THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

VOL. XIV NO. 6 JUNE 1918

"WHATEVER comes from the Gods to the man who is beloved by the Gods, will all be the best possible, unless he has some necessary ill from former miscarriage. Hence, if the just man happens to be in poverty, or disease, or in any other of those seeming evils, these things issue to him in something good either whilst alive or dead. For never at any time is he neglected by the Gods, who inclines earnestly to endeavor to become just, and practises virtue, as far as it is possible for man to resemble God."

— PLATO, *The Republic*, Trans. by Thomas Taylor

FORCE WHICH ENDOWS THE STRONG:*

by Katherine Tingley

THE divine laws which govern the manifestation of the vibratory forces of nature cannot be forever stayed. At a certain epoch there come forth forces which break through all limitations of whatever kind they may be.

We are, in this cycle, in close proximity with this new solar energy, this force which endows the strong with fresh courage and removes the timid gently from its course, to be no longer weights on the wheels of the chariot of life.

These forces at work today cannot be brought down and enshrined within the limitations of the past. Humanity is reaching out to receive them as something dropped on its travel down the ages. Men are beginning to realize that their divine birthright is no dream. The utterance of the statement brings with it a living power reviving the embers in the heart. It is possible to reach today a higher plane of thought than could be reached yesterday. All nature is evolving.

Students who have reached a certain point, sometimes wish to have full explanations given to them so that in some way they may derive personal benefit from the knowledge; but without the stimulus of effort, without trust, without faith, nothing is possible. We go to sleep with full

*Originally published in *The Crusader* (London) 1898. Republished by request.

faith that we shall arise the next morning. We sow a seed with full faith that Nature will perform her part, and the seed spring up to bear fruit.

. . . . . .

We need today a larger faith and trust, and in this we find ourselves living in a condition where everything is possible; where everything we touch may blossom forth and bear gladness and joy to others. Receiving ourselves unstintedly, ungrudgingly, of that large and ample life which animates everything throughout universal space, we shall give freely with open hearts, so that no impoverished life shall ever flow from us.

In the true condition of mind and heart there arises a sweet peace which does not descend upon us from above, for we are in the midst of it. It is not like the sunshine, for no transitory clouds obscure its rays, but it is permanent and ever-abiding through all the days and years. Nothing can move us when that condition is reached. We have but to take the first step in the true spirit of brotherliness, and all other steps will follow in natural sequence. We have to be warriors and fight the old fight unceasingly, but leagued with us in this ancient fight are all the great workers of the past. Behind man, back of all things, broods the eternal spirit of Compassion.

. . . . . .

We should not become so absorbed in the little achievement of today as to render it impossible for us to receive the key to the wider knowledge of the future. If we began to realize the voice of the soul working behind the ordinary mentality, we would consciously become receptive to higher influences and more spiritual realities, we would bring about that condition within ourselves where we should hear the divine melodies, restoring harmony throughout all Nature. In this way, we should become pioneers, opening up the vision of men to the vast and unexplored regions of life, and, being conscious of this possibility, so stimulate every energy that the very atoms in space, the atoms composing every organism, would change and begin to respond to the divine impulse thus called forth.

"HE who strives to resurrect the Spirit *crucified in him by his own terrestrial passions,* and buried deep in the 'sepulcher' of his sinful flesh; he who has the strength to roll back *the stone of matter* from the door of his own *inner* sanctuary, he *has the risen Christ in him.*"

OLD AGE AND SENILITY: by H. T. Edge, M. A.

WE have been reading a scientific article on old age and its attendant phenomena, in the course of which the author, after marshaling a motley array of facts, elicits the conclusion that the mental and moral faculties need not share in the decrepitude of the body, although in many cases they do so. Some old men retain their mental and moral vigor unimpaired until their last summons; while others become more shut in, selfish, and feeble in temper and ability, in proportion as their bodily tissues grow stiff and clogged. This of course is commonplace knowledge, nor does it seem to gain much in importance from being clothed in more or less technical language. Science investigates the corporeal changes incidental to old age; and certain materialistic theories would fain have us believe that these corporeal changes stand as causes, and that the mental and moral nature follows them. But experience shows us that such is not the case; the mental and moral natures suffer in varying degrees; a circumstance which sufficiently proves their independence of the bodily changes. Nay, they are even capable of arresting the physical decay of old age and thus of prolonging life.

In thus stating the facts, the writer in question leaves a somewhat vague and trite effect, for want of a clear and definite philosophy by which to arrange his ideas. Also, from the attempt to follow conventional theories without contradicting experience, he seems to vacillate and contradict himself. The duality of the human mind is not sufficiently dwelt upon. The fact is that the lower half of the mind gravitates towards the body and identifies itself with the bodily sensations; so that a person who has cultivated that side of his nature over-much, loses control in old age and becomes senile in his faculties and temper. But the higher part of the mind aspires towards the moral faculties; instead of blindly following sensual impulse, it acts with will-power in pursuance of principle; hence a person who has cultivated this side of his nature is able in old age to withstand, and even to avail himself of, the changes incidental to senescence.

The fact that the mind and body react on each other is not to be denied; but it is equally true that the higher nature can control the mind, and can control the body through the mind. Hence the materialistic theory is just true enough to be false; it approximates to the truth in cases where the person is of a low grade of development, and deviates more widely from the truth in the case of persons of fine character.

Who shall venture to set limits to the extent to which the higher faculties can control the lower? Common experience shows us that persons can retain their judgment and sympathies intact, and even riper

than ever, to the last day; it is conceivable that even bodily decay might be indefinitely arrested, supposing that to be desirable. But what an argument for immortality! that which grows old, the body, dies; but the mind grows not old; the inference is that it does not die — that is, the higher part of the mind. And such is in fact the teaching of Theosophy.

The body dies, and with it also perish some other principles not known to modern science. The real Self is immortal. Between these two stands the *personality* — not the immortal *Individuality*, but the temporary self that lasts but for one incarnation. The relation of these three with each other may be roughly illustrated by taking some geometrical figure, a circle for instance, to represent the Soul, and another circle to represent the body. When the two circles overlap, a third area is produced between them; when the circles are drawn apart, this third area vanishes. Thus the personality, formed by the overlapping of Soul and body, disappears when the Soul separates from the body; but the Soul does not disappear. This however is but an imperfect representation and must not be pushed too far; we can scarcely expect to define Individuality and personality in such simple terms. The teachings on this subject outlined by H. P. Blavatsky in *The Key to Theosophy* state that the most refined and spiritual aspirations of the personality are preserved, so that the immortal Ego reaps a 'harvest' from each incarnation. We have to define man as a trinity; otherwise there would be no connexion between his two halves, and no conceivable purpose in incarnation. The *human soul* stands between the *spiritual soul* and the *animal soul*, and is the link. The following quotation also is apposite:

"The human soul . . . is the only and direct mediator between the personality and the divine Ego. That which goes to make up on this earth the *personality*, miscalled *individuality* by the majority, is the sum of all its mental, physical, and spiritual characteristics, which, being impressed on the human soul, produces the *man*. Now of all these characteristics it is the purified thoughts alone which can be impressed on the higher, immortal Ego. This is done by the human soul merging again, in its essence, into its parent source, commingling with its divine Ego during life, and reuniting itself entirely with it after the death of the physical man. . . . Only that which is worthy of the immortal God within us, and identical in its nature with the divine quintessence, can survive. . . .

"The mental and spiritual ideations of the personal 'I' return to it, as part of the Ego's essence, and can never fade out. Thus of the personality that was, only its spiritual experiences the memory of all that is good and noble, with the consciousness of its 'I' blended with that of all the other personal 'I's' that preceded it, survive and become immortal."—*H. P. Blavatsky*

It will be seen therefore that the question of personality and survival is not to be solved like a proposition of Euclid; nor indeed could this be expected. But the essentials are clear enough; that which is high and noble in man is imperishable, and therefore cannot grow old; the more the man lives in this, the less does he yield to the influence of senescence. He uses it as one of the normal states of the body, and

avails himself of its advantages. Dramatic dialogues can be written, showing the contest between ardent youth and cynical old age; but both contestants are equally under the sway of the body: the one, ardent, because the body is young; the other cynical, because the body is old.

Death and rebirth occur continuously in the body, as biologists can tell us. An unremitting will-power resists the natural tendency of the body to disintegrate; dead remains are excreted and new materials generated. Death itself is the same thing on a larger scale; the cycle of mortal life and death is a large cycle comprehending smaller ones of the same kind, just as the annual cycle comprehends the diurnal. Some people hold that, though the Spirit be immortal, it merges into the World-Soul, as indistinguishably as a drop of water is (or is said to be) lost in the ocean. But Theosophy teaches that Individuality is not lost; though, in entertaining this idea, we must be careful not to confuse Individuality with personality. The alleged survival of the mere *personality* — a notion toyed with by men of science — seems to many people a prospect worse than extinction, a veritable living death; and the character of the alleged communications from the deceased is all that is needed to prove the low source from whence they emanate.

A conviction of the truth of reincarnation is calculated to give us such a new conception of life that it is impossible to forecast the effect which such a belief will have on humanity when it becomes more general. The conventional ideas tempt people to say: 'All is over; it is no use doing anything now'; and to live in memories and regrets instead of in prospects and resolves. But there is no more reason for thus giving way than there is for abandoning hope and effort because a day is closing in. The ability to accept as a fact the weariness of the body, and even that of the mind and spirits, and yet to fall asleep in the full assurance of renewed strength on the morrow, is one that we all have; and it is only a matter of evolution and growth before we shall be able to face old age and death in a similar spirit.

If birth and death are processes which take place continually in the body and also in the mind, and we are continually resisting the tendency to disintegration, we achieve a kind of immortality in the course of daily and hourly victory over our mortal elements. But it is anger, fear, lust, and jealousy that are associated with the disintegrative forces in our body; while the nobler thoughts and emotions are associated with constructive powers. Therefore it is well, in the interests of youth, to cultivate these finer and constructive qualities and to eschew the destructive ones. There is a saying, to which we will give a different significance: "Whom the Gods love die young." That is, they never grow old.

STUDIES IN CHINESE AND EUROPEAN PAINTING:

by Osvald Sirén, Ph. D. Professor of the History of Art, University of Stockholm, Sweden

CHAPTER VI — CHINESE LANDSCAPE-PAINTING

IF one wished to describe in one word the essential character and ultimate aim of Chinese landscape-painting, that word should be: infinity. All that to the artist is implied in that word of freedom from the fetters of the material world, of visionary suggestion, of contemplation of the hidden mysteries of nature reflected in his own soul, flows as an undercurrent through the whole wealth of landscapes in monochrome produced during the Sung period. These landscapes are no mere representations of nature in the sense commonly attributed to this term, but impressionistic renderings of inner moods rather than of outward appearances. In them the objective motive seems to sink completely into the peaceful depths of the creative soul and to reissue brighter and stronger, replete with an inner life that is suggested by means of tone and rhythm.

The most important element in the transcription of such inspired vision is atmosphere. The atmospheric tone is the very breath of life in these landscapes; its more or less diffused character awakes dim gleams of yearning and divination. The means that stood at the disposal of the artist were also admirably adapted to the expression of atmospheric tone. The means were various qualities and gradations of ink, light and dark, wet and dry, or ink mixed with blue pigment. The tone employed was generally monochrome but within this simple scale was produced the greatest variety of light and shade, as well as a suggestion of delicate modulations of color which the Japanese call *notan*. In producing these effects the actual handling of the brush was of decisive importance; through it came rhythmic structure; it was so to say the warp while the atmospheric tones formed the woof in the fabric of the picture.

For example, we may recall the great Sung painter HSIA KUEI, who, according to Chinese experts, carried decorative *notan* to a high point of perfection. He is said to have executed his pictures in deep ink, (called *suiboku*) with vigorous strokes of the brush, "as if they were falling in drops." His contemporaries said that his ink seethed or that it seemed as if it actually had color, and that "his wrinkles were rough," meaning that the inkings traditionally used for rocks and trees were expressed in heavy yet luminous masses. Of other artists it was said that their *notan* gleamed like silver, or that their manner was flowing and 'river-like.' We have already spoken of certain definite kinds of strokes that

had become established as appropriate for the painting of mountains, each one of them characterized by a special name and used for particular subjects or ideas.

Atmosphere, whether as mist, vapor, or clouds, is the ensouling principle of these landscapes, whose material structure is composed of mountain and water. High, steep mountains, wild and unapproachable, with sharp crests rising above the clouds and cleft by fathomless abysses, is an ever recurring subject. From the crevices of the mountains spring foaming streams whose waters gather in the valleys into peaceful lakes. These two elements have given the name to Chinese landscape painting of *sensui*, literally signifying mountain-and-water-picture. They express the sustaining and upbuilding power of nature as well as the continuously changing and shifting movement of life. They, like all other elements in these pictures, usually have symbolic significance, but whatever this may be and however the mood may range from sunny joy to gloomy pathos, there is in them always an underlying tone of grandeur and a liberating sense of infinity. These Chinese Sung landscapes are never commonplace or banal; they may be more or less expressive, but they always have in them something lofty and immeasurable.

"Only in landscape," writes a critic of the Sung time, "are depth and distance united with delights which never cease to charm. Therefore literary men who take up painting devote themselves to landscape. Human figures, birds, insects, flowers and plants belong to the artificer's class, their beauty is exhausted in a single glance even if they are painted with the greatest skill." And old Kuo Hsi from whose notes we have frequently quoted, asks: "Why do virtuous men so dearly love landscape?" To this he himself answers:

"It is for these facts: that a landscape is a place where vegetation is nourished on high and low ground, where springs and rocks play about like children, a place which woodsmen and retiring scholars usually frequent, where monkeys have their tribe, and storks fly crying aloud their joy in the scene. The noisiness of the dusty world, and the locked-in-ness of human habitations are what human nature, at its highest, perpetually hates; while on the contrary, haze, mist, and the Senin sages (meaning, poetically, the old spirits that are supposed to haunt mountains) are what human nature seeks, and yet can but rarely see. But if there be great peace and flourishing days in which the minds, both of the ruler and subject, are high and joyous, and in which it is possible for one to regulate his conduct with purity, righteousness, and honesty during his whole career; then what need or motive would there be for the benevolent man to hold aloof, shun the world, and fly from the commonplace? Rather would he join the people in the general jubilee. But since this is not the case, what a delightful thing it is for lovers of forests and fountains and the friends of mist and haze to have at hand a landscape painted by a skilful artist! To have therein the opportunity of seeing water and peaks, of hearing the cry of the monkeys, and the song of birds, without going from the room! In this way a thing, though done by another's will, completely satisfies one's own mind. This is the fundamental idea of the world-wide respect for sansui (landscape) painting, so that if the artist, without realizing this idea, paints sansui with a careless heart, it is like throwing earth upon a deity, or casting impurities into the clear wind."

This statement reminds one not a little of Leonardo's exaltation of the power of painting to evoke the magic beauty of nature even for one who is far away from the bewitching scene (in the Introduction to his Treatise on Painting); but a certain difference lies in the fact that Kuo Hsi, who writes 550 years earlier, attaches more importance to the representation of the inner life and essence of nature than Leonardo, who generally is the advocate of objective illusion and definition of plastic form. Kuo Hsi has also left us notes relating to most important traditional elements of Chinese landscape painting such as clouds, mountains, and water, and these are highly characteristic of the Sung painters' ensouling vision of nature.

"The aspects of clouds in sansui is different according to the four seasons. In spring they are mild and calm; in summer they are thick and brooding (melancholy); in autumn they are rare and thin; in winter dark and gray. And in painting clouds, if one does not try to carve out every minute detail, but will paint only the great total aspect of the thing, then the forms and proportions of the clouds will *live*. Among clouds there are returning-home clouds. There are strong winds and light clouds; a great wind has the force of blowing sand, and a light cloud may have the form of a thin cloth stretched out."

About the different aspects of mountains and waters, Kuo Hsi writes:

"A mountain is a mighty thing, hence its shape ought to be high and steep, freely disposing itself like a man at ease, or standing up with grandeur, or crouching down like a farmer's boy, or as having a cover over it, a chariot below it, seeming as if it had some support in front to lean over, or something behind to lean against, or as gazing down upon something below; such are some of the great form-aspects of mountains.

"Water is a living thing, hence its form is deep and quiet, or soft and smooth, or broad and ocean-like, or thick like flesh, or circling like wings, or jetting and slender, rapid and violent like an arrow, rich as a fountain flowing afar, making waterfalls, weaving mists upon the sky, or running down into the earth where fishermen (sages or retired scholars) lie at ease. Grass and trees on the river-banks look joyous, and like beautiful ladies under veils of mists and cloud, or sometimes bright and gleaming as the sun shines down the valley. Such are the living aspects of water."

The descriptions of the good Kuo Hsi are as graphic in form as his observation of nature is poetical. To read his notes is like seeing long makimonos gradually unrolled with successions of high mountains of weird formation, wide vistas of sea, foaming waterfalls, and rivers that wind between smiling banks. The pictures are caught by the intuitive eye of a true artist who endows the varied scenes with individuality. One of the leading principles in Chinese landscape painting he expresses in the following words:

"If a mountain has no mist or cloud, it is like springtime without flowers or grass. Mountains without cloud are not fine, without water not beautiful (the word beautiful used here is that applied generally to women), without a road or path not habitable (or suitable), without forests not alive."

