

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

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“‘If some one were to strike at the root of this large tree here, it would bleed, but live. If he were to strike at its stem, it would bleed, but live. If he were to strike at its top, it would bleed, but live. Pervaded by the living Self that tree stands firm, drinking in its nourishment, and rejoicing;

“‘But if the life (the living Self) leaves one of its branches, that branch withers; if it leaves a second, that branch withers; if it leaves a third, that branch withers. In exactly the same manner, my son, know this. Thus he spoke:

“‘This (body) indeed withers and dies when the living Self has left it; the living Self dies not.

“‘That which is that subtil essence, in it all that exists has its self. It is the True. It is the Self, and thou, Śvetaketu, art it.’”—*Chhândogya-Upanishad*, 6, xi; translated by Max Müller

The writings of H. P. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge contain so much that is applicable to present-day problems that I feel sure the members of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society and other readers of THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH will be glad of the opportunity of benefiting by their wise teachings. I trust soon to meet my readers through these pages again.

KATHERINE TINGLEY, *Editor*

THEOSOPHICAL KEYNOTES: THE TIDAL WAVE

H. P. BLAVATSKY*

“The tidal wave of deeper souls,
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares,
Out of all meaner cares.”—*Long fellow*



THE great psychic and spiritual change now taking place in the realm of the human Soul, is quite remarkable. . . .

Verily the Spirit in man, so long hidden out of public sight, so carefully concealed and so far exiled from the arena of modern learning, has at last awakened. It now asserts itself and is loudly re-demanding its unrecognized yet ever legitimate rights. It refuses to be any longer trampled under the brutal foot of Materialism, speculated upon by the Churches, and made a fathomless source of income by those who have self-constituted themselves its universal custodians. . . . The Spirit in man — the direct, though now but broken

*From Editorial in *Lucifer*, November 15th, 1889.

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ray and emanation of the Universal Spirit -- has at last awakened. . . .

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Look around you and behold! Think of what you see and hear, and draw therefrom your conclusions. The age of crass materialism, of Soul insanity and blindness, is swiftly passing away. A death struggle between Mysticism and Materialism is no longer at hand, but is already raging. And the party which will win the day at this supreme hour will become the master of the situation and of the future; . . . If the signs of the times can be trusted it is not the *Animalists* who will remain conquerors. This is warranted us by the many brave and prolific authors and writers who have arisen of late to defend the rights of Spirit to reign over matter. Many are the honest, aspiring Souls now raising themselves like a dead wall against the torrent of the muddy waters of Materialism. And facing the hitherto domineering flood which is still steadily carrying off into unknown abysses the fragments from the wreck of the dethroned, cast-down Human Spirit, they now command: "So far hast thou come; but thou shalt go no further!"

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. . . . The renovated, life-giving Spirit in man is boldly freeing itself from the dark fetters of the hitherto all-capturing animal life and matter. Behold it, saith the poet, as, ascending on its broad, white wings, it soars into the regions of real life and light; whence, calm and godlike, it contemplates with unfeigned pity those golden idols of the modern material cult with their feet of clay, which have hitherto screened from the purblind masses their true and living gods. . . .

Literature — once wrote a critic — is the confession of social life, reflecting all its sins, and all its acts of baseness as of heroism. In this sense a book is of a far greater importance than any man. Books do not represent one man, but they are the mirror of a host of men. Hence the great English poet-philosopher said of books, that he knew that they were as hard to kill and as prolific as the teeth of the fabulous dragon; sow them hither and thither and armed warriors will grow out of them. To kill a good book, is equal to killing a man.

The 'poet-philosopher' is right.

A new era has begun in literature, this is certain. New thoughts and new interests have created new intellectual needs; hence a new race of authors is springing up. And this new species will gradually and imperceptibly shut out the old one, those fogies of yore who, though they still reign nominally, are allowed to do so rather by force of habit than predilection. It is not he who repeats obstinately and parrot-like the old literary formulae and holds desperately to publishers' traditions, who will find himself answering to the new needs; not the man who prefers

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his narrow party discipline to the search for the long-exiled Spirit of man and the now lost TRUTHS; not these, but verily he who, parting company with his beloved 'authority,' lifts boldly and carries on unflinchingly the standard of the *Future Man*. It is finally those who, amidst the present wholesale dominion of the worship of matter, material interests and SELFISHNESS, will have bravely fought for human rights and *man's divine nature*, who will become, if they only win, the teachers of the masses in the coming century, and so their benefactors.

But woe to the XXth century if the now reigning school of thought prevails, for Spirit would once more be made captive and silenced till the end of the now coming age. It is not the fanatics of the letter in general, nor the iconoclasts and Vandals who fight the new Spirit of thought, nor yet the modern Roundheads, supporters of the old Puritan religious and social traditions, who will ever become the protectors and Saviors of the now resurrecting human thought and Spirit. It is not those too-willing supporters of the old cult, and the mediaeval heresies of those who guard like a relic every error of their sect or party, who jealously watch over their own thought lest it should, growing out of its teens, assimilate some fresher and more beneficent idea — not these who are the wise men of the future. It is not for them that the hour of the new historical era will have struck, but for those who will have learnt to express and put into practice the aspirations as well as the physical needs of the rising generations. . . . In order that one should fully comprehend *individual* life with its physiological, psychic and spiritual mysteries, he has to devote himself with all the fervor of unselfish philanthropy and love for his brother men, to studying and knowing *collective* life, or Mankind. Without preconceptions or prejudice, as also without the least fear of possible results in one or another direction, he has to decipher, understand and *remember* the deep and innermost feelings and the aspirations of the poor people's great and suffering heart. To do this he has first "to attune his soul with that of Humanity," as the old philosophy teaches; to thoroughly master the correct meaning of every line and word in the rapidly turning pages of the Book of Life of MANKIND and to be thoroughly saturated with the truism that the latter is a whole inseparable from his own SELF.

How many of such profound readers of life may be found in our boasted age of sciences and culture? Of course we do not mean authors alone, but rather the practical and still unrecognised, though well-known, philanthropists and altruists of our age; the people's friends, the unselfish lovers of man, and the defenders of human right to the freedom of Spirit. Few indeed are such; for they are the rare blossoms of the age, and generally the martyrs to prejudiced mobs and time-servers. Like those wonder-

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ful 'Snow flowers' of Northern Siberia, which, in order to shoot forth from the cold frozen soil, have to pierce through a thick layer of hard, icy snow, so these rare characters have to fight their battles all their life with cold indifference and human harshness,

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. . . The root of evil lies, therefore, in a moral, not in a physical cause.

If asked, what is it then that will help, we answer boldly:— Theosophical literature;

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Yet, even in the absence of such great gifts one may do good in a smaller and humbler way by taking note and exposing in impersonal narratives the crying vices and evils of the day, by word and deed, by publications and practical example. Let the force of that example impress others to follow it; and then instead of deriding our doctrines and aspirations the men of the XXth, if not the XIXth century, will see clearer, and judge with knowledge and according to facts instead of prejudging agreeably to rooted misconceptions. Then and not till then will the world find itself forced to acknowledge that it was wrong, and that Theosophy alone can gradually create a mankind as harmonious and as simple-souled as Kosmos itself; but to effect this Theosophists have to act as such. Having helped to awaken the spirit in many a man - - we say this boldly challenging contradiction — shall we now stop instead of swimming with the TIDAL WAVE?

THE FEAR OF DEATH AND THE HOPE OF LIFE

R. MACHELL

IT is probable that in all ages men have feared death, and have protested against the imputation. Men speak perhaps scornfully of death, as if they had no fear of it: but still they count it a courageous act to brave its terrors. But if there is no fear to overcome, where is the courage in the deed? Some people profess to believe that the after-death state of the blessed is vastly more desirable than this earth-life; and yet they take every possible precaution to avoid the risk of prematurely entering that state of bliss. A funeral will be carried out with every evidence of woe, of mourning for the deceased, and lamentation for the untimely ending of a life, and then the grave-stone of the defunct will bear some declaration of the superior bliss and blessedness of the new life to which the lamented one has gone.

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Can we believe that the woe and mourning were other than an evidence of the fear of death?

In some countries the wailing and mourning for the dead is carried to extraordinary lengths: and a study of history would lead us to suppose that death has always been regarded with awe, which is strangely akin to fear. Exceptions are to be found, no doubt; but I think that they were exceptions distinguishing those few who welcomed death joyfully from the general masses of mankind, who frankly feared and hated death as much as they loved and desired life.

I do not know if there is any historical record of a people on this earth who were entirely free from the fear of death — of death as the enemy of life, if not as the enemy of man. So too the conquering of death has been regarded as a superhuman achievement, that has been accomplished only by beings of at least a semi-divine nature.

But also it would appear from the fragmentary teachings of great sages, as well as from the fully recorded doctrines of more modern philosophers and religious teachers, that the fear of death was considered by the wise as unworthy of enlightened men. Nor did these sages regard death as an enemy: some even have looked upon the messenger of release as a friend of man, who comes to liberate him from a bad dream by awakening him to a true state of spiritual life.

Even those who have looked on death as the enemy of life, have taught that its advent should be accepted as inevitable, and therefore not as a disaster to be feared.

Perhaps the strangest phenomenon of human thinking is the attitude of mind that regards death, at any time, as a disaster, as something that might have been avoided, and which seems to assume that if it were not for accident or misfortune life in the body would be eternal — although all know that they and others will die. It is the one thing in life that they can count on with certainty; yet the majority seem to look upon its advent as the most appalling catastrophe that can befall a human being.

Those who are sensible enough to accept the inevitable, still consider it a duty to maintain life in the body as long as possible, and a crime to hasten the inevitable end.

Now the explanation of this fear of death is to be found in the generally accepted idea that death ends life. A natural supposition, certainly, to a mind that is wholly concerned with affairs of the body, and that does not recognise its own spiritual essence and origin. Of course this common error of the materialist, or of the wholly unspiritual mind, is not shared by those who are convinced that life is continuous, and eternal, though death may destroy the connexion between the spiritual soul and its temporary body. It is almost sure that certain enlightened people have

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been free from this gross error in all ages; but it would seem that such enlightenment was limited to a small minority. Historical records of past ages are very scanty; and even the little that remains is perforce only very imperfectly translated, and is unavoidably colored in the translation by the preconceptions and prejudices of our own time. So that it may well be that there was a time when the world was more highly enlightened on spiritual matters, and when men looked on death as but a gateway in the house of life through which they passed willingly to a new state of existence, by a natural process, as unalarming as the act of going to sleep is now.

There are traditions of immortal beings, who were by some regarded as human gods and by others as divine men, who were reputed to have lived on earth, but to have had access to the regions inhabited by the immortals, who were their kin. These legends occur in many lands; and they point to a belief in the continuity of life that is hard to account for if there be no fact in nature to support it, or to support the teaching from which the legends sprang.

While the fear of death is naturally more intense among the ignorant, the ignorance from which it springs is spread throughout the most civilized countries of the world, and is perhaps as deeply rooted in the wealthy classes as among the poor. This results from the entirely materialistic character of the education that passes current in the civilized world today. The continuity of life is not taught: and the belief that death is the end of life follows as a natural consequence.

The religions that have spread most widely during the last two thousand years, seem to have tried to combat the fear of death by the promise of a future life more attractive than the present one: but the greed for happiness that caused the acceptance of this promise of an eternity of bliss, as a compensation for a temporary unpleasantness, also aroused intellectual revolt against an untenable proposition, and brought about a deeper skepticism and materialism than before. It is probable that millions of nominal adherents of these religions actually have no real conviction of a future life of any kind beyond the grave. It is also certain that the doubtful prospect of an eternity of compulsory beatitude does not appear to be sufficient compensation for loss of the emotions and sensations of physical life here on earth. For it is undeniable that the majority of avowedly religious people cling to their present life with a tenacity that denotes small faith in the promised bliss beyond the grave: and the fear of death is manifestly common among the professed devotees of all the great religions.

The natural conclusion is that these religious systems have not so far succeeded in reconciling their adherents to the inevitable calamity

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we call death. In what respect have they fallen short of requirements?

The only reasonable remedy for this unreasonable distrust of natural law is to be found in a serious conviction that the real self of man is not deprived of life by the death of the body. So long as the soul is regarded as an appurtenance or as an appendage of the body, the individual may naturally enough feel some doubts as to its future, and indeed as to its present reality. Besides which, the individual is more interested in his own immediate existence than in the salvation or damnation of a soul which he habitually speaks of as his own, but which he does not exactly identify with himself. One who believes that he HAS a soul must necessarily feel that he himself, as owner of that soul, is more or less separate: but, if he had learned to look upon himself as a soul inhabiting a body, he would never have had any doubt as to the continuity of his existence, and he would not have come to look upon death as an end of life, a calamity to be dreaded, and to be delayed at any cost.

The Theosophic doctrine of reincarnation, which had almost dropped out of the remembrance of the modern civilized western world before the revival of the old Wisdom-Religion by H. P. Blavatsky, affords such a rational explanation of the problem of continued existence that it must almost of necessity remove one great cause of the fear of death: for he who accepts the Theosophic teaching on the subject feels an assurance that his evolution will not be broken off at death, nor will be interfered with by the loss of his physical body; because he will feel that the end of a life is no more than the end of a day's work, to be taken up next life-time, after a long night's rest, with a new body and a new brain, but with a reserve fund of acquired experience, which has been converted into what we call character. That character will be just what he has made it in past lives, and can be further improved or damaged by his present mode of life; but it can not be arbitrarily taken from him by death. For death is but a doorway in the house of life: and in that house are many mansions.

The acceptance of this doctrine is easy to one who knows that his true self is not his perishable personality, but his spiritual soul, which lives on eternally. This conviction comes to many, who may not word their feelings in the terms I am using, and who may not be professors of any particular religion; but who *feel* that the self within is superior to all the events of life and death, a spectator, as it were, of a drama in which body and mind are actors on the stage of worldly life.

It is an undoubted fact that many people fear the darkness, without being able to explain why. But such fear may generally be traced, I think, to bad teaching in childhood. It is probable that the fear of the dark was in most cases deliberately put into the child's mind as a means

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of punishing or disciplining the infant. Bad education relies upon bribery and intimidation for the establishment of authority. The result is destruction of true morality and the loss of self-respect, as well as of self-control.

Fear is a degrading state of mind, which weakens the will and destroys self-reliance. Deliberately to plant fear in a human mind is to commit a grave sin against the indwelling soul, which thereby is deprived of its rightful influence over the mind. Fear confuses the sense of right and wrong, and substitutes an instinct of self-defense for a calm assertion of conscious right and a right contempt for self-interest. It is fear that makes men cruel — it seems to justify cruelty. The fearless man is not troubled about self-protection. The darkness is like death, to the ignorant; it represents the great unknown, which is furnished and peopled by imagination. Fear creates terrors, and peoples the darkness with monsters. The enlightened man finds light in his own heart, and his imagination peoples the darkness with beautiful visions, which are but the natural expression of his own interior condition. But few are the enlightened; and for the majority the darkness is filled with horrors, or with unpleasantness, because it acts as a screen on which the restless mind flashes moving pictures filmed on the brain by the automatic memory recording the emotions, passions, and desires of the lower nature, as well as the aspirations of the higher. So the dark may be terrible to many who have not the courage to face their own thoughts and the strength to conquer them.

Fear is the creative power of imagination distorted by moral disease. It creates terrors and monsters, and the greatest monster of its creation is the boggy called death. The monstrosity is man-made: the reality is no terror. It is but the passing through an open door, the entering upon a new day of life or perhaps upon a dream that may fill the sleeping-time between two lives. But a dream is in itself a miniature life-time. While it lasts it is real to the dreamer, though it may be regarded as a delusion when it is past. But, waking or sleeping, life goes on continuously; and we may lie down to die as calmly as we lie down to sleep, in the assurance of the continuity of our life.

This is the hope that Theosophy reveals to the student, for without the continuity of the deeper consciousness there could be no true progress possible, no hope of happiness to compensate for life's present woes; no release from the tyranny of fear; no chance to redeem our past mistakes.

Life means all this and more if life is continuous; if not, it is but a spasm of emotion or pain, meaningless, purposeless, useless. If our earth-life is the only life, it is a mockery indeed. If it is not, then it must be but an incident in a great scheme of life, in which the individuals

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may attain to full self-consciousness, which would be equivalent to illumination of the lower mind by the wisdom of the soul: it would mean that the individual would eventually become aware of his true relation to the Universal. It would mean escape from ignorance and egotism to a state of universal consciousness, in which the meaning of self would be revealed as a sense of one-ness, or Universal Brotherhood; which is the reflexion in the mind of man of the spiritual light of the Universal Soul.

That light must shine eternally, of course, but so does the sun: yet the night may be dark and clouds may obscure the sunlight by day. So too in life; emotions, passions, and desires may create clouds that shut the sunlight of true life out from the mind: and when the night of death has come, the spiritual sun still shines and the spiritual soul is not in darkness while the lower soul sleeps and dreams its dream of heaven or hell. The night is not eternal: but day and night alternate.

If we believed the sinking of the sun denoted the end of the last and only day of life, then night would naturally be a terror. But when night comes even the most timorous will lie down to sleep with a hope of tomorrow's awakening that is so sure as to resemble a conviction more than a hope. And I think that when death actually comes, the dying realize the fact that they are immortal, and the fear of death is gone.

But there is no need to wait for death to free us from our foolish fear of the great release. The hope of life is natural to man, because life is eternal, and the soul knows its immortality, even though the mind may be clouded by ignorance and deformed by false training and false learning. The fear of death is not natural, nor is the hope of life a fancy. Rather it is the mental echo of a truth known to the soul.

