never will be fully successful until the final expression of the universe is achieved.

The universe, existing by its own nature, by its own laws, is inherently governed by a principle of right; and, as it is always trying to express itself in the material world, it is constantly failing, failing to achieve complete expression. The whole of life then becomes a series of experiments and developments; and when we talk about progress, we recognise that fact: we recognise that we are moving, and that we want to move forward; and therefore we demand progress, progress towards some ideal; and I believe it is unavoidable that that ideal should be justice — I do not think we can imagine any other ideal than right and justice.

The religions of the world have not succeeded in convincing mankind that the nature of life itself is right, that nature is working along lines of justice, that the life of man is full of justice. On the contrary, they have taught him just the opposite, and have invented and introduced means of tempering the injustice of the world and the injustice of life, by creating a God of mercy.

Now mercy is unnecessary if we have justice, absolute justice. We

cannot have more, because anything more than justice would be a disturbance of the harmony. Mercy therefore implies the absence of justice. When we have got rid of justice, then we can modify the degree of the injustice by introducing mercy. The laws of man being always more or less fickle and experimental, are full of injustice; therefore the principle of equity and the principle of mercy are introduced to modify them and to make a temporary compromise.

The idea that justice is the root of life is a very old idea; but it has been by degrees lost sight of and interfered with by those who did not find it convenient. The various hierarchies and powers that have tried to rule the world, being in themselves exemplifications of injustice or of interference with the natural order of things, have presented ideas of injustice as the law of life, teaching that life was evil, and that the only thing to do was to discover a means of getting satisfactorily out of it, a scheme of salvation. Such things have been offered as remedies for evils that have been invented by man; because it is the mind of man that invents all the discord and then devises remedies for it: it is the mind that is the disturber, not the heart of man.

Theosophy is based upon the idea that man *is a soul*, (not a mind alone, or a body alone): that he *has* a mind, and that he has a body, but that he IS a soul. He is a spiritual being, who is a radiation from the spiritual center of the universe, existing by right of his own inherent nature. The essence of right and justice is in man, it is the inner self of man, and all he has to do is to accomplish the perfect expression of his own real or inner nature.

There are people who talk about expressing their nature, when they mean expressing only their animal nature. Giving way to their animal propensities, their lower nature, they say, is 'going back to nature,' living according to nature. You can live according to nature as a pig does, or as a bird does; or you can live according to nature as a man should do, which is neither as a pig nor a bird, but as a man.

When you try to know what the real nature of man is, you will find that all the old religions and philosophies had the same idea, that man is a soul, that all souls are like rays from one light, that they are not separate in their essence, though they are separated in their forms. In our bodies we are all separate; inside we are all one.

As a matter of fact, you will find that each man thinks of himself as 'I', not in any other way; and we all have the same 'I.' Directly we get back into the inner self, we are all alike, one essence, one 'I.' We cannot get back of that. When we try to think behind that we cannot do it, because that is our inner self, our inner nature. Or, to use an illustration, the serpent may bite its own tail, but it cannot swallow itself.

JUSTICE

If we can get away from those things that disturb us, from passion, from anger, from ideas and theories of our legal rights, and get back into our inner consciousness, we shall find that we have a pretty sure sense of justice. When we come to apply it in any particular case, we may get all mixed up in the details, but behind the confusion we do certainly have this idea of justice, and every now and then that sense of justice gets through the veils and expresses itself; and it is something fine; everybody recognises that it is fine and great, because in every individual there is the spark of right and justice.

What it wants is a chance to express itself. This is from the heart of man -- the heart and the soul, to use the terms vaguely, to distinguish them from the mind, which thinks and reasons and argues. When we begin thinking and reasoning and arguing, we can go on indefinitely, multiplying schemes of right and wrong, and remedies for this and that; but we are getting away all the time from the inherent right of things.

Some of the religions of the world are horribly crude in their sense of right. The old idea of retributive justice, 'an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth,' is the very narrowest and most distorted reflexion of a sense of justice. It is simply revenge.

Bacon says in his essays that revenge is a sort of wild justice. It appears so to some people. A man has done a wrong: they say he must suffer a similar wrong. That is to say, one wrong has been done, therefore another wrong must be done, and perforce another must follow, and yet another: naturally there is no end to it; that is to say, that a wrong done has to be multiplied, not canceled, nor balanced, because another wrong goes by right into the same scale, and it simply doubles the original, it does not balance it. What is needed is something different from the wrong, something that may be put into the other scale, something which shall be the opposite of that wrong; and that is where the noble teaching of mercy came in, as a counterweight. What is meant is simply this: that the law of life is harmony; disharmony or discord is a disturbance of the natural order of things; the readjustment of that is not attained by the perpetuation of disharmony, but by adopting such means as we *know* are fit to re-establish harmony.

Now in this world, as we are at present constituted, we may have to take stern means to re-establish order; and if the means are adopted with the sole view of establishing order, that may be the best we can do at the time. But if violence is done with the idea of compensating a wrong, we are simply committing another wrong; for the purpose that is behind an act counts more in the evolution of the race than the act itself, because it breeds other acts to follow. It is true that "As a man thinks, so will he act"; therefore his purposes are more forceful than his acts.

Now the idea of justice is inherent in Theosophy, and is expressed in the law of Karma, and it is made intelligible by the law of reincarnation. The old idea was that a man came from nowhere, against his own will was thrown into this world, lived, suffered, died, and then was judged worthy of an eternity of suffering or an eternity of bliss. The whole scheme seems utterly impossible to any rational man, and it offends the sense of justice; indeed it is unthinkable.

But, once freed from this old superstition, the mind protests against such an idea as unnatural. One feels that man does not come unwillingly into the universe, into life; but that he is born because of his inherent desire to exist; that the desire for existence is what brings him into life — otherwise he would not live — the desire for existence is what keeps us alive; we go on living and suffering, because we desire to live. We bring ourselves into this condition, and we go on living from life to life for the same reason, because the desire to live is in our own nature, and our own nature, expressing itself, produces these natural results according to a perfect law of absolute justice.

When I say, perfect law and absolute justice, I mean perfect in nature and principle: in operation the most perfect principle may be interfered with. The law of gravity is very perfect and simple: a body will fall, unless interfered with; but the law of gravity is not altered, though the falling of a body may be interfered with. In the same way the law of justice is not destroyed by obstacles that come in the way of the working out of its principles.

