THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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"One may conquer a thousand men in battle; but he who conquers himself alone is the great victor."

THEOSOPHICAL KEYNOTES

IT is my aim in these keynotes to bring my readers as often as possible into closer touch with the noble and self-sacrificing life of our great spiritual Teacher, Helena Petrovna Blavatsky — the originator and founder of the modern Theosophical Movement; and I feel that those who read our literature must realize that Madame Blavatsky was a very remarkable character. I cannot conceive of a better proof of the doctrine of Reincarnation than is offered by her life — her knowledge, her erudition, her books. It is quite impossible to believe that one mind, in one short life of sixty years, could have acquired so much knowledge.

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The following is from one of her articles, 'The Esoteric Character of the Gospels,' republished in Studies in Occultism, *wherein she presents her interpretation of some of the teachings of the Gospels. These few extracts will answer some of the very earnest inquiries of those who are seeking more light and a better knowledge of the laws governing human life:*

" *'Tell us, when shall these things be? And what shall be the sign* of thy presence, and of the consummation of the age?' *asked the Disciples of the MASTER, on the Mount of Olives.*

"The reply given by the 'Man of Sorrows,' the Chrestos, *on his trial, but also on his way to triumph, as* Christos, *or Christ, is prophetic, and very suggestive. It is a warning indeed. The answer must be quoted in full. Jesus . . . said unto them:*

" *'Take heed that* no man *lead you astray. For many shall come in my name saying, I am the Christ; and shall lead many astray. And ye shall hear of wars . . . but the end is not yet.* For nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom; and there shall be famines and earthquakes in divers places. *But all these things are the beginning of travail. . . . Many false prophets shall arise, and shall lead many astray . . . then shall the end come . . . when ye see the abomination of desolation which was spoken through Daniel. . . . Then if any man shall say unto you,* Lo, here is the Christ, *or there; believe him not. . . . If they shall say unto you, Behold, he is in the wilderness, go not forth; behold,*

he is in the inner chambers, believe them not. For as the lightning cometh forth from the East and is seen even in the West, so shall be the presence *of the Son of Man,' etc."*

It is evident, as Madame Blavatsky points out, that

"this Christ is to be sought neither in the wilderness nor 'in the inner chambers,' nor in the sanctuary of any temple or church built by man; for Christ — the true esoteric SAVIOR — is no man, *but the DIVINE PRINCIPLE in every human being. He who strives to resurrect the Spirit* crucified in him by his own terrestrial passions, *and buried deep in the 'sepulcher' of his sinful flesh; he who has the strength to roll back* the stone of matter *from the door of his own* inner *sanctuary, he* has the risen Christ in him."

This is what Theosophy supports.

" . . . *at no time since the Christian era have the precursor signs described in* Matthew *applied so graphically and forcibly to any epoch as they do to our own times. When has nation arisen against nation more than at this time? When have 'famines' — another name for destitute pauperism, . . . — been more cruel . . . ?*

"Many and many a time the warning about the 'false Christs' and prophets who shall lead people astray has been interpreted by charitable Christians, the worshipers of the dead-letter of their scripture, as applying to mystics generally, and Theosophists most especially. . . . Nevertheless, it seems very evident that the words in Matthew's Gospel and others can hardly apply to Theosophists. For these were never found saying that Christ is 'Here' or 'There,' in wilderness or city, and least of all in the 'inner chamber' behind the altar of any modern church. Whether Heathen or Christian by birth, they refuse to materialize and thus degrade that which is the purest and grandest ideal — the symbol of symbols — namely, the immortal Divine Spirit in man, whether it be called Horus, Krishna, Buddha, or Christ. None of them has ever yet said: 'I am the Christ'; for those born in the West feel themselves, so far, only Chrestians, *however much they may strive to become* Christians *in Spirit. It is to those, who in their great conceit and pride refuse to win the right to such appellation by first leading the life of* Chrestos . . . *that the above-quoted words of Jesus apply most forcibly."*

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I very often meet inquirers who say: "I am so anxious to know more about the teachings of Theosophy. Would it not be possible for me to have an interview with you? for I have many questions to ask." I often wonder at this, because the splendid writings of Madame Blavatsky, Isis Unveiled, The Secret Doctrine, *and* The Key to Theosophy, *are to be found in almost every library in this country, and some of her other writings are often available as well. One can take the books and study the inspiring truths of Theosophy, even though he may be so prejudiced that he will not at the time wish to accept Madame Blavatsky as a Teacher, and may have no desire to join the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society; yet once he gives serious consideration to the teachings he cannot wholly get away from them; and because his higher nature has been appealed to by these sublime thoughts, new and splendid possibilities are presented to him, and he is challenged to make them a part of his daily life, if he would find the path to happiness. He will find that Theosophy is the key.*

THEOSOPHICAL KEYNOTES

It seems to me that one of the greatest mistakes that we as a people make today is, that we do not value time as we should; and therefore we grow careless in seeking the greater knowledge which is the key to many of the most serious problems of human life. We have been educated all along in the idea that we had no existence before we came here; we are very uncertain about ourselves: where we came from, and whither we are going. According to the ordinary, current teachings and doctrines one must be constantly preparing for the next condition, about which one knows nothing; and I often wonder how it is that humanity does even as well as it does, and that men can hold together sufficiently to treat one another with toleration, in view of the false and uncertain teachings and the errors that have crept into the mental constitution of man. Man limits his existence to one short earth-life; he rushes hither and thither in pursuit of material objects alone, in the endeavor to get out of life all that is possible in seventy brief years or less. Some are looking forward to the future with disappointment, fear, and despair; but a true Theosophist should live as though each moment were the most precious moment of eternity; for one thought or one act against the higher law of man's nature brings distressing results; for "as ye sow, so must ye also reap."

In speaking so earnestly of these Theosophical ideas, I am trying to bring home to each and all something substantial, something that will last every day and every moment, from Monday morning until Saturday night, as well as on Sunday; something that will give such a broad conception of life, that each will have the key to every situation, no matter what the difficulties, what the disappointments or the sorrows.

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Through the study and application of Theosophy, man can find an entirely new viewpoint and can understand himself, to a degree at least, and begin to hope and trust. When he understands the necessity for self-directed evolution, that he must evolve through his own efforts, he will begin to find himself: he will reach that higher state of consciousness which belongs to the immortal man, which will sweep into his life, touch it with new energy, and bring an illumination to crown his efforts and his aspirations. If he be a musician, then we can imagine what grand symphonies will sweep into his life; if an inventor, we can conceive of deeper and more profound conceptions of what he is aiming to do; and ultimately he will find that the brain-mind, which the ordinary man depends upon, is but an instrument, which must be used by this higher power.

We can go into all walks of life, even down to the humblest and lowest, the most unfortunate and distressed, and realize that this great idea which Madame Blavatsky brought is true, and that the Christos Spirit is in every man. There is no monopoly of it; it belongs to each and all. Accepting this idea, intuitively

at first and afterwards realizing it more fully, the development of the character follows, sometimes slowly, but always surely.

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I can conceive how it was that Madame Blavatsky came to do her royal work for humanity in this life. She had lived many lives before, she had suffered and had attained knowledge; for really one cannot grow in the truest sense spiritually, unless he has suffered and his heart and mind are attuned to the heartache of the world. Madame Blavatsky became conscious of a certain power, which was the result of her suffering and her persecution — not a supernatural, but a perfectly natural power. Even as a child she suffered because of the disharmonies in human life — the inconsistencies and the unbrotherliness. When only sixteen years of age she would turn away from the pressure of the social unrest, to find in silent nature some answer to her heart yearnings and questionings, — so I learned from William Q. Judge, my predecessor and Madame Blavatsky's successor in the leadership of the Theosophical Movement.

There was a great purpose in her life, even when she was a mere girl. It was then that she must have been conscious of her innate divinity. In outward appearance it made her quite different from others. She was unusually imposing, not only physically, but in her life and her manner; and she carried with her an indescribable something which we sometimes find in gentle, noble, and generous people. We get little touches of it with many, but she expressed the dignity of her character among all whom she met, even in her youthful days.

To my mind, hers was not unlike the spirit which the Nazarene possessed when talking to the unfortunate woman. His heart was so attuned to the suffering and the pleading of this woman, that he was able to comfort and help her, when in her despair and agony she touched his garment, that she might feel his blessing. He was so divine that in his great nature, by his simple act of compassion, he recognised that she also was divine. Through this compassion he poured out his sympathy — not so much in words, as in the silence of his deeper nature and good will. It was the power of the Christos Spirit which Jesus possessed in a higher degree than those whom he taught; it was the divine fire in human life; it is that which should hold each one to his highest ideals and standards; it is that part of his immortal nature that carries him through to self-conquest and ultimately to victories; it is the glory of the Christos Spirit awakened in man.

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In all that she ever wrote Madame Blavatsky never gave us anything more potent or more forceful than her interpretation of the Gospels. She presents Jesus in an entirely new aspect. She does not declare that he was specially divine; she says, and all who study Theosophy know, that no one has a monopoly of the Christos Spirit — it is in all humankind. Madame Blavatsky brings

home to us this great fact; she lifts the veil and throws aside the rubbish and the debris of creeds and dogmas and the brain-mind conceptions in reference to Christ; she presents him as one of the most royal and superb figures in history, as a man who had lived his many lives, had passed through many schools of experience, and had been reborn again and again, conquering and reconquering, until at last, finding himself in the most unfortunate period of the age, he entered earth-life again, that he might fulfil his mission and lift the veil that humanity might glimpse the light of eternal life.

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One cannot study the life of Madame Blavatsky without realizing the potency of the Divine Laws. In her aspirations and her desire to help, she gravitated as an immortal soul into the very surroundings where she could have the opportunity she needed, not only further to round out her character, but to help those who were less fortunate than she. She willed to come into closer contact with man's inhumanity to man, with the suffering of the people, with the persecution and the hypocrisy of the age, that she might the more clearly accentuate the great contrast — the great optimistic hope of the world, Theosophy.

The most helpful lessons of her last life were in Russia, where she was born and grew up to young womanhood. It is said that even in her girlhood the spirit of unbrotherliness and misery which she witnessed every day tore her heart and compelled her to move out among the masses with her great purpose, with the fire of divine sympathy in her heart. Her desire to help her fellow-men carried her into different countries and different environments, and later, in the seventies of the last century, she came to America, unheralded and unrecognised; and here, in our country, she endured fully as much moral persecution as Jesus suffered in his time.

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If we could interpret this idea of the Christos Spirit rightly, as Madame Blavatsky endeavored to teach us, realizing that each man possesses it, how very different human life would be today! How very easy it would be to understand that in self-directed evolution, in the growth of all things, just as Nature teaches us, there must be suffering! But if one is conscious of one's Divinity, of the great urge ever dwelling in the heart, one can endure suffering patiently: for suffering sanctifies the life; it opens the mind to higher purposes, higher aspirations, more strenuous efforts, and a larger trust in the eternal verities. If there is anything that humanity needs today, it is to have a larger trust in the divine things of life, to have a royal and superb trust in oneself, in one's mission, in one's divinity.

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Mere intellect, with no touch of the divine in it, shuts out and obscures the light of truth and leads one to turn away from the inner Christos Spirit. One

who follows the limited, negative path of life is self-sufficient, egotistic. He may read and study and work, and may have high purposes; but he is alone in a sense; he knows nothing of the companionship of the soul. But the man who is conscious of the Divine Spirit within ever guiding, ever urging him to grander efforts, is never alone. There is a companionship that is ever with him; in the desert, in the caverns of the earth, under the greatest sorrow, it will always be his.

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Accepting the idea of the Christos Spirit and the Divinity of man as the first step, working it out in the mind, in time it becomes a ladder by which man may climb to a higher state of consciousness. It opens a wonderful volume of knowledge, an understanding of death and rebirth; it establishes the doctrine of Reincarnation firmly in the mind. It shows the glory and richness of what is called death: that it is but rebirth, simply throwing off the old tired body that has worn itself out, simply the freeing of the soul from the body, that it may go forward to another school of experience, moving along the path of human perfectibility. Theosophy points to another and a higher life, to a state and condition that is man's heritage. One has only to study silent Nature to gain lessons of helpfulness. Just as Nature works in its wonderful silent processes, so does the soul of man. It seeks its own, not at a point in space, as has been taught by theologians, but in a condition wherein the soul, freed from the body, shall rest and gain strength and knowledge, where it shall re-live in the silence all the old victories; and having learned the lessons that the victories taught, it pushes on to new experiences.

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Thus the Christos Spirit is revived. It takes up a new house, a new tenement of flesh on this Earth, where it is ever seeking to establish the Kingdom of Heaven. It holds in its keeping, though perhaps not in actual memory — for these inner processes are wonderfully sacred — the impress of everything in the former life that is essential to be worked out, all the 'unfinished business,' as it were, all the unanswered aspirations; and all these will find expression in the new life. Then will come a great hope, a great optimism. All humanity under such an urge will be smiling eternally with the joy of the divine Christos Spirit expressing itself in every thought and act. Is there not a promise of a brighter day in this word-picture of mine? Is not Theosophy a panacea for the world's woe?

KATHERINE TINGLEY

COMPASSION: TRUE AND FALSE

H. TRAVERS, M. A.

"To feel 'compassion' without an adequate practical result is not altruism."—*H. P. Blavatsky*

THE remark might be made even more pointed by putting it: "To feel 'compassion' without an adequate practical result is not compassion." For the point is that such a feeling is not compassion at all, but only "compassion" (in quotation marks). It is only a mental indulgence. There is the story of an individual who was out driving in the winter, and felt so cold that he ordered a ton of coal to be bought and distributed among the poor in his neighborhood; but when he got home and was warm and comfortable, he countermanded the order, saying that the poor were used to the cold and could get along all right. Compassion is that which expresses itself in appropriate action; that which does not so express itself is something else.

The word 'adequate' in the quotation seems to indicate that, not only must there be a result, but it must be of the right kind. False compassion may yield no result at all or a wrong result — as in some kinds of 'charity.' There was a story in one of the magazines some years ago about a poor foreign Hebrew old-clothes man, who was so dreadfully persecuted by some charitable people that he fled secretly to another quarter of the city and changed his name. His children had been taken into the country, where they had had a bad time of it, his old clothes had been taken off his back and replaced by new and inappropriate ones which made the boys tease him, and his home had been turned upside down. He had been brought up under despotic government, and he regarded this charity as some inscrutable form of police tyranny, not to be resisted or questioned, but simply to be fled from. And so the poor man fled. There was a moving-picture film showing the baneful effects of the activities of a kind of rich and idle people called 'uplifters,' who brought discredit on the title they had stolen and made a bad name for all useful help by acting from wrong motives, such as selfishness and vanity, and doing harm instead of good.

The world is full of amiable well-meaning people who do not accomplish anything, and who leave action in the hands of those who are not so scrupulous. Are the virtues of these people real virtues, or are they of the kind that should be written in quotation marks and classed as mental indulgences? Without wishing to be too hard on these people, we may

surmise that the latter element is at least present in considerable proportion; for they are not impelled to action, and therefore the true test of virtue fails.

I find in myself an implanted tendency to let virtuous feelings expend themselves in thought, thus leaving my hands unbraced when the time comes for deeds. This state of affairs, it would seem to me, is quite agreeable to the selfish side of my nature, which would not wish to have things otherwise; and there are grounds for suspecting a compact between two elements of my personality, the one ugly, the other fair, but both selfish; as though I were a potentate, keeping among my retinue both ruffians to do my dark deeds and beautiful damsels to adorn my leisure. I find too that a similar policy tends to relegate all my virtuous inclinations to the dim vale of the past, where they masquerade as regrets, or to the unveiled and therefore altogether supposititious future, where, as dead-sea fruit, they are destined to turn to ashes.

From all this region of futility the only avenue of escape is into the realm of action and the domain of the present moment. And it may well be that I find myself better justified in trusting to my native impulses for good action than to my grandiose projects. For these latter serve but to alienate my attention from the little duties of the present moment, which are the stepping-stones to greater opportunities, and to place my feet instead upon a path which, however glamored, leads but to the regions of the moon.

Such considerations lead one to a realization of the truth of those sayings which tell us that the end of man is not a thought but a deed, and that, in place of casting about for great deeds to do, we should simply do what we have to do. In truth, it may be said that, as long as I bide in the realms of contemplation, I have not, as far as that particular occasion is concerned, incarnated upon earth at all, but am still only in a state of gestation, which is as likely as not to end — where it began. It is only when I have acted that I have fully incarnated.

One hardly feels qualified to address people who desire to reform the world, but these thoughts may perhaps be useful to some who feel that they have within them generous impulses which somehow fail to find due expression. It is natural for a person born in this civilization to imagine that, before he can do anything, he will have to get, to acquire, to gain something: the keynote of acquisition is strongly sounded in our civilization. But another idea is that, instead of getting, we should *lose*. In other words, may it not be that we have to *disencumber* ourselves, rather than equip ourselves anew? It is quite a familiar experience that lumber has to be cleared out before anything new can be put in; or that new liquor cannot be put into a bottle that contains the decaying remnants

of what was there before. These illustrations help to explain why it is that high ideals, when suffered to lie in the mind, are apt to ferment and become useless. In our mind there is a creature like an octopus, with tentacles that draw in everything and turn it into food for the shapeless body of the monster. Thus it is that even virtues and good intentions may become mere food for self-satisfaction and the mere ornaments of a 'superior person.'

Life is our great teacher; and, like other teachers, it beneficently provides us with opportunities for independent self-expression. But we cannot learn unless we accept these opportunities. Hence the reason why we remain confined to a narrow sphere may be because we have some defect that prevents us from taking the first step, and that thereby causes us to miss many opportunities. If once we could get over this little defect, we could step out into a somewhat larger sphere, and would then be ready to take still further steps. But we fail to overcome the defect, and so we stay where we were, and have to seek consolation in viewing the distant prospect and traversing it in imagination only.

It would seem, then, that we should not so much seek to acquire new powers as to free ourselves from much that is superfluous in our character, so that we may be better able to use the powers which we possess. The Soul is not an extra; our nature is not complete without it. But it is usually hidden away and choked by superfluous growths. These need pruning, so that the Soul may have a chance. Compassion, among other things, is at the root of our nature, and waits but to be revealed. Self-satisfaction is a vampire that can never be glutted; and the more we realize the truth of this fact, the sooner we shall be ready to discard many things that we have hitherto thought necessary. A multitude of fears and anxieties will drop off naturally, when we begin to see that they have no solid ground. It is probably some such fear or care which is the obstacle, spoken of above, that is always getting in our way and causing us to miss opportunities.

Compassion, then, is more a motive power than a sentiment; at least it is not complete until expressed in action. Its enemy is selfishness; and if this is eliminated, compassion will come naturally into play. And selfishness is not confined to the doing of selfish deeds, but consists very largely in doing no deeds at all, and in being preoccupied with one's own feelings.

THE REALITY THAT IS BEHIND EXISTENCE*

R. MACHELL

WHAT is the Reality behind the illusions that make up what we call life? The answer to this question, a few generations ago, would probably have been God. But that word has lost its power to satisfy inquiring minds, and it has almost ceased to be used as an answer now even by those who still cling to the old forms of religion. It has lost its significance and its power to overawe the reasoning intelligence of modern men and women. And yet at one time it would have been a natural and completely satisfying solution of the problem. The word has lost its old meaning because men have lost faith in their own divine origin, and have ceased to take interest in the kind of fetish that the dying Churches had substituted for the once living ideal of a great First Cause.

The mystics of the last few thousands of years have used the word God in many senses, no doubt according to the degree of evolution achieved by their race or their religious faith; but the mystics have always held to the main idea that the semblance of external life was but a shadow cast upon the screen of time by the movement of the Soul, which in its own pure state was one and universal, and for which each school of philosophy or each religious hierarchy had a different name, exoterically rendered perhaps as God, but esoterically understood as the Supreme, the Ineffable, the Inexpressible Mystery, the One Reality.

