

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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“Here, likewise, the soul rests, and becomes out of the reach of evils, running back to that place which is free from ill. . . . For the present life, which is without God, is a vestige of life, and an imitation of that life which is real.”

— PLOTINUS: *On the Good or the One* (Translation by Thomas Taylor)

THEOSOPHICAL KEYNOTES: THE MYSTICAL CHRIST *



CHRISTMAS-TIME, with its sacred associations and dear memories, carries us back into childhood, when we began life in sweet trust. It seems to appeal to the hearts of us now in a way that perhaps nothing else does; and the thought that comes with this appeal is: *What a pity that we are not more intimately associated in trust, and in the common interests and general welfare of our fellowmen! How pathetic that, in spite of all our associations in our relationship as a nation and a race, we are to a very large degree selfishly separated — divided by personal interests that in the truest sense are impermanent!*

The whole system of thought and effort today tends to keep the human family apart, and to me a moment like this is a rare opportunity for each and all of us, for it will never come again. So let us think more closely of the preciousness of time, and use it for the future, more thoughtfully and unselfishly.

Those of us who are Theosophists realize that there is no such thing as chance in life — that our lives are governed by immutable and divine laws, and that there is ever surging in our hearts the divine Christos Spirit, which is most truly our own divine nature. Even the poorest and humblest, and even the greatest human failures, have in their possession this spirit.

All over the western world I presume, for a week at least, we shall hear accentuated many beautiful and interesting sentiments about the life of the historical Christ. I am introducing this Great Soul tonight as one who had lived many lives, and had thus gained sufficient experience to bring him to a realization of the reality of the spiritual life and of the great needs of humanity. Theosophists call him Jesus the Initiate — one of the Spiritual Teachers of Humanity.

* Extracts from an extemporaneous address delivered by Katherine Tingley at Isis Theater, San Diego, California, Sunday evening, December 21, 1919.

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My thought this evening is not so much with the historical Christ as it is with the mystical Christ — that Christos Spirit which I declare every man possesses. Let us throw ourselves into the thought of the greater possibilities of human life; let us hold to all that is noble and sweet and treasurable in the life of the historical Christ; and let us also realize that he has been misunderstood and misinterpreted from the beginning, even by those who considered themselves his most faithful followers.

To know this great Teacher better one must realize that evolution extends through successive incarnations. This teaching of reincarnation affords a key to the proper understanding of the life and mission of Jesus. Take his sayings from beginning to end, study them from the Theosophical standpoint, and you will find yourself in a larger area of thought, moving out into broader conceptions of life's purposes. Following this line, the future of humanity will look brighter to you.

It was Robert Browning who said:

*“There is an inmost center in us all,
Where truth abides in fulness; and around,
Wall upon wall, the gross flesh hems it in —
This perfect, clear perception — which is truth.”*

Many people would interpret this, perhaps, as meaning that the truth was within the physical — in the flesh; but from a Theosophical standpoint we can see that it is the tendencies of the flesh that shut out the truth, that hold the soul in subjection to such a degree that it cannot express itself; and yet it is that “inmost center,” truth, which according to the Theosophical teaching is the Christos Spirit — the mystical Christ. And this divine power is in every man.

If we can move, in study, in research and in analysis, away from the letter of the Law, and take almost the very antithesis of the former interpretation of the Christ, we shall then find ourselves very near to the truth, and to the real meaning of the immortal life of man. We should discover that man holds a key — a treasure of treasures, the sacred golden key that will enable him to unlock the prison-gates of flesh and to come forth into the light in all his spiritual dignity.

The word ‘overcome’ applied rightly and Theosophically, in harmony with this idea of the divine Spirit, evolves a wonderful power of optimism for all — when the world is awry; when man hardly knows what tomorrow will bring him; when he finds humanity pitted against itself, state against state, country against country; and when the gulf of separation is widening. In spite of the intellectual advancement of the day, truly as a people and as a race we are not going forward and upward.

The message of the mystical Christ — the divine part of man's nature — is the keynote that will bring comfort and encouragement to humanity, if it

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can be met rationally and unselfishly. Some of our greatest thinkers and workers in the workaday world are yet weighed down by the influence of dogmatic education, of limited opinions, and by the psychology of the present age, which evolves doubt, selfishness, fear, and hatred.

As the human mind can carry only just so much weight, only just so many burdens, it cannot pile up on the shelves of the intellect the non-essentials of beliefs and opinions, and then expect to evolve those intrinsic forces, those rare, ever-abiding and eternal factors of the spiritual life which is the Christos life.

So in approaching the New Year with new aspirations, hopes and resolutions, we must put our mental houses in order; we must immediately change our outlook on life, take a new viewpoint, study truth and the immortal issues of life from a new angle. The incentive is great; it will inevitably force man to dig deeper into his own nature, into the very center of his being, "where truth abides in fulness."

By following this path, the daily problems so difficult to cope with will begin to adjust themselves to such a degree that all along life's journey man will catch little glimpses of the Kingdom of Heaven on Earth, which Jesus taught is nearer than you dream — is indeed within the heart of man.

Truly, religion is a reality in every man's nature, even if he may never have professed any particular form of religious belief, never studied it, never taught it, or indeed never thought about it. Man is a religious being, and of all the realities religion is the greatest. Some will not accept this philosophy or this opportunity; but no matter what they believe or how they live, truth is indestructible — it is a living power and will stand for all time. The race has arrived at a point of uncertainties, of doubts, and of fears, and it is drifting away from the Light; and if those who have it not desire not to take such an occasion as this to arouse themselves and awaken in the consciousness of the Christos Spirit, they must drift and learn their lessons through pain and despair.

Many of the external and fascinating attachments of life which we love and hug so dearly, those things which we in our selfishness hold the most precious, will fade away in the course of time. But the great inner knowledge, the inner life — truth — will never desert one; for there is constantly abiding in man this inner power, this controlling Christos Spirit, which will bring home to all the very knowledge that man has instinctively sought for ages.

In spite of the glorious and inspiring incentive, of the possibilities of man's attainment in the Christos life, still unrest goes on in human affairs — still inquiry, still lack of faith in the self and in humanity. "The gross flesh" still hems in the divine quality which I speak of.

Let us consider on the one hand the unrealities, the unsatisfying aspects

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of life which I have mentioned; and then on the other hand the Theosophical view of life — man divine in essence, a soul progressing through many lives, learning lessons from each experience, broadening the mind under the influence of that higher state of consciousness — the Christos Spirit — which proclaims man's divinity, until it becomes a conviction. Then man feels his larger responsibility and reaches out in the fulness of the new strength and knowledge, with a quality of compassion that he has never known before, feeling that he embraces humanity in the spirit of charity and justice. This state of mind and of living belongs only to the life of the mystical Christ.

We may read, think, and work away from this truth in all its sublime beauty; yet in the course of time, along the great path of human effort and disappointments, we must ultimately come to it. Hence I say to you: Seek the deeper meaning of life from the inmost recesses of your own nature, "where truth abides in fulness."

I find in my travels and in my interviews with some of the most learned minds of the time, that even those of great scholastic attainment are unprepared to meet life's responsibilities. I find them resting on set beliefs and doctrines, perched on a dusty shelf in their brains — beliefs which are emphasized on all occasions, in all arguments, and backed up by quotations from other 'great intellects' like their own, who are lost in the shadows of unrealities like themselves. But rarely is it possible to find in the present age even an educated mind of the highest scholarship opening up the inmost recesses of the inner nature. Minds of the former type have no conception that there is anything beyond a half-trust or a half-faith — a half-acceptance of the old theological doctrines; or, on the other hand, the opposite position of cold materialism.

But as the miner digs in the ground and works with the conviction that there is gold hidden deep inside, and pushes on with energetic perseverance in spite of all discouragements, working only for material aggrandizement: thus we can conceive that the same energy rightly applied to spiritual research and endeavor would bring him to the realization of this inner mystical Christos Spirit. Through these simple suggestions, if you are interested in them, read the words of Jesus and see how differently you will interpret them — how much more interesting and helpful will be the historical Jesus, whose life was controlled by the Christos spirit, on, on, through many incarnations, until he reached the state of human perfection, and chose to return to the world, that the Light from his 'Father' — Deity — might be more manifest in the hearts of men.

Now if this were not so, how could he have spoken of the Kingdom of Heaven on Earth? How many people are there today who believe that it is possible to make a Kingdom of Heaven on Earth? Do we not find the majority, even

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of so-called spiritually-minded people of today, carrying themselves away from this plane in their conception of the Kingdom of Heaven? But Theosophy tells us that it can be found in the individual life, and that all we have to do is to seek for it. Once in possession of the knowledge of the mystical Christ — the divine in man — man will know that he could have found this Kingdom of Heaven long ago if he had thought more deeply and lived more unselfishly — if he had dared to throw aside his former beliefs, his hard, set opinions.

It is not phantasy nor fanaticism that colors the spirit of my talk with you; it is the simple plain thinking of one who has an urge in her life, an urge for better things for humankind — a quality of aspiration that manifests itself in trust and continuous work.

Whence come our aspirations? Why do they give us their beautiful and sacred touches at our best moments? They come in varying degrees from that "inmost center in us all" — the Christos Spirit.

It is blundering work for me to attempt to make clear to you all that I feel on this subject in my forty-five minutes' address. These ideas that I have given you are in one sense simply a challenge, and in another sense an encouragement, to show you that you have not to wait to pass out of this life to find your heaven, or to find the knowledge that will bring you to your heaven; that you have not to ignore any truths that have been proven according to your conscience: but you surely have yet something to learn, as I also have.

The fact is, that we humans are so separate, so divided in all our interests: we move along very splendidly, I admit, in our material interests, with a great deal of pride. But these are impermanent. I am talking of realities, that will stay with a man from the beginning of his efforts until the great ultimate — until he reaches the end, the goal of perfection. I am unable to think out any plan by which I can bring these simple truths home to the sad and the unhappy and the discouraged, otherwise than by saying that to study Theosophy and to make it a living power in the life, is to find truth — the Wisdom-Religion, far older than the oldest now known. This embodies in itself the essential teachings of all religions.

The true way can be found by reading the Theosophical books and feeling the touch of all that is best in them, by appealing to one's own nature, by seeking a broader conception of life and an opportunity for more service — service to oneself, service to the family, service to our country, and to humanity. Let this be our new urge, born of this Christmas-time. Since we are reminded by tradition and sacred memories of what Christmas means in the outward sense, think of what it means on the inner plane — what it can bring to each and all of you!

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We find so many in the world rebelling against conditions; so many questioning their Bible, questioning their God, and above all questioning the apparent injustices in the world. Read the newspapers if you have no other source of information, and you will see constant evidences of man's inhumanity to man and of the failures to practise Brotherhood in the world. But the moment we take our Theosophical books and commence to study them (and they are not simply for the educated, they are for all classes — even the little children can understand them), we begin to find a key to the solution of life's problems, a revelation of new possibilities for man.

Now it was this touch, this urge, this knowledge, coupled with a great love for humanity, that brought Mme Blavatsky out of the little worldly life of her childhood home in far-off Russia. It was this compassion, this divine urge from the inmost part of her nature, that made her feel there must be explanations and remedies for the injustices that she witnessed in Russia, watching the prisoners sent along the roads near her father's estate at Ekaterinoslaf and carried into exile, to bleak Siberia.

She felt this urge in the very air; she loved nature, she saw the true and beautiful in nature, and that there was even in its very silence a recompense for living. And yet when facing man — man in society, man in the lower walks of life, man in poverty, man in selfishness, ignorance, and degradation — there was no answer for her except in this knowledge of the Wisdom-Religion, which she revered.

And so with that spiritual compassion which I have referred to, she started out on her mission of service to the world's children, with a determination that one voice at least should be heard in the chaos of human opinions and despair. Theosophy was her optimistic message, and she accentuated it in speech, in the glorious and superb example of her life, and also in her wonderful writings. She was so distinctively impersonal. She told those who followed her and felt that she was the messenger of the time in the spiritual sense, that the truths she brought were not hers, that she had not originated them, but that she had garnered and gathered them in her travels and from the different religions of the world. And more than that, her research was so great, her devotion so determined, her urge so inspiring, that she never let an obstacle impede her progress in this great work for humanity.

In her efforts to know more of the Truth she rested on her knowledge of the power of the Christos Spirit in man; and ere long she found herself in far-off Egypt and India, in the presence of one, or two, or three, or four men of the new type, you might say, and yet of the old type — men who had advanced in spiritual knowledge — men who had followed the teachings of the mystical Christ, and

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who fortified their lives with simplicity, purity, beauty, and undogmatic methods. From them she gained more knowledge: she gained spiritual truths handed down by word of mouth from the ancients, far back of the time of the historical Christ. She garnered these flowers of Truth, and her own convictions concerning the mystical Christ in man received confirmation in meeting these very types of men that she had not dreamed existed in this present age. They were not supernatural; they were not spirits: they were human beings, rounded out through the experiences of many lives, and brought to a realization of the world's needs by their own evolution and suffering, through successive incarnations. Such men as these, few as they are, are still serving humanity, in spite of its unbelief, with loyal and determined purpose.

So when Mme Blavatsky came to the western world, with her divine message of Theosophy, she found many eager hearts and minds awaiting her. In their aspirations for better things, they had turned away from the selfishness of the world; and they knew within their hearts that there was a divine side to human nature — that life had a deeper meaning than was yet understood by the masses. They knew that in some way and somehow there must come the help and the light that would adjust the deplorable conditions in the world. Then they found Mme Blavatsky. They followed her with the same devotion with which the disciples of Jesus followed him. And in that devotion, in that association — in that linking of man to man, and heart to heart, and purpose to purpose — there was formed a unity in the spirit of brotherhood such as she hoped to make manifest in the world. Thus the Theosophical Society was founded in 1875, and many of her devoted pupils yet live to spread broadcast her glorious message.

Mme Blavatsky accentuated the simplicity of the unsectarian life, explaining to us that dogmas and creeds had blinded humanity down through the ages. She gave a clearer definition than can be found anywhere outside of her books, of the mystical Christ, of the divine in man, of the hope that lies there, and of the blessing that can be found in trying to reach it in all its infinitude.

In regard to the subject of death, or, as we Theosophists call it, rebirth, I have some little knowledge, but I could not make it clear to you how my knowledge comes. Let us consider for a moment a soul passing out into the new life. I am not referring at present to a Theosophist, but to one who has lived shut in with the belief in one life only, with the idea that his soul-salvation depended upon something outside himself, believing in the personal God, in the revengeful God, and with his limited view of the orthodox heaven. Now according to my knowledge (and Theosophy teaches it also, but not just my way) there comes to that soul, passing out into the unknown — when the lips are closed and when the mind seems unconscious, though the soul is not — a certain knowledge. It is then

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that it understands the unreality of what the life has been, in spite of its earnest effort for better things. It realizes the unfinished business of the past life; it cries out for a larger opportunity; it longs to come back and begin over again, and take up the threads of the unfinished life. But even in spite of this process of enlightenment, because it has never heard the golden notes of Theosophy, that soul still moves on anxious and questioning.

Believing as I do in the Infinite Law, and in the great Over-Soul of Life — the Supreme Deity — I know that the soul, before it leaves its tenement of flesh, discerns spiritual light thrown upon the path ahead; and in its progress it has a revelation of what might have been, and a glimpse of what the soul can attain. I believe further that the consciousness stays with the soul in its journey, that memory for a time is vivid and strong; and that the soul going out under such conditions and before getting fully into the new state, absolutely free from the body, realizes that there is in the divine economy another chance upon this plane of life; and that in the realization of this the soul is still attached to the unfinished part of its life, with a courage that belongs only to the divine side of man.

Can you not conceive how that soul at such a time would rest in trust in the arms of the Infinite Law, and await its time, that it might return — that it might take up the old threads of life, correct the old failures, make new efforts, build anew, and do it understandingly; where before it knew not whence it came or whither it should go? In this state we can conceive of a manifestation of the mystical Christ, the Christos Spirit, awakened in the transition of the soul from one life to another.

The mission of Theosophy is to give to every human mind a key, a talisman, by which it can find itself in its larger strength and spiritual life before the soul passes out, in order that the greater tomorrow may open a new and more splendid opportunity to follow the path of eternal effort. This key, this talisman, will bring home to those who are sad and discouraged, and have lost faith in themselves, a lasting power that they have little dreamed of — a hope that they never expected would be theirs, an enlightenment that will stay with them forever. There will be the awakening of the heart to those tender inner touches that come only to those who are unselfishly striving and working for the progress of the race. This is the benediction of the spirit of the mystical Christ.

Someone may say, "This is a far-off idea; no one can get the beginning or end of it." I even catch this thought from the mind of one of my listeners. Let me assure that person that he must go round and round the mountain, in suffering and ignorance, according to Karmic law, and learn many lessons through suffering, before he will awaken to the consciousness of the Christos Spirit within him.

But to those who have suffered and feel they can suffer no more, to those who

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are disappointed and in despair, to those who have gone through the agony and the mystery of death through the loss of their loved ones, to those who are meeting the hard strains of life in poverty and sickness, without hope, suffering losses and apparent injustice -- it is to those that this message comes as a royal spiritual Christmas gift. Oh how superb is the knowledge that comes from that "inmost center in us all"!

One of the greatest difficulties that some human minds have to meet in their limitations is, that they demand that the soul shall be brought down and put in the palm of the hand to prove its existence. Such a demand is as unreasonable as to attempt to pull the stars down to the earth in order to analyse them. If man is to grow, if he is to become, if he is to live in the golden light of truth, and in this larger and more superb belief in the mystical Christ, he must put aside his accumulated preconceptions, prejudices, and set opinions, and ask not so much for proof of spiritual truths. He must knock at the door of his inner nature, introspect, and find in his own heart the answer to his questions. "Man, know thyself," say the ancients. Let man get back into the quietness of the simple life, just as Jesus and other Great Teachers taught -- to seek the inner chamber and there to pray. Not by lip-prayer, not by exaltation, but rather in the spirit of humility and devotion to truth shall he find the light -- the mystical Christ, the Redeemer in the truest sense, who lives in the hearts of all. Thus he will find the 'peace that passeth understanding.'

So at this Christmas-time, if this idea of the mystical Christ could be preached in every pulpit with this Theosophical interpretation; if it could reach every tired heart in prison, in hospitals, in insane asylums, in homes where the tired mothers, suffering and in poverty, are asking the whys and wherefores of life; if this glorious message of the present hour, the great Christmas message of the twentieth century, old as the ages and yet new in a sense, could be preached and understood throughout the world, and interpreted from a Theosophical standpoint, believe me, in no long time -- right in the material life of humanity -- discord, confusion, and revolution would disappear; the difficulties between the rich and the poor would be overcome, because there would be knowledge to adjust these differences -- spiritual knowledge; and consequently brother would meet brother in the spirit of the ancients, in the embrace of that intimate spiritual relationship which we should all have for one another -- in the spirit of justice.

Then all would have developed that great soul-quality of intuition that enables one to draw the line between the man and the action. If an evil action is perpetrated, condemn the action but preserve the man; "judge not that ye be not judged"; still love the man, and serve him, even while protesting against the action in such a way that the protest will prove a correction and an encouragement

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to the evil-doer, so that he will turn from the wrong path and follow the right one. These are perhaps far-off things to some limited minds, who are trying to change the whole world through intellection and the ordinary lines of action alone. But to those who have come here tonight, with tears in their hearts because they think they have done their very best and yet have not found peace, it is to such as these that this message will be of lasting help and significance.