In order to accentuate the subjective character of the picture re-

flected in the artist's soul from which flows the music in these landscapes, a figure is usually placed in some position of prominence in the foreground looking out into the veiled distance. This is the artist or the philosopher in whose contemplative soul the vision of nature gathers strength and unity and inner meaning. It is he who reads the great book of nature — the only book in which the Zen philosopher would seek wisdom. According to Fenollosa, who had a life-long experience of Chinese and Japanese modes of thought, this figure represents the sage who looks out over the land and finds that the path he has been following loses itself in the mists of doubt and ignorance. Instead of plunging into the unknown or attempting a hopeless struggle he sits him down to wait and watch the phantoms of the fog (man's passions). He knows that all conditions change and pass.

One who is accustomed to such a mode of thought can well understand that these peaceful and noble landscapes have a religious significance to those who know their true import.

Besides the general elements which we have indicated as specially characteristic of the Sung landscapes are found several other motives which gradually won the sanction of tradition and attained more or less definite symbolic significance. Everyone knew for instance that flying wild geese meant autumn, that the willow-tree signified spring, and so on. By the introduction of such generally understood natural symbols, the artist could arouse a quantity of associated ideas in the mind of the spectator and give expression to the literary or emotional import of his painting which otherwise would remain obscure. Thus their pictures assumed a more human interest.

Certain sets of motives were much affected: the four seasons were represented sometimes by landscapes, and sometimes by particular flowers; the occupations, writing poetry, making music, drinking tea, and playing chess, are also generally represented as open-air scenes, the dragon and the tiger — symbolizing the spiritual and the animal powers in nature — often appear in highly developed landscapes, and the same is true with regard to other symbolic and religious motives which were treated in sets of two, three or more pictures. It was a common thing to paint pictures in pairs representing opposite sides of the same subject, as for instance, sunshine and rain, snow and blossom, foaming waterfall, and the moonshine mirrored in the stillness of the lake. Very famous and often repeated when romantic landscape art was in its prime were the eight views from the districts of the Hsiao and Hsiang rivers; they are known by the following names: Homeward-bound boats in the distance; Fair weather after storm near a lonely mountain town; The autumn moon over Lake Tung-ting; Night rain on the rivers Hsiao

and Hsiang; Snowy evening on the Yangtse river; Wild geese alighting on a sandy plain; Sunset glow at a fishing village; The evening bell from a distant temple. These eight views formed a series of classic landscape subjects which have been treated by many well known painters. We do not exactly know what was the inner symbolic significance attributed to the different subjects, but the titles alone appear to us significant and indicative of the general character and tendency of this lyric landscape art. It may seem strange that great masters so often repeated the same motives, the same views, the same combinations of mountain and water, trees and birds, snow and flowers, but we have to remember that the real motive was not the actual scene itself nor the objective phenomena, but this reflexion in the soul of the artist where the light could break in a thousand different ways.

It is still more difficult to trace a continuous evolution in Chinese landscape painting than to follow the gradual development of figure painting. There are so few pictures known which can be accepted as examples of the Tang mode, and the sculptures offer no such assistance in the study of early landscape art as they do in the classification of figurative art. Only a few words about landscapes previous to the Sung period may be inserted here; later discoveries will perhaps enable us to give a more complete presentation of this particular phase of Chinese painting. One of the best examples we can choose is a picture in Mr. C. L. Freer's collection which is said to be a Sung copy after an original by the famous WANG WEI, who was one of the greatest painters and poets of Tang time in China. Wang was born in 699 and served the state in a high official position. Later on he retired to a country house and "ended his days at the age of sixty in the enjoyment of such pleasures as may be derived from poetry, painting, and music, and with such consolations as may be afforded by the Buddhist religion in which he had always been a firm believer. We are told that his pictures were full of thought and rivaled even Nature herself; also that his ideas transcended the bounds of mortality."

The picture represents a steep mountain ridge that rises in successive waves or steps, deeply corrugated, as if by the action of water. In the foreground are some trees and buildings and a tranquil creek. The decorative effect of the picture is mainly dependent on the linear definition and construction of the mountains. There is not much of an atmospheric tone in the picture — as compared with Sung landscapes — but a unity of drawing and rhythm which is most effective. The composition is not a direct comprehensive impression of a nature motive, it is not based on vision, as later Chinese landscapes, but on intellectual calculation and striving for rhythmic design. Everything is definitely stated

with a view of serving in a continuous narration or illustration of some legendary or religious idea. It is very likely that the peculiar concentric forms of the rocks that are repeated over and over again have a symbolic meaning; they seem to be constructed for a narrative rather than for a purely esthetic purpose. At the same time a most remarkable decorative effect has been achieved by the continuous repetition of certain characteristic forms and lines. As the picture is not a unified vision neither is the space effect of an illusive or a subjective kind. The flat silk ground on which the painting is executed is plainly preserved, and the successive mountain waves seem to bulge out from this, yet relative distance between the different ridges is plainly discernible and one can follow the path that winds between the rocks. The artist has combined the idea of flat decoration with that of relative distance and made them both subservient to a religious or legendary purpose which probably was his main inspiration. His work can be read from different points of view, and when we look upon it as a peculiarly fascinating decorative design it is well to remember that it was to the Chinese pre-eminently a symbolic rendering of certain aspects of nature replete with spiritual significance.

Other pictures reproducing early Tang landscapes, such as the makimonos in the British Museum and in Mr. Freer's collection which are known as copies of compositions by LI SSU HSUN, the founder of the 'Northern School' of landscape, exemplify in part the same principles of conception and execution. They are all definite linear compositions, illustrative and intellectual in their presentation of successive motives of mountains, water, trees, and buildings and not illusive renderings of visual impressions. They illustrate a legendary idea in a manner that owes its decorative importance to a rhythmic repetition of certain forms constructed according to a preconceived idea, and it may well be that the formal definition appears still sharper and more rigid in the copies than in the originals. The space effect is not unified but is nevertheless sometimes highly developed by the skilful arrangement of the successive constructional parts of the composition. There is apparently open air as well as distance between the mountains and over the waters, but these different elements are not yet integral parts of one great vision.

The nearer we come to the Sung period the more apparent becomes the purely poetic and visionary aspect of the landscapes. Linear definition is gradually resolved into a tonal mode of suggestion, which of course is of greatest importance for the unified decorative effect. Naturally there are many intermediate stages, pictures which illustrate the gradual progression towards a free impressionistic rendering of subjective

ideas. Among such pictures may be mentioned a beautiful little kakemono by the early Sung master LI CHENG in the Boston Museum. We get here still an impression of the flat ground on which the painting is executed; the mountains seem to project in folds the one before the other. At the same time a remarkable attempt at aerial perspective and atmospheric effects is discernible, though these elements are not as far developed as in the works of the later Sung painters. The constructive design still attracts almost as much attention as the quality of tone and the chiaroscuro. The execution is careful and detailed; the forms of the trees and the mountains are not simply suggested or broadly synthesized, but completely and sharply defined. One is forced to look somewhat closely into the picture, which to some extent counteracts the visionary impression. There is no general scale of distance, and consequently the unity of the picture is decorative rather than spatial.

It would however be wrong to deny that even in these earlier pictures distance and atmosphere play some part; they are not merely flat decorations as are some of the primitive European landscapes, although the method of expression had not yet reached that freedom and modulation which it attained in the later impressionistic art of the Sung period. One still feels very distinctly that these landscapes are composed from a number of carefully studied elements, rocks, trees, water, buildings, etc., whose forms and movement are often well characterized but which do not conform to any general scale of distance. — Another fine example of this early Sung mode of landscape painting is the large kakemono by FAN KUAN in the Boston Museum here reproduced.

No more than the figure-paintings can these landscapes be looked upon as descriptive of visual impressions made from the point of view of a spectator who stands apart and constructed according to the rules of linear perspective. They are essentially pictures of abstract conceptions, decorative syntheses of meditative moods stimulated by the contemplation of the sublimity of nature. The artist seems to hover over the earth on the wings of imagination; he glances down upon his object from some lofty standpoint far away. But this does not result in a mere bird's-eye view because it is less with the outer than with the inner eye that he looks at his subject so penetratingly yet from so far away. Looked at from an outer standpoint the picture is full of details which hardly could be observed from a distance. The technical method is not sufficiently developed to respond readily and fully to the demand of such an abstract conception; the form has not yet attained the freedom necessary to reflect the vision completely. Later on this discrepancy between form and vision disappears, and the landscapes become more complete and suggestive in their pictorial as well as emotional aspect.

This was achieved towards the end of the eleventh century. Chinese landscape painting attained full maturity during the so-called Northern Sung period (925-1126). Then was developed that monochrome impressionism which for centuries remained the method specially adopted for landscape painting in China and Japan. In Europe it has become known mainly through the later Japanese imitations, which, however skilful and vital, never approach the ancient Chinese models in regard to inner significance and power of expression. It would be useless to enumerate here all the Northern Sung landscape painters that are known: their name is legion. We only wish to present a few characteristic examples to illustrate general principles of representation.

We have already come to know the great Kuo Hsi through numerous quotations from his notes on landscape painting. Other famous contemporaneous or somewhat later masters deserving particular mention were MI FEI (1051-1107), MA YUAN and his brother MA KUEI, TUNG YUAN, HSIA KUEI, and not the least among them was the Emperor HUI TSUNG (1100-1135), who founded a famous academy of painting and calligraphy. The Western student who approaches the subject for the first time will probably be more interested in the general characteristics of the whole school than in the peculiarities of separate masters. A glance at some pictures by Ma Yuan, Ma Kuei, and Hui Tsung, will show that they present similar modes and methods of composition. The individual differences of style depend chiefly on shades of *notan* and the rhythm of the brush. The composition is always unsymmetrical. On one side of the picture stands a high steep mountain and usually a big tree that sends forth long knotty branches towards the center of the picture. These serve to indicate the principal structural lines of the composition, vertical and horizontal; between them many lines of minor accent are interwoven. The horizontal lines do not lead the eye perspectively through the composition into the distance, but remain within the plane of the picture (which is a relatively shallow space). Sometimes, however, lines flowing obliquely may serve to carry the eye into the distance.

While these later pictures do not conform any more than the earlier ones to the rules of linear perspective, yet they express much more depth and distance. The scene is opened up by means of a delicately modulated aerial perspective, and the mode of representation has become broad and flowing. Linear definition of subordinate forms and details has to a great extent been replaced by delicate suggestions of the appearance of objects; tone now plays a more important part. Only the essentials are clearly and precisely presented with great simplification of form; everything else is enveloped in an atmosphere of mist. Objects gradually

lose themselves in a haze which passes almost imperceptibly into the unpainted brownish ground of the silk. One has the impression that infinite depths of space stand open where the painting ends. This vague melting away of forms stimulates intuition and imagination. We are induced in fancy to place ourselves far away and to gaze into depths

TUNG YUAN: MOUNTAINS AND SEA
(Part of a Makimono, Boston Museum)

greater than the eye can measure. The graduated tones of the painting are so skilfully used as enveloping atmosphere in which forms are dissolved that all sense of limitation ceases and we seem to be gazing into the infinite. The artist has aroused in our imagination that undercurrent of inner harmony which is the soul of his conception — the empyreal beauty of the infinite, the breath of eternal life. It does not matter how small the picture is—it may be no larger than a fan—it still opens to our fancy a limitless perspective, an impression of infinity, a religious feeling.

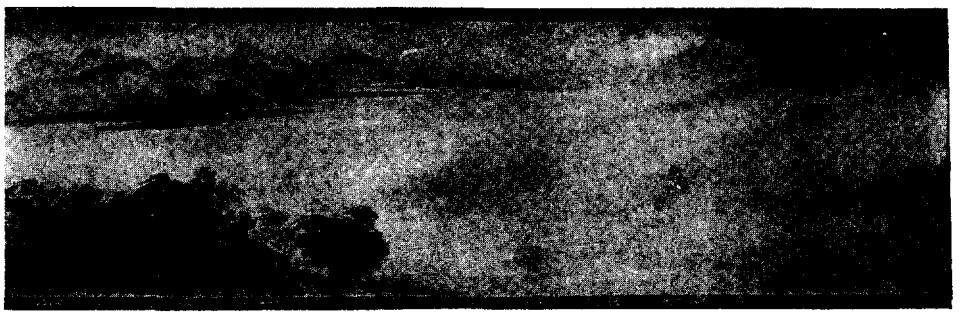
See, for instance, a small fan painting in the style of Ma Yuan in the Boston Museum. Here the nearest mountain stands out sharply defined with rhythmic, living contours, but its foot is lost in fog that rises from the stillness of the water, and further off floats another mountain faint as a shadow. A great twisted branch stretches out a sheltering arm over the philosopher and his servant sunk on the rock in the foreground. The sage gazes across the waters towards the veiled distance, and in his soul is mirrored peace and the immeasurable depth of spiritual harmony. He listens to the pulse-beat of nature's mighty heart.

Atmospheric tone is the very soul of the picture, but there is also a rhythmic structure that carries the leading motive of the representation.

The sharp silhouettes of the mountains, the branches with their living curves, the rocks in the foreground, the broadly sketched figures, all these elements are presented in varying shades of ink, producing a rhythmic interplay of tones. The dark masses are balanced with extremely fine sense of their relationship to the empty or blank parts, and are executed with strokes of the brush, every one of which testifies to the artist's feeling for "the movement of the spirit through the rhythm of things."

In the somewhat later Hsia Kuei's paintings one may notice a stronger and deeper *notan;* it has been said that it gleams like silver. His trees

and rocks seem as if wet with rain, and the atmosphere seems saturated with moisture. The sheer beauty of painting is here even more developed than in Ma Yuan's works; the brushmarks "fall like heavy drops." Several of his compositions are executed with a relatively low line of



MU CHI: BOATS RETURNING IN A MIST
(Private collection, Japan)

sight and in this way they are more like European landscapes. But there is no consistently maintained point of sight, and perspective construction is hardly more perceptible than in the works of earlier masters. The pictures are compounded of impressionistically conceived parts which are blended by atmospheric tone into a unity. The rocks and trees of the foreground form one motive, and the faintly indicated silhouettes of the mountains in the background another; but between them the mist spreads its thick veil concealing all that might serve as a measure of distance. Here also the sense of infinity is the dominant quality, even though this artist more than his predecessors dwells upon the visual beauty of objects in the foreground.

The artist's respect for the unifying ground on which the picture is painted which at first sight may produce an impression of flatness should not be mistaken for evidence of lack of observation or insufficient power of expression; it is caused by his highly developed decorative feeling and by his desire to use it as a ground for rhythm of tone and line. He preserves the surface of the silk as carefully as a musician does the sounding-board of his instrument; his art is also a musical expression of emotions and ideas. He uses material form only in so far as it seems necessary for the indication of the rhythm inherent in things; but he never allows it to destroy the abstract character of the subjective reflexion. This foundation on which the picture is constructed is to him like a symbol of time and space, that screen on which are woven the living images of the natural world.

The greater number of the later Sung landscapes contain convincing evidence that these artists had carefully observed the effect of distance

upon the relative size and appearance of objects. Among Kuo Hsi's notes we find several statements specially dealing with the effect of distance in landscape. The first speaks of the three dimensions in mountains, the height, looking upwards, the depth, looking from front to back, and expanse, as apparent in distant mountains. Then he goes on discussing the relative sizes of man, tree, and mountain, showing that size is relative, not absolute, and that its appearance is affected by distance; finally he gives the following characteristic description of how mountains and water should be treated in a picture.

"A mountain, though intended to be tall, cannot be tall if every part of it is shown. It can be tall only when mist and haze are made to circle its loins. Water, though intended to be distant, can be distant only through visibility and invisibility interrupting its course. Nay, a mountain shown in all parts is not only without beauty, but is awkward, like the picture of a rice-mortar. And water shown in every part is not only without grace of distance, but resembles a picture of a serpent.

"Though valleys, mountains, forests, and trees in the foreground of a picture bend and curve as if coming forward, as if to add to the wonder of the scene, and though it is done with great detail, it will not tire the beholder, for the human eye has the power to grasp all detail that is near. And, in other parts, though they have flat and far expanse, folded peaks that are continuous like ocean waves reaching off into distance, the beholder will not weary of the distance, because the human eye is capable of seeing far and wide."

If one turns from kakemonos or vertical pictures to makimonos, or horizontal rolls, the flowing style of composition which results from a constantly changing point of view becomes more apparent. These long horizontal pictures are not a succession of independent views, but they are continuous as a diorama intended to be seen as the picture is gradually unrolled. The changing scenes merge one into another as do the various phrases of a musical composition; the atmosphere of the picture is like the ocean of tone from which the waves of melody arise to sink again harmoniously resolved. Broad seas with islands and distant sails, headlands and bays with fishing boats, rich fields and grove-sheltered hamlets, smiling valleys and lofty peaks, follow one another rhythmically, appear and disappear again in the depths of the dim grey mist. The very form of the composition itself conveys an idea of movement and compels continuous changing of the point of view; but at the same time offers great opportunities for the display of the immeasurable expanse and the ceaseless rhythm of nature. It is a form of composition that hardly has any correspondence in European art, except perhaps in a crude and primitive form; it does not lend itself readily to perspective construction, but it is well fitted for an art that is not concerned with the finite or with concrete, material form, but seeks to grasp the changing momentary moods and the infinity of nature.

The utmost that has been achieved in visionary impressionism and in ephemeral landscape effects, we find in the works by MU-CHI and

LIAN KAI. In these pictures separate objects have hardly any independent form or existence; they melt into the whole, glowing darkly in the dimness of the misty atmosphere. A fragment of Mu-chi's makimono, 'Returning sails on a distant sea,' may serve as an example. The whole picture is enveloped in a dim gray tone. In the foreground stand trees, undefined, like wavering shadows in the mist. Still fainter are the contours of the mountains in the background, and the sails in the distance are more felt than seen. But one is conscious of the chilly evening breeze which sweeps the fog into long wisps and makes the soft tree tops wave like silky plumes. It is less a visual impression than a vibrating reflexion from the artist's soul which forms the motive — a tone, a breath of wind, a movement in the air — all that gives wings to his imagination and makes him see something more than simply a few boats in the fog.