But the mystics have lost their hold upon the world, and materialistic Science has almost obliterated the traces of their influence on human thought. In a mystical sense one might say that their God is dead, and his tomb is the edifice that we call the Church, collectively.

Science has shaken to the ground many a superstitious structure built upon the old mystical concept of the Supreme Intelligence manifested symbolically to the minds of men as God. But, in destroying these temples of imagination, Science seems to have shaken man's faith in the reality that lies behind existence. And the self-styled scientists have too often shown themselves mere men of nescience, whose intelligence had been converted into a machine for testing and measuring material phenomena, which machine by its very nature was unable to reveal or to discover reality, or to appreciate it when inadvertently stumbled upon by the way. So these materialistic investigators, who

*A paper read at the Isis Theater, San Diego, California.

had done such good work in one direction as demolishers, failed entirely to construct any satisfying abode for the faith of man; and the result has been a state of almost universal agnosticism, or mere ignorance crystallized into a blank negation of faith, or even a profession of atheism.

Total loss of faith is a heavy price to pay for emancipation from the shackles of superstition, though the seriousness of the loss may not be immediately apparent.

Faith is a natural attempt to satisfy a natural need. Self-knowledge is necessary to man; it is the object of his evolution, and the need of it is felt long before it is at all understood.

We owe the advance of a certain kind of knowledge to the spread of popular science and to the consequent growth of popular intelligence. Old forms of belief must necessarily be left behind under such circumstances; but the need from which they sprang remains, and, if not satisfied with a new form of faith, it will create a craving for some substitute. The search for this substitute gives rise to countless sects and schools of experimental psychology; and it also invites a great variety of charlatans to exploit the public craving for a new faith to replace the old form.

The Soul of man seeks to express itself, and finds in the materialized brain-mind no mechanism delicate enough for its purpose, so that it tries to awaken the imagination and to assert itself as the true self within the personality. We may outgrow our old beliefs, but we do not outgrow our own individuality, nor can we ever satisfactorily deny our own existence. The whole world may be an illusion; but I AM. Just what I am is perhaps beyond my power to conceive or to declare; but I know that *I am*. In my egotism and vanity I may not fully realize that every other individual must be in the same state of certainty as to his own self-existence, but I *know* that I AM.

And what is Reality? What is most real to each one of us? Is it not just this one fact of our own Self-existence? Is there anything else in life of which we can be sure? Oh! I know it is easy to utter words and phrases that may express a doubt of our own reality, but when analysed, these expressions of opinion are found to refer to what we may have believed our personality to be, and that, of course, may have been altogether an illusion; but one cannot deny one's own existence without affirming it in the utterance of the denial.

So the old mystics, who sought to free themselves from the delusion of separateness from the One Reality, simply attempted to realize their oneness with the Supreme, and did not fall into the foolish error of self-denial, which is but an inverted form of self-assertion, or, as one might say, of egotism gone mad.

They felt that the one reality was Soul, or Spirit, or Supreme Intelli-

gence, of which all else was but an image or illusive appearance. Thus to them the Supreme was that reality which lies behind all existence. This great idea is the foundation of almost all mystic philosophy that has come down to us in record or tradition. And the symbolic representation of this idea in myth or allegory is to be found in the theology of every religion, which, in its exoteric form, becomes the more or less idolatrous worship of a personal God. The gods of the nations are like the theories of scientists: they wear out, and are in time abandoned; but that from which they sprang is as much alive as ever, though the form of the image may be changed. The Supreme Reality remains from before time, being itself that from which our mind and intelligence emanate.

The old emblem of the serpent biting its own tail is a picture of man trying to grasp his own being: the serpent may bite his tail, but he cannot swallow himself. That is where we are when we try to understand our own selfhood mentally. And our failure to grasp it is the evidence of its reality, or rather of OUR reality. Though all my ideas about myself must be illusive, yet there remains unchanged the eternal fact that I AM. And it is worth thinking about, because it makes one realize the continuity of existence.

It is easy to think of dying and of being born, of coming into this world or of leaving it, but we cannot think of our own non-existence. We may profess to believe that we cease to be at death; but in reality we are only thinking of a change of state from the known to the unknown. We cannot think without asserting our existence, and we can find no change in that eternal I AM which is the one fact of existence. It is asserted again and again in the mystic books which make up the bibles of the world.

This self-assertion, this *I am*, is the mark of man — his consciousness of individual existence. And yet we see that it is universal; for it is hard to believe that any human being is *un*aware of his own existence, or that he or she can be self-conscious in any other way than this, which I call the sense of *I am*. It seems to be the very root of human consciousness; and yet we find in the Hebrew Bible that the God of Moses gave it as his own name, and instructed his disciple Moses to say that he was the messenger of I AM. What is this but a declaration that the self-consciousness of man is divine in its origin, and universal in its manifestation?

In the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*, Krishna plays on this theme continually through all the chapters of that wonderful work. He represents the illuminated sage as the man who has found the true Self, and who knows his own identity with the Supreme Spirit. He says: "Assimilation with the Supreme Spirit is on both sides of death for those who . . . are

acquainted with the true Self." And he endeavors to make clear the difference between the false self and the true, called by Madame Blavatsky the personality and the individuality, when he says: "Self is the friend of the man who is self-conquered; so self like a foe hath enmity to him who is not self-conquered." Then later he declares that "the spiritually wise is verily myself," he, Krishna, being the Supreme Spirit. The whole work seems aimed at awakening in man a sense of his own divinity, of the divinity, that is, of the real Self of man. This seems to me to be the keynote of all mysticism, and it is familiar to those familiar with the Persian poets, though veiled in allegories and sensuous symbolism that seems quite profane to ordinary readers.

The mystics have constantly harped on this idea — the oneness of the Soul of man with the Supreme Spirit. Jesus asserted it; but the so-called Christians have lost sight of this great saving truth, and have dwelt rather in contemplation of the gulf that lies between earth and heaven. Instead of seeking to realize their own divinity, they have preferred to live in the earthly nature and to pray to a far-away Father in Heaven, not seeing that this attitude of distant adoration is a denial of the God within, the divine ray that is the savior in every man, who is truly a son of God, as well as a son of man. The reality that lies behind existence is the Soul of man, the source of his self-identifying consciousness, the I.

In attempting to speak of the underlying reality in life, one is courting misunderstanding, for it is not easy even to suggest such deep ideas by means of any form of words. Words in themselves are a limitation of thought; but by arrangement and combination they may be made to suggest ideas that are sensible in the mind, though almost beyond the power of definite words to express. The only use of such an attempt lies in the possibility of stimulating thought in the hearer: for truth cannot be given, it must be found; and it can only be found in one's own mind, by one's own efforts.

But there are forms of thought and forms of speech that are aimed at expressing finally and unchangeably some truth, which in reality they obscure and conceal. Such forms are creeds and dogmas, which can only be accepted as finalities when the mind has been completely paralysed or dulled by habitual misuse. All forms must change; it is in the nature of things: but the soul of things is formless. So the Self in man endures, while his form changes from hour to hour, from moment to moment, and from year to year. A man of fifty still is the same I; but his body is not the one he wore when he was five years old. He has had many bodies, and none of them were permanent; but he is the same individual, and will tell what he did, or thought, or felt and experienced, during the

years that saw his body change unceasingly, just as if he were physically the same man all the way along his life.

This underlying sense of unchanging individuality is all that gives continuity to his experience of life, and without it he would be a lunatic. A man who has lost his power of memory, so as to forget what happened a few minutes ago, may still have a perfectly clear conception of his own individuality; which would seem to prove that such a man, while incapacitated perhaps for work in the world, was yet a human being, because of the presence in that deranged mind of the presiding Spirit or Soul, the *I am*. When that is gone, there remains but a shell. The body may still function in obedience to natural cravings, and may still to some extent be controlled by habit; but it will be easy to see that the supreme intelligence, the Self, has lost control, and the creature has ceased to be a man.

So it will be evident that the real value of any human being depends upon the indwelling Self, and upon its control of the external organism. So it would seem to me indisputable that in man the reality behind existence is the divine Soul, the spiritual Self, that knows itself as I, and that is constantly asserting its reality in thought, word, or deed, by the continuity of its self-expression through all the changes of life. For after all what is reality? To most people, no doubt, reality means simply a quality that can be sensed. To them, if a thing can be seen and felt, it is real. Experience will prove that sight and all the other senses can be easily deceived, but the ordinary person clings to his faith in their reliability for the simple reason that he knows no other test of reality, and fears to admit to himself that he can be mistaken so far as to attribute reality to things that are only perceived by his imagination. Experience may prove that he is doing this all the time, but he dare not admit to himself that his senses deceive him; for if he did, he would lose his faith in his own sanity. To protect himself from this calamity he allows that in any particular case he may be mistaken in his own observation, but relies then upon the testimony of others for corroboration of his own impression, not admitting that the senses are in themselves delusive. If he be more philosophical, he will admit perhaps that the senses are no final test of reality, being but a very limited means of recording some few aspects of objects, which in themselves remain eternally unknown. But this will be but a form of words, or a trick of the mind, a camouflage, that does not really conceal the fact of his practical reliance upon his senses as the ultimate test of reality in daily life.

Yet sooner or later he must come to the point where he will be forced to look for reality elsewhere than in the permanence of material objects and physical sensations. Then, when he begins to lose faith in the truth

of life's illusions, he will try to find surer ground in some other world, some wholly imaginary region; and again he will try to reinforce his own imagination by the support of other people's faith, arguing curiously enough that though individuals may be deceived as to the reality that their faith rests upon, yet collectively they must be right. So faith finds support in credulity, and the illusive character of earthly joys finds a compensation in the imagined reality of the bliss that is to be looked for in some other world supposed to lie beyond the tomb.

When men's faith rests upon such feeble foundations, it is not surprising that members of any particular religion are always ready to fight in defense of their illusions, haunted as they are by fear of the blank despair that they anticipate if their faith should fail them.

Having lost all true self-knowledge and being now ignorant of the inner divine nature and origin of man, the civilized races of the world have no other test of reality than sensation supported by credulity. When the senses fail, then faith comes to the rescue, with the promise of a future state of bliss that shall be unending and indestructible. That such a state is contrary to reason and experience seems to be no matter; for those who accept such consolation have lost faith in their own reason, and fear to stand alone, to face the awful blank that follows the first awakening of the soul from the heavy sleep of sensuous existence. Like the drunkard, who returns to his drug for oblivion or for new dreams, the materialist seeks salvation in the intoxication of religious ecstasy from the despair that follows disillusionment in ordinary life. What have they to do with realities? In times of prosperity people do not trouble themselves with questions as to the reality of their joys and sorrows, but in their eagerness to grasp pleasure with both hands they let go of the key to knowledge; and it is only when all pleasures fail, and when misfortune falls upon them, that they begin to cry out against fate and to question the justice of natural law.

The key to wisdom is self-knowledge; when man is pursuing pleasure he finds no use for that key, and drops it. Then when he begins to examine the sources of his joys and sorrows, and tries to find a basis of reality in them, he reels in amazement to see himself surrounded by unrealities, illusions, dreams, and deceptions. In his despair he may plunge into vice, or seek forgetfulness in the slow self-destruction of drug-habits.

But the lost key of knowledge may be found again. Self-mastery is within the power of all, and it is never too late to start on the path that leads to self-redemption. That path has never been entirely lost to man, though it has often been forgotten by the masses and by their leaders on the road of self-destruction. The path has had many names, but in

our time as in past centuries it has been best known by the old name of Theosophy, the godlike wisdom, the Secret Science, the Wisdom-Religion. Some called it the Gnosis, which means knowledge; others called it Tao, which meant something like the Path: for it is indeed the path, as well as the knowledge, and when found it is self-knowledge, or enlightenment for the Soul that sits in darkness.

Lack of self-mastery has sunk people in luxury, self-indulgence, ignorance, and misery, culminating in a frenzy of self-destruction: and now that the horror of the consequence has begun to be realized in some measure, there is a growing demand for light on the problem of life, and people are beginning to ask what is the meaning of it all; they are looking for some firm foothold of reality among the swirls of the currents of life and the fall of the bridges that imagination had built to bear them over to the haven of their faith.

But people who have long deceived themselves, and who have often deliberately chosen the path which they knew to be wrong, cannot immediately recognise truth when they meet it: and truth lies all around us all the time. They have lived so long in deceit that they dare not trust anyone or anything, and do not know that the test of truth and reality exists in their own hearts. So they catch eagerly at the driftwood that the currents bear past them, and they find no safety from the flood that sweeps them on into the darkness of despair.

There is much driftwood floating on the surface of the flood of human ignorance, and some of it seems good enough for a safety-raft. Many such worthless planks of safety are still being constructed out of the driftwood of speculation and experimental thought, but they soon go to pieces, and the flood claims its victims as of old. Such rafts are sometimes decorated with high-sounding names that seem to suggest security. But the only way to escape the flood is to reach higher ground. The only way to rise above ignorance is to get knowledge. And the knowledge that is real is self-knowledge. It is useless to lie in the mud and to pray to the Sun to dry up the waters; the only escape is by an effort of individual will — the *will to know the truth.*

But this image of a flood, though it is familiar enough, is often misapplied. The flood of ignorance that drowns the Soul is in ourselves, as well as around us. Indeed, it is entirely in ourselves, if by that we mean also our other selves, the world of humanity around us. The passions that seethe within are the currents that flood the abode of the Soul. They must be turned back into their natural courses by obedience to the laws of Nature, which are the laws of purity and right conduct, of wisdom and service. These laws are the rules of happiness, and they are the paths of true self-knowledge, whereby alone we can reach liberation.

Beware of false teachers, who will tell you that your vices are natural expressions of the soul seeking self-completion; when you should know well enough that they are no more than self-gratification and self-abuse, however they may be camouflaged with high-sounding terms borrowed from some misunderstood philosophy.

The path that leads to true self-knowledge is a clean path and a joyful one. Melancholy is too heavy a load for one who will tread that road. The burden of egotism must be dropped, if you would climb to the sunlight of self-knowledge and live in the Sunlight of Wisdom and Joy, which is the great reality that underlies existence.

But true self-knowledge is beyond the reach of selfish aspiration, for it comes only with the realization of the unity of the Self of man with the Soul of the Universe.

There are indeed two selves in man: the lower is wholly egotistic, the higher is altruistic; but complete enlightenment brings selflessness, which is the liberation of the Soul from the illusion of separateness. Then comes the dawn of the new day of Peace and Universal Brotherhood.

I will quote from *Hertha* the words of the Soul to humanity in the throes of rebirth:

"I that saw where ye trod
The dim paths of the night,
Set the shadow called God
In your skies to give light:
But the morning of manhood is risen, and the shadowless Soul is in sight."

UPON THE MOUNTAIN TOP

MARTIN E. TEW

ALONE at night upon the mountain top!
Yet not alone, for here the soul communes
With all that ever was or ever shall be.
These granite peaks that crumble through the years
And trickle down to mingle with the sea,
And all these circling suns and whirling worlds
Shall pass to other forms; the Soul of things
Is changeless through the unending reach of time.

Here is that mighty Presence, which we know
But cannot see, which fills and animates
All space, from farthest east to farthest west,
Higher and deeper than the utmost thought,
Eternal, infinite, immutable;
Unchanged by prayer, in justice absolute;
Fountain of every good, unfailing source
Of health and strength, of courage, joy, and love —
Called by the seers and sages of the past
Jehovah, Father, Brahm, Allah, The Law.
But what word can define the unknowable?
What line can measure the unfathomable?
The tongue is impotent: let silence speak.

Who violates the all-embracing Law
By quest of selfish joys — whose eyes are blind
To the great truth of brotherhood — becomes
A captive in a prison-house of flesh,—
Chained by false thoughts of self, slave to desire,
Tortured and racked by griefs, illusions, pains.
A vision of the truth shall make man free,
And as a bird from serpent's charm released
His soul will rise to heights where all is fair
And evil seems but shadow to the good.

Lift me above deluding thoughts of self —
Above all envies, hatreds, false desires;
And as a dewdrop mixes in the sea,
Or as a note blends in a symphony,
Blend me with the Eternal Harmony.
So shall I know and serve all living things:
Being one with all, I serve my greater self.

Alone at night upon the mountain top!
In this broad view there is no night or death,
And I am not alone. The worlds are bathed
In everlasting light; the universe
Is but a surging, shoreless sea of life
And all is one: I am the Infinite.

I am the Infinite.

OUR OPPORTUNITIES AND OUR LIMITATIONS*

JOSEPH H. FUSSELL

THE world in general may be divided into optimists and pessimists. The optimists are those who have an eye mainly to the opportunities which lie before them, while the pessimists are always bemoaning their limitations. The present time is surely one of the most momentous in the history of the world, and we are very fortunate, in every sense, to be concerned in it; for it is at such times of crisis that not only the world-at-large and nations, but, more particularly, individuals — who make up the world-at-large and the nations — find their great opportunity. But it is not of national opportunities, nor of international opportunities, that I am going to speak; but rather of individual opportunities and of individual limitations.

If we can know what are our individual opportunities; if also we can realize what are our limitations; if we can know whether those limitations are inevitable or removable, then we, as individuals going to make up the opinion of the world-at-large, can wield a great influence. No hope can be expected for a nation or for the whole world unless the individuals first look to putting their own houses in order, first see that the stand that they take is a right and just stand, one that is in accordance with the laws of Nature as well as with their own highest spiritual ideals, and with the spiritual purposes of existence.

There is no limitation — not even the greatest — that we can conceive of, without its opportunity; and there is no opportunity that does not involve a limitation. It is perhaps more easy to see the truth of the former of these statements than of the latter. Even a man in prison has an opportunity. It may be that he has the great opportunity of his life. A man in slavery has opportunities. The man who is in moral slavery (as many are today, though we may not call it by that name) has likewise his opportunities.

Let us consider just for a moment the man in prison. Let us take, for instance, the supposition that he is there justly — that is, in accordance with the laws of the land, because of the commission of some crime. His imprisonment is his opportunity. In a sense he is, in the eyes of the law, atoning for his crime; but that is not his great opportunity. His great opportunity is in facing himself; and it is here that is the great need — that the men and women who are not in prison shall see that

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they have one of their opportunities, so that the opinion of the world shall become so strong that there shall no longer be brutal treatment of prisoners, which there still is in many of the prisons of this country. If the proper treatment were accorded to prisoners, as Madame Tingley has again and again said from this platform, the prison would become rather a hospital, a mental hospital, and the men and women within could then realize that the limitations which have been forcibly placed upon them provided their great opportunity.

But we are all in prison. No one of us is free. We can go about the city; we can, to the extent of our means, obtain what we desire; we are not confined or held in, outwardly; but every one of us is in prison, every one of us has his own self-imposed limitations, and limitations not self-imposed, due to heredity, environment, and education. But the greatest limitations that each one of us has are self-imposed. There are limitations that are in the very order of things. There are limitations even in the laws of Nature. Law implies limitation. An engineer, a builder, a musician, an artist — all find themselves hedged in by limitations; or, perhaps, they do not consider themselves hedged in, because they have come to regard their limitations as opportunities.

We may build castles in our imaginations, and there is no limit to their height; we may build bridges from here across to the Blessed Isles, and in imagination travel along them, too; but when we come to building bridges across, for instance, the North River at New York, then immediately it is found that there are natural laws that must be followed. If we wish to erect a large building, we may build it as high as the heavens in imagination; but if we wish to have it built here and for actual use, then there are certain laws which must be obeyed. There are certain limitations in the very order of things.