But for you to return to your homes and attempt to interpret these teachings simply because I have declared them, will not be of much consequence; yet all that I have said will become of much consequence if I have touched your hearts, if I have aroused a new hope in your minds, so that you can go on in life with a larger trust, unafraid, with that quality of courage that will enable you to seek and find a more purposeful path in life. One has not to humiliate himself and live back in the memory of the old teaching of man's sinfulness and weakness or in the idea that he was born in sin. Instead, let him go forward in the consciousness of his soul's divinity, and shut the door on the past.

The charm, the beauty, the inspiration, and the exquisite response of the teachings of Theosophy is, that no matter how evil or how wrong one may have been, he can be assured that there are light and help ahead; that in the divine economy there is another chance. Another chance! This is the charm of Theosophy. It gives man a worthy perspective — a chance to live the next life in a stronger and nobler way.

But oh my friends, the preciousness of time! How it tells in the record of human life! I say this to you because the present opportunity will never come again, some of us may never meet again; and there is in the spirit and the psychology of this hour sufficient aspirations to change the whole aspect of human life, if each took unto himself just enough of the strength of my pleadings to evoke from research, study, and application a larger hope and a bigger trust, and the spirit of forgiveness which belongs to the inner man, to the Christos Spirit.

Surely if we are to live with any hope for the future, we must ever keep our minds playing in harmony with the grand symphony of those beautiful words, "Love ye one another," which the Jesus of history taught; which the great seers and enlightened ones of the ages, years and centuries before, taught also. It is in the very air that we breathe. If we can only reach it and bring it into our lives, it will add a perfume to each day. Let it become an inspiration. Let those who are living in disharmony just take this message back and carry it out in thought and action, "Love ye one another." Think of the psychological effect of these beautiful words daily sweeping into human life, telling in the smallest thing,— bringing home a new gladness and a new joy to all the peoples of the earth,— giving to all a power, a spiritual energy, that would lift all out of the great shadows

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of despair on to the path which leads to enlightenment — to a broader, fuller, richer and happier life, where we can begin as a race to establish harmony through our larger beliefs, our broader conceptions, and our deeper compassion; so that the true path shall be followed and the goal reached, and the perfectibility of man shall be assured in the minds of the people of the twentieth century.

Time is indeed precious. This Christmas-time most truly will never come again. The truth is here if you will only choose to find it. We have not met here this evening by chance. The Good Law brought us together; and there is a meaning, a holy meaning, a sacred meaning, to the hours of Christmas-time.

KATHERINE TINGLEY

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AN ADDRESS BY MR. E. A. NERESHEIMER, DELIVERED TO THE ORGANIZERS OF THE UNIVERSITY, ON DECEMBER 29, 1919, POINT LOMA, CALIF.



THE establishment of Theosophical University is an event of great personal interest to all members of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, but a matter of greater interest lies in the fact that it challenges the entire structure of contemporary systems of education.

The name and title, 'Theosophical University,' have been expressly and deliberately chosen by its President, Madame Katherine Tingley, who is also the Foundress of the Râja-Yoga system of education, first inaugurated in 1900, — deliberately chosen in order that there may be no mistake as to the distinction between the Theosophic methods of education and the usual conventional methods of instruction. The three Râja-Yoga Institutions hitherto operating, the School, the Academy, and the College, and now the Theosophical University, are the outgrowth of the Theosophic Movement of which Madame Katherine Tingley is also the Leader and Official Head; and she holds that no opportunity must be lost, at this critical time of turmoil and of empirical attempts at Reconstruction, in emphasizing this method of education. It is necessary for the guidance and welfare of our own and of future generations. There is great responsibility attached to the possession of knowledge; it is the grandest asset of the Human Race, and its most beneficent aims can only be achieved when it is inseparably conjoined with morality; indeed, the acquisition of Right Knowledge is only possible in connexion with Ethics. These great truths must be understood and established first in the minds and lives of all teachers, and by them

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communicated to students, and through the example of these last the whole world will be benefited. This high object cannot, however, be accomplished without a firm basis, found only in a Universal and Unsectarian Philosophy, such as Theosophy and the Râja-Yoga system of education provide.

With this event comes into existence an altogether new method of training and instruction, whereby the building of character is to be the essential part of all culture alongside of the well-approved university curriculum, by means of which a more perfect balancing of the physical, mental, and moral faculties of our youth shall be attained.

Existing colleges and universities, though literally faithful to their profession in the intellectual branches of learning, have scarcely realized their natural aspirations for rounding out a uniformly complete and well-balanced type of manhood and womanhood. Not very many graduates, after finishing their professional education, can be counted on to show such a dependable moral restraint and such typical rectitude in act and thought as the public has a right to expect from them; nor have they, except in rare cases, sufficient personal assurance of a moral philosophy of their own. The cause of this lack of a complete balance of character is due to an absence of certain vital subjects from the curriculum of educational institutions and an unfortunate allegiance to the long-established practice of excluding all direct instruction in the nature and workings of the psychological nature of man — the very heart, the essence, of true education.

On the other hand the Râja-Yoga system of education, which is to be the sole Rule and Guide in all matters of instruction in Theosophical University, while comprising a full and thorough intellectual training, also expressly provides and inculcates a thorough knowledge of the inherent duality of human nature, and a control, by self-mastery, of the lower propensities through the higher qualities with which man is likewise endowed by his nature. The efficacy of instruction on these and kindred subjects has been well proved during the last twenty years by the Râja-Yoga College, the Râja-Yoga Academy, and the Râja-Yoga Schools, and out of these has grown, of necessity, the organization and establishment of this University.

In the absence of the fundamental qualifications and course of training, mentioned above, in the system in vogue in very many contemporary institutions of learning, character-building has long been somewhat overlooked. If permanent and successful Reconstruction of the world's affairs is to be accomplished, we must have a better and higher type of citizenship in our own and in other countries. A serious effort towards such introduction of them must be made in order to justify the confi-

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dence and trust which the public still displays in the efficacy and adequacy of the usual educational system.

The educated classes should be the moral and spiritual leaders of the masses of our brother-humans, who are always eager to follow implicitly those whom, in their faith, they believe to be possessed of superior experience, judgment, and wisdom.

All earnest students and all earnest teachers, who are thoroughly imbued with the spirit of reformation inaugurated here, and who have builded their lives on such a firm ethical basis as to be worthy of participating in so great and unselfish a service, will surely be challenged to their utmost capacity in response to the demand that will be made upon them. At the same time they will be truly compensated for their devotion and for their efforts when they see the eagerness of the crowds of learners and aspirants who will enter the path of self-directed evolution through admission to this unique seat of learning.

You who are the organizers of Theosophical University, may therefore truly rejoice in having been given the opportunity of participating in the practical establishment of this really glorious venture.

SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS

C. J. RYAN

EVERY new advance in knowledge is not only interesting to all who possess the distinguishing human quality of longing to understand the wonder and beauty of the universe, but to students of Theosophy the steady trend towards certain fundamentals emphasized by H. P. Blavatsky in the teachings she brought from the East, is especially significant. Notwithstanding the unfavorable aspect of world-conditions, the upheavals, the greed, selfishness, and misery, there is a tendency away from the materialism of nineteenth-century science becoming more and more perceptible among certain groups of thinkers; and just as the catchwords of 'The Struggle for Existence,' 'Nature red in tooth and claw,' and 'The Survival of the Fittest,' thrown broadcast by the leaders of science half a century ago, penetrated into every stratum of society and powerfully affected the general consciousness, so we may hope that the concept of Universal Brotherhood subsequently emphasized in all quarters of the world by the Theosophical activities has partly neutralized the materialism of nineteenth-century science, and liberated some minds at least from its shackles.

By the very nature of modern science, change of views must be fre-

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quent; it works from particulars to universals; the discovery of some minute fact, if new, compels the reconstruction of laborious theories. The Esoteric or Higher scientific method of antiquity was different. It did not depend so much upon reasoning, but knew the process of getting knowledge more directly. By the development of spiritual faculties it learned the general laws of being, the laws which control the vast complex of their expression in the minute. When humanity regains the knowledge of its own divinity, its higher self, the methods of certainty will become easy and will replace the groping which is apparently all we can do in this dark age.

A few of the general principles governing human life and the physical conditions in which we find ourselves, derived from Those who have kept alive the ancient wisdom so that it shall not be entirely lost to the world, were brought to us by H. P. Blavatsky; and although the source of inspiration may be ignored for a while longer, the effects are plainly visible. It is the duty of Theosophical students, when recording new and higher developments in thought and scientific discovery, to reiterate and demonstrate the fact that their tendency, *and in many cases the exact thing*, was outlined or even defined in the earlier Theosophical literature published at a time when such things were unheard-of in the world at large.

In connexion with the total solar eclipse of May 29, 1919, a profoundly interesting problem, discussed at great length by H. P. Blavatsky, has apparently been solved in the manner she indicated, improbable though it seemed at the time. This eclipse, though an inconvenient one, aroused special interest because it offered a chance of settling a new and most unexpected problem which has lately become pressing. This problem, which is involved in the revolutionary 'Theory of Relativity' of Einstein, is whether light is an actual substance of some kind or merely a wave-effect or vibration of the 'luminiferous ether,' the latter a hypothetical supposition to explain the behavior of light and heat. Sir Isaac Newton considered light to be corporeal, though he also suspected the existence of some kind of ether. Controversy has raged upon this subject ever since his day. Huyghens, Fresnel and Young brought out various objections to the substantial nature of light, and it was only the enormous weight of Newton's authority that prevented his theory being abandoned earlier. Finally it was decided by the consensus of opinion that the question was settled in favor of the undulatory theory, *i. e.*, that light is nothing more than a vibration or wave-motion in the ether. However, there were eminent objectors for a long time, whose difficulties were not and have not been fully cleared up. For instance, there is a serious problem in reconciling with the wave theory the principle that the intensity of light varies inversely with the distance from the luminous

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body. We do not need to enter more deeply into this question, but a little consideration will make some of the difficulties of this problem clear. Towards the end of the first volume of *The Secret Doctrine*, H. P. Blavatsky discusses the subject and gives unequivocal support to the theory of Newton — or, more properly, of Pythagoras, who upheld it two thousand years earlier.

It should be noted by students of Theosophy that Newton was a deep student of the great Mystic, Jakob Boehme. In the *Athenaeum* of Jan. 26, 1867, there is some curious information upon the subject. It says:

“Positive evidence can be adduced that Newton derived all his knowledge of gravitation and its laws from Boehme, *with whom gravitation or ATTRACTION is the first property of Nature.*’ . . . For with him ‘his [Boehme’s] system shows us the *inside* of things, while modern physical science is content with looking at the outside.’ ” — *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 494

H. P. Blavatsky says:

“Thus Newton, whose profound mind read easily between the lines, and fathomed the spiritual thought of the great Seer in its mystic rendering, owes his great discovery to Jakob Boehme, the nursling of the genii (Nirmānakāyas) who watched over and guided him. . . .” — *Ibid.*, I, 494

Speaking more particularly of light, H. P. Blavatsky deals fully with the substantiality of it in the paragraphs beginning:

“And now Occultism puts to Science the question: ‘Is light a body, or is it not?’ Whatever the answer of the latter, the former is prepared to show that, to this day, the most eminent physicists know neither one way nor the other. To know what is light, and whether it is an actual substance or a mere undulation of the ‘ethereal medium,’ Science has first to learn what are in reality Matter, Atom, Ether, Force. Now, the truth is, that *it knows nothing of any of these*, and admits it.” — *Ibid.*, I, 482

“‘AN LUMEN SIT CORPUS, NEC NON?’ Most decidedly Light is not a body, we are told. Physical Sciences say Light is a Force, a vibration, the undulation of ether.” — *Ibid.*, I, 483

“The Occultists are taken to task for calling the *Cause* of light, heat, . . . a *substance*. Mr. Clerk Maxwell has stated that the pressure of strong sunlight on a square mile is about 3¼ lbs. It is, they are told, ‘the energy of the myriad ether waves’; and when they call it a ‘substance’ impinging on that area, their explanation is proclaimed *unscientific*.” — *Ibid.*, I, 514

But:

“It is on the doctrine of the illusive nature of matter, and the infinite divisibility of the atom, that the whole science of Occultism is built. It opens limitless horizons to *substance* informed by the divine breath of its soul in every possible state of tenuity, states still undreamt of by the most spiritually disposed chemists and physicists.” — *Ibid.*, I, 520

The Theory of Relativity recently advanced by the brilliant Swiss-Hebrew mathematician, Professor Albert Einstein, and supported by the experiments of Michelson of Chicago, threw the gravest doubt upon the existence of the *accepted light-bearing ether* (not necessarily upon that of some other kind of ether), and made it extremely probable that Newton was right after all, and that light is a substance capable of being attracted

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by the force of gravitation! The question of proving or testing this revolutionary idea became pressing, but how was it to be done? The speed of light is so tremendous (180,320 miles per second) that it would be very difficult to find something powerful enough to attract it perceptibly. Perhaps the sun's tremendous gravitational force would be mighty enough to draw the rays which pass close by it from their course, even if only a very little? The only rays of light which can be utilized as tests are those from the distant stars, and the stars when near the sun are invisible in the largest telescopes. But during the few minutes of darkness when the moon hides the disk of the sun at a total eclipse of the sun, the stars shine almost as brightly as at night. The total eclipse of last May offered the advantage of the sun being situated in a rich field of stars in the constellation Taurus, and an expedition from Greenwich Observatory, England, was sent to photograph the sky in immediate proximity to the sun, with the object of testing the validity of the Einstein Theory of Relativity in regard to the substantial nature of light. If the rays from the distant stars were bent inwards by the sun's attraction as they passed by its surface, it would be the strongest evidence that light is of a substantial nature, capable of being affected by solar gravitation, or its equivalent. A prominent opponent of the Einstein Theory conceded that a deflexion of more than half a second of arc (about $1/3800$ of the apparent diameter of the sun or moon as we see them with the naked eye) could not be explained by the theory that light is merely a vibration in the ether; any deflexion of the rays from the stars towards the sun would be positive evidence in favor of the Einstein Theory and Newton's belief that light is a substance of some kind.

On November 6, 1919, Sir F. Dyson, Astronomer Royal of England, announced to a profoundly interested meeting of the Royal Society and the Royal Astronomical Society that examination of the photographs of the stars near the sun during the total eclipse of May 29 had proved that the rays passing the sun were deflected more than *three times as much* as was possible to explain by the wave-theory, or in any way except by the theory that light was a substance. Further developments are awaited with great interest, because if the Einstein Theory of Relativity can be established there may have to be a considerable reconstruction in the domains of physics and astronomy, apparently in the direction away from materialism.

Before leaving the subject it should be mentioned that H. P. Blavatsky distinctly hints that there may be some compromise between the undulatory and substantial theories of light:

“True, the corpuscular theory of old is rejected, and the undulatory theory has taken its

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place. But the question is, *whether the latter is so firmly established as not to be liable to be dethroned as was its predecessor?* . . .

“We do not say that we deny the theory, but assert only that it needs completion and re-arrangement. But the Occultists are by no means the only *heretics* in this respect. . . .”

—*Ibid.*, I, 579, 580

and, speaking of Crookes' “Genesis of the Elements,” she says:

“It is, indeed, as *near an approach*, made by a great scholar and specialist in chemistry, to the Secret Doctrine, as could be made. . . [Footnote 978] How true it is will be fully demonstrated only on that day when his discovery of radiant matter will have resulted in a further elucidation with regard to the true source of light, and revolutionized all the present speculations. Further familiarity with the northern streamers of the *aurora borealis* may help the recognition of this truth.”

—*Ibid.*, I, 621

Recent investigations of the *aurora borealis* have given support to the last sentence.

Curiously enough, about the same time that the news of the deflexion of light by the attraction of the sun reached us, Professor T. J. J. See, of Mare Island, announced the results of his recent researches into the constitution of the ether. He has no doubt of its existence, and he declares it is a kind of *gas* of extraordinary rarity—a decidedly heretical theory. We have become a little accustomed to the idea of the extreme minuteness of the atom, and radio-activity has introduced us to the electron components of the atom, a positive charge in the center surrounded by a circle of planet-like revolving negative charges, each electron being, according to Sir J. J. Thomson, 1760 times smaller than the atom of hydrogen, the lightest of the gases; but Professor See makes the startling statement that the atom of ether is two billion times smaller than the electron! He also said that the ether is not of uniform density throughout space—a significant claim, if established. The existence of the ether is closely connected with gravitation, for it is supposed to transmit it, and Professor See announced that he was able to confirm the remarkable claim recently made by Professor Maiorana of Rome, that a basin of mercury beneath a suspended mass of lead will act as a screen to decrease the gravitational pull of the earth upon the lead. He believes that waves in the ether are the immediate cause of gravitation. Other researchers have recently conducted experiments which seem to prove that the attractive (gravitational) force exerted by a large leaden ball upon a small one can be increased or diminished by the action of electricity. We are evidently on the verge of new and probably revolutionary information upon the subjects of gravitation and the ether. The Einstein Theory of Relativity may greatly modify our conceptions of time and space, and help to demonstrate the illusionary nature of the so-called ‘material’ world, a fundamental proposition in Theosophy; but even if it compels new theories of the ether, it cannot possibly destroy the con-

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cept of some kind of ether. According to *The Secret Doctrine* the ether of science is a material aspect of *Ākāśa*, which is

“MATTER existing in *super-sensuous* states. . . . Such states can be perceived by the SEER or the Adept during the hours of trance, under the *Sushumna ray* — the first of the Seven *Mystic rays* of the Sun.” — I, 515

In respect to the proximate causes of the forces of nature, science “merely traces the sequence of phenomena on a plane of effects, illusory projections from the region that Occultism has long since penetrated.” — *Ibid.*, I, 515

The Theory of Relativity is the most metaphysical product of modern science, and the serious consideration it is now receiving — after earlier neglect — shows that science is approaching the time when it will no longer be able to disregard the declaration of the higher teachings of antiquity and the East, that materialistic and atomo-mechanical theories are utterly unable to solve the problems of nature. The clues by which man can find his true way to wisdom through the labyrinth of illusion are outlined in the teachings of Theosophy derived from aeons of experience of Wise Men.

Professor See has worked out a curious parallelism between the rapid movements of the molecules of ordinary gases, according to the kinetic theory now generally accepted, and the movements of the almost infinitely smaller particles of which he believes the ether to be composed. After speaking of the mean free path of the molecules of the gases (*i. e.*, the length of the trajectory between successive collisions of their molecules) as being about half a millionth of an inch, according to the kinetic theory, he is reported as saying that the free path of *ether* particles is nearly 2000 miles, “but in addition to this extreme length of free path, ether particles have the enormous velocity of 250,000 miles per second, one-third faster than light.” We shall, no doubt, hear much discussion of Professor See’s remarkable suggestions, but it is significant to students of Theosophy that H. P. Blavatsky says:

“Ether is a material agent, though hitherto undetected by physical apparatus.” — *Theosophical Glossary*

In the wonderful chapter of *The Secret Doctrine*, ‘Gods, Monads and Atoms,’ H. P. Blavatsky refers to something which may possibly be the etheric particles that Professor See believes he has demonstrated to exist by mathematical reasoning. The paragraph is so apposite and significant that we need offer no excuse for quoting it:

“Atoms fill the immensity of Space, and by their continuous vibration *are* that MOTION which keeps the wheels of Life perpetually going. It is that inner work that produces the natural phenomena called the correlation of Forces. Only, at the origin of every such ‘force,’ there stands the *conscious* guiding noumenon thereof — Angel or God, Spirit or Demon — ruling powers, yet the same.