Man's nature is so complex that his life is full of problems that appear insoluble to him as long as he is ignorant of his own complexity. When he can realize that there is a marked duality in him, a higher and a lower nature, and that he fluctuates between strange opposites all the time, then a great many problems can be easily solved, and the path can be opened to a fuller understanding of the mystery of life, which, like all other mysteries, is only mysterious by reason of our ignorance.

The knowledge of Theosophy is like an open door in the wall of human ignorance. The sunlight of Truth is shining all the time outside, and that truth is what we call Theosophy, the Divine Wisdom, according to one reading of the word. The knowledge of the existence of this divine wisdom is alone enough to remove the fear of death: and the hope of life must follow.

Without hope of some sort, life would be hardly bearable: it would hardly be life, even though the body were not dead. Hope is essential

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to human happiness, and indeed it is essential to sanity. Without it man's pessimism would be no better than madness. Without hope man becomes lower than an animal, in whom instinct provides a substitute for reason and imagination. Without hope man is an irredeemable degenerate, and there are many such: and our social system is continually engaged in making more of them, by taking away the hope of rehabilitation from the convicted criminal. Of course this is not done intentionally. It is done in self-defense, which is nearly always a blundering expression of an unreasoning fear, due to a black ignorance of human nature.

Theosophy gives a man hope, it shows him that no mistake is final, that his inner and true self is not degraded by the mistakes of the lower man, though the higher must suffer for it. It teaches him that even if his present life seems utterly wrecked, he can be working to improve his character for the next life, in which his past mistakes may be redeemed, and past disgraces be forgotten. The doctrine of Reincarnation is an expression of the hope that life holds for all.

We cannot speak of it too often, for there are so many who have lost hope, even among the most prosperous. Many, who have succeeded in business, have beggared themselves of hope and faith in human nature, and know their lives have proved a failure in spite of the wealth they have accumulated. For no wealth can compensate for loss of hope: and when a man has grown thoroughly cynical he has lost hope, seeing alone the dark side of human nature and not realizing that there is a bright side, which is more real, though it may seem a fancy to his deadened imagination.

The loss of hope is the greatest tragedy in life, and the severest penalty for the sin against the soul that is called selfishness. That sin is so common as to be almost universal, and unhappiness is just as general, for it follows inevitably. Carried to its extreme limit it is recognised as insanity. The separation of self from the Universal is the abuse of self, the denial of the true self, the extinction of the light of the Higher Self. To understand the mystery of self man must forget himself in work for others and so find his real relation to the world in which he lives, as well as his relation to the spiritual world from which he comes and to which he must return continually for renewal of his spiritual vitality. The Universal Soul is like the Sun which was invoked in the old formula known as the *Gâyatri*:

"Oh thou, that givest light and sustenance unto the Universe, Thou, from whom all doth proceed, and to whom all must return: Unveil the face of the true Sun, now hidden by a veil of golden light; that we may know the truth, and do our whole duty, as we journey towards thy sacred seat!"

THEOSOPHY, THE BASIS OF RELIGION

The hope of life is life itself, true life, the life of the true self in man, the active presence of the spiritual soul. In that alone resides the power that can redeem man's ignorance and dispel his doubts. Theosophy is the science of the Soul, the revelation of the meaning of human life; profound as life itself, and yet as simple and intelligible. For life's problems are proportioned to the understanding of each individual. Each man is the maker of his own mystery, and he must unravel the mystery he has made.

The only death that man need fear is soul-death. The death of the body is as certain as the death of any tree or plant; a change of domicile for the soul, which may sometimes occur inopportunately, but which has nothing in it to inspire fear.

The fear of death is artificial, and is wholly unnecessary. The hope of life is an intuitive perception of the fact that the real inmost self of man is undying, and that life is continuous through birth and death; the soul of man evolving through all experience of life on earth to full self-conscious spirituality, in which the individual attains to conscious union with the Universal. For life and consciousness are coeternal; and death is but the passing through a doorway in the house of life.

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H. TRAVERS, M. A.



AS to the derivation of the word 'religion,' two rival opinions dispute the field, each claiming authority among both ancient and modern scholars. According to one view it comes from a verb meaning to ponder or meditate; according to the other, from a verb meaning to bind. But whether, in its origin, it signifies meditation or obligation, does not much matter, since there can be but little doubt as to the present significance of the word. When we come down to the precision of dictionary definitions, we usually find that a single word has more than one meaning; a fact not duly appreciated in the looseness of ordinary discourse. But it will not require a great mental effort to distinguish the two senses of the word 'religion' in which it means (1) religion in general and in the abstract, and (2) some particular creed or system of faith. In the latter sense it is usually preceded by the indefinite article — '*a* religion.'

In this particular cyclic point in the world's history we are engaged in a general process of unification, of breaking down barriers, and of

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seeking common factors between diverse quantities; a process rendered necessary by the universal facility of intercommunication and the widespread commingling of human interests that has been brought about by the development of applied science, travel, printing, etc. It would be easy to enumerate instances: a common language is sought, to act as the common instrument of intercourse between peoples of diverse tongues; a common basis of self-government, to be employed between sundered nations; a pooling of commercial interests; and so on. And those engaged in speculative enterprise are likewise occupied in seeking for common origins and roots in their several fields of inquiry.

The question of a common religion, both in its speculative and practical aspect, is therefore one that commands and deserves attention.

Many earnest and intelligent people, perceiving the local and temporary nature of creeds and formulas, disgusted with the insincerities and futilities of conventional religious life, have sought for some basis whereon to rest a common faith for all mankind. They have pared away all definite articles of creed; but unfortunately, in the process, they have removed so much and left so little, that the remainder seems devoid both of definiteness and of vitality sufficient for the practical purposes for which it was designed. Their new religion is vague and forceless; it has no appeal.

The question, therefore, seems to be, How can we get rid of dogma and sect without impairing the quality and force of religion?

It would appear that the process should be one of addition rather than subtraction. To use an illustration: the process known as composite photography aims to secure a typical human face by the method of superimposing a number of negatives of different faces successively upon one piece of photographic printing paper. For instance, the members of the President's cabinet might all be photographed one over the other, thus producing a composite portrait of the whole group. The result is, however, that all the distinguishing features of each face are suppressed, while only what is common to all remains; and we obtain a face without character, a mere man in fact. This suggests what happens when we try to find a common religion by shaking together, as it were, various creeds and filtering off whatever is not precipitated. We obtain a weak and colorless fluid, neither acid nor alkaline, harmless indeed but entirely without stingo.

If religion is in a bad way, it is clearly not enough to bleed the patient for the purpose of removing the impure blood; new and vital blood must be imported. If, instead of the temple, we find only its ruins, it will not suffice to cart away the ruins; the original temple must be rebuilt. Religion itself must be reconstituted, recalled to life.

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It is becoming a perfectly familiar idea that religion is not any one creed, nor confined to any one creed, but is a state of the mind and heart. It is faith in the eternal verities and in their efficacy. It is an understanding of the inviolable laws of supernature, a trust in those laws, and a loyalty in conduct thereto. In this sense any man is religious who believes that truth, honor, compassion, purity, justice, and the like, are imperative obligations; and that a due loyalty to these ideals, both in thought and deed, is the only condition on which he can live a happy and worthy life.

Many earnest people cherish such ideas; but we feel that there is some vital element yet lacking. It would seem that one essential of religion is unity and coherence. It is for this reason that creeds are formulated and churches organized. Obedient to the same need, we find efforts being made to unite and co-ordinate various non-sectarian movements into one body. But again we have to say that the proposed bond of union is too often negative rather than positive. The several bodies have more points of difference than of unanimity. It is not a union of disbelief, but a union of belief that is called for.

Beneath all true religion there must lie knowledge and the possibility of attaining knowledge. In the East there is a name for an ancient and comprehensive science, *Ātma-Vidyā*, the supreme Wisdom-Knowledge, the key to all the mysteries of life. This has always been cherished as an object of possible attainment for man. This supreme knowledge, under various names, has been recognised in all ages, and has been an object of veneration and quest among the wise and zealous in every land. Only in eras when materialism becomes intensified do men turn aside from this ideal to pursue lower aims; and thus, developing the lower side of their nature, they lose faith in themselves and fall into sectarian strife and unbelief.

It was the avowed purpose of H. P. Blavatsky, in founding the Theosophical Society, to bring back to man's recollection the fact of this supreme and eternal Wisdom-Knowledge, and to inspire him with the enthusiasm to follow its noble precepts.

The important point here seems to be that the achievements of humanity in the past are to be counted on. Instead of proceeding as if we were the first who ever tried to find a common basis for religions, we must recognise that the thing has been done before. Or rather, it was not that separate religions were united, but that (contrariwise) the separate religions have all sprung from an original unity. It is this original unity that we have to seek and to restore. There is, and always has been, a fundamental Root-religion, the common parent of all religions; and this is the Secret Doctrine, about which Theosophy teaches.

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This constitutes a *positive* basis of unity, not a mere negative one; and Theosophy is not a watery residue of religions, but their very life-blood.

Thus Religion is indeed a state of mind and heart, but it is also a great body of knowledge and wisdom; it includes all that is understood by the word science in the widest sense of that word. And when we say knowledge and science, we do not mean *merely* a knowledge of the mysteries of nature, but (what is so much more important) an understanding of the laws of human life and conduct, which is what the world so much needs today. If a great Teacher happened to know all about how to liberate the colossal forces locked within the atom, it would be his interest to keep that knowledge back, rather than to make a free present of it to the nations, so that they could destroy each other in the name of liberty; or rather than to give it to criminals to use against society. This shows what we mean by useful knowledge as contrasted with mere learning.

We must re-establish *Religio* in the hearts of men, both individually and socially, all are agreed — but how? By science; by stating the laws of nature and familiarizing people with them. Not by teaching them how many electrons there are in an atom, but by explaining to them the composition of Nature, of human nature and how they are governed. That is what we mean by science. And for this we must revive the ancient Wisdom-Religion. See what Theosophy has to say about the seven-fold nature of beings, about Karma, and about Reincarnation. Then you will have the basis of a new psychology, better than all the complicated theories of “complexes” and “reflexes,” of “subconscious” and “unconscious,” of “auto-suggestion” and so forth. Existing psychology appears to deal exclusively with the relation of the lower or animal man with the body; but *we need a psychology that shall reveal the connexion of the higher or divine man with the lower man.*

Theosophy has done much to restore forgotten ideals as to the divine nature of man, the universal sway of the law of justice, and the eternal life of the Soul throughout successive incarnations. Yet even these ideals would remain nugatory if not put into practice. Therefore we shall find that the policy of the Theosophical Society has always been to make conduct run in equal steps with knowledge. Contrast with this policy the doings of those who wish to make Theosophy a mere intellectual pursuit; their efforts will merely add to the already too great number of barren philosophies before the world. One who accepts the belief that the Soul is the real man lays upon himself an obligation to rule his conduct in accordance with his belief, or otherwise his faith must be barren and at bottom insincere. How much faith can a man have in a belief which he is not willing to rely upon as a rule of conduct?

THE CONDEMNED

The Theosophical teachings, made real by practice, will afford the definite basis of union required to unite people of various creeds and races in one body. The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society can demonstrate that it is able to refashion the lives of people in a way that nothing else can; and so people will turn to its teachings as their best resource when other things fail them.

THE CONDEMNED

KENNETH MORRIS

PUT him to death! — He was but wrought
Through myriad years of upward strife,
And intermingling death and life,
Action and action, thought and thought.

What part hath pity here to play?
What part? — 'Tis but the Voice Divine,
The Spirit's seal and countersign
That makes man Human. On and slay!

It is not meet you turn aside
To counsel with that human part
Which plays the angel in man's heart
Here in this hell of lust and pride.

It is not meet that you should heed
Aught but your stern and man-made law,
Which hath in it, perchance, no flaw
'Gainst which the God in man might plead.

Who sinned shall suffer? — Yea, in sooth!
Go you, that know no sin nor shame,
Blot from the Book of Life his name;
Blot from your hearts the human ruth!

Do that you never can repair;
Undo the work that God hath done:
'Tis but some human mother's son,
Some human hope turned to despair.

You know not why he came to earth,
Commissioned whence, nor to fulfil
What fate,— to meet what destined ill
Enambushed round the gates of birth.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

You know not what fair hope might rise
Yet in his God-allotted time
To undo in him what wrought the crime,
And the unmanned thing re-humanize.

A human tiger? — What! the clay
You kill,—or that which dwells within?
Think you your hangman cures the sin
Purges the ill thing done away?

Is there no dignity in Man,
No beauty and power in love, in thought,
That you should suddenly bring to naught
One fragment of the Eternal Plan?

Think! he is human: somewhere deep
Within his being, all o'ercast,
The unremembered human past,
Its pathos and its splendors, sleep!

Human! O God, what pity and pride,—
What immemorial heights to win,—
What gods oblivioned o'er with sin,—
What Sons of Mary crucified,—

What Maid of Orleans' funeral flame,—
What Titan bound and vulture-torn,—
What proud and fallen Stars of Morn
Are symbol'd 'neath the human name!

But you—let loose the source of ill:
The tiger hate that rends his soul
You set beyond your law's control;
'Tis but the human thing you kill.

That only! — In yourselves, in us,
In all mankind, the Christ is slain
On this World-Golgotha again
When you insult the Eternal thus!

Because you mar the sacred plan
Of God and Time! Because you offend
That which is God till Time shall end,—
The holy Humanness of Man.

TEMPLES OF CEYLON

(Plate I) THE MALIGAWA TEMPLE OR 'TEMPLE OF THE TOOTH'

The most famous Buddhist shrine of Ceylon. According to tradition, the tooth was one of the teeth of the Buddha and was brought to Ceylon in the early part of the fifth century A. D. by a Princess of Kalinga, India. About 1315 A. D. the tooth became a spoil of conquest of the Malabars, who carried it back to India, but it was recovered by the Ceylonese under Prakrama Bahu III. In 1560 the Portuguese conquerors took the tooth to Goa, where it was burned by the Archbishop in the presence of the Viceroy. The tooth now in the Kandian temple is said to have been manufactured to replace the original one by Vikrama Bahu.

In the foreground of the picture appears a small dagoba.

(Plate II) THE ROCK-TEMPLE OF HINDAGALA, NEAR KANDY

A natural cavity formed by the overhanging rocky mass has been made use of. Set up against the rock forming the back wall of the interior of the temple are great images of the Buddha and of various divinities. The chief priest and his assistants are seen at the edge of the temple veranda, and, just beyond them, Ceylonese women holding babes. The rock-temple occupies a high isolated spot in the midst of the jungles, and from it on a clear day Adam's Peak, the sacred mountain of Ceylon, is visible.

(Plate III) ROCK-TEMPLE AT ISURUMUNIYA, NEAR RUINS OF ANURÂDHAPURÂ, THE ANCIENT CAPITAL OF BUDDHIST CEYLON

Like the rock-temple of Hindagala, it is in part carved from the solid rock. A large seated Buddha occupies the central shrine of the interior. On the terraces are sculptured in low relief sacred elephants, some of which appear in the photograph.

(Plate IV) THE MUTIYANGANE VIHÂRA TEMPLE

The chief Buddhist temple of Badulla, the capital of the Province of Uva, in the central part of the mountainous regions of Ceylon, eighteen miles from the railway. The site of this temple is ancient and the dagoba seen in the background dates from about the time of the temple foundation, but the present temple edifice is not very old.

Three Sinhalese boys are in the foreground.

NEW IDEAS AND IDEALS IN SCIENCE

T. HENRY, M. A.

"Sir Clifford Allbutt . . . was led to the important conclusion that biologists seem to have proved that evolution of form may go on continuously when environmental change is suspended or remains constant, and, conversely, that environmental change does not necessarily induce evolution." — *Presidential Address, British Medical Association, Report in Manchester Guardian Weekly Edition, July 2.*

NOTHER striking sign of the revolutionary changes in opinion that are taking place everywhere. We were told that evolution takes place in response to the stimulus of environment. Yet, even so, evolution could not be logically conceived as taking place without the co-operation of a force within the organism, which force perceived the environmental influences and responded to them. A beetle may respond to changes of climate; a boulder little, if at all; a stock may reach out toward the sunlight, but not a stone. So that even this theory implied the existence of intelligence in the organism. Yet the mechanical aspect of the question was overdone, and the intelligent side slighted; and now it is the other way round. We are now told that the organism will evolve regardless of environment: that it will evolve when there is no environmental change, and that it will not always evolve when there is. Clearly we had not viewed the problem all around: there was more in it than appeared at first sight.

But, when the organism, in evolving, does not respond to environment, to what does it respond? To the plan or design contained invisibly within. The speaker speaks of the evolution of form; form is the outward visible manifestation of that which is inner and invisible — the model or plan or design. This latter can be conceived as an *idea*, a *thought*. The world of visible nature is continually expressing ideas. If we attempt to derive matter from itself, we land in an impasse. Matter is evolved from that which is not matter. Or, if we are to give an ampler meaning to the word matter, we may say that physical matter is evolved from what is not physical matter.

And, as regards the other side of the quoted statement — that environmental change does not necessarily induce evolution, this is but a recognition of the indisputable fact that a stimulus has two sides to it: a stimulus is practically no stimulus at all unless it is responded to. Thus the external stimuli are dethroned from their power: they do not use the organism, but the organism uses them. It is the germ that does the work: it may be influenced by its surroundings, but it can also resist and utilize its surroundings.