A musician has his limitations. When the child begins to study music, the limitations seem very severe. There is the question of time, and it is very difficult for some children to realize that note must follow note at a certain interval of time; furthermore that a certain note must be played by a certain finger, and that a great deal of time and attention must be paid to the little simple exercises and the scales. It seems as though it were a long time getting after the real music; but it is just by obeying the laws of the limitations — one might say, just by being content to accept those limitations, by making them opportunities — that finally the musician is evolved. And even when the musician is evolved, he cannot disregard time and rhythm and melody. He must pay due heed to the laws of music.

There is no advance to be made along any line of life without paying heed to the laws of that line of life. When a musician has mastered the

rules, when he finds it possible to express some of his ideals in music, then he finds that instead of being limitations, as they seemed to be at the beginning, those very limitations are the opportunities by which he can express himself.

Now let us look at another line of limitations. It used to be often said that a child's mind, when the child was born, was, as it were, a clean slate, or a blank white sheet of paper, with nothing written on it. There are not many who say that now-a-days, and a better simile is sometimes used: namely, that the mind, the character, of a child is like a photographic plate. It appears perfectly clean and unmarked; you cannot see any picture; but each experience of life that that child has acts as a developer and brings out a little bit of the picture. Some of it comes out in early childhood; some a few years later; some just as the child is awakening to manhood or womanhood. Some comes out later still, when some unexpected, or — in the course of things — expected, event occurs, the forming of some new association perhaps, and immediately another, undeveloped, side of the character is seen.

If we can regard the mind and the character from this standpoint, then we can understand to some extent the limitations which we all have; and it is here that Theosophy throws such a wonderful light upon this question (as indeed it does upon every other question): How is it that we have these limitations? How is it that there are these unrevealed pictures on the photographic plate? If you have an actual photographic plate and you come to develop it, and you find that there is something there which you did not expect to find, you know very well that you only have to look a little further and you will find the cause for it, and it may happen that you will find blemishes in the plate.

But in the character and mind of the child — to carry on our simile — Theosophy explains how it is that there are hidden pictures which will only appear as the right developer is applied. It is in the two teachings of Reincarnation and Karma. Heredity alone will not answer the question, or solve the riddle of these hidden pictures. That has been tried by many of the philosophers for generations past, but they have never been able to get a satisfactory answer. If it were heredity alone, then the child, then we as men and women, would not be responsible wholly for this class of limitations. But, from the standpoint of the teachings of Reincarnation and Karma — Karma being an expression of the law of cause and effect — we realize that such limitations, blemishes in the 'plate,' are self-made.

To go back for a moment to our prisoner; and, as I said, we are all prisoners — he is in prison, and so are we, mentally; some, to some extent, even morally. We would like to burst some of the bonds of our intellectual

faculties, which seem to prevent us from thinking as clearly as we would. We would like to burst the bonds of our desires that hold us back from so much that, from the highest standpoint, we know is alone worth desiring. We wish that our bodies, as we pass along the years, were not quite so unresponsive; we feel that they are becoming stiff and a little feeble perhaps. We would like to burst many of our limitations. But there is this which, from the standpoint of Theosophy, can be given to the man in prison — the fact that each is responsible for his limitations; and if this is so, by the very fact that he is or has been responsible, he is responsible now for what will come in the future. Thus, out of the greatest and most hemmed-in situation, the situation of greatest limitation, there is the greatest opportunity of the moment.

Has it ever occurred to you that the present opportunity that you and I have, the one that is ours at the present moment, is always our greatest opportunity? And if we push the thought just a little further, can we not see that as we take the opportunity of the present moment we are thereby opening the way for future opportunities as they come along? How shall we be ready to take the opportunity of next week, or of tomorrow, or of next moment, unless we take the opportunity of now. It may seem to be a very sure opportunity that we are expecting and looking for next week, but shall we be ready for it? It is the present that provides the only opportunity. The opportunity of next week is not one yet. It is only in the imagination; so that the man in prison — and I repeat it, we can all liken ourselves to him — has an opportunity at the present moment. It may seem the hardest kind of opportunity to take: to be absolutely and, in a sense, contentedly willing to obey the laws of the institution in which he is. But there is many a man who has had the courage to do this, and who has thanked his stars later that he had.

We can say exactly the same thing of ourselves. We can accept contentedly and willingly the limitations of our own environment, provided we realize that they afford our present opportunity. Even the limitations of the man who has been wounded, or who has had an accident, who has lost an arm or a leg, or has lost his sight (something which cannot be remedied — not like some of the limitations which we have, which can be remedied), give him his opportunity — an opportunity of taking a new view of life, an opportunity perhaps in developing a higher and saner philosophy of life.

But what about the limitations that should not be? For there are many limitations that probably all of us have, that we should not have and that we can remove. There are limitations which have been built up by a long course of habit — habits that seemed in a sense not wrong at

the beginning, but which in our present state of development we find *are* wrong, which hamper us in what we know are our best interests; and yet we find a great difficulty, or we think the difficulty is too great to get rid of them. Perhaps we cannot do it all at once, but there is no habit that a man has that he cannot begin to undo, that he cannot begin to lessen, by setting into operation forces along other lines. It is not necessary to go into the limitations that each one of us has, and which each one of us knows; but it is rather the principle of the thing that I wish to refer to and to show that in the very limitations in which we find ourselves, are our present opportunities.

There have been warnings enough issued during the last few years that the tendency is, as it has been in other past ages, too much along material lines, and that we are living too much in the material world and are forgetting our spiritual birthright. In fact, the tendency of the past few years in general seems to have been to increase our limitations. If it be an actual fact, as I believe it is, to a great extent, that the temptations of the material life are greater than ever before, there also is the greater opportunity for the individual. There is the opportunity for the individual to see what is his philosophy of life, to inquire what he is here for, to ask whether the piling up of a fortune for himself, the acquiring of outward material things, is going to satisfy him, is what he really desires, or whether these things are not so many shackles, so many more limitations, which bring with them responsibilities that perhaps he cannot fulfil.

The opportunity of the present time for individuals, and if for individuals, then for the nation, is a spiritual opportunity, above everything. The very fact that there are the temptations on every hand leading away from the spiritual life, gives the greatest opportunity for the individual man and woman to claim his or her spiritual birthright.

There are many other teachings of Theosophy that bear directly upon this subject of opportunities and limitations, and, carrying on the thought of reincarnation, one cannot accept this without accepting the other teachings, that man is not merely a physical or even a mental being, that there is in him a spark of divinity itself, and that therefore (with the idea ever in mind that out of the present grows the future, that as is the source so will be the end) man's destiny is ultimately perfection — in other words, the idea of the essential divinity of man and of the perfectibility of human nature, from its spiritual side.

Would it be possible to hold out to anyone greater opportunities than these teachings give? What are the limitations which we find hemming us in, compared with such? In the light of man's true nature and destiny, the laws of Nature, which to many are so irksome, are not

limitations but opportunities. The experiences of life, which to many are so bitter, are not limitations but opportunities. In fact, as it has been said in one of the old scriptures, "The universe itself exists for the sake of the soul's experience and emancipation"; it exists for nothing else — speaking of the soul as one with the great collective soul. Accepting this, we can understand that the very fact that we are here in material life, which of itself is a limitation, means that we have the great opportunity of progress and of emancipation.

Have you ever thought that if we were absolutely free — and so much is said about the absolute freedom of the will — if we were absolutely free, well, we should not be here at all? We should not be in existence. There is no absolute freedom in mainfested life. It was said in a recent article published in *The Hibbert Journal* that purpose in life implies limitation. You may have the highest purpose that you can conceive, or that is conceivable, and you have thereby limited yourself. You have set your mind upon attaining something, and that means that you have consciously and willingly put on one side those things which will not conform to your carrying out your purpose. It implies limitation.

Perhaps we wish to go from here to New York. We get on the train; we do not consider our limitations while we are sitting in the train and wish we might spend a short time amidst this beautiful scenery through which we are passing on the one hand, or stop in that city where we have friends. Our immediate object is to get to New York. If our immediate object were admiring the scenery and sketching and wandering around, we would not get on the train; but we have willingly accepted the limitations of those two rails, and of being in the train, which is under the governance of the conductor. We have willingly accepted restrictions, for they accord with the attainment of our purpose.

If a young man enters a business, if he gains a position in a bank, or in any other business, he immediately comes under rules and regulations, restrictions, limitations; and if he is wise, he knows that the whole of his progress depends upon his willingly and gladly conforming to those rules and regulations. You cannot go into any institution that is worthy of the name without finding rules and regulations, and you cannot live without conforming to rules and regulations. If you think you can, that you need not conform to the rules and regulations — the laws of Nature, —you will very soon be brought up sharp, at a stop.

All our troubles are due to our not recognising the just limitations with which we are hedged in. If a child could only be taught that limitation does not mean absence of opportunity, that limitation in fact means opportunity, that if one were hemmed in on every side, then there is perhaps the greatest of all opportunities, within! Think of Epictetus,

a slave, yet one of the greatest men and thinkers in all history, a man who has put his name upon the Screen of Time, and a slave! Even if we are slaves in that sense, from something without, we also can attain the freedom which he had, a freedom that very few men of his day had, a freedom that very few men of today have — the freedom of high purpose along the lines of spiritual life.

No one can shackle our thoughts or our aspirations unless we permit it. It is only ourselves who can shackle our thoughts and aspirations. Before us all are the heights; and whatever be the limitations which are not presently removable, whether of states of mind, or environment, or due to heredity, still there are heights to be gained that we can reach. At any rate we can take the first steps towards them; and here is one of the beautiful thoughts that are given us in the teachings of Theosophy: we may love music, we may love art, and apparently we may have no gift for either; we may have no opportunities even for studying music or of hearing it. It is a thought that means a great deal to me and I have no doubt it means a great deal to others. I have sometimes thought when I have heard singing, and I cannot sing, well, after all, humanity is one — *I am singing!* I am helping that artist to paint that picture. I had a little bit to do with it myself, because I love art. He gained his inspiration from the Soul of the World, you may say. He got a little bit from the pure joy that there is in the whole of Nature, and Nature's music. We all add to them, for the Soul of the World is our soul; they come right out of our own soul, and they enter into our own soul.

We have opportunities not only of enjoying the beauties of Nature, and the beauties of art and music and architecture, and everything that is beautiful in life; we have opportunities of helping to create those things. We have an opportunity, according to our thoughts now, of helping to bring Peace to the World and without uttering a word, just through attuning our hearts to the Soul of the Universe, which desires peace and which desires that all shall be beautiful in Nature, which desires that humanity above all things shall progress, shall express its spiritual nature. By the aspirations of our hearts, though we may never have an opportunity of uttering a word, we can help to bring about Peace — or by our thoughts we can put obstacles in the way of Peace.

It comes down to this, that man is a very much more important factor in the universe than we are in the habit of thinking. He is only of importance, however, when he realizes what his true nature is; he is of no importance if he thinks this has to do with his outward position, or even with his mentality as an end; he is only of importance in the universe, and of supreme importance, if he realizes that he, in common with all other human beings, is consciously, or unconsciously, in touch with

the Supreme Soul of the universe. And I think that it is here that lies our greatest opportunity, in realizing what and who we are. And when we do realize this, then the limitations which are inevitable, the limitations which are expressed in the laws of Nature, we shall find constitute the pathway of opportunity.

THE SOUL AND THE AMOEBA

T. HENRY, M. A.

IN the *Hibbert Journal* for April is an article on 'The Immortal Soul,' by Francis Stopford, in which the author accepts the existence of such a soul, and then says, relatively to the theory of evolution:

"If we accept the truth, which I understand is scientifically proved beyond question, that man has evolved from the amoeba, then it must be honestly admitted that, if a soul exists, at some stage or other this soul — this immortal essence — must have been evolved or created. . . . At what period of evolution did man put on immortality, and in what manner?"

And he answers his question by suggesting as follows:

"Accept the reality of God and faith in the soul's immortality: when did God declare himself to man, and when did the soul enter man? Is it not possible that these two realities — for so I accept them — may be distinctly traceable to man's segregation from the animal world? Is it not possible that this segregation was due to the possession by the anthropoid, *Homo sapiens*, of certain physical powers peculiar to his species? If this be not so, we continue to be faced by the riddle why the great ape, man, has so outdistanced the rest of creation."

And he states his belief that the brain of man has certain cells which enable it to communicate through the ether with other human brains; and it is this power that endues him with immortality. To be more precise, it is this power which *makes him conscious of* immortality. The idea seems to be that animal evolution proceeded from the amoeba upwards, until, when it had reached the anthropoid stage, the brain had become so refined that its owner was able to realize his oneness with creation; and this led him to break away from animal-kind and constitute the human kingdom.

In contrast with this attempt to make the ape-theory look more respectable, we have the author's ideas as to the nature of the immortal soul in man. He inveighs against the idea of personal immortality peculiar to certain familiar forms of religion. These teachings represent the personal ego as being exaggerated and glorified; which is absurd, because it would be lost in a much greater crowd than on earth. He sees that, whatever persists, it is not the mere Mr. This or Mrs. That. Yet he declines to be impaled on the dilemma of either accepting this

crude idea of immortality or else rejecting immortality altogether. What persists is something much nobler than the mere personal ego. This, of course, is what Theosophy means by the Individuality (as opposed to the personality). The author, not actually stating the Theosophical teaching, adumbrates it sufficiently clearly. He thinks that man is immortal in this life, and that it is his acts that persist, not his animal simulacrum. These acts are those which he performs in conscious realization of his oneness with creation; and it is this consciousness of oneness which constitutes, for the writer, the true Self of man. He quotes: "He that findeth his *self* shall lose it; and he that loseth his *self* for my sake shall find it."

"Life eternal encompasses him in this world, and he has the power to partake of that life if he so wills it; in truth he does not live healthily unless he exerts this power. Living healthily, he will presently find delight in the things that appertain unto the eternal, and will scorn the dictates of his perishable nature when they are opposed to the higher impulses. . . . He shall know most surely that his life is not bounded by death."

This view of immortality is one that will commend itself to Theosophists as to many others. Immortality is not something that accrues to us at any given time or place; it is a natural and permanent condition, and needs but to be recognised. We must concentrate our attention on the nobler side of our nature, in thoughts, aspirations, and deeds. But the author's science comes as a poor aid in the interpretation of his intuitions; it interferes with them, indeed.

We should advise the author to abandon the notion that it has been scientifically proved beyond question that man has evolved from the amoeba. We suspect that few authorities of science itself would support him in this belief. The question, as we understand it, is all in the air. Professor Bateson, in his presidential address to the British Association in 1914, said:

"As we have got to recognise that there has been an evolution, that somehow or other the forms of life have arisen from fewer forms, we may as well see whether we are limited to the old view that evolutionary progress is from the simple to the complex, and whether after all it is conceivable that the process was the other way about. . . .

"We have done with the notion that Darwin came latterly to favor, that large differences can arise from the accumulation of small differences." (See THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH, X, 5; XI, 3)

And the question whether the anthropoid ape is a link in the supposed chain is still more in the air.

This immortal essence must have been evolved or created, says the author. Yes, but not from the amoeba or the ape. Nor indeed, as far as we can make out, is this really what the author thinks. His ideas seem confused, or perhaps it is his expression of them. But he seems to suggest that it was not the immortal soul that was evolved from the lower kingdom, but some physical capacity which enabled the creature thus

evolved to acquire an immortal soul. And he has not made very clear the distinction between the soul itself and this physical capacity. Now what is the ancient teaching, advocated by Theosophy? That the man is the product of several distinct lines of evolution, which converge in him; the two chief lines being that of biological or physical evolution from below, and that of spiritual evolution (or 'involution,' as some prefer to call it) from above. To these must be added a third line of evolution, which produced the human self-conscious mind or middle principle. Thus man is triune or threefold.

The universal Life-Spirit pervades all creation, not only the animal kingdom, but the vegetable and mineral kingdoms. But in these lower kingdoms there is but a slight connecting link between the physical and the spiritual, and consequently they do not manifest much of the powers of the universal Life-Spirit. In other words, the Life-Spirit in the lower kingdoms is largely latent. To put the matter in other language, we may refer to the trinity of Body, Soul, and Spirit; defining Soul as the vehicle of Spirit, or that which enables Spirit to manifest itself in a Body. Each kingdom of nature has its peculiar Soul (or 'Monad'). Thus there is a mineral Soul or Monad. The mineral kingdom cannot manifest any powers or qualities higher than those which its Soul or Monad enables it to manifest. The plant kingdom has a more highly evolved monad, and can manifest more powers of the Spirit or Universal Life. So with the animal kingdom.

But when we come to man there is a break. He is not continuous with the animal kingdom. He is a distinct kingdom; and the break is even more pronounced than it is between the other kingdoms. This is the chief mistake made by scientists.

Man has *self-consciousness*, a most peculiar and distinct power, quite *sui generis*, not a product of evolution from the animal mind, incapable of being gradually evolved, and either present or absent. No animal has it; no man is without it.

This human self-conscious mind is the result of a special line of evolution. Its name in the Theosophical teachings is *Manas*, and it is a product of *Mahat* or the Universal Mind. This principle, the Manas or self-conscious mind, being imparted to the 'mindless' man (to the being that was to become man), enabled him to become immortal and to become capable of reflecting the highest attributes of the Universal Spirit. It is the process symbolized in religion as the endowment of man with the Divine Breath.

For further details as to the very ancient and comprehensive doctrine of evolution here outlined, we must refer to previous writings on the subject in our literature. For the moment it is enough to point out that

the author's highly intelligent ideas as to the nature of the immortal soul can be made quite consistent with the *facts* of evolution, though not with the very imperfect *theories* formulated by various speculators in evolution.

The whole is a good example of the difficulties of trying to explain the facts of life, as perceived by our intuition and intelligence, with the very scanty philosophical materials furnished by modern science. In a case like this a study of the Theosophical teachings as to the Seven Principles of Man would prove invaluable. This would show that a far greater clearness and precision in the use of words is needed, a much more intimate analysis of the human make-up, a much wider knowledge of what has been thought before on the subject, — before we can attain an intelligent idea on the question.

In particular the threefold division of the human soul into —

Spiritual Soul
Human Soul
Animal Soul

is of importance. The ordinary theories of evolution apply only to the last of these three. With these few remarks we must be content to wind up the subject for the present.

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

V — SOME PERICLEAN FIGURES

YOSHIO MARKINO (that ever-delightful Japanese) makes an illuminating comparison between the modern western and the ancient eastern civilizations. What he says amounts to this: the one is of Science, the other of the Human Spirit; the one of intellect, the other of intuition; the one has learnt rules for carrying all things through in some shape that will serve — the other worked its wonders by what may be called a Transcendental Rule of Thumb. But in fact it was a reliance on the Human Spirit, which invited the presence thereof; — and hence results were attained quite unachievable by modern scientific methods. What Yoshio says of the Chinese and Japanese is also true of all the great western ages of the past. We can do a number of things,— that is, have invented machinery to do a number

of things for us,— but with all our resources we could not build a Parthenon: could not even reproduce it, with the model there before our eyes to imitate.*

It stands as a monument of the Human Spirit: as an age-long witness to the presence and keen activity of that during the Age of Pericles in Athens. It was built at almost breakneck speed, yet remains a thing of permanent inimitable beauty, defying time and the deliberate efforts of men and gunpowder to destroy it. The work in it which no eye could see was as delicate, as exquisite, as that which was most in evidence publicly; every detail bore the deliberate impress of the Spirit, a direct spiritual creation. There is no straight line in it; no two measurements are the same; but by a divine and direct intuition, every difference is inevitable, and an essential factor in the perfection of the whole. As if the same creative force had made it, as makes of the sea and mountains an inescapable perfection of beauty.