AT MY FATHER'S FUNERAL

"As described by Seers—those who can see the motion of the interstellar shoals, and follow them in their evolution clairvoyantly — they are dazzling, like specks of virgin snow in radiant sunlight. Their velocity is swifter than thought, quicker than any mortal physical eye could follow, and, as well as can be judged from the tremendous rapidity of their course, the motion is circular. . . . Standing on an open plain, on a mountain summit especially, and gazing into the vast vault above and the spatial infinitudes around, the whole atmosphere seems ablaze with them, the air soaked through with these dazzling coruscations. At times, the intensity of their motion produces flashes like the Northern lights during the *Aurora Borealis*. The sight is so marvelous, that as the Seer gazes into this inner world, and feels the scintillating points shoot past him, he is filled with awe at the thought of other, still greater mysteries, that lie beyond, and within, this radiant ocean. . . .

"However imperfect and incomplete this explanation on 'Gods, Monads and Atoms,' it is hoped that some students and theosophists, at least, will feel that there may be indeed a close relation between materialistic Science and Occultism, which is the complement and missing soul of the former." — *Ibid.*, I, 633-634

Considerable interest has been aroused in scientific circles by a surprising announcement in chemistry from such an authoritative source that it seems impossible that an error has been made. Professor Sir Ernest Rutherford's experiments appear to have demonstrated that the supposed rather inert element nitrogen is not a simple element, but a combination of hydrogen and helium atoms forming a pseudo-atom of nitrogen. How is it that nitrogen has succeeded in masquerading as a true element so long? The following quotation from *The Secret Doctrine* is well worthy of careful consideration in this regard, and it shows that the writer had an appreciation of the anomalous position of nitrogen long before Science suspected such a thing:

"And now Science tells us that 'the first-born element' . . . would be 'hydrogen . . . which for some time would be the only existing form of matter' in the Universe. What says *Old Science*? It answers: Just so; but we would call hydrogen and oxygen . . . the *Spirit*, the *noumenon* of that which becomes in its grossest form oxygen and hydrogen and nitrogen on Earth — nitrogen being of no divine origin, but merely an earth-born cement to unite other gases and fluids, and serve as a sponge to carry in itself the breath of LIFE — pure air."—I, 626

AT MY FATHER'S FUNERAL

MARTIN E. TEW

DEATH brings us face to face with the Eternal.
A simple trust in the Unchanging Good
Robs death of all its terrors, doubts and fears.
This good man, my father and your neighbor,
Has passed this door of death into that life
Where all is harmony and lasting peace.

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Entrusted with the talent of a mind
As clear and vigorous as his arm was strong,
He gave the world his best in faithful service,
Craving no more than simple sustenance,
Freedom from debt and manly independence.

His door was open as his heart and hand:
The stranger, the unfortunate, were all
As welcome at his board as his own kin,
For all were kinsmen in that larger bond.
Not knowing guile, he trusted everyone;
Would rather be deceived than the deceiver —
Rather be wronged than guilty of a wrong:
In every human soul he saw the good.
To us, his heirs, he has bequeathed the wealth
Of an unspotted name, more precious far
Than all the hoarded gold of mart or mine.

Without pretense, but with a modest air
He walked among his fellow men. His eyes
Were never downward turned in vain attempt
To follow doubtful paths by others trod.
Always he looked to the All-knowing Will,
Which swings each sun and star in its own course
And guides the wild-fowl in its pathless flight.
This was his guidance. In the Nazarene
He saw God's ways incarnate, but no creed
Was large enough to hold the priceless wealth
Of his broad charity and simple trust.

He freely spoke his mind — sometimes rebuked,
But not in malice. Hate, envy, revenge,
Hypocrisy, false pride, ambition, greed,
Never found lodgment in that open soul.

His life-work done, and the allotted time
Of three score years and ten now nobly lived,
He laid his burden down, and without fear
Or doubt sank peacefully into that sleep
Which is not death, but only sweet repose.

THE GOD IN MAN

R. MACHELL



HERE surely never was a time more modern than our own. We are the people, beyond a doubt, and all that went before us were mere experimenters; and those that follow after will be merely imitators, whether they be conservatives or revolutionists. No new vagary of the human mind is possible. We know it all! And we demand our rights!

That seems to me to be the essence of modernity: to know what are one's rights and to demand them.

We can do no more; because rights such as these are simply unattainable: but no matter; they can be demanded.

Of course a very little thought will serve to show that rights are all a matter of agreement and concession. There is no other basis for a right, unless might is accepted as the only right, which is most obviously the great wrong, since it can override all rights that have less might.

Some tell us that man has a right to the necessities of life. How can that be, when man cannot establish and maintain his right to live? For every living thing must die, in spite of all assertion of the right to live. And if man cannot justify his right to live, how can he prove his right to the necessities of life?

Then we hear much about equality: which obviously exists nowhere within the bounds of the observable universe, which universe is but a demonstration of the universal law of differentiation, that makes impossible the creation of two objects absolutely equal in all respects: for if they were so they would be identical; not two, but one.

And yet the two most popular ideals of the day are probably equality, and the rights of man (*man* used generically).

There is a wise old saying that in the voice of the people speaks the voice of a God: and it is more profitable to seek the God than to denounce the irrational ignorance of man.

What then is the basis of the imagined rights of man? Certain it is that almost everyone believes that there are some inalienable rights, such as the right to breathe the air. But this and most of these rest on the fallacy of a man's right to live, when we all know that every man sooner or later finds that he has not the right to breathe, and so he dies. The only answer to this seems to lie in the fact that life is continuous

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and eternal, although men's bodies die and disappear. Is it then to be supposed that this assurance of the continuity of life lies at the root of the popular assertion of man's right to breathe the air? If so, then indeed we may say the voice of a God speaks in the instinct of a people. That is perhaps just what the Theosophist would say: but he would add that the God is the eternal man that does not die when the body loses its power to breathe.

Granted the spiritual nature of man and of the Universe, then we may find a philosophic basis for the illusionary rights of man, as well as for his actual responsibilities, for the two are inseparable, being but aspects of the law of Karma.

But those who are most insistent in demanding their rights are not those who believe that man is a spiritual being, whose real life is continuous through and in spite of birth and death. They claim rights by reason of their supposed equality; and they claim equality as a natural right of man -- and in both of these claims there speaks the voice of a god.

But Gods are irrational, and delight in paradox. Only man is rational; and that is why he makes so many mistakes, fondly imagining that the Gods are like himself, and not understanding what he is himself. The rational man is only the lower nature; the Higher Self is the god in man; and the Higher Self is spiritual; whereas rationality is a quality of the intellect, or middle principle.

The animal man is irrational but instinctual; the intellectual man is rational, reasoning, argumentative, critical and analytical, observant of external objects and events: but the divine man is spiritual; his perception of truth is direct cognition -- he does not feel, like the animal, the desires of the body, nor does he reason about things, or speculate; he does not look back into memories of the past, nor does he dream of the future; but, living in eternity, he knows the Truth, which transcends the limitations of Time and the illusive separateness of persons and things, with which the brain-mind is chiefly concerned.

If we accept the Theosophical explanation of man's inner constitution, we shall see that all men are differentiated rays from the central Spiritual Sun, to use symbolical language. Thus as spiritual beings they are One in origin, and similar in essence. Their equality is original, spiritual, and eternal. But, as living personalities, they are all different and actually separate, each being an Ego, or a particular manifestation of the unmanifested Universal.

So then the assertion of human equality amounts to a declaration of the spiritual nature of the divine or higher man; and it implies an assumption of the identity of the lower man with his inner and Spiritual Self,

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which, if admitted, would show man's independence, his egoity, his personality in fact, to be an illusion, or a temporary appearance on this plane of a being really subsisting on a plane that is superior to brain-mind reasoning, and hence not concerned with claiming its rights or asserting its equality.

Any declaration of the rights of man that is not based on this ancient doctrine of the sevenfold division of the constituent principles in man, must rest, as they all do, on assertion (or bluff), on assumptions open to endless questioning, or on emotion. Any one of these will serve to attract the support of a certain number of people. But all of them together cannot convince a reasoning man whose higher nature is not completely cut off from contact with the intellectual principle.

I have said that the lower nature is irrational; and for this reason it is easy for the middle principle, the mind, to mistake the promptings of the lower nature for those of the spiritual Self. Thus the masses of the people are frequently stirred by instinctual impulses, or elemental desires, which may assume to the mind the appearance of divine inspiration or of a revelation of Truth. The marvelous results of the work of revivalists are perhaps to be attributed to this source. Great waves of national enthusiasm frequently have no higher origin. In all of them there is to be heard the voice of a god: but what kind of a god? St. Paul said, "There be Gods many." Some ancient peoples looked upon the various families in the lower kingdoms of nature as, each collectively, the incarnation of a god, or elemental being, which ensouled all the individual members of the family equally. And it would seem that the human families, or races, are also similarly expressions of some such elemental consciousness, which is not individualized in individual men, but which is dominated by the individualized mind, or middle principle, making of man a responsible individual, distinct from the animals. But we are also taught that this already complex being, man, is completed, in his sevenfold complexity, by the ensouling principles of the Higher Spiritual Triad, which is said to overshadow the individual self, until the evolution of man unites him more definitely with his Higher Self.

This overshadowing divine principle is the true God in man, and its promptings are indeed the voice of a god.

Man thus stands between two great universal principles: the God and the demon, Spirit and matter; and he must continually choose between them, for he stands at the turning-point of evolution, with power to discriminate. His choice will be good or evil in so far as it accords with or opposes the trend of evolution.

The Theosophical teaching reveals a vast scheme of evolution in which man has to play a leading part, by virtue of having attained to a

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certain degree of self-consciousness, which seems to be nothing less than the power to recognise in himself the voice of the God, and to follow its call, or to resist its urge.

When a man individually becomes aware of a higher consciousness within, that constantly (or perhaps only occasionally) seems to be calling him to a higher conception of life and duty, he may either recognise in that call the voice of his own real Self, or he may resent its appeal as the interference of some extraneous influence. In the latter case he will probably seek to justify his position by deciding that there is no God either within or without, and that the call is simply the echo of some imaginary creation of the human mind.

When the voice is recognised as the voice of the true Self, its appeal becomes a guiding power to the mind, and not a command issued by some arbitrary master. Then a man feels that his inner conception of right is an ideal that offers to his lower nature the help of a friendly guiding hand, which it is his privilege to follow. But the privilege is also an obligation. His recognition of the call carries with it the duty of adopting it as his own choice. He has recognised the God as his own Higher Self, to oppose whom is to commit suicide. But suicide, whether individual or racial, is not a legitimate step in evolution: it is a blunder due to ignorance; or, at best, an alternative evil - a plunge in the dark to avoid some more apparent disaster. Courage and patience are born of interior knowledge, which we call faith.

The voice of the God urges man to patient endurance, and to courageous effort, because the God is superior to time, and knows that 'Justice rules the world,' and that good fortune, or evil fortune, are but temporary aspects of events in evolution.

The personal man is restless and impatient, eagerly seeking the gratification of some desire, or regretting the loss of some hoped-for indulgence. The principle of desire is insatiable, and knows no limits to its demands. But it may be controlled by the mind, or rational principle, when the latter is directed by the wisdom of the divine or higher Self. The God and the demon do not meet, but they are like the two ends of a stick, eternally opposed.

Man, the personal rational being, can lean to either extreme, or he can find the point of balance, which is the open door to the Supreme, from which both Spirit and matter, God and demon, and all other opposites, have come into the world of Time and Space to fashion the Universe.

The reason for the confusion of mind, that comes upon one who tries to understand the Ultimate, is simply that the understanding mind is itself but a part of the Consciousness we so loosely call Man.

THE CREST-WAVE OF EVOLUTION

Man the divine is supreme; Man the intelligence is conditioned; man the animal is irresponsible.

Man can choose, when he has become man. So long as he remains an animal he cannot claim the rights of true man; because he has not yet found himself. When that is accomplished he will see that his rights are inalienable, being indeed the measure of his own growth and evolution. To claim more is simply to hold up to his own gaze a higher ideal for his own attainment; his claim is but a challenge to himself to become that which he asserts his right to be.

The first step in evolution is therefore the control of the demon in himself. This can only be accomplished by identifying the self with the God, not as a deity above or beyond or outside of man, but as the true Self. When that step is achieved, peace comes. The delusion of personal rights will give place to the conscious possession of the real rights, which are duties. For evolution is the accomplishment of things necessary.

THE CREST-WAVE OF EVOLUTION

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

XI — CONFUCIUS THE HERO

HE had done enough in the way of holding office and governing states. Laotse had taught that of old time, before Tao was lost, the Yellow Emperor sat on his throne and all the world was governed without knowing it. Confucius worked out the doctrine thus: True government is by example; given the true ruler, and he will have the means of ruling at his disposal, and they will be altogether different from physical force. 'Example' does not convey it, either: his thought was much deeper. There is a word *li* — I get all this from Dr. Lionel Giles — which the egregious have been egregiously translating 'the rules of propriety'; but which Confucius used primarily for a state of harmony within the soul, which should enable beneficent forces from the Infinite to flow through into the outer world; whereof a result would also be, on the social plane, perfect courtesy and politeness: these the most outward expression of it. On these too Confucius insisted; which is the very worst you can say about him. — Now, the ruler stands between Gods and men; let his *li* be perfect — let the forces of heaven flow through him unimpeded,— and the people are regenerated day by

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day: the government is by regeneration. Here lies the secret of all his insistence on loyalty and filial piety: the regeneration of society is dependent on the maintenance of the natural relation between the Ruler who rules -- that is, lets the *li* of heaven flow through him — and his people. They are to maintain such an attitude towards him as will enable them to receive the *li*. In the family, he is the father; in the state, he is the king. In very truth, this is the Doctrine of the Golden Age, and proof of the profound occult wisdom of Confucius: even the (comparatively) little of it that was ever made practical lifted China to the grand height she has held. It is hinted at in the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*:— “whatsoever is practised by the most excellent men”; again, it is the Aryan doctrine of the Guruparampara Chain. The whole idea is so remote from modern practice and theory that it must seem to the west utopian, even absurd; but we have Aśoka’s reign in India, and Confucius’s Ministry in Lu, to prove its basic truth. During that Ministry he had flashed the picture of such a ruler on to the screen of time; and it was enough. China could never forget.

But if, knowing it to have been enough,— knowing that the hour of the Open Door had passed, and that he should never see success again,— he had then and there retired into private life, content to teach his disciples and leave the stubborn world to save or damn itself: — enough it would not have been. He had flashed the picture on to the screen of time, but it would have faded. Twenty years of wandering, of indomitability, of disappointment and of ignoring defeat and failure, lay before him: in which to make his creation, not a momentary picture, but a carving in jade and granite and adamant. It is not the ever-victorious and successful that we take into the adyta of our hearts. It is the poignancy of heroism still heroism in defeat,—

“Unchanged, though fallen on evil years,”—

that wins admittance there. Someone sneered at Confucius, in his latter years, as the man who was always trying to do the impossible. He was; and the sneerer had no idea what high tribute he was paying him. It is because he was that: the hero, the flaming idealist: that his figure shines out so clear and splendidly. His outer attempts — to make a Man of Marquis This or Duke That, and a model state of Lu or Wei — these were but carvings in rotten wood, foredoomed to quick failure. All the material of the world was rotten wood: he might have learned that lesson; — only there are lessons that Such a One never learns. Well; we in turn may learn a lesson from him: applicable now. The rotten wood crumbled under his hands time and again: under his bodily hands; — but it made no difference to him. He went on and on, still hoping to begin his life’s

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work, and never recognising failure; and by reason and virtue of that, the hands of his spirit were carving, not in rotten wood, but in precious jade and adamant spiritual, to endure forever. On those inner planes he was building up his Râja-Yoga; which Time saw to it should materialize and redeem his race presently. Confucius in the brief moment of his victory illuminated the world indeed; but Confucius in the long years of his defeat has bowed the hearts of twenty-five centuries of the Black-haired People. We can see this now; I wonder did he see it then? I mean, had that certain knowledge and clear vision in his conscious mind, that was possessed in the divinity of his Soul — as it is in every Soul. I imagine not; for in his last days he — the personality — could give way and weep over the utter failure of his efforts. One loves him the more for it: one thinks his grandeur only the more grand. It is a very human and at last a very pathetic figure — this Man that *did* save his people.

Due west from Lu, and on the road thence to Honanfu the Chow capital, lay the Duchy of Wei; whither now he turned his steps. He had no narrow patriotism: if his own Lu rejected him, he might still save this foreign state, and through it, perhaps, All the Chinas. He was at this time one of the most famous men alive; and his first experience in Wei might have been thought to augur well. On the frontier he was met by messengers from a local Wei official, begging for their master an interview: —“Every illustrious stranger has granted me one; let me not ask it of you, Sir, in vain.” Confucius complied; was conducted to the yamen, and went in, leaving his disciples outside. To these the magistrate came out, while the Master was still resting within. — “Sirs,” said he, “never grieve for your Teacher’s fall from office. His work is but now to begin. These many years the empire has been in perilous case; but now Heaven has raised up Confucius, its tocsin to call the people to awakenment.” — A wise man, that Wei official!

At the capital, Duke Ling received him with all honor, and at once assigned him a pension equal to the salary he had been paid as Minister of Crime in Lu. He even consulted him now and again; but reserved to himself liberty to neglect the advice asked for. However, the courtiers intrigued; and before the year was out, Confucius had taken to his wanderings again: he would try the state of Ch’in now, in the far south-east. “If any prince would employ me,” said he, “within a twelvemonth I should have done something considerable; in three years the government would be perfect.”

He was to pass through the town of Kwang, in Sung; it had lately been raided by a robber named Yang Hu, in face and figure resembling himself. Someone who saw him in the street put it abroad that Yang Hu was in the town, and followed him to the house he had taken for the night.

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Before long a mob had gathered, intent on vengeance. The situation was dangerous; the mob in no mood to hear reason; — and as to that, Yang Hu also would have said that he was not the man they took him for, — very likely would have claimed to be the renowned Confucius. The disciples, as well they might be, were alarmed: the prospect was, short shrift for the whole party. — “Boys,” said the Master, “do you think Heaven entrusted the Cause of Truth to me, to let me be harmed by the townsmen of Kwang?” The besiegers looked for protests, and then for a fight. What they did not look for was to hear someone inside singing to a lute; — it was that great musician Confucius. When he sang and played you stopped to listen; and so did the Kwang mob now. They listened, and wondered, and enjoyed their free concert; then made reasonable inquiries, and apologies,— and went their ways in peace.

In those south-eastern states there was no prospect for him, and after a while he returned to Wei. He liked Duke Ling personally, and the liking was mutual; time and again he went back there, hoping against hope that something might be done,— or seeing no other horizon so hopeful. Now Ling had a consort of some irregular kind: Nantse, famed for her beauty and brilliance and wickedness. Perhaps *ennuyée*, and hoping for contact with a mind equal to her own, she was much stirred by the news of Confucius' return, and sent to him asking an interview. Such a request was a characteristic flouting of the conventions on her part; for him to grant it would be much more so on his. But he did grant it; and they conversed, after the custom of the time, with a screen between, neither seeing the other. Tse Lu was much disturbed; considering it all a very dangerous innovation, inconsistent in Confucius, and improper. So in the eyes of the world it would have seemed. But Nantse held the Duke, and Confucius might influence Nantse. He never let conventions stand in his way, when there was a chance of doing good work by breaking them.