NEW IDEAS AND IDEALS IN SCIENCE

All evolution is the result of interaction between two influences, which may be called spirit and matter, though we must beware of confusion that may arise from forgetting the many other uses of these two words. The builder and his material is another pair of words that may help to convey the idea. The organism is a builder living within the house he has built. Take the case of a linnæus for example: every act of generation produces what is virtually the same bird over again. The essence is one and inexhaustible, like fire, which is communicated indefinitely and inexhaustibly wherever fuel is supplied. In the world of types there is One; in the material world there are infinite numbers. This we recognise in common language, where we speak of "the linnæus," "the horse," etc. Thus evolution involves the production of innumerable organisms from a type. That type, please observe, is not an abstraction, not a mere way of speaking, but something that exists somewhere.

It has doubtless been a source of sorrow and confusion to many, to think that science leads one way and religion another; to find their scientific conclusions at variance with their convictions drawn from other sources. But the quest of truth, if honestly and thoroughly followed, cannot lead us along divergent paths; and where there is antagonism, it shows that mistakes have been made. Many of our past mistakes in science are now being rectified, of which the present is an instance. Theosophy has always contended for a wider and more reasonable interpretation of the principle of evolution, as witness H. P. Blavatsky's *Secret Doctrine*, and many articles based thereon. In this, Theosophy has mapped out the lines which science was destined to follow; teachings once rejected with scorn and disapproval are now being suggested and approved by the representatives of science.

Who more strongly than H. P. Blavatsky and her pupils has insisted on the necessity for recognising intelligence and mind as the moving factor in life and evolution, and on the futility of trying to represent natural processes as blind machinery?

In an address reported in *Science* (July 30), Professor Glenn W. Herrick enumerates among the obligations of science "the maintenance and increase of the ideals and the spiritual forces of humanity," and says, in elucidation of the above:

"What I wish to emphasize is, that work in pure science constitutes after all the most fundamental kind of research for humanity because it touches the spirit and the soul of mankind and everlastingly ennoble the human race. Pure research in science or in the humanities has been and still is the basis for all intellectual and moral progress and advance in enlightenment among all races and all peoples. And at this critical stage of civilization the spiritual force of this kind of intellectual activity needs new emphasis and added stress. The spirit of the pure scientist is the spirit that we desire to see pervade all humanity and all the activities of humanity. It is a spirit of truth and honesty that tends to banish superstition, narrowness, greed, selfishness, and provincialism and to establish charity, fairness, justice,

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and decency. Indeed all high intellectual effort, whether in science or in the humanities, embodies this spirit."

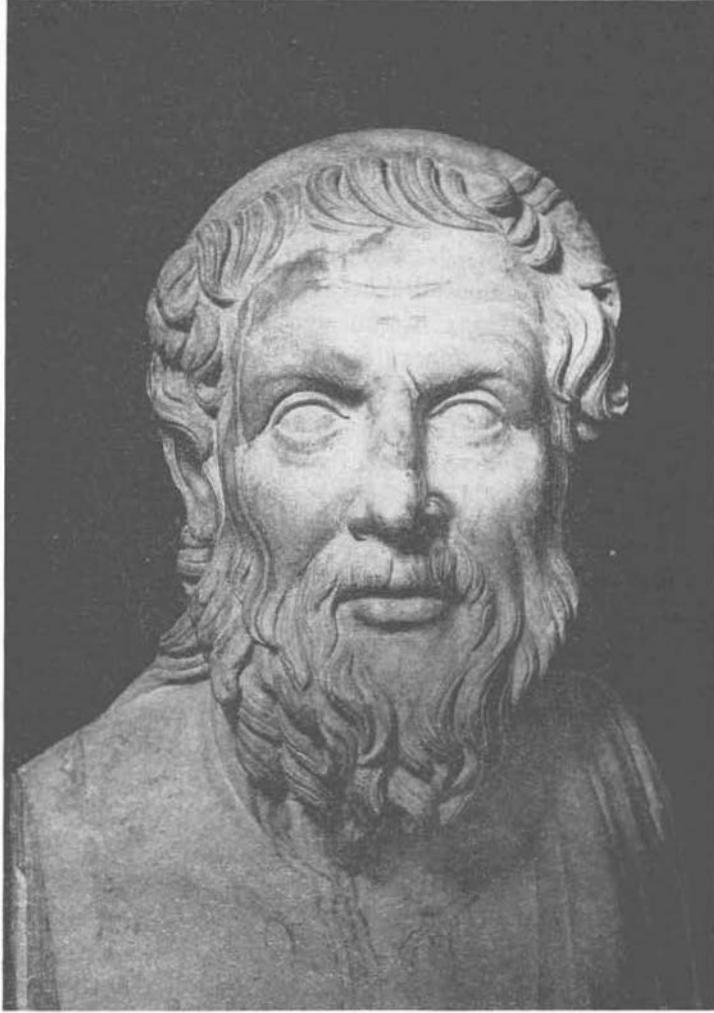
It would be hard to reconcile the above program with methods of research involving cruelty. Does vivisection "touch the spirit and the soul of mankind and everlastingly ennoble the human race?"

We also feel tempted to ask to what extent science, in making statements like this, is *following* the march of public sentiment. One has often heard the churches urging reforms in themselves, driven on by the necessities of the times, yet striving to maintain their position as leader rather than follower. Is science insisting that people shall be honest and noble, or are the people insisting that science shall be honest and noble?

Mind pervades the universe. Among creatures, Man is the chief lord of Mind. Duties, privileges, attend him in his labors in the garden wherein he was placed to till it. All nature waits for him. If he could cease to regard nature as so much material to be cut, quarried, mined, exploited, and look upon her more as his living feeling companion, he would win from her bosom more of the secrets she has to impart; he would gain from her more for the welfare of humanity than can be extorted from her by ravishment. Cows should be milked, not bled. To the man who promises us boons from ruthless and barbarous experiments, we may reply as we would to him who kills the goose with the golden eggs: What you gain is a paltry consolation for what you are losing.

Science is getting back some of its own; is acquiring a larger meaning. The quest of knowledge cannot be made colorless, for it is impossible to eliminate the character of the investigator. Moreover, existing sentiments demand that all discoveries shall be made common property; and thus knowledge is placed at the disposal of the irresponsible. The appeal of force still rules, and the airplane stands ready to back up argument, should that means of persuasion fail. One finds difficulty in accommodating the high ideals spoken of by the authority last quoted with the policy of strengthening the power of our persuasions by the use of poison gas. "Pure research" in science has resulted in the discovery of such things, and may at any time lead to further such discoveries. Is this, then, the basis for all moral progress? It looks like putting the cart before the horse; ought not morality to come first and research second?

The plain truth would seem to be that, if science is to find a place in the ideal world-polity we contemplate, it must observe the necessary conditions. Judging from the present condition of occidental civilization, a reform in science is needed, or a better kind of science, or something better to control science. A knowledge of human nature, a study of mind rather than matter, a knowledge of the spiritual laws of life.



BUST BELIEVED TO BE A PORTRAIT OF APOLLONIUS OF TYANA, IN THE CAPITOLINE MUSEUM, ROME

APOLLONIUS OF TYANA AND THE ROMAN EMPIRE

P. A. MALPAS

(Illustrated by likenesses photographed from coins of the periods, especially for this article.)



WHATEVER legendary, semi-legendary, or symbolical characters lived in the first century of our era, Apollonius is historical enough. He was born at Tyana in Cappadocia, not far from Tarsus, and he always preferred to be called 'the Tyanean'; the Greeks ever loved a play on words, especially in names. His family were of the 'first families of Cappadocia,' wealthy Greeks who had emigrated there in the early days.

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His birth occurred about the year 1 'B. C.' and he was before the public for some ninety-seven years — at the latter age showing immense vigor and conducting his school of philosophy at Ephesus as actively as any younger man. He was a Pythagorean all his life and lived his own simple way in his own simple fashion of dress — for both of which things he was not only considered 'peculiar' but actually accused as a wicked criminal. Early in life he visited the Indian school of philosophers, living on a hill or mount somewhere in the neighborhood of the 'Ganges' and 'Indus.' These were the teachers of Pythagoras, and they became the teachers of Apollonius; it is safe to say that the details given of their residence are not intended to make their Hill a tourist resort, and that they are only given in a general sort of way on purpose. H. P. Blavatsky seems to suggest that this "Hill of the Sages" is in Cashmere.

After the Indian visit Apollonius traveled over most of the known world, from the Hindu Khush to Gibraltar and Cadiz, from the Upper Nile to Greece and Rome, and almost everywhere except perhaps to Jerusalem, which was then giving a certain amount of trouble to the Empire, and was taken by Titus in the year 70.

Apollonius moved among the highest in every land he visited, and was noted for his rarely visiting other persons, however high their rank; for the pithiness and laconic brevity of his letters; and for the universal acceptance of him in all the temples as a god who was conferring a favor on the temples by directing their worship. His 'miracles' or deeds showing acquaintance with the deeper laws of nature, and especially of medicine (he commenced his career in the temple of Aesculapius, the god of medicine), are world-famed, and have come down, in many a story attributed to other philosophers, to our own day. In the Greek world Apollonius was without a doubt the greatest character of the first century, and acted as the spiritual messenger of the age. He is a solid historical fact, but, like so many of his sort, he took no great care to leave many personal details for publication, though he wrote several text-books for temple use. Most of his history comes from the diary of his disciple Damis, the Assyrian, edited by Philostratus the Elder at the behest of the great Roman Empress Julia Domna, about a hundred years after his departure.

About the year 70 'A. D.,' Apollonius was at Alexandria in Egypt, preparing for his journey to the ascetics of the Upper Nile. The Alexandrians received him with joy. "When he went up into the temple a beauty shone from his face and the words he uttered on all subjects were divine, being framed in wisdom." On these occasions he was said to bear a strange resemblance to his Indian teacher, Iarchas, the chief of the philosophers. He so identified himself with that great soul that his

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words, his manner, and his very looks seemed to become like those of the one whom he revered more than anyone in the world.

This temple is said to have been the Serapeum, where Hypatia also uttered the words of divine wisdom some 348 years later, before the Cyrillian rabble of monks tore the flesh from her body and scraped the bones with oyster-shells, lest by some miracle she should escape their pious hands.

When the great Vespasian was besieging Jerusalem, he conceived the idea of becoming Emperor of Rome, as it was said. He sent to ask the advice of Apollonius, who declined to go into a country which its inhabitants had defiled both by what they did and what they suffered. Vespasian had now decided upon his action, and assuming the Imperial power in the countries bordering upon the Province of Egypt, he entered that country as Emperor; his real purpose was to see the Tyanean and obtain his approval and advice.

The sacred order of the priesthood in Alexandria, the civil magistrates, the deputies from the prefectures, the philosophers and sages, all went out in grand procession to welcome Vespasian and do him honor. Apollonius was pleased at

his coming but made no sign, and refrained from any kind of demonstration or even from going to meet him. Vespasian heard all they had to say, and then made as short a speech as he could in decency, before blurting out what he really had in mind.

"If the Tyanean is here, tell me where I may find him."

"He is here," they said, "doing all he can to make people better." Damis, on being asked, said he was in the temple.

"Let us go there," said Vespasian, "first that I may offer prayers to the gods, and next that I may converse with that excellent man."

And to the temple accordingly he went, hot foot.

As soon as the sacrifices were performed, Vespasian ignored the priests and the prefects and the deputies and the magistrates and the sages and the philosophers and the whole host of them in his intensity of purpose. Turning to Apollonius he said, in the voice and manner of a suppliant, "MAKE ME EMPEROR!"

Apollonius answered: "It is done already; for in the prayers I have just offered to heaven to send us a prince upright, generous, wise, venerable in years, and a true father, you are the man I asked



VESPASIAN

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

from the gods." Would any other than Apollonius have answered so modestly and philosophically?

Among the bystanders there were two philosophers, Euphrates and Dion, who certainly would not. They were big men in their way, Euphrates ambitious and itching for money, and Dion the good-natured, large-hearted man ready to be taken in by any ambitious comrade. These Apollonius recommended to Vespasian then as advisers, but they both broke down very soon under the burden of greatness; the former to become Apollonius' evil angel for the rest of his life.

Asked his opinion of Nero, Apollonius agreed that he knew how to tune a harp but was given to extremes in other matters. Since Apollonius was the one man in the Empire who defied Nero, he may be credited with knowing something of that young man.

Vespasian was then a man of about sixty years of age. He left the temple hand in hand with Apollonius, discussing the affairs of the Empire. Nero had been bad, but the imperial affairs appeared likely to become worse under the luxurious Vitellius, who used more perfume in his bath than Vespasian did water, and who if wounded would have exuded more Eau de Cologne, or its Roman equivalent, than blood.

"On you, Apollonius," said Vespasian, "I chiefly found my hopes of success, as I know you are well acquainted with whatever regards the gods; and for that reason I make you my friend and counselor in all those concerns on which depend the affairs of sea and land. For if omens, favorable to my wishes, are given from the gods, I will go on; if they are not propitious to me and the Roman people, I will stop where I am and engage no farther in any enterprise unsanctioned by heaven."

Apollonius, as though inspired, said: "O Jupiter Capitolinus, who art supreme Judge in the present crisis of affairs, act mutually for each other, you and Vespasian; keep yourself for him and him for yourself. The temple which was burnt yesterday by impious hands is decreed by the fates to be rebuilt by you."

Here was a statement given to a man who had faith. He asked no sign, and one was given him without hesitation. Vespasian was amazed.

"These things will be explained hereafter. Fear nought from me. Go on with what you have so wisely begun," added Apollonius. The sentences sounded almost Oriental, almost in the manner of Iarchas, with which Damis says he was sometimes inspired. Suddenly breaking off in the middle of the conversation, Apollonius left the Emperor, saying: "The laws and customs of the Indians permit me to do only that which is by them prescribed." But Vespasian had heard enough to fix him in his purpose and career.

News filtered through after a time that Domitian, the son of Vespasian,

APOLLONIUS OF TYANA AND THE ROMAN EMPIRE

who was in arms at Rome against Vitellius, in defense of his father's authority, was besieged in the Capitol. In making his escape from the besiegers the temple was burned, and Apollonius knew this before any one in Egypt had heard of it, in fact, as he had shown the next day.



TITUS

At dawn Apollonius entered the palace and asked what the Emperor was doing. He was told by the officers that he had been for some time employed in writing letters. Apollonius left, saying to Damis: "This man will certainly be Emperor."

Returning later in the day, at sunrise, Apollonius found Dion and Euphrates waiting to hear the result of the previous day's conference. Being admitted to the Emperor's room, he said: "Dion and Euphrates, your old friends, are at the door; they are attached to your interests, and are not

unmindful of the present position of affairs. Call them in, I pray you, for they are both wise."

"To wise men," said Vespasian, "my doors are always open. But to you, Apollonius, my heart likewise."

Vespasian, as Apollonius said, had learned from his predecessors how not to govern, just as a celebrated musician used to send his pupils to hear the most wretched performers, that they might learn *not* to play likewise!

Already, in a few hours, the demon of jealousy began to creep into the mind of Euphrates. He could not stand the intoxication of the power given to him by Apollonius, and envied the Emperor's devotion to that master of philosophy. Is it necessary to go into the form of reasoning which such jealousy was bound to take? The parallel is so common in history. Euphrates was ever for arguing and taking counsel, for deliberation and consultation and formalities and hesitations and all the rest. Yet here was this Apollonius, who certainly recommended him and Dion, but only at the stage of "Do this"; or "how is this to be done?" instead of asking advice as to what should be done. In a cloud of words he shows his piqued ambition.



DOMITIAN

Even Dion, invited to speak by Apollonius, approved this and dis-

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approved that and harangued the Emperor with a mass of words and opinions.

Then Apollonius, who was a thousand times their master, whether they knew it or not, calmly set them right, and the Emperor Vespasian too. In a careful and statesmanlike analysis of the situation, Apollonius declared that Vespasian, having all the necessary conditions, should go on with his enterprise unhesitatingly and without wavering, leaving aside all sophisms.

“As to myself, it is of little consequence what form of government is established, as I live under that of the gods. Yet I should be sorry to see mankind perish, like a flock of sheep, for want of a wise and faithful shepherd. For as one man, who excels in virtue, modifies the popular state of a republic, so as to make it appear as if governed by a single individual, in the same manner a state under the government of such a man wherein all things are directed to the common good, is what is properly called popular, or that of the people.”

These words of Apollonius gave immense relief to Vespasian, who declared that he had expressed his own feelings exactly. “I will follow your advice, as I think every word you have uttered is divine,” he said. “Tell me then, what I ought to do?”

The discourse of Apollonius is so characteristic that it stands alone. It is addressed to Vespasian, but his two sons Titus and Domitian were each at the head of a great army, and by this sanction of Apollonius became Emperors in their turn. It is true that Domitian afterwards allowed his actions to pass beyond the limits of all reason, but even then Apollonius was the only man to face him and to come off victorious. Since history repeats itself at all times, it was of course Euphrates who was the accuser and virulent enemy of Apollonius at that time of later history. There was no real need for Apollonius to have undergone that fearful trial and journey to Rome at the age of ninety-five, but he did it to save his friend Nerva, who thus became Emperor after Domitian by the direct action of Apollonius.

History therefore owes not less than four Roman Emperors to this great philosopher, at a time when it looked as if anarchy might prevail at the end of a line of rulers each worse than his predecessor.

This is his advice as to government.

ADVICE TO AN EMPEROR

“Tell me, I entreat you, what a good Prince ought to do?” Vespasian had pleaded.

To which Apollonius replied:

“What you ask, I cannot teach. For the art of government, of all human acquisitions, is the most important, but cannot be taught. However, I will tell you what, if you do, you will in my opinion do wisely.

“Look not on that, as wealth which is piled up in heaps, for what is it better than a heap of sand? Nor on that which arises from taxes, which men pay with tears, for the *gold so paid*

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lacks lustre, and is black. You will make a better use of your riches than ever sovereign did, if you employ them in supplying the necessities of the poor, and securing the property of the rich.