What we have to do is to realize in ourselves the feeling of justice in our own hearts, that it is there and that it is the root of our own lives and the cause of our own being. That heart of law and order is in the universe, and we are part of it. When we get that idea, we begin to see that there is system in life, and that the misfortunes that are coming to us in one life are not the result of blind chance; but that they are the results of things that have happened in the past, they are the results of our errors in other lives, of seeds sown; and that what is to come in future lives will be the same. Then when we get this idea, we shall look differently upon the people who do wrong; we shall not be so anxious to make them suffer punishment, because if we could see a little farther, we should see that they *will* suffer for what they have done: it is inevitable; we have not to take charge of that; our task is justly and mercifully to re-establish the harmony which they have disturbed.

To re-establish harmony — this is justice; and we shall find that the best law of the best legislator is aimed in this direction; and the greatest minds are free entirely from that old idea of retaliation and revenge, and the 'eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth' doctrine: it is too crude,

too raw altogether, for an age which claims such enlightenment as ours.

The practical working out of any principle naturally has to be adapted to the conditions in which the work is carried on, to a certain class of people, a certain race, or nation. Certain laws and customs are good, because they are suited to the condition of the people; obviously they are different in different races, and we shall find that the ideas of justice of one nation appear very crude to another. If we take some of the so-called savage tribes, we may feel rather shocked at their customs, until we find that they also are horribly shocked by ours. I heard of a chief in one of those islands where they are given to eating missionaries — a curious taste — who was horribly shocked at the whites for killing people, except for this one good purpose of eating. What did they want to kill them for, if they were not hungry? He was shocked at the idea.

And so we have to realize that all the people in the world, all races, are in different stages of evolution and development, and that we all have different ideas of right and wrong, and therefore what is necessary is to establish the conviction in the minds of people that there is law and order in the heart of things; and to do all that we can to get this inherent principle worked out into satisfactory laws and customs on the outer plane, and not to be surprised to find that they are not perfect when they are done, and then not to denounce immediately the makers of laws as criminals because they have made laws that are not perfect. We cannot expect that they will be perfect.

But if we have the idea that there is no such thing as justice in the universe, then our progress is going to be backwards, because we have no ideal to lead us forward.

Theosophy is no new thing in the world; and yet every time that a Theosophical teacher comes and speaks the truth of Theosophy, which is the truth of life, to the world, it is a new revelation of eternal principles. Truth is eternal, it is not new or old, it is eternal, and these things are new every time that they get a new expression, but they yet are eternal as the universe — we cannot get away from them — and the heart of the universe is justice. Justice must therefore rule; and when we complain of the injustice in the world, we are simply recognising that life is evolving, and that we are in a state of progression, in which imperfection is natural; and that if we wish to progress, we have to get out of that condition of mind of arguing and reasoning and thinking simply on the outside plane, and get into our inner self, into our own heart, and find there that justice which is at the heart of the universe.

The soul of man is full of love and justice and beauty, and it will express itself, if we will give it a chance. Theosophy is a constant appeal to the soul of man, not for an emotional, sentimental feeling of brother-

hood, but for a recognition of the fact that we are all of one family. When this is recognised, then the rest will follow naturally and simply. First we have to find justice in our own nature; and by doing that, we shall find that we have established in our own heart a peace that we did not dream of before; and from that peace and in that peace we can find wisdom, which will enable us to solve every problem as it comes up. We shall no longer be pessimistic, because we shall know that justice is the inherent fitness of things, and it is itself in everything; it is law itself.

TRUTH, JUSTICE, SILENCE

LYDIA ROSS, M. D.

THE Soul and its human body — long at odds with each other — had fought out the field again, as in many a bygone life. Now the prostrate animal self lay panting and helpless, filled with deadly nausea and a cruel burden of pain. The man himself, feeling strangely apart from both his body and soul, was yet more conscious than ever of both, in a new way. He felt neither dead nor alive, neither on familiar earth nor freed from its hold. All the usual sensations of body and limbs — long nurtured into a vital sense of creature-comfort — were submerged in an alien tide of misery. Some inner upheaval had changed his relations to everything; and despite a night-mare of depression, he felt an awareness of reality that made his every-day life seem like a vague and restless dream. His old thoughts and impulses and ways seemed foreign and aimless, as if he had forgotten his purpose in living and had lost sight of the goal. Though loosened from all moorings, he was sounding strange depths, only to feel the pull of unseen chains that still bound, instead of anchoring him in the storm.

The brain, as if released at last from a busy treadmill of confused and conflicting issues, was inert and benumbed. Lying thus wounded from the fray, the man knew he was something other than body or soul, and yet was both. He knew well that he was not delirious. He knew that he was strangely self-challenged to come out of securely-entrenched folly and failure, and to fight out the embattled field upon the middle ground of duality — the never-neutral No-Man's-Land of consciousness. For once, in both body and brain, the old insistent cries of doubt and desire were stilled. Instead, beyond the protesting nausea, he was filled with a penetrating and inarticulate knowledge of what his starved and out-raged soul had endured throughout long, weary years. It was a judgment-day, when he must weigh himself in the balance and reckon with the great unerring law of adjustments. He must read his own record, stand-

ing naked and alone, facing the blazing light and awful beauty of Truth.

The overshadowing victor-soul held at bay both the subtle brain-mind and the body of blind earth that long had enslaved the mind for its own use. The animal self cowered and drew up, away from the scorching light, vainly turning for ease and shelter, and groaning for mercy. Every cell in the troubled blood stream and every fiber were vaguely conscious of suffering senses, finer and deeper than those of quivering nerves. The whole being was vibrating upon a level where clear, keen, and enlarged senses were protesting against the respectably sordid and selfishly narrow line of thought and feeling which long had belittled and tortured the intuitive desire for light and liberation. The man knew, somehow, that the old level upon which he had lived *had* to be broken down, shaken to the very foundation, ere his physical self would loosen its hold and let him see the larger issues. He felt the death-pang of letting go of old things, while the merciful law still gave him another chance to make all things new for himself, even in this life.