One suspects that the lady wished to make her vices respectable by giving them a seeming backing by incarnate virtue; and that to this end she brought about the sequel. Duke Ling was to make a progress through the city; and requested Confucius to follow his carriage in another. He did so; not knowing that Nantse had seen to it that she was to be sitting at the Duke's side. Her position and reputation even in those days needed some regularizing; and she had chosen this means to do it. But to the people, the spectacle was highly symbolic; and Confucius heard their jeers as he passed: — Flaunting Vice in front, Slighted Virtue in the rear. — “I have met none,” said he, “who loves virtue more than women.” It was time for him to go; and now he would try the south again. In reality, perhaps, it mattered little whither he went

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or where he stayed: there was no place for him anywhere. All that was important was, that he should keep up the effort.

An official in Sung, one Hwan Tuy, held the roads against him, accusing him of "a proud air and many desires; an insinuating habit and a wild will." From this time on he was subject to persecution. The "insinuating habit" reminds one of an old parrot-cry one has heard: "She hypnotizes them." He turned westward from this opposition, and visited one state, and then another; in neither was there any disposition to use him. He had found no more likely material than Duke Ling of Wei, who at least was always glad to see and talk with him: — might not be jade to carve, but was the wood least rotten at hand. But at Wei, as usual, there was nothing but disappointment in store.

Pih Hsih, a rebel, was holding a town in Tsin, modern Shansi, against the king of that state; and now sent messengers inviting Confucius to visit him. Tse Lu protested: had he not always preached obedience to the Powers that Were, and that the True Gentleman did not associate with rebels? — "Am I a bitter gourd," said Confucius, "to be hung up out of the way of being eaten?" He was always big enough to be inconsistent. He had come to see that the Powers that Were were hopeless, and was for catching at any straw. But something delayed his setting out; and when he reached the Yellow River, news came of the execution in Tsin of two men whom he admired. "How beautiful they were!" said he; "how beautiful they were! This river is not more majestic! And I was not there to save them!"

The truth seems to be that he would set out for any place where the smallest opening presented itself; and while that opening existed, would not be turned aside from his purpose; but if it vanished, or if something better came in sight, he would turn and follow that. Thus he did not go on into Tsin when he heard of these executions; but once, when he was on the road to Wei and a band of roughs waylaid him and made him promise never to go there again, he simply gave the promise and went straight on.

At Wei now Duke Ling was really inclined to use him; — but as his military adviser. It was the last straw; he left, and would not return in Ling's lifetime. He was in Ch'in for awhile; and then for three years at Ts'ae, a new state built of the rebellion of certain subjects or vassals of the great southern kingdom of Ts'u. On hearing of his arrival, the Duke of Ts'ae had the idea to send for Tse Lu, who had a broad reputation of his own as a brave and practical man, and to inquire of him what kind of man the Master really was. But Tse Lu, as we have seen, was rigid as to rebels, and vouchsafed no answer. — "You might have told him," said Confucius, "that I am simply one who forgets his food in the pursuit

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of wisdom, and his sorrows in the joy of attaining it, and who does not perceive old age coming on.”

Missionary writers have cast it at him, that where of old he had preached against rebellion, now he was willing enough to “have rebels for his patrons”; — “adversity had not stiffened his back, but had made him pliable.” Which shows how blind such minds are to real greatness. “They have nothing to draw with, and this well is deep.” He sought no “patrons,” now or at another time; but tools with which to work for the redemption of China; and he was prepared to find them anywhere, and take what came to hand. His keynote was *duty*. The world went on snubbing, ignoring, insulting, traducing, and persecuting him; and he went on with the performance of his duty; — rather, with the more difficult task of searching for the duty he was to perform. This resorting to rebels, like that conversing with Nantse, shows him clearly not the formalist and slave of conventions he has been called, but a man of highest moral courage. What he stood for was not forms, conventions, rules, proprieties, or anything of the sort; but lines of least resistance in his high endeavor to lift the world: lines of least resistance; middle lines; common sense. — As usual, there was nothing to be done with the Duke of Ts’ae.

Wandering from state to state, he came on recluses in a field by the river, and sent Tse Lu forward to ask one of them the way to the ford. Said the hermit: — “You follow one who withdraws from court to court; it would be better to withdraw from the world altogether.” — “What!” said Confucius when it was told him; “shall I not associate with mankind? If I do not associate with mankind, with whom shall I associate?”

In which answer lies a great key to Confucianism; turn it once or twice, and you get to the import of his real teaching. He never would follow the individual soul into its secrecies: he was concerned with man only as a fragment of humanity. He was concerned with man *as* humanity. All that the West calls (personal) religion he disliked intensely. Any desire or scheme to save your own soul; any right-doing for the sake of a reward, either here or hereafter, he would have bluntly called wrong-doing, anti-social and selfish. (I am quoting in substance from Dr. Lionel Giles.) He tempted no one with hopes of heaven; frightened none with threats of hell. It seemed to him that he could make a higher and nobler appeal,— could strike much more forcibly at the root of evil (which is selfishness), by saying nothing about rewards and punishments at all. The one inducement to virtue that he offered was this: By doing right, you lead the world into right-doing. He was justified in saying that Man is divine; because this divine appeal of his was effective;

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not like the West's favorite appeal to fear, selfish desire, and the brutal side of our nature. "Do right to escape a whipping, or a hanging, or hell-fire," says Christendom; and the nations reared on that doctrine have risen and fallen, risen and fallen; a mad riot of peoples struggling into life, and toppling back into death in a season; so that future ages and the far reaches of history will hardly remember their names, too lightly graven upon time. But China, nourished on this divine appeal, however far she may have fallen short of it, has stood, and stood, and stood. In the last resort, it is the only inducement worth anything: the only lever that lifts. — There is that *li*,— that inevitable rightness and harmony that begins in the innermost *when there is the balance* and duty is being done, and flows outward healing and preserving and making wholesome all the phases of being; — let that harmony of heaven play through you, and you are bringing mankind to virtue; you are pouring cleansing currents into the world. How little of the tortuosity of metaphysics is here; — but what grand efficacy of super-ethics! You remember what *Light on the Path* says about the man who is a link between the noise of the market-place and the silence of the snow-capped Himâlayas; and what it says about the danger of seeking to sow good karma for oneself,— how the man that does so will only be sowing the giant weed of selfhood. In those two passages you find the essence of Confucianism and the wisdom and genius of Confucius. It is as simple as A B C; and yet behind it lie all the truths of metaphysics and philosophy. He seized upon the pearl of Theosophic thought, the cream of all metaphysics, where metaphysics passes into action,— and threw his strength into insisting on that: Pursue virtue because it is virtue, and that you may (as you will,— it is the only way you can) bring the world to virtue; or negatively, in the words of *Light on the Path*: "Abstain (from vice) because it is right to abstain — not that yourself shall be kept clean." And now to travel back into the thought behind, that you may see if Confucius was a materialist; whether or not he believed in the Soul; — and that if he was not a great original thinker, at least he commanded the ends of all great, true and original thinking. Man, he says, is naturally good. That is, collectively. *Man* is divine and immortal; only *men* are mortal and erring. Were there a true brotherhood of mankind established, a proper relation of the parts to the whole and to each other,— you would have no difficulty with what is evil in yourself. The lower nature with its temptations would not appear; the world-old battle with the flesh would be won. But separate yourself in yourself,— consider yourself as a selfhood, not as a unit in society; — and you find, there where you have put yourself, evil to contend with a-plenty. Virtue inheres in the Brotherhood of Man; vice in the separate personal and

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individual units. Virtue is in That which is no man's possession, but common to all: namely, the Soul — though he does not enlarge upon it as that; perhaps never mentions it as the Soul at all; — vice is in that which each has for himself alone: the personality. Hence his hatred of religiosity, of personal soul-saving. You were to guard against evil in the simplest way: by living wholly in humanity, finding all your motives and sources of action there. If you were, in the highest sense, simply a factor in human society, you were a good man. If you lived in yourself alone,— having all evil to meet there, you were likely to succumb to it; and you were on the wrong road anyway. Come out, then; think not of your soul to be saved, nor of what may befall you after death. You, as you, are of no account; all that matters is humanity as a whole, of which you are but a tiny part. — Now, if you like, say that Confucius did not teach Theosophy, because, *so far as we know*, he said nothing about Karma or Reincarnation. I am inclined to think him one of the two or three supreme historical Teachers of Theosophy; and to say that his message, so infinitely simple, is one of the most wonderful presentations of it ever given.

It is this entire purity from all taint of personal religion; this distaste for prayer and unrelish for soul-salvation; this sweet clean impersonality of God and man, that makes the missionary writers find him so cold and lifeless. But when you look at him, it is a marvelously warm-hearted magnetic man you see: Such a One as wins hearts to endless devotion. Many of the disciples were men who commanded very much the respect of the world. The king of Ts'u proposed to give Confucius an independent duchy: to make a sovereign prince of him, with territories absolutely his own. But one of his ministers dissuaded him thus: —“Has your majesty,” said he, “any diplomatist in your service like Tse Kung? Or anyone so fitted to be prime minister as Yen Huy? Or a general to compare with Tse Lu? . . . If K'ung Ch'iu were to acquire territory, with such men as these to serve him, it would not be to the prosperity of Ts'u.” — And yet those three brilliant men were content — no, proud — to follow him on his hopeless wanderings, sharing all his long sorrow; they were utterly devoted to him. Indeed, we read of none of his disciples turning against him; — which also speaks mighty well for the stuff that was to be found in Chinese humanity in those days.

Tse Kung was told that some prince or minister had said that he, Tse Kung, was a greater man than Confucius. He answered: “The wall of my house rises only to the height of a man's shoulders; anyone can look in and see whatever excellence is within. But the Master's wall is many fathoms in height; so that who fails to find the gateway cannot see the beauties of the temple within nor the rich apparel of the

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officiating priests. It may be that only a few will find the gate. Need we be surprised, then, at His Excellency's remark?" Yen Huy said:—"The Master knows how to draw us after him by regular steps. He broadens our outlook with polite learning, and restrains our impulses by teaching us self-control."

Only once, I think, is he recorded to have spoken of prayer. He was very ill, and Tse Lu proposed to pray for his recovery. Said Confucius: "What precedent is there for that?" — There was great stuff in that Tse Lu: a bold warriorlike nature; not very pliable; not too easy to teach, I imagine, but wonderfully paying for any lesson taught and learned. He figures often as the one who clings to the letter, and misses vision of the spirit of the teaching; so now — the Master plays him a little with this as to precedent,— which weighed always more strongly with Tse Lu than with Confucius. — "In the *Eulogies*," said Tse Lu (it is a lost work), "it is written: 'We pray to you, O Spirits of Heaven and Earth!'" — "Ah!" said Confucius, "my prayers began long, long ago." But he never did pray, in the Western sense. His *life* was one great intercession and petition for his people.

As to his love of ritual: remember that there are ceremonies and ceremonies, some with deep power and meaning. Those that Confucius upheld came down to him from Adept Teachers of old; and he had an eye to them only as outward signs of a spiritual grace, and means to it. "Ceremonies indeed!" said he once; "do you think they are a mere matter of silken robes and jade ornaments? Music forsooth! Can music be a mere thing of drums and bells?" — Or of harps, lutes, dulcimers, sackbuts, psalteries, and all kinds of instruments, he might have added; all of which, together with all rites, postures, pacings, and offerings, were nothing to him unless channels through which the divine *li* might be induced to flow. Yet on his wanderings, by the roadside, in lonely places, he would go through ceremonies with his disciples. Why? — Why is an army drilled? If you go to the root of the matter, it is to make *one* the consciousness of the individual soldiers. So Confucius, as I take it, in his ceremonies sought to unify the consciousness of his disciples, that the *li* might have passage through them. I say boldly it was a proof of that deep occult knowledge of his,— which he never talked about.

They asked him once if any single ideogram conveyed the whole law of life. — "Yes," he said; and gave them one compounded of two others, which means 'As heart'; — the missionaries prefer to render it 'reciprocity.' His teaching — out of his own mouth we convict him — was the Doctrine of the Heart. He was for the glow in the heart always; not as against, but as the one true cause of, external right action. But the Heart Doctrine cannot be defined in a set of rules and formulae;

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so he was always urging middle lines, common sense. That is the explanation of his famous answer when they asked him whether injuries should be repaid with kindness. What he said amounts to this: "For goodness' sake, use common sense! I have given you 'as heart' for your rule." — We know Katherine Tingley's teaching; not one of us but has been helped and saved by it a thousand times. I can only say that, in the light of that, the more you study Confucius, the greater he seems; the more extraordinary the parallelisms you see between her method and his. Perhaps it is because his method has been so minutely recorded. We do not find here merely ethical precepts, or expositions of philosophic thought: what we see is a Teacher guiding and adjusting the lives of his disciples.

— When he had been three years at Ts'ae, the King of Ts'u invited him to his court. Ts'u, you will remember, lay southward towards the Yangtse, and was, most of the time, one of the Six Great Powers.* Here at last was something hopeful; and Confucius set out. But Ts'ae and Ch'in, though they had neglected him, had not done so through ignorance of his value; and were not disposed to see his wisdom added to the strength of Ts'u. They sent out a force to waylay him; which surrounded him in the wilderness and held him besieged but unmolested for seven days. Food ran out, and the Confucianists were so enfeebled at last that they could hardly stand. We do not hear that terms were offered, as that they should turn back or go elsewhere: the intention seems to have been to make an end of Confucius and Confucianism altogether,— without bloodshed. Even Tse Lu was shaken. — "Is it for the Princely Man," said he, "to suffer the pinch of privation?" — "Privation may come his way," Confucius answered; "but only the vulgar grow reckless and demoralized under it." So saying he took his lute and sang to them, and hearing him they forgot to fear. Meanwhile one of the party had won through the lines, and brought word to Ts'u of the Master's plight; whereat the king sent a force to his relief, and came out from the capital to receive him in state. The king's intentions were good; but we have seen how his ministers intrigued and diverted them. In the autumn of that year he died, having become somewhat estranged from the Master. His successor was one from whom no good could be expected, and Confucius returned to Wei.

Duke Ling was dead, and his grandson, Chuh, was on the throne. There had been a complication of family crimes and plottings: Chuh had driven out his father, who in turn had attempted the life of his own

**Ancient China Simplified*: by Prof. E. Harper Parker; from which book the account of the political condition and divisions of the empire given in these lectures is drawn.

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mother, Nantse. Chuh wished to employ Confucius, but not to forgo his evil courses: it was a situation that could not be sanctioned. For six years the Master lived in retirement in Wei, watching events, and always sanguine that his chance would come. He was now sixty-nine years old; but hoped to begin his life's work presently.

Then suddenly he was in demand,—in two quarters. There was a sort of civil war in Wei, and the chief of one of the factions came to him for advice — as to the best means of attacking the other. Confucius was disgusted. Meanwhile Lu had been at war with Ts'i; and Yen Yu, a Confucianist, put in command of the Lu troops, had been winning all the victories in sight. Marquis Ting now slept with his fathers, and Marquis Gae reigned in his stead; also there was a new Chief of Clan Chi to run things: — Gae to reign, Chi to rule. They asked Yen Yu where he had learned his so victorious generalship; and he answered, "from Confucius." — If a mere disciple could do so much, they thought, surely the Master himself could do much more: as, perhaps, lead the Lu armies to universal victory. So they sent him a cordial invitation, with no words as to the warlike views that prompted it. High in hope, Confucius set out; these fourteen years his native country had been pulling at his heart-strings, and latterly, more insistently than ever. But on his arrival he saw how the land lay. Chi consulted him about putting down brigandage: Chi being, as you might say, the arch-brigand of Lu. — "If you, Sir, were not avaricious," said Confucius, "though you offered men rewards for stealing, they would cleave to their honesty." There was nothing to be done with such men as these; he went into retirement, having much literary work to finish. That was in 483.

In 482 his son Li died; and a year later Yen Huy, dearest of his disciples. We have seen how he gave way to grief. There is that strange mystery of the dual nature; even in Such a One. There is the human personality that the Great Soul must work through. He had performed his function; he had fulfilled his duty; all that he owed to the coming ages he had paid in full. But the evidence goes to show that he was still looking forward for a chance to begin, and that every disappointment hurt the outward man of him: that it was telling on him: that it was a sad, a disappointed, even a heart-broken old man that wept over Yen Huy. — In 481, we read, a servant of the Chief of Clan Chi caught a strange one-horned animal, with a white ribbon tied to its horn. None had seen the like of it; and Confucius, being the most learned of men, was called in to make pronouncement. He recognised it at once from his mother's description: it was the *k'e-lin*, the unicorn; that was the ribbon Chingtsai had decked it with in the cave on Mount Ne the night of his birth. He burst into tears. — "For whom have you come?" he cried;

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“for whom have you come?” And then: “The course of my doctrine is run, and wisdom is still neglected, and success is still worshiped. My principles make no progress; how will it be in the after ages?” — Ah, could he have known! — I mean, that old weary mind and body; the Soul which was Confucius knew.

Yen Huy, Tse Lu, and Tse Kung: those were the three whom he had loved and trusted most. Yen Huy was dead; Tse Lu, with Tse Kao, another disciple, he had left behind in Wei holding office under the duke. Now news came that a revolution had broken out there. “Tse Kao will return,” said he; “but Tse Lu will die.” So it fell. Tse Kao, finding the duke’s cause hopeless, made his escape; but Tse Lu fought the forlorn hope to the end, and died like a hero. Only Tse Kung, of the three, was left to him. Who one morning, when he went to the Master’s house, found him walking to and fro before the door crooning over this verse:

“The great mountain must crumble,
The strong beam must break,
The wise man must wither like a flower.”

Heavy-hearted, Tse Kung followed him in. — “What makes you so late?” said Confucius; and then: “According to the rites of Hia, the dead lay in state at the top of the eastern steps, as if he were the host. Under the Shangs, it was between the two pillars he lay, as if he were both host and guest. The rite of the Chows is for him to lie at the top of the western steps, as if he were the guest. I am a man of Shang,” — it will be remembered that he was descended from that royal house; — “and last night I dreamed that I was sitting between the pillars, with offerings set out before me. No intelligent monarch arises; no prince will make me his teacher. My time has come to die.” — That day he took to his bed; his passing was a week later.

On the banks of the Sze his disciples buried him; and for three years mourned at his grave. But Tse Kung built himself a cabin at the grave-side, and remained there three years longer. “All my life,” said he, “I have had heaven above my head, but I do not know its height. I have had earth beneath my feet, but I have not known its magnitude. I served Confucius: I was like a thirsty man going with his pitcher to the river. I drank my fill, but I never knew the depth of the water.”

And Tse Kung was right; and what he felt then, one feels now. You read Boswell, and have your Johnson in the hollow of your hand: body, soul, and spirit: higher triad and lower quaternary. Of Confucius we have a picture in some respects even more detailed than Boswell’s of Johnson; but when we have said everything, we still feel that nothing has been said. Boswell lets you in through his master’s church-door;

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shows you nave and aisles, vault and vestry; climbs with you to the belfry; stands with you at the altar and in the pulpit: till you have seen everything there is to see. But with Confucius — as with every Adept — the case is quite different. "The Master's wall is fathomless," said Tse Kung; but he and the other disciples took care that China at least should find the gate of entry; and it is still possible for us to go in, and "see the beauty of the temple, the richness of the robes of the officiating priests." You go through everything; see him under all sorts of circumstances; and ask at last: "Is this all?" — "No," says your guide; "see here!" and flings one last door open. And that, like the door in Lord Dunsaney's play, opens on to the vastness of the stars. What is it that baffles us and remains undefined and undefinable? Just this: TAO: the Infinite Nature. You can survey the earth, and measure it with chains; but not Space, in which a billion leagues is nowise different from an inch or two, — it bears the same proportion to the whole.