“Fear the power of doing everything you wish, for under this apprehension you will use it with more moderation.

“Do not lop away such ears of corn as are tall and most conspicuous, for herein the maxim of Aristotle is unjust. But harshness and cruelty of disposition weed out of your mind as you would tares and darnel out of your corn. . . .

“Acknowledge the law to be the supreme rule of your conduct. For you will be more mild in the making of laws, when you know you are to be subject to them yourself.

“Reverence the gods more than ever, for you have received great things at their hands, and have still much to ask.

“In what concerns the public, act like a prince; and in what relates to yourself, like a private man.

“In what light you ought to consider the love of gambling, of wine and women, I need not speak to you, who from your youth never liked them.

“You have two sons (Titus and Domitian), both according to report of good dispositions; keep them, I pray you, under strict discipline, for their faults will be charged to your account. Use authority and even threats, if necessary, and let them know that the empire is to be considered not as a matter of common right, but as the reward of virtue, and that it is to be their inheritance only by a perseverance in well-doing.

“Pleasures having become, as it were, denizens of Rome, are many in number, and should be restrained with great discretion. For it is a hard matter to bring over at once an entire people to a regular mode of living. It is only by degrees that a spirit of moderation can be instilled into the mind, and it is to be done sometimes by a public correction, and sometimes by one so private as to conceal the hand which does it.

“Suppress the pride and luxury of the freed men and slaves under your subjection, and let them understand that their modesty should keep pace with their master's greatness.

“I have but one more observation to make, and that relates to the governors sent out to rule the several provinces of the empire. I do not mean such governors as you will send out yourself, for you will only employ the deserving, but I mean those who are chosen by lot. The men sent out so ought to be suited, as far as can be made consistent with that mode of election, to the several countries over which they are appointed to preside. They who understand Greek should be sent to Greece, and they who understand Latin, to such countries as use that language. I will now tell you why I say this. Whilst I was in Peloponnesus the Governor of that province knew nothing of Greek, nor did the people know anything of him. Hence arose innumerable mistakes. For the people in whom he confided suffered him to be corrupted in the distribution of justice, and to be treated more like a slave than a governor.

“I have said now what has occurred to me today. If anything else occurs, we shall resume the conversation at another time. At present discharge your duty to the state to the end that you may not appear more indulgent to those under your authority than what is consistent with that duty.”

Vespasian loved Apollonius and took great delight in hearing him talk of what antiquities he saw in his travels, of the Indian King Phraotes, of the rivers and wild beasts found in India, and above all, when he spoke of what was to be the future state of the Roman world, as communicated to him by the gods.

As soon as the affairs of Egypt were settled he decided to take his departure, but before doing so expressed a wish that Apollonius should go with him. The Tyanean philosopher declined; he said he had not seen Egypt as he ought, nor had he conversed with the gymnosophists,

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the Egyptian ascetics. He added, that he was desirous to compare the learning of the Egyptians with that of the Indians, and to drink of the source of the Nile.

“Will you not remember me?” asked the Emperor when he understood that Apollonius was determined to make the journey into Ethiopia.

“I will,” said Apollonius, “if you continue to be a good Prince, and to be mindful of us.”

TITUS

After Titus, the son of Vespasian, had taken Jerusalem, and “filled all places with the dead,” the nations round about offered him crowns of which he did not think himself deserving. He said that it was not he that performed such mighty deeds, but that he lent his arm to God in the just exercise of His vengeance.

This answer was approved by Apollonius as being a proof of the wisdom of Titus and of his knowledge in divine and human things, as also of his great moderation in declining to be crowned for having shed blood. He then wrote Titus a letter, to be taken by Damis:

“Apollonius to Titus, Emperor of the Romans, health.

“To you who refuse to be crowned on account of your success in war, I give the crown of moderation, seeing you are so well acquainted with the reasons entitling you to that honor. Farewell.”

Titus was well pleased with this letter.

“In my own name and that of my father, I hold myself your debtor, and will be mindful of you,” he declared. “*I have taken Jerusalem, but you have taken me.*”

When Titus was invested with the imperial dignity he set out for Rome to take his place as colleague with his father Vespasian. But first thinking of what consequence it might be to him to have even a short conference with Apollonius, he requested him to come to Argos for that purpose. Titus embraced him and said the Emperor, his father, had written to him of all he wished to know.

“At present I have a letter, wherein he says he considers you as his benefactor, and one to whom we are indebted for what we are. I am only thirty years of age, and have arrived at the same honors as my father did at sixty. I am called on to govern, perhaps before I have learnt to obey, and I fear to engage to do what I am not equal to perform.”

Apollonius, stroking Titus’ neck, which was like that of an athlete, said: “Who could subject a bull with so fine a neck to the yoke?”

Titus replied, “He who reared me from a calf!” referring to his father.

Apollonius was pleased with the ready answer and declared that “when a kingdom is directed by the vigor of youth and wisdom of age, what lyre, or flute can produce such sweet and harmonious music. The virtues

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of old age and youth will be united, and the consequence will be that the former will acquire vigor and the latter decorum and order by the union."

"But, O Tyanean, what advice have you to give concerning the best mode of governing an empire?" asked Titus.

"None to you," answered Apollonius. "You are self-instructed, and by the manner in which you show obedience to your father, no doubt can be entertained of your becoming like him. But I will give you my friend Demetrius to attend you whenever you wish and to advise you on what is good to be done. His wisdom consists in liberty of speech, in speaking truth, and an intrepidity arising from a *cynical* [in Greek, *dog-like*] spirit."

Titus was troubled at the idea of a cynic as an adviser, but Apollonius told him that all he meant was that Demetrius should be his dog to bark for him against others and against himself if he offended in anything. He would always do this with wisdom, and never without reason.

"Give me this dog companion, then," said Titus. "He shall have full permission to bite me whenever he finds me acting as I ought not."

"I have a letter of introduction, ready to send to him at Rome where he is now philosophizing," said Apollonius.

"I am glad of it," replied Titus, the new coemperor. "I wish someone would write to you in my favor and recommend you to accompany me on my journey."

"You may depend upon seeing me, whenever it shall be to the advantage of both," said Apollonius.

When they were alone, Titus declared that he wished to ask one or two very intimate personal questions. Receiving permission, he asked whom he should guard against in regard to his life, as he already was under some apprehension, though he would not wish to show fear where none existed.

"Herein you will be but prudent and circumspect," said Apollonius, "and of all men I think it is your duty to be on your guard." Then looking up, he swore by the sun he would have spoken about this even if no question had been asked. For the gods commanded him to declare to Titus that during his father's life, he should guard against his greatest enemies, and after his death against his most intimate friends.

"What kind of death shall I die?" asked Titus.

"The same as Ulysses," said Apollonius, "for he is said to have received his death from the sea."

Damis interpreted this to mean that Titus should beware of the sting of the fish trygon, with which it was affirmed Ulysses was wounded.

It is historical that Titus died from eating a "sea-hare," a fish from

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which they say the most deadly poison of sea or land exudes. Nero was in the habit of mixing this liquid in the food of his greatest enemies, and Domitian gave it to his brother Titus, not because he thought there would be any difficulty with him as a colleague on the throne, but because he thought he would prefer not to have so mild and benevolent a partner in joint rule with him over the Roman empire.

As they parted in public, they embraced, and Apollonius said aloud: "Vanquish your enemies in arms and surpass your father in virtues." Here is the letter.

"Apollonius the philosopher to the dog Demetrius, health.

"I give you to the Emperor Titus that you may instruct him in all royal virtues. Justify what I have said of you; be everything to him, but everything without anger. *Farewell.*"

Thus Apollonius, the greatest philosopher of the West in the first century, gave the Roman Empire two of its best Emperors, as they themselves acknowledged.

The people of Tarsus of old bore no kindness to Apollonius on account of his outspoken reproaches against their soft and effeminate manners. However, at this time they loved him as if he had been their founder and greatest support.

Once, when Titus was sacrificing in public, the whole people thronged round him with a petition on matters of the greatest importance. He said he would forward it to his father Vespasian and would intercede in their interests.

Then Apollonius came forward and asked what would Titus do if he could prove that some of those present were enemies who had stirred up revolt in Jerusalem and assisted the Jews against him. "If I could prove all this what do you think they would deserve?"

"Instant death!" said Titus, without a moment's hesitation.

"Then are you not ashamed to show more promptitude in punishing delinquents than in rewarding those who never offended, and assuming to yourself authority to punish whilst you defer that of recompensing until you have seen your father?"

Titus was not displeased with this direct reasoning.

"I grant their petition, as I know my father will not be angry with me for having submitted to truth and to you," he said.

Tarsus was not very far from Tyana the birthplace of Apollonius, and this incident was doubtless long remembered of the fearless philosopher, 'the Tyanean.'

The Emperor Vespasian often wrote to Apollonius and invited him to visit and confer with him but without success. Nero had given liberty to Greece, to the surprise of all, and the result was a revival of some of its glory and a harmony such as the country had not known in its best

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NERVA

days. Vespasian with undue severity punished some disturbance with a loss of this liberty. These are the letters that Apollonius wrote on the subject:

"Apollonius to the Emperor Vespasian, health.

"You have enslaved Greece, as report says, by which you imagine you have done more than Xerxes, without calling to mind that you have sunk below Nero, who freely renounced that which he had. *Vale.*"

To the same.

"You who have, in anger against the Greeks, reduced a free people to slavery — what need have you of my conversation? *Farewell.*"

To the same.

"Nero in sport gave liberty to Greece, of which you in seriousness have deprived them, and reduced them to slavery. *Farewell.*"

In spite of this refusal to meet Vespasian again, Apollonius did not conceal his joy when he heard that in all other respects Vespasian governed his people well, as he considered much was gained by his accession to the empire.

● of the story of Apollonius and Domitian what might be told would fill a volume. It is one of the most extraordinary trials in history — perhaps the most extraordinary part of it and the least noticed being that Apollonius was then no less than ninety-five years of age! And his intellect was the clearest by far of all those at the imperial court. The wisdom which Iarchas had taught him soared far above the petty sophistries of his 'philosophic' persecutors. They were so certain of their case that it never occurred to them to guarantee his conviction and death beforehand, and the trial was held publicly with an ostentation of justice which had to be honored when it proved triumphant. The accuser-in-chief was, need it be said, Euphrates.

Certainly, the wisdom of Jeanne d'Arc, thirteen centuries later, the

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farmer girl of Lorraine, against the whole host of ecclesiastical learning of the day was as unassailable, but her case had been decided beforehand, and if she had been an archangel they would have condemned her just the same. Apollonius could have avoided trial, but he voluntarily submitted to it, to save another, and that other was Nerva, the Emperor to succeed Domitian. Otherwise there are certain parallels of historic interest.

The great unknown Iarchas, through his pupil Apollonius, indeed made a huge mark on the history of the Roman Empire, and yet his name was probably as unknown to most Romans as it is to the authorities of our day, who say that since they have never heard of such a name, therefore he could not have existed, and is a 'myth.'

LIGHTS

KENNETH MORRIS

HE stands with Night upon the mountaintop, and sees
The purple vastness strewn with wandering flames above;
And knows the thing that thrills those thronged infinities
To that eurhythmic peace and paeon song is Love.

He looketh down, and sees the peopled plains below,
The murk of night aglow, an ominous diadem,
Where, star on lurid star, the city's splendors glow,
Laughter and wealth and woe and shame inwrought with them.

And from the stars above his heart is caught on fire,
And to the stars below, that time or passion seres,
The splendor of his heart, rapt from the starry choir,
Bears down in flame and song, the love that lights the Spheres.

And heaven and all its peace and grandeur burn through him
To light these stars on Earth, Earth's murk hath made so dim.

THE CREST-WAVE OF EVOLUTION

KENNETH MORRIS

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

XIX — AN IMPERIAL SACRIFICE

“Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar’s.”

 HIS is the secret of writing: look at the external things until you see pulsating behind them the rhythm and beauty of the Eternal. Only look for it, and persist in your search, and presently the Universal will be revealed shining through the particular; the sweep of everlasting Law through the little objects and happenings of a day.

Come to history with the same intent and method, and at last things appear in their true light. Here, too, as in a landscape, is the rhythm of the Eternal; here are the Basic Forms. I doubt if the evidence of the annalists is ever worth much, unless they had an eye to penetrate to these. When one sees behind the supposed fact narrated and the judgments pronounced the glimmering up of a basic form, one guesses one is dealing with a true historian.

Recently I read a book called *The Tragedy of the Caesars*, by the novelist Baring-Gould; and in it the life of a certain man presented in a sense flatly contradictory to the views of nineteen centuries anent that man; but it seemed to me at last an account that had the rhythm, the basic form, showing through. So in this lecture what I shall try to give you will be Mr. Baring-Gould’s version of this man’s life, with efforts of my own to go further and make quite clear the basic form.

What does one mean by ‘basic form’? In truth it is hard to define. Only, this world, that seems such a heterogeneous helter-skelter of mournful promiscuities, is in fact the pattern that flows from the loom of an Eternal Weaver: a beautiful pattern, with its rhythms and recurrences; there is no haphazard in it; it is not mechanical,— yet still flawless as the configurations of a crystal or the petals of a perfect flower.

The name of the man we are to think of tonight has come down as a synonym for infamy: we imagine him a gloomy and bloodthirsty tyrant; a morose tiger enthroned; a gross sensualist; — well, I shall show you portraits of him, to see whether you can accept him for that. The truth is that aristocratic Rome, degenerate and frivolous, parrot-cried out against

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the supposed degeneracy of the imperial, and for the glories of the old republican, régime; for the days when Romans were Romans, and 'virtuous.' One came to them in whom the (real) ancient Roman honor more appeared than in another man in Italy, perhaps before or since; -- and they could not understand the honor, and hated the man. They captured his name in a great net of lies; they breathed a huge fog of lies about him, which come down to us as history. Now to see whether a plain tale may not put them down.

Once more take your stand, please, on the Mountain of the Gods: the time, in or about the year 39 B. C.: — and thence try to envisage the world as Those do who guide but are not involved in the heats and dusts of it. The Western World; in which Rome, *caput mundi*, was the only thing that counted. *Caput mundi*; but a kind of idiot head at that: inchoate, without co-ordination; maggots scampering through what might have been the brain: the life fled, and that great rebellion of the many lives which we call decay having taken its place. And yet, it was no true season for Rome to be dead; it was no natural death; not so much decent death at all as the death in life we call madness. For the Crest-Wave men were coming in; it was the place where they should be. The cycle of Italy had begun, shall we say, in 94 B. C., and would end in 36 A. D.; — for convenience one must give figures, though one means only approximations by them; — and not until after that latter date would souls of any caliber cease to be incarnate in Roman bodies. Before that time, then, the madness had to be cured and Rome's mission had to be fulfilled.

That mission was, to homogenize the world. That was the task the Law had in mind for Rome; and it had to be done while the Crest-Wave remained in Italy and important egos were gathered in Rome. Some half dozen strong souls, under the Gods' special agent Octavian, had gone in there to do the work; but the Crest-Wave had flowed into Rome when Rome was already vice-rotten; and how could she expect to run her whole thirteen decades a great and ruling people? None of those strong souls could last out the whole time. Octavian himself, should he live to be eighty, would die and not see the cycle finished: twenty years of it would remain — to be filled by one worthy to succeed him, or how should his work escape being undone? The world must be made homogeneous, and Rome not its conqueror and cruel mistress, but its well-respected heart and agreed-on center; and all this must be accomplished, and established firmly, before her cyclic greatness had gone elsewhere: — that is, before 37 A. D.

The Republic, as we have seen, had had its method of ruling the provinces: it was to send out young profligates to fleece and exploit them,

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and make them hate Rome. This must be changed, and a habit formed of ruling for the benefit of the subject peoples. Two or three generations of provincials must have grown up in love with Rome before the end of the cycle, or the Empire would then inevitably break. By 37 A. D. the Crest-Wave would have left Italy, and would be centering in Spain. Spain, hating Rome, would shake off the Roman yoke; she would have the men to do it; — and the rest of the world would follow suit. Even if Spain should set herself to the Gods' work of union-making, what path should she take towards it? Only that of conquest would be open; and how should she hope to conquer, and then wipe out the evil traces of her conquering, and create a homogeneity, all within her possible cycle of thirteen decades? Rome's great opportunity came, simply because Rome had done the conquering before ever the Crest-Wave struck her; in days when the Crest-Wave was hardly in Europe at all. Even so, it would be a wonder if all could be finished in the few years that remained.

By Rome it never could have been done at all: it was the office of a Man, not of a state or nation. The Man who should do it, must do it from Rome: and Rome had first to be put into such condition as to be capable of being used. It devolved upon Augustus to do that first, or his greater work would be impossible. He had to win Rome to acquiescence in himself as Princeps. So his primary need was a personality of infinite tact; and *that* he possessed. He was the kind of man everybody could like; that put everyone at ease; that was friendly and familiar in all sorts of society: so he could make that treacherous quagmire Rome stable enough to be his *pied-à-terre*. That done, he could stretch out his arms thence to the provinces, and begin to weld them into unity. For this was the second part and real aim of his work: to rouse up in the Empire a centripetalism, with Rome for center, before centripetalism, in Rome itself, should have given place to the centrifugal forces of national death.

Rome ruled the world, and Augustus Rome, by right of conquest; and that is the most precarious right of all, and must always vanish with a change in the cycles. He had to, and did, transmute it into a stable right: first with respect to his own standing in Rome,— which might be done, with *tact* for weapon, in a few years; then with respect to Rome's standing in the world,— which could not be done in less than a couple of lifetimes, and with the best of good government as means. If the work should be interrupted too early it would all fall to pieces. So then he must have one successor at least, a soul of standing equal to his own: one that could live and reign until 37 A. D. Let the Empire until that year be ruled continuously from Rome in such a manner as to rouse up Roman — that is, World, — patriotism in all its provinces, and the appearance of the Crest-Wave in a new center would not be the signal for a new break-

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up of the world. The problem was, then, to find the man able to do this.