The sick man was a judge, with an enviable place in society. Men respected him as one with a naturally good mind, who had made his own way. If he had not kept faith with the ideals of his youth, — well, he was no worse than the rest of his reputable set of men of affairs, not as bad as many, perhaps. He was a capable and public-spirited citizen, who was optimistic about the 'social conscience,' active in civic betterment. Now it was borne in upon him that individual conscience was the unit of all real betterment. While his body writhed and panted and begged for mercy, he recognised his symptoms as symbols of invisible conditions, symbolic of suffering wrongs at the very mainsprings of his nature.

As the judge overheard the grave talk of the nurse and the doctor about his case, it struck him as trivial and remote. They sounded like children, at a distance, playing at grown-up tragedies and prattling of heart-breaking events with the same tone and meaning they gave to their invocation of "eenie, meenie, miney, mo." He wanted to cry out to them that his symptoms were only superficial signs of disordered inner forces, just as the shaken house-tops tell of a shattering earthquake's unseen power. But he was sure that no mere words could carry the truth to those who saw things as he had seen them but yesterday. He realized how the Truth was a *living* thing: to know it each one, in his turn, *must be it*, must live out the experience.

How could one ever be well, or command even the physical strength of Nature's finer forces, unless body, mind, and soul were in equipoise? Somehow the pain was stabbing the truth into him. But beyond the wretched nausea and heaviness was an aching desire for the power of completeness and balance, that he might make things right. It was

a more profound craving than any his indulged body had ever felt. It seemed like the primeval and cosmic sense of wholeness and justice and equilibrium and power, of which his fatuous personal desires were mere mocking echoes. It was a moment of choice for him, with his days of drifting gone, and never again could he plead ignorance. He made his choice then, and accepted the soul's terms to live henceforth with the awakening sword of pain ever impending — lest he forget.

The eminent consultants said that the judge was suffering from pneumonia, following influenza. No one questioned but that theirs was the last word as to causes and conditions, for they spoke the tongue of learned men, forsooth. Some of them knew him well, being drawn to him by that strangely strong tie of friendship that is the loyal echo of comradeship in other lives. He felt the close grasp of their hands now, and heard their hopeful greetings. He was pitifully certain that they could not understand how indifferent he was merely about his chances of recovery. Nor could they know that it grew more imperative, with every labored breath and aching heart-beat, that, dead or alive, here or beyond, he must make things right with himself. There was no escape or ending for that something within which was knowledge itself. He must find the realm of the real law, for, "The knowledge of It is a divine silence and a rest of all the senses."

After the doctors' friendly greetings, they laid skilled fingers on his flesh, being trained in all the resources of ultra-scientific technique to examine intelligent animals, for to them a man was his body — a handful of sentient, animated earth. It was their custom to leave no stone unturned of this physical matter to find the ultimate cause of its disturbed forces which appeared as disease. They knew how most cleverly to measure and weigh and assay and analyse this human dust. They considered the chemistry of the body's solids and fluids and its microscopic changes, and they knew intimately the various families of tiny bacterial lives that upbuild and anon tear down the healthy and diseased tissues — knew them on sight, and called them familiarly by their given names. No one knew much about the mysterious part these little lives were playing in the deadlier drama of epidemic disease that came in the aftermath of the most deadly war. Possibly the great medical fraternity around the world failed to get light upon the subject because all eyes were fixed upon the mere earth-matter in the cases. Surely, the judge's up-to-date doctors, knowing the profession at large to be confessedly at sea about it, felt justified in knowing no less. So they went on over the familiar diagnostic ground, listening to the lungs that felt as if stifling with murky air inside. And they proceeded to time the weak and weary pulse, rapidly running away, as it seemed, from this life where the

sacred rights of the heart had no place in the sorry scheme of things.

The diagnosis ignored all influence of the soul upon the body, of course, for neither microscope nor test-tube had yet detected the reaction of the nobler sentiments or of the finer forces. Consistently with this, the treatment displaced Nature's healing remedies with artificial potencies of virus from sick men, attenuated in the blood-stream of lower animals —- vileness sublimated and dehumanized. The judge had not questioned the treatment in vogue, before, but now he saw the idea in a new light that brought a chill shrinking and foreboding of ill.

In the eyes of the higher law, what had unclean and unnatural mixtures of the essence of human disease with the sub-human force of irresponsible animals to do with essential justice and cleanliness and the beneficent power of conscious wholeness? In the searchlight of Truth, who could claim that the end results of a formula of human contagions with the unnatural infection of brutes, did not take more hold on the elements of harm than on those of healing? Was not the very delicate balance of natural forces and the right relation of creatures disturbed at such attempts to steal health from animals who live and evolve under Nature's laws, while men, with generations of inbred disease, and imperfect in their human type, thus seek to evade the broken laws of life?

As the doctors left the room, the judge's pet dog looked in at the open door, and crossed over to the bedside, with lightly-poised body and velvety footfall. Gently the moist tongue licked the loved master's hand, the limp fingers straying over the sensitive nose and stroking the silken ears — more smoothly perfect to the touch than my lady's skin. The creature's beautiful head bent beneath the caress, as if weighted with happiness. Then it nosed its way along, ever so softly, under the arm, and came to rest over the suffering heart, the faithful brown eyes looking up into the face of the superior being, who was as a god to the adoring brute. A warm and tender glow of comfort ran through the sick man's veins. His eyes filled with refreshing tears at the exquisite feeling and sympathetic tenderness of touch that the doctor's trained fingers and friendly words had not expressed.

This, then, was the way to make things right. The dog's unselfish devotion and unquestioning trust were the formula for the longed-for elixir that human life had all but lost sight of. True to Nature, the creature's simple, natural, spontaneous love was yet great enough to discount time and space, and easily to wing its way through the aether of fine feeling, across the aeon-wide gulf of growth between conscious animal and self-conscious master. Here was the silent, unselfish devotion as the living symbol of the sacred unity of all life, that sublime harmony which in man is the mystic at-one-ment with his own higher nature.

HARMONIOUS DEVELOPMENT

H. TRAVERS, M. A.

WHEN truths are proclaimed they have to meet two kinds of opposition: denial and perversion. Just as the poor invalid is offered quack nostrums which trade upon the merits of real medicines and thus cheat the victim by foisting upon him a spurious imitation, so the truths of Theosophy may be perverted, and hungry souls be fubbed off with sorry substitutes that not only do no good but even work harm.