There was his infinite trust; — and his unbroken silence as to the Things he trusted in. Time and the world went proving to him year by year that his theories were all impracticable, all wrong; that he was a failure; that there was not anything for him to do, and never would be a chance for him to do it; — and all their arguments, all the sheer dreadful tyranny of fact, had no weight with him at all: he went on and on. What was his sword of strength? Where were the Allies in whom he trusted? How dared he pit K'ung Ch'iu of Lu against time and the world and men? — The Unseen was with him, and the Silence; and he (perhaps) lifted no veil from the Unseen, and kept silent as to the Silence; — and yet maintained his Movement, and held his disciples together, and saved his people,— as if he himself had been the Unseen made visible, and the Silence given a voice to speak.

And with it all there was the human man who suffered. I think you will love him the more for this, from the *Analects*:

"The Minister said to Tse Lu, Tseng Hsi, Jan Yu, and Kung-hsi Hua as they sat beside him: 'I may be a day older than you are, but forget that. You are wont to say, "We are unknown": well; had ye a name in the world, what would ye do?'

"Tse Lu answered lightly: 'Give me charge of a land of a thousand chariots, crushed between great neighbors, overrun by soldiery and oppressed by famine; in three years' time I should have put courage and high purpose into the people.'

"The Master smiled. — 'What wouldst thou do, Ch'iu?' he said.

"Jan Yu answered: 'Had I charge of sixty or seventy square miles, or from fifty to sixty, in three years' time I would give the people plenty. As for courtesy, music and the like, they could wait for those for the rise of a Princely Man.'

"'And what wouldst thou do, Chih?' said the Master.

"Kung-hsi Hua answered: 'I would speak of the things I fain would learn, not of what I can do. At service in the Ancestral Temple, or at the Grand Audience, clad in black robe and cap, I fain would fill a small part.'

"'And thou, Tien?' said the Master.

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“Tseng Hsi stopped playing, pushed away his still sounding lute, rose up, and made answer: ‘My choice would be unlike those of the other three.’

“‘What harm in that?’ said the Master. ‘Each but speaks his mind.’

“Tseng Hsi said: ‘In the last days of Spring, and clad for the season, with five or six grown men and six or seven lads, I would bathe in the waters of Yi, all fanned by the breeze in the Rain God’s Glade, and wander home with song.’

“The Master sighed. — ‘I hold with Tien.’ said he.”

Very, very human, I say; very Chinese. But here is that which was not human but divine: he never turned from his path to satisfy these so human and Chinese longings: the breeze in the Rain God’s Glade never blew for him. It is just as well to remember, when you read of the ceremonies, the body bent under the load of the scepter, the carefully chosen (as it may seem) and habitually worn expression of face on passing or approaching the throne, the “elbows spread like wings”: —all the formal round of proprieties; — that it was the last days of Spring, and the waters of Yi, and the breeze in the Rain God’s Glade, that were calling to his Chinese heart.

Yes; he was very human: listen to this: — “Yüan Jang awaited the Master squatting on the ground. The Master said: — ‘Unruly when young, unmentioned as man, undying when old, — this spells *Good-for-nothing*’; and hit him on the leg with his staff.”

— Which brings one naturally to his sense of humor.

Once he was passing through a by-street when a man of the district shouted: — “Great is Confucius the Philosopher! Yet for all his wide learning he has nothing which can bring him fame!” The Master turned to his disciples and said: — “What shall I take up? Shall I take up charioteering? — or archery? — I must certainly take up charioteering!”

His disciples once were expecting him at the city of Ch’ing; and Tse Kung asked a man who was coming from the east gate if he had seen him there. — “Well,” said the man, “there is a man there with a forehead like Yao, a neck like Kao Yao, his shoulders on a level with those of Tse-ch’an, but wanting below the waist three inches of the height of Yü; — and altogether having the forsaken appearance of a stray dog.” Tse Kung recognised the description and hurried off to meet the Master, to whom he reported it *verbatim*. Confucius was hugely delighted. “A stray dog!” said he; “fine! fine!” Unluckily, no contemporary photographs of Yao and Yü and the others have come down; so the description is not as enlightening now as it may have been then.

“Tse Kung,” we read, “would compare one man with another. The Master said:—“What talents Tse has! Now *I* have no time for such things!”

I keep on hearing in his words accents that sound familiar.

THE CREST-WAVE OF EVOLUTION

When he was at Loyang -- Honanfu — one of the things that struck him most was a bronze statue in the Temple of the Imperial Ancestors, with a triple clasp on its mouth. One does not wonder. A Great Soul from the God World, he kept his eyes resolutely on the world of men: as if he remembered nothing of the splendor, and nothing foresaw. . . . Indeed, I cannot tell; one would give much to know what really passed between him and Laotse. If you say that no word of his lightens for you that 'dusk within the Holy of holies,' — at least he gives you the keys, and leaves you to find and open the Holy of holies for yourself if you can. There are lost chapters, that went at the Burning of the Books; and an old-fashioned Chinaman would often tell you, of any Western idea or invention his countrymen may not have known, that you should have found all in the lost chapters of Confucius. It may be; — and that you should have found there better things, too, than Western ideas and inventions. There is a passage in the *Analects* that tells how the disciples thought he was keeping back from them some part of his doctrine: "No, no," he answered; "if I should not give it all to you, to whom should I give it?" Distinctly, then, this suggests that there was an esotericism, a side not made public; and there is no reason to suppose that it has been made public since. But it is recorded that he would lift no veils from the Other-worlds. "If you do not understand life," said he, "how can you understand death?"

Well; we who are stranded here, each on his desert island of selfhood, thrust out after knowledge: peer for signs at all the horizons; are eager to inquire, and avid of the Unknown — which also we imagine to be something outside of our own being. But suppose a man, as they say one with Tao, in which all knowledge rests in solution: what knowledge would he desire? After what would he be inquisitive? And how much, desiring it, would he possess? What is the end of being, after all? — To perform your function, your duty: what men and the world, — ay, and the far suns and stars,— are requiring of you: — that is all. Not to gain infinite knowledge; but to have at every step what knowledge you need; that so you may fill your place in the Universe, meeting all contours and flowing into them; restoring and maintaining the Harmony of Things. So we hear much about this performance of duty. But in reality, to do one's duty is to sing with the singing spheres: to have the Top of Infinity for the roof of one's skull, and the bottom of the Great Deep for one's footsoles: to be a compendium, and the Equal, of Heaven and Earth. The password into the Tao of Laotse is *Silence*; Confucius kept the great Silence more wonderfully than Laotse did — or so it seems to me now. Laotse said: *Sing with the singing spheres, and behold, your duty is doing itself under your hands.* — The password into the Tao of Confucius

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is *Duty*: he said merely *Do that, and*,— the rest is silence. He may have played that *rest* on his lute; we are not to hear it in his words. There was a knowledge that Laotse, enthroned in his silence, had no means of using; that Confucius riding the chariot of duty, had no occasion to possess.

Now whether you call Tao *duty*, or *silence*,— what should the Man of Tao desire beyond the fulness of it? All the light is there for him; all the suns are kindled for him; — why should he light wax candles? That is, for himself: he will light them fast enough where others may be in need. To us, a great poem may be a great thing; but to them who have the fulness of which the greatest poem is but a little glimpse — what should it matter to them? And of the infinite knowledge at his disposal, would the Man of Tao choose to burden himself with one little item of which there was no present need?

So when they say, “Confucius was nobody; there is no evidence that he knew the great secrets”; answer them: — “Yes, there is. He knew that supreme secret, how to *teach*, which is the office of a Teacher: he knew how to build up the inner life of his disciples: to coax, train, lure the hidden god into manifestation in them.” And for evidence you can give them this: Tse Kung — who, you remember, was always comparing this man with that — asked which was the better, Shih or Shang. (They were two disciples.) Confucius answered: “Shih goes too far; Shang not far enough.” Said Tse Kung (just as you or I would have done): — “Then Shih is the better man?” — “Too far,” replied Confucius, “is not better than not far enough.” — To my ears there is more occultism in that than in a thousand ethical injunctions. — Or there is this: Tse Lu asked: “Shall I do all I am taught?” The Master answered: — “Whilst thy father and thy elder brother are alive, how canst thou do all thou art taught?” Jan Yu said: — “Shall I do all I am taught?” The Master said: — “Do all thou art taught.” Kung-hsi Hua said: “Yu asked, ‘Shall I do all I am taught?’ and you spoke, Sir, of father and elder brother. Ch’iu asked, ‘Shall I do all I am taught?’ and you answered: ‘Do all thou art taught.’ I am puzzled, and make bold to ask you, Sir.” The Master said: — “Ch’iu is bashful, so I egged him on. Yu has the pluck of two, so I held him back.”

Think it over! Think it over!

This thought occurs to me: Was that sadness of his last days caused by the knowledge that the School could not continue after his death; because the one man who might have succeeded him as the Teacher, Yen Huy, was dead? So far as I know, it did not go on; there was no one to succeed him. That supreme success, that grand capture of future ages for the Gods, was denied him; or I daresay our own civilization might have been Confucian — BALANCED — now. But short of that —

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how sublime a figure he stands! If he had known that for twenty-five centuries or so he was to shine within the vision of the great unthinking masses of his countrymen as their supreme example: their anchor against the tides of error, against abnormalities, extravagances, unbalance; a bulwark against invading time and decay; a check on every bad emperor, so far as check might be set at all; a central idea to mold the hundred races of Chu Hia into homogeneity; a stay, a prop, a warning against headlong courses at all times of cyclic downtrend: — if he had known all this, he would, I think, have ordered his life precisely as he did. Is there no strength implied, as of the Universal, and not of any personal, will, however titanic, in the fact that moment after moment, day after day, year after year, he built up this picture, gave the world this wonderful assurance of a man? In his omissions, no less than in his fulfilments. He taught,— so far as we know, — nothing but what the common mind might easily accept: nothing to miss the mark of the intelligence of dull Li or Ching toiling in the rice-field; — nor yet too paltry for the notice of the Hwangti on the Dragon Throne. Laotse had come in the spirit of Plenydd the Light-bringer; in the spirit of Alawn, to raise up presently sweet profusions of song: he illuminated the inner worlds; his was the urge that should again and again, especially later when reinforced by Buddhism, prick up the Black-haired People to heights of insight and spiritual achievement. — But the cycles of insight and spiritual achievement, these too, must always run their course and fall away; there is no year when it is always Spring. Dark moments and seasons come; and the Spirit becomes hidden; and what you need most is not illumination,— which you cannot get; or if you could, it would be hell, and not heaven, that would be illuminated for you; not a spur to action,— for as things are constituted, any spur at such a time would drive you to wrong and exorbitant action: — what you need is not these, but simply stability to hold on; simply the habit of propriety, the power to go on at least following harmless conventions and doing harmless things: — not striking out new lines for yourself, which would certainly be wrong lines, but following as placidly as may be lines that were laid down for you, or that you yourself laid down, in more righteous and more luminous times. A strong government, however tyrannical, is better than an anarchy in which the fiend in every man is let loose to run amuck. Under the tyranny, yes, the aspiring man will find himself hindered and thwarted; but under the anarchy, since man is no less hell than heaven, the gates of hell will be opened, and the Soul, normally speaking, can only retire and wait for better times: — unless it be the Soul of a Confucius, it can but wait till Karma with ruthless hands has put down the anarchy and cleared things up. Unless it be the Soul

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of a Confucius; -- and even Such a One is bound to be a failure in his own day.

But see what he did. The gates of hell were swung wide, and for the time being, not the hosts of the Seraphim and Cherubim,—not the armed Bodhisatvas and Dhyânîs,—could have forced them back on their hinges: “the ripple of effect,” we read, “thou shalt let run its course.” But in the ideal world he erected a barrier against them. He set up a colossal statue with arms outthrown to bar the egress: the statue of Confucius preaching the Balanced Life. With time it materialized, so to say, and fell into place. You can never certainly stop the gates of hell,—in this stage of our evolution. But perhaps as nearly as it can be done, he did it. Rome fell, and Christendom made a mess of things: it has never yet achieved that union which is the first condition of true civilization. But China, older than Rome, despite her sins and vicissitudes, has made a shift to stand. I shall come to comparing the two histories presently; then you will see. When the pralaya came on her, and the forces of life all went elsewhere — as they do and must from every civilization in their season,—China lost two of her treasures: Plenydd’s vision, and Alawn’s gift of song, were taken from her. But this stability: these Gloves of Gwron: this instinct for middle courses and the balance, this Doctrine of the Mean and love of plain sane doings: she has retained enough of this to keep her in being. And it was K’ung Ch’iu of Lu that gave it to her. Shall we not call him Such a One as only the Gods send?

Someone told me the other day what he had seen a couple of Chinamen do in a Californian garden. They had a flower-bed to plant, about forty feet long; and each a basket of seedlings to plant it with, and a slip of wood for a model, with mystic unintelligible signs inscribed thereon: WELCOME HOME in English capitals. One went to one end of the bed and the other to the other, and they began their planting. They made no measurements or calculations; used no rod or line; but just worked ahead till they met in the middle. When that happened, and the job was done, the bed was inscribed, in perfectly formed and proportioned English capitals made of young plants, WELCOME HOME. There was no crowding or omission. To account for it you have twenty-four centuries of Confucianism,—of Katherine Tingley’s doctrine of Middle Lines, the Balanced Life.

It is a very small thing; but it may help us to understand.

TEMPTATION

T. HENRY, M. A.

IN *The Secret Doctrine* we chance upon the following remarks:

“ ‘Lead us not into Temptation’ is addressed daily to ‘our Father which art in Heaven,’ and not to the Devil, by millions of human Christian hearts. They do so, repeating the very words put in the mouth of their Savior, and do not give one thought to the fact that their meaning is contradicted point-blank by James ‘the brother of the Lord.’ ‘Let no man say when he is tempted, I am tempted of God: for God cannot be tempted with evil, neither tempteth he any man.’ Why, then, say that it is the Devil who tempts us, when the Church teaches us *on the authority of Christ* that it is God who does so?” — I, 414

And the author points out that theology defines temptation in two ways: afflictions whereby God tries his people; and snares whereby the Devil entices mankind. It is this dual understanding of the word ‘temptation’ that may help us to understand how the Deity permitted man to be tempted in Eden. This is a well-known stumbling-block; for people have asked why, if the Deity is omniscient, did he not prevent the Devil from thwarting his will? The difficulty disappears when we understand temptation in its other sense; because then it appears that the Deity was *testing* man, and the Devil would seem, on this occasion at any rate, to have been his agent. It will be remembered that Job was tempted or tried in the same way, and that Satan, on this occasion, presents himself among the sons of God.

The practical lesson to be learnt from the above is that temptation in general wears this dual aspect, and that we should never lose sight of this fact. If we are to take the story of Adam in Eden as an exemplar of human life, we must suppose that man’s further evolution necessitated that he should be tested. Indeed it is impossible to see how a being endowed with free-will and the power of choice can progress unless he makes use of those prerogatives; otherwise he will always remain a negatively good creature. And if man possesses these powers, it must be his function to act as a responsible being, not as a mere puppet. In matters of ordinary business we can understand that a mere unskilled laborer can get along without much power of initiative, by obeying orders; whereas a foreman or manager must be able to exercise his own discretion. This latter agent therefore requires to be tested.

In saying that God or the Devil tempts man, we are liable in either case to imagine that the temptation is wrought by a personality — the personal God or the personal Devil. But, since the assignment of personality to these good and evil powers belongs to the crude conceptions

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of an outworn theology, and is liable to lead us into superstitious error, we may avoid it. Is it not rather man who tempts himself?

Man is a pilgrim journeying through life. In reality he is an immortal Soul, superior to life and death, possessing Knowledge; but he has undertaken a pilgrimage through the wilds of earth-life, for the purpose of which he assumes incarnate form. With his bodily form he puts on forgetfulness, so that he does not know he is an immortal Soul, and his divine nature is revealed to him only in transient flashes of intuition. Yet it is his destiny, in fulfilment of his higher evolution, to win back the Knowledge he has lost, and thus to achieve 'salvation' and enlightenment even while incarnate in the body. He is here for the purpose of gaining experience and for the perfecting of his nature. Hence we can truly regard man as one who is continually testing himself. Observe, however, that it is the Higher Ego, the real Self, that is doing the testing, and not the ignorant lower personality; and it is necessary to observe this carefully in order to avoid the disastrous mistake of supposing that we can deliberately court evil for the purpose of testing our own character. When the Teachers say, 'Learn from experience,' or 'Test all experience,' they do not mean that you shall deliberately choose evil, but that you shall endeavor to turn even your involuntary mistakes into useful lessons. A man who deliberately chooses evil misuses his will, and the Karmic penalty for that is very heavy; that is, he sets in motion a force which it is very hard to counteract.

Temptations are of the pleasurable sort which we call good luck, and of the painful sort which we call bad luck — anything that tends to shake the soul from its equilibrium and to cause it to become the slave of desires and passions. The inevitable experiences of life are sufficient to afford all the necessary tests, without our deliberately courting temptation. As far as our will is concerned, we have to strive continually to the good, and to endeavor to view the inevitable as experience needed for strengthening of our character.

The work which man is doing is like that of a man struggling into self-possession after a bad dream: we are trying to realize ourselves, to extricate ourselves from delusion and from the pull of conflicting forces. Self-mastery is our goal. But it is essential to realize that the real Man is not the self-seeking personality, but the illuminated Man within, which we are trying to bring forth into the light.

Our own aspirations bring us into trial, because thereby we challenge the hostile forces in our nature. Thus it is evident that it is we ourselves who are testing ourselves.

How are we to understand the prayer, addressed to the God within, "Lead us not into temptation"? Probably in connexion with the suc-

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ceeding sentence, "But deliver us from evil." In this case the meaning of the prayer would be, 'Grant that we break not down under trial.'

The Theosophical teachings help us greatly to profit by the injunction, because they give us confidence in the power of our own pure resolve: they convince us that such a resolve will actually bring into play a higher power from the deep resources of our own nature. We know that the Manas is dual, and that its higher aspect is illumined by the Light from above.

There are many fashionable cults of 'metaphysics' and such-like, which teach us to summon powers from within; but they are selfish powers. The aim is self-satisfaction or gain of some sort. To invoke spiritual powers, the aspiration must be pure from personal motives and unselfish. This is real prayer.

If we believe there is a serene and higher life for man, free from the anxieties and cares that arise from the lower nature, then we must study how to stand firm amid temptations, whether of the pleasurable or the painful kind; for these, if succumbed to, will bind us closer in the meshes of desire and disappointment.

It is characteristic of the fatuity of man that he often seeks for great and dramatic tests, while all the time he is neglecting the little opportunities which daily life presents. It is these little temptations of pride and prejudice and anger and desire that are our real foes or friends, according as we meet them — foes if we yield, teachers if we overcome.