Mu-chi was not merely an ordinary Zen philosopher and nature-poet; he was ordained as a priest in this sect. He was known for his unusually free and 'river-like' style by which even the swiftest movement and the most ephemeral light-effect could be presented. His touch was soft and sweeping as the driving mist of evening; his *notan* was not deep as Hsia Kuei's, but pale and pearl-gray. The gradations of tone in his works are infinitely delicate; there are no strong accentuations or effects of mass; the tones interblend. It is not the music itself that we hear but an echo that sounds from far away.

Characteristically enough the official Confucian critic in China was never willing to recognise the artistic greatness of such an uncompromising individualist and nature-worshiper as Mu-chi. It was said of his compositions that they were "concise but yet coarse and repellent"; they "lacked refinement." In Japan, however, Mu-chi's art was highly esteemed; all the famous Ashikaga painters of the Kano school, Sesshu, Motonobu, Noami, and others, studied his refined impressionism and sought to vie with him in seizing the fleeting vision.

Of European painters scarcely any but Rembrandt can bear comparison with Mu-chi. He also is an impressionist of the first water in his pen-and-ink drawings. Like the Chinese, Rembrandt simplifies the form of objects to the utmost by merely indicating the most decisive elements of light and shade. He fixes the essential with a few strokes of the pen and wraps it all in throbbing atmosphere. This is not so dense and misty as in Chinese pictures, yet it is felt as an underlying medium of music or a vehicle of deeper life. Rembrandt does not, however, present such abstract conceptions as the Chinese; he holds more closely to the visual impression and creates his pictures from a fixed point of view according to linear perspective. The sense of space may be very wide

and imposing in his compositions, but he does not suggest infinity; we see the lines converge toward the background and the clearly defined horizon. The eye can measure distance in his pictures and does not lose itself in mist or in the indefinable depths of the unknown. In Rembrandt's sketches, objects appear solid and real and not like splashes of light and shade wavering in the mist. His conception is less abstract, it is more objective, more dependent on the outer than the inner eye. But nevertheless some of Rembrandt's sketches are the most living, poetical, and grand landscape work that was ever produced in Europe. They are products of a creative imagination that lifted the motive from the rank of accidental observation to the level of poetic perception, thereby endowing it with a more permanent existence. No artist succeeded better than Rembrandt in fixing the rhythm of an inner life in a medium of light and shade. He approaches in this respect sometimes very nearly the Sung painters. But for him the impression he receives from nature holds the first place; he draws what he sees and he draws it grandly and convincingly. For the Chinese artist, material motives lose their importance as he steeps himself in contemplation of the inner ideal and listens to the music of his soul. He seeks to convey the impression of infinity he feels.

STEPS TO A HIGHER LIFE: by R. Machell

I SUPPOSE that there are few people who are so completely self-satisfied as to imagine that they are living the highest kind of life to which it is possible for them to attain. If there are any such it is sure that they will not be found in a meeting of Theosophical students nor among the readers of Theosophical literature. Therefore we may ignore them for the moment and assume that we are all interested in the question of how we may attain to a higher life.

There are certainly a good many who are more anxious to see others make efforts and experiments in that direction than to venture themselves upon the upward way. This is unfortunate; for it indicates a complete misunderstanding as to the meaning of what is called the higher life.

It has been too often taught that the higher life is a path of woe; which is ridiculous. The old books that use this form of expression are all written in allegorical form, and are moreover designed to protect the aspirant from the danger of reaction and discouragement, by warning

those who seek to tread the path, that it is not a path of pleasure in the ordinary sense, for the first step is sacrifice and the second is renunciation.

But what does that mean? Simply that to go forward one must sacrifice one's present position, and in order to reach to a higher state one must renounce the lower one at present occupied. To travel in a train one must sacrifice one's home-comforts and renounce the society of one's associates. That is an obvious necessity of travel.

Certainly such a simple proposition might be taken for granted, were it not quite evident to any thinking person that human beings are not really rational, though they like to call themselves so. We all know that travelers do spend a good deal of time in complaining about the loss of their home-comforts and the strangeness of foreign countries. It is sometimes a source of humiliation to them to find that it is they who are the foreigners, and not the strange people they are visiting, and whom they have hitherto spoken of in such terms.

So too it is certain that the aspirant to the wider experience of the higher life frequently is discouraged at the prospect of being compelled to abandon the little comforts and pleasures that have hitherto served to make existence endurable if not altogether enjoyable.

A sensible person who wishes to travel on a train knows that when the train starts he or she must either part with the loved ones on the platform of the station or renounce the journey. Any hesitation is dangerous. Yet it is necessary to protect people against their own stupidity in the matter of leaving a car, for some nervous individuals will leave a moving car and keep hold of it till they are dragged along to their own injury. All sorts of strange accidents happen to travelers from just such foolish mistakes on their own part; and the carrying companies are all the time trying to protect themselves from blame and reproach by devising arrangements for the protection of the public. And of course warnings are printed and notices posted indicating the dangers that are to be guarded against by those who wish to travel in their conveyances.

Similar warnings are given to those who aspire to lead the higher life. And if any are deterred from making the attempt by the fear of the sacrifices and renunciations indicated, then it is reasonable to assume that such timorous pilgrims are not yet ready for the path, and that they will necessarily have to wait for some further experience to enlighten them as to the worthless character of the joys they at present fear to sacrifice, and the ephemeral nature of the attachments they hesitate to break.

Experience is the great teacher. It has been called the mill of the Gods, which though it grinds slowly yet grinds exceeding small. It takes many repetitions of an experience to teach us lessons, that might be

learned without any such suffering as accompanies the ordinary acquisition of knowledge.

So we find some of the most valuable treatises on the nature of the path written in a key of such alarming tragedy as to cause a revulsion of feeling in some, who might safely venture on the first steps that lead to the path. What are these steps?

The first one must surely be a comprehension of what it is that the aspirant is looking for. Naturally this is different in different cases. Some seek the path because they have an internal conviction that the life they are living is not the one they were born to find, or that to which they are entitled to aspire. These will not be daunted by any warnings, but will heed them, as one would heed such ordinary cautions as "Beware of the trains!" "This hill is dangerous!" "Mind the paint!", and so on. These are not hindrances, but aids, to one who is bent on going forward.

Then the books tell in mystic symbol and allegory of the trials and dangers that are to be met at each stage of the journey. These allegories have to be interpreted by the travelers, each for himself eventually; for the experience of each one is different. That is because the path is inward; the pilgrim is in reality exploring the unknown regions of his own nature, and so no other person can give him the knowledge he is in search of. Such knowledge is the fruit of experience, and experience is a personal matter.

I remember hearing Madame Blavatsky answer one of her followers, who asked how we should set about it to lead the higher life. We were in a London drawing-room at an evening party, and Madame Blavatsky had come in unexpectedly with two of her students. It was summer, and there were strawberries on the table with other things. Madame Blavatsky began by protesting that it was no use asking her such a question. She said: "You might as well ask me how to eat strawberries; you know how, as well as I. If you want to eat them, you will not ask how, and if you don't want them, why you will wait and perhaps eat them later. I don't know." Then she began to talk, and for the first time in my life I realized that I was in the presence of someone who was absolutely sincere and uncompromisingly in earnest. The path was open, and I knew that it was up to me to follow it or fail. Up to that evening Theosophy had appeared to me as an interesting study and a fine ideal. After that it became a reality, and I knew that the difficulties in the way were all in my own nature, and further that unless I chose to overcome them they would not be overcome. I realized that if I would enjoy the fruit I must eat it myself.

That is one of the first steps to be taken.

I know well enough that this simple truth is not highly interesting

to those who want something dramatic, some great danger to be faced, some mysterious initiation to be passed, some spectacular trial to be undergone. Well, all that is child's play. If you want the real thing you know where to find it. It is right with you, in yourself, in your daily life, in your thoughts, in your acts, in your ordinary duties. You know some of your weaknesses, and you have no need of any occult teacher to tell you what they are. Though such a teacher may light the spark of desire for the higher life in your heart, that is about all the help you can expect, until you have done what you know should be done to clear the path of the immediate obstacles.

When one has been trying to take the initial steps, that lead to the higher life, for a good many years, one realizes that one is on trial all the time, and that there is never a moment without its opportunity. In fact, life is all opportunity — and our daily experience is the true initiator.

But there are others who seek the path and notably those who have found life unsatisfactory, perhaps even to the point of utter disgust with the whole business and despair of finding any solution to the miserable problem of how to be less miserable. These are more numerous than one might suppose from the spectacle displayed by the streets of a city, in which the crowd seems mostly gay and frivolous. — *Seems* gay. Yes — but look into the faces of the gay ones and see the lurking sneer of pessimism behind the laugh, and the tragic emptiness of the eyes, in which no faintest gleam of joy is to be seen, though the rest of the face may be contorted with apparent gaiety. Those who are trying to escape the dreariness of their own minds are many, and those who are running away from themselves are even more numerous. But they get nowhere, and sooner or later they must try to find a better, a higher life.

This miserable sense of dissatisfaction will not open to them the path of true life, but it may give them the desire to find the way, and that is a big step; for it means that, inside, such people know that there is a higher life and that they are entitled to find it; otherwise they would not seek it.

When such people do find the way; when they find Theosophy, and learn that there is a higher life that leads to happiness, even here on earth, they are apt to fall into despair at the contemplation of their own past, which seems to cling so closely as to be a part of them. It seems perhaps that they have made themselves fit for nothing but just the life they are now living, and that the higher life must be left to a future state after death. That is a hard step to mount in most cases — it seems so reasonable to accept the old adage: "As you make your bed, so must you lie in it." But there is another view that is even more rational to one who

knows that his nature is dual and that he can live in the higher or the lower at will.

That other view is simply that the lower life is lived by the lower man; and that the real man can identify himself with his other self and refuse to be any longer the slave of the lower nature. The past life is passed, and what survives does so by the man's permission.

It is up to him to break the connexion. He can only do this by deliberately attaching himself to his higher nature and living in it.

He must forget. That is a big step, but it is as necessary as it is to get into a train before you can begin a railway journey.

The old system in vogue among so-called religious people was for the devotee to assume a continual state of repentance. And, as the idea of repentance was generally misunderstood, the result was a continual revival of the memory of past mistakes, which served merely to strengthen the tie between the man and his weaknesses or sins. The true idea of repentance was, and is, that of turning away from the undesirable condition. But that can only be done by deliberately putting such things away entirely, or forgetting them. You can not get rid of a memory if you persist in nursing it. Regrets and remorse are forms of memory, and constitute links with the past, from which the aspirant to a higher life must separate himself. Therefore it is necessary to turn your back on the past, as if it never had been, and face the future with the conviction that it holds for you another chance, if you will but let go of the past. That is the one absolute condition of progress.

This old teaching was well expressed in the very old Scandinavian Saga of Brynhilda the wise, who says:

> "Wilt thou do the deed and repent it, thou hadst better never been born;
> Wilt thou do the deed and exalt it, then thy fame will be outworn:
> Thou shalt do the deed and abide it, and sit on thy throne on high,
> And look on today and tomorrow, as those that never die."*

Self-gratulation on deeds well done is as fatal as self-condemnation for mistakes and misdeeds. The wise one looks on the deed that is done as seed that is sown, which will in due time bear its fruit; and he shall reap its harvest, good or bad as the case may be. The results of past deeds are bound to come; and therefore it is folly to waste time in trying to escape the inevitable. Accept it, and learn your lesson. So shall the past mistakes become steps on which you may climb; but not if you keep digging them up and repenting over them.

I think this is one of the most valuable lessons of practical Theosophy,

*From William Morris' *Sigurd the Volsung*.

this fact that a man has a future before him in which he can reap what he has sown when the seed has produced its natural crop: and that he can dismiss the past, in which that seed was sown, from his mind, as something that is out of his charge. Nature will take care of that. He need not worry.

The book of the wisdom of Brynhilda is a remnant of very ancient philosophy dating from long ages before the establishment of most of our modern religions; and all such old books contain traces of Theosophy, for Theosophy is the wisdom of the gods, which is not a thing of today or yesterday, but of all time. That particular book or collection of fragments continually insists on the necessity for courage, and it vigorously denounces fear as the worst of all offenses against the law of life.

In the aphorisms translated by Madame Blavatsky from *The Book of the Golden Precepts*, the same teaching is found: "Beware of fear!"

Man is divine. Man is a soul. He is not his body. He is not a worm. He is not a miserable sinner, no matter how many miserable sins have been committed by his miserable personality: for he himself is something bigger. He himself is eternal, though he forgets himself in his body and for a time, even perhaps for a life-time or two, imagines himself to be no more than the lower personal man. Yet in his better moments he has feelings that should warn him that he really is something more than a mere animal; and most men have had moments when they would have dared to assert their own divinity if such an idea had not been made almost impossible to them by the education they have received, and which was apparently intended to stamp their minds with the seal of self-contempt, the source of human baseness and weakness.

So the freeing of oneself from fear and self-mistrust is one of the necessary steps in the stairway that leads to the higher life.

Now it is a fact that we see life through our own eyes, and we interpret what we see by means of our individual intelligence, which is molded in the shape of our personal character; and the result is, that each one looks on the world through colored glasses, and sees in those about him the qualities that predominate in his own makeup.

So the one who has no faith in himself is likely to have no faith in others.

It is this distrust of human nature that makes us all so cruel to one another. I mean collectively, more than in our individual conduct. Collectively we are not inclined to give our weaker brothers a chance to get on their feet, once they are down. Our laws and institutions are full of this kind of cruelty, bred of fear and mistrust. Fear will be found at the root of nearly all cruelty that is not due to degeneracy or dehumanizing conditions. Fear is the enemy of man, and is peculiar to the lower

nature. To be free from it is to be, to some extent at least, identified with one's higher nature.

Individually some are more merciful than the laws which they support and which they wish to see enforced. But such an attitude is anomalous. For we are not ultimately separate from one another.

The higher nature of man is nearer to the Divine, that is the Universal, in which there is Unity. Therefore the higher the man the nearer is he to consciousness of the Universal Brotherhood. To all men there are moments when such an idea appears good and desirable, and to many such a condition appears as too good for this world. But to others nothing is too good for man on earth, nothing is too high for him to aspire to.

What if he aspire to live divinely? Then the earth ceases to be a prison-house, and becomes a paradise.

Life is what man makes it; and it is his mission to make it beautiful.

As a stairway consists of steps, so progress toward the divine is gradual. So no reform should be despised, no step neglected.

But the pilgrim, wandering upon the mountain, can see vastly farther than he can reach at the moment; and it is well for him that it is so; otherwise he might not know that there are other heights than those that he has climbed.

So at all times, even when groping our way from step to step, we may look up and see a glorious future, that may seem very far away perhaps, and that may be very near in fact: for distance is deceptive.

The fact of life is that Truth is Eternal, not something that once was, or that will be hereafter, and that can not be now. On the contrary it is now all the time: and we may rise to the heights of joy internally at any moment that we are able to let go, to be free of the fear that makes us cling to our lower animal nature. We have no need to long for Liberation or to pray for Salvation; we have but to look up for a moment and know that we are free, just as one wakes from a dream. Waking is Liberation. And surely it is one of the steps that must be climbed. Or shall we not rather say that all steps on the stairway of progress are stages of awakening to a realization of one's own possibilities in life, and to an intelligent conception of the object of existence? Such an awakening is possible for everyone at any moment, and it may come most naturally without any sensational conditions, or it may come in a flash of glorious illumination, as the sun rises over the mountains. The coming of the day is not more certain than the eventual awakening of humanity, because the Soul of Man is the great reality; and when it rises the day of evolution dawns. For man is the maker of the World and eventually its Redeemer.

THEOSOPHY AND CHRISTIANITY:

by T. Henry, M. A.

I

CHRISTIAN apologists point to the fact that Christianity has survived for nearly two millenniums against tremendous opposition; while their opponents call attention to the ills wrought in spite of Christianity, or even in its name, and to the state of the world at the present moment. But the same might be said of other religions, some of them older than Christianity. The explanation is that these religions were founded on Truth, but have been much tampered with by man in the ages succeeding their foundation. Hence the Truth lives on, however much it may be hidden behind unseemly veils; and ever and anon old husks are burst and revivification takes place.

Many earnest Christians, struck by the failure of Christianity to cope with present conditions, have felt that the faith needs to be reconstituted. They have said: "Christianity has not yet had a real chance; we have not understood it aright." So says Theosophy.

H. P. Blavatsky has written much on the subject, and the burden of her writings is that the true and original gospel of Jesus Christ has been so obscured and misunderstood that his followers have, as it were, been cheated out of an inheritance and fobbed off with spurious goods or a mere pittance. And this is the reason why Christianity has not succeeded better in producing such conditions as would have averted our present catastrophe. The sectarian aspect which it has assumed was surely borrowed from the spirit of the ages wherein it has been fostered in bygone centuries; and we have outgrown that spirit now to a great extent. Christianity must be a reconciler and unifier rather than a conqueror; and surely this is the spirit of its founder and of his gospel.

As H. P. Blavatsky points out, much of the unbelief in Christianity and antagonism thereto on the part of disbelievers and rationalists has been caused by a too narrow insistence on the dead-letter interpretation of the Bible in the final form in which we have it now, and a too rigid insistence on certain dogmas which owe their origin to a later date. In consequence, people have been given the alternative of accepting everything, including many things which neither their reason nor their heart can indorse, or else rejecting Christianity altogether. Whereas, could they have had Christianity presented to them as it ought to have been presented, they would have had no reason for enrolling themselves in the ranks of deniers and scoffers. Wherefore it behooves Christians to study more deeply their own religion, that they may extract therefrom

some of the priceless jewels of wisdom and help that still lie hidden from their sight therein.* For:

"Why should men who strive to accomplish union with the one eternal and absolute Deity shudder at the idea of prying into its mysteries — however awful?" — *The Esoteric Character of the Gospels*, by H. P. Blavatsky.