The child: for he must not be a man yet. And seeing what was at stake, he must be better equipped than Augustus: he must be trained from childhood by Augustus. Because he was to work in the midst of much more difficult conditions. Augustus had real men to help him: the successor probably would have none. When the Crest-Wave struck it, Rome was already mean and corrupt and degenerate. Augustus, not without good human aid, might hope to knock it into some kind of decency during the apex-time of the thirteen decades. His reign would fall, roughly, in the third quarter of the cycle, which is the best time therein; but his successor would have to hold out through the last quarter, which is the very worst. The Crest-Wave would then be passing from Italy: Rome would be becoming ever a harder place for a Real Man to live and work in. Meaner and meaner egos would be sneaking into incarnation; decent gentlemanly souls would be growing ever more scarce. By 'mean egos' I intend such as are burdened with ingrate personalities: creatures on whom sensuality has done its disintegrating work; whose best pleasure is to exempt themselves from any sense of degradation caused by fawning on the one strong enough to be their master, by tearing down as they may his work and reputation, circulating lies about him, tormenting him in every indirect way they can. Among such as these, and probably quite lonely among them, the successor of Augustus would have to live, fulfilling Heaven's work in spite of them. Where to find a Soul capable, or who would dare undertake the venture? Well; since it was to be done, and for the Gods; - no doubt the Gods would have sent their qualified man into incarnation.

In B. C. 39 Octavian proclaimed a general amnesty; and among those who profited by it was a certain member of the Claudian gens, - one of that Nero family to which Rome owed so much ---

*Testis Metaurum flumen et Hasdrubal
Devictus.*

He had been a friend of Caesar's and an enemy of Octavian's; and had been spending his time recently in fleeing from place to place in much peril; as had also his wife, aged eighteen, and their three-year-old son. On one occasion this lady was hurrying by night through a forest, and the forest took fire; she escaped, but not until the heat had singed the cloak in which the baby boy in her arms was wrapped. Now they returned, and settled in their house on the Palatine not far from the house of Octavian.

In Rome at that time marriage was not a binding institution. To judge by the lives of those prominent enough to come into history, you simply married and divorced a wife whenever convenient. Octavian some time before had married Scribonia, to patch up an alliance with her kins-

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man Sextus Pompey, then prominent on the high seas in the rôle — I think the phrase is Mr. Stobart's — of gentleman-pirate. As she was much older than himself, and they had nothing in common, it occurred to no one that, now the utility of the match had passed, he would not follow the usual custom and divorce her. He met Livia, the wife of this Tiberius Claudius Nero, and duly did divorce Scribonia. Claudius Nero, concurring in his view of things, as promptly divorced Livia. A new wedding followed, in which Claudius Nero acted the part of father to his ex-wife, and gave her away to Octavian. It all sounds very disgraceful; but this must be said: the great Augustus could never have done his great work so greatly had he not had at his side the gracious figure of the Empress Livia,— during the fifty-two years that remained to him his serenest counselor and closest friend.

And then — there was the boy: I believe the most important element in the transaction.

His father died soon afterwards, and he came to live in the palace, under the care of his mother,— and of Augustus; who had now within his own family circle the two egos with whom he was most nearly concerned, and without whom his work would have been impossible. So I think we may put aside the idea that the marriage with Livia was an 'affair of the heart,' as they call it: — a matter of personal and passional attraction. He was guided to it, as always, by his *Genius*, and followed the promptings of the Gods.

But,— Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned. The divorced Scribonia never forgave Augustus. She became the center of a faction in society that hated him, hated Livia, loathed and detested the whole Claudian line. There must have been bad blood in Scribonia. Her daughter Julia became profligate. Of Julia's five children, Agrippa Postumus went mad through his vices; Julia inherited her mother's tendencies, and came to a like end; Agrippina, a bitter and violent woman, became the evil genius of the next reign. Of this Agrippina's children, Drusus and Caligula went mad, and her daughter was the mother of the madman Nero. To me the record suggests this: that the marriage with, not the divorce of, Scribonia was a grave mistake on the part of Octavian; bringing down four generations of ferrible karma. He was afloat in dangerous seas at that time, and a mere boy to take arms against them: did he, trusting in material alliances and the aid of Sextus Pirate, forget for once to trust in his *Genius* within? We have seen how the lines of pain became deeply graven on his face during the years that followed Caesar's death. A high soul, incarnating, must take many risks; and before it has found itself, and tamed the new personality, may have sown griefs for itself to be reaped through many lives. The descendants of Augustus and Scribonia

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were the bane of Augustus and of Rome. But Livia was his good star, and always added to his peace.

But now, back to the household on the Palatine, in the thirties B. C.

Julia (Scribonia's daughter), pert, witty, bold, and daring, was the darling of her father, whom she knew well how to amuse. Drusus, the younger son of Livia and Claudius Nero, was a bold handsome boy of winning manners and fine promise, generally noticed and loved. To these two you may say Augustus stood in only human relations: the loving, careful, and *jolly* father, sharing in all their games and merriment. (He always liked playing with children: as emperor, would often stop in his walks through the streets to join in a game with the street-boys). But with Livia's elder son, Tiberius, he was different. Tiberius had no charm of manner: Drusus his brother quite put him in the shade. He carried with him the scars of his babyhood's perilous adventures, and the terror of that unremembered night of fire. He was desperately shy and sensitive; awkward in company; reserved, timid, retiring, silent. Within the nature so pent up were tense feelings; you would say ungovernable, only that he always did govern them. He went unnoticed; Drusus was the pet of all: under such conditions how much harmony as a rule exists between two brothers? But Tiberius loved Drusus with his whole heart; his thoughts knew no color of jealousy; unusual harmony was between them until Drusus died. — The world said Augustus disliked the boy: we shall see on what appearances that opinion was based. But Tiberius, then and ever afterwards, held for Augustus a feeling deeper and stronger than human or filial affection: it was that, with the added reverence of a disciple for his Teacher. — You shall find these intense feelings sometimes in children of his stamp; though truly, children of the stamp of Tiberius are rare enough; for with all his tenderness, his over-sensitiveness and timidity, put him to some task, whisper to him *Duty!* — and the little Tiberius is another child altogether: unflinching, silent, determined, pertinacious; ready to die rather than give in before the thing is most whole-souledly done.

Augustus, merriest and most genial of men, never treated him as he did Julia and Drusus: there were no games and rompings with Tiberius. Let this grave child come into the room, and all ended; as if the Princeps were a school-boy caught at it by some stern prowling schoolmaster. Indeed, it was common talk that Augustus, until the last years of his life, never smiled in Tiberius' presence; that his smile died always on his stepson's entry; the joke begun went unfinished; he became suddenly grave and restrained; — as, I say, in the presence of a soul not to be treated with levity, but always upon a considered plan.

The children grew up, and people began to talk of a successorship

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to Augustus in the Principate. It would be, of course, through Julia, his daughter. He married her to Marcellus, aged seventeen, his sister Octavia's son, whom he adopted. Marcellus and Julia, then, would succeed him; no one thought of retiring Tiberius. Marcellus, however, died in a couple of years; and folk wondered who would step into his place. Augustus gave Julia to Vipsanius Agrippa, the man who had won so many campaigns for him. Agrippa was as old as the Princeps, but of much stronger constitution; and so, likely to outlive him perhaps a long while. Very appropriate, said Rome: Agrippa will reign next: an excellent fellow. No one thought of shy Tiberius. — Agrippa, by the way, was a strong man and a strict disciplinarian, — with soldiers, at any rate: it might be hoped also with wives. It was just as well for lady Julia to be under a firm hand.

Ten years later Agrippa died, and the heirship presumptive passed to his two eldest children by Julia: the princes Caius and Lucius. Augustus adopted them in due course. Heirship presumptive means here, that they were the ones Rome presumed would be the heirs: a presumption which Augustus, without being too definite, encouraged. The Initiate Leaders and Teachers of the world do not, as a rule, as far as one can judge, advertise well beforehand the identity of their successors. — As for Tiberius; — why, said Rome, his stepfather does not even like him. Drusus, now, and *his* children, — ah, that might be a possibility.

For the marriages of the two brothers told a tale. Drusus had married into the sacred Julian line: a daughter of Octavia and Mark Anthony; his son Germanicus was thus a grand-nephew of Augustus, and a very great pet. But Tiberius had made a love-match, with a mere daughter of Agrippa by some former wife: an alliance that could not advance him in any way. Her name was Vipsania; the whole intensity of his pent-up nature went into his feeling for her; he was remarkably happily married; — that is, for the human, the tender, sensitive, and affectionate side of him.

Meanwhile both brothers had proved their worth. At twenty-two, Tiberius set up a king in Armenia, and managed for Augustus the Parthian affair, whereby the standards of Crassus were returned. There were Swiss and German campaigns: in which Drusus was rather put where he might shine, — and he did shine; — and Tiberius a little in the shade. But Drusus in Germany fell from his horse, and died of his injuries; and then Tiberius was without question the first general of his age, and ablest man under the Princeps. As a soldier he was exceedingly careful of the welfare of his men; cautious in his strategy, yet bold; reserved: he made his own plans, and saw personally to their carrying out; — above all, he never made mistakes and never lost a battle. His natural shyness and timidity and awkwardness vanished as soon as there was work to be

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done: in camp, or on the battlefield, he was a very different man from the shy Tiberius of Roman society.

Gossip left his name untouched. It took advantage of Augustus' natural *bonhomie*, and whispered tales against *him* galore: even said that Livia retained her hold on him by taking his indiscretions discreetly; — which is as much as to say that an utterly corrupt society judged that great man by its own corrupt standards. But Tiberius was too austere; his life chilled even Roman gossip into silence. There was also his patent devotion to Vipsania. . . . You could only sneer at him, if at all, for lack of spirit.

He had, then, great and magnificent qualities; but the scars of his babyhood peril remained. There was that timid and clinging disposition; that over-sensitiveness that came out when he was away from camp, or without immediate business to transact, or in any society but that of philosophers and occultists; — for we do know that he was a student of Occult Philosophy. He had grand qualities; but felt, beneath his reserve, much too strongly; had a heart too full of pent-up human affections. But it is written:

“Before the Soul can stand in the presence of the Masters, its feet must be washed in the blood of the heart.”

It devolved upon his Teacher to break that heart for him; so that he might stand in the presence of the Masters.

Agrippa had died; and for Julia's sake it was wise and better to provide her with a husband. Augustus hesitated long before he dared take the tremendous step he did: as one doubtful whether it would accomplish what he hoped, or simply kill at once the delicate psychic organism to be affected by it. Then he struck,—hurled the bolt. Let Tiberius put away Vipsania and marry Julia.

— Put away that adored Vipsania; — marry that Julia,— whom every single instinct in his nature abhorred! Incompatible: — that is the very least and mildest thing you can say about it; — but he must say nothing, for he is speaking to her father. He resists a long time, in deep anguish; but there is one word that for Tiberius was ever a clarion call to his soul.

What, cries he, is this terrible thing you demand of me? — and his Teacher answers: *Duty*. Duty to Rome, that the Julian and Claudian factions may be united; duty to the Empire, that my successors, Caius and Lucius, may have, after I am gone, a strong man for their guardian.

— You will note that, if you please. Augustus had just adopted these two sons of Julia's; they were, ostensibly, to be his successors; there was no bait for ambition in this sacrifice Tiberius was called on to make; he would not succeed to the Principate; the marriage would not help him to that; there was to be nothing in it for him but pure pain. In

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the name of duty he was called on to make a holocaust of himself.

He did it; and the feet of his soul were indeed washed in the blood of his heart. He said no word; he divorced Vipsania and explained nothing. But for months afterwards, if he should chance to meet her, or see her in the street far off, he could not hide the fact that his eyes filled with tears. -- Then Rome in its own kindly way took upon itself the duty or pleasure of helping him out a little: gossip got to work to soothe the ache of his wound. "Vipsania," said gossip; -- "you are well rid of her; she was far from being all that you thought her." Probably he believed nothing of it; but the bitterness lay in its being said. A shy man is never popular. His shyness passes for pride, and people hate him for it. Tiberius was very shy. So society was always anxious to take down his pride a little. The truth was, he was humble to the verge of self-distrust.

He did his best for Julia: lived under the same roof with her for a few agonized months, and discovered what everyone knew or suspected about her. The cup of his grief was now quite full; and indeed, worse things a man could hardly suffer. Austere, reserved, and self-controlled as he was, at sight of Vipsania he could not hide his tears. But it is written:

"Before the eyes can see, they must become incapable of tears."

-- He was the butt of Roman gossip: in all rancorous mouths because of the loved Vipsania; in all tattling mouths because of the loathed Julia; laughed at on both accounts; sympathized with by nobody; hearing all whispers, and fearfully sensitive to them. But

"Before the ear can hear, it must have lost its sensitiveness."

-- The storm was upon him; the silence was ahead; he was rocked and shaken and stunned by the earthquakes and thunders of Initiation: when a man has to be hopeless, and battered, and stripped of all things: a naked soul afflicted with fiery rains and torments; and to have no pride to back him; and no ambition to back him: and no prospect before him at all, save such as can be seen with the it may be yet unopened eyes of faith. This is the way Tiberius endured his trials: -

All Rome knew what Julia was, except Augustus. So it is said; and perhaps truly; for here comes in the mystery of human duality: a thing hard enough to understand in ourselves, that are common humanity: how much harder the variety that appears in one such as Augustus! You may say, He must have known. Well, there was the Adept Soul; that, I doubt not, would have known. But perhaps it is that Those who have all knowledge at their beck and call, have the power to know or not know what they will? -- to know what shall help, not to know

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what shall hinder their work? Julia was not to be saved: was, probably, tainted with madness like so many of her descendants: — then what the Adept Soul could not forefend, why should the human personality, the warm-hearted father, be aware of? Had that last known, how should he escape being bowed down with grief: then in those years when all his powers and energies were needed? Octavian had gone through storm and silence long since: in the days of the Triumvirate, and his enforced partnership in its nefarious deeds; — now his personal mind and his hands were needed to guide the Empire; and needed clear and untrammelled with grief. . . . Until Tiberius should be ready; at least until Tiberius should be ready. . . . So I imagine it possible that the soul of Augustus kept from its personality that wounding knowledge about Julia.

Tiberius was not the one to interfere with its purposes. Why did he not get a divorce? The remedy was clear and easy; and he would have ceased to be the laughingstock of Rome. He did not get a divorce; or try to; he said no word; he would not lighten his own load by sharing it with the Teacher he loved. He would not wound that Teacher to save himself pain or shame. Augustus had made severe laws for punishing such offenses as Julia's; and — well, Tiberius would bear his griefs alone. No sound escaped him.

But, as no effort of his could help or save her, live with Julia, or in Rome, he could not. His health broke down; he threw up all offices, and begged leave to retire to Rhodes. Augustus was (apparently) quite unsympathetic: withheld the permission until (they say) Tiberius had starved himself for four days to show it was go or die with him. And no, he would not take Julia; and he would give no reason for not taking her. Well; what was Augustus to do, having to keep up human appearances, and suit his action to the probabilities? What, but appear put out, insulted, angry? Estrangement followed; and Tiberius went in (apparent) disgrace. I find the explanation once more in *Light on the Path*; thus —

“In the early state in which a man is entering upon the silence he loses knowledge of his friends, of his lovers, of all who have been near and dear to him; and also loses sight of his teachers.”

So in this case. “Scarce one passes through,” we read, “without bitter complaint.” But I think Tiberius did.

How else to explain the incident I cannot guess. Or indeed, his whole life. Tacitus' account does not hang together at all; the contradictions trip each other up, and any mud is good enough to sling. Mr. Baring-Gould's version goes far towards truth; but the well is deep for his tackle, and only esotericism, I think, can bring up the clear water. Whether Augustus knew all personally, or was acting simply on the

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promptings of his inner nature, or of Those who stood behind him,— he took the course, it seems to me, which as an Occult Teacher he was bound to take. His conduct was framed in any case to meet the needs of his disciple's initiation. He, for the Law, had to break that disciple's outer life; and then send him lonely into the silence to find the greater life within. Truly these waters are deep; and one may be guessing with the utmost presumption. But hear *Light on the Path* again; and judge whether the picture that emerges is or is not consistent. It says:

“Your teacher, or your predecessor, may hold your hand in his, and give you the utmost sympathy the human heart is capable of. But when the silence and the darkness come, you lose all knowledge of him; you are alone, and he cannot help you: not because his power is gone, but because you have invoked your great enemy.”

— Tiberius was alone, and Augustus could not help him; and he went off, apparently quite out of favor, to seven years of voluntary exile in Rhodes, there to don the robe of a philosopher, and study philosophy and “astrology,” as they say. Let us put it, the Esoteric Wisdom; I think we may.

The truth about Julia could not be kept from Augustus forever. It came to his ears at last; when his work was by so much nearer completion, and when Tiberius was by so much nearer his illumination. The Princeps did his duty, though it made an old man of him: he banished Julia according to his own law. Then it was the wronged husband who stepped in and interceded; who wrote pleading letters to his stepfather, imploring him to have mercy on the erring woman: to lighten her punishment; to let her mother, at least, be with her in her exile. He knew well what tales Julia had been telling her father about him; and how Augustus had seemed to believe them; but “a courageous endurance of personal injustice” is demanded of the disciple; and very surely it was found in him. Rome heard of his intercession, and sneered at him for his weak-spiritedness; — as kindly letter-writers failed not to let him know.