"RECENT discoveries made by great mathematicians and Kabalists thus prove, beyond a shadow of doubt, that every theology, from the earliest and oldest down to the latest, has sprung not only from a common source of abstract beliefs, but from one universal esoteric, or 'Mystery' language. These scholars hold the key to the universal language of old, and have turned it successfully, though only *once*, in the hermetically closed door leading to the Hall of Mysteries. The great archaic system known from prehistoric ages as the sacred Wisdom Science, one that is contained and can be traced in every old as well as in every new religion, had, and still has, its universal language . . . the language of the Hierophants, which has seven 'dialects,' so to speak, each referring, and being specially appropriated, to one of the seven mysteries of Nature."—H. P. BLAVATSKY: *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 310

NEGLECTED FUNDAMENTALS OF GEOMETRY

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“Nature geometrizes universally in all her manifestations. There is an inherent law — not only in the primordial, but also in the manifested matter of our phenomenal plane — by which Nature correlates her geometrical forms, and later, also, her compound elements; and in which there is no place for accident or chance. It is a fundamental law . . . that there is no rest or cessation of motion in Nature. That which seems rest is only the change of one form into another.”
— H. P. BLAVATSKY: *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 97



THE idea so long accepted, that movements in the plane have no place in elementary geometry, is one which we are inclined to suggest has little basis in historical fact, or even in the implicit evidence afforded by the postulates, theorems, and problems more or less attributed to Euclid. The failure to recognise this fundamental principle of plane movement has led to much confusion of thought. Its denial seems to be not only a radical error, but is perfectly needless, and is eminently discouraging to pupils. We propose to take up this matter in some detail. For it is surely high time that theoretical geometry — which ought to be preceded by a course in practical — should be taught with careful regard to the importance of movement. Kinematics is also geometry; and in brief, a knowledge of the geometry of movement is essential in many branches of science.

Why did an omission so serious occur at all? We are asked, no doubt, to lay it at the door of some Greek geometers, although, as we hope to show, Euclid should not be included among the pedants, ancient or modern. We need not question that most of the valuable demonstrations in Euclid owe their existence to Pythagoras, Thales, and Eudoxus. Nor need we doubt that some Greeks insisted on ‘ruler and compasses’ alone being used. Our object in the main is to show that this restriction is not only purely artificial, but that in fact it is *entirely foreign to the subject*. By the way, Newton, who is said to have absorbed the *Elements* of Euclid rapidly, at an early age, expressed in later life his regret that he had not given more attention to them.

Perhaps we might trace an Aristotelean influence in this limited treatment of geometrical ideas, notwithstanding the theory that Pythagorean geometry considered “continued quantity so far as it is [momentarily?] immovable.” One is hardly inclined to accept modern estimates of Pythagoras; as when, for example, we find him pictured as *trying* “to find whether five equilateral triangles could be placed at a common vertex.” As if knowledge of the five regular solids only began with him!

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Our records of the earlier geometers and their work are sparse, which need not be wondered at. Thales and Pythagoras, like many others of the older Academies, gained their knowledge in Egypt and the East. If, owing to the effective measures taken to anticipate vandalism, all the most precious rolls of the Alexandrian library were carefully preserved, they are not as yet available for Europeans. Diocletian burned whole libraries, including all the ancient books that could be found in Egypt. Cardinal Ximenes consigned 80,000 Arabic manuscripts to the flames. On the other hand, we note that nearly seventy thousand years ago — a more probable date than only *four*, for good reasons — the Great Pyramid had its polished marble slopes precisely at the angle whose tangent is $4/\pi$; that it was accurately oriented; that the principal chamber, among other things, had its length, breadth, and long diagonal integral; and that the whole work was laid out with an accuracy surpassing the capabilities of the best modern instruments to check satisfactorily, as W. M. Flinders Petrie has confessed. All this was not the work of men who lacked a very thorough knowledge of geometry. And what do the ancient writers tell us of astronomical knowledge? The enormous antiquity of this science, perhaps the highest practical instance of applied geometrical knowledge, is almost incredible; and the full significance of this is not yet appreciated. The *Sûrya-Siddhânta* we have in translated form gives but an imperfect indication of the extent of this and other ancient sciences. All that has reached the Sanskritists, so far, is little more than fragments of rejected versions of the originals. Much more might be said on these matters. We merely touch upon them in order to hint that what reached Greece and even Egypt were but portions of archaic knowledge in all sciences of a quality and completeness beyond our grasp for the present; and that when ideas flash into the minds of Archimedes or Einstein or Planck they are but rediscoveries of portions of a knowledge of Nature's principles inherited by long-past high civilizations, due to reappear again and again, along with profounder knowledge of the meaning of life itself, as conditions permit. Vandalism, intolerance, and unbrotherliness limit the possibilities of real and important advances in science to a far greater degree than men realize or even suspect.

To return, then, to our main subject. We shall find that correct principles correspond, as they should, with correct practice. Plane geometry should deal with movements *in* — not above or outside — the plane. Secondly, just as it has to bring points and lines into coincidence, it also necessarily utilizes coincident planes in mutual relative rotation around a point common to both. The latter is implied in Euclid's rather vaguely worded circle-postulate. Compasses, being outside the plane, have no act or part in the business. Were the 'given radius' to be found

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and applied by compasses, *his second and third propositions would be needless*. It is remarkable that a simple matter like this should so long have been kept out of sight — for we can hardly say altogether ignored — in the text-books. The consequences of this oversight — for it is nothing else — have been entertaining. Things have been declared impossible by the geometry of line and circle which are not only entirely possible, but entirely simple.

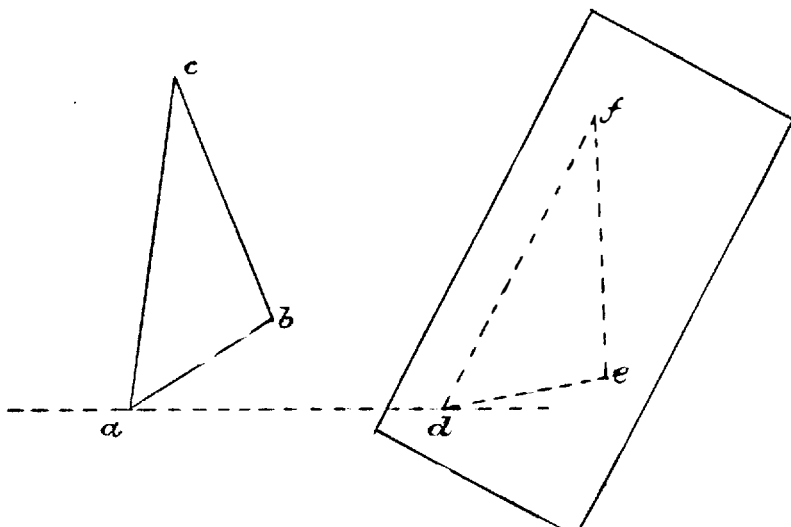


Fig. 1

Let us consider Euclid's *Elements*, I, iv. A triangle, abc (Fig. 1), is given in the plane (A) of the paper, and another, def , on a plane B coincident with plane A . Plane B can be represented by a sheet of tracing-paper. The angles at a and d are given equal, also $ac = df$, and $ab = de$. To prove congruence, or identity. Join ad by a 'straight,' and let d in plane B move along da till coincident with point a . Then let plane B rotate around the now common point ad until line df coincides with any point, as k , in the line ac . Proof of congruence follows in the usual way. Note that it is a *circle-movement*, arrested upon df coinciding with k , which brings f into

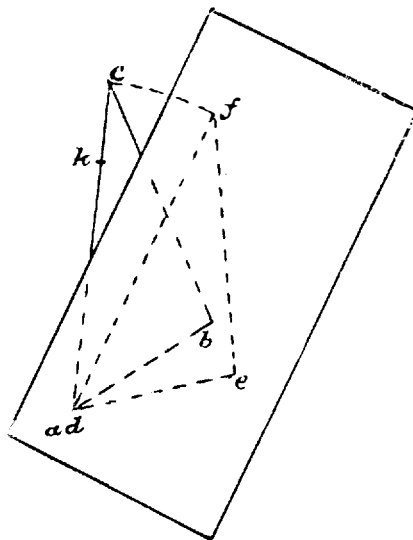


Fig. 2

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coincidence with c (Fig. 2). This is plane geometry; whether Euclidean or not is not of the slightest consequence, although we are inclined to the view that this, and nothing else, is what Euclid had in mind, having regard to the two preceding propositions.

In their anxiety to avoid the Heresy of admitting movement in the plane, it is really laughable to note the straits to which some text-book writers are driven, resulting in more complex, as well as indeterminate, movements *through space*, and often in an insoluble enigma. Let us see. First of all they invent a new axiom: Let it be granted that any figure may be moved about *in space* without changing either its size or shape.

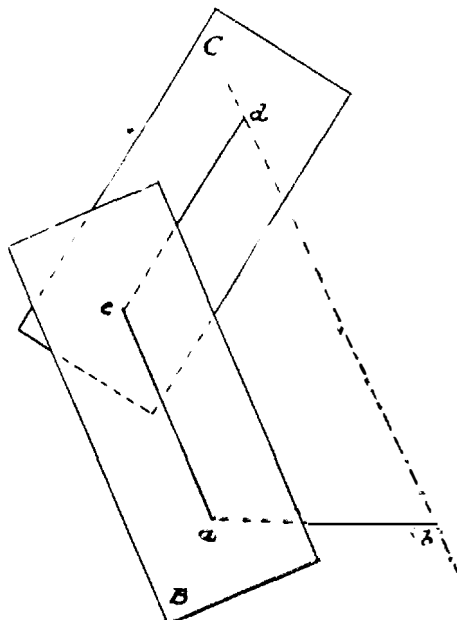


Fig. 4

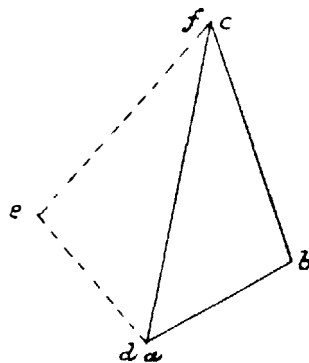


Fig. 3

Accordingly we have to imagine the triangle def springing suddenly into space, and after executing n somersaults (n integral or fractional) to stop somewhere in intersection with the original plane along a line pq . After rotating its plane around this

line as an axis till coincident with the original plane, the same movements as before described would *still be requisite* — but owing to a miscalculation of the number of whole or half somersaults the final position might not improbably be as in Fig. 3, where proof of congruence is impossible at this supposed stage of geometrical theory; whereas the original triangle def in Fig. 1 had been in correct right-and-left position. Surely all this is retrogressive rather than plane geometry!

Again, as two or more points, two or more lines, can by plane-movement be brought to coincidence, so with two or more planes, and this without in the least departing from plane-geometry principles.

Given a line-sect ab (Fig. 4) on plane A ; an equal line-sect ac on coincident plane B ; an equal line-sect cd on coincident plane C . Let $A, B,$

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be capable of mutual rotation round a common to both; and B, C , round point c common to both. Join db , and let point d move along db till coincident with b . The resulting triangle formed by ba, ac, cd is evidently equilateral. The only originating movement needed is the rectilinear, of point d . Now just as a straight-edge affords a convenient means for representing straights on a plane, so the old pocket mathematical foot-rule, when laid on the paper, is a convenient representation of the coincident planes B, C , and has only to be furnished with a needle-point

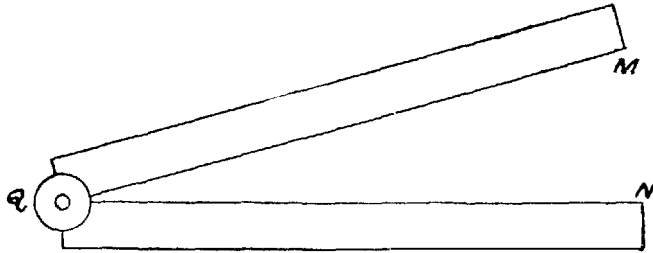


Fig. 5

at corner N (Fig. 5) to render it a good instrument for some problems. The center of rotation at Q might be provided with an adjustable needle-point. These needle-points are normal to the paper, unlike ordinary compasses which, as generally used, are often inclined to the paper, bore conical holes, and have other undesirable and non-mathematical features, however convenient for rough work. Keeping to plane geometry has its advantages, practically as well as theoretically. Possibly those obstinate Greeks forgot these things too. The fundamental idea of this foot-rule is utilized in Amsler's planimeter, along with other ideas of course, and it is one of the most perfect geometrical instruments known. And if anything more were needed to show the superior accuracy of correct principles as applied to the circle, we could scarcely do better than open the box containing this instrument. We find therein a thin flat metal bar, of which Fig. 6 is a plan.

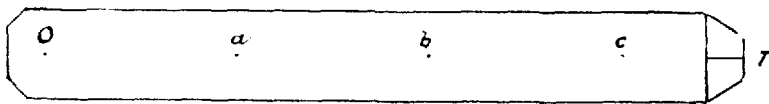


Fig. 6

At O , on the under face, a short needle-point enters the paper. At a, b, c , on the upper face, are small holes which exactly fit the tracing-point of the planimeter. Their centers are at accurately-known units of distance from center O . At the fiduciary end T is a short fine radial line, at whose end a point is pricked in the paper. The tracing-point of the instrument

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having been inserted at say point c , the bar is then rotated n times, coincident with the paper-plane, finally stopping at marked point T , when the planimeter-reading divided by n should give the known area of a circle of radius Oc . If not, the divided bar of the planimeter is adjusted by slow-motion screw until on repetition the reading is correct. The instrument is then ready for use. Note that the ideally accurate circle described, though not *delineated*, by point c is not completed till the radial line returns to the point pricked in the paper. Here is a feature which is ignored in most plane-geometry text-books, and to which the unfortunate student is seldom introduced till he takes up the study of trigonometry. Yet it should be fundamental in the definition of a circle, surely. Secondly, in this example, as in astronomical and geodetic instruments, accuracy is *alone* attainable through the mutual rotation of coincident planes, and this is simply, we repeat, because this principle is absolutely fundamental in any correct, or even intelligible, treatment of the subject. These matters become of far greater import when the student finally realizes that we never, in mathematics, pass beyond plane geometry under any circumstances. Whether we deal with spherical trigonometry, or with three co-ordinate planes and a fourth time-plane as well, every single relation is established in the first instance by plane geometry alone. If it comes to that, we rarely think even in two dimensions. For instance, a triangle is there, and about all we can do is to crawl along each side and measure it, or else creep along an arc and measure that.

But as for *movement*, or centers of rotation — Heaven preserve us! — these must surely belong to other states of being. We never so much as heard of them. Pupils who wish to push on to physics or mechanics, are thus not infrequently discouraged, at least at the outset — and unless rendered pedant-proof by a prior course in practical common-sense geometry — by this array of vaguely-worded postulates and inconsistent suppositions and inert figures, which latter might yield all their real meaning rapidly if set forth properly in text-books. Simplification, not complexity, would ensue.

There is another *movement* that merits more attention. It is the 'John Perry movement,' and it ought to have its energetic successors in these days. A few steps were taken, and then came a halt. Pedagogy remains too much alienated from the practical, not from lack of information but, in this case at least, from actual neglect of the most fundamental principles of geometry — certainly a strange situation. If there are clamors for the elimination of mathematics as an entrance requirement and so on, Science has only herself to blame. With one breath she says certain things can NOT be done, and with the next that they *have* been

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done, long ago, comparatively speaking (*i. e.*, perhaps a few decades ago). People grew tired of it all.

Since the days when Zeno puzzled his listeners with the problem of the hare and the tortoise, there has perhaps been no finer instance of this self-contradictoriness and confusion than that afforded us about forty years ago by the brilliant geometer John Casey, LL. D., F. R. S., the very man to whom we are indebted for the correct idea of the trisection problem. For he calls his solution "the trisection of an angle by ruler and compass." (Here "an angle" means any angle.) His diagram shows a series of approximate trial positions. As a matter of fact the trisection of any angle (excluding *some* angles) can *not* be accomplished by "rule and compass," or compasses, as they are usually called. But let us now abandon fads, Greek or otherwise; apply our fundamental principles; and unearth that foot-rule.

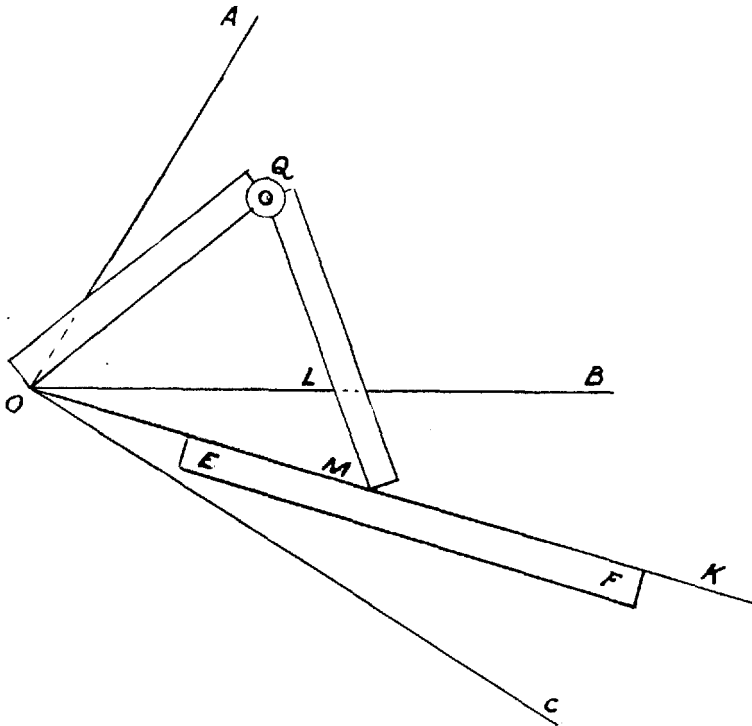


Fig. 7

The angle AOB (Fig. 7) is to be trisected. Draw OC perpendicular to OA and bisect angle BOC by OK . Mark point L on OB so that OL equals the length QN (Fig. 5). Insert the needle-point, at N of foot-rule, at point O . Lay a straight-edge EF along OK . Move the other arm along KO till QM coincides with L . Depress needle in center at Q . Then

NEGLECTED FUNDAMENTALS OF GEOMETRY

angle AOQ is one-third of AOB . The proof is an easy exercise. Notice that the originating movement, as in connexion with Fig. 4, is rectilinear, ceasing upon coincidence of a *line* with a *point*, just as we saw happen

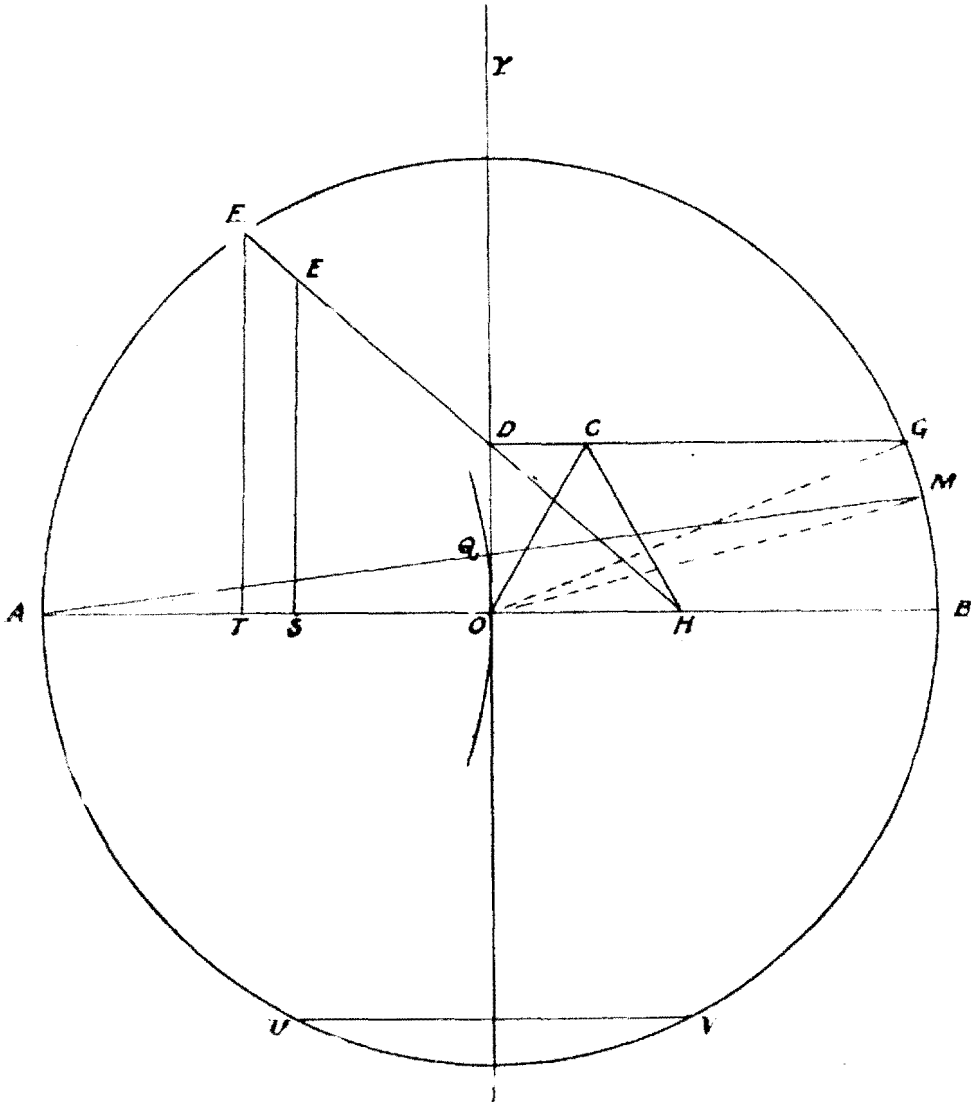


Fig. 8

in Fig. 1, that is to say, as necessarily also in Euclid, I, iv. Nothing could well be simpler, more definitely accurate in principle, or more thoroughly in consonance with the very spirit of pure plane geometry!