As to what the above writer says about the Bible, we cannot do better than quote the following from the work just cited:

"No more than any other scripture of the great world-religions can the Bible be excluded from that class of allegorical and symbolical writings which have been, from the prehistoric ages, the receptacle of the secret teachings of the Mysteries of Initiation, under a more or less veiled form. The primitive writers of the *Logia* (now the Gospels) knew certainly *the* truth, and the *whole* truth; but their successors had, as certainly, only dogma and form, which lead to hierarchical power at heart, rather than the spirit of the so-called Christ's teachings. Hence the gradual perversion."

As an instance of such perversion, allusion is made to the well-known case of *Mark* xvi, verses 9 to the end, which are admitted by the Revised Version of 1881 to be spurious and to have been interpolated; they contain the words: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." Needless to say this is not one of the original wise sayings of the Teacher, recorded by his instructed scribes, but one of the man-made dogmas which H. P. Blavatsky mentions as having been grafted on the original gospel. Again, she calls attention to the expression: "What shall be the sign of thy coming, and of the end of the world?" — which in the Revised Version is correctly translated:

"What shall be the sign of thy presence, and of the consummation of the age?"

We see that a dogma as to a second coming of Christ in the flesh influenced the translators; and that the conscientious modern revisers can find no sanction in the Greek for such a rendering. On this, H. P. Blavatsky says:

" 'The coming of Christ' means *the presence of* CHRISTOS in a regenerated world, and not at all the actual coming in body of 'Christ' Jesus; this Christ is to be sought neither in the wilderness nor 'in the inner chambers,' nor in the sanctuary of any temple or church built by man; for Christ — the true esoteric SAVIOR — *is no man*, but the DIVINE PRINCIPLE in every human being. He who strives to resurrect the Spirit *crucified in him by his own terrestrial passions*, and buried deep in the 'sepulcher' of his sinful flesh; he who has the strength to roll back *the stone of matter* from the door of his own *inner* sanctuary, he *has the risen Christ in him.* ('For ye are the temple of the living God.' — 2. *Cor.* vi, 16)"

---

*In the many discussions of the present position of Christianity, by prominent divines and learned exegetists, we find everywhere a determination to accept boldly the results of Biblical criticism, as having strengthened the position of Christianity. Such must assuredly be the case, where the critics are truly devout and conscientious men; thus, sure of our own motive, we may claim the sanction of a goodly fellowship.

But she does not go to the extreme of denying that there was an historical Jesus Christ, as some people, even among Christian divines, have done; though she maintains that even the historical Jesus, like his teachings, has suffered from the hands of some of his followers, well-meaning or otherwise, and become metamorphosed into a conventional figure. And she insists particularly on the teaching of Christ himself, as well as of his instructed apostle Paul, that all men are potential Christs, inasmuch as the Supreme is our common father, and upon all men was shed the breath of the Divine Spirit which is the channel between man's terrestrial mind and his Divine nature. Jesus is spoken of as 'the Christ,' the latter being not a name but a title. The Teacher of Nazareth was a Christ — that is, a man who had *attained* to self-knowledge, wisdom, emancipation. Hence he had the power to show others the Way. The same attributes pertain to other Christoi, as we find in other great religions. Krishna, in the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*, speaks with the same self-identification with the Deity, and teaches the same eternal truths.

The identity of the ancient teachings, wherever found, whether in the Christian Gospel or elsewhere, is also pointed out by H. P. Blavatsky. This can no longer be denied by anyone with even a smattering of erudition, so wide has now become the general acquaintance with comparative religion and ancient rituals. Hence it is no longer a question of proving or disproving the fact, but of explaining it. Rev. Dr. Lundy's *Monumental Christianity* is a well known book giving numerous instances of doctrines and rites, once supposed to be originally and exclusively Christian, but familiar to many different peoples, before and after the advent of Christianity.

"The more one studies ancient religious texts, the more one finds that the ground-work of the New Testament is the same as the ground-work of the *Vedas*, of the Egyptian theogony, and of the Mazdean allegories. The atonements by blood — blood-covenants and blood-transferences from gods to men, and by men as sacrifices to the gods — are the first keynote struck in every cosmogony and theogony."— H. P. Blavatsky, *op. cit.*

And, in a quotation from the erudite scholar, Gerald Massey, in the same work, we find:

" 'The soul of Horus was represented as rising from the dead and ascending to heaven in the stars of Orion. The mummy-image was the preserved one, the saved, therefore a portrait of the Savior, as a type of immortality. This was the figure of a dead man, which, as Plutarch and Herodotus tell us, was carried round at an Egyptian banquet, when the guests were invited to look on it and eat and drink and be happy, because, when they died, they would become what the image symbolized — that is, they also would be immortal! This type of immortality was called the *Karest*, or *Karust*, and it *was* the Egyptian Christ. . . . This image of the *Karest* was bound up in a woof without a seam, the proper vesture of the Christ! . . . Further, Jesus is put to death in accordance with the instructions given for making the *Karest*, Not a bone must be broken.'"

Not to cumber our page with quotations, we must be content to refer to the well known fact that these close analogies are to be found, not merely in ancient Egypt, but in many other places. All these were based, as H. P. Blavatsky says, on one and the same primitive type — the voluntary sacrifice of the *logoi* — that is, of the divine rays incarnate in humanity. For Man is a God incarnate in a fleshly tabernacle; and this incarnating is a sacrifice, symbolized by crucifixion, which means fastening to a cross; the cross being the familiar symbol of matter. Resurrection meant the triumph of the Divine in Man over the material nature.

It will be noticed that we have under consideration two points of view: Christ as a mystic symbol, and Christ as an historic personage. The former view has obtained among some modern divines of an extremely broad school; but often they have gone too far to one extreme, and have reduced the whole matter to one of mystic symbolism. At the other extreme we find those, much more numerous, who insist overmuch on the personality of Christ, and thus depreciate or ignore the mystical aspect. Avoiding such extremes and seeking the truth, Theosophy gives due recognition to both elements. On the one hand it is indisputable that the mystic Christ was familiar throughout antiquity among many great civilizations, and that this element has entered into the Christian gospel; on the other hand it cannot be denied that there was a Messenger, an initiated Teacher, at some time near the date assigned for the opening of the Christian era, and that the mystic drama has been woven around a story of his life and work. But even that story, we say, has been tampered with, as is indeed only to be expected when we consider the vicissitudes through which Christianity passed.

But what is this mystic Christ that was so venerated throughout the ages, in Egypt, India, and Greece; in Syria as Mithras; in India as Krishna; etc.?

The better to explain this, it is necessary to refer to the ancient institution known as the Mysteries, so much venerated by the greatest minds of antiquity, but so little understood by many modern scholars who have foregone notions about ancient knowledge. The Mysteries were Inner and Outer, or Greater and Lesser; the former for the elect few, and enacted in privacy; the latter publicly represented. The principal episode in the mystic drama was the emancipation of the human soul from its thraldom to the illusions of bodily life — the resurrection of the Christos or entombed Soul. But this event takes place, not by the sudden passage of the Soul at death to an eternal heaven, but at any time during incarnation at which the candidate may have arrived at that point in his evolution when he is able to take the great step. In the Inner Mysteries such candidates were received on probation and

afforded the opportunity for testing themselves and making the trial. If successful they thereby renounced their worldly ambitions and became enrolled among the accepted Helpers of mankind. The process of trial and initiation was a drama of entombment in the flesh and of triumphant resurrection therefrom; and at the outer Mysteries it was thus dramatically represented, so that the truth was kept alive in the public mind without revealing anything that could not be given to the public. Jesus himself is made to say that he taught his disciples in secret, and the public through parables.

Now Theosophy is the modern name for that Wisdom-Religion or Secret Doctrine which has been venerated throughout the ages, forming the root of religions, and being the subject of the instructions given directly in the Greater Mysteries, and by symbolic drama in the lesser or public Mysteries. Around the time of the Christian era many old schools and religions were overthrown, and a good deal of their teachings and symbolism were used as part of the new Christian religion then in process of formation. This is notably the case with regard to Gnosticism, the Essenes, the Neoplatonists, and the Mithraists; and scholars are perplexed to solve the relations between these schools and early Christianity.

Jesus himself, whoever he was, and whatever his exact date, was a Teacher, who proclaimed the ancient teachings, speaking as one initiated and as the mouthpiece of Deity, but also insisting that other men could follow in his footsteps. When, how, and why did this gospel become transformed into the dogma that the person of Jesus was unique, and that he was the *only* incarnation of Deity? The answer is that this very process of transformation has attended other religions besides Christianity in the course of their history, and that it represents a decline of faith and knowledge among the adherents, and a progressive trend towards fixed dogma and ecclesiastical forms. The power of Christianity is due to its connexion with the ancient Teachings, and its weaknesses have been due to the extraneous elements. Be it ours, in this day, to resurrect Christianity from its tomb; and, if we cling to time-honored usages, let us be sure that we *go back far enough* in our conservatism.

Much of what we have said, together with more, is summed up in the following passage from *The Esoteric Character of the Gospels:*

"The first key that one has to use to unravel the dark secrets involved in the mystic name of Christ, is the key which unlocked the door to the ancient mysteries of the primitive Aryans, Sabeans, and Egyptians. The Gnosis supplanted by the Christian scheme was universal. It was the echo of the primordial wisdom-religion which had once been the heirloom of the whole of mankind; and therefore one may truly say that, in its purely metaphysical aspect, the Spirit of Christ (the divine *logos*) was present in humanity from the beginning of it. The author of the Clementine Homilies is right: the mystery of Christos — now supposed to have

been taught by Jesus of Nazareth — 'was identical' with that which *from the first* had been communicated *'to those who were worthy.'* . . . We may learn from the Gospel *according* to Luke that the 'worthy' were those who had been initiated into the mysteries of the Gnosis and who were 'accounted worthy' to attain that 'resurrection from the dead' *in this life*. . . . In other words, they were the great adepts *of whatever religion;* and the words apply to all those who, without being Initiates, strive and succeed, through personal efforts to *live the life* and to attain the naturally ensuing spiritual illumination in blending their personality — the 'Son' — with the 'Father' — their individual divine Spirit, the *God within* them. The 'resurrection' can never be monopolized by the Christians, but is the spiritual birthright of every human being endowed with soul and spirit, whatever his religion may be. Such individual is a *Christ-man.*"

Thus true Christianity implies a recognition of our divine birthright and of our power to attain to wisdom and liberation. It means an acknowledgment of the Christ. The actual existence of an historical Christ is not denied, but it is necessary to recognise also the existence of other such Teachers besides the one who appeared at the Christian era.

Theosophy can hardly be expected to favor a doctrine which reserves special privileges and immunities for that comparatively small part of mankind, through the ages, who chance to have heard the Christian gospel. Nor is it usual nowadays for anybody to maintain that the heathen and all those who lived before the Christian era will be excluded from salvation. Yet it is difficult to maintain that salvation depends on the acceptance of certain articles of belief and the making of a certain declaration, and yet at the same time to make matters all right for those to whom the Christian message has never come. It is necessary therefore to believe that salvation depends on the acceptance by man of the Christ within him, and that the means for doing this, as well as the inspired Teachers, have existed in all ages. Salvation, in fact, must mean the saving of man from error and ignorance by the purification and sublimation of his nature through the working of the divine Spirit within him. And 'justification by faith' should be taken in the sense that the character of the man undergoes a regeneration and purification through his faith in his own divinity. Some have sought to make the phrase mean that man is, in spite of his guilt, justified as before a judge. Justice however demands that we should incur the consequences of our mistakes; although, by recognising our divinity, we may avoid making more. A man thus enlightened is freed from his sins, in the sense that he now has attained the victory over himself and has escaped from the delusion which led him to commit them. As long as he remains unenlightened, he continues to mistake the issues of life and to blunder; he throws himself earnestly into his desires and sacrifices his zeal to vanities. But when self-knowledge comes, these delusions are dispelled and he is freed from the endless chain of cause and effect set up by his deluded desires.

It is not difficult to divine the motives which have always led mankind,

in its weakness and folly, on the one hand to crave, on the other hand to proffer, a means of salvation by special favor, in place of the only valid method — salvation by conscious effort of the will and genuine desire of purity. It is related that a wise physician once proclaimed that sicknesses might be cured if the patient would fare forth at dawn to a summit two miles off, and drink the morning dew; but a company was formed, and a hotel built, so that patients might lie abed and have the morning dew laid on in pipes in their bedrooms. They did not get well, but a roaring business was done, which pleased both parties to the bargain. Similarly it has been supposed that salvation could be dispensed — laid on, as it were, in pipes, to save trouble.

In *The Esoteric Character of the Gospels* there is an able discussion of the meaning and derivation of the word *Christos* (χριστός) and also of the word *Chrêstos* (χρηστός); while the meaning and origin of the name Jesus (Ἰησοῦς) is also gone into at length. In various footnotes and digressive remarks, numerous hints are thrown out for those interested in numerical keys, astronomical keys, the Gematria and Qabbâlâh, etc.; so that these articles are a good deal more than just a writing on Christianity and show the author's profound knowledge of many other subjects. All goes to show that there is much more in Christianity than we have yet gotten out of it. What the world needs today is, not religions or a religion, so much as Religion itself. The word *religion* contains the root *lig-*, meaning to tie, as does the word *obligation.* Religion may be defined as the summary of our duties as members of the great world of living beings — as opposed to our merely personal leanings. The need for Religion springs from our innate sense that we are part of a great whole. The attempt to satisfy personal desires or the cravings of the lower nature will not fill a man's being and bring peace; he craves something more. This craving sooner or later leads him on the path of inquiry, and he finds that there is a higher destiny for man to fulfil; that man has a divine nature, which also demands expression. The satisfaction of these higher aspirations demands that he shall set aside his personal desires; for these latter pull him away and chain him to a narrow sphere. But perhaps he is repelled by the sectarian and dogmatic form under which religion is presented to him; and not knowing that there is any other form, he seeks refuge in agnosticism. To people in such a state, the light which Theosophy sheds on Christianity and on all religion comes as a great relief. Theosophy assures him that the real teachings of Christ can never run counter to the voice of conscience or the light of intuition. Christ says: "Seek, and ye shall find: knock, and it shall be opened unto you." This saying, and many similar ones, are strictly in harmony with Theosophical teachings, as we hope to show in a subsequent paper.

APPENDIX

LEST our views should be thought too liberal or too unpopular, we hereby fortify ourselves with a few quotations from (1) an article in the London *Daily News and Leader*, Jan. 5, by the editor, and (2) from an officer's letter to the same paper, Dec. 18. We think it really necessary to give their source, for otherwise readers might think they were from the *Century Path* or Madame Blavatsky's editorials in *Lucifer*.

(1) "It is in the session of our private thoughts that illumination comes."

"It is in the realm of the spirit that we win dominion over the material."

"It is in this hour of emergency that the organized spiritual resources that we believed we possessed have proved bankrupt. In the general catastrophe that has befallen society, the churches have suffered the most complete collapse."

"The general attitude of the spiritual leaders of the world has been pathetically unequal to the world's great argument."

"With such halting and equivocal guidance the churches have abdicated."

"Christianity is no more dependent on the churches than art is dependent on the Royal Academy."

"Christianity is immortal, not in its creeds or its institutions, but in its spirit. . . . It is not caged in definitions. It does not live by virtue of relics and superstitions and miracles. . . . It lives as the wind of the ideal, the vision without which we perish."

"It is not religion that has failed the world in these dark days. It is the institutions of religion."

"But if the churches have abdicated, religion has not."

(2) "The Christian, when taxed with the possible 'truth' of Hindûism, Mohammedanism, or Confucianism, is fond of replying: 'Which produces the best life?' 'Very well,' you reply; 'by their fruits shall we judge them.' Then those who live the best life possess the true doctrine. . . . But what is the best life? What is goodness? . . . Goodness is doing good things things that produce harmony. goodwill, happiness. . . . Which is the greater good, to deal justly with thy neighbor, or to believe in the Virgin Birth?"

"Almost every creed and religion has its 'saints.' None has a monopoly of goodness. Noble natures shine like a beacon above the crowds of all the churches. In all ages and countries have been men content not to seek worldly advantage nor to acquire possessions. . . . They sought the kingdom of heaven. . . . They did good for its own sake. . . . To them virtue was its own reward; and sanctity, fostered by their creed or philosophy but not fashioned by it, was the natural expression of their natures. They possessed a certain standard of moral beauty, and the striving to live up to it was sufficient to fill their lives. . . . Is it to be believed that only those of the 'true faith' will be free to continue their good works in whatever may be after death?"

"Naïvely ignoring the creeds of other lands and ages, sweeping aside or denouncing the other creeds of his own, each exponent boldly proclaims his parochial vision to be the only true one: by no other means may a man 'save his soul alive.' "

(To be continued)

STUDIES IN VERGIL: by J. O. Kinnaman, A. M., Ph. D.

PART IV — HADES

IN the Sixth book, Vergil takes up that ever-absorbing question, the abode of the dead. It is a question that has been occupying the attention of men for ages, and perhaps we are no nearer a solution today (outside of the Theosophical teachings, where the facts are set forth) than when the first philosophers began to think and teach; we may not be as near the truth as were the teachers millenniums before Pythagoras and his school.