“Look for the flower to bloom in the silence that follows the storm, not till then.”

The flower bloomed in this case during those seven years at Rhodes; then Tiberius was fit to return. Outer events shaped themselves to fit inner needs and qualifications: here now at last was the Man who was to succeed Augustus, duly and truly prepared, worthy and well-qualified: initiated, and ready to be named before the world Heir to the Principate. Within a few months of each other Caius and Lucius, the hitherto supposed successors designate, died; their brother Agrippa Postumus was already showing signs of incipient madness. True, there were many of the Julian line still alive and available, were Augustus (as had been thought) bent on making Julian blood the qualification necessary: there

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was Germanicus, married to Agrippina; he the son of Drusus and Antonia, Octavia's daughter; she the daughter of Julia, and so granddaughter of Augustus himself: there were these two with their several children. But all else might wait upon the fact that Tiberius, the real man, was now ready. The Princeps adopted him, and no one was left to doubt who was to be the successor. The happiest years in Tiberius' life began: he had at last the full, unreserved, and undisguised friendship of his Teacher. His portrait-busts taken at this period show for the first and only time a faint smile on his gravely beautiful face.

Also he was given plenty of work. His great German campaigns followed quickly; and the quelling of the Pannonian insurrection that called him back from the Rhine; and Varus' defeat while Tiberius was in Pannonia; and Tiberius' triumphant saving of the situation. It was then, when the frontier was broken and all the world awoke with alarm, that he consulted his generals: the only time he ever did so. Says Velleius Paterculus, who served under him: "There was no ostentation in his conduct; it was marked by solid worth, practicality, humaneness. He took as much care of any one of us who happened to be sick, as if that one's health were the main object of his concern." Ambulances, he continues, were always in attendance, with a medical staff, warm baths, suitable food, etc., for the sick. "The general often admonished, rarely punished; taking a middle part, dissembling his knowledge of most faults, and preventing the commission of others. . . . He preferred the approval of his own conscience to the acquisition of renown."

He returned to Rome in triumph in the autumn of A. D. 12; and dismissed his chief captives with presents, instead of butchering them in the fine old Roman way. He was at the height of his fame: undeniably Rome's savior, and surely to be Princeps on his Teacher's death. Augustus, in letters that remain, calls him "the only strength and stay of the Empire." "All who were with you," says he, "admit that this verse suits you:

'One man by vigilance has restored the state.'

Whenever anything happens that requires more than ordinary consideration, or when I am out of humor, then, by Hercules, I long for the presence of my dear Tiberius; and Homer's lines rise in my mind:

'Bold from his prudence, I could e'en aspire
To dare with him the burning rage of fire.'

When I hear that you are worn out with incessant fatigue, the Gods confound me if I am not all in a quake. So I entreat you to spare yourself, lest, should we hear of your being ill, the news prove fatal to your mother and myself, and the Roman people be alarmed for the safety of

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the Empire. I pray heaven to preserve you for us, and bless you with health now and ever, - if the Gods care a rush for the Roman people. . . . Farewell, my dearest Tiberius; may good success attend you, you best of all generals, in all that you undertake for me and for the Muses."

Two years later Augustus died, and Tiberius became emperor; and the persecution broke out that was not to end till his death. Let us get the whole situation firmly in mind. There was that clique in high society of men who hated the Principate because it had robbed them of the spoils of power. It gathered first round Scribonia, because she hated Augustus for divorcing her; then round Julia, because she was living in open contempt of the principles her father stood for. Its chief bugbear of all was Tiberius, because he was the living embodiment of those principles; and because Julia, the witty and brilliant, hated him above all things and made him in the salons the butt for her shafts. Its darling poet was Ovid; whose poetic mission was, in Mr Stobart's phrase, "to gild uncleanness with charm." Presently Augustus sent him into exile: whereupon master Poet changes his rôle from singer of immorality to whiner over his own hard lot. But enough of unsavory him: the clique remained and treasured his doctrine. When Caius and Lucius died, it failed not to whisper that of course Tiberius had poisoned them; and during the next twenty-five years you could hardly die, in Rome, without the clique's buzzing a like tale over your corpse. — A faction that lasted on, handing down its legends, until Suetonius and Tacitus took them up and immortalized them; thus creating the Tiberius of popular belief and "history," deceiving the world for twenty centuries.

The Augustan system implied no tyranny; not even absolutism:— it was through no fault of its founder, or of his successor, that the constitutional side of it broke down. Remember the divine aim behind it all: to weld the world into one. So you must have the provinces, the new ones that retained their national identity, under Adept rule: there must be no monkeying by incompetents there. Those provinces were, absolutely, in the hands of Caesar. But in Rome, and Italy, and all quiet and long-settled parts, the senate was to rule; and Augustus' effort, and especially Tiberius' effort, was to make it do so. But by this time, you may say, there was nothing resembling a human ego left among the senators: when the Mānasaputra incarnated, these fellows had been elsewhere. They simply could not rule. Augustus had had constantly to be intervening to pull them out of scrapes: to audit their accounts for them, because they could not do the sums themselves; to send down men into their provinces to put things right whenever they went wrong. Tiberius was much more loath to do this. At times one almost suspects him of being at heart a republican, anxious to restore the Republic the

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first moment it might be practicable. That would be, when the whole empire was one nation and some few souls to guide things should have appeared. At any rate (in his latter years) it must have seemed impossible that the Principate should continue: there was absolutely no one to follow him in it. So the best thing was to leave as much as possible the senate's duty to the senate, that responsibility might be aroused in them. For himself, he gave his whole heart and mind to governing the provinces of Caesar. He went minutely into finances; and would have his sheep, he said, sheared, not flayed. His eyes and hands were everywhere, to bring about the Brotherhood of Man. There is, perhaps, evidence in the Christian Evangels: where we see the Jewish commonalty on excellent good terms with the Roman soldier, and Jesus consorting friendly with Tiberius' centurions and tax-gatherers; but the Jewish national leaders as the enemies of both — of the Romans, and of the democratic Nazarene. If this emperor's life had come down through provincial, and not metropolitan, channels, we should have heard of him as the most beneficent of men. Indeed, Mr Baring-Gould argues that among the Christians a tradition came down of him as of one "very near the Kingdom of God." It may be so; and such a view may even be the reflexion of the Nazarene Master's own opinion as to Tiberius. At any rate, we may suppose that at that time the Christian Movement was still fairly pure: its seat was in the provinces, far from Rome; and its strength among humble people seeking to live the higher life. But those who were interested to lie against Tiberius, and whose lies come down to us for history, were all metropolitans, and aristocrats, and apostles of degeneracy. I do not mean to include Tacitus under the last head: but he belonged to the party, and inherited the tradition.

It was on the provinces that Tiberius had his hand, not on the metropolis. He hoped the senators would do their duty, and gave them every chance to: he rather turned his eyes away from their sphere, and kept them fixed on his own. We must understand this well: the histories give but accounts of Roman and home affairs; with which, as they were outside his duty, Tiberius concerned himself as little as he might.

But the senate's conception of duty-doing was this: flatter the Caesar in public with all the ingenuity and rhetoric God or the devil has given you; but for the sake of decency slander him in private, and so keep your self-respect. — I abased my soul to Caesar, I? Yes, I know I licked his shoes in the senate house; but that was merely camouflage. At Agrippina's *at home* I made up for it: was it not high-souled I who told that filthy story about him? — which, (congratulate me!) I invented myself. How dare you then accuse me of being small-spirited, or one to reverence any man soever? — So these maggots crawled and tumbled;

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until they brought down their own karma on their heads like the Assyrian in the poem, or a thousand of bricks. Constitutionalism broke down, and tyranny came on awfully in its place; and those who had not upheld the constitution suffered from the tyranny. But it was not heroic Tiberius who was the tyrant.

He was unpopular with the crowd, because austere and taciturn; he would not wear the pomps and tinsels, or swagger it in public to their taste. He was too reserved; he was not a good mixer: if you fell on your knees to him, he simply recoiled in disgust. He would not witness the gladiatorial games, with their sickening senseless bloodshed; nor the plays at the theatre, with their improprieties. In these things he was an anomaly in his age, and felt about them as would any humane gentleman today. So it was easy for his enemies to work up popular feeling against him.

At the funeral of Augustus he had to read the oration. A lump in his throat prevented him getting through with it, and he handed the paper to his son Drusus to finish. "Oh!" cried his enemies then and Tacitus after them, "what dissimulation! what rank hypocrisy! when in reality he must be overjoyed to be in the dead man's shoes." When that same Drusus (his dear son and sole hope) died some years later, he so far controlled his feelings that none saw a muscle of his face moved by emotion while he read the oration. "Oh!" cried his enemies then and Tacitus after them, "what a cold unfeeling monster!" Tiberius, with an absolute eye for reading men's thoughts, knew well what was being said on either occasion.

When Augustus died, his one surviving grandson, Agrippa Postumus, was mad and under restraint in the island of Planasia, near Elba. A plot was hatched to spirit him away to the Rhine, and have him there proclaimed as against Tiberius by the legions. One Clemens was deputed to do this; but when Clemens reached Planasia, he found Agrippa murdered. Says Suetonius:

"It remained doubtful whether Augustus left the order (for the murder) in his last moments, to prevent any public disturbance after his death; or whether Livia issued it in the name of Augustus, or whether it was issued with or without the knowledge of Tiberius." — Tacitus scouts the idea that Augustus could have been responsible, citing his well-known love for his grandsons: wherein one may hold Tacitus in the right,—though truly this Agrippa Postumus was a peculiarly violent offensive idiot, and Augustus knew well what the anti-Claudian faction was capable of. Nor can one credit that gracious lady Livia with it; though it was she who persuaded Tiberius to hush the thing up, and rescind his order for a public senatorial investigation. For an order to

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that effect he issued; and Tacitus, *more suo*, puts it down to his hypocrisy. Tacitus' method with Tiberius is this: all his acts of mercy are to be attributed to weak-spiritedness; all his acts of justice, to bloody tyranny; everything else to hypocrisy and dissimulation.

Neither Augustus, nor yet Livia, then, had Agrippa killed; must we credit it to Tiberius? Less probably, I think, it was he than either of the others: I can just imagine Augustus taking the responsibility for the sake of Rome, but not Tiberius criminal for his own sake. Here is an explanation which incriminates neither: it may seem far-fetched; but then many true things do. We know how the children of darkness hate the Messengers of Light. Tiberius stood for private and public morality; the Julian-republican clique for the opposite. He stood for the nations welded into one, the centuries to be, and the high purposes of the Law. They stood for anarchy, civil war, and the old spoils system. — Down him then! said they. And how? — Fish up mad Postumus, and let's have a row with the Legions of the Rhine. — Yes; that sounds pretty, — for you who are not in the deep know of the thing. But how far do you think the Legions of the Rhine are going to support this young revolting-habited madman against the first general of the age? You are green; you are crude, my friends; — but go to it; your plot shall do well. But we, the cream and innermost of the party, — we have another. Let the madman be murdered, — and who shall be called the murderer?

I believe they argued that way; — and very wisely; for Tiberius still carries the odium of the murder of Agrippa Postumus.

Why did he allow himself to be dissuaded from the public investigation? Was it weakness? His perturbation when he heard of the murder, and his orders for the investigation, were natural enough. One can perhaps understand Livia, shaken with the grief of her great bereavement, fearing the unknown, fearing scandal, fearing to take issue with the faction whose strength and bitterness she knew, pleading with her son to let the matter be. Was it weakness on his part, that he concurred? This much must be allowed: Tiberius was always weak at self-defense. Had he taken prompt steps against his personal enemies, it might have been much better for him, in a way. But then and always his eyes were upon the performance of his duty; which he understood to be the care of the empire, not the defense of himself. We called Augustus the bridge; Tiberius was the shield. He understood the business of a shield to be, to take shafts, and make no noise about it. Proud he was; with that sublime pride that argues itself capable of standing all things, so that the thing it cares for — which is not its own reputation — is unhurt. You shall see. We might call it unwisdom, if his work had suffered by

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it; but it was only his peace, his own name -- and eventually his enemies -- that suffered. He brought the world through.

Detail by detail, Mr Baring-Gould takes the incidents of his reign, and shows how the plot was worked up against him, and every happening, all his deeds and motives, colorless or finely colored, given a coat of pitch. We can only glance at one or two points here: his relations with Germanicus, and with Agrippina; the rise and fall of Sejanus.

Germanicus, his nephew, was fighting on the Rhine when Tiberius came to the throne. There was a mutiny; which Germanicus quelled with much loss of dignity and then with much bloodshed. To cover the loss of dignity, he embarked on gay adventures against the Germans; and played the fool a little, losing some few battles. Tiberius, who understood German affairs better than any man living, wanted peace in that quarter; and recalled Germanicus; then, lest there should be any flavor of disgrace in the recall, sent him on a mission to the East. Your textbooks will tell you he recalled him through jealousy of his brilliant exploits. Germanicus being something flighty of disposition, the emperor sent with him on his new mission a rough old fellow by the name of Calpurnius Piso to keep a weather eye open on him, and neutralize, as far as might be, extravagant actions. The choice, it must be said, was a bad one; for the two fought like cat and dog the better part of the time. Then Germanicus died, supposing that Piso had poisoned him; and Agrippina his wife came home, an Ate shrieking for revenge. She had exposed her husband's naked body in the marketplace at Antioch, that all might see he had been poisoned: which shows the kind of woman she was. Germanicus was given a huge funeral at Rome; he was the darling of the mob, and the funeral was really a demonstration against Tiberius. Then Piso was to be tried for the murder: a crabbed but honest old plebeian of good and ancient family, whom Tiberius knew well enough was innocent. There were threats of mob violence if he should be acquitted; and the suggestion studiously sown that Piso, guilty, had been set on to the murder by the Princeps. Tiberius, knowing the popular feeling, did not attend the funeral of his nephew. It was a mistake in policy, perhaps; but his experience had been unpleasant enough at the funeral of Augustus. Tacitus says he stayed away fearing lest the public, peering into his face thus from close to, might see the marks of dissimulation in it, and realize that his grief was hypocrisy. How the devil did Tacitus know? Yet what he says comes down as gospel.

This sort of thing went on continually, and provided him a poor atmosphere in which to do his great and important work. As he grew older, he retired more and more. He trusted in his minister Sejanus, who had once heroically saved his life: an exceedingly able, but un-

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fortunately also an exceedingly wicked man. Sejanus became his link with Rome and the senate; and used that position, and the senate's incompetence, to gather into his own hands a power practically absolute in home affairs. Home affairs, be it always remembered, were what the Princeps expected the senate to attend to: their duty, under the constitution. Instead, however, they fawned on Sejanus *ad lib.* Sejanus murdered Tiberius' son Drusus, and aspired to the hand of Livilla, his widow: she was the daughter of Germanicus and Agrippina; and she certainly, and Agrippina probably, were accessories to the murder of Drusus. For Agrippina was obsessed with hatred for Tiberius: with the idea that he had murdered her husband, and with thirst for revenge. Sejanus was thus in a fair way to the ends of his ambition: to be named the successor to the Principate.

Then Tiberius found him out; and sent a message to a senate engaged in Sejanus-worship, demanding the punishment of the murderers of Drusus.

Sejanus had built up his power by fostering the system of delation. There was no public prosecutor in the Roman system: when any wrong had been done, it was anyone's business to prosecute. The end of education was rhetoric, that you might get on in life. The first step was to bring an accusation against some public man, and support it with a mighty telling speech. If you succeeded, and killed your man,— why, then your name was made. On this system, with developments of his own, Sejanus had built: had employed one half of Rome informing against the other. It took time to bring about; but he had worked up by degrees a state of things in which all went in terror of him; and the senate was eager perpetually to condemn any one he might recommend for condemnation. When Tiberius found him out, they lost their heads entirely, and simply tumbled over themselves in their anxiety to accuse, condemn, and execute each other. Everyone was being informed against as having been a friend of Sejanus, and therefore an enemy of their dear Princeps; who was away at Capri attending to his duty; and whose ears, now Sejanus was gone, they might hope to reach with flatteries. You supped with your friend overnight; did your best to diddle him into saying something over the wine-cups; — then rose betimes in the morning to accuse him of saying it: only too often to find that he, (traitorly wretch!) had risen half an hour earlier and accused you: so you missed your breakfast for nothing; and dined (we may hope) in a better world. Thus during the last years of the reign there was a Terror in Rome: in the senate's sphere of influence: the senatorial class the sufferers and inflictors of the suffering. Meanwhile Tiberius in his retirement was still at his duty: his hold on his provinces never relaxed. When the con-

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demned appealed to him, the records show that in nearly every case their sentences were commuted. Tiberius' enemies were punishing themselves; but the odium of it has been fastened on Tiberius. He might have interfered, you say? - What! with Karma? I doubt.

His sane, balanced, moderate character comes out in his own words again and again: he was a wonderful anomaly in that age. Rome was filled with slanders against him; and the fulsome senate implored him to punish the slanderers. "We have not much time to spare," Tiberius answered; "we need not involve ourselves in this additional business." "If any man speaks ill of me, I shall take care so to behave as to be able to give a good account of my words and acts, and so confound him. If he speaks ill of me after that, it will be time enough for me to think about hating him." Permission was asked to raise a temple to him in Spain; he refused to grant it, saying that if every emperor was to be worshiped, the worship of Augustus would lose its meaning. "For myself, a mere mortal, it is enough for me if I do my duties as a mortal; I am content if posterity recognises that. . . . This is the only temple I desire to have raised in my honor,-- and this only in men's hearts." -- The senate, in a spasm of flattery, offered to swear in advance to all his acts. He forbade it, saying in effect that he was doing and proposed to do his best; but all things human were liable to change, and he would not have them endorsing the future acts of one who by the mere failure of his faculties might do wrong.