Even Gauss, who might have known better had he studied the full significance of Euclid's second and third propositions, seems to have

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imagined that the vague circle-postulate implied the use of compasses! And so, on this extra-planar and rather preposterous assumption, he proceeds to achieve fame, intrinsically as regards its detail well merited, by proving that except for regular polygons of 2^n , 3, 5 sides and their derived combinations, only regular polygons whose number of sides is a *prime* number of the form $2^{2^n} + 1$ can be inscribed in a circle. Of course this excludes from the list one of seven sides — or the Heptagon.

Let us then turn to the Heptagon, and see whether or not another scientific superstition ought to be abolished. On the radius OB (Fig. 8) make OH three-sevenths of the same. Construct the equilateral triangle OCH thereon, and through C draw DG parallel to OB , cutting the 'y-axis' OY in D and the circle in G . Trisect angle GOB at M by the pure geometry method just outlined ($GOM = \text{one-third } GOB$). Join AM , and make $AQ = \text{radius}$. Make $HT = MQ$. Join HD and produce, making $DE = DH$, and $HF = \text{perimeter of the equilateral triangle}$. Join FT and draw ES parallel, cutting AB in point S . HS is the side of the inscribed Heptagon.

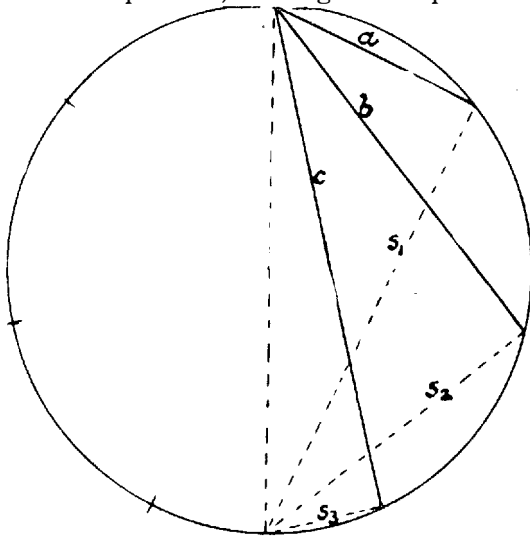


Fig. 9

For the benefit of those who have not the details accessible the proof is appended.

It is a property of regular polygons of n sides inscribed in a circle that the sum of the squares of the chords from any point on the circumference to all the corners of the polygon equals $2n$ times the square of the radius. Hence we have, when the radius (R) is unity:

$$a^2 + b^2 + c^2 = 7. \quad (1)$$

From Catalan's properties of the chords from a corner

of a regular polygon to other corners, and the chords of their respective supplemental arcs, we have

$$ab = R(s_1 - s_3); \quad ac = R(s_2 + s_3); \quad bc = R(s_1 + s_2).$$

Whence $(abc)^2 = R^3(s_1 - s_3)(s_2 + s_3)(s_1 + s_2)$.

After multiplying and applying the same principles we reach

$$(abc)^2 = R^5(s_1 + s_3 - s_2 + 6R).$$

We also have

$$as_1 = Rb; \quad bs_2 = Rc; \quad cs_3 = Ra$$

whence

$$s_1 s_2 s_3 = R^3.$$

NEGLECTED FUNDAMENTALS OF GEOMETRY

Again $s_1 s_2 = R(s_1 + s_3)$
 therefore $s_3 = R^2 / (s_1 + s_3)$; and $R^2 = s_1 s_3 + s_3^2$
 or $R^2 = R(s_2 - s_3 + 2R - s_1)$
 whence $R = s_1 + s_3 - s_2$.
 Hence we have $(abc)^2 = R^5(R + 6R)$
 and for $R=1$ we have

$$abc = \sqrt{7} \tag{2}$$

Again we have $R[(s_1 - s_3) + (s_2 + s_3) - (s_1 + s_2)] = 0$
 that is to say $ab + ac - bc = 0$.

Doubling and deducting from equation (1) we reach

$$-a + b + c = \sqrt{7}. \tag{3}$$

Eliminating b and c from (1), (2) and (3) we obtain

$$a^3 + a^2\sqrt{7} - \sqrt{7} = 0$$

the roots of which are

$$a = \frac{\sqrt{7}}{3} \left[2\cos \frac{1}{3} (2n\pi \pm \cos^{-1} \frac{13}{14}) - 1 \right]$$

which for $n=0$ becomes

$$a = \frac{\sqrt{7}}{3} (2\cos \frac{1}{3} \cos^{-1} \frac{13}{14} - 1)$$

and which is obviously the length (for $R=1$) of SH , and is the chord of an arc of $2\pi/7$. The other two roots are chords of arcs respectively of $4\pi/7$ and $6\pi/7$, and are of course already determined geometrically by the construction given, after stepping the chord $UV (=SH)$ round the circle (Fig. 10).

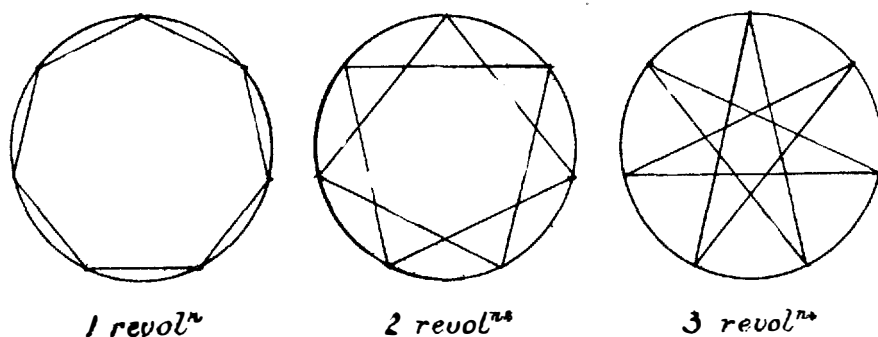


Fig. 10

Thus the application of essential fundamental principles of line and circle enables us to inscribe a regular Heptagon in a circle with ideal accuracy.

As to the very simple problem of constructing a square equal in area to a given circle, were it not for the unfortunate facts previously adverted to, it would be superfluous even to mention it. The idea of a

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polygon of an illimitable number of sides occurs in Euclid XII, ii, where he says, "if this process [of doubling and redoubling the number of sides] be continued," etc. For as the difference between the supposed approximative second circle and the original may be infinitesimal (less than any quantity that may be assigned, to use his phraseology), the number of sides approaches infinity.

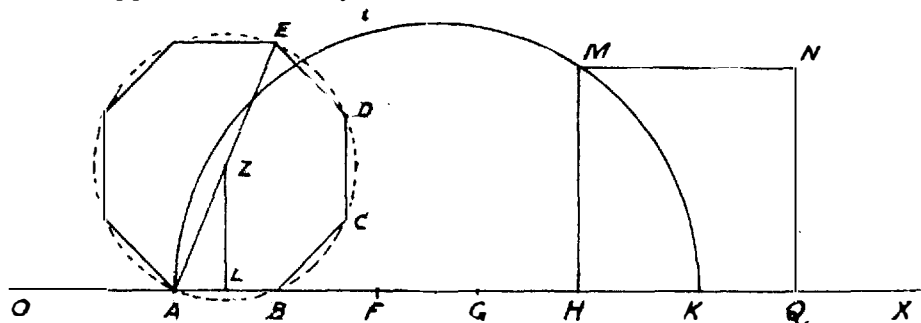


Fig. 11

A regular polygon $ABCDE$ (Fig. 11), coincident with the paper-plane and with side AB on OX , on applying our fundamental principles of plane geometry, can be rotated round B till C coincides with OX at F , then D at G , and E (at the other end of diameter AE) at H . Thus AH is the semi-perimeter of the polygon. Make HK equal to the apothem ZL . On AK describe the semicircle AMK , and let the perpendicular to OX at H intersect it at M . Complete the square $HMNQ$, the area of which is obviously equal to that of the regular polygon ADE . Let the number of sides be infinitely increased.

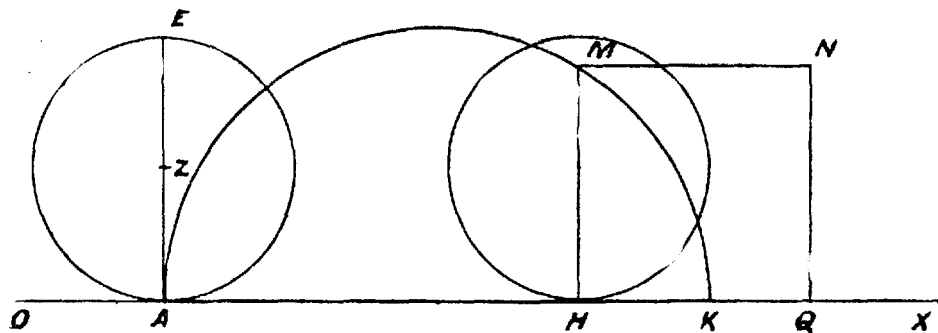


Fig. 12

AH (Fig. 12) is now the semi-perimeter of a circle, and the apothem ZL has become equal to the radius ZA . So KH is now equal to the radius of the circle, and the square HN is equal to the circle in area.

Illustratively, on the blackboard, let a flat thin circular disk with a diameter-line marked thereon stand on the lower rim of the blackboard

SURRENDER

with diameter-line vertical, and mark its position on the rim. Then roll it along the rim till the diameter-line is again vertical, and mark. Add half the diameter-length, bisect the whole line and draw the semi-circle and perpendicular as above, and complete the required square. It is worthy of note that precise verticality of the diameter-line is needless, because the path followed by either end of the diameter-line when very close to the rim is itself truly vertical, and the point of contact is, as it were automatically, defined. In practice the rolling of a *circle* on a *line* is the fundamental idea utilized in the planimeter, an instrument perfect in principle.

Thus this method, like the drawing of the diagonal of a square, is ideal in accuracy, and depends on nothing but the very simplest principles of pure plane geometry of line and circle - - when restored, as they ought to be, and when the teaching thereof shall be conducted on lines at once purely ideal and purely practical.

To go on telling people that it is impossible to 'square the circle' by the plane geometry of line and circle is surely as absurd as the evaluation of π (actually accomplished) to 700, or even to 30, decimal places; seeing that no radius, whether it be the 'astronomical unit' or the radius of an engine-cylinder, is ever known with greater accuracy than that defined by the fifth or sixth significant figure, at the most.

SONNET — SURRENDER


By K. N.

BECAUSE Thou wouldst that we should look within
To find Thyself, great royal potentate,
Enthroned in bardic splendors consecrate,
Thou waitest silent, watchful, while we spin
Our little webb'd delusions, mist-blown, thin,
Around the objects of our love and hate,
Forgetful of our ancient high estate,
Or heritage of battles yet to win;

Then do thine eyes pierce through our tracery
Of shadow-hopes, and strip us bare and cold,
Indignant in our speechless agony . . .
Yet deep and deep some glimmerings we see
Of Thy compassion, Thy great love controlled . .
And in our loneliness we turn to Thee. . . .

THE MEANING OF 'MEANING'

HERBERT CORYN, M. D., M. R. C. S.

 HE candidate for initiation into the old Mysteries entered the temple or crypt where they were to be enacted, with finger on lips. It was the symbol not only of silence to be preserved afterwards concerning all he was about to see or be told, but also of that silence of mind in which alone self-knowledge and world-knowledge and God-knowledge are possible, and which was to be practised till it could be commanded at will.

The requirement looks reasonable enough when we remember that even to enter into the meaning of any great piece of music requires that we stop all the thoughts that center about the incidents of personal life, and that our response to the soul of the piece is complete only when the mind is too intent and held too tense for what is called thought at all.

This is the inner silence requisite for coming in sight of all profound truth. Truth in this sense is the soul of things, their underlying and coherent meaning, as music is the soul and meaning of the whole sequence of sounds that give it body.

'Meaning' has two meanings, diverging from one, but diverging so far that they seem quite unconnected. A typewriter is a meaningless confusion of mechanism to us when we see such an instrument for the first time. But when we have learned to use it, the sight of it or of the word has a meaning. To see its meaning means to know what to do with it, preparation of the mind for actually doing that, the imagined doing.

All seeing of meanings is action in imagination. A tree *means* lumber to one sort of man. Lumber-making is what he is going to *do* about it. To another the tree is beautiful, and that is a kind of meaning, because it answers to a doing higher up in his nature. It answers to a spiritual creative and sustaining activity emanating from that higher place or center. The universe is continuously created and sustained in being, by souls. To listen to music with appreciation is to share the spiritual creative work of the composer. That is why it has meaning. Meaning always implies action, overt or imagined, the overt being only a further stage of the other.

The soul of each of us is the inner meaning of him, of his total life, and must be sought in the same way as we listen to music to get *its* meaning or soul. Our lives are without understood meaning and significance

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because we do not do this, do not practise it — that is, practise real silence — to the point of achievement, have never even thought of doing it. We have no ear for the Truth in us, almost never (and then only by accident and for a flash or a few moments) have the mind-state that could come into unison with it and appreciate the steadfast activity going on there. We have trained our minds outward into talk instead of inwards into silence and gnosis. So life is a mystery, and few of us even recognise so much as that we are mysteries to ourselves. We just live our lives from day to day and let it go at that. Our mind, we say, is incapable of knowing reality; may only know external appearances changing one into another. As if we should say: music, the guiding life and meaning and reason of the flow of sounds, cannot be known; only the flow.

Agreed, then, that life and soul cannot be known; we have turned away from the quest — if we were ever faced towards it, — and turn outwards for good upon our personal lives and let our minds buzz there for all the waking and some of the sleeping hours. Fortunately we cannot be altogether lost while we keep alive our love of beauty in sound and form and color. There, at any rate, is the beginning of escape into knowledge and out of personality. And also the sense of brotherhood and compassion; for they co-operate powerfully in the same direction, loosening the bonds of personality and promoting the enrichment of consciousness. The *meaning* lying in the sense of brotherhood is the *doing* of something, both for and in common with the other.

We are all co-creators and sustainers of the universe. Perception of anything would be impossible if to perceive were not also a creative sustainment of what is perceived. The universe is dependent on us from moment to moment. The highest perception of the universe is understanding its meaning, and is one act with our spiritual creation and sustainment of it. Here, perception does not wait upon the thing perceived, but is contemporaneous with its being. Separation in our minds between perception and creation is only a convenience for thought.

True silence is the withdrawal from lower meanings so as to get the higher, withdrawal from lower action so as to enhance a higher. The practice of it is the necessary condition for opening out, above, of reaching the place where we are sustaining the universe and where we know its meaning because we are its purposive life. And the great creative geniuses in the arts fail of their highest possibilities because they wait upon the chance coming of that silence out of which their inspiration is born, instead of cultivating it by conscious effort and by direct practice.

THE RUINED MOUNTAIN-TEMPLE

After Chang Wen-chang

KENNETH MORRIS

OLD paved court-yard, grass-o'ergrown:
It was of old the pilgrims' goal;
A hundred years have left it alone.

Dead generations' tokens strown,—
Votive tablet, bhikshu's bowl,—
In the old paved court-yard grassy-grown.

Deep dust; a broken god o'erthrown;
Gray mice nest in alb and stole;
A hundred years have left them alone.

Pine-dusk,— fallen needle and cone,—
Flitting parrot and oriole,—
In the old paved court-yard grass-o'ergrown.

The dank pool, rimmed with sculptured stone,—
The mouldering curtain, crumbled scroll,—
A hundred years have left them alone.

Only the old ghost wind to intone
His noonday sutra; never a soul
In the old paved court-yard grass-o'ergrown.

None — but the Sleeping Dragon alone. . . .

*International Theosophical Headquarters,
Point Loma, California*

LETTERS OF TRAVEL *

A GLIMPSE OF RUSSIA UNDER THE OLD RÉGIME

GEORGE C. BARTLETT

FROM Stockholm we sailed by steamer to St. Petersburg. Our first stop was at Åbo, Finland, just an every-day town situated in a big park, where a band was discoursing music not classical. A few cabs were standing by the wayside, while others were slowly moving people here and there. An interesting city, with most picturesque surroundings!

Our next stop was Helsingfors, the capital of Finland. It also is a city of beautiful parks. The language spoken is Finnish, Finnish money is used, and in every way the people appear to enjoy their beautiful northern country. They are much in sympathy with the Swedes, and have the reputation of not being in love with the Czar.

It was a warm June day when we sailed up to the dock at Helsingfors. Quite prominent was a handsome Greek church, which surprised us by its winter-like appearance, looking as though covered with deep snow. Upon inquiry we learned that it was the original intention to gild the roof, the steeples and the window-sills, but the money contributed proved insufficient, and in consequence they were painted white; by some freak of an artist which afforded a peculiar effect of light and shade, the singular snowy appearance is produced, thereby presenting a cooling winter picture all the summer long — an optical illusion.

A few hours after leaving Helsingfors we were sailing along the channel which brings us into the river Neva. To make this channel navigable it cost millions of rubles, but it is now paying the money back with interest. As one approaches St. Petersburg one is suddenly and forcibly impressed that one is about to enter a grand city. The public buildings are imposing, and are not built in cramped places, but stand out distinct and alone in their individual grandeur. The streets are exceptionally wide, and those which run along the water's edge are striped with green, and lined with trees. The pavements are mostly made of cobble-stones, but are somewhat relieved of their harshness by strips of wood-way laid in between. All drivers, either of cab or carriage, seek the strips of wood pavement as quickly as possible; there is, however, always an unpleasant rattle in the air, caused by the conveyances crossing the cobble-stone pavements from one wood-way to another. Although St. Petersburg has a population

* Written in 1892.

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of over a million, there is plenty of room, and spare room for visitors. The city abounds in large open squares, and has miles of free parks. The Neva river is broad and beautiful, and wide are the bridges which span it. One is inclined to linger on these bridges, held in admiration; one starts to go, but returns and looks up and down the river again and again, charmed by the inspiring picture both on land and water.