Theosophy teaches self-culture, but there are schools and cults of a spurious self-culture that appeal to wrong motives and hence cannot avail to help. These appeal to personal self-interest; and by doing so, they concentrate the attention on the personal self, thus intensifying the very evil they propose to overcome. For, selfishness being the root of woe, liberation and happiness is only to be found in escaping from the thraldom of selfishness; whereas these systems teach a more intense concentration of the mind and will upon the idea of self-advantage.

This is obviously the wrong way. Read the announcements of some of these cults, and see for yourself. You are to be shown how to tap a reservoir of power within yourself, so that you may gain health, overcome nervousness and worry, succeed in business, and have a magnetic influence over other people. In short, concentration on the personal self and on personal gain is the whole program. This is exactly the same mistake as is made by other things besides this aspect of 'new thought.' For instance, one reads that the returning soldiers are supposed to be feeling disgust over the old-fashioned personal note in religion — which makes the constant effort to achieve one's own personal salvation the keynote of one's whole endeavor. These soldiers, it is said, have learned through intense practical experience that such a ceaseless preoccupation with the interests of one's own soul is a thing of horror and meanness; they have learned the blessedness of forgetting self in the interests of others or of a cause. They do not look forward to a return to the idea of mere individual holiness and soul-salvation.

This is materialism in religion, just as the other is materialism in Theosophy. Similarly we may find materialism in science or in politics or anything else.

"Altruism is an integral part of self-development."

"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."

"There is no happiness for one who is ever thinking of self and forgetting all other selves."

These quotations from H. P. Blavatsky show what she thought on the matter. And it would seem obvious that there can be no other way of true self-development consistent with the teachings of Theosophy. For *self-development means the attainment of wisdom and liberation through union of the human soul with the Spiritual Soul*, whereby the animal soul is subdued and put into its proper place. Study *The Seven Principles of Man*. There it is seen that Kâma, the principle of desire, which in the animals prompts the instincts necessary to their life, becomes in man linked with the intellect, and thus is converted into a powerful engine of selfishness. This is what has to be overcome in self-development. Now the cults above mentioned actually appeal to this desire-principle in us; and it is the same selfish personal desire, however much it may be decked out by fine language and whatever objects it may propose to itself. By cultivating this, we merely raise new obstacles in our path.

H. P. Blavatsky declares many times that there are *Spiritual* powers in all men, and that the duty of a Theosophist is to cultivate them and to make himself a center for the radiation of such powers to humanity. But this is a very different thing from personal magnetism, radiating out in order to overmaster other people and bring advantage to the possessor. Such powers cannot be acquired by the method of ambition and desire. They can only be won by subordinating the personal self, and thus permitting the true Self to shine forth and manifest itself. It is almost a commonplace that real happiness is only found in self-forgetfulness, and many quotations could be made from a variety of sources having no connexion with Theosophy; for all great thinkers and writers recognise and give utterance to this truth at times. Yet there is constant need of reminder. Is it conceivable that self-forgetfulness can be achieved by practising methods of concentration and meditation in solitude, having for their object the attainment of personal powers? Must not this, on the contrary, have the effect of inducing a more intense form of self-absorption, more refined and more difficult to eradicate than the ordinary forms?

Warnings like this are voiced by Theosophists merely to save people from wasting time and incurring much affliction by wandering heedlessly into wrong paths; and to assure people that Theosophy has a genuine message of hope and help by which we can straighten out our lives and find an anchor for our faith. And when Theosophy declares that altruism and duty are the watchwords and indispensable requisites to all real

progress, it is but uttering a truth — a fact in nature. For the various afflictions, of doubt, ignorance, or what not, from which we suffer, are all due to our having at some time or other followed selfishness and thus fallen into by-paths of error. Perhaps we have been taught from earliest childhood to think of self first; and then, though this habit afterwards becomes covered up by the outer forms of politeness and hypocrisy, yet it clings to us and has become the keynote of all our doings, so that every advance which we make in knowledge, or even in fancied holiness, is tinged with the same fault. Ultimately, when we find that there is no peace along such a path, we may realize that the mere overcoming of this elementary but deep-seated fault is our real work in life.

The word "self-culture," as W. Q. Judge has pointed out in his *Culture of Concentration*, is not a very fortunate word, because, if we mean the lower or personal self, then this should not be cultivated; whereas, if the true Self is meant, this cannot be cultivated, it can only be invoked and allowed to manifest its power and light. But, as he says, we have to use the nearest expressions we can find in the language. The point is, that we have to cultivate ourself impersonally, as though it were a garden we were tilling, because it is our duty; and not for the purpose of running after a goal — which ever eludes us and our career is cut short by death.

We often find that people who have spent the first part of their life in trying to satisfy ambition and the lower desires, afterwards turn round and spend the last part in an intense piety, which, after all, is as personal and exclusive as their former state. Thus it is necessary to take care that, in seeking to give up selfishness, we do not merely retain it in another form. What we have to do is rather to strive to be natural — or to *let ourselves* be natural. That is, we have to eliminate a large accumulation of unwholesome self-centeredness and self-consciousness, and step out into a larger and more social life. We should try to influence circumstances by our attitude of mind, rather than let circumstances act upon us, so that our moods will be self-created instead of induced by circumstances or the changes in our health and spirits. Thus we act from within instead of being acted on from without.

All true development proceeds harmoniously, equably, and without excitement. Fanaticism, emotionalism, and neurotic conditions indicate partial and unequal development, which leads to reaction and failure. But harmonious development must not be confounded with mediocrity. The avoidance of extremes does not mean that we are to try and preserve an inactive attitude blowing neither hot nor cold. In a word, it is not indifference that is here advocated, but balanced progress. The familiar threefold division of human nature affords a convenient way of putting

the matter: the needs of body, mind, and soul should be considered; a sound mind in a sound body. It goes without saying that an undue attention to any one of these, to the neglect of the others, produces uneven development and defeats itself. A person who pays too much attention to the body and neglects the mind and soul becomes gross. Too much attention paid to the intellectual side of Theosophy, to the ignoring of its teachings as to the soul-life, leads to vanity and uselessness, and does not even achieve what it aims at. And it is even possible for a devotee to become so absorbed in what he conceives to be the interests of his soul as to forget that he is embodied and on earth, where he expected to make use of his opportunities.