It is one of the many mighty works wherewith Pericles and his right-hand man Pheidias, and his architects Ictinus and Callicrates, adorned Athens. It would serve no purpose to make a list of the great names of the age; which you know well enough already. The simple fact to note is this: that at a certain period in the fifth and fourth centuries B. C. the Crest-Wave of Evolution was, so far as we can see, flowing through a very narrow channel. The Far Eastern seats of civilization were under pralaya; the life-forces in West Asia were running towards exhaustion, or already exhausted; India, it is true, is hidden from us; we cannot judge well what was going on there; and so was most of Europe. Any scheme of cycles that we can put forward as yet must necessarily be tentative and hypothetical; what we do not know is, to what we do know, as a million to one; I may be quite wrong in giving Europe as long a period for its manvantaras as China; possibly there were no manvantaric activities in Europe, in that period, before the rise of Greece. But whether or no, this particular time belongs, of all European countries, to Greece: the genius of the world, the energy of the human spirit, was mainly concentrated there; and of Greece, in the single not too large city of Athens. It is true I am rather enamoured of the cycle of a hundred and thirty years: prejudiced, if you like, in its favor; it is also true that genius was speaking through at least one world-important Athenian voice — that of Aeschylus — before the age of Pericles began. Still, these dates are significant: 477, in which year Athens attained the hegemony of Greece, and 347, in which Plato died. It was after 477 that Aeschylus eagle-

*I quote Prof. Mahaffy in his *Problems of Greek History*. He also points out that it is beyond the powers of modern science in naval architecture to construct a workable model of a Greek trireme.

barked the grandest part of his message from the Soul, and that the great Periclean figures appeared; and though Athenians of genius outlived Plato, he was the last world-figure and great Soul-Prophet; the last Athenian equal in standing to Aeschylus. When those thirteen decades had passed, the Soul had little more to say through Athens. — Aristotle? — I said, *the Soul* had little more to say. . . .

About midway through that cycle came Aegospotami, and the destruction of the Long Walls and of the Empire; but these did not put an end to Athenian significance. Mahaffy very wisely goes to work to dethrone the Peloponnesian War — as he does, too, the Persian — from the eminence it has been given in the textbooks ever since. As usual, we get a lopsided view from the historians: in this case from Thucydides, who slurred through a sort of synopsis of the far more important and world-interesting mid-fifth century, and then dealt microscopically with these twenty-five years or so of trumpery raidings, petty excursions and small alarms. That naval battle at Syracuse, which Creasy puts with Marathon in his famous fifteen, was utterly unimportant: tardy Nicias might have won all through, and still Athens would have fallen. Her political foundations were on the sand. Under Persia you stood a much better chance of enjoying good government and freedom: Persian rule was far less oppressive and cruel. The states and islands subject to Athens had no self-government, no representation; they were at the mercy of the Athenian mob, to be taxed, bullied, and pommeled about as that fickle irresponsible tyranny might elect or be swayed to pommel, tax, and bully them. Thucydides was a great master of prose style, and so could invest with an air of importance all the matter of his tale. Besides, he was the only contemporary historian, or the only one that survives. So the world ever since has been tricked into thinking this Peloponnesian War momentous; whereas really it was a petty family squabble among that most family-squabblesome of peoples, the Greeks. — In most of which I am only quoting Mahaffy; who, whether intentionally or not, deals with Greek history in such a way as to show the utter unimportance, irrelevance, futility, of war.

Greek history is merely a phase of human history. We have looked for its significance exclusively in political and cultural regions; but this is altogether a mistake. The Greeks did not invent culture; there had been greater cultures before, only they are forgotten. All that about the "evolution of political freedom," of the city state, republicanism, etc., is just nonsense. As far as I can see, the importance of Greece lies in this: human history, the main part of it, flowing in that age through the narrow channel of Greece, came down from sacred to secular: from the last remnants of a state of affairs in which the Lodge, through the Mysteries,

had controlled life and events, to the beginnings of one in which things were to muddle through under the sweet guidance of brain-minds and ordinary men. The old order had become impossible: the world had drifted too far from the Gods. So the Gods tried a new method: let loose a new great force in the world; sent Teachers to preach openly (sow broadcast, and let the seed take its chances) what had before been concealed and revealed systematically within the Established Mysteries. What Athens did with that new force has affected the whole history of Europe since: apparently mostly for weal; really, nearly altogether for woe.

Aristides, with convincing logic, had been able to persuade all Greece to act against a common danger under an Athens then morally great, and feeling this new force from the God-world as a wine in the air, a mental ozone, an inspiration from the subliminal to heroic endeavor. But his policy perished when the visible need for it subsided; it gave way to the Themistoclean, which passed into the Periclean policy; and that, says Mahaffy, "was so dangerous and difficult that no cautious and provident thinker could have called it secure." Which also was Plato's view of it; who went so far as to say that Pericles had made the Athenians lazy, sensual, and frivolous. When we find Aeschylus at the start at odds with it, and Plato at the end condemning it wholesale,— for my part I think we hardly need bother to argue about it further. Both were men who saw from a standpoint above the enlightenment of the common brain-mind.

It is not the present purpose to treat history as a matter of wars and politics: details of which you can get from any textbook; our concern is with the motions of the human spirit, and the laws that work from behind. As to these motions, and the grand influxes, there is this much we can rely on: they come by law, in their regular cycles; and we can invite their coming, and insure their stability when they do come. The more I study history, the more the significance of my present surroundings impresses me. We stand here upon a marvelous isthmus in time: behind us lies a world of dreary commonplaces called the civilization of Christendom; before us — who knows what possibilities? Nothing is certain about the future — even the near future; — except that it will be immensely unlike the past. Whatever we have learned or failed to learn, large opportunities are given us daily for discovering those inward regions whence all light shines down into the world. Genius is one method of the Soul's action; one aspect of its glory made manifest. We are given opportunities to learn what invites and what hinders its outflow. To all common thinking, it is a thing absolutely beyond control of the will: that cannot be called down, nor its coming in anywise foretold. But we know that the Divine Self would act, were the obstructions to its action removed; and that the obstructions are all in the lower nature of man. Worship

the Soul in all thoughts and deeds, and sooner or later the Soul will pour down through the channel thus made for it; and its inflow will not be fitful and treacherous, but sure, stable, equable and redeeming.

This is where all past ages of brilliance have failed. Cyclically they were bound to come: the fields ripened in due season; but the wealth of the harvest depended on the reapers. The Elizabethan Age, with all its splendid quickening of the English mind, was coarse and wicked to a degree. All through the wonderful Cinquecento, when each of a dozen or more little Italian city-states was producing genius enough to furnish forth a good average century in modern Europe or America, Italy was also a hotbed of unnatural vices, lurid crimes, wickedness to stock the nine circles of Malebolge. So too Athens at the top of her glory became selfish, grasping, conscienceless and cruel; and those nameless vices grew up and grew common in her which probably account for the long dark night that has spread itself over Greece ever since. It is a strange situation, that looks like an anomaly: that wherever the Human Spirit presses in most, and raises up most splendor of genius, there and then the dark forces that undermine life are most at work. But we should have no difficulty in understanding it. At such times, by such influxes, the whole inner kingdom of man is roused and illumined; and not only the intellect and all noble qualities are quickened, but the passions also. The race, and the individual, are stirred to the deepest depths, and no part of you may have rest. What then will happen, unless you have the surest moral training for foundation? The force which rouses up the highest in you, rouses up also the lowest; and there must be battle-royal and victory at last, or surrender to hell. Through lack of training, and ignorance of the laws of the inner life, the Higher will be handicapped; the lower will have advantage through its own natural impulse downward, increased by every success it is allowed to gain. And so all these ages of creative achievement exhaust themselves; every victory of the passions drawing down the creative force from the higher planes, to waste it on the lower; till at last what had been an attempt of the Spirit to lift humanity up on to nobler lines of evolution, and to open a new order of ages, expires in debauchery, weakness, degeneracy, physical and moral death. The worst fate you could wish a man is genius without moral strength. It wrecks individuals, and it wrecks nations.

I said we stand now on an isthmus of time: fifth-century Greece stood on such another. For reasons that we have seen, there was to be a radical difference between the ages that preceded, and the ages that followed it; its influence was not to wear out, in the west, for twenty-five hundred years. It was to give a keynote, in cultural effort, to a very long future. So all western ages since have suffered because of its descent from lofty

ideals to vulgar greed and ambition; from Aristides to Themistocles and Pericles. We shall see this Athenian descent in literature, in art, in philosophy. If Athens had gone up, not down, European history would have been a long record of the triumphs of the Spirit; — not, as it has been in the main, one of sorrow and disaster.

At the beginning of the Greek age in literature, we find the stupendous figure of Aeschylus. For any such a force as he was, there is — how shall I say? — a twofold lineage or ancestry to be traced: there are no sudden creations. Take Shakespeare, for example. There was what he found ready to his hand in English literature; and what he brought into England out of the Unknown. In his outwardness, the fabric of his art — we can trace this broad river back to a thinnish stream by the name of Chaucer; or he was a growth, recognisably, of the national tree of which Chaucer was the root, or lay at the root. The unity called English poetry had grown naturally from that root to this glorious flower; the sparkle, wit, brightness, and above all large hold upon the outer life that one finds in Shakespeare— one finds at least the rudiments of them in Chaucer also. But there is another, an esoteric element in him which one finds nowhere in English literature before him: the Grandeur from within, the high Soul Symbol. In him suddenly that portentous thing appears, like a great broad river emerging from the earth. — Of which we do not say, however, that they have had no antecedent rills and fountain; we know that they have traveled long beneath the mountains, unseen; they sank under the earth-surface somewhere, and are not special new creations. Looking back behind Shakespeare, from this our eminence in time, we can see beyond the intervening heights this broad water shine again over the plain in Dante; and beyond him some glimmer of it in Virgil; until at last we see the far-off sheen of it in Aeschylus, very near the backward horizon of time. We can catch no glimpse of it farther, because that horizon is there.

We can trace Aeschylus' outward descent — as Shakespeare's from

Chaucer — from the nascent Greek drama and the rudimentary plays at the rustic festivals; but the grand river of his esotericism — there it shines, as large and majestic, at least, as in Shakespeare; and it was, no more than his, a special creation or new thing. Our horizon lies there, to prevent our vision going further; but from some higher time-eminence in the future, we shall see it emerge again in the backward vastnesses of pre-history; again and again. The grandeur of Aeschylus has no parent in Greek, or in western extant literature; or if we say that it has a parent in Homer (which I doubt, because not seeing the Soul Symbols in Homer), it is only putting matters one step further back. . . . But behind Greece, there were the lost literatures of Babylonia, Assyria, Egypt, of which we know nothing; aye, and for a guess, lost and mighty literatures from all parts of Europe too. If I could imagine it otherwise, I would say so.

Almost suddenly, during Aeschylus' lifetime, another Greek Art came into being. When he was a boy, sculpture was still a very crude affair; or perhaps just beginning to emerge from that condition. The images that come down to us, say from Pisistratus' time and earlier, are not greatly different from the 'primitive' carvings of many so-called savage peoples of our own day. That statement is loose and general; but near enough the mark to serve our purpose. You may characterize them as rude imitations of the human form, without any troublesome realism, and with a strong element of the grotesque. Says the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* (from which the illustration is taken):

"The statues of the gods began either with stiff and ungainly figures roughly cut out of the trunk of a tree, or with the monstrous and symbolical representations of Oriental art. . . . In early decorations of vases and vessels one may find Greek deities represented with wings, carrying in their hands lions or griffins, bearing on their heads lofty crowns. But as Greek art progressed it grew out of this crude symbolism. . . . What the artists of Babylon and Egypt express in the character of the gods by added attribute or symbol, swiftness by wings, control of storms by the thunderbolt, traits of character by animal heads, the artists of Greece work more and more fully into the sculptural type; modifying the human subject by the constant addition of something which is above the ordinary levels of humanity, until we reach the Zeus of Pheidias or the Demeter of Cnidus. When the decay of the high ethical art of Greece sets in, the Gods become more and more warped to the merely human level. They lose their dignity, but they never lose their charm."

— In which, I think, much light is once more thrown on the inner history of the race, and the curious and fatal position Greece holds in it. For here we see Art emerging from its old position as a handmaid to the Mysteries and recognised instrument of the Gods or the Soul: from sacred becoming secular; from impersonal, personal. There is, perhaps, little enough in pre-Pheidian Greek sculpture that belongs to the history of Art at all (I do not speak of old cycles and manvantaras, the ages of Troy and Mycenae, but of historical times; I cast no glance now behind the year 870 B. C.). For the real art that came next

before the Pheidian Greek, we have to look to Egypt and Mesopotamia.

Take Egypt first. There the sculptor thinks of himself far less as artist than as priest and servant of the Mysteries: that is, of the great Divine Heart of Existence behind this manifested world, and the official channel which connected It with the latter. The Gods, for him, are frankly unhuman — superhuman — unlike humanity. We call them 'forces of Nature'; and think ourselves mighty wise for having camouflaged our ignorance with this perfectly meaningless term. We have dealt so wisely with our thinking organs, that do but give us a sop of words, and things in themselves we shall never bother about; — like the Gravedigger, who solved the whole problem of Ophelia's death and burial with his three branches of an act. But the Egyptian, with mental faculties unrotted by creedal fatuities like our own, would not so feed 'of the chameleon's dish,' — needed something more than words, words, and words. He knew the Gods were conscious entities; and therein like ourselves. But he knew also that there were elements in their being quite unlike any we are conscious of in ours. So he gave them purely symbolic forms: a human body, for that which he could posit as common to themselves and humanity; and an animal mask, to say that the face, the expression of their consciousness, was hidden, and not to be expressed in terms of human personality. While affirming that they were conscious entities, he stopped short of personalizing them. What was beneath the mask or symbol belonged to the Mysteries, and was not to be publicly declared.

But when he came to portraying men, especially great kings, he used a different method. The king's statue was to remain through long ages, when the king himself was dead and Osirified. The artist knew — it was the tradition of his school — what the Osirified dead looked like. Not an individual sculptor, but a traditional wisdom, was to find expression. What sculptor's name is known? Who wrought the Vocal Memnon? — Not any man; but the Soul and wisdom and genius of Egypt. The last things bothered about were realism and personality. There were a very few conventional poses; the object was not to make a portrait, but to declare the Universal Human Soul; — it was hardly artistic, in any modern acceptation of the word; but rather religious. Artistic it was, in the highest and truest sense: to create, in the medium of stone, the likeness or impression of the Human Soul in its grandeur and majesty: to make hard granite or syenite proclaim the eternal peace and aloofness of the Soul. — Plato speaks of those glimpses of "the other side of the sky" which the soul catches before it comes into the flesh; — the Egyptian artist was preoccupied with the other side of the sky. How wonderfully he succeeded, you have only to drop into the British Museum to see. There is a colossal head there, hung high on the wall facing the

stairs at the end of the Egyptian Gallery; you may view it from the ground, or from any point on the stairs; but from whatever place you look at it, if you have any quality of the Soul in you, you go away having caught large glimpses of the other side of the sky. You are convinced, perhaps unconsciously, of the grandeur and reality of the Soul. Having watched Eternity on that face many times, I rejoiced to find this description of it in De Quincey; — if he was not speaking of this, what he says fits it admirably:

"That other object which for four and twenty years in the British Museum struck me as simply the sublimest sight which in this sight-seeing world I had seen. It was the Memnon's head, then recently brought from Egypt. I looked at it, as the reader must suppose in order to understand the depth which I have here ascribed to the impression, not as a human but as a symbolic head; and what it symbolized to me were: (1) the peace which passeth understanding. (2) The eternity which baffles and confounds all faculty of computation — the eternity which had been, the eternity which was to be. (3) The diffusive love, not such as rises and falls upon waves of life and mortality, not such as sinks and swells by undulations of time, but a procession, an emanation, from some mystery of endless dawn. You durst not call it a smile that radiated from those lips; the radiation was too awful to clothe itself in adumbrations of memorials of flesh."

— Art can never reach higher than that,— if we think of it as a factor in human evolution. What else you may say of Egyptian sculpture is of minor importance: as, that it was stiff, conventional, or what not; that each figure is portrayed sitting bolt upright, hands out straight, palms down, upon the knees, and eyes gazing into eternity. Ultimately we must regard Art in this Egyptian way: as a thing sacred, a servant of the Mysteries; the revealer of the Soul and the other side of the sky. You may have enormous facility in playing with your medium; may be able to make your marble quite fluidic, and flow into innumerable graceful forms; you may be past master of every intricacy, multiplying your skill to the power of *n;* — but you will still in reality have made no progress beyond that unknown carver who shaped his syenite, or his basalt, into the "peace which passeth understanding" — "the eternity which baffles and confounds all faculty of computation."

If we turn to Assyria, we find much the same thing. This was a people far less spiritual than the Egyptians: a cruel, splendid, luxurious civilization deifying material power. But you cannot look at the great Winged Bulls without knowing that there, too, the motive was religious. There is an eternity and inexhaustible power in those huge carvings; the sculptors were bent on one end: — to make the stone speak out of superhuman heights, and proclaim the majesty of the Everlasting. — In the Babylonian sculptures we see the kings going into battle weaponless, but calm and invincible; and behind and standing over, to protect and fight for them, terrific monsters, armed and tiger-headed or leopard-headed — the 'divinity that hedges a king' treated symbolically. As

always in those days, though many veils might hide from the consciousness of Assyria and later Babylon the beautiful reality of the Soul of Things, the endeavor, the *raison d'être*, of Art was to declare the Might, Power, Majesty, and Dominion which abide beyond our common levels of thought.

Now then: that great Memnon's head comes from behind the horizon of time and the sunset of the Mysteries; and in it we sample the kind of consciousness produced by the Teaching of the Mysteries. Go back step by step, from Shakespeare's

> "Glamis hath murdered Sleep, and therefore Cawdor
> Shall sleep no more";

to Dante's

> "The love that moves the Sun and the other Stars";

to Taliesin's

> "My original country is the Region of the Summer Stars";

to Aeschylus' bronze-throat eagle-bark at blood; — and the next step you come to beyond (in the West) — the next expression of the Human Soul — marked with the same kind of feeling — the same spiritual and divine hauteur — is, for lack of literary remains, this Egyptian sculpture. The Grand Manner, the majestic note of Esotericism, the highest in art and literature, is a stream flowing down to us from the Sacred Mysteries of Antiquity.