In those sayings, I think, you get the man: perhaps a disciple only, and never actually a Master; perhaps never absolutely sure of himself, but only of his capacity and determination to do his duty day by day: his own duty, and not other men's; -- never setting himself on a level with his Teacher; or thinking himself able, of his own abilities, to run the world, as Augustus had had the power and the mission to do,-- but as probably no man might have had the power to do in Tiberius' time; -- and by virtue of that faith, that high concentration on duty, carrying the world (but not Rome) through in spite of Rome, which had become then a thing incurable, nothing more than an infection and lamentable scab.

He left it altogether in his last years; its atmosphere and bitterness were too much for him. From the quiet at Capri he continued to rule his provinces until the end; ever hoping that if he did his duty, someone or some spirit might arise in the senate to do theirs. Tacitus explains his retirement -- as Roman society had explained it when it happened, -- thus: Being then seventy-two years old, Tiberius, whose life up to that time had been irreproachable and untouched by gossip, went to Capri to have freedom and privacy for orgies of personal vice. But why

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did he not stay at Rome for his orgies: doing at Rome as the Romans did, and thereby perhaps earning a measure of popularity?

Over the bridge Augustus, western humanity had made the crossing; but on the further shore, there had to be a sacrifice to the Fates. Tiberius was the sacrifice. And that sacrifice was not in vain. We get one glimpse through provincial (and therefore undiseased) eyes of the empire he built up in the provinces. It is from Philo Judaeus, a Jewish Theosophist of Alexandria, who came to Rome in the reign of Caligula, Tiberius' successor. (Tiberius, it must be said, appointed no successor; there was none for him to appoint.) Caligula, says Philo,

“succeeded to an empire that was well organized, tending everywhere to concord: north, south, east, and west brought into friendship; Greeks and barbarians united; soldiers and civilians linked together in the bonds of a happy peace.”

That was the work of Tiberius.

In the Gospel narrative, Jesus is once made to allude to him; in the words quoted at the head of this paper: “Render unto Caesar” — who was Tiberius — “the things which are Caesar’s.” I think it is about time it should be done: that the wreath of honor should at last be laid on the memory of this brave, just, sane, and merciful man; this silent duty-doer, who would speak no word in his own defense; this Agent of the Gods, who endured all those years of crucifixion, that he might build up the Unity of Mankind.

Says Mr Baring-Gould:

“In the galleries of Rome, of Naples, Florence, Paris, one sees the beautiful face of Tiberius, with that intellectual brow and sensitive mouth, looking pleadingly at the passer-by, as though seeking for someone who would unlock the secret of his story and vindicate his much aspersed memory.”



“THE ‘Higher Ego’ cannot act directly on the body, as its consciousness belongs to quite another plane and planes of ideation: the ‘lower self’ does: and its action and behavior *depend on its free-will and choice* as to whether it will gravitate more towards its parent (the ‘Father in Heaven’) or the ‘animal’ which it informs, the man of flesh. The ‘Higher Ego,’ as part of the essence of the UNIVERSAL MIND, is unconditionally omniscient on its own plane, and only potentially so in our terrestrial sphere, as it has to act solely through its *alter ego* — the Personal Self.”

— H. P. BLAVATSKY, in *Psychic and Noetic Action*

SCENES IN AND AROUND THE CAPITAL OF CEYLON

(Plate I) THE MUSICIANS AND CHIEF DANCERS OF A BALI CEREMONY PERFORMED IN AN ISOLATED JUNGLE VILLAGE A FEW MILES FROM KANDY, CEYLON, GROUPED ON STEPS OF A BUDDHIST TEMPLE

The Bali Ceremony seems to be peculiar to Ceylon and most likely is a survival from very ancient times. It is a magical rite performed for the curing of diseases believed to be due to planetary influences. Figures of the Bali gods and of the nine gods presiding over the nine planets of oriental astrology are molded from clay and fixed in a frame-work of bamboo. Upon these the person for whose benefit the ceremony is performed must fix his gaze, whilst in the open space before him the magical dances accompanied with the chanting of mantras and sacred songs proceeds for from fifteen to eighteen hours almost without cessation.

(Plate II) IMAGE OF THE BUDDHA IN THE JUNGLES WHEREIN ONCE STOOD THE ANCIENT BUDDHIST CAPITAL OF CEYLON,
ANURÂDHAPURÂ

(Plate III) THE ORIGINAL BO-TREE AT ANURÂDHAPURÂ, PRODUCED FROM A BRANCH OF THE ORIGINAL BO-TREE OF BUDH-GÂYÂ

It was carried to Ceylon from India by an Indian Buddhist Princess about 240 B. C., since which time it has been watched over by an uninterrupted succession of priestly guardians. Probably the oldest sacred tree in the world.

A Buddhist priest is seen inside the Bo-tree enclosure.

(Plate IV) A MONASTIC RETREAT NEAR KANDY, CEYLON

Two Buddhist priests are seen on veranda of dwelling.

(Plate V) A DAGOBA AMIDST THE RUINS OF THE
ANCIENT CITY OF ANURÂDHAPURÂ

(Plate VI) ALTAR STONE AND RUINS ON FLOOR AROUND
JETAWANARAMA DAGOBA, ANURÂDHAPURÂ

FATHOMLESS

H. T. PATTERSON

I LIE in the silvery hollow of sleep,
My head on the breast of the night reclining;
I sink in the fathomless waves of the deep;
Like mother-of-pearl the night-light is shining.

From the hollow of sounds songs sing in my ear;
In the caves of the darkness re-echoes the sound;
From the midst of the mist mist's faint forms appear,
Its vaporous forms the mist forms surround.

The shadows of eve and the shades before dawn,
The poles that are one though not ever meeting,
The footprints of zephyrs that float on the lawn,
The Now ever with us, present though fleeting.

I lie in the silvery hollow of being,
Asleep while awake and awake while asleep,
Seeing nothing that is and yet ever seeing,
Awake in the waves of the fathomless deep.

THE CONFLICT BETWEEN RELIGION AND SCIENCE

MAGISTER ARTIUM

PHILOSOPHY recognises a distinction between Ethics (*τὰ ἠθικά*) and natural science (*τὰ φυσικά*), according to which the former deals with character and conduct, the latter with phenomena; the former with what ought to be, the latter with what is; the former with duty, the latter with knowledge; the former with ideals, the latter with facts. This distinction is more popularly known as that between religion and science, between morals and natural philosophy.

Truth must ultimately be one and indivisible; yet we may divide the quest for truth into several branches for purposes of convenience. But we should never forget that this division is only temporary and formal. We should not go so far as to think that science has nothing whatever to do with conduct; nor, on the other hand, that religion has no concern

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with the intellect. Yet man has ever been prone to these mistakes; and we find science on its side sometimes professing to be indifferent to questions of conduct and to the distinction between right and wrong; while contrariwise we find a certain kind of religious temperament that bars all intellectual inquiry as sinful.

When a body, whether individual or social, is healthy, there is unity and wholeness among its members; but when it loses health, there begins to be a warring among its members. Thus we find the war between religion and science characterizing civilization in its later stages; while the sanctions of moral and religious obligation find themselves at variance with the claims of free intellectual inquiry. Such a state of disunion implies that both religion and science have wandered away from their true paths, each trying to monopolize the attention and respect of mankind, and each ignoring the rights of the other. The result, on the part of religion, is that it fails to command the necessary respect and devotion, by its neglect of the intellectual needs of human nature, while, in the case of science, we sometimes find its professed representatives claiming a freedom from all considerations of right and wrong. This latter condition is illustrated in the controversy over vivisection, which shows us that the right to gratify intellectual curiosity can be pushed to a point where it encroaches upon other rights and can no longer be conceded without due restriction. In support of their claims, we find the advocates of crude and cruel methods of inquiry guilty of curious inconsistency. Now they assert their independence of ethical considerations, and now they try to base their policy on the welfare of humanity. Their opponents, not always more consistent, are sometimes striving to deny the reality of the alleged benefits accruing to humanity by these researches, and sometimes, while admitting the benefits, repudiating them as illegitimate.

One feels that science *ought not* to involve anything that vexes our feelings of mercy and justice, and that any science which does so must have strayed from its true path. It may fairly be argued that, if science had been truer to its proper sphere, we should never have been led into such dilemmas; that the benefits (real or alleged) accruing from coarse and cruel methods would have been equaled and surpassed by the benefits resulting from more refined methods, which would have been discovered. And the discovery of such things as X-rays gives us a hope that, by such harmless means, we may eventually find the way to learn more about the human body and its treatment than by experiments with serums and the cutting of living tissue.

At all events those who genuinely feel the claims of mercy, and who are endowed with a sense of proportion, will fix their ideals and bend their endeavors toward such a consummation. But such people should

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be sharply distinguished from those others who (in seeming contempt of the 'humanitarian' defenders of vivisection) publish the details of experiments which cannot possibly be defended on grounds of utility or on any other grounds than sheer callous curiosity.

The conflict between the religious and scientific side of our nature has sometimes been described as a strife between the Heart and the Head. The distinction is pithy and convenient, but rather a slur on the word 'head.' The conflict is not between the heart and the intellect, but between the heart and the abuse of the intellect, or between wisdom and false knowledge. Mind is in itself a colorless faculty, but comes alternately under the influence of our lower instincts and our better feelings. When it is said of a person that his head rules his heart, it too often means that his less refined and more unintelligent nature rules the more intelligent and refined; and contrariwise, the word 'heart' may be loosely used to represent emotionalism.

A sense of harmony and proportion is always needed to adjust the various claims of different incentives in our complex nature. Our limited minds are unable to grasp truth in its entirety, and we contemplate her under the various aspects in which she reveals herself. One of these aspects is beauty, harmony, fitness; and it is under this aspect that Edgar Poe worships the goddess. He is never weary of proclaiming his conviction that the true man of science — even the true mathematician — must be a poet; for the *mere* mathematician, he says, will inevitably become a narrow pedant, and the *mere* scientist will certainly see the end of his own nose remarkably well, but no farther beyond. In this we are forcibly reminded of that phase of scientific research which probes microscopically into the details of outer form, and thereby fails to see the thing as it is and as a whole; which loses sight of the animal, the living intelligent soul, and sees only the grossest manifestation of the physical organism and functions. It is possible to carry our devotion to physical inquiry, and to the rigid ratiocinations of prescribed scientific method, so far that we lose the very ability to respond to finer influences, and the intellect becomes a mere machine.

Theosophy may rightly claim to be a champion of the intellect, in so far as it has served to rescue that faculty from such subservience and prostration, and to imbue it once again with that sense of proportion and harmony that will set it in its proper place in the temple of the gods, among the deities who illumine the human soul. There have been times in human history, there will be such times again, when the study of science has been and will be regarded as a sacred quest, demanding of its votaries every qualification that could be attested by a strict initiatory probation. It is in this light that Theosophy regards science; para-

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phrasing an old adage, Theosophy would say that *sagesse oblige*, meaning that knowledge conveys a responsibility which should preclude from its privileges all who are unable to accept the obligation.

We see that, in the Râja-Yoga ideal of education, conduct is made the first necessity; a policy sufficiently recognised by thoughtful educators in current print. Râja-Yoga, however, seems to be able to accomplish what others merely aspire to. We shall find everywhere in the writings of H. P. Blavatsky the claims of knowledge insisted on, equally with those of duty and character, and that she never tires of insisting on the absolute necessity of right motive and conduct as a basis of all pursuit of knowledge. It is denied that any real knowledge can be achieved without this condition; and asserted that the alleged knowledge that is otherwise gained is of the sort that does harm instead of good to its possessor and to the community.

The attempt to pursue knowledge apart from considerations of right and wrong has stultified the very pretensions of science. For it claims to render man superior to circumstance, while yet it has rendered him the victim of circumstance. We have worshiped the power of circumstance and ignored the power of man's individuality. If a man aspires in his heart after beauty and harmony, there is nothing to prevent him from expressing those ideals in his conduct; for circumstances, so far from being his adversaries, are his opportunities, the raw material on which he works. The message is therefore *to act*, not to wait for things to happen.

Theosophy has proclaimed the reign of Law throughout the universe and all life, and has urged the study of human nature as a proper sphere for science. But man has a higher nature as well as a lower; and biology should include — or, rather, should prefer — the study of this higher nature. We find in our magazines a 'psychology' which deals with machines for registering the movements of muscles and arteries, or with the nonsense that flits through the relaxed brain of a sleeper. Is this science? At least one can imagine a worthier kind of psychology — one that would tell us something about the way in which the higher nature and the selfish instincts of man act and react in the body, and would give us clues as to how to maintain the ascendancy of the former over the latter.

Theosophy has rendered the reign of Law comprehensible by its teachings as to the immortality of the Soul, the real man, and its incarnation in successive lives on earth. One who has studied Theosophy to some purpose gains a conviction that his destiny is within his own control, and that he has naught to fear from any power save the lusts that war against his reason and conscience. Such a conviction is a never-failing

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consolation in the sorest trials, and always comes to our rescue when we find ourselves despondent. It is this universal reign of Law that forms the bond of union between religion and science; for it implies that obligation and order are present everywhere: obligation in science, and reason in religion. The disparity between religion and science in the social sphere is a reflexion of the conflict between duty and ambition in our own individual lives. The individual man should aspire to fulfil his own high destiny, regarding the pursuit of knowledge as a means thereto; and, if the same ideal is to be realized by society the pursuit of science must be safeguarded by the same indispensable guarantees.

PSYCHIC RESEARCHES INTO PERSONALITY

H. T. EDGE, M. A.



As time goes on, we realize more fully that H. P. Blavatsky and the work she initiated have indeed been laying down the lines upon which subsequent activities, in many various fields of speculation, have since developed themselves; or, in other words, that the results of intellectual activity, in these different departments, have tended to the confirmation of Theosophy.

Among others, psychic research has done this, both in its less reputable and in its worthier phases. The former phase has demonstrated the futility and danger of dabbling in mediumistic practices and alleged communications with the deceased; and the latter phase has shown how psychic research, in the hands of people of a more philosophic turn, may contribute to a knowledge of the mysteries of our complex personality.

Reference is here made in particular to a report (in the London *Daily Telegraph* for July 20) of a presidential address to the London Society for Psychic Research. The speaker (Dr. W. M'Dougall) enunciated what is described as a "new" theory, and it is certainly an advance on previous theories which have been generally held in such quarters; but, if we are to take into account the philosophic literature of ancient India, we shall find nothing very novel in this tentative analysis of the nature of human consciousness. On the contrary, we shall find nothing that has not occurred to the authors of those stupendous philosophies, though we shall miss much that they have achieved. His theory amounts to a statement of the distinction between the One and the Many; the Many being all those multifarious elements that go to make up our complex personality — the instruments of the real Ego; and the One being that Ego itself,

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which is the master of them all. He explains how any one or more of these subordinate elements may escape the control of the master, thus setting up a rebel activity within the sphere of conscious life. He regards immortality as the survival of that which is essential, after the discarding of that which is transient; and in general reaches by a roundabout way the conclusions presented in clear and concise form in the Theosophical teachings as to the septenary constitution of man.

We judge from his remarks that he, and those who follow similar lines, may be designated the 'right wing' of psychic research, in contradistinction to 'left-wingers,' who pursue the less creditable paths of that quest. And we can see how readily his theory would explain the phenomena produced through mediumistic agencies; these being simply evidence of the temporary persistence, after the death of the body, of certain discarded habiliments of the deceased, which, not being composed of physical matter, take somewhat longer to disintegrate. It is made clear, too, that these psychic remnants do not in the least represent or constitute the immortal part of the man. They are, in fact, mere shadows, and have no life or consciousness except what they can borrow momentarily from their contact with the living persons who take part in the séance.

It will be remembered that the Theosophical teaching shows the human Soul as tripartite, or distinguishable roughly into the Spiritual Soul, the Human Soul, and the Animal Soul. And we find suggestions of this teaching in the views of our psychic researcher. For, while he speaks of the conscious personality as a sort of " 'general officer,' commanding a variety of subordinate, subconscious personalities"; he does not identify this general officer with the immortal ego. Thus we find the three: the subordinate elements, constituting the animal soul; their self-conscious director, constituting the human Soul; and that which survives, the Spiritual Soul. He speaks of the personal elements as "buds" from the essential stock — the very expression used by H. P. Blavatsky herself in the same connexion. Again, with regard to the immortal Soul, he expresses his belief that it will retain only certain elements of character which may be regarded as worthy or susceptible of immortality. So that here also we find the well-known Theosophical teaching reflected. That teaching is, of course, that the Reincarnating Ego assimilates from each earth-life such qualities as are capable of immortality and can contribute to the purposes which the Ego is fulfilling by its cycle of rebirths.

We do not follow the writer into certain details of his remarks, but what has been said represents the cream of them. Our chief point is to show that Theosophy, far from trying to force strange theories upon

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our reluctant belief, merely serves to elucidate the thoughts which people in the world around us are actually thinking. Or, to put the matter the other way round, the mental activities of various phases of speculation are converging toward the lines laid down by Theosophy.

A word more should perhaps be said respecting the practice of communication, or attempted communication, with the deceased. We have just spoken of the astral and psychic remnants, the discarded habiliments of the deceased personality, which are drawn into the circle of the sitters and revitalized temporarily, so as to yield results comparable in a certain way with the music rendered by a talking machine when rolls are fed into it. But this does not quite exhaust the subject; for it is a part of Theosophical teaching that, in the case of persons cut off suddenly and prematurely, by accident or execution, there is a prolonged survival of the personality beyond the term of bodily death. This is occasioned by the fact that, whereas people who die naturally have already for some time been slowly dissociating the integrity of their constitution, those suddenly cut off are not thus prepared. (The reader is referred to an article by W. Q. Judge on 'Capital Punishment' in the September number of this magazine.) Now it is most emphatically stated by the Theosophical Teachers that any attempt to drag back the departed to the earth is a grievous wrong inflicted upon them, tending to render them earth-bound, and hindering the natural processes of dissolution and of their evolution. In addition to this, it soon happens that the place of the departed is usurped by some quite other kind of influence, which personates him, and thus the sitters are brought into contact with a most dangerous phase of the invisible world. This process of degeneration in the communications is a well-known phenomenon.