As for a school of instruction in self-culture — life itself is a school; and if we assume the right attitude towards the circumstances in which we find ourselves placed, we shall obtain all the instruction we need. The attitude of self-absorption is counteracted by the feeling of solidarity — that we are one of a body of fellow-disciples. The adjustment of our personality to those of others provides ample practice in self-development. The object of Theosophy is to create a body of workers, rather than to minister to individual interests; it has in view the interests of humanity considered collectively, not those of any portion of humanity.

THE GOOD OF ONE MAY MAKE ANOTHER GOOD

EMMETTE SMALL: A JUNIOR RÂJA-YOGA STUDENT

THIS sounds like some preacher's subject for a Sunday sermon in church. And well it may, for it has so often been talked from empty hearts; but observe it, try it, and apply it, and you will see how true it is. You are here in this world, and the two paths stretch before you — the right and the wrong. You may do good and make another good, or you may do evil and make another evil. The choice is your own — no one else makes it for you; others may point to the way but none but you can push you along the right path, none but you along the wrong. Your future is in your own hands. Shall it be woe or happiness, sunshine or darkness? You are the master, you hold the reins of your destiny.

While out in the garden the other day a very good example of the two natures flashed before me — pictures, you might say.

A man was standing near; he had been unsatisfied with the world

and its ways and had settled down in a quiet spot. There, a new light seemed to fill every corner; he found it and knowing it true, he was filled with this wonderful knowledge; he was bubbling over with it; he could hardly keep it in, all his words were sparkling with it — all about these beautiful ancient truths.

Those around him wondered. Seeing him overflowing like a fountain fed by fresh spring water, they, with curiosity, tasted a few drops that slipped over the side. They seemed good to have. Others crowded around him now, not for curiosity's sake but from a wish to learn, and soon a ring was formed. And as every drop that fell was carefully cherished, a glow, a reflexion of that good man's joy lit up the faces of those people. There were men with poor clothes, but properly and cleanly dressed; they had good-looking refined faces despite their poorness. Some had been ill, but seemed revived with new light and love. There were princely faces in that ring — minds that needed but the spark to be applied to them in order to see and to understand the new truths. Soon these eager pilgrims had received from the fountain a little spout of their own — a spout of knowledge, of love, and of kindness. And others crowded around, each one receiving his fill of happiness, and they with their fountains, small now but soon to grow larger, went afar off and others learned from them. And then this learning, that was really so old, prospered, and a people flourished over the world who were brothers to one another, who were kind and loving, who lived with Nature, and learned her simple secrets — who were 'Râja-Yogas.'

There was also the other side — the fountain of evil. This fountain (fountain seems too good a name, but we'll have to use it) was flat and low. The water, muddy and murky, trickled over the sides and escaped at the bottom in little streams of oozing slime. There were those who gathered round it also – miserable, narrow-minded, fallen wretches who groveled on the ground and sucked up the odious waters of evil. They became imbued with wrong and their perverse natures saw no light. They were dead to good, blind to light. They never could feel joy as long as they hugged that fountain and its evil contents.

It is a sad sight — too sad to go on with and watch these fallen men and women stain the good in others.

When we remember that every bad thought and every evil desire sends a flow of deadening wrong into that low fountain, and that every pure and beautiful thought keeps the fountain of knowledge clear and sparkling, should we not then strive to make every moment of our lives a glorious effort for right, that the good of one may make others good?

THE SECRET MOUNTAIN

AUBREY TYNDALL BLOGGSLEIGH

VARGLON FFLAMLAS, that was a slave in Babylon, dreamed a dream. Three dreams, indeed, it were better to say; since they came on three several nights, and each with a different story to tell. Or three chapters of one story; for the quality of it was always the same; and that was such as to make the things of waking life — his fellow-slaves; the taskmaster; the courtyard, streets, and palaces; the well from which he, yoked and blindfolded and going wearily round and round in a circle, drew water — seem as unreal as they were uninteresting.

The first night, then, he found himself in the midst of great splendors, but having a splendor within greater than that without. He knew that up and down the world the sound of his name was going, and that men were praising him everywhere, and that no poet had fame like his fame, from Camelot to Xanadu, from the Mountain Kaf to the bottom of the world. Nor did his honors lack foundation: his mind was all a wonder and extraordinary flame. He beheld the day sky traversed by beautiful deities and dragons, and the night on fire with the living palaces of the Gods; for him the sea was visibly the abode of hoary Thrones and Virtues; the earth could not hide her magical inward continents and starry-peopled promontories; men and women seemed to him great Spirits under a thin disguise.

He had come to his prime, he was aware, and his powers were growing yearly; and now he had made one supreme poem which should be chanted by bards to come, certainly, as long as there were courts of kings and cities of men, and singers to keep them sweet with song. And this poem he was now to chant before the King of kings in Babylon. There sat the king — with the face of one of his fellow-slaves, in whom he had never before noticed kingly qualities; — there the king's daughter, whose hand should be the reward of his singing; there, all the familiar faces of the courtiers and great officials; — and he himself, he knew, the central and important figure on whom all eyes were set. He rose to begin, and felt the grand surge of inspiration upon him: heard the rushing of the wings of the Spirit, as they are heard when a man's mind is to be borne up to the splendid heights. And then a stranger came out from the crowd, and stood before him, and whispered something; and he faltered, and could not give his mind to the chanting, for visions that came to him of a Mountain afar in the forest, asserting a pearly whiteness, thrown up high

above the billowing tree-tops, against the intense blue of heaven. And he was filled with longing for that Mountain; so that applause, and riches, and fame, seemed nothing to him; and if the king's daughter's hand had been held out to him, he would not have reached forth his to take it. And his great poem — went through after a sort, to the end; and before that came, the king yawned, and began talking — in whispers certainly — to those who stood by his throne; and at the finish he received conventional compliments, and the precise conventional reward; and all talk of the king's daughter's hand was tacitly dropped. And he went forth from the court to search the world for the Secret Mountain; and lived long wandering, but died before ever he came by news of it. — In the morning he looked on the faces of his fellow-slaves, and knew them for the faces of the great ones he had seen in his dream.