It is curious that a crude primitivism in sculpture — and in architecture too — should have gone on side by side, in Greece, during the seventh and sixth centuries B. C., with the very finished art of the Lyricists from Sappho to Pindar; but apparently it did. (They had wooden temples, painted in bright reds and greens; I understand without pillared façades.) I imagine the explanation to be something like this: You are to think of an influx of the Human Spirit, proceeding downward from its own realms towards these, until it strikes some civilization — the Greek, in this case. Now poetry, because its medium is less material, lies much nearer than do the plastic arts to the Spirit on its descending course; and therefore receives the impulse of its descent much sooner. Perhaps music lies higher again; which is why music was the first of the arts to blossom at all in this nascent civilization of ours at Point Loma. Let me diverge a little, and take a glance round. — At any such time, the seeds of music may not be present in strength or in a form to be quickenable into a separately manifesting art; and this may be true of poetry too; yet where poetry is, you may say music has been; for every real poem is born out of a pre-existing music of its own, and is the *inverbation* of it. The Greek Melic

poets (the lyricists) were all musicians first, with an intricate musical science, on the forms of which they arranged their language; I do not know whether they wrote their music apart from the words. After the Greek, the Italian illumination was the greatest in western history; there the influx, beginning in the thirteenth century, produced first its chief poetic splendor in Dante before that century had passed; not raising an equal greatness in painting and sculpture until the fifteenth. In England, the Breath that kindled Shakespeare never blew down so far as to light up a great moment in the plastic arts: there were some few figures of the second rank in painting presently; in sculpture, nothing at all (to speak of). Painting, you see, works in a little less material medium than sculpture does. Dante's Italy had not quite plunged into that orgy of vice, characteristic of the great creative ages, which we find in the Italy of the Cinquecento. But England, even in Shakespeare's day, was admiring and tending to imitate Italian wickedness. James I's reign was as corrupt as may be; and though the Puritan reaction followed, the creative force had already been largely wasted: notice had been served to the Spirit to keep off. Puritanism raised itself as a barrier against the creative force both in its higher and lower aspects: against art, and against vice; — probably the best thing that could happen under the circumstances; and the reason why England recovered so much sooner than did Italy. — On the other hand, when the influx came to Holland, it would seem to have found, then, no opportunities for action in the non-material arts: to have skipped any grand manifestation in music or poetry: and at once to have hit the Dutchman 'where he lived' (as they say), — in his paintbox. — But to return:—

Sculpture, then, came later than poetry to Greece; and in some ways it was a more sudden and astounding birth. Unluckily nothing remains — I speak on tenterhooks — of its grandest moment. Progress in architecture seems to have begun in the reign of Pisistratus; some time in the next sixty years or so the Soul first impressed its likeness on carved stone. I once saw a picture — in a lantern lecture in London — of a pre-Pheidian statue of Athene; dating, I suppose, from the end of the sixth century B. C. She is advancing with upraised arm to protect — someone or something. The figure is, perhaps, stiff and conventional; and yet you have no doubt it is the likeness of a Goddess. She is not merely a very fine and dignified woman; she is a Goddess, with something of Egyptian sublimity. The artist, if he had not attained perfect mastery of the human form — if his medium was not quite plastic to him—knew well what the Soul is like. — The Greek had no feeling, as the Egyptian had, for the *mystery* of the Gods; at his very best (once he had begun to be artistic) he personalized them; he tried to put into his representations of them, what the

Egyptian had tried to put into his representations of men; and in that sense this Athene is, after all, only a woman; — but one in whom the Soul is quite manifest. I have never been able to trace this statue since; and my recollections are rather hazy. But it stands, for me, holding up a torch in the inner recesses of history. It was the time when Pythagoras was teaching; it was that momentous time when (as hardly since) the doors of the Spiritual were flung open, and the impulse of the Six Great Teachers was let loose on the world. Hitherto Greek carvers had been making images of the Gods, symbolic indeed — with the wings, thunderbolts and other appurtenances; — but trivially symbolic; mere imitation of the symbolism, without the dignity or religious feeling, of the Egyptians and Babylonians; as if their gods and worship had been mere conventions, about which they had felt nothing deep; — now, upon this urge from the God-world, a sense of the grandeur of the within comes on them; they seek a means of expressing it; throw off the old conventions; will carve the Gods as men; do so, their aspiration leading them on to perfect mastery; for a moment achieve Egyptian sublimity; but — have personalized the Gods; and dear knows what that may lead to presently.

Then came Pheidias, born about 496. Nothing of his work remains for us; the Elgin Marbles themselves, from the Parthenon, are pretty certainly only the work of his pupils. But there are two things that tell us something about his standing: (1) all antiquity bears witness to the prevailing quality of his conceptions: their sublimity. (2) He was thrown into prison on a charge of impiety, and died there, in 442.

Here you will note the progress downward. Aeschylus had been so charged, and tried — but acquitted. Pheidias, so charged, was imprisoned. Forty-three years later Socrates, so charged, was condemned to drink the hemlock. Of Aeschylus and Socrates we can speak with certainty: they were the Soul's elect men. Was Pheidias too? Athens certainly was turning away from the Soul; and his fate is a kind of halfway point between the fates of the others. He appears in good company. And that note of sublimity in his work bears witness somewhat.

We have the work of his pupils, and know that in their hands the marble — Pheidias himself worked mostly in gold and ivory — had become docile and obedient, to flow into whatever forms they designed for it. We know what strength, what beauty, what tremendous energy, are in those Elgin marbles. All the figures are real, but idealized: beautiful men and horses, in fullest most vigorous action, suddenly frozen into stone. The men are more beautiful than human; but they are human. They are splendid unspoiled human beings, reared for utmost bodily perfection: athletes whose whole training had been, you may say, to music: they are music expressed in terms of the human body. Yes; but already

the beauty of the body outshone the majesty of the Soul. It was the beauty of the body the artists aimed at expressing: a perfect body — and a sound mind in it: a perfectly healthy mind in it, no doubt (because you cannot have a really sound and beautiful body without a sound healthy mind) — was the ideal they sought and saw. Very well, so far; but, you see, Art has ceased to be sacred, and the handmaid of the Mysteries; it bothers itself no longer with the other side of the sky.

In Pheidias' own work we might have seen the influx at that moment when, shining through the soul plane, its rays fell full on the physical, to impress and impregnate that with the splendor of the Soul. We might have seen that it was still the Soul that held his attention, although the body was known thoroughly and mastered: that it was the light he aimed to express, not the thing it illumined. In the work of his pupils, the preoccupation is with the latter; we see the physical grown beautiful under the illumination of the Soul; not the Soul that illumines it. The men of the Egyptian sculptors had been Gods. The Gods of these Greek sculptors were men. Perfect, glorious, beautiful men — so far as externals were concerned. But men — to excite personal feeling, not to quell it into nothingness and awe. The perfection, even at that early stage and in the work of the disciples of Pheidias, was a quality of the personality.

It was indeed marvelously near the point of equilibrium: the moment when Spirit enters conquered matter, and stands there enthroned. In Pheidias himself I cannot but think we should have found that moment — as we find it in Aeschylus. But you see, it is when that has occurred: when Spirit has entered matter, and made the form, the body, supremely beautiful: — it is precisely then that the moment of peril comes — if there is not the wisdom present that knows how to avoid the peril. The next and threatening step downward is preoccupation with, then worship of, the body.

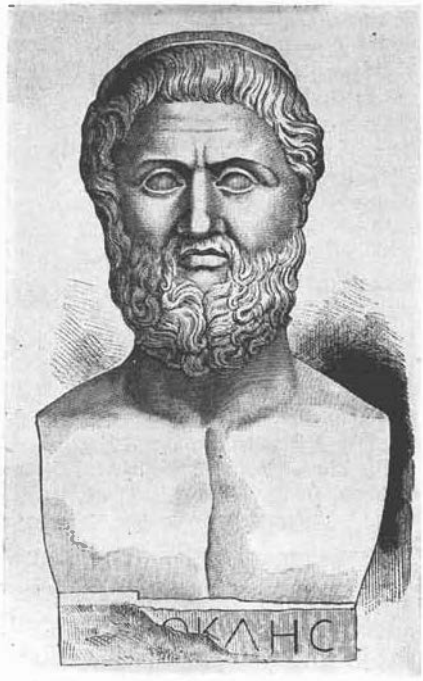
The Age of Pericles came to worship the body: that was the danger into which it fell; that was what brought about the ruin of Greece. That huge revelation of material beauty; and that absence of control from above: the lost adequacy of the Mysteries, and the failure of the Pythagorean Movement; — the impatience of spiritual criticism, heedlessness of spiritual warning; — well, we can see what a turning-point the time was in history. On the side of politics, selfishness and ambition were growing; on the side of personal life, vice. . . . It is a thing to be pondered on, that what has kept Greece sterile these last two thousand years or so is, I believe, the malaria; which is a thing that depends for its efficacy on mosquitos. Great men simply will not incarnate in malarial territory; because they would have no chance whatever of doing anything, with that oppression and enervation sapping them. Greece has been

malarial; Rome, too, to some extent; the Roman Campagna terribly: as if the disease were (as no doubt it is) a Karma fallen on the sites of old-time tremendous cultural energies; where the energies were presently wrecked, drowned and sodden in vice. Here then is a pretty little problem in the workings of Karma: on what plane, through what superphysical links or channels, do the vices of an effete civilization transform themselves into that poor familiar singer in the night-time, the mosquito? Greece and Rome, in their heyday, were not malarial; if they had been, no genius and no power would have shone in them.

In the Middle Ages, before people knew much about sanitary science and antiseptics and the like, a great war quickly translated itself into a great pestilence. Then we made advances and discovered Listerian remedies and things, and said: Come now; we shall fight this one; we shall have slaughtered millions lying about as we please, and get no plague out of it; we are wise and mighty, and Karma is a fool to us; we are the children of MODERN CIVILIZATION; what have Nature and its laws to do with us? Our inventions and discoveries have certainly put them out of commission. — And sure enough, the mere foulness of the battlefield, the stench of decay, bred no pest; our Science had circumvented the old methods through which Natural Law (which is only another way of saying Karma) worked; we had cut the physical links, and blocked the material channels through which wrong-doing flowed into its own punishment. Whereupon Nature, wrathful, withdrew a little; took thought for her astral and inner planes; found new links and channels there; passed through these the causes we had provided, and emptied them out again on the physical plane in the guise of a new thing, Spanish Influenza; — and spread it over three continents, with greater scope and reach than had ever her old-fashioned stench-bred plagues that served her well enough when we were less scientific. Whereof the moral is: *He laughs loudest who laughs last;* and just now, and for some time to come, the laugh is with Karma. Say until the end of the Mahâ-Manvantara; until the end of manifested Time. When shall we stop imagining that any possible inventions or discoveries will enable us to circumvent the fundamental laws of Nature? Not the printing-press, nor steam, nor electricity, nor aerial navigation, nor *vril* itself when we come to it, will serve to keep civilizations alive that have worn themselves out by wrong-doing — or even that have come to old age and the natural time when they must die. But their passings need not be ghastly and disastrous, or anything but honorable and beneficial, if in the prime and vigor of their lifetimes they would learn decently to live.

— But to return to our muttons, which is Greece; and now to the literature again: —

After Aeschylus, Sophocles. The former, a Messenger of the Gods, come to cry their message of *Karma* to the world; and in doing so, incidentally to create a supreme art-form; — the latter, a "good easy soul who lives and lets live, founds no anti-school, upsets no faith," — thus Browning sums him up. A "faultless" artist enamored of his art; in which, thinks he (and most academic critics with him) he can improve something on old Aeschylus; a man bothered with no message; a beautiful youth; a genial companion, well-loved by his friends — and who is not his friend? — all through his long life; twenty times first-prize winner, and never once less than second. — Why, solely on the strength of his *Antigone*, the Athenians appointed him a stratego in the expedition against Samos; with the thought that one so splendidly victorious in the field of drama, could not fail of victory in mere war. But don't lose hope! — upon an after-thought (perhaps) they appointed Pericles too; who suggested to his poet-colleague that though master of them all in his own line, he had better on the whole leave the sordid details of command to himself, Pericles, who had had more experience of that sort. What more shall we say of Sophocles? — A charming brilliant fellow in his cups — of which, as some other more questionable pleasures, report is he was too fond; a man worshiped during his life, and on his death made a hero with semi-divine honors; — does that sound like the story of a Messenger of the Gods?



SOPHOCLES

He was born at Colonos in Attica, in 496; of his hundred or so of dramas, seven come down to us. His age saw in him the very ideal of a tragic poet; Aristotle thought so too; so did the Alexandrian critics, and most moderns with them. "Indeed," says Mahaffy, "it is no unusual practice to exhibit the defects of both Aeschylus and Euripides by comparison with their more successful rival." Without trying to give you conclusions of my own, I shall read you a longish passage from Gilbert Murray, who is not only a great Greek scholar, but a fine critic as well,

and a poet with the best translations we have of Greek tragedy to his credit; he has made Euripides read like good English poetry. Comparing the *Choephori* of Aeschylus, the second play in the Oresteian Trilogy, with the *Electra* of Sophocles, which deals with the same matter, he says:

"Aeschylus . . . had felt vividly the horror of his plot; he carries his characters to the deed of blood on a storm of confused, torturing, half-religious emotion; the climax is, of course, the mother-murder, and Orestes falls into madness after it. In the *Electra* this element is practically ignored. Electra has no qualms; Orestes shows no signs of madness; the climax is formed, not by the culminating horror, the matricide, but by the hardest bit of work, the slaying of Aegisthos! Aeschylus has kept Electra and Clytemnestra apart; here we see them freely in the hard unloveliness of their daily wrangles. Above all, in place of the cry of bewilderment that closes the *Choephori* — 'What is the end of all this spilling of blood for blood?' — the *Electra* closes with an expression of entire satisfaction. . . . Aeschylus takes the old bloody saga in an earnest and troubled spirit, very different from Homer's, but quite as grand. His Orestes speaks and feels as Aeschylus himself would. . . . Sophocles . . . takes the saga exactly as he finds it. He knows that those ancient chiefs did not trouble about their consciences; they killed in the fine old ruthless way. He does not try to make them real to himself at the cost of making them false to the spirit of the epos. . . .

"The various bits of criticism ascribed to him — 'I draw men as they ought to be drawn; Euripides draws them as they are'; 'Aeschylus did the right thing, but without knowing it' — all imply the academic standpoint. . . . Even his exquisite diction, which is such a marked advance on the stiff magnificence of his predecessor, betrays the lesser man in the greater artist. Aeschylus's superhuman speech seems like natural superhuman speech. It is just the language that Prometheus would talk, that an ideal Agamemnon or Atossa might talk in their great moments. But neither Prometheus nor Oedipus nor Electra, nor anyone but an Attic poet of the highest culture, would talk as Sophocles makes them. It is this which has established Sophocles as the perfect model, not only for Aristotle, but in general for critics and grammarians; while the poets have been left to admire Aeschylus, who 'wrote in a state of intoxication,' and Euripides, who broke himself against the bars of life and poetry."

You must, of course, always allow for a personal equation in the viewpoint of any critic: you must here weigh the "natural superhuman diction" against the "stiff magnificence" Professor Murray attributes to Aeschylus; and get a wise and general view of your own. What I want you to see clearly is, the descent of the influx from plane to plane, as shown in these two tragedians. The aim of the first is to express a spiritual message, grand thought. That of the second is to produce a work of flawless beauty, without regard to its spiritual import. What was to Aeschylus a secondary object: the purely artistic — was to Sophocles the whole thing. Aeschylus was capable of wonderful psychological insight. Clytemnestra's speech to the Chorus, just before Agamemnon's return, is a perfect marvel in that way. But the tremendous movement, the august impersonal atmosphere as

"gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptered pall comes sweeping by,"

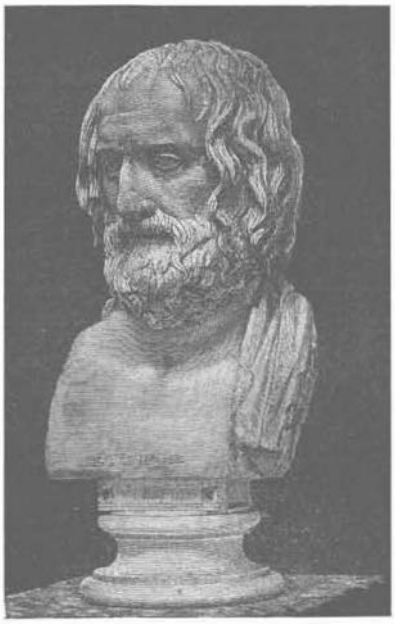
divests it of the personal, and robes it in a universal symbolic significance: because he has built like a titan, you do not at first glance note that he

has labored like a goldsmith, as someone has said. But in Sophocles the goldsmithry is plain to see. His character-painting is exquisite; pathetic often; just and beautiful almost always. I put in the *almost* in view of that about the "hard unloveliness" of Electra's "daily wrangles" with her mother. — The mantle of the religious Egyptians had fallen on Aeschylus; but Sophocles' garb was the true fashionable Athenian chiton of his day. He was personal, where the other had been impersonal; faultless, where the other had been sublime; conventionally orthodox, where through Aeschylus had surged the super-creedal spirit of universal prophecy.

And then we come to the third of the trio: Euripides, born in 480. "He was," says Professor Murray, "essentially representative of his age, yet apparently in hostility to it; almost a failure on the stage - he won only four prizes in fifty years of production — yet far the most celebrated poet in Greece." Athens hated, jeered at, and flouted him just as much as she honored and adored Sophocles; yet you know what happened to those Athenian captives at Syracuse who could recite Euripides. Where, in later Greek writings, we come on quotations from the other two once or twice, we come on quotations from Euripides dozens of times. The very fact that eighteen of his plays survive, to seven each of Aeschylus' and Sophocles', is proof of his larger and longer popularity.

He had no certain message from the Gods, as Aeschylus had; his intensely human heart and his mighty intellect kept him from being the 'flawless artist' that Sophocles was. He questioned all conventional ideas, and would not let the people rest in comfortable fat acquiescence. He came to make men 'sit up and think.' He did not solve problems, but raised them, and flung them at the head of the world. He must stir and probe things to the bottom; and his recurrent unease, perhaps, mars the perfection of his poetry. Admetus is to die, unless someone will die for him; recollect that for the Greekish mob, death was the worst of all possible happenings. Alcestis his wife will die for him; and he accepts her sacrifice. Now, that was the old saga; and in Greek conventional eyes, it was all right. Woman was an inferior being, anyhow; there was nothing more fitting than that Alcestis should die for her lord. — Here let me make a point plain: you cannot look back through Greece to a Golden Age in Greece: it is not like Egypt, where the farther you go into the past, the greater things you come to; — although in Egypt, too, there would have been rises and falls of civilization. In Homer's days, as in Euripides', they had these barbarous ideas about women; and these foolish exoteric ideas about death; historic Greece, like modern Europe from the Middle Ages, rises from a state of comparative barbarism, lightlessness; behind which, indeed, there were rumors of a much high-

er Past. These great Greeks, Aeschylus, Euripides, Plato, brought in ideas which were as old as the hills in Egypt, or in India; but which were new to the Greece of their time — of historic times; they were, I think, as far as their own country was concerned, innovators and revealers; not voicers of a traditional wisdom; it may have been traditional once, but that time was much too far back for memory. I think we should have to travel over long, long ages, to get to a time when Eleusis was a really effective link with the Lodge — to a period long before Troy fell. — But to return to the story of Alcestis:—



EURIPIDES

You might take it on some lofty impersonal plane, and find a symbol in it; Aeschylus would have done so, somehow; though I do not quite see how. Sophocles would have been aware of nothing wrong in it; he would have taken it quite as a matter of course. Euripides saw clearly that Admetus was a selfish poltroon, and rubbed it in for all he was worth. And he could not leave it at that, either; but for pity's sake must bring in Hercules at the end to win back Alcestis from death. So the play is great-hearted and tender, and a covert lash for conventional callousness; and somehow does not quite hang together: — how does not quite little uncomfortable. leaves you just a

Browning calls him, in *Balaustion's Adventure*,

"Euripides
The human, with his droppings of warm tears";

it is a just verdict, perhaps. Without Aeschylus' Divine Wisdom, or Sophocles' worldly wisdom, he groped perpetually after some means to stay the downward progress of things; he could not thunder like the one, nor live easily and let live, like the other. — I do not give you these scraps of criticism (which are not my own, but borrowed always I think), for the sake of criticism; but for the sake of history; — understand them, and you have the story of the age illumined. You can read the inner Athens here, in the aspirations and in the limitations of Euripides, and in the contempt in which Athens held him; as you can read it in the grandeur of Aeschylus, and the Athenian acceptance of, and then reaction against, him; and in the character of Sophocles and his easy

relations with his age. When Euripides came, the light of the Gods had gone. He was blindish; he would not accept the Gods without question. Yet was he on the side of the Gods whom he could not see or understand; we must count him on their side, and loved by them. He was not panoplied, like Aeschylus or Milton, in their grim and shining armor; yet what armor he wore bore kindred proud dints from the hellions' batterings. Or perhaps mostly he wore such marks as wounds upon his own flesh. . . . Not even a total lack of humor, which I suppose must be attributed to him, can make him appear less than a most sympathetic, an heroic figure. He was the child and fruitage and outcast of his age, belonging as much to an Athens declining and inwardly hopeless, as did Aeschylus (at first) to Athens in her early glory. He was not so much bothered (like Sophocles) with no message, as bothered with the fact that he had no clear and saving message. His realism — for compared with the other two, he was a sort of realist — was the child of his despair; and his despair, of the atmosphere of his age.