Results therefore all go to vindicate the Theosophical teachings as to the useless and pernicious character of this phase of psychic research; and one is naturally glad to find investigators taking a more healthy and profitable line.

The human soul is in process of evolution, the evolution in his case being self-conscious. In the course of this evolution he identifies himself more and more with his Divine counterpart, the Spiritual Soul, and learns how to subdue and to utilize that complex material and psychic machinery with which he finds himself involved. It is useful to bear in mind those ancient teachings referred to above, which regard *selfhood* as a quality that may be borrowed by various elements in our make-up, thus creating sundry false selves or personalities. This explains the fact, brought out by some psychologists, and dealt with by the writer from whom we quote, that the personality of a man seems to be made up of a number of parts, which may under certain circumstances become separated. It

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is somewhat as though selfhood were a ray of light that can be turned now into one corner, now into another, of our brain, investing each for the time with a fictitious reality. The ancient teachings are full of similes illustrating this: such as that of the charioteer, the reins, the chariot, and the horses; and a useful simile is that of the lantern throwing pictures upon a screen.

Our Self is a clear light that shines through a multitude of colored windows, through a confusion of motley shadows; and our evolution consists in the gradual disentangling of the real from the false. The immortal Soul is not a new and separate existence that is bestowed after death, but our real Self, which is present during life as well, and which we have to find.

Dr. M'Dougall expresses his conviction that the personality of man contains but little of value except what it holds in common with other people; that it is as a member of human society, rather than as a single human being, that we achieve our real life. And truly, when we throw off the temporal limitations of the self, and make it enduring in time, we find ourselves constrained to discard its local limitations as well, and to make it infinite in range and extent. Personality, as distinguished from Individuality, is indeed but an artificial limitation, having no reality, except in so far as an illusion may be called a reality. For purposes of life and action in this mundane sphere, we have to be separate from each other; but this circumstance should not be allowed to engross our thoughts and feelings to the extent of permitting the creation of a phantom soul, separate from other souls. In so far as psychic research may contribute to the growth of a conviction that personal separateness is an illusion, and that in essence we are truly One, it will do good work; but we may perhaps be allowed to speculate whether the author reached his conclusions in consequence, or in spite, of psychic research.

When the speaker in the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ* bids us not lament, for (says he) there is no non-being for that which is, and no existence for that which is not; he may seem to a hasty reader to be juggling with words. But a second thought shows the meaning to be that the essential part of our nature is immortal, while the secondary parts are temporary and will not for ever plague us. Thus a just analysis of the nature of our consciousness results in the conviction that we are truly immortal, but we need purging before we can render this conviction a practical reality.

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN IS WITHIN YOU

H. TRAVERS, M. A.

FROM every point on earth we are equally near to heaven and to the infinite," says Amiel; and we may remark incidentally that some curious minds may be tempted to deduce a conclusion as to the geographical situation of heaven; all they need do is find a point which is equidistant from every point on the surface of the earth. And the quotation does suggest that most pregnant of symbols, the circle. Let its circumference represent the path which we follow as we traverse our time-cycle; and let its center denote the infinite. Then, at any moment of our life, we are equally near to the center. Our plans and desires would lead us in a straight line towards some prospective object, and would thus take us along a tangent; but necessity, represented by an attraction towards the center, pulls us ever back to the circular curve; gently, if we do not resist; more violently according to the amount of our resistance.

Our ideas of progress, derived from our efforts in this mundane sphere, suggest a long journey up a hill; and, if we slip, we roll to the bottom and have to start again. According to this view, we are sometimes near and sometimes far from our goal. But the quotation says we are always equally near to the *real* goal; and there is the difference between the two views.

It is a commonplace that the path of selfish ambition leads its pilgrim to ultimate dissatisfaction; but the above considerations give an explanation for this. The dissatisfied pilgrim has simply discovered that his path has failed to bring him nearer to his heart's desire, and that he is no nearer to the kingdom of heaven than before — except in so far as he has overcome one vast illusion.

What a hope and consolation for the lowly! They, even as Christ said, are within reach of the kingdom of heaven. What a relief for those who have fallen back in the paralysis of despair from long, arduous, but seemingly fruitless effort! They may have fallen a long way from the goal of their ambition, but not so from the goal of the heart's desire.

The lesson is one of simplicity; but simplicity is the jewel of the experienced and consummate craftsman. It would seem that we have to learn it through the route of complexity. Neophytes are apt to be profuse, and learn restraint later on. We are told that, to acquire wisdom, we must return to the child state we have lost. Return: that means that we have departed from it; and the departure itself was also necessary.

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As an artist in any art begins by exulting in his powers and running to excess in all directions, and finally, as he masters his powers, learns restraint and achieves a simplicity which however cannot be imitated; so in the great art of life we proceed through the same stages.

“The art which all fair works doth most aggrace.
The art which all that wrought appeared in no place.”

What a world of experience lies behind the great simple characters! Their simplicity is not of ignorance, but of knowledge.

There is a more real and blessed life ready for man, whenever he is ready to step out into it. From any point of time he is equally near to this goal, says our quotation.

But the above has no reference to any system of ‘self-culture’ or ‘mental concentration’ — as these words are often used, or rather mis-used. Nothing which tends to glorify the personality or render a person more self-conscious than he already is, will lead him in the desired direction; it will lead him the opposite way. We cannot think of Jesus Christ as a New-Thoughtist; Theosophists have too much reverence for that great Teacher to be able to tolerate for a moment such an idea. His “Kingdom of Heaven” was not a state of self-satisfaction; much less was it an intensification of personal desires. Nor are the “fruits of the Spirit,” also spoken of in the Bible, at all like the boons sought or promised by those who go in for ‘self-development’ and ‘concentration.’

Man cannot live in the moment, like the animals, unquestioningly. However much he may try to distract himself with occupation, pleasure, or forgetfulness, there will be times when he is forced to reflect on the meaning of his life. And then he will realize that it is superficial, and there must be something behind; the reality cannot be found on the surface, but must lurk in the depths. But we cannot suppose that man is gifted with the power to aspire, and yet denied the power to attain. The secrets beyond the veil must lie within his reach. Great Teachers — men who have themselves attained — seek to direct men’s steps to the path that leads to knowledge. But truth is inconvenient; and those to whom it is inconvenient band themselves together to hustle away the truth. To slander and persecute the Teacher while he is alive; and, after he is dead, to convert his teachings into something better suited to their purpose — such is the policy pursued. Men become willing to be told that attainment is impossible; that the Teacher was a unique and privileged being; and, instead of going in quest of the truth for themselves, they will allow others to purvey it to them in the form of dogmas and articles of belief. Jesus Christ said, of certain individuals of his day, that they would neither enter the kingdom of heaven themselves nor permit anyone else to do so.

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But Christ and the other Teachers showed us a path which all men could follow. To attain knowledge, it is necessary to obey the laws of our higher nature, and to dominate the forces of our lower nature. For, by suffering ourselves to be swayed by the latter, we are kept bound down in a narrow circle, with our faces to the earth. The truth is ever the same; and poets and philosophers may voice it as well as the great Teachers, as is seen in the quotation at the head of this article. We are always equally near to the infinite; and when we reflect deeply on the illusory character of our superficial life, we begin to draw near to that fuller life which lies behind the veil of the senses and thoughts.

QUALITY VS. QUANTITY

T. HENRY, M. A.

"Equality, Mass, Quantity, are the idols Europe has served, and to which others can now bring more acceptable offerings. Let her remember, however, the ancient deities who have disdainfully withdrawn from their desecrated temple, the gods of Harmony, Measure, Quality. These are not fetishes: under their sway are to be found, not vast wealth, nor mechanical facilities for doing things which are not worth doing, but art, beauty, happiness, and noble human development."— *Times Literary Supplement*, June 24, 1920

 HE above, occurring in the review of a book, is typical of a great number of such utterances now pervading the arena of public debate. Its burden is the plight of Europe, the relation of that plight with the recent standards of culture in occidental civilization, and the suggested remedies. Those who can see the distant view are more numerous than those who can see how it is to be attained or even approached. Yet we may hope that, out of the fulness of the yearning and anticipation, light will emerge.

Pythagoras and Plato taught the necessity of what they called mathematics. Mathematics in our day has come to be associated with something that is narrow and over-precise, mechanical and soulless, estranged from art and beauty; identified, in short, with those very three terms of the first category quoted above — equality, mass, quantity. But this is a very elementary kind of mathematics; and when we explore beyond the portals of mere arithmetic and exact quantities, we find mathematics to be a very recondite and most beautiful science. To say that mathematics underlies creation does not mean that the universe is laid out in straight lines and divided into commensurate proportions.

In the review of a book on Pythagorean geometry (THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH, Vol. VI, No. 4), will be found comments on the author's view that

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later geometers have laboriously demonstrated all the life out of Pythagoras's geometry, so that geometry has since dwindled to a mere abstract science of relation and quantity, devoid of application to anything vital and really interesting. In certain geometrical truths Pythagoras discerned *principles* underlying all creation, and hence deeply affecting the interests of man as one of nature's creators; and, so far from laboring to *demonstrate* the obvious, he sought to show his disciples the application of these truths. Pythagoras, in *his* mathematics, found not merely equality, mass, and quantity, but, far more abounding and excellently, harmony, measure, and quality. Let us not, therefore, throw mathematics overboard, but try to understand better what it is.

We can readily recognise the distinction between Grecian appreciations and tastes and those of the Romans who conquered Greece. For the coarser-grained invaders, quantity and bulk were the only qualifications that could distinguish the fortunate possessor from the unfortunate have-not. They carried off anything and everything upon which they could lay their hands, regardless of quality; and opulence was the criterion of elevation in their scale of aristocracy. In their banquets it was quantity and not quality that counted. In recent occidental culture we may trace a return of cycles, or a racial reincarnation; inasmuch as the watchword of what we have called progress has been quantity of production, rather than quality, the latter having fallen off in very many cases as a direct consequence of our worship of the former.

"Measure in all things" was the Greek ideal, so different from the ideal of "as much as possible" which we have cultivated. We seem to deal in superlatives: the biggest, the newest, the most expensive, and so on. Yet even among ourselves we can perhaps draw certain national lines between those whose ideal is to get as rich as possible and those who aim merely at a competence. People of the latter sort taunt the others with not knowing how to live: instead of earning enough to retire and enjoy life, they go on accumulating until death, intervening, leaves the pile to be squandered by heirs. But perhaps even these more moderate people have fallen short of the best in life.

The word 'equality' is used in the quotation, in connexion with mass and quantity. It probably refers to the kind of equality which reduces craftsmen to a herd of human machines, all working the same number of hours, receiving the same compensation, and doing exactly the same thing. This is truly a substitution of quantity for quality; this is estimating men by their number, not by their kind. In geometry there is the exact proportion and the incommensurable, defining the difference between a diagram and a picture, between a machine and a work of nature. Yet even in nature we may find illustrations of both: the sands

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on the shore, consisting of grains all alike, and characterized only by their multiplicity; and the elaborate organism, formed of multifarious parts, innumerable not only in quantity but in kind. Equality means equal opportunity and the absence of oppression, not the dead level.

Our gods are our ideals; and in proportion as these become enshrined in the hearts and minds of a number of people, do they become living and active powers influencing us in the direction in which they point. We have set up the gods of size and quantity; we have deserted the gods of quality and harmony, both in our individual and our collective life.

PESSIMISM THE GREAT BAR TO PROGRESS

R. MACHELL



UNDOUBTEDLY the greatest obstruction that lies in the path of Reconstruction is pessimism, which displays itself in a fixed mistrust of human nature.

It would be hard to deny that this kind of pessimism is supported by observation and experience; and yet it is certainly opposed to that faith in the possibility of human evolution and progress which springs spontaneously in the human heart, and which inspires all workers for the uplift of the human race and for the improvement of social conditions.

The pessimist is apt to justify his mistrust of human nature by referring to past experience; but he may be charged with mistaking the cause of past failures for the result of those misfortunes. It may well be argued that pessimism in such cases is a certain cause of failure: and this point of view is supported by study of man's nature as expounded in the teachings of Theosophy.

Pessimism is the denial of man's spiritual nature. It is the result of self-distrust, which springs from ignorance of the complex character of the inner man. It rests upon the supposition that the mind of man is a mechanism that acts alone under the impulses of the body. If this supposition were true, there would be ample cause to doubt the possibility of raising humanity to a higher level.

International distrust is a potent cause of war, and is itself born of experiences arising from national aggression and self-aggrandisement, which in their turn are caused by fear of aggression by others. Fear and mistrust breed violence as well as desire for self-defense: indeed it is

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almost impossible to draw the line between self-defense and aggression. Both are the result of distrust in human nature.

This general state of mutual distrust has reigned in most parts of the known world since the commencement of our historical period; which, however, represents but a small fragment of man's evolution on this globe. In many races there remain traditions of a golden age when man lived in peace and mutual trust; but when the dark ages set in and war broke out, then records of all kinds were systematically destroyed, as they have been ever since; so that our historical age is very short; not because civilization is so modern, but because civilization has been so often and so completely destroyed.

But the old Wisdom-Religion, Theosophy, has never been entirely obliterated: traces of it have been preserved in mutilated form by various religious bodies; and the old teachings have been given out from time to time, as opportunity offered; so that the true nature of man and the true laws of life have been known by a few in various parts of the world throughout the centuries and millenniums of ignorance, violence, and degradation, as well as through periods of material prosperity, with their luxury and debauchery, which formed a parody on true civilization.

The modern Theosophical Movement — which began with Madame Blavatsky's founding of the Theosophical Society in New York in 1875, and which has entered on a stage of practical application to the problems of life by the establishment of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society by H. P. Blavatsky's successor, Katherine Tingley, and by the opening of International Headquarters at Point Loma, California,— has brought again to the world the old teachings of Universal Brotherhood, based on the Spiritual Unity of the human race.

These teachings contain the only real explanation of the true nature of man, which, in its turn, is the only true foundation for that optimism from which comes all effort to improve human relation and to raise man to his true position in life. Theosophy teaches that the real life of man is spiritual and glorious, and that the physical or lower life should be guided and controlled by the inner life, and indeed be an expression of it. Then, and only then, can brotherhood be realized as a fact in nature.

Those who have realized the truth of these old teachings, and who have found in themselves the verification of them, are at no loss to explain the generous impulses that are so constantly and spontaneously revealing themselves in the conduct of people who are entirely ignorant of their own nature and whose philosophy of life (if one can dignify it so) would seem to make such impulses appear entirely unreasonable.

The divine soul in man will show itself occasionally even in the most pessimistic; but it can do little more than make a protest against the

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mental ignorance that shuts it in and makes it impotent on this plane. Knowledge is needed to free the mind from the dominion of the lower nature, which holds it down to the condition of an animal, in spite of its intuitive attempts to assert a superiority that it feels but cannot justify.

Theosophy justifies the aspirations of the inner man, and explains the constitution of man, so that the mind finds rational support for its most exalted moods, and a firm philosophical basis for optimism, which is the sole cause of progress.

Further, it explains the path of progress as a process of spiritual unfoldment, a constant revelation of the inner mysteries of the soul, which struggles ceaselessly for expression on the physical plane.

The mind is the field of conflict between the passional forces of the lower animal nature and the higher spiritual soul; and it displays a duality that baffles explanation on any other lines than those laid down in the old Wisdom-Religion. For there the whole nature of man is revealed to those capable of receiving the truth; and even an elementary student of the old teachings will find a clue to many of the difficulties in his own nature that have so long defeated his attempts at self-mastery.

In revealing to man the mystery of his own nature, Theosophy endows him with a wealth of optimism. His highest aspirations are shown to him as natural steps in evolution, which it is his duty to surmount. His lowest impulses, he will realize, are no more than the natural raging of the animal nature not yet fully dominated and controlled. His duality becomes intelligible, and his path of progress becomes clear; for he will soon realize that he is closely linked in evolution with all his fellow-creatures, and he will begin to feel within that deep sense of Unity, which must find its expression in material life as Universal Brotherhood.

His pessimism must in time disappear in the light of the awakened Soul, and the path of human progress be seen, when the simple law of Brotherhood reveals itself as the great outstanding fact of Nature.



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

—*William Sharp*

WILLOW-TREE AT 'LAUREL CREST,' NEWBURYPORT

Immediately to the right of the entrance gateway to 'Laurel Crest' is an old willow tree. The trunk, or rather what remains of it, is nine feet in diameter and has the marks of very old age. It is said to have been three hundred years old when struck by lightning several years ago, which shattered it to its present picturesque form. Its abundant vitality is shown by new shoots which are springing out of the old wood. In its gigantic and grotesque outlines the tree appears like a powerful sentinel standing guard at the entrance to the estate.

Inside the gateway the grade immediately begins to rise, and a beautifully curved road leads to the crest of the hill which has been the Headquarters for Mme. Katherine Tingley and her party during her recent visit. The road rises 175 ft. in about a quarter of a mile, and leads through an avenue of thickly wooded pines up to the crest, from whence a wonderful view spreads before the eye. The beautiful Merrimac River winds around the estate in front and to the left; to the right the river widens to enormous proportions just before entering the ocean.