The day passed, and the night came; and no sooner had he lain down on his straw in the courtyard, and wrapped his leather cloak about him, than he was a great lord of battles among his hosts in the midst of a plain. His generals and captains were about him; his veterans that he had led to the conquest of many nations, in their chariots drawn up, a numberless multitude; and out in front an embattled people, against whom neither he nor any man had achieved victory since the world began. They were proud, gigantic, inordinate; they came up out of the far seas with a boast and a challenge; empire by empire had fallen before them, even to the borders of the empires that had fallen before great Babylon itself. Now they were to be overthrown, and their conquests added to Babylon, and their princes to be the slaves of the King of kings. And for himself, this victory would mean —

He gave the signal; the trumpets sounded, and all his men surged forward, chariots and horsemen and footmen; and he himself at the head of them. He felt the wind blow in his face; saw the fluttering of banners; had great relish of the shock when it came. And in the midst of the battle there was a sudden lull and hush, even when it was fiercest; and perhaps the arresting call of silver horns or fifes; and then he, crouched forward in his car, spear at drive and all tense for slaughter, dropped his spear-head forward, and looked to right and left; his horses reared and stopped; and he saw that on neither side was any weapon at work, but that all heads and eyes were turned where, the giant ranks opening, One that was not of the giants at all, neither warrior nor herald, came unhurried and unharmed towards himself. Then he was filled with overmastering wonder who this man should be, and what his mission; and (as the two hosts had done) forgot the war until he knew. So this stranger came up, and stood by his chariot, and looked in his eyes, and said something; and with that, again, there was a billowing of world-hiding treetops before his mind's eye,

and soaring up out of the treetops, the faint colors and creamy snows of the Secret Mountain; and the memory of the world and of Babylon drifted away from him, and the war became a thing that concerned him not: a meaningless tumult now; and with spear dropped and awed eyes he bade his charioteer drive on, for he would go in search of the mountain. And at that moment he saw the white quiet lightning-flash of arrows, the wind-driven terrible snow of arrows; and the dream was done. — Waking, he considered this: that in that dream he had had no memory of the other: that it had taken place — that he had fought in that battle — a thousand years before he had failed with that song; and yet in both — in the second not less than in the first — the face of the stranger had seemed familiar to him, and the words spoken, could he but remember them, were words he had been wont to hear of old. And in the morning, again, he saw his generals and captains, and they were his fellow-slaves; but there was none of them like the stranger that had come to him on the battlefield. . . . And that day he began to search the faces of the passers-by in the streets; for the man, thought he, would be living, somewhere.

The third night he dreamed: and now he was the King of kings in Babylon, with splendor incalculable encompassing him at his goings forth and comings in; and they that waited upon him, and that prostrated themselves day and night at the foot of his throne, were tributary kings and the rulers of empires of their own. So once he held court in his palace, and gave judgment, and received tribute, and was at the full moon of his greatness. And there came one into the court, at whose entry all voices were hushed. He made no obeisance, but came forward to the throne; and when he had spoken a word to the king, turned, and went his ways.

Then he, Varglon Fflamlas the king, remembered the Secret Mountain of the Gods, and that it was his own original home. He sat there upon his throne, and spoke nothing, and the whole hall was silent while he gave himself up to memories of old. — He had once been a prince or some very high lord among the Gods that dwell on that mountain; and what such lordship implied, he remembered: it was power, unusual, and not like any wielded among men. How came he to have left those regions of the Immortals, to take this paltry kingship, a man in the world of men? Had he heard a sound of Babylon in those days: of the great plain strewn nightly with a twinkle and glimmer that made heaven ashamed of its array of stars; of the gardens built up high into the blueness of noon, colonnade on colonnade, terrace on sculptured terrace with many groves and fountains; of the might of world-conquering kings and the spells of enchanters; of the ships laden with the merchandise of Ophir and India: spices and sandalwood, nard and cassia, pearls and apes and pea-

cocks and ivory: — had he heard of all these things and coveted them? or —

He awoke in the courtyard of the slaves, homesick, and resolute to return home. Was not this great Babylon, then, his birthplace? Were not these the streets, quays, shops, palaces, and warehouses that he had always known? — They seemed now foreign to him; utterly distasteful and antipathetic. He was not accustomed (after all his thirty years of this life in it, and how many other lives of old, who could say?) to the everlasting roar and drone and pounding and tinkle; to the yelling of the criers and vendors; to the whole business of city life. Up there, where the large stars drooped over the temple roofs, till it seemed you might almost light your taper at the flame of Rigel or Betelgeux; there where the windows of the high palaces caught the glory of the Chaldaean sunsets and dawns; where the slim moon, and Venus, haunted the topmost storeys of the Hanging Gardens: there, Babylon, you were a queen; but you hid your splendors from the slaves, and in the courtyards and hot street-gullies of the downtrodden and the ghouls of vice, your seeming was no more lovely than other cities'. Varglon Fflamlas, treading your paved ways wistfully, searched all faces for a glimpse of one face, and had no more interest in your beauty or your vileness than what the possibility of that discovery might lend. But always, night and day, that vast sea of treetops flickered and whispered before his inner sense, and from it as an island rose the Secret Mountain, a white plume in the sky, a creamy faintness or a glitter hung in mid-heaven. And sometimes he was near to remembering those who had been his companions there, and what manner of work it had been theirs to perform.

All the world was Babylon's; there was no fear of a slave escaping. The penalties of failure were too great; the chances of success too small. The man that owned this Varglon Fflamlas desired a message taken to the slave-master at one of his country-houses; and it fell to the lot of Varglon Fflamlas to take it. So he set out; with no intent or framed desire to escape, but with the proud vision of the mountain continually before his inward eye.

He delivered himself of his charge, but was not delivered from his obsessing idea. Escape? No; he had no relish for a crucifixion. So he turned to go back to the city. In the dusk of the evening he fell in with a man, whose face, surely, he knew . . . and walked beside him a mile, talking absently. Then the man left him, saying: "You are on the right road; go forward!" He went on until moonrise; then stopped, and cried out: "It was the one that came to me in the dreams!" He looked about him, and saw that the way he had taken was not the way he had come by in the morning; yet considering who had led him into it, went on. The truth is he had struck on the Old Road between Camelot and Babylon,

where no man comes. (It is true Saint Cilian came there ages afterwards.) Traveling on, he knew that he was safe; or might have known it, had his thoughts run that way. What he did know was this: that always the air grew sweeter and more divinely familiar; that somewhere ahead the Mountain rose, like a white finger in heaven beckoning him to come.