He was, or had been, in close touch with Socrates (you might expect it); lived a recluse somewhat, taking no part in affairs; married twice, unfortunately both times; and his family troubles were among the points on which gentlemanly Athens sneered at him. A lovely lyricist, a restless thinker; tender-hearted; sublime in pity of all things weak and helpless and defeated: — women especially, and conquered nations. Prof. Murray says:

"In the last plays dying Athens is not mentioned, but her death-struggle and her sins are constantly haunting us; the joy of battle is mostly gone; the horror of war is left. Well might old Aeschylus pray, 'God grant that I may sack no city!' if the reality of conquest is what it appears in the last plays of Euripides. The conquerors there are as miserable as the conquered; only more cunning, and perhaps more wicked."

He died the year before Aegospotami, at the court of Archelaus of Macedon. One is glad to think he found peace and honor at last. Athens heard with a laugh that some courtier there had insulted him; and with astonishment that the good barbarous Archelaus had handed said courtier over to Euripides to be scourged for his freshness. I don't imagine that Euripides scourged him though —to amount to anything.

I AM not indeed ignorant that certain overwise people will call these legends 'old wives' fables,' and not worth listening to; but I think for my part it is better to believe the testimony of nations than of those witty individuals whose little soul is acute indeed, but has a clear insight into no one thing.

JULIAN: *On the Mother of the Gods*, p. 257

LORD OF THE CITIES

KENNETH MORRIS

LAST night I saw, when dusk with her crown of stars grew bright,
In the blue gloom of the mountains, over the glittering town,
As a Sphinx brooding, beautiful, rayed in somber light,
That which watched through the night
When Rome, and Thebes, and Troy went down.

Yea, over the city — the reeling, twinkling span
Aglitter in silver and orange on the ghostly rim of the bay,
I saw the Lord of the Cities, that was ere the world began,
As it were the Soul of Man,
Brood 'twixt the lights and the Milky Way.

It sees put forth as a bloom the ancient cities of men —
The loud and glittering cities, splendor and pomp and crime —
To harvest unto itself the fruits of their living, and then,
In pity and pride again,
To turn — and they fall from the stem of time.

It sees as a phantom pageant the proud Republics rise,
The Empires vaunt their agelong glory and wealth and peace —
Us and Thebes and Rome and Babylon — fleeting dyes
Of gold in sunset skies
That shine, and flicker and wane and cease.

. . . . . .

Only I know in my heart that the world shall be lovely again,
For I saw last night the waver and secret gleam of the wings
Of the lonely Wizard that weaves this rubiate pomp of pain
Of the nations smitten and slain
To a rainbowed robe for the Soul of Things.

International Theosophical Headquarters,
Point Loma, California

St. Augustine's Gateway to the Close, Canterbury

TWO OLD ENGLISH GATEWAYS

CAROLUS

THE fine gateway of St. Augustine forms the chief entrance to the precincts of St. Augustine's Abbey in the ancient and historic city of Canterbury, Kent, England. After being allowed to remain in a very dilapidated condition for many years it has lately been restored. It is a very picturesque and characteristic example of the late Perpendicular or early Tudor style. Its chief merit lies in the elegance and simplicity of the design combined with the delicacy of the enrichments, which are more frequently moldings than floral ornaments. Like all the buildings of the late English Gothic, straight lines prevail and curves are rare. The contrast between the lower, highly-enriched story and the simpler upper ones is well conceived. In the row of shields above the archway the Tudor emblem of the portcullis can be seen.

St. Augustine's Abbey was established long before the famous Cathedral of Canterbury, with which it must not be confused. Henry VIII, after the dissolution of the abbeys, turned St. Augustine's into a palace, and

Queen Elizabeth held her court there in 1573. Charles I was married there, and Charles II lodged there on his way to the Restoration in London.

The Bar Gate of Southampton is the only one remaining of several which formerly gave access to the city through formidable defenses. Southampton was once well fortified by battlemented walls, watch-towers, and double moats, because it was in constant danger from the French. Nothing exists today of these fortifications but the Bar Gate and a few remains of walls and towers.

The Bar Gate, Southampton

The Gate itself had a narrow escape from destruction a few years ago, when the inconvenience it caused to traffic almost resulted in its removal. Fortunately, however, the public desire to preserve such a picturesque relic of the Middle Ages prevailed.

A tradition of Southampton tells of a knight of the 'good old times,' Sir Bevis (a real Earl of Southampton, it is believed) who had an encounter with a monstrous giant and finally slew him in single combat. An old manuscript, the *Romance of Sir Bevis*, speaks of this giant, Ascapard, in these words (modernized):

"The giant was mighty and strong.
And full thirty feet was he long,
He was bristled like a sow;
A foot he had between each brow;
His lips were great and hung aside;
His eyes were hollow, his mouth was wide;
Loathly he was to look on than,
And liker a devil than a man;
His staff was a young oak,—
Hard and heavy was his stroke."

The north front of the Bar Gate was decorated by two representations of Sir Bevis and Ascapard. They are now in the room above the gateway.

'CIVILIZATION, THE DEATH OF ART AND BEAUTY'

H. T. EDGE, M. A.

SUCH is the striking title of an article by H. P. Blavatsky, which appeared as an editorial in her magazine, *Lucifer*, dated May 15, 1891, and therefore a week after her decease. The sub-editor announces that, owing to H. P. Blavatsky's illness, her intended editorial could not be written, and that therefore this, which was written by her as an extra article, was substituted. Consequently we do not know whether or when the author intended to publish the article, or whether she would have added anything to it.

This was twenty-eight years ago, and the mental atmosphere has somewhat changed since then. In spite of the splendid optimism of H. P. Blavatsky's message, it was her especial duty at that time to contend against a spirit of undue complacency, whose consequences she foresaw, as we ourselves, in the light of subsequent experience, see them now. It was still the Nineteenth century; and that feeling of all-sufficiency which had characterized the great outburst of materialistic scientific culture, had not yet given place to the doubts and questionings which we are now beginning to feel on that subject. Some of the consequences of materialism in religion and science have since come to a head and demonstrated themselves with undeniable emphasis; so that now, though warnings are still needed, there is more occasion to strike the note of hope and anticipation than there was in the days when, before the new could be planned, the old had first to be cleared away.

It is scarcely necessary to summarize the article, whose contents are so well indicated in its title, and whose theme is familiar since the days of Ruskin and continues to afford subject-matter for able pens. Beginning with a traveler's account of his horror at seeing the Emperor and Empress of Japan, clad, amidst their beautiful court, in European habiliments, the writer makes this incident the occasion for an appeal to lovers of the beautiful to engage in a crusade for dissuading other nations from abandoning their costumes and usages in order to ape ours. Where are the aesthetes of a few years ago? she asks. If any still exist, let them make their aspirations practical by banding together to prevent the silk hat and its ilk from spreading over the entire earth.

The defacement of scenery by manufacturing plants and other unsightly appurtenances of what we call civilization comes in for its share of protest; as do our architecture, our dress, and our custom of putting up everywhere hideous billboards. And finally, it is added, as other

writers have done, that the death of unaffected art means the birth of affectation; which, by adding the element of insincerity, produces results even uglier than frank ugliness.

All this outward manifestation, we feel, must be the direct and inevitable outcome of an interior condition, and the form which we see outside must be the expression of the spirit which we cultivate within. Yet this consideration does not exhaust the question; for, were there an entire agreement between our feelings and their expression, we should not be conscious, as we are, of a sense of jarring and dissatisfaction. We should exist in a state of fatuous complacency with our ugly surroundings, as much in harmony therewith as a pig may be supposed to be with his sty; and the ugliness of our civilization would be visible to those only who could stand on a height and view it with detached eye. And perhaps it is to the efforts of such prophets — our Ruskins and Carlyles, our Blavatskys — that we do not actually find ourselves in that deplorable condition. At any rate, the fact is that, not only is our civilization ugly, but we are fortunately aware of that fact; wherefore we are not beyond hope. And, in addition to the ugly spirit that manifests itself in ugly forms, we must surely also be endowed with an inward grace that enables us to feel the possibilities of a beauty which we do not see, and that can serve as a seed from which may grow shapes less sordid and less calling for condemnation.

It is certainly a remarkable fact that we find ourselves compelled by an irresistible force to adopt styles of dress which we ourselves know to be neither beautiful nor convenient. We dare not go down town minus our collar, and we hate to see a man wearing his hair down his back. There is no need to add our comments on the subject of the feminine fashions, further than to urge again that the facts call for consideration as to their cause and significance. It would seem that nature knows an inviolable law decreeing that form shall accord with spirit, and that not our utmost efforts at hypocrisy will suffice to evade this law. Thus, however influential I may be in the world of fashion, I cannot, even though I be a king, make people wear blue coats instead of black. And the same must be true of other things than dress.

Why should we deplore the fact that our civilization is ugly, or why wish that it should become beautiful? Various answers might be given to that question; but, for the present, one will suffice. We deplore the ugliness without because we know it is a sign of ugliness within: we recognise it as a symptom.

What is necessary, therefore, is to identify the thing that is creating all this ugliness, and to deal with that.

For let us never be so absurd as to condemn civilization itself.

H. P. Blavatsky did not condemn it, but merely said, as we understand her, "if this is what you call civilization, then I condemn civilization as thus defined." Edward Carpenter, writing simultaneously with H. P. Blavatsky, has treated civilization as a disease to be got rid of. He is brilliant, but goes too far, and his argument sometimes snaps inside out like an umbrella and confutes itself. We will not petulantly cast aside civilization (or, rather, try to do so — for we cannot), and go back to a sort of pinchbeck Saturnian age. We will try to locate the disease that has been incident to our civilization, and to expunge it, so that what we call civilization may be civilization indeed.

What that disease is, is sufficiently indicated by H. P. Blavatsky in the article. It is the spirit of selfishness, materialism, and animalism, greatly accentuated by their alliance with intellectual inventiveness. Science is not to be condemned; H. P. Blavatsky herself frequently makes the distinction between science and its abuse. Yet some have made this mistake and condemned all learning and the spread of education. It may be true that uneducated peasants or tribesmen retain virtues which they lose when initiated into the arts of civilized society. But we are not for that reason to condemn knowledge. *If*, and only *if*, people cannot be taught without being corrupted, it were better to leave them untaught. But let us remember that the mistakes incident to knowledge are but temporary and due to the incompleteness of the knowledge; destined, therefore, to be overcome in the light of further knowledge.

To rescue our science, our religion, whatever we have that is valuable, from the fell clutches of the monster — is what is needed.

A battleship is very ugly. Why is it built? If for defense, for defense against what? When shall we be able to cease building them?

Among inner causes which are provocative of outer ugliness we may enumerate the infatuation for material values as opposed to spiritual; the spirit of personalism as opposed to solidarity; insincerity, complexity, as opposed to simplicity. All these have been much intensified by their alliance with inventiveness. Industrialism has developed into a system of manufacturing towns and works and coal-pits, that have turned beautiful landscapes into the most sordid-looking regions, to which might aptly be applied some of Vergil's descriptions of the infernal regions. Attempts to obviate this have been made by philanthropic manufacturers with their garden-cities and improved workmen's dwellings; and here individual taste has succeeded to some extent in triumphing over the all-dominant spirit of the age. But these hideous purlieus are the direct result of our concentration upon material values, for the motive behind them is the desire to promote large and lucrative industrial interests. Be it observed that we are not necessarily condemning industrialism,

but merely pointing out the connexion between cause and effect. Whether industrialism is right or wrong, it cannot be denied that its visible effects have so far been ugly. It is noteworthy that, in our very efforts to achieve the beautiful in externals, we miss our mark, which illustrates the saying that we must first seek the kingdom of God, and then all these things shall be added to us; but that, if we seek these things directly and exclusively, we shall not attain them.

When there is lack of harmony between individuals, one of two other things happens — an indiscriminate diversity, or a compulsory uniformity. We see this in politics, where we oscillate between the ideals of personal freedom and imposed law; in religion, where individual experience disputes the field with ordained dogma; in fashion, where we must either conform to an invariable standard or else follow individual caprice. And similarly, in our cities and residential areas, we see on the one hand the motley and jarring effect of individual tastes, and on the other hand the monotonous result of conformity to a uniform plan. But if harmony were to prevail, instead of either discord or unison, the result would be that individual tastes might be expressed without any discordant results. If we take a united family as typical on the small scale of what humanity on the large should be, we can understand that it may be possible to achieve harmony and beauty without either giving way to unrestrained license or the imposition of irksome laws.

Simplicity is violated in every phase of our life. We have a hundred kinds of soap and a hundred kinds of door-handles, where two or three would suffice; and the reason is that so many people are engaged in inventing, either to make their living, or to get rich, or because they have the itch to invent.

The whole matter sums itself up in the conclusion that the reason why we do not achieve beauty is that we do not seek it — do not seek it where it is to be found — that is, in our lives. What we seek is material comfort, worldly fame, wealth; and these also we do not achieve, if society *as a whole* is considered. The problem is the same for the mass as for the individual: higher aspirations are felt, but starved, because the lower desires steal all the energy and intellect. Salvation is to be sought in a new ideal of life, which shall be inculcated in the very young, and in which self-seeking is not made the basis of life. A new definition is needed of 'progress'; for that word seems hitherto to have stood for something that is carrying us not up but down. And between this kind of 'progress' and personalism an unholy alliance was cemented, as expressed in that dreadful doctrine that the welfare of humanity results from the unrestricted liberty of each and all to pursue their own separate interests. We have given up that doctrine now; given it up as a philo-

sophical maxim at any rate, though its momentum still persists. We know that unrestricted personalism leads to ever-increasing confusion and that the progress from it is not up but down. Progress, therefore, must have a new meaning.

Better and wiser ideals of education, *and* the means to apply them, constitute humanity's hope; and if such a thing is anywhere to be found, the results will show where it is. It is the eternal inspiration and consolation of Theosophists, who might well despair of the efficacy of mere preaching (in a whole world of pulpits), that they have actual results to show. And therefore we say, Goodspeed to Râja-Yoga education!

ASTRONOMICAL NOTES

C. J. RYAN

PART III

THE new great reflectors at Mt. Wilson, California, and Victoria, Canada, the most powerful telescopes in the world, will be largely used in the study of conditions in the wide universe of stars and nebulae, in which our solar system, immense though it seems to us, is less than the proverbial drop in a bucket. To the present-day astronomer, the problems of greatest interest are those which relate to the structure of the universe — to the nature, distance, distribution, and movements of the stars and nebulae, their relative ages and stages of development.

It is very interesting to the student of Theosophy, who believes that the Law of Karma, or Justice in Action, rules in everything, that as the facts accumulate, the scientific world is beginning to suspect order and constructive design in the great universe of stars and nebulae. Great intellects are dimly reaching out and trying to solve the problems of the cosmos in general on physical lines. At present there seems more promise in this attempt than in trying to find the secrets of the solar system.

Slowly, a plan of the universe is looming out of the darkness of our ignorance. The mind of man is facing the problem of the awful mysteries of the material cosmos in a way not thought of, perhaps, since the philosophic days of antiquity. While our knowledge is still limited (particularly that of stellar distances, owing to the extreme difficulty of accurate data), several brilliant theories have been originated or developed in consequence of new discoveries. One of the most striking is that of

Dr. W. W. Campbell, Director of the Lick Observatory, given to the American Association of Science on December 26, 1917, in his retiring Presidential Address.

Dr. Campbell believes that, with the results before us of the use of the enormous light-grasping telescopes now in use, the powerful spectroscopes, and the highly sensitive photographic plates which record objects too faint to be seen, we can now sketch a rough outline of the plan on which the universe is built, that will not require radical alteration.

When the telescope was the only instrument for astronomical research, it was natural that the sun, moon, and planets should be the chief objects of interest, for they are comparatively near and can easily be magnified, while the stars are so far off that they cannot be magnified at all; even the largest telescopes only increase the brilliancy of the stars or bring more faint ones into view. But, owing to the magical analytical power of the spectroscope and the sensitiveness of the photographic plate, new, unthought-of fields have opened out. The study of those faint mysterious wisps of vapor called nebulae, nearly all invisible to the naked eye and most of which are inconspicuous even in large telescopes, has been revolutionized by the application of photography. By means of long exposures faint and even invisible nebulae and millions of stars too small to be seen by the eye impress their images on the plate and may be counted and compared.

By analysing the light of the stars and nebulae, the spectroscope tells us something of their constituents, an apparent impossibility in former times. The same method gives data for grouping the stars into classes; and it actually tells us the *speed at which many of the stars and nebulae are moving*. The spectroscope also reveals the existence of *dark* stars, which cannot affect the photographic plate at all.

The serious study of stellar evolution began in modern times with Sir William Herschel, about 1780, and he laid a correct foundation by saying that "nebulous matter seemed more fit to produce a star by condensation than to depend upon the star for its existence." It is generally believed now that the stars and planets have been condensed in some way from masses of primitive vapor, but how these came to be scattered about the sky is a profound mystery.

Dr. Campbell's theory of the heavens is that there exist numerous 'Island Universes' of enormous size separated from one another by vast abysses of space, some of them visible to us in the form of those nebulae which have a spiral form. These isolated universes are composed of countless myriads of stars and many comparatively small nebulae — nebulae which are preparing to become suns and planets perhaps. The Milky Way is the 'Island Universe' in which our solar system has

a tiny place. It contains hundreds of millions of separate stars, groups or clusters of stars, and its own peculiar classes of nebulae (not the spiral nebulae, which, according to Dr. Campbell's theory, are far away from the Milky Way). We know, by careful observations begun by Sir William Herschel and continued by others, that the shape of our universe is that of a thin oval locket, roughly speaking. Our sun is not very far from the center and the Milky Way is irregularly distributed somewhat near the circumference, most probably in a spiral form. The 'planetary' nebulae (so called from their disk-like appearance) and some irregular ones are found in the Milky Way region. There are only a few hundred of these and they are certainly part of our universe.

In those parts of the sky well removed from the circle of the Milky Way, in the region where there are few stars, thousands upon thousands — 150,000 at least — of the spiral nebulae are found. These faint wisps of light, first discovered by Lord Rosse's great six-foot telescope in 1846, are shaped like a watch spring. They generally have two main streams of nebulous material, with many brighter knots or condensations upon them. They lie in every direction, so that we see some edgewise, presenting the appearance of a straight line, others are half-turned and so look oval, while a few are fully seen.

According to Dr. Campbell, these singular objects are probably 'Island Universes' far removed by oceans of 'empty' space from the one in which we live. We recognise our universe chiefly by the encircling ring of the Milky Way with its incalculable millions of stars. The Milky Way and the stars included in our universe would look, if far enough away, like one of the spiral nebulae.

It is a curious fact that few, if any, of the spiral nebulae are found in or near the Milky Way. They are seen in great numbers in those parts of the sky on each side of the Milky Way and removed from it. This provokes inquiry, and Dr. Campbell's very ingenious hypothesis is that those spiral nebulae which lie in the direction of the Milky Way are completely hidden by it and by the masses of both light and *dark* opaque material which floats in space in the direction of the Milky Way, and that those multitudes which we can easily see are visible because there is no obstruction in the regions removed from the Milky Way. This explanation depends, of course, upon the idea that the spirals are far more distant than the Milky Way.