We would like to know the original source or beginning of the doctrine concerning the abode of the dead, as it came to classical Greece. But as far as we are able to trace, the unknown still surrounds it. We are coming to know more of the thoughts and beliefs of the common man as the spade of the excavator clears away the débris of the ages that have covered them. We know not whence came the doctrine into Greece nor where it first appeared. It may be that later the question can be answered, but not at present.

In Greek literature, the oldest form of the doctrine, of course, is found in the *Odyssey*, but the picture there is very gloomy, and the condition of the departed from this world is very undesirable.

Odysseus goes to the very rim of the world, just where or in what direction Homer gives us no definite grounds for conjecture, though there are scholars who have written learned dissertations to prove that the voyage is historical and marks the first recorded sailing into the southern hemisphere. However that may be, Homer describes the land as gloomy, never visited by the sun, always in the mist, and in every way undesirable.

He digs a trench into which is drained the blood of victims offered in sacrifice. The shades of the departed gather around the trench, and the words of Achilles draw for us the condition in the land of departed souls, if one can call these dim and substanceless shades, souls. We find here no divisions geographical, we may say, no division or separation on moral grounds; these faint and dim shadows all dwell together. Why? Because, some think, moral philosophy had not yet been carried into thought beyond the grave. It is the later confusion of the tale of Homer and the teachings of moral philosophy that gave rise to the long development of the hell idea.

The next step in the development seems to be the Mysteries. What these were, no two scholars have ever agreed. Literature is either entirely silent upon the subject, or so open about it that we do not suspect it when presented to us, in that we are blind to the plain facts before us because we are searching for something hidden, mysterious, unspeakable.

Whatever the Mysteries may have been they seem to have had their foundation in the Homeric Hymn to Demeter, the Orgiastic, Dionysiac rites associated with Iacchus, Orphic and Oriental rites. From this it seems probable that these rites took somewhat the form of what were later called miracle plays. This would seem to be probable from the 'lodge-rooms' that have been discovered. There has been discovered nothing that would indicate anything deeply mysterious or intricate in any way, not even facilities for offering sacrifice in any manner.

Two doctrines arise, the Pythagorean and the Orphic. The former centers in the idea of the 'transmigration' of souls, the latter in the idea of the child-god mutilated by the Titans, from the ashes of whom sprang the human race with its two-fold nature, the good and the evil ever struggling against each other. It is an attempt to explain the strange contradiction in human nature, also to disentangle the *divine* element. The two doctrines unite in 'the fall of the soul by sin.' The soul is of divine origin, it misses its mission, it becomes blinded to its true purpose, it loses its purity, Reason loses its ability to control Desire, and thus sin came. Atonement comes through punishment; punishment produces purification. Purification is produced or accomplished in several ways: penalties in Hades, cycle of births, and reincarnation. When all stain of sin has been washed away then the soul can return to its origin.

Plato gives us the whole story of the soul in the *Phaedrus*, and the *Phaedo* gives the topography of the underworld.

There were two other thinkers who influenced Vergil: Lucretius and Cicero.

In brief we have traced as far as possible the development of the Hades idea up to Vergil's time. Now let us turn to the poet and see how he treated the subject, what new ideas he had to offer, what reconciliations he effected, and what new problems he evolved.

Aeneas lands at Cumae and at once proceeds to the groves and temple of the Sibyl. While awaiting the return of Achates who has been sent ahead, Aeneas and his companions view the temple, and especially the great doors of bronze wrought in relief upon which were figured several traditional subjects: (1) the Athenians paying the penalty of their fourteen boys and girls yearly to Minos; (2) the labyrinth. The question of sending these young people from Athens to Crete has been a matter of speculation for ages, also the question of the labyrinth, but we are in a better position than Vergil himself to answer the question.

There is no longer any doubt in the minds of the majority of scholars that the Athenians did pay a tribute of youths and maidens annually to the Cretan monarch; and there is no doubt of the existence of a real labyrinth, thanks to Sir Arthur Evans, who has excavated this same

maze of winding corridors. This palace was destroyed about 1500 B. C. by some foreign foe who brought the great Cretan Empire to an end.

If the labyrinth is an established fact, what can we say about the legendary inhabitant of it? Was there such a creature as the Minotaur?

All scholars have rejected the possibility of such a thing, and passed it by as too absurd for further consideration. So the matter rested until something like a year ago, when two archaeologists of unquestioned reputation seem to have satisfactorily solved the problem. Farnham Bishop and Arthur G. Gilchrist have written a novel in which they set forth their theory, which to the present has not been attacked. The Minotaur, according to the theory of these authors, was a great brazen image having the head of a bull and the body of a man. In the base of the image was a great fiery furnace. The arms, hands, and jaws of the monster were worked by means of levers or some sort of machinery. The victim was placed blindfolded between the knees of the image, the hands grasped the person in the region of the waist, then the arms lifted him to the massive jaws, and the ill-fated one disappeared into the flames of the furnace.

The story of Daedalus and Icarus lack not for an interpreter and an interpretation. Dr. Charles Hallock, President of the Washington Academy of Science, writing in *The American Antiquarian and Oriental Journal*, sometime during 1911 or 1912, set forth a theory to account for this story as being founded on something more than pure imagination upon the part of the Greeks.

He holds that this tale is a remnant of a truth that has been handed down through the ages from the time of the disappearance of that much discussed lost continent, Atlantis. He further holds that certain of the Atlanteans made their escape from the doomed continent by means of some kind of air-craft, perhaps the progenitor of the modern biplane; and in being handed down through the countless ages during the cycles of civilization the tale was mutilated until its significance was entirely lost. But the central fact of flying through the air never died out as a legend from among the descendants of the Atlanteans.

The Sibyl arrives and interrupts Aeneas in his contemplation of the doors. She feels the influence of the god, and then orders Aeneas to offer up his prayers, and not to delay in so doing. This the mighty leader does, and vows a temple to Apollo, — a vow which was rather slow in fulfilment, for Vergil had in mind the temple of Apollo on the Palatine, built about 28 B. C., also the Ludi Apollinares, which were celebrated for the first time after the battle of Cannae during the Second Punic War. (Book VI, 69-70).

Aeneas now beseeches the Sibyl not to intrust her reply to the leaves

to be blown about by the fickle winds, but to answer with her own lips. This she does, but tells the hero nothing that he does not already know.

Two elements now demand our attention that have baffled all attempts at answer: the golden bough, and the sacrifices offered to the gods of the nether world. In regard to the first, the most probable interpretation is that of survival of tree worship. For want of a better we shall let it rest there. The efficacy of the sacrifices has no interpretation that can hold our serious attention.

Finally the Sibyl utters her final admonition, VI, 261:

Nunc animis opus, Aenea, nunc pectore firmo,

and dives into the open cave and takes her way to the first region of the Plutonian kingdom with Aeneas following close by her side.

What is the import of the invocation in lines 264-267? Is it, as Professor Knapp suggests, an invocation that Vergil may follow and rely upon current tradition, or is it that he is asking permission to reveal certain phases of the Mysteries? He uses a religious term in his prayer for permission, *sit mihi fas audita loqui: sit, numine vestro, pandere res alta terra et caligine mersas.*

Sit mihi fas, "May it be right (religiously) for me, etc.,"
Pandere . . . mersas, "to reveal the secrets (*res*) hidden in the depths of earth and mystery (*caligine*)."

Aeneas passes through the vacant halls and empty realms of Dis, as dim and uncertain as are objects beneath the moon upon a semi-cloudy night. Then he comes to the vestibule in the very jaws of Orcus where swarm all the ills of mankind and some of the mythical monsters whom we may pass without further comment.

Acheron is reached, and Charon in all his squalor and sordidness is seen. The poet draws his image vividly in a few lines, with a master hand that equals some of the master-portraits of Homer. Charon is a somewhat new figure with which to deal. He seems to be an old type in the tenets of religion, but whence came he as Vergil portrays him? In the prehistoric tombs found in Etruria are to be seen wall-paintings representing the grim old ferryman and his crazy boat. Did Vergil glean his description from these same tombs upon which we can today gaze in wonder?

On the river banks are the throngs of the dead, as many as the leaves of the forest that fall with the first frost; to this is added the simile of the birds driven by the cold to a more sunny clime. In the fourth *Georgic* we find most of the description here offered, though the arrangement in this book is somewhat altered and of a far more serious import. The Georgic lines date from Vergil's Alexandrian days, while the lines of

Book VI reveal to us the more contemplative side of the poet; the playfulness he displayed in the *Georgics* has vanished, and seriousness and earnestness of purpose run through the whole story. Life is not extinct: the soul is more in earnest than ever in the life of the upper air. The Hades that Vergil pictures is the very antithesis of that depicted in the *Odyssey:* mythology, philosophy, and religion have all contributed their share to the composite whole.

The numberless throng crowd to the river's bank to be ferried across the dark-hued stream. Some the ferryman takes, some he leaves and drives afar from the river's edge. Those that are taken have received the rites of burial, those that are rejected are the poor and those that lie upon earth or within the sea without a sepulchre. These unfortunate ones must wander and flit about these shores for an hundred years before they can cross. The ancient world at large had very gloomy thoughts in regard to the unburied and their lot in the underworld.

The episode of Palinurus is, of course, suggested by that of Elpenor in the *Odyssey*, XI, 51-80. Elpenor's distress seems to have been due to his self-respect, while that of Palinurus can be attributed to his deep feeling of need.

In lines 344-346 we have something of a puzzle. There is really nothing in the *Aeneid* to explain the allusion. Commentators usually refer to Book V, 814, but in this verse Neptune is speaking, not Palinurus. For want of better explanation, we are compelled to fall back upon that ever ready refuge of ignorance, the lack of revision on the part of Vergil. In the remainder of the episode, patriotism seems to be the prevailing notion, and the poet ever has Italy in mind, though his attention is fixed upon Hades.

Aeneas next enters the so-called five doubtful regions. These regions are occupied by: (1) children who have died in infancy, (2) by those unjustly condemned to death, (3) by innocent people who have committed suicide, (4) by unhappy lovers, (5) by those who have fallen in war.

There are inconsistencies here that scholars have failed to reconcile; Norden, the greatest exponent of consistency, failed in his object. To illustrate: Why are some fallen heroes found here, while others are in Elysium? Why the grouping of lovers in the manner which we find: Pasiphae, Phaedra; Dido, Sychaeus? But this is a technical point into which we shall not enter, for Vergil, in a word or two, could have explained his reason, but he did not.

Plato had already formulated the notion of moral law beyond the grave, but Vergil did a daring thing when he preached the doctrine of

the divine right of the state. This he accomplishes by sending to the depths of Tartarus, which Aeneas did not visit but which was described to him by the Sibyl, those who betrayed their country for gold, or cheated their clients, or committed adultery, or sold justice, or hated a brother. It is undoubtedly true that Vergil had in mind the Twelve Tables, the legal Roman code that every schoolboy knew by heart.

Aeneas at last comes to Elysium and into the presence of his father, his avowed purpose in coming. In a secluded valley he finds him gazing upon the waters of a river, and upon the souls of men "as many as the bees in summer." The river is Lethe, the River of Forgetfulness, and the souls are those destined for birth into the upper air. These are the souls of the future great men of the Roman Empire. Note that Vergil is here teaching not the Orphic doctrine, but one that antedates it by many millenniums, a doctrine as old as mankind itself, *viz:* that the soul has always existed and will continue to exist.

Then Vergil unfolds his philosophy of life, which he places in the mouth of Anchises:

"Know first, the heaven, the earth, the main,
The moon's pale orb, the starry train,
Are nourished by a soul,
A spirit whose celestial flame
Glows in each member of the frame
And stirs the mighty whole.
Thence souls of men and cattle spring,
And the gay people of the wing,
And the strange shapes that ocean hides
Beneath the smoothness of his tides.
A fiery strength inspires their lives,
An essence that from heaven derives,
Though clogged in part by limbs of clay
And the dull 'vesture of decay.'
Hence wild desires and grovelling fears,
And human laughter, human tears:
Immured in dungeon-seeming night,
They look abroad, yet see no light.
Nay, when at last the life has fled,
And left the body cold and dead,
E'en then there passes not away
The painful heritage of clay;
Full many a long contracted stain
Must linger deep, perforce, in grain.
So penal sufferings they endure
For ancient crime, to make them pure:
Some hang aloft in open view
For winds to pierce them through and through,
While others purge their guilt deep-dyed
In burning fire or whelming tide.
Each for himself, we all sustain

The durance of our ghostly pain;
Then to Elysium we repair,
The few, and breathe this blissful air:
Till, many a length of ages past,
The inherent taint is cleansed at last,
And nought remains but ether bright,
The quintessence of heavenly light.
All these, when centuries ten times told
The wheel of destiny have rolled,
The voice divine from far and wide
Calls up to Lethe's river-side,
That earthward they may pass once more
Remembering not the things before,
And with a blind propension yearn
To fleshly bodies to return." (Conington's translation.)

Let us study more closely the basic meaning of some of the important words employed by Vergil.

In line 726 the subject of *alit* (sustains) is *spiritus*, a noun derived from the verb *spiro*, meaning 'to breathe,' 'to blow,' originally without any idea of intelligence being connected with it. It seems to be the same root-idea as the Greek πνεῦμα (see John III: 8). In line 727 he uses the word *mens* as the subject of *agitat*. *Mens* is altogether different in its import from *spiritus*, in that it has the idea of intelligence behind it, and that intelligence has the power of discrimination or judgment to direct the impetus of its own forces. Hence *mens* must be translated 'Divine Intelligence,' in contradistinction to *spiritus*, a force without intelligence, mere law, or the resultant momentum of the *expressed* creative force of divine intelligence.

In line 730 the word *vigor* is used. This word or noun is derived from the verb *vigeo*, meaning 'that which has strength and force *per se*'; so the noun means 'force' in the sense of 'field of force' in the terms of electric nomenclature. *Origo* has the meaning of 'origin' as we employ it in common usage. *Seminibus* carries the idea, primarily, of that which has the power to grow from its own internal force, as for instance, the seed; but here it has the force of 'particles,' or rather, it seems, it may have the idea of that which physicists call 'electrons.' Therefore, we may well translate this line: "Fiery is the force and heavenly the origin of these particles" (electrons); the *seminibus* being the particles or electrons that form the basic substance of the soul of human beings, the essence that is the spiritual true element of man, if you please.

In line 733 is found the word *auras*, usually translated as 'heavenly light.' But I would not so interpret it. If we take into consideration the meanings of the words as given above, such translation becomes

absurd and meaningless. The word may mean 'light' in the sense that we usually assign to it; but it can mean 'light' in the sense that the Theosophist assigns to it, *viz.*: a consciousness of its (the soul's) own divinity and divine origin. If we interpret lines 733-34 in this manner, we are, I think, interpreting as Vergil wrote, otherwise we are interpreting everything in a literal sense, and most absurdly literal, and thus we utterly fail to catch the occult meaning that Vergil surely must have had in mind. So let us translate: Hence arose man's fears, his desires, griefs, and joys, nor do the souls discern, pent within gloom (ignorance) and dark prison-house, the 'light of their own divinity' (*auras*).

According to Vergil's philosophy, death does not wipe out the stains of sin committed in the body. These stains leave their mark deep-ingrained (*penitus inolescere*) and can be removed only by some form of atonement, *i. e.*, by paying the penalty in some form of punishment. It seems to the writer that here we have the doctrine of Karma. If that is not it, what doctrine have we here? Any other would detract from the deep learning of the poet. After a long period of purification, after time's appointed cycle has been fully run, then the heavenly intelligence and divine spark is left pure and unpolluted. After this the soul may begin to wish to return to and dwell within human bodies again.

This is NOT the doctrine of transmigration of souls as the majority of interpreters would have us believe, but the doctrine of REINCARNATION. The same doctrine that we find in *John* I: 14: "The Word became flesh and dwelt among us." Καὶ ὁ λόγος σὰρξ ἐγένετο καὶ ἐσκήνωσεν ἐν ἡμῖν.

In this passage the word λόγος has the same root meaning as the Latin *mens*. It has three primary meanings, (1) Reason; (2) The one speaking; (3) Means of communication. The first is the meaning in the passage quoted. The word σάρξ has several meanings. In the singular it means 'flesh'; in the plural, 'muscles of the body'; then following those come 'human nature,' 'human kind.' In this passage it is a kind of *zeugma* implying the ideas of 'human body' and 'human nature.' So if we fully interpret (not merely translate) the passage, we have something like this: 'Reason took upon itself the form of a human body and the nature of a human being.' It seems to us that Vergil in his famous and much discussed passage teaches Karma and Reincarnation, even in a more philosophical and direct manner than the great Christian Apostle.

There is very little more of importance over which we may spend our time, except to call attention to lines 848-853 in which Vergil displays one of his marvelous moments of foresight, sufficient to class him as a seer in the Middle Ages, and of sufficient genius to challenge our admiration:

Excudent alii spirantia mollius aera;
Credo equidem, vivos ducent de marmore vultus;
Orabunt causas melius, coelique meatus
Describent radio, et surgentia sidera dicent:
Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento;
Hae tibi erunt artes; pacisque inponere morem,
Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos.

("Other nations will mold with softer grace the bronze into breathing, life-like form, I doubt not; they will shape the living countenance from the marble; they will more fluently plead their causes at the bar, and with their dividers mark out the paths of the heavenly bodies, and foretell the time of the rising stars; thou, O, Roman, make it thy task to rule the peoples with imperial sway; these arts are thine, to impose law and the habits of peace upon thy subjects, and to crush the haughty.")