So presently he was going southward, and here on his right hand the tree-clad hills of Nanrossa, and there on his left the pools shining, the delicate reeds and grasses dew-hung, the morning sun-kissed mists of wide Elfinmere. He would not yet strike into the forest, but would follow the causeway the giants built of old for Arthur. So presently, again, he turned westward through the Gap of Nanrossa, and under the Tower that was to be Saint Cilian's. A great flood of delight poured up from his inmost being, for now he was in the forest itself.

Down into Nanrossa Bottom, just beyond the Gap; and now which way should he turn: up and leftward to the dark hill where Ffenit Fire-heart keeps guard among his pines; or where the green drive, flagged with the giants' huge stones a foot or two beneath the sward, leads by a gentle ascent to the right through the oakwoods of Darron Hên? — He would keep to the Old Road. — And there among the hundred-branched oaks of Darron the Aged, he felt certain he was on the right way. It all tallied with the memories of his third and greatest dream. He was breathing the air of his home; his soul burgeoned within him into singing, into surprising knowledge, into a greatness he could not have believed in before. These trees were the things he knew, and that belonged to him; the rustle of their leaves laved away Babylon from his mind. Tush! the porticoes and gardened terraces, the quays and courtyards, the squalor and splendor: they had no real being: they were but the after-math, haunting the outskirts of memory, from some ugly drug-begotten nightmare. But the trees were ancient and friendly acquaintances: participants with him, aforetime, in some delicate elder wisdom. Inner and inner selves awoke in him, responding to their large unlabored invitation. . . .

All that wood which covers the northern slope of the valley, after you have passed through the Gap: where each oak has its own spacious domain or holding, and leave to cover what extent of ground it will, and to throw out what huge, low-sweeping boughs it will: seemed to him suffused or pregnant with a consciousness not unakin to his own, but quiet, golden, un-world-weary, expectant, withholding secrets. Only just withholding them. It was but to bide here a little while, he thought, to have his mind so stilled and his memory so cleared and settled that the right word would come to him, the right language; and he would call forth answering speech with it from these leafy titans that quivered so friendlily

through their pendent greenness above and about him. Then he would inquire of them as to the road to the Secret Mountain; and they would not fail to tell him.

As he stood there brooding and partaking of the peace, and watching the sunlight westward on the gold-green tremulance of the tree-tops, and the deep leaf-walled ravine between the trees, and the drive in its emerald and dew-silver at the bottom, where it ran down, edged with bracken, into a glimpse of sunbright mystery beyond that could be seen between trunks and beneath low branches — something definite of memory did indeed come to him. He pictured a person appropriate to this solitude, and remembered a name out of lives and lives foregone. "Darron Hên!" he said; "yes; it was this place was haunted by Darron the Aged." The likeness that went with the name was that of an old man; druid-like; white-bearded and oakleaf-crowned; very straight and beautiful to see; eyes exceedingly bright and deep and wise and kindly. Yes; he remembered the Oak-God well; and knew that he had been one of his kinsmen on the Secret Mountain, when the Gods foregathered in that their arcane capital. And he remembered a chant of invocation, such as they had been wont to use, to call to each other in the forest; it came to him word by word, phrase by phrase, dropping into his mind with golden ripples; and he sang it there among Darron's trees, and waited with confidence for that bright ancient to glimmer into visibility. But no shining form appeared, nor even could he come by hearing an answer; though it seemed to him that the leafage trembled as if with a remembered delight, and blushed into more luminous green at hearing him. He sat down on a fallen trunk, and gave himself over to happy ponderings. "Yes, yes," thought he; "we used to ride through the air . . . over the unsolid green leagues . . . our passaging was like a shooting or a streaming of flame, the burning voyage of a meteor or a dragon through the sky. We were not men, like the people in Babylon." So he brooded, gathering up the threads of ancient memories; and with hardly a shadow of unease on him that he could get no news of Darron Hên.

He left the oakwood, and went down through the leaf-walled gully; he would search the green wild forest through, but he would find the Mountain of his dreams. All that Spring he wandered on; highly hopeful for the most part; making songs as he went, often; it was not so wonderful that, after all these thousands of years, he should have some difficulty in finding the way. He heard the cuckoo calling as she flew, beyond his vision, between the blue and the green; it seemed to him a voice from an elder age; remote, friendly, of happy omen. He heard the minstrelsy of the blackbird in the birchwoods; the misselthrush making bardism among the high beeches. The like of these you should not find in Babylon:

cymbal and sackbut, shawm, dulcimer, and psaltery: the king's musicians were not comparable to these. Again and again he came on places he would have said he had known of old. In the lonely reaches of the forest: in valleys bright with gorse and heather; where the mosses glowed gold and dusky and green; where the bog-cotton lifted its lonely grace, and the air was sweet with bog-myrtle: it was strange how the knowledge of his old divinity came dropping and stealing into his mind. In the pillared somberness of the high beeches his imaginings grew in augustness; in the sun-soaked green places where lizards lightened, what dross of mortality remained on him slipped away. The great revelation seemed always trembling on the verge of his memory; but there were absences he could not understand. The places were there, and the beauty; but those that had been the soul and essence of them were gone. — In a glade where dewdrops sparkled on the ferns, and the green of the turf was misted over with morning silver, a fire-shape delicately beautiful came to his mind, and he remembered distinctly the being and name of Taimaz the Dew-Queen; but he might invoke her with the song she would answer of old, and gain nothing by his invocation.

He went on through the summer: when July, dark blue and proud and beautiful, July with the Egyptian eyes, brooded in the heavens; when silence pondered in the palaces of leaves, and no birds sang. August came, light-footed over the beech-tops, diffusing a fine remote gold through the air. In the purple of dusk he passed through the pinewoods, and saw the sky flame in the spaces between the dark needle-tufts and the ruddy trunks and boughs. He thought of Ffenit Fire-heart, whose shadowy ruby-dark mantle had often made a glow of twilight among the pines. But where was Ffenit, that one might get no news of him now? Ah, where were the forms of flame and light that had been wont to burn so beautifully, once, across the beautiful burning of the sky? There was a solitude in the forest, that bore no correspondence to his memories and his dreams. — He made for all high places, and scanned the world from any eminence where a break in the trees gave freedom to his vision. And there were green and lofty hills to be seen often; and sometimes the purple grandeur of a mountain; but never that one pearl-white plume, that tall sky-reaching beauty faint in its snows, that shone so clearly before his inner eye.