Another striking argument advanced in favor of the spiral nebulae being external universes and not merely comparatively small and near masses of vapor and stars, is that they appear to be almost infinitely farther from us than anything else in the sky. The evidence for this has been worked out in a most ingenious manner. The spectroscope can tell

us whether a luminous body is directly approaching or receding from us, for if so, the lines of its spectrum are slightly displaced towards one or the other end of the spectrum. By measurement of this change, the speed of the object in the line of sight can be told. The principle is simple, but the application of it requires powerful instruments and skilful manipulation. In this way it has lately been found that some of the spiral nebulae are moving directly toward or away from us at a probable average speed of 500 miles a *second*. A few travel at about 700 miles a second, a rate far exceeding that of any star or planet. The spectroscope gives no information about the speed of bodies traveling athwart the line of sight, but common sense compels us to believe that many of the spiral nebulae must be moving at right angles to the line of sight, and some of these at least must be moving at the high speeds of those that can be measured. Now if these latter were at a moderate distance — say the distance of the average star — so great is their speed that it would be easily detected by the telescope. A year or two would make a great change in their positions. But no trace of such change can be found after sixteen years' watching! The inference is, of course, that they are at a distance so enormous that every other celestial measurement is reduced to comparative insignificance, and that they are most likely to be 'Island Universes' far beyond our particular one. The mind is overwhelmed at the prospect of infinitude which this concept opens out. Yet "there is nothing great and nothing small in the Divine Economy."

Dr. Campbell closes his brilliant address, of which only a part of his argument has been outlined, and which he claims to be only a tentative explanation, by saying:

> "We shall bequeath to our successors the mighty problem of finding the place of our stellar system among the host of stellar systems which stretch out through endless space."

Passing from the stupendous problems of space which Dr. Campbell's address brings up, to those of Time, we come to something which is of more personal interest, to something which has fallen upon the intellectual world like a shadow of doom. To remove this baseless scientific bogey will take time and labor.

How often we see, in both scientific and popular writings, the statement that the sun has passed the zenith of its glory; "it is cooling, it is dying." Also we have continually been told that the temperature of the earth is decreasing; it is parting with its heat into space and dying like the sun; humanity is only "a rather discreditable episode on one of the meanest of the planets," and it will soon perish of cold or hunger as the inevitable doom of the planet approaches. Also it has been preached that according to the strictest application of Newton's Law of Gravitation,

the orbits of the planets will slowly change and the planets will inevitably fall into the sun. This fate, however, may be anticipated by a collision with some wandering sun and so the end of the solar system would come by 'accident.'

The religious world has always believed that the world would come to an end some day, and now physical science is singing the same song, but in a different key. The one speaks of the Will of God, or the Law of God or the Gods, as the final cause, the other looks to 'natural causes' or 'accident.' The religions of the world have always recognised some Divine Plan behind such things as the destruction of the world, but modern science has labeled such a thing as superstitious or teleological or something of the kind, and its exponents have taken a pleasure in depicting humanity as the sport of 'blind physical laws.' It has not yet grasped the supreme fact that Humanity — however weak the individual units — is a spiritual force, so to speak, which has actually helped to fashion the physical conditions of the earth in a greater degree than might easily be suspected. Satisfied with material forces and laws, it has left no room in its geological and astronomical theories for the dominance of higher laws; it has dared to place Chance as an important factor in such matters as the destruction of humanity.

But a remarkable change is in sight; is already here. The teachings of Theosophy are being quietly made room for in unexpected quarters. Even from the standpoint of physical laws the conclusions of science are being seriously modified and all in the direction which leads straight to the ancient esoteric teachings. We are beginning to hear that the world is not such a hopeless affair after all, and that there may be some kind of Intelligence overruling things!

In the next article we shall consider some recent revelations which have been made by science about gravitation and the 'end of the world.'

"WHO can believe that a thinking being, which is in a perpetual progress of improvements, and traveling on from perfection to perfection, must perish at her first setting out, and be stopped short in the beginning of her inquiries? Death overtakes her while there is yet an unbounded prospect of knowledge open to her view, whilst the conquest over her passions is still incomplete, and much is still wanting of that perfect standard of virtue which she is always aiming at, but can never reach."— *Bishop Porteus*

ARCHITECT AND CRAFTSMEN

T. HENRY, M. A.

AN old story* tells of a sculptor who lavished his genius and enthusiasm upon the beautifying of his stone, until it became the darling of his heart — so much devotion had he bestowed on it, so deeply in love was he with his own beautiful creations. But when the overseer came round and examined and measured the stone, he found that it was not in accordance with the plan of the master-builder, and so it could not be used in the great work which the master was planning as an eternal monument that should defy all the changes of time. Thus the workman was reduced to solitary enjoyment of his own genius and its creations; until at last weariness and then disgust overcomes him and he nerves himself after many struggles to destroy his work. He begins it again according to the master's plan; it is accepted; he is admitted to the master's workshop. His obedience is rewarded with a greater freedom; and his genius finds far fuller scope than it ever could have won in solitary self-gratification. The restraint against which he had rebelled has proved to be his emancipation.

A story like this often proves very helpful, because it presents in a simple and natural way things that may sound unwelcome in the guise of a sermon. The artist in the tale does not make any strained effort after goodness, or perform any mortification, or strive ambitiously after any attainment; he simply endeavors to find his right place in the scheme of things. He loves his art and he tries to express that love. Finding his former sphere too cramped, he seeks a wider sphere, and thus finds his true place and rescues his art from its servitude and ennobles it by consecration to a great purpose. Thus he finds happiness. Cannot we view the problem of life in the same way?

We are all artists, though our modes of expression vary. We are endeavoring to express outwardly in act the ideals which we cherish within our souls. We are creators, by virtue of our human nature. Hence the parable applies to us all. We find ourselves cramped in the narrow sphere into which we have shut ourselves, and we must seek a larger sphere, where we can give our art ample room and satisfaction. The difference between these two spheres is the difference between personal and impersonal aims.

A certain classical sculpture represents the goddess of beauty assailed

*'The Apprentice and the Rough-Hewn Stone'; translated from the German of J. B. Kerning, *Century Path*, Oct. 6, 1907; *International Theosophical Chronicle*, Aug., 1907.

by a satyr; and to some people this may be merely a beautiful piece of statuary, while in others it may minister to a more ignoble sentiment. But the sculptor may have intended to symbolize the opposition between Love (Divine Harmony) and Desire; and, if so, he has epitomized a leading motive in the drama of human life. For it is these importunate desires that lead us astray, ever seeking to feed themselves upon the riches and beauty of our soul, and to tempt us into sacrificing our enthusiasm, our very life, upon the altar of insatiable desires. Experience teaches us sooner or later that we can never find satisfaction in that way, any more than the artist in the story could find satisfaction by carving beautiful figures on his solitary stone for his own solitary enjoyment.

Thus the maxim, "Give up thy life, if thou wouldst live," does not sound so forbidding as it does to some people who regard it in a spirit of gloomy restraint such as they have been accustomed to import into all their religious meditations. On the contrary, it takes on the aspect of a piece of wise advice. The Sermon on the Mount and many another wise teaching are to the same effect: they are all sage maxims intended to help us over the difficulties of life.

Who is there who does not feel cramped and thwarted at times, and who does not sometimes aspire to a larger sphere of expression? Who is there who does not sometimes feel out of place and desirous of finding his true place? For such there is real help in the above parable.

It is surely a great comfort to reflect that my woes may be due to the simple fact that I am trying to find happiness in a sphere that is not my true sphere; and that I may find relief in recognising that my real vocation is to take part and share in a great purpose. My real true Self has been trying to express itself, to find room and air; but I have been shutting it up into a narrow prison.

It is not that we have to strive to force ourselves into a strange kind of life; it is that we ought to recognise what is best in the life which we actually live, and to cultivate that best. As social beings, we are constantly deferring to the wishes of others; otherwise it would be impossible to live, except alone upon a desert island. Nor on the other hand should we so merge our life into that of the mass as to lose our individuality altogether. A humanity made up of persons without any individual initiative would be a stagnant communism. Individuality has its proper place and function. What is to be sought is harmony, not unison. The familiar analogy of an orchestra is always helpful, and is peculiarly appropriate when we are regarding life as an art. The divers instruments preserve their own individual qualities, yet blend in harmony, both of time and tune, with the whole. This is just what the sculptor had to do. His genius was not repressed. The master welcomed it, fostered it.

Without his genius and the genius of the other craftsmen, the great work would have languished and failed. But again, how could the master have allowed each craftsman to indulge his own particular fad?

And really we do not realize how narrow those fads are until we have liberated ourselves from them. Look back and see where you were so many years ago. Your habits and capabilities were then much more limited than now; you have become more adaptable. You were chained to certain desires and loves, which you now see to have been slaveries that kept you from better things. Have you lost any individuality, any freedom, any power of initiative or independence? On the contrary, you have gained greatly. And at the same time you are so much more adaptable and useful. You have found so much wider scope for your powers.

We all understand how much may be done for the welfare of a child by taking it from some narrow sphere wherein it has suffered repression and found no room for expansion, and placing it in a wider sphere, where there is contact with other minds and room for growth in all directions. And the same applies to ourselves; but, in our case, having outgrown the tutelage proper to childhood, we may have to make the effort ourselves — and this is the difficulty. But then, if anything happens that gives us this opportunity for expansion, how readily we shall embrace this chance! And is not this the explanation why people are so willing to take part in the life at the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma, when they gain no advantage in the ordinary worldly sense of the word?

Yet, if one has not this particular opportunity, he has others; for the question is one of our mental attitude towards life, and this we can always change — it is only a question of resolve. Wherever you are, you can change your attitude towards life: the path of life forks at every point; we always stand face to face with a choice of alternatives. If your life seems prospectless to you, when you view it in the light of personal attainment, then you may find consolation in the idea that there are other prospects before you, which you had not contemplated, but which, now that you turn your eyes in that direction, will begin to dawn on the sight.

What is the world? It is largely what we make it. It may seem very narrow and contracted to a man who always has his eyes on the ground, for he does not see half what is in it. But probably there is an infinite amount in the world to be seen by him who has the vision to do so. If our thoughts were less engrossed with business, pleasure, anxieties, etc., we should have a chance to see some of these other things in the life around us.

It is possible to say much on these lines; and in doing so, one would but anticipate many thoughts that would occur to the reader. It would be more pertinent to the present occasion to add a few words special to the

view which Theosophy gives of the matter. By its analysis of the constitution of human nature, Theosophy gives the philosophical basis for much that we already know by intuition and experience, but which is perhaps not confirmed, or is even contradicted, by our religious or scientific views. What has been said above finds its sanction in the teaching as to the septenary constitution of man. The *real man* is the incarnating Ego, which, in a way, loses consciousness when it incarnates, and a temporary personality is created. This temporary personality we mistake for our real self, and we try to pursue its aims. But these aims are misguided and do not bring satisfaction. All the while there is the consciousness of the real Self shining dimly through the veil from beyond; and thus we have that familiar duality in our nature, which causes so much perplexity and distress. Now the religious and scientific teachings to which we have been accustomed may very likely fail to throw any light on this perplexity, and may even serve to obscure the problem. This shows why so many people have welcomed Theosophy: it has interpreted for them their own life; it has made clear to them the reasons for so many things which they find in life, that they have not been able to understand before.

People are often discontented and aspire towards a different sphere in life. It may be quite right that they should have this different sphere. At the same time, they may be actually hindering themselves by their mental attitude from entering it. For the experiences of life are the material which the Soul needs for its purposes; and as soon as we learn the lesson which those experiences are designed to teach, so soon shall we be ready for other experiences. But discontent may imply that we have not yet sufficiently mastered these particular lessons and that we need that particular kind of experience. Does it not therefore behoove us to regard our experiences as opportunities and to see what we can make of them?

For instance, suppose a man is not satisfied with his circumstances and considers himself entitled to move in what he considers a higher sphere. It may be quite obvious to an observer that this man has failed duly to appreciate those circumstances of his, and it will perhaps seem quite reasonable that he should be kept by his destiny in that sphere until he has learnt to appreciate them better; and that then, and not till then, will he be fitted to move in a 'higher sphere' — should he any longer wish to do so.

Life is a school; and every teacher knows that some pupils never progress because they are always dissatisfied with what they are being taught at the time, and always wanting to be promoted to something more advanced. The teacher, however anxious to advance them, cannot

do anything for them because they will not let him. Other pupils do the work in hand and thus progress naturally from step to step.

This means that we have to concentrate our powers on the work before us instead of dissipating them in futile longings, regrets, anticipations. Again referring to the teachings, it is the importunate and conflicting desires, emanating from an unequilibrized lower nature, that scatter our attention and waste our energy.

It is quite characteristic of recent years that there should be so much said about the possibility of finding joy and peace by the cultivation of our nature. There are individual writers and schools which promulgate ideas of this kind. This is all very well and a good sign as far as it goes; but it will lead to naught unless there is something to give it coherence and something to stiffen it into a practical form. History shows that periods of decadence in great civilizations are marked by a vogue for all kinds of philosophies of life. Perhaps these are inspired by a genuine desire for knowledge and the means of happiness and mental solace; but they quickly degenerate into the luxuries of the idle, and the nobility of the principles thus extolled finds no reflexion in the conduct of the devotees.

It is well, therefore, that we have teachings like those of Theosophy, which can give meaning and coherence to these vague aspirations; and a body like the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, which can insure that the ideas shall not remain theoretical but shall be reduced to practice. If life is to be regarded as an art, and we as the artists, then our craftsmanship must descend into the common things of life, which are so vitally important to our welfare; and beauty must not be restricted to the studio, but invited into the home life, the marital relation, business, and all else that may at present be under the rule of inferior deities.

"To inform a people of their rights, before instructing them and making them familiar with their duties, leads naturally to the abuse of liberty and the usurpation of individuals. It is like opening a passage for the torrent before a channel has been prepared to receive, or banks to direct it."

— BAILLY: *Memoirs*

MODERN JAPANESE PROBLEMS

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I

FEW foreigners, no matter how long they have lived in Japan, would be able to give a complete interpretation of what is essential in the life of the Japanese nation, because that life is extremely complicated and offers a strange mixture of traditions and of modern inventions of the East and the West. It is, indeed, a melting-pot, although a very different one from that in America. Japan is a homogeneous nation, but within it are the most opposing currents of endeavor and interest. I do not make any claim to being able to give the right answer to the question that is asked so frequently regarding the attitude of the Japanese toward the great problems that are disturbing the world, but I am glad to state conclusions from one or two viewpoints which may be of interest.

In the first place, the difficulty which the Westerner has in really understanding the Japanese and appreciating their attitude, lies in the fact that the Japanese themselves feel that they are looked down upon by Westerners. Of course, this feeling does not exist in every individual in Japan. Nevertheless, it is a fact which underlies many acts and endeavors on the part of the Japanese nation. Nobody can deny that full equality has been accorded to Japan in its political dealings with Western powers in later years; but at the same time those who have observed Western business men, missionaries and others who represent special trends of Western life in the Far East, must admit that these representatives to a large extent do not look upon the Easterners as their real equals. Political treatises do not change the modes of thought within large nations, and as long as this feeling of inequality exists either on the Western or the Eastern side, it is unfair to expect those who believe themselves deemed inferiors to act in the same way as those who think they are superiors. This psychological condition must be taken into account when, for instance, the attitude of Japan in this war is discussed.

The patriotism of the Japanese is less an emotional sentiment than a vital force of growth and self-assertion. There is a tremendous vitality and power of expansion in the Japanese nation. It is an exuberance which may require territorial expansion based on natural development of

the national vitality, but which in no sense is real hunger for conquest.

It is no secret that Japan undoubtedly is the most autocratic country in the world, a nation where the Emperor is a divine personality unfettered with human responsibility. Nevertheless. practically speaking, I think that democratic ideals and modes of thought are to be found in Japan as much as elsewhere, although in less obvious forms. This can be explained partly by the historical development of Japanese society. This has always consisted of large and small groups, homogeneous compounds which were formed on more or less of a communistic basis. Of course, the unit of the whole thing was the family, but the word 'family' in the Japanese sense does not signify simply a household, but means a group of households closely related. A group of 'families' made a village; some of the villages a clan, which perhaps controlled a whole province governed by a Daimyo. The provinces together were supposed to form the realm, at the head of which was a nominal Emperor with a shogun as *de facto* regent. Within the several small or large groups the responsibility never was individual but rather collective, with the good and bad, in both the moral and material sense, about equally divided among the members.

But of course the old social organization in Japan was stronger than any experiment of the Western world, because it was founded upon a religious conviction, and was, so to speak, a part of the spiritual life of the people. It would be necessary to go into an explanation of the Shinto traditions in Japan, the ancestral cult, and filial piety, in order fully to understand the religious background. Then it would be obvious that the Japanese are pre-eminently a religious and idealistic nation. I often have seen it stated nowadays that they are an irreligious people. The more I have studied the conditions, the more I have found that such suppositions are entirely misleading. It is true enough that the Japanese are not religious in a Christian sense; that is to say, sentimentally religious. Their religion is not based upon fear or sentimental hope of individual salvation. It is not something that is manifested on particular weekdays, or in the organization of beneficent societies, but is a spirit that permeates their whole life and actually inspires their everyday thought and action. Without going further into a discussion of Japanese religious ideals and philosophical interpretations, I think we have to admit that their religious beliefs have led to social and national conditions which are by no means inferior to those of Western nations.

Religion in Japan is a much more practical matter than in the Western world. The philosophical conceptions of higher Buddhism may not be understood fully by the average native, but he gets certain broad fundamental ideas which help him to pass safely through the trials and problems

of life. He knows that he is not an individual separated from the rest of humanity and allowed simply to assert his own selfish inclinations, but a unit in a greater whole, and a compound being who by a thousand unseen threads is connected with all that lives. This philosophical attitude of Buddhism may seem fantastic and of little practical value to foreigners, but it actually lies behind most of the aspirations and higher endeavors of the individuals in the East. Their kindness toward all that lives; their fearless attitude toward death; their great faculty of cooperation and loyalty: all can be explained by this deep comprehension of man's compound nature and spiritual unity with the world. Whatever superstitious beliefs may have been connected with Shintoism and ancestral worship, it must be admitted that they have brought a moral inspiration as well, through the fact that they give the people a feeling of close connexion with unseen worlds and higher beings who watch their secret thoughts as well as their open actions. As a whole, this naturally has inspired a sincerity and openness in the Japanese, different from the conditions in other Eastern nations.

The Japanese are as broad-minded and as unbigoted in religious matters as any nation, and I do not believe that they would easily get into fights over religious beliefs or dogmas, as so often has happened in other parts of the world. Therefore, their judgment must be taken as just as good as ours when it comes to matters of religious faith, and the least act of justice would be to welcome as many Buddhist missionaries in the Western world as Christian missionaries have been sent to Japan. The main thing is, indeed, in religious matters as well as economic or political dealings in reference to the Far Eastern countries, not to look upon them as inferiors, but to treat them, judge them and appreciate them as equals — especially if we expect them to take an equal part in our troubles and struggles.

II

DURING the last few years the Japanese nation has developed a remarkable self-consciousness and feeling of independence. Although this may be explained partly by the victories of Japan on the battlefields of Manchuria, there are other, and perhaps deeper, reasons for this new self-assurance, if one may so speak of it, which largely have modified Japan's attitude toward the Western world. The time has passed when the Japanese were dazzled with the brilliancy of the material and intellectual civilization of the West. No longer are they simply pupils in the great school of Western science and commercialism, which was studied so eagerly during a whole generation. They have reached the stage now

when they are quite ready to compete with Europeans and Americans in practically every field, and they are well prepared to take care of their own business, their own industries, their own shipping. And their scientific standard is about as good as that of any other great nation today. Within a generation they have acquired most of that knowledge that once seemed to make the Western world so dangerously superior; and now they have reached a point where they can take a retrospective view of their accomplishments, and a view of what has been gained through their contact with Europe and America, comparing it with what they have learned from other sources.