Conclusions in regard to Book VI

I. Vergil is historical *in re* the Athenian tribute to the Cretan monarch, for archaeology has proven beyond a shadow of a doubt that a great Cretan Empire existed whose capitol was located at Knossos. The great building that is called in legend the Labyrinth, stands exposed to view with its winding corridors and passages, with its walls painted with the double axe. Archaeologists have advanced a theory covering that much discussed man-animal, the Minotaur. Daedalus and Icarus are a memory of the Fourth Root-Race that made its way to the now European coast by means of some kind of air-craft.

II. Vergil gathered together the vast mass of teachings relating to the realms of the dead, and molded them into a more or less consistent whole, especially teaching the horror of and repulsion for suicide; teaching for the first time within written history the divine right of the state, and emphasizing the *reign of moral law* beyond the grave.

III. He teaches the dual nature of man, his divine origin, his fall into sin because of Reason's failure to rule the animal side of human nature; and above all, Karma and Reincarnation.

IV. Vergil teaches that Life is Love, and that man's mission upon earth is Service to humanity and to the state.

Acknowledgments and Bibliography

I wish to extend my appreciation to the following authors and their works. If I have failed to give full credit to them at any place, or through oversight have failed to put their words within quotation marks, I wish at this point fully to acknowledge my indebtedness to them. At many

places it will appear that Dr. Leaf's interpretations run parallel with that offered in this thesis. I will give Dr. Leaf full credit for his interpretation of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, for with regard to my observations on the sites of Hissarlik and of other Homeric sites, I cannot lay claim to having authority that would carry weight in the world of Homeric scholarship, although I beg to say that I was driven to many of Dr. Leaf's conclusions *before* the publication of his *Troy*. I wish to extend my appreciation to Dr. Leaf and his two epoch-making works, *A Study in Homeric Geography*, and *Homer and History*.

Also to Dr. T. R. Glover and his monumental work on Vergil; to Dr. Lanciani's great works upon Roman Archaeology; to Drs. Boni and Artioli, Rome, Italy, with both of whom I had the honor of associating while studying in that classic country my favorite subject, Roman Archaeology and Topography.

I wish to extend my thanks to Professor A. C. Whitehead, who has always encouraged me in my work with kind words and helpful criticisms. Also my thanks are due to Mr. Hemp for his careful drawings of the various maps and plans with which this thesis has been illustrated.

"Is the soul, when under the influence of such affections, then chiefly shackled by the body?" — "How so?" — "Because every pleasure and pain, with a nail as it were, nails and fastens it to the body, and makes it of the nature of the body, while it believes those things to be true which the body asserts to be so. For, from its conformity of opinions, and identity of pleasures, with those of the body, it is forced, I imagine, to become identified with its manners and habits, insomuch that it can never arrive in Hades pure, but must always depart polluted by the body, so that it speedily sinks again into another body, and grows again as if it had been sown, whence it is deprived of all communion with that which is pure, unspotted, and divine."

— PLATO, *Phaedo*, transl. C. S. Stanford

REINCARNATION, AND THE COUNCIL OF CONSTANTINOPLE HELD IN A. D. 553: by the Rev. S. J. Neill

IT is the aim of the following remarks to give some idea of the causes which led up to the Council of Constantinople in 553, A. D., at which, some have thought, a ban was placed on the doctrine of Reincarnation.

* * * *

The task of the true historian is a very difficult one. When he records contemporary events there is always the difficulty of lack of proper perspective. When he writes of the past there are other difficulties: he may not possess sufficient, or trustworthy, authorities; and it is the besetting danger of all historians to picture the past more or less in the light of the present. Hence it is that we find writers like Grote, or Thirlwall, or Mommsen, or Gibbon giving us a view of the past colored by the political spectacles of the present. The liberal or conservative, the religious radical, or the ultra orthodox are pretty sure to see the facts in the light of their own preconceived ideas, and therefore to present them to us in that light. A modern writer has said that a "perfect history would be a full record of all events, words, and even thoughts of the past." If that be so, then no perfect history exists other than that written in the great 'book of life,' the astral light, from which, according to the Apocalypse, all will be judged at last.

If the ordinary historian is beset with many difficulties, the ecclesiastical or religious historian is beset with still greater ones. It is of the very nature of religion, or the lack of it, to give a strong personal element to everything which is placed under review. Hence it is, that historians find it such a difficult matter to write a really good history of early Christianity: and the same thing, perhaps, may be said of the early history of all religious movements. The *truly critical* spirit is hard to find; by that we mean the spirit of the well-informed judge (the kritês) who is quite free from prejudice.

When we consider that human progress depends on the lessons gained by experience we see how very important it must be to have a full and correct account of the experience of individuals and nations and races. The province of the historian is twofold: the gathering together of facts, and the study of the meaning of those facts. The latter is sometimes called the philosophy of history. It is in the interpretation of the facts that we find one historian differing so much from another. Sound judgment is one of the chief qualities of the genuine historian. This includes a careful examination of the facts, and a placing of them in proper order and proportion. If this is not done it is just as possible to juggle with

facts as with figures. In recent times historians have been grouped into two main classes; those whose chief aim is to give a vivid artistic picture; and those who make this subservient to as full and accurate a statement of facts as possible. Rightly viewed, falsehood does not bring good to any one. Truth and Good are ever most intimately related.

In an attempt at a study of the Council held at Constantinople under the Emperor Justinian in the year 553, and especially in regard to the subject of reincarnation, one very soon realizes what a difficult task has been undertaken. To declare off-hand that the Christian Church at this Council put a ban on the doctrine of reincarnation, and chose that of hell instead, would give a very inadequate, if not an entirely misleading idea of the state of the case. The truth is that dogmas, whether in the Christian Church, or in any other religion, do not spring into existence all at once, like Minerva from the head of Jupiter, armed *cap-à-pié*. As with all growth, it is "first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear."

To not a few readers it may appear to be a simple question to decide whether or not reincarnation was brought up at the Council of Constantinople; and if so, what was the decision of the Council.

Well, it may be regarded as certain that reincarnation did not come up as a special issue either at this Council or at any other Council.

If it came up at all it was as a side issue, or part of a larger question.

If we could get back to the atmosphere of that time we should at once see that very different matters filled the minds of men in those days.

Personal matters, bitter opposition to some person or some party; and in order to condemn that person or party lists of charges were formulated. The bigger and more liberal-minded a man was the more likely it was that a small-minded man should try and tear him in pieces. Of course it is the old story — the desire for personal power — and this is not peculiar to early Christianity; we find it in all religions, in all political parties, in every land and in every age of the world. The passion for domination has ever been one of the greatest stumbling-blocks in the path of humanity. The man or group of men who are animated by this love of power most likely do not confess it to themselves, and certainly not to others. They profess to seek the 'cause of religion' — 'the greater glory of God.' They seek the 'good of others.' With these and similar statements they 'hoodwink themselves, and mislead others.' There is always some plausible reason. Even those who in later times burnt their fellowmen at the stake professed a high motive; it was to 'save their souls,' and it was 'better that the body should perish if the soul might be saved.' Bigotry, the spirit of persecution, and intolerance, have generally clothed themselves in high pretensions. Purity of doctrine,

the cause of truth, the upholding of religion, and the like, these are the sheep's-clothing under which the wolf has torn his prey. Hence, when we take note of such things a thousand years ago and more, we are observing certain prominent qualities of the lower side of human nature common to all ages and nations. In keeping this fact in view we do not lose sight of the other fact that there are false teachings and that what poisons the mind is even more dangerous than what poisons the body. But the attempt to root out the false teaching, even if we are quite sure it is so, is attended with risk; and the advice of Jesus was: "let the tares and wheat grow together till the harvest, then the reapers will separate the tares from the wheat."

This growth of the love of power and rule had for a long time been repressed in the early Christian Church. There had been a number of persecutions, and these had made domination difficult. But when the Church became numerous, and strong, and especially when from Constantine onwards it became the avenue to much political influence, then the spirit of domination grew apace.

It had been distinctly taught by Jesus that his disciples were not to permit a spirit of domination to interfere with the practice of religion.

"Ye know that the princes of the Gentiles exercise dominion over them, and they that are great exercise authority upon them. It shall not be so among you, but whosoever will be great among you shall be your minister, and whosoever will be chief among you, he shall be your servant."

And both Paul and Peter wrote in similar words to the early presbyters, and warned them against being "lords over God's heritage." This was in many cases unheeded. The result was a growing love of power and rule.

At the time of the second Council of Constantinople in 553, the Bishop of Rome was the chief Bishop in the West. The Bishops of the East, who were in some cases called Patriarchs, were the chief rulers within their own spheres, the only overlord being the Emperor who reigned at Constantinople.

It may seem a matter of little importance whether or not the Council of Constantinople, under the Emperor Justinian, condemned reincarnation. If reincarnation is a fact then the decision of any number of Church Synods or Councils would matter as little as did the opposition of the Church to the fact of the movement of the earth around the sun, or any other of the facts of science which ignorant ecclesiastics at various times have opposed. But the subject, at any rate, has an historical interest, and the more we know of the mistakes as well as of the achievements of the past, the wiser we should be to meet difficulties in the future.

In trying to find out something about the Council of Constantinople

and what it did, we propose to glance briefly at the general state of the world then of which Justinian and the clergy were only prominent details.

The present is always rising out of the past, and more or less molded by the past. Today is the child of all past yesterdays. The Roman world of the fifth and sixth centuries was a mass of elements that had been swept down the river of Time from a far antiquity. The images of all the gods were there, but they were only images. Rome itself, and all that it implied, was fast becoming the ghost of its former greatness. The sturdy vigor of the Republic had laid up a heritage of energy upon which the following ages lived much as a spendthrift son lives on the estate he has inherited from many hardy forefathers. A modern writer tersely describes the state of Rome in those days by saying that the wealth of all the countries of the Roman world poured into it, and the only thing that went out of it was manure! This is hardly just, for Rome did furnish laws and roads, if only for the control and government of the conquered and much taxed provinces. It is a sad spectacle, but it should be a very instructive one, that nation after nation has fallen into the dust chiefly because it was built on a very unstable equilibrium. The laws of stability are not difficult to discover; they are justice and judgment, they are equity and mercy; truth and righteousness. The essential nature of the kingdom of God on earth is not different from the essential nature of the kingdom of heaven: "The delight of doing good, originating in love and operating by wisdom," says the great Swedish Seer, "is the very essence of the heavenly life."

As nation after nation grew rich from conquests, and from the labor of slaves — in one form or another — the seeds of decay were sown, and the downfall of that nation or kingdom was only a matter of time. Egypt and Babylon, Persia, Palestine, and Greece, all crumbled like a piece of wood affected with dry rot. Rome became for a time the refuge for all the things good and bad that the great river of Time had borne on its bosom, and swept in eddies into quiet corners on its sands. No form of Government will long protect a nation if greed of gain, love of domination, and a lack of the spirit of righteousness and equity sap the vitals of the people. Had the Christian Church maintained in its purity and strength the spirit of its Founder there can be but little doubt that it would have saved Rome, and there would have been no 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.' But it is only too lamentably true that many, especially those lording it over others in the Churches, exhibited those vices that weakened, instead of the virtues which ought to sustain a nation. Any careful reader of Church history cannot fail to see and deplore the spirit of cantankerousness that prevailed; the egotism, the love of getting into prominent positions, and being able to rule over

others, and all the evils which those qualities produce. These qualities on the part of some of the bishops were a source of dissension and weakness. And, strange to say, it was the spirit of Greek Philosophy which, in the manner in which it affected and divided the Christian communities, especially in the East and in Africa, helped the forces of Islâm to make such rapid conquest in the East; had there been no bitter divisions between the East and the West; had there been no hunting of heretics such as Arius, Nestorius, and many others, Islâm might have been confined to Arabia and some other places outside of Europe. Who does not know that the battle over an iota, between homoiousion and homoousion, divided the East and the West? The Greek philosophy had been absorbed in large measure by many Christian writers and one result was an age-long strife over the hair-splitting niceties about the nature of the Christ, the Word of God, the Logos. Was Christ the same nature with the Father, or only of a similar nature? Was he eternally the Son, or did his Sonship count from his earthly birth? Was the Sonship an eternal proceeding from the Father, or an act of creation? In a word, these Christian disputants fought over the great problem of the Infinite and the finite which has ever exercised the minds of men since human beings were capable of philosophizing. Then there were closely allied matters of dispute such as the nature of Christ and his personality — was there only one nature, or were there two natures in one person? It was chiefly in regard to the nature and person of Christ that men fought in Constantinople, in Asia Minor, and in Africa, in the days of Justinian. Reincarnation might be mentioned incidentally in reference to the teachings of some one over whom a bitter personal contest raged, but neither in Constantinople nor Nicaea nor during the early centuries, was it, as far as we know, brought up by itself as a question of dispute. It never was a 'live issue,' as we say. There can be no doubt that the doctrine of reincarnation was known to some among the early Christians and that there are several texts in the New Testament which either imply it or state it distinctly. But it must be acknowledged that for the bulk of the people a future life with Christ, or separated from him, was the prevalent conception — in other words, heaven or hell. It will surprise anyone who makes a careful and unprejudiced survey of the early Christian communities, and of the ideas they held, to see what a limited thing, and what a very simple thing, the teaching was at first, as compared with what it became in a few centuries. Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and live that belief; this sums up the early Christian position. We see this very clearly in that general letter written by James the brother of Jesus to the early Christians. This letter was very probably the first thing written of the New Testament, even before any of Paul's letters

— and not after them, as was thought for a time by many, because it seemed that James was combatting the Pauline doctrine of justification by faith. The Epistle is evidently written by a Jew; it is permeated all through with Jewish thought, simple and practical. It was evidently written by one who was in a position to address such advice to the 'twelve tribes which are scattered abroad.' Now James was not only the Lord's brother, but was president of the apostolic body at Jerusalem. He, and not Peter or Paul, was the acknowledged head. He was chairman or president of the first Christian Council, that was held at Jerusalem, when Paul and Barnabas and the other Christians met to decide how far Greek Christians were to be governed by Jewish ritual. It was James and not Peter nor Paul who, after hearing the various speakers, summed up and gave the decision. This decision was carried to the various Churches and accepted by them. Now this Council is very important because it should naturally form a model for the future conduct of the Christian Communities. It would seem to be intended for that purpose because the Apostles were then living, and if anybody had a right to decide such a matter they had. Instead of that they did not themselves decide. The form of procedure was this: The Christians at Antioch, where the dispute took place, determined to send representatives, and chose Paul, Barnabas, and 'certain others.' These went to Jerusalem, and the first Christian Council met composed of these representatives, and the Apostles and Presbyters, or Elders, who were at Jerusalem. Apparently many of the Jerusalem Christians were present at the Council, for the narrative says, "then all the multitude kept silent and gave audience to Barnabas and Paul." Peter also spoke, but he had no special authority. There is not a hint that he was to be the head of the Church. What he had to tell was about himself, how he had preached to the Gentiles. And it was only in harmony with the general weakness of character in the man who denied his Master, that he, after having boasted of preaching to the Gentiles, should show Judaizing tendencies. Paul says: "When Peter was come to Antioch I withstood him to the face because he was to be blamed." (*Gal.* 2, 11.)

The result of the discussion was that James as president gave a decision. This decision was sent by representatives chosen by the Council — "apostles, presbyters, and the whole Church" — and delivered to and accepted by the Church at Antioch. It is claimed that this Council was intended to form a model for the future, and it is the model upon which a large part of the Christian Church has been molded as to Government. Some lawyers and Statesmen have looked upon that form of representative government, with right of appeal, as the germ from which all modern liberal government has sprung. But Church historians tell

us that nearly all parties, congregational, and episcopalian, as well as Presbyterians, claim to find ground to support them in that famous first Christian Council held at Jerusalem towards the middle of the first century — about the year 51.

This matter has been mentioned at some length because it is a very vital one, in many respects. It is a standard, and we can compare after-Councils by it, and see how far many, or all of them, depart from it, both in letter and in spirit. How different from the time when Councils, such as that at Constantinople under Justinian, were called by civil rulers, and to suit their purposes: or called by combative bishops to further personal ends.

Before passing from this first Council there is one matter of great moment which should be noticed. This is the expression: "It seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us," which was used in the letter sent by that Council to the Christians at Antioch. The meaning which appears on the surface is that the Holy Spirit had in some way inspired or guided the decision, which was also their decision, that Jewish restrictions, except in certain points, should not be laid on Gentile Christians. Now this phrase, in the course of time, became an accepted one for Councils to use. The general Councils were looked upon as infallible when the Pope approved! In other cases Councils were held to be superior in authority to the Popes. As to the real meaning of the above phrase: "It seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us," etc., may it not be the quite simple and evident one? Peter had told at some length how he had been inspired by God in a vision to receive certain Gentiles into the Church. The Council, having this statement of Peter before it, put the matter in the brief form we see it in the letter to Antioch; a fuller statement might be: "As we find from Peter that 'it seemed good to the holy Ghost' that Gentile Christians should not be burdened with Jewish restrictions; and as Paul and Barnabas give corroborative testimony; we give it as our finding that the Gentile Christians in Antioch and in Syria be burdened with as few Jewish restrictions as possible; but they should abstain from meats offered to idols, from blood, from things strangled, and from fornication."

This is not the ordinary explanation, though Neander, and one or two others, lean a little in that direction. At any rate, if the Voice of God indicated a certain line of action it was surely redundant, if not blasphemous, to add, "it seemed to us also"! Not in this manner spake the old Jewish prophets. "Thus saith the Lord" was their form of prophecy, not a word added as to *their agreeing with it!*

After this Council at Jerusalem no general Council was held until that at Nicaea in 325 under the Emperor Constantine; though several

minor assemblies of various kinds were held at different places. The first of which we have any information, and this only fragmentary, is of a provincial Council at Hierapolis held in Asia in order to condemn Montanus and Maximilla, and the currier Theodotus, as false prophets. The date of this is uncertain, perhaps it occurred about 160 or 180.