Often he came on the Fairy hosts riding the moors of heather under the stars; and would have questioned them — but that they had no eyes that could see him, it seemed, at that time; and no ears that could hear his voice. So in growing loneliness he went on, right through the heart of the forest; through golden days and gray; through the haste of the little Rain-Gods — but they were always hurrying away quietly,

and had no words to say to him. He remembered that his life of old had not been idle wandering. The beauty and secrecy of the forest more and more eluded him, now that he had no high office to perform.

He journeyed westward through the autumn; through the flaming of the leaves, and their waning; through their silent falling and drifting down. His joy was dimmed into quietude, his hope into gray resolution; he sang no more as he wandered. When the storms of winter were riding over the naked trees — when the beech-tops were sullenly purple, and the low skies grape-dark above them — he came to the edge of the forest and the wild wrathfulness of the sea; and still he had caught no glimpse of the Mountain of his home, nor seen anything of his ancient companions. Sadness overmastered him; great longings took him; at times he thought with dread of Babylon — of the flaunting scarlet and golden glory; of the wasted life, the empty days; the riot and desperate gloom.

He turned back from the sea, and into the forest again, and all that year wandered seeking. With the spring the great life flowed back to him, and he was less an exile in his home. He came to remember the language of the wild bees and the swallows; the speech of the fairies and the little Rain-Gods; how to address the blackbird, that he might not take offense; what words to say to the misselthrush in April; what to the cuckoo; what to the great white owl in the twilight of August under the pines; what to the waterwagtail by the stream; what to the kingfisher flashing green and blue in the woodland silence by still waters. — In the open glades, then, he would come upon the moonlight dancers; and they would gather around him, awestruck at the presence of a god; but silent with pity and sorrow to see the paleness of the flame-plume over his head, and his eyes with their longing and sadness. — Did they know the way to the Secret Mountain? — At that they vanished away, sighing; there was something terrible, inexplicable, in such as he putting that question to them. They were sensible, I suppose, of the presence of tragedy; and it cut into their lives, and made them aware of that dreaded thing pain. They had no help for him. — "I sing of it always," said Bard Blackbird; "can you not hear me? How can I tell you more than is in my song?" (there was always a dash of tart gaiety in his bardism). — "Hush!" said the kingfisher; and dived after some gliding streak in the wood-brown lights and shadows of the water. — "*Mi wn, mi wn!* — I know, I know!" cooed the wood-pigeon, as she always does; but would vouchsafe no information. — So continually disappointed he wandered on.

In midwinter he came back to Nanrossa. To Ffenit Fire-heart's pinewood, with one faint whipped-up hope in him. But the snow lay inches thick on the branches and needle-tufts, and the place was cold

and lonely and ghostly, and Ffenit Fire-heart was not there. To Darron's oakwood; and the bare trees seemed to him as to a returning wanderer the ruined walls that once were his home. To Nanrossa Tower above the Gap, and to looking out over snow-covered Elfinmere under the gray indefinite skies, and under the howling of the wolfish wind. He thought of Borion of the Golden Flame: how he used to come riding up at dawn over the marsh; he thought of Gwernlas the Lady of the Alders, and of all that by wood and glade and mere were the kindling flame and inward sweetness of the beauty of the forest. — "Where are they?" he said; and again, "alas, where are they?" Not in the forest now, he knew; nor in the mute white waste of Elfinmere. And the Secret Mountain? — Of this only he could be sure: that he should never find it, wandering in those deserted regions; that he had lost the clue, or that his present eyes were unsuited for the vision. Then he thought of Babylon: of them that danced before the king, clad in soft scarlet, and them that crawled the kennels, leprous or mutilated; of the loud brazen music of trumpets and shawms; of the flaunting splendor and the hidden agony; the golden and crimson pageantry, the squalid places of filth and shame. Was he a God, and doing nothing?

He went down, and took the Old Road from Camelot to Babylon, and journeyed forward.

Hourly as he went, new memories came crowding upon him. He was aware of the things the Gods know: their pride and their compassion ensouled him. What would he do? — Wage their wars in Babylon! He remembered their eternal project; and how they wait upon times and cycles, and are intent to conquer the world at last. He was one of them, and their warfare also was his own; even though for thousands of years he had taken no hand in it. But he would make some campaign of it now, there in the great city. The Gods' war is unlike any other: it calls not for cohorts and battalions; one man may be a puissant army; he is not lonely, who single-handed holds a planet for the Gods. A planet — or his own heart, for that matter. There were high adventures for a God — for a slave — to undertake in Babylon.

He was within a day's journey of the city, and near the place where he had turned off from the populous ways, to take the Old Road to Nanrossa and the forest. There, at nightfall, from a high eminence, he looked forth, and saw the plain all about, and the sky above the plain, lit as it were with the watch-fires of a grand encampment: the far horizons seemed twinkling with great luminous rainbow-colored pavilions. A man overtook him as he stood there, and greeted him; he knew afterwards that it was the one that had come to him in his dreams, but did not recognise him then. — "What is it?" said Varglon Fflamlas, pointing to the

unusual splendor of fires. — "These years," said the other, "the Gods lay siege to Babylon; they await the one who shall open the gates to them." In a moment the sun had set; the vision was gone; and the man who had been standing at his side. No saying but Varglon Fflamlas had dreamed.

He came into the city; he made three days journey through Babylon, proclaiming the things the Gods know. He saw the dancers in their soft scarlet; the brazen-coated soldiers; the merchants, the thieves, the rich men and the fallen. They all seemed to him Gods obscured, angels banished, souls hidden under oblivion, the pilgrims of a thousand lives. Crowds listened to him on the quays, in all the public places. Then said one: "Is not this Varglon Fflamlas, the slave that escaped?" News of his coming reached his former master; he was taken before the judges presently, and condemned.

At dawn punishment was meted out to him according to the law. Towards evening, looking up from his cross, he saw in the midst of the blue sky, far above the huge porticoes, the brickbuilt pillars and palaces, far above the Hanging Gardens of the king, a drifting together of clouds, and the likeness in them of a white plumelike mountain, faint in its creamy and pearly snows. At nightfall there was an end of such bodily pain as he suffered.

And in the night the city gates were opened from within, and the Gods entered Babylon; there to reign, it is said, for a thousand years or more.