All the buildings appear to have something golden on them; and the city, as seen from a distance when the sun is playing upon it, throwing its rays on the golden dome of St. Isaacs and the gilded steeple of St. Peter and St. Paul, looks indeed a blaze of glory — a golden city.

“Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
Molten, graven, hammered and rolled;
Heavy to get, and light to hold;
Hoarded, bartered, bought and sold.
Stolen, borrowed, squandered, doled;
Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old,
To the very verge of the churchyard mould;
Price of many a crime untold;
Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!
Good or bad a thousand-fold!
How widely its agencies vary —
To save — to ruin — to curse — to bless —
As even its minted coins express,
Now stamped with the image of good Queen Bess,
And now of a Bloody Mary.”

Upon the top of the Winter Palace and other buildings are arranged works of art in statuary — open-air galleries, free to the public all the year round.

The horses attract attention at once and hold it until one leaves the country — and after. The cab-horses are a surprise, and to ride after some of them is a luxury. With the exception of Russia, I believe the cab-horse the world over averages a poor animal, therefore the exception was noticeable. There were many fine horses hitched to public conveyances which would stand a good chance of winning a prize at a county fair — splendid animals that are admired as they go tearing through the wide streets with distended nostrils, the wooden pavement sounding like muffled drums as pounded by their high-stepping feet. The name of the cab-driver is *izvózsčik*, and they are odd-looking brothers of humanity. They wear a peculiar style of hat, which resembles a high silk hat that had been sat upon and had only slightly recovered from the shock; they wear long robes of dark cloth, the skirts of which are made to wind about their legs when seated. If the *izvózsčik* is fat, he commands more wages than a thin man, as it is the fashion in Russia to have the driver's seat

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entirely covered; if the driver is too thin to cover the seat, one is not driving in ultra style. An embroidered belt, gorgeous and of many colors, encircles the waist of the driver, and keeps the long robe in abeyance. The reins are held in both hands and run along the sides of the horse, not over the back. They have no whips, but use instead a short lash, which is tied to the end of the driving lines. The cabs are called *drozhki*; they are quite low and four-wheelers, the front wheels being very small. The traces are attached to the axles.

The *drozhki* have no backs to lean upon; in consequence, it is a common custom while riding for the gentleman to put his arm around the lady's waist for her support. A stranger might think a Russian was really showing too much attention; but afterwards you learn it is only a custom — a formality.

Much care is taken of the horse's mane and tail. They are never cut short, but rather their length and fulness are cultivated. Their style is Russian, not English. A stick or pole is bent hoop-shaped above the horse's shoulders, and is fastened to the shafts and collar, looking like black bamboo poles; and they are often ornamented with gilt and silver bands, which are kept bright, and sparkle when touched by the rays of the sun. I remember a picture in the café of the Hoffman House called 'The Russian Mail Horse.' I used to think, while looking at the picture, that the artist exaggerated, but recently I have met that horse in Russia. Most elaborate are the hoops which encircle the shoulders of the heavy truck- and dray-horses; they are large in size, and are often used as a display advertisement of the wares of the owners. The cabman's fare is largely regulated by the quality of his horse. Fancy a splendid black horse, whose glossy sides are as sleek as a kitten's ear, his mane flowing in the breeze like a Spanish mantle, his tail a wave of grace reaching to the cobble-stones; you say to the driver, "How much to the Winter Palace?" "One ruble," he replies. You say, "Too much." Then with a self-satisfied smile and a wave of his hand, he invites you to look at the horse, as much as to say, "You could not pay enough to ride behind such an animal." There is in consequence a good deal of rivalry among the *izvózschiks*, each wishing that his horse should appear at its best. This custom insures the horses the best of care and attention, and when not in motion they are continually being fussed over, rubbed down, dusted off, the gilt of the harness polished, etc. There are street-cars and stages in St. Petersburg, but the cabs have the preference, as they go at a rapid rate.

English appears an unknown language in Russia, and we found it more difficult to be understood than in India or Japan. In other European cities one is usually able to read, in part at least, the signs on the building,

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the menu at the hotel, the program at the opera, but not so in Russia — not a sign can be read, not a word made out. The letters of the alphabet seem but little used, as though woven into hieroglyphics, and mixed with strange letters never seen before — letters are set up crossways, and are upside down and downside up. The language is Russian, every word of it.

As we were sailing into St. Petersburg I heard a young lady remark that the reason the city looked so gay, being decked out with flags and bunting, was because it was a holiday, the 21st of May. According to my reckoning it was the 2nd of June. I thought the lady had made a mistake, but to my surprise, upon arrival at the hotel, I noted the calendar recorded the day as May 21st. I asked for explanation and found that Russia did not reckon time as the common mortals of the outside world.

As there is only one St. Peter's, so is there only one St. Isaac's. It is a structure of majesty and beauty, a monument of art, an impressive temple of worship; it pleases the eye and rests the mind. Its dome was originally covered with copper, afterwards enriched with millions of gold, so that it ever stands as a beacon-light. Inside the church light and shade play together like saint and sinner. One part is so dark that the collectors need a candle to light the way as they pass the plate for contributions, while other parts are made light by the sunshine through the stained-glass windows. The sun, the gold, and the candles give the light, while the shade is caused by the somber effect of the malachite pillars and dome, and of the walls of lapis-lazuli. The floor is of variegated marble.

The Greek Church rejects all massive images of the Savior or saints as idolatrous, based on the commandment, "Thou shalt not make unto thyself any graven image." Pictures, however, are not considered a violation, and there are to be admired in the church many beautiful ones. Gold and bejeweled icons are all over the building. Gold seems the dominant metal in St. Isaac's; it has trimmings and trappings of gold; candelabra of pure gold; and a good-sized model of the church in solid gold will be shown for a few copecks. Numerous sacrificial candles are ever burning; the flame, the symbol of the life of the soul,— the material representation of the spiritual.

The manufacture of candles is a profitable business in Russia, as enormous quantities are used in their churches and shrines. They are made in every shape and size, and are a rich revenue to the Church, bringing in thousands of dollars daily. I attended Sunday morning service at St. Isaac's. The congregation numbered several thousand, and was continually swaying and bowing to the ground, like branches in a breeze; no seats are provided, all stand or kneel. There are no preferences shown; caste is forgotten, all standing equal before God — king

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and queen, poet and peasant, rich and poor worshiping together. Many pictures, and icons of Christ, the Madonna and Child, and numerous saints adorn the walls; and long lines of people are ever surging up to kiss the feet of Christ, the hand of Mary, the lips of a favored saint — for they believe in the intercession of saints, and that immersion is the only true baptism. They reject purgatory and predestination. No instrumental music is allowed; marriage is obligatory on the secular priests. The Greek churches are always open, and prayers are being offered from morning until night; devotionally, all days are Sundays. When a funeral procession passes along the street, all uncover their heads and cross themselves. The Russians are bowing and crossing themselves most of the time, as shrines, churches, and icons appear on nearly every square. Icons are also hung in the restaurants, hotels, stations, and in some of the stores; they are also niched in the side of buildings, and the hat must come off and the sign of the cross be made where an icon appears. In external religion surely the Russians excel; they far outdo the Roman Catholic or Hindû. Some of the icons contain diamonds and other precious jewels, which have recently been encased in glass and fastened by lock and key, as the zeal of some of the worshipers became so great that while kissing the picture they extracted with their teeth a diamond or a ruby — which, alas, goes to show that the Judas kiss is still deceiving. St. Isaac's is a grand church, the handsomest Greek church in the world.

The church in St. Petersburg which stands next in importance to St. Isaac's, is the historical church of St. Peter and St. Paul. Its peculiarly narrow steeple, shooting up into the clouds like a bayonet of gold, can be seen from all parts of the city. It is the church wherein the royal family and the Imperial Czar worship. It contains the remains of Peter the Great and his family, and of all the royal ones who have gone to receive their crown of glory in the immortal world. The more recent burials are those of the Grand Duchess Michael, the Grand Duke Nicholas, and the Grand Duchess Paul. It is a beautiful church and contains a number of tombs of uniform style in white marble. Ivy is cultivated along the floor; it climbs over and embraces the tombs, producing a pleasing effect, the living vines clasping in their arms the bodies of the dead! It was pleasant to realize that the ivy was living and growing every moment, through the night and the day, through the light and the dark. The walls are covered with military trophies — flags, keys of fortresses, shields and battle-axes taken from the Swedes, Turks, Poles, and French. Would not a more suitable place for such trophies be a dark dungeon? There is a fortune represented in gold and silver orna-

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ments hung above and around many of these tombs; especially noticeable are the large number which were sent to Alexander the Second from the sovereigns of all nations.

Peter the Great permeated Russia, as Napoleon did France. He is said to have built the first house in St. Petersburg, which is now used as a house of prayer. When I called, it was aglow with lighted candles, and crowded with people at worship. I noticed therein a table covered with little scraps of paper which contained the names of sick people and invalids, who, not being able to come in person, send in their names for prayer. A ship is also exhibited, which is supposed to have been built by Peter the Great. Washington oak-trees surround the house, which were presented to St. Petersburg by the United States Government.

The horses, carriages, harnesses, display-cloths, and the usual trappings of the royal stable, are superb. It requires a large building for the display of these equipments, which date back to the time of Peter the Great — bridles trimmed with gold and precious stones, and saddles which were presented to the Czars from all parts of Asia.

The Russians are filled with superstitions. Some years ago one of their chapels was struck with lightning, all the pictures and icons being destroyed, save one. The survival of this one is supposed to have been miraculous; therefore a beautiful chapel was erected for its future home, and thousands go there daily to pray and kiss the picture.

There hangs in Peter's old house a picture which is called the 'Miraculous Image of the Savior.' This little picture is supposed to have accompanied Peter the Great in his battles, its influence having helped to gain the victory at Poltava. It also receives daily the salutations of numerous pilgrims and devotees.

The far-famed Winter Palace is a palace indeed. It is impressive both inside and out. The electric lights within number sixty thousand. The rooms are of all sizes, and are decorated in the most exquisite taste. When the Czar visits the cities and small villages of Russia, it is customary for the head official of each place to present to him in the name of the people a luncheon of black bread, served upon a costly plate, the Czar always retaining the plate. Much ingenuity is displayed in the workmanship of these artistic dishes, thousands of which adorn the walls of the palace producing a unique and striking effect. One room is devoted to the presents received by the Czars. Another is called the Gold-room, others the Malachite-room, the Picture-gallery, etc. [All changed now!]

Adjoining the Winter Palace is a museum and choice art-gallery, called the Hermitage. The archway is held up by nine colossal figures — nine wonders. One of the striking features of the collection in the Hermitage

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is the room which contains the relics of this same Peter the Great. He must have been very popular to have received so many presents and of such a variety -- from a peacock clock of immense proportions, to a solitaire diamond ring for his little finger. The royal families of all nations must have been kept busy collecting snuff-boxes for him, so many are displayed there. Some are of costly metals inlaid with rarest diamonds and precious stones. I think there is enough gold and silver, including diamonds and precious stones, lying idle in the churches and museums and woven into the robes of the priests, to make, if distributed, every Russian free from poverty.

Alexander Nevski's Monastery is one of the attractive places to Europeans. The singing of the monks at four o'clock in the afternoon is a treat to lovers of music. Their peculiar dress, solemn faces and monasterial surroundings, give a strange effect to their voices. They seem as though trying to sing themselves out of the world and into Heaven. After the services I noticed many little children being held up to kiss the Infant Jesus. One of the priests went through the audience swinging a small censer before each person, in recognition of which we bowed and crossed ourselves. The ground about the Monastery must be consecrated, I think, as I was informed that the cost of burial there was twenty-five thousand dollars.

By order of the Czar, the Jews are continually being expelled from Russia; not on account of any special animosity toward the Jew, but for the reason that the Jews have been successful in procuring Russian land and money. They have not only been successful in the lower walks of life, but they have taken high rank in the professions, and as bankers and merchants. The Russians wish Russia for the Russians alone. In expelling the Jews they acknowledge the Jews' superiority. Should the English, Italians, or any race of people emigrate to Russia and gain a foothold, they would also become a hated race, and be expelled likewise. Russia displays a mental sign which reads, 'No Foreigners Need Apply.' In speaking to a Russian of the cruelties practised in Siberia, he replied that they had not treated their traitors as badly as America had treated the Indians and negroes. I did not find a ready response.

The open-air gardens, theaters and concerts in St. Petersburg are attractive, and are used as a good excuse for taking a drive. Any time after five o'clock the beautiful avenues leading out of the city are alive with joyous life. The finest horses in the world prance and caracole in their pride, foaming at the bit and looking as though conscious of the knowledge that Russia is the paradise for horses. The occupants of the

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carriages are compelled to dress with much taste and care, in order to divide the attention and admiration with the horses. Nearly all the horses are black or white or spotted iron-gray. About sunset the avenues form a picture of gaiety and pleasure, and for the time you forget the persecuted Jew and the wrongs in Siberia.

The skeletons of the mammoths at the Zoölogical Museum are a wonder. Such monsters have long since ceased to inhabit the earth, but their immense forms stand there as huge monuments of evolution.

Russia can be added to the other two countries where the people are well booted. The people of only three nations in the world are handsomely shod — America, France, and Russia.

Humanity is supposed to look upon kings, queens and royal families as having attained a high standard of culture and refinement, but history certainly contradicts the justice of any such claim. The Tower of London stands as a monument of English royal wickedness, and happy France has furnished its royal dark chapters in the book of crimes. Russia is no exception. What a strange combination was Empress Catherine! It is said that she married her husband, Peter III, from policy, not for love. Peter at first seemed infatuated with Catherine, but a strange change came over the spirit of his dreams, and he fell in love with Countess

It is reported that Catherine heard that the Emperor was planning to make away with her, and that this rumor, coupled with his infidelity, so troubled her slumbers that one night she arose and visited several of her trusted officers, and there and then, with their assistance, determined to proceed to the palace and murder her husband. The Emperor, however, was notified in time, and escaped through a rear entrance and sailed away to a distant island, where he remained banished for many months. In the meantime Catherine was declared Empress of Russia. She felt, however, that she would sit more securely upon the throne if the Emperor were out of the world. It is reported that she immediately went to work plotting his destruction; that she wrote him a most enticing love-letter, stating she forgave all, was tired of her responsibilities, and urging him to return and become emperor, and that she would continue his faithful, loving wife. She named a particular day when he would be expected, and the hour that a grand banquet would be prepared for him. He was charmed with the letter, having become thoroughly weary of his life in banishment. Arriving at the Palace at the appointed hour, he inquired for Catherine. He was told she was arranging her toilet, and would appear presently. Catherine, however, did not appear. He asked again and again, and received much the same reply. He finally said he feared there was something wrong. In an instant an officer

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sprang from behind the curtain and replied, "Yes, there is," and immediately choked him to death with a napkin. His last words were, "For shame." Indeed, it was a shameful and cowardly act. Catherine had one son, Paul, said to be illegitimate, who was also murdered. Still, this same Catherine did much to benefit her people, and made a great show of regard for the Greek Church. I know of no history more contradictory than that of Catherine of Russia.

We found good railroads in all countries from Japan to Greece; which seems truly wonderful when we realize that men are living today who can remember the time when steam engines and railroad tracks were unknown.

A very comfortable sleeping-car took us from St. Petersburg to Moscow in about fifteen hours. We passed through a level country covered with immense grain fields and extensive pastures, where large herds of cattle were serenely munching the sweet grass, all unconscious of the near day when their glossy hides would be sold as Russia leather, and be transformed into cavalry boots and dainty purses. St. Petersburg is a genteel city. Moscow is old-fashioned and historical.

In the Tower of Ivan, in Moscow, there are suspended thirty-four bells of all sounds, sizes and proportions, the largest weighing sixty-four tons. Lying on the ground, at the foot of this tower, rests with its tongue dislocated, and its sides broken, the mammoth and monarch of all bells; it receives the adoration of thousands daily, and many weary pilgrims slumber on its shady side before entering the churches. This bell is not only the bell of Moscow, but it is the bell of the world. It is twenty feet high, sixty feet in circumference, and weighs 444,000 pounds; the value of its metal is estimated at a fabulous sum. It has been my privilege to have heard those

"Bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand, on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lea."

Also have I heard the solemn old bells of Moscow; but the bells which sweetly touched my heart were the bells of Nikkō, that sing in the mountains of peaceful Japan; high up in the clouds they ring, as though coming from the open windows of Heaven; their messages are sweet and restful, kindly and consoling. They are the bells which seem to ring out the glad tidings that there is salvation for *all!*

A fascinating portion of Moscow is called The Kremlin, where are clustered together a wonderful collection of churches, old and new palaces,

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fortified walls, and the lofty towers which contain the bells. High in air are to be seen the golden domes of the churches, balloon-shaped, and covered by a wire netting, as though waiting and looking, ready at a moment's notice to ascend with the pilgrims into Heaven. The Arsenal is also there, surrounded by eight hundred and fifty cannon, which the Russians show with pride, as they were captured from the French. Enormous is the wealth that the churches contain; the floor of the Church of the Annunciation is paved with jasper, agate, and cornelian. In a special room in one of the churches, kept under lock and key, are a goodly number of priestly robes, dating back as far as the 13th century. They are a curiosity of extravagance, many of the robes being worth small fortunes; bushels of diamonds and precious stones are woven therein with threads of gold and silver. One robe, I remember, was entirely covered with pearls, a handsome embroidered border encircling the whole garment, which contained the head of Christ duplicated many times.

Moscow is the Mecca of the Greek Church. To pass through 'The Gate of the Redeemer' and worship in the churches of The Kremlin is the chief desire in every peasant's heart. Every day and hour, in every part of Russia, the Christian pilgrims are tramping on toward the churches of Moscow, with the unshakable faith that God's blessing awaits them there. Through the influence of the Greek religion, about one hundred religious holidays are allowed the people. By some this is considered a serious injury to their morals, as so many fête days and festivals are not liable to be kept as holy days, but are more likely to be spent in idleness and dissipation.

It is said that Count Tolstoi spent hours talking with the pilgrims along the country roads, and I am not surprised. I never wearied of watching them, and longed to talk to them of this wondrous faith, and the strength it gave them to carry their loads, to travel day and night in all weathers, sleeping in the open air and cooking their scanty meals by the wayside. I noticed that some old women, bent with age, had light-colored felt wound around their ankles and feet and fastened with strings; their dresses tucked high up exposed unbleached chemises that hung catercornered about their bronzed knees. Straps covered their heads, which held the weight of kettles and pans, blankets and food. So weather-beaten were some of their faces that they looked as though cut from granite. Some would leave their loads at the doors of the churches; others carried their loads with them, and the coffee-pots and pans rattled to the cracking of their joints as they bowed down until their venerable heads touched the agate floor at the foot of the Cross.

THE STARS

KENNETH MORRIS

AQUILA, Capricorn,
Mysteriously bright,
Mysteriously inhabiting
The dim blue of the night,

I do not believe you
Those light-years away;
Half I hear the harp-notes
Of the war-march you play.

I saw Benetnasch
Leading up the Seven;—
Seven crashing harp-notes
Ominous in heaven.

I saw Cygnus flying
O'er the dome of night;
Half my spirit flew with him
In his awful flight.

Alderamin and the Dragon
Flashing by the Pole,
Is it there in space you flame,
Or here within the Soul?

When I nourished heart-aches
And small hopes and fears,
Haughty and aloof were you,
Ye cold, far Spheres!

Yes, but when I turned again,
And the Soul's Path trod,
How brotherly you came to me,
My brother flames of God!

*International Theosophical Headquarters,
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