Harnack, writing on this subject, is of opinion that the Church had reached a turning-point in its career, and that it was the overthrow of Montanism and Gnosticism which really made the so-called 'Catholic' Church. As with most religious movements a time soon comes when a change sets in. The ardor, the simplicity, the spirituality, of the original impulse become mixed with the worldly spirit. Then a reaction against this worldliness is started by a few zealous persons.

It was so with early Christianity. As the adherents became numerous, as they came more and more intimately into contact with other forms of philosophy, and the worldly spirit, a certain commingling took place. This made some raise a voice for greater purity, simplicity, and spirituality, just as in more recent times we have the Puritans, Quakers, Irvingites, and others. The Montanist movement was of this nature, and it was opposed by the ruling element in the Church. The chief cause of the opposition on the part of the bishops was that Montanus and others sometimes got into ecstatic states, and gave out teachings professedly from the Holy Ghost. This could not be tolerated, for it would have superseded the influence of the bishops and the clergy generally. So the Montanists were excommunicated, the Canon of Scripture was declared closed, and the clergy naturally its keepers and expounders.

However, one of the greatest of the Church Fathers, Tertullian, defended Montanism, and declared that the Church, in refusing to accept a reforming influence, had entered on the path of decay.

The next stage, the dispute about the proper time for observing Easter, indicates the sort of spirit which was taking possession of the Church. Having declared that the Bible could not receive any additions, and that no fresh revelations which might endanger the rule of the bishops were to be recognized; the clergy in the East and in the West were at leisure to fight over trifles such as the day on which to keep Easter! The many synods, and disputes, and letters from the East to the West over this matter are of little moment in themselves, but the whole controversy serves to show the nature of the spirit which was at work in the Church. Following up this line of review we shall see the causes which were gradually at work during the first five centuries, and which led to the Second so-called Oecumenical Council held at Constantinople in 553.

(*To be concluded*)

THE DESERTED PALACE: by Wang Po (648-576 A. D.)

(From the Chinese)

By Kenneth Morris

IT was a puissant Prince, and not so long ago,
Built him a palace here, to dwell in pure delight
Where all the summer long the jade-blue waters flow
And sparkle to and fro among these islands bright.
And not so long ago, night after splendid night,
So loud the lutany and song that filled the hall,
They could not hear at all Time's nor the sea-gulls' flight,
Nor on the beaches white, the wavelets plash and fall.

Down from the mountains now the mists of morning flow,
And through Tang Taitsong's halls go wandering cold and white;
And none forbids the wind whither he will to blow,
Through windows once aglow, now hollow and reft of sight,
Flapping the tattered blinds, bellying scarlet-bright
Curtains that moulder now undrawn along the wall;
And the sea-birds fly through, crying in the eerie night,
And sighing through the night, the wavelets plash and fall.

Starlight, where once the golden dragon lamps did glow;
Dimness, for orange glow, vermeil and silver light;
And lute and lutanist long since are laid a-low;
Singer and song she sang long since are silent quite.
Only the silver clouds still on the waters bright
Are glassed; the sea-gulls still along the sea-rim call,
As when Tang Taitsong came in all his glory and might,
And paced the beach at eve, and heard the wavelets fall.

L'Envoi:

Long since? ---Indeed, indeed, 'tis not so long ago---
Not many autumns since---not long ago at all---
And where is Taitsong now? Where? ---Soft the sea-winds blow;
Soft on the beaches low the wavelets plash and fall.

International Theosophical Headquarters
Point Loma, California

THE ETERNAL PILGRIM: by H. Travers, M. A.

THEOSOPHY comes to uphold the truth; and what truth can be more vital to humanity in all ages than that man is a being endowed with the power of conscious evolution, and therefore able, by the use of his will and intelligence, to advance indefinitely on a path of perfection? Man, the god in an earthly tabernacle, is ever prone to forget his divine nature and to yield weakly to his lower nature; but from age to age the Spirit is reborn, great Teachers and Helpers appear, and man is reminded once more of his own divinity. Such a reminder is now being given by Theosophy, at a time when materialistic ideals have prevailed both in religion and science, coloring the whole of life, and bringing us to a serious crisis.

The prevalent one-sided view of evolution cannot satisfy the intellect or the heart; but it can and does exercise a baneful hypnotic influence over men's minds, and should be relegated to the past along with our other mistakes, to make way for broader and more logical views of evolution. While influential people are setting up in our schools and museums images of degenerate human types, and telling us that such was our ancestry, Theosophy holds up to our view the type of God-like man, as exemplified in the greatest and noblest characters of all history. The following quotation illustrates a view taken by many people who seek to reconcile the claims of science and religion:

"We are coming to recognise that the gradual development of man out of lower forms of life made him, at the appropriate stage of that development, responsive to a higher form of consciousness than other animals possess: he became an organ through which the universal consciousness could express itself as mind and spirit." — *Spiritual Guidance in Quaker Experience*, by William C. Braithwaite.

And the following, from H. P. Blavatsky, represents the Theosophical view:

"Man is certainly *no* special creation, and he is the product of Nature's gradual perfective work, like any other living unit on this Earth. But this is only with regard to the human tabernacle. That which lives and thinks in man and survives that frame, the masterpiece of evolution — is the 'Eternal Pilgrim,' the Protean differentiation in space and time of the One Absolute 'unknowable.' " — *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 728.

The continual harping on the animal affinities of man's organism, supported by erroneous theories of evolution, encourages the idea that man is a creature of instincts and natural forces, destined to move in a circle in obedience to laws which he cannot control. It tends to a pessimistic view of human nature, and ignores or depreciates the divine side of human character. In extreme cases it may even amount to a denial and repudiation of this higher nature — the worst sin a man can commit. Though this denial may be only intellectual, yet even so it tends to spread its influence over the character, and may subtly poison the springs

of our moral life. This is why it is so important to insist on man's spiritual descent, and to show that all science, so far as based on unassailable fact and logical inference, supports the ancient teaching.

It is not necessary to appeal to science or any other authority for the proof of self-evident facts; and it is a self-evident fact that man is endowed with a self-conscious mind, which enables him to contemplate his own thoughts and feelings, and to develop his character by deliberate resolve. The work of man is left uncompleted at his death; and, if we read the writings of those who argue for the soul's immortality, we shall find them using this argument, and saying that God could never have created man with such an endowment, only to cut him off for ever after a few brief years. And they infer that man is destined to a career of continued self-improvement in a future world or state. But, owing to a lack of knowledge of the ancient teaching of reincarnation, they do not get far with their argument. Nevertheless, the salient truth stands out — that man is bipartite, compact of an immortal and a mortal part; and that his self-conscious mind has qualities that distinguish it radically from the animal mind and render it superior to all mortality. Accepting then this peculiar mind of man as a fact, it is incumbent on us to study it, in accordance with the familiar Platonic axiom, "Know *thyself!*" And this can be done independently of any study of evolution. Yet a study of evolution will greatly help.

First it is necessary to give a logical view of the meaning of the word evolution. It means the process of growth and development which ensues from the interaction between spirit and matter; and in no way can we avoid postulating this duality as lying at the root of all motion and life. Even the most materialistic science has to use the terms force and matter, or energy and inertia. We do not know what either energy or inertia is in itself; except that, being components of matter, they must be immaterial. Hence, from the viewpoint of physical science, they are abstractions, though they must be realities on another plane of cognition. Science seems to be in doubt whether the life-force that promotes the evolution of matter is in matter itself or comes into matter from outside; but in either case it has to recognise that such a life-force must exist. Perhaps the essential difference between the materialistic view and that of Theosophy is that the former regards the life-force as blind and unintelligent, whereas Theosophy regards it as intelligent and as being a spark of the universal mind.

It will be apparent that there are two possible views of evolution, one of which looks upward from below, while the other looks downward from above. Science represents evolution as a process tending upwards from matter; the other view represents evolution as a process by which

spirit descends into matter and becomes ever more and more materialized. Both views must be held in the mind at the same time, for both processes are going on simultaneously; indeed they are inseparable.

Materialism and Theosophy start at different ends in their scheme of the universe. The former starts from matter and gives us a picture of a chaos of inert matter, coming mysteriously to life, and slowly gaining more life and acquiring intelligence, until through long ages, man himself is evolved. This is a very upside-down picture of the universe, and shocks the mind with its idea of purposelessness. Theosophy begins with mind, and makes mind and intelligence the fundamental fact in the universe; and then seeks to derive everything from the universal mind. A study of Theosophical cosmogony will show that the three fundamental hypostases are (1) The Absolute Unknowable, (2) Cosmic Mind, (3) Cosmic Matter.*

All evolution is the result of Cosmic Mind acting in Cosmic Matter, whereby are produced the visible living organisms, including all the natural kingdoms, down to the mineral; and whereby also are produced many beings that are not physical at all — for the universe is by no means limited to what we can see. But, though the life-spirit passes successively through these various forms, the progress is not continuous, for there are distinct breaks between the several kingdoms, and these kingdoms are separated from each other by discrete (not continuous) degrees. Even within the several kingdoms, we find discrete degrees, separating one species from another, with no visible connecting links — one of the puzzles of science. All this means that a large part of evolution takes place elsewhere, and that the organisms which we see are only separate stages in the process. The universal life-spirit is ensouled in a 'Monad,' which may be mineral, vegetable, or animal, and the work of evolution is performed on these Monads, which, as they reach certain stages, appear physically on earth. This is why science cannot discover the missing links in evolution.

All evolution, then, is the accomplishment of divine purpose, achieving itself through the manifestation of the powers of the Universal Mind in Cosmic Matter. But it must not be thought that man is merely a culminating product of this particular line of evolution. Theosophy, repeating the ancient teachings, declares that nature unaided is unable to produce man, but can do no more than produce a highly evolved organism for the use of the man that is to be. Man himself existed as a non-corporeal being for ages before he acquired a physical body. He is, in fact, defined as an incarnate god. His spiritual lineage is far

*This classification must be regarded as provisional only; more precise definitions will be found in *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 16.

older than his physical heredity. He is essentially a divine being.

The incarnation of man was a necessary step in the completion of the evolutionary plan. It entailed upon man the temporary loss of many of his powers; but this loss was accompanied by the assurance of acquiring still greater powers in the long run. Man was not able at first to master the animal nature with which he had associated himself; and he experienced what is known as the 'Fall'; but the 'Redemption' lies ever in prospect. This ancient doctrine gives an epitome of human history, and by its light we can interpret the past, the present, and the future of humanity. All *facts* discovered by science must necessarily confirm this view. In order to buttress other views, theorists have to distort the facts. We do not find that races begin in savagery and then proceed upwards to civilization, but we find that races begin in enlightenment and then give way to materialism until they decline; and that then the light is taken up by another race, which in its turn passes through the same cycle. The ancient Egyptians have steadily declined from the earliest periods we can trace. All races have spoken of the 'gods, demigods, and heroes' who first taught and inspired their ancestors, and have preserved in their symbolic mythologies the records of their past glory. Human evolution is a continually repeated drama of the descent of spirit into matter. But within the brief period that we call history, we can find no instance of a race that has passed through *all* its stages; no race that has survived the decline into materialism and won through to a resurrection. Yet such is the true destiny of races as of individuals; and if we can find no such period within our ken, this is not to say that the remote past or the nearer future may not have witnessed, or may not witness such a consummation. And even when a race perishes and goes down in premature decay, the light is not lost, and the evolutionary plan halts not; for the work is taken up by succeeding races.

Thus we of today are the heirs of all past ages; and within man is concealed the seed of boundless powers yet unfolded but awaiting unfoldment. It is indeed well that man should be reminded of his spiritual heirloom, of which some would seek to deprive him. The truth holds good for both the race and the individual. Individual man is only half incarnated; and whenever he is able to prepare the soil, the divine seed is ready to grow, unfolding powers that he little dreamed himself possessed of. And so also with man the race. Whenever the soil can be made ready, there are infinite seeds from the past ready to grow up and blossom into wonderful life.

Shall the Eternal Pilgrim lose his way, fall asleep in the enchanted garden, become enslaved to the giant of despair, or squander his soul in Vanity Fair? Shall he lend ear to voices that whisper: "Thou art

as the beasts that perish; let us eat, drink, and be merry; for tomorrow we die"? Or shall he not rather say to himself: "I am verily the King's son, and none shall deprive me of my heritage and kingly rights"?

Man has to understand his lower nature and learn that it has no right to impose its laws upon his soul; but that the real law of his soul is that of his higher nature. Then the Eternal Pilgrim will have returned home.

AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSIONS OF HAWAII: by Edith White

THERE is a charm about Hawaii that none can resist. The soft breezes of the tropical seas, the luxuriance of nature, woo the imagination from the call to strenuous action, and the psychology of sense-delights pervades the very atmosphere.

And Nature's brown-skinned children, the native Hawaiians, add their touch to the picturesqueness of the place. Groups of them are seen along the way, weaving into fragrant wreaths, or *leis*, as they call them, the feathery-stamened white or straw-yellow blossoms of the ginger plant. There is a pretty custom, distinctively Hawaiian, to bedeck the parting traveler, at the steamer, with *leis* around the hat, the neck and waist. If you chance to have a wide acquaintance, you may be fairly obscured by these sweet-scented tributes.

Honolulu's greatest attraction is Waikiki Beach. All the world has heard of it, yet no word-painting nor painter's brush can ever convey the full impression of its sparkling amethyst and emerald tints flashing upon the pale blue surface of the waves. The beach is skirted by luxurious homes, with lawns reaching down to meet the white coral sands. A unique and artistic adjunct of the Hawaiian home is the *lanai*, an extended and inclosed veranda, wherein art treasures, books, music and rare ferns contribute to social enjoyment and family comfort.

But the affluent are not alone in their love of beauty and art. The soul of the craftsman speaks in the most primitive native. The natural resources of the islands are abundant and the fingers of the women are deft at weaving. For example, they make exquisite hats of the black stems of the maidenhair fern.

For the artist there are in Hawaii attractions innumerable — blossom and fruitage everywhere; a fairyland of glens and tropical luxuriance with rugged mountains and rocky headlands in bold contrast. For the tourist there is a charm memory cannot lose. Mark Twain wrote of it:

"No other land could so longingly and beseechingly haunt me, sleeping and waking, as this one. Its balmy airs will be always blowing, its summer seas flashing in the sun; the pulsing of its surf beating in my ear."

ANOTHER CHANCE, OR THE DIVINA COMMEDIA OF EVAN LEYSHON: by Patton H. Miffkin

EVAN LEYSHON lay, as he well knew, not far from death. He had returned, the evening before, to the place that served him for a home, knowing well that his last drink was drunk, and that he would trouble the police-court cells no more. And then he had spent the night on the bare boards of the room that sheltered him, coughing and spitting blood and agonizing. That he had that shelter at all, he owed to the fact that there yet may be grace in the very far fallen. Once he had almost turned the woman of the house from the road to hell; and she remembered it.

Death – what was it? He used to know, he thought. But now — well, why care? It might at least be rest. Damnation! what did he want with rest? He had had a soul in him, once. He had never sought death — as many like him do daily. He wanted a chance to struggle on; yes, at bottom that was what he wanted: to fight on, with the bare hope that he might not die — go out at last and be at an end — ashamed. Oh, hell, hell, hell, what a rotten wreck his life had been!

An *âme damnée*, you would say, if ever there was one; humanity reduced to something like its lowest terms, so it still be human. There are lower grades — that yet wear all the outward trappings of fine success, and shine in society; and make that their business – and to allure. Evan Leyshon, certainly, had reached no such bad eminence. He was one of those that small boys torment as they pass in the streets, and that appear weekly before the magistrates: 'drunk and disorderly;' — a fellow with a little chin, to draw a pitying *Poor devil!* from any charitably-minded Levite passing by.

Furies came about him as he lay, to hiss and scourge. Few, I suppose, would have seen Aeschylean Tragedy

"In sceptred pall come sweeping by,"

in that room of an evil house in the slums; yet here vultures tore Prometheus; and here Orestes fled over dim Aegeans of thought; and I marvel if there were no august figures on the heights to mourn over that one; no aegissed Pallas to be evoked for this.

"Failure, failure, miserable failure!" hissed the Furies. "How long since you used to gather the crowds in the Hayes, to set the world right with wild words flung to them? Where are your lofty ethics now; your fits and gleams of tender poetry; your flaming rhetoric of idealism?" — It was true; there had been a time when people said he would have made a better preacher than any in the city; though already far fallen then, and his highest possibilities all disappointed. Would have made?

— actually was. *In vino veritas,* said the moralizers; though 'half seas over,' the fellow rang true; pleading for things he did passionately believe in, and they were great things. — The remnant, only, of a wasting treasure, even then.

"And how long," sneered the Furies, "since you came up from the gray house at Rhesolfen with that little sheaf of verses in your bag, and the knowledge that a thousand more were hovering in the air about you, waiting to be discovered and written? How long is it, you drink-drenched wastrel, since you were going to sing a new light and beauty to the world?"

"Thirty years," moaned Evan Leyshon. He remembered those bright days miserably. For him the outer world, then, had been a mere transparency through which the splendor of the Spirit shone. He had been familiar with invisible dawns and sunsets, and not ungifted to make others feel what he saw. He had stirred great hopes; in his work, though youthful and imperfect, there had been something unmodern, startling; he had seen the passers by on the common pavements, beautifully shining and majestic like demigods of old. It was not altogether foolish partiality that made old Joshua Morgan, after reading the sheaf of verses, descry in them Shelleyan promise, and mutter things about "a pardlike spirit beautiful and swift." But the promise had never been fulfilled. Beyond those juvenilia, he had written practically nothing. A couple of years in the city finished the poet in him, and since then he had been going almost steadily down. He had had a work to do in the world, and he had done none of it.