It may have been the fault of the pupils as much as that of the masters that the Japanese assimilated comparatively little outside of the purely material and intellectual aspects of Western civilization. It may be that their emotional and spiritual life was altogether too different and too deeply rooted to be affected by Western modes of thought and sentiment. Anyhow, it is a fact that the cultured Japanese of today looks upon the contributions of Western civilization as merely belonging to the commerce, industry, and other phases of purely material life; and if he is a philosophically inclined person, he may question whether the material gains and the intellectual differentiation really are worth the price paid. He is by nature a keen observer and intuitive thinker, and when he sees that the industrial development, the growing commercialism, and the whole intellectual differentiation have brought with them a social unrest, a keen competition, and a brutal selfishness, which were unknown in old Japan, he naturally feels some doubt as to the 'blessings' of Western civilization. And he begins to understand, too, that our highly developed and patronized individualism too often is simply a mask for a kind of selfishness which, if it were left free, would result in anarchism because its tendency is greatly to accentuate the lower qualities of human nature and disregard that highest spiritual quality which unifies and forms the real basis for a civilized unit, whether it be a community, a nation, or a group of nations. Individualism is, of course, the thing farthest removed from the civilization of old Japan, which was pre-eminently communistic, being based upon mutual responsibility and mutual activities of large or small groups of individuals.

Anyone who has taken an interest in this question cannot overlook the fact that the Western influence has shaken the old moral standards of Japan and has accentuated the less desirable qualities in the people. If, nevertheless, our Japanese friends confess a gratitude toward the Western nations, they do it as they are wont to do many things — out of politeness and a traditional habit of being expertly politic. Surely there is nothing spontaneous in their gratitude, because the Western

civilization offered them nothing that touched their hearts, and the Japanese know by their own experience that things of deeper value and more truly spiritual importance can be learned from exterior sources through contact with other nations.

For centuries they were the pupils of the Chinese and received from that ancient country the main impulses of their whole civilization. What Japan has learned from China is more than can be related within a short article. It covers practically every field of their religious and national life. It is to be found in their arts, their literature, their daily habits, and their modes of thought. It is the well-spring for that whole civilization which now appears so wholly Japanese, and the remarkable thing is that while so many of the old traditions and customs have been forgotten or have passed out of existence in China, they still are kept alive and comparatively pure in Japan. For instance, the Buddhist sects which long ago have died out or fallen into an almost unrecognisable condition of enshrouded superstition in China, are flourishing and most influential in Japan. The old buildings of the Tang or Sung times nowadays are hard to find in the older country; in Japan there are many that retain the essential features of the Chinese periods.

Any number of examples could be quoted for the purpose of illustrating Japan's complete dependence upon China in early days, and the perseverance with which the newer country has preserved the Chinese traditions. But they are hardly necessary in this connexion. The main fact to be emphasized is that the Japanese, in spite of wars and political differences, feel a deep attachment for China and recognise that wonderful country as the mother of their civilization — the source of their spiritual life and the fountain of their artistic beauty. It may be that this recognition was partly subdued during the period of political wars and intense Western assimilation, but in later years it evidently has been growing up again and has become a potent factor in the minds of the most educated Japanese. It seems almost as if their feeling of independence of their Western teachers now makes them see and appreciate more clearly what they owe their older masters. And when they compare what they have learned from these two different sources, the contrast between the leading tendencies of Western civilization and those of the East stands out most strikingly and, perhaps, not always quite justly.

No one ought to wonder then at the fact that the gratitude toward China is very different and on deeper grounds than whatever appreciation they may have for European and American contributions. After all, the heart- and soul-life of the Japanese gentleman is a product of the religion, the art, and the mode of living which were imported from China, even if his mental and material aspirations are modified by Western

influence. Behind him stands neither the old Roman nor the Christian civilization, but the immemorial traditions of the Far East of India and China, and naturally it is ever so much easier for him to respond to these mighty powers than to the intellectual life of the West. If we fully realize this inner attitude of the thinking people in Japan, it is difficult to agree with those who believe that Japan harbors aggressive political aspirations toward China or that she has ambitions to control, at least in a commercial and industrial sense, the Chinese Empire.

III

IN order to explain the deep-rooted differences that exist between the Japanese and the nations of the West, we should have to give an account of those religious and social traditions which have molded the life of the Japanese and have crystallized into very definite modes, manners, and habits of thought. And this would be entering upon a historical discussion, whereas my present task is to set down some impressions of actual conditions. No doubt, the average Japanese who has not been abroad still looks upon the foreigner as a kind of intruder, a being who has forced his way into the country by political or economic power, and who hardly should be treated equally with Japanese, although with great politeness and consideration. The moral and emotional make-up of the foreigner is quite unlike what the Japanese are accustomed to, and his daily habits — clothing, eating, and conduct — seem very strange indeed. He requires different commodities, different houses to live in, strange food to eat, different garments, and he hardly ever condescends to take up the customs of the country. Therefore he must be treated as an entirely different being from the people of Japan, and it is only natural that he is made to pay higher prices in the hotels, shops, and amusement places. Increased attention costs more money, and the foreigner usually is supposed to have plenty of it.

But there are other reasons for this interest-money which the foreigner is made to pay. He is accustomed to settle everything according to a bill. To the Easterner, payment still has largely the character of a gift, although transferred or changed into money. It is a common experience in old-fashioned places in Japan for the buyer to be left to make his own price. The thing sold then becomes to some extent a gift which naturally the receiver is anxious to reciprocate to its full value. At the genuine Japanese hotels usually very low charges are made for lodging and food, just enough to cover the actual cost; but it is understood that the guest will show his appreciation of the hospitalities by making a gift of so-called tea money, or *chadai*, which is in proportion to the service

he has received and to his own financial standing. As a matter of fact, the *chadai* often amounts to a good deal more than the actual bill, particularly if the guest is known to be a wealthy man who is treated with great consideration, and who is willing to keep up a good appearance. More than once I heard well-to-do Japanese gentlemen complain of the fact that the high-class Japanese inns were more expensive for them than the hotels in foreign style, where there existed no such strict rules for *noblesse oblige*.

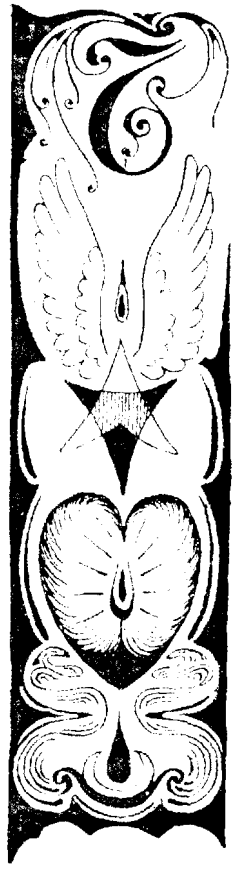
Liberality in money matters on the whole is considered more of a virtue in Japan than in the strictly commercial countries of the West. One is not supposed to cling to money or to desire it, because it is simply a dirty and contemptible substitute for more beautiful things in life. It is a well-known fact that trade and commercial occupations were the most contemptible pursuits in old Japan. Tradesmen were classed in the very lowest social scale, below day laborers and field workers. Of course this extreme viewpoint no longer holds, but there is, nevertheless, a marked tendency among the high-class Japanese to look down upon the man who makes large profits by selling at a high price what he has bought cheap; and the old contempt for money as something unclean, which should not be handled by the noble or by the pure and innocent, still is kept up at old-fashioned places in the education of children, particularly among the religious people.

It is regarded as impolite to hand bare money to a Japanese gentleman, and to do so in a temple is an offense against the religious tone. The money must be nicely wrapped in paper and offered as a 'humble gift,' if one has nothing more expressive to write on the envelope. I tried both ways in Japan, and I invariably found that money handed in an envelope caused much more satisfaction than a bare tip, because the former method showed the respect for old Japanese customs which is appreciated almost as highly as an actual contribution, especially coming from a foreigner. And the gift was never examined in the presence of the giver. This is a rule that often is obeyed also by the waiters in Japan, who never look at the money given them, but gently slip it away. Such an attitude toward money matters, of course, never would have been possible except in a nation of warriors, priests, and artists; and whether it may be called primitive or ideal, it is certainly more beautiful and more appealing to the finer side of human nature than the Western habit of appreciating everything according to its money value. No doubt, it may be that this indifference toward money nowadays has become an affectation, but originally it was a natural expression of spiritual and religious conceptions which were among the many heritages received from ancient China.

AWAKENING

R. MACHELL

CHAPTER II



THE world's a stage indeed; and all the dramas that are played within this wide and universal theater are built upon the mystery of the Soul's duality, and what ensues therefrom.

Of old the Wise Ones told their pupils that the Spiritual Soul came down from higher spheres to blend its essence with the natural soul, and, for a time perhaps, to veil its divinity in matter; struggling to rise again, and rising to draw upward its terrestrial counterpart, which still clings passionately to the joys of earth, while yet half-heartedly aspiring to divinity. Further, they say, the natural soul shrinks from the union that would crown it with godhood, fearing the abyss of selflessness that it must cross ere it can get release from that which holds it down. So, like a maiden yearning for companionship, she peers into the magic mirror of the visible world, searching among its phantom folk for the divine companion of her dreams, who all the while sits waiting his release within the secret chamber of the heart. There in the silence sits the heavenly prisoner singing an unearthly melody, while all the prison thrills with the magic of the song, and the heart aches with a sense of utter loneliness.

YOU would have said that Beatrice Cranley was the last person in the world to suffer from loneliness. Wherever she went she had a following of admiring swains. She was inevitably a central figure in every gathering; she could have spent her whole time visiting the houses of her friends and her innumerable relations; she was welcome everywhere, and was always in demand. Yet it is a fact that she was intensely lonely. It was her utter loneliness that pushed her into society and made her so eager to meet new people. There was always a vague hope in her heart that she should some day see that gleam of recognition in the eyes of a new acquaintance that is the password for admission to the hall of mystery that we call friendship.

The 'mysteries' are somewhat out of date, no doubt, but then they always are; else they would not be mysteries: and friendship is a common word; what is there mysterious in friendship? Yes, the word friend is common, but a friend is rare, and friendship is a sacred mystery still, in spite of its apparent popularity. It has been said that there is only one thing more difficult to understand than the heart of a friend, and that is one's own heart; the mystery of friendship is almost as deep as that of Self. Words have as many shades of meaning as there are different temperaments to use them: and friendship is a word that covers many mysteries, some shallow, some profound, all difficult to read rightly, and all very easy to be misunderstood.

But Beatrice so far had looked in vain for that unmistakable evidence of comradeship, that rare and forever unforgetable sign of recognition that implies a previous association in a bond of spiritual union, a bond whose sacredness can only be in any way appreciated by those who are themselves initiated in the mystery of comradeship. Yet Beatrice had the reputation of a flirt; she seemed to live for pleasure, and to find her greatest pleasure in the admiration she so easily evoked.

Her brother Steven was to be married about this time; light-hearted, irresponsible Stevie, whose debts had been so often paid by his father before the failure of the bank, and who felt sure that Fate would find a way to satisfy his creditors now that his father had declared himself unable to give him even the allowance that he had looked upon as a natural right. And Fate did provide him with a substitute for the parental generosity. The widow of a wealthy brewer, herself the daughter of an impoverished baronet, a little past the first flush of her youth, no doubt, but still attractive, frivolous and fashionable, fell in love with the amiable and erratic Stevie and ('twas said) proposed to him. His creditors, suspecting this, soon made it clear to him that if he did not seize this opportunity he might expect no mercy from their lawyers, who were already pressing him unpleasantly for settlement of their accounts. And Uncle Jonas also made it clear to him that God had put the brewer's widow in his path to save the credit of the Cranley family. So Steven borrowed from his creditors in order to enable his parents to do the honors of the occasion suitably at Comberfield. Beatrice of course was the chief bridesmaid, and his particular friend and brother officer, Captain Carothers, was to be best man. The Bishop was to officiate and several ecclesiastical dignitaries were to take part in the celebration of the ceremony. Mrs. Cranley was in her element again, actively organizing the new servants, or languidly entertaining the houseful of visitors, while Beatrice flirted outrageously with all the men; but none could feel himself more specially favored than the rest.

Captain Carothers came the day before the wedding, just as the sun was setting behind the elm trees by the pond beyond the lawns and flower garden. Beatrice was standing in the open window of the drawing-room and turned to face him as he came in. Not seeing his mistress in the room the footman advanced towards the window, and bowing to Beatrice announced the new arrival. There was a moment's pause. The setting sun that made an aureole around her head, it may be, dazzled his sight; instinctively he raised his hand as if to shield his eyes, but promptly dropped it and shook hands in the most conventional manner.

Beatrice was certainly not dazzled by the sun, yet she too seemed bewildered for a moment, hardly so much; but it was long enough to excite the jealousy of the youth who stood beside her. He backed out into the garden where tea was being served to the house party on the terrace. Beatrice explained that her mother was outside, but did not offer to escort the visitor, who on his part showed no anxiety to move in that direction. He looked at her and wondered where he had met her. Where had he seen those eyes? It was some picture he was reminded of, perhaps.

She still stood with her back towards the window, so that the low light of the setting sun shone straight in his eyes and made his whole face look like a painting in an old church window. She almost wondered if the painted window would in a moment vanish and reveal some mystery; but, as she stood there wondering, her voice flowed on uttering some simple commonplaces, and he answered coherently, but with his mind strained painfully to catch that forgotten memory which almost seemed to be revealed in the first glimpse he got of her. Another guest came in to join the party on the terrace and they all went out together.

Carothers, in accepting Steven's invitation for the wedding, had said that he only had a couple of days at his disposal, as he was pledged to join a salmon-fishing party in Scotland for the remainder of his leave: yet three weeks later he was still at Comberfield, and no one seemed to think his visit unreasonably prolonged, unless indeed the opinion of the curate counted, which it did not. He thought that Captain Carothers was a bad companion for such a girl as Beatrice, in which he was probably not far wrong, but most people would have thought, as did her father, that they were admirably suited to each other.

She made no secret of her frank and absolute acceptance of the love he offered her spontaneously and unhesitatingly; there was apparently a perfect understanding from the very first between them; indeed the understanding seemed to both of them to be the recognition of an old association sealed and cemented in past lives by irrevocable pledges and vows that neither of them dreamed of violating. And yet . . .

She made him go with her to church on Sunday, and had him sit where he could see the angel in the window, but nothing came of it. He had no more religion in him than her father had, and seemed quite unaware of any tendency in his own character to mysticism or poetry. His early training and later his garrison experiences had stifled in him all those finer feelings that in her were vibrant with life, and which made life for her a great adventure in a magic land of mystery. To him it was a long opportunity for the indulgence of his tastes, his fancies, and ambitions. With Beatrice he was at times almost unusually respectful; she never seemed to look for or to exact the kind of reverence some women prize so highly, and yet no man had ever dared to take a liberty with her. She always seemed serenely sure both of herself and of her dignity, so that it never occurred to men to put her to the test. And now her frank acceptance of this man's love appeared to him to put her on a pedestal in his regard no other woman yet had occupied. There was no shadow of a cloud between them, no hitch in their engagement, no difficulty as to settlements, no family objections. And yet . . .

The Angel in the old window in the chancel was just a medieval relic, nothing more — and Beatrice found herself too busy now to go to church. She never asked her fiancé to go again with her; but sometimes as they sat together in the summer evenings she looked into his eyes so strangely and so earnestly that something stirred deep down in his sleeping soul and made him feel vaguely uneasy, almost irritable. Sometimes she suddenly turned upon him with some question that he frankly could not understand, but when he asked her to explain she laughed it off, and smiled with that peculiar fascination that intoxicated his imagination and set his fancy in a riot. And when he touched her hand or stroked her hair she heard strange music in the hollows of her skull, it seemed, and all the air around was palpitant with harmony. Her love-dream was an ecstasy, a poem full of rich color and forgetfulness. She hardly knew whether she was more vividly alive, or whether she was intoxicated to the point of sheer oblivion, so that her life went automatically on around her, while she sat wrapped in a trance behind some semi-transparent veil of emotion that enveloped her. She did not want to analyse her feelings or to understand herself; she only thought of him and of her love, and of some mystery that enveloped them.

So the days passed and the curate grew more grave and thoughtful as the time appointed for the marriage came nearer: and his rooms at Chenstead seemed more lonely than ever when he reluctantly went home to the old farm-house near the church which served him as a boarding-house and parsonage. He saw nothing in Captain Carothers to object to, but he felt a strange revulsion against the marriage; it seemed to

him a profanation. He would have died rather than utter such a thought; but there it was, and he was sick at heart; nor was his misery wholly due to pity for himself or jealousy; it was some sort of a presentiment of evil that weighed him down.

Close to the farm there was a rocky field that was poor pasturage and quite unfit for cultivation; but it was higher than the hills and

woods around, and had a view over the entire neighborhood. The curate liked it for its loneliness; it seemed more home-like than the prim propriety of his well-kept rooms, in which he felt himself merely a lodger. The farmer and his wife were not much company for a man in his condition; he wandered out and up among the thorn-bushes and tufts of gorse, or sat on a stone and watched the sun go down beyond the woods of Ansleydale; and wondered why he was so utterly alone. He had no grievance against life, nor fault to find with destiny. He did not talk of resignation; but he wondered what was the meaning of it all.

One evening after tea he went out for a stroll, avoiding the farmyard, caring little for the society of his neighbors, though quite unconscious of any personal superiority to them. He merely wanted to be undisturbed; perhaps he feared his loneliness would fail him, for, like the general run of humankind, he nursed his trouble most assiduously. The people knew him, and guessed he was in love, and laughed about it pleasantly, tactfully taking care to let him think himself unobserved, leaving him to indulge what is perhaps the strangest of all delusions, the belief that no one else can know what ails one: whereas if there is one thing sure, it is that all the neighborhood, in country villages, is fully acquainted with the details of their neighbors' lives and with the motives for their general conduct, of which they themselves may well be absolutely ignorant.

The curate's adoration for Beatrice was perfectly well known to every one of the parishioners of Chenstead and Comberfield, most of whom

agreed that he was quite unworthy of her. They thought him insignificant, and if he had known it, he would have wondered perhaps at their sagacity while fully indorsing their estimate of his character.

But as he stood there lost in a sort of mindless admiration of the evening scene, his person seemed to gain significance even while it gradually merged more and more into the landscape, as the light faded from the sky and the hillside grew homogeneous, and rocks and bushes lost their separate identity, while one black figure standing motionless loomed larger in the twilight and assumed a most unusual dignity.

He wondered why he was alone. But, as to a possible companion, he knew of none. His love for Beatrice had been more of a distant adoration than an actual aspiration to the privilege of companionship: and now she seemed to him a star that is about to set beyond some far horizon. To him there was a certain trace of tragedy involved in the sinking of the sun or setting of the stars. It was the feeling of farewell tinged with the kind of mitigated melancholy he felt when he officiated at a funeral. He had not even now begun to realize how pessimistic was his 'faith,' how utterly inadequate for the purposes of life were all the 'comforts of religion,' that he so conscientiously prescribed to those he visited in his parochial ministrations.

He was alone. God was in Heaven, no doubt, but he was here on earth and he was utterly alone. He no more looked to God for company than he did to the neighbors. Yet in his sermons he would wax eloquent about the love of God; and told his congregation, quite sincerely, that God is an ever-present help in time of trouble, a comforter and friend, and all the rest. But now he was alone. And the day darkened, and the stars came out and looked upon his solitude.

Then suddenly there came a change. Silence assumed control; it became dominant, took on authority, pervaded space, and merged him in the infinite. He lost the sense of separateness, but not of self; his own identity was not distinguishable from that in which he lived, if that was life indeed. He seemed to be in all . . . there were no longer any bounds to part him from the universe. There was a sense of perfect peace and absolute tranquillity, with yet a consciousness of intense life, in which his being was immersed as in a living ocean of inconceivable immensity. He thought that suddenly he had become one with the Soul of Nature, and knew the meaning and the purposes of evolution. That passed, and all his consciousness was centered upon a fiery vortex, in the heart of which a star hung poised in ether, and as he gazed upon it he forgot the vastness of the universe; the sense of dissolution vanished; he was himself again, watching a star that set behind the woods of Ansleydale.

(To be continued)