There are some crowns all the Northern Aurora without, and within wounding desperate thorns. The 'fatal gift' is less often possession than vision of the 'impitiable daemon' Beauty. Osiris and Typhon come not together in the same age and land merely, but again and again in the same breast. Evan Leyshon's was a case in point. The crown had begun to glimmer; but only the wounding of the thorns increased. He had possessed in a measure the gift; and it had proved indeed fatal. It was now a Typhon's victory that lay dying in the slum room somewhere behind Bute Street by the docks.

And yet, too, Osiris has a thousand lives in him; he is sometimes desperately hard to kill. You see him buried at the cross roads; yet can never go by without suspecting tremors of the ground. Or you see the stone rolled up over the mouth of his sepulchre; yet can never be sure that what you hear from it thereafter is only the howling and prowling of hyaenas. Evan Leyshon knew that he was dying, and whimpered miserably at the knowledge. The whimper belonged to his condition; it was, however, the expression through that of Osirian rebellion somewhere far within. Thirty years of decline and fall: nearly ten of utter

abjectness: had not been enough quite to convince Osiris he was dead.

So the morning passed by; and with the afternoon came Captain Elias Elias.

Captain Elias Elias was a man of God. A Celtic sense of the unseen, and what they call '*caredigrwydd Cymru*' — the native kindliness of the Welsh peasant — to begin with; a Calvinistic chapel on the Cardigan coast, to mold the former quality during his early years; and then long night watches at sea, given over to wrestlings with the spirit and the elements, to bring the whole to fruition: had made him what he was. Ten years back he had left the merchant service, taken a house in Grangetown, and devoted himself, as he said, to the service of the Lord. It meant haunting the slums, seeking out the sick and dying — all whose condition put them at his mercy; ministering with the gentleness of a deep and tender nature to their material needs; doctoring them himself, when the peril was not too great, out of his sea medicine-chest and his old experience as skipper and doctor of the good ship *Ovingham*, of Cardiff; and then letting loose upon them his flaming imagination in bedside sermons and prayer. 'Flaming' imagination is the word. What with a hundred storms at sea, and Lord knows how many revival services on land, there was little in the geography of Gehenna that the old fellow did not know. He knew the sea, and he knew the slums, and he knew, or had known, the cliffs and lanes between Mwnt and Aberporth; but he knew hell much better. In the spirit he had rounded all the Horns in Hades. Screaming winds and black billows from the Pole had taught him to picture the roar of the flame that dies not, the overwhelmingness of eternal doom; from the fearful valleys between the wave-mountains, he had learned the horror of the Bottomless Pit. At his best, (the captain's), Dante could not be more vivid, nor Milton armed with more grandiose gloom. — Queer, cross-eyed, brown-bearded, tender-hearted old Apostle of Damnation, I wonder what kind of karma will be yours, for all that unflagging benevolence and cruelty!

Captain Elias had long since marked down Evan Leyshon as lawful prey. Sometimes he had come on him so far gone as to be passive; and had had occasion then for inly exultation: another soul in a fair way to be snatched from the talons of Sathan. Generally, however, the poor wretch would fight back with fitful gleams of energy; Osiris being uneasy in his tomb. This afternoon the captain saw at once that all skirmishing was over, and the main battle waiting to begin. After preliminaries, that is to say, pertaining to this world, and to the captain's better nature. He sent for the nearest doctor — a personal friend of his own; and heard what he expected: that Leyshon could hardly last a day. — Workhouse infirmary? That would hardly suit his plans; he himself would assume

responsibilities there where he was. — Well, well; it was not worth the trouble of moving him, anyway. And there wasn't a better nurse in Cardiff than old Elias. "But be merciful to the poor devil, as you expect mercy, captain!" So Dr. Burnham, departing; and added to himself: "Queer old cuss — like all the rest of the Taffies!"

It was the captain's intention to be merciful; it always was. Here was a case for the tender amenities, not the terrors, of his theology. It was always so — always in love — that he went to his work. First he called in the woman of the house, and paid her handsomely to watch during his short absence. Then off home with him in a cab, and back within an hour with his own camp-bedstead and bed, and what else he deemed necessary. But for his housekeeper, he would have carried Leyshon home; but she was always 'nassty' on such occasions, and he thought this the better plan. With the skill of a trained nurse and the tenderness of a mother, he got his patient undressed, washed, and to bed; and all to an accompaniment of gentle terms of endearment in the two languages. Then, out with his spectacles and big Bible, and to reading; and after the reading, to expatiating and exhortation. His intentions were still most gentle and tender; he was full of pity; "God so loved the world" was his text.

But what are good intentions to a long habit, and a native cast of mind? The *hwyl* of the little Cardigan chapel took him: the wind was in his sails, and it was the wind that blows about the Horn. He had finished with heaven before long; and then descended into hell, and reveled there, and did gorgeous credit to his training. He could make word pictures; and he did. He read and reeled off the terrors of all the planes of dementia; he brought Tophet in its awful glory into the little inglorious room. Trembling on the verges of consciousness, Evan Leyshon heard, saw, felt, and was terrified. Dumb Osiris lay quiet in his sepulchre, and Typhon the victor tossed and wallowed in the horrid torrents of his native gloom and glare.

Somewhere about nightfall the captain came to a pause. The repentant sinner lay before him; his own vein was somewhat expended, and he remembered his first intentions. At once he was the tender nurse again: meeting the material needs, and filling his voice with soothing consolation. "But fear you nothing, my boy *bach!* remember you how God loves us sinners" — and, (as Cowley says) "a long et caetera."

A dose given, and the tossing and moaning quieted; the candle lit, and screened from the patient's eyes; he prepared himself to argue the rest in silence with the Lord, kneeling down at his soap-box chair, to make a night of it on his knees. — The Lord hardened Pharaoh's heart of old; it should be a wonder if Captain Elias did not soften the Lord's

now. A rumor of his strivings should run through all the courts and hierarchies of heaven. . . .

And he became immersed in it; and the hours went by; and meanwhile the soul of Evan Leyshon went forth upon its adventures. . . .

. . . . . .

He was walking in a vast procession on a long dreary, road, with marshlands on this side and that, which lost themselves at a little distance in vagueness, perhaps invisibility — the Penarth Road, if you know those parts. And yet not the Penarth Road, either, as he could see; but the road taken by the newly dead . . . among whom he traveled. For there ahead — only many days' journeys ahead, and not a mere three miles or so — and yet clearly seen — rose the Heavenly City, the New Jerusalem . . . high upon its promontory, with its landmark church, St. Augustine's, in the midst dominating all, and sitting there like a duck squatting, beheaded. They had been traveling long and long. At some point or other he had come in sight of the blissful vision; he supposed after passing under the railway bridge at the end of Clive Street, where the tram turns; but could not remember.

All sorts and conditions of men were on the road with him. A priest came down the line from somewhere in front, picking out the Irishmen and here and there a foreigner; he had rather a commanding way with them, and reminded one a little of a sergeant major with recruits. The Reverend Timothy Slimgill, sometime of the Baptist Forward Movement, was performing a like office for evangelicism generally — or trying to, for he had not the discipline, and must use unction and exhortation instead of command. From somewhere behind rose a belated sound of tambourines. Evan Leyshon felt little interest in these efforts. The thought of his wasted years and soul lay heavy on him; and he knew that presently, under Leckwith Hill, or about Penarth Dock, there would be a desolate turning, which he would take.

A Mrs. Churchill-Pendleton, whom he had once known, hurrying hither and thither, displayed a busy anxiety to convert him to the Anti-Something Movement. Anti- what, he could not be quite sure; perhaps it was a good many things. She pressed leaflets on him, of which she had a goodly store; she had been distributing them all along the way, and meant to keep right on with it. — "Take quite a number," she said; "I can get more printed, you know, when we are there." Presumably she contemplated an Anti- Campaign among the angels, and had visions of reforming heaven. She corrected his pronunciation when he spoke, but seemed unaware of the substance of his answers. Later he heard her clash with the Reverend Timothy, with whom she took a high hand, telling him his views were crude and obsolete. — There

were two young colliers talking football; wishing to goodness they could have lasted till after the International with England. Alderman So-and-so was enlarging nervously on past charitable undertakings of his own; he managed to buttonhole Slimgill, and held him five minutes, fishing for a good word. But Alderman So-and-so had belonged to the Established Church, and Slimgill seemed a little bored. He spied Leyshon, and made off to him; perhaps after all only more eager for the one sinner that might repent, than for the just man that (obviously) needed no repentance. — "My dear friend," said he, "are you assured as to your destination?" — "Assured enough," said Evan; "I am going to hell."

He spoke out loud, and saw that his words caused a little stir. Heads were turned; someone whistled; there was a general movement among those nearest him to increase their distance. Apparently no one at all had like anticipations. Mr. Slimgill, however, was true to his colors, and stuck close. You might have thought his ministrations too late by a day; but here again the habit of exhorting was strong. He seemed to forget that

> "As the tree falls, so shall it lie
> Forever through eternity;"

and that this tree, you might say, was fallen. — But fallen or no, Evan Leyshon's blood was up (if one may speak that way of the disembodied). The abjectness of his late physicality — the keen edge of it — had gone from him, and he could step out like a man. He knew that there was something in him that did not belong to that duck-churched Heavenly City on the heights; where, he divined, there would be conventional customs, conventional fashions in apparel, conventional morality and religion, and conventional Sundays. He had no business with singing Hallelujahs. He had tried to sing something of heaven — the real heaven — down into that hell back on earth; he had failed, and miserably; but shuddered at the thought of smug and smirkish bliss as payment for his failure. In reality it was the spark left in him — sincerity — that caused the shudder. If hell was real, it was the place for him. If there was no justice, he would take the thing likest it. He would go where weakness and failure were punished, and take his chances. — Osiris believed that Typhon would only flourish the more up yonder; in a different way, but perhaps a more deadly: that the two of them would be soothed and lulled down into a complacent unity, with such life between them as that of a fat marrow in the fields. Typhon's aim is peace with Osiris; all he fights for is that; — but Osiris, though vanquished, is still for war.

A cry was blown along from behind, and a motion of horror through

the crowd; there came one wailing and pursued, from whom all the righteous shrank; — one with head hanging down ghastlily — down on his breast, below his shoulders. Someone muttered: "It was at the jail this morning; the Splottlands murderer." — "Damn them," said Evan Leyshon, "they've been at their legal crimes again." He thrust himself between the poor creature and its pursuers, put an arm round it protectingly, and railed back at them till they slunk from the pursuit. — Here the procession broke, leaving these two in a gap of loneliness. Leyshon spoke to the thing at his side, saying what his heart dictated; whatever it was, it brought a growing likeness to humanity to the one addressed; and — strangely enough — a growing strength to Evan himself. So they went on.

They came under Leckwith Hill, and to the cross roads, and the railway sidings with their many trucks of coal; there these two turned, and took their own way. As they went down into the gloom, they heard behind them the waning music of the elect: now *Jerusalem the Golden* — to the wheeze, it seemed, of some aerial unseen harmonium; now a rattle of drums and cymbals, with words to suit; now the exultant dirge or heart-breaking triumph of *O fryniau Caersalem.* All that died away at last as they went on between the standing coal-trucks and the stacked coal; through a gloom ever growing deeper, peopled with grim unhuman figures at toil. And now, strangely, the two had changed roles, and it was not Evan Leyshon, but his Companion, that seemed the protector. — "You are not afraid?" said that one. —"No"; said Evan; "I had a soul once" — — "Speak of that," said the other; and in a tone that made Leyshon turn and look at him; and wonder at the transfiguration that had come to be there. It was now a veiled figure, erect, shining with a certain august light; and certainly with no mark of human desecration. "Speak of that," said That One, and laid a hand on Evan's arm; to whom straightway a flood of great memories came, and he stepped proudly. — "Let us go on," said he; "we two may conquer hell." It was the like of an archangel that went by his side; but veiled, so that he could not see the face.

They came to vast gates that were opened to them, and passed through into a vastness where, on high and terrible thrones amidst the shadows, sat the Judges of the Dead. Low down on a great space of floor before those judges, Evan Leyshon was bidden stand; but it was as if his Companion went invisible; none but Leyshon seemed to see him where he stood at the latter's side. No accusation was needed, nor any passing of sentence; in silence his past life was unfolded, day after day, in a long procession of pictures in the gloomy air.

These past; and the ground beneath his feet shuddered sullenly,

and heaved, as if moved by a dreadful life beneath: the life of death, of corruption. It began to crack and tremble like the ice floe at high thaw; thin glowing streaks of fissure formed, and ran on, and broadened. A jagged rent opened, with muffled sound, right at his feet; through it he looked down into gulfs below gulfs, where in the thronging blackness ominous blue flames flickered and sputtered and died; or suddenly all would be a whirling welter of red fire, and as suddenly, darkness again. — He saw another crack form out in front, and run rippling towards him at right angles to the first; its edges as it widened glowing vermilion, and crumbling with little puffs of smoke. It grew, and drew nearer, nearer; and a great wail rang up out of the fathomless reek, and —

Then he felt his hand grasped in a hand . . . at the moment the fall began.

Down, down, down; endlessly falling; through a night black as soot, in which ever and anon the blue sulphur-flames flickered grimly. And now there were charred living arms reached out to him, of those caught and tossed up by the currents of hell; and now there were avenues and narrow vistas, seen momentarily, glowing red, and in the midst of them forms like human writhing; and now a sudden glimpse of one lying chained and prone upon some peak above the chasms, and preyed upon by winged and taloned flames. For the most part there was silence; but sometimes a burst of hopeless passionless shrieking, or moaning like a sea-noise on desolate sunless coasts. . . .

He had time to think as he fell. If this were real, he would. . . . Could he reach some stability: could he but *get at* some of those forms through which he was falling: he would, by heaven, do or say something for them. Such thoughts grew, out of a first dazedness, and then a wonder. Fear or pain he felt not; but always more and more the high Osirian longings of his earlier years on earth. He had in him something still, if only words to say: that which he had failed to proclaim living, he would, by the glory of God that kindled in him, proclaim aloud now that he was dead for the good of the damned in hell. What was it? Falling, he could not quite re-gather that. Only — there was blue sky somewhere, and he would forthtell it. Words would come to him; he felt a rainbowed cloud of them burning in the environs of his mind. There were streams on the mountains on earth, and they should flow through his songs in hell: there were little runlets that he remembered, among the bluebells and the bracken on Garth Faerdre Mountain; the damned should hear of them; they should hear of the perishless white flame of the stars. Damned? Tush! it was a dream; he would find the master-word presently, that should vibrate out through this night of fire, and dissipate it!

— And ever and again, by a dim light, he would see landmarks worlds and worlds below: a peak; a crag whereon some vast being crouched and gloomed: and then in a moment they shot up past him, and were lost in the spaces through which he had fallen. And there were wandering and ominous suns, crimson like a dying ember, and as little light-giving, and dropping an agony of rubiate flame. And at last the glimmer of a midnight sea below; a sea of dark fires, whereon ran gleams and breakings of blue flame and green. Shadowy creatures came about him, and tossed imploring arms; there were millions and millions of them, outworn from human semblance, wasted with perpetual vain tears. Then he knew what hand it was he was holding; and that it was his Divine Companion's, who had come to him on the road in that ghastly guise. — "Wake them," he cried to that one; "it is all a dream; give me words to wake them!" —"No," said the other, "your place is not here, but lower; come!" Down and down; and so into the restless fire-flood on the floor of hell. But there too the words of his Companion came to him: — "There is one waiting for your coming; till you have aroused him from his evil dream, you can do nothing against hell." — "Yes," said Evan Leyshon; "I will do that, if it cost me more sorrow than I knew on earth." —"He is here," said the other.

And they were in a miserable slum room, beneath the sea at the bottom of hell. There was a lighted candle, much guttered, throwing large unsteady shadows on the walls. There was a man kneeling at a soapbox; there was a bed, and the like of a dead or dying man in it. Evan Leyshon looked from one to the other, uncertain which of the two he was to waken; nor would his Companion tell him. Then he went to the kneeling man, and shook his arm, and cried out to him: "Waken! waken! it is a dream!"

. . . . . .

Captain Elias lifted his face lit up with a startled look of ecstasy. "Saviour, I thank thee," he murmured, "that thou hast sent thine angel to visit me . . . to give me assurance of thy mercy, of whose sweetness I have never dreamed until now! . . ."

. . . . . .

Evan Leyshon sighed. — "He stirs in his sleep," he said; "but he will not be awakened." — "Go you to the other," said his Companion.

He did so; and bending over the bed, whispered: "Awake, awake, poor soul! you are to live again; it is not all at an end; you are to live again, and to conquer!"

The man in the bed opened his eyes (his face seemed curiously familiar to Evan Leyshon). "Another chance," he muttered. . . . "A great new

chance. . . . I am to live again. . . . —Of course . . . of course. . . . I had forgotten." A look of transcendent delight came over his face; he smiled, as one might that had feared to die, on awaking to find the Angel Death bending over him, more beautiful than a night of stars, tenderer than any human compassion. . . .

The room vanished, and the mirk and the flames of hell thinned and waned; and Evan Leyshon, looking up, saw Orion shining, and the great white flame of Jupiter high in the heavens; and here the glory of Aldebaran; and there Sirius like a diamond. And he heard song from those triumphant ones: as when the stars of morning sang together, and all the Sons of God shouted for joy. Hell rang with the song, and was shattered; there was the like of dispersing mist; there was the like of a drifting rain of pale constellations; there was the like of a burning mountain giving up sweet stars and singing for fire. . . .

. . . . . .

He was going up Bute Street, westward; but in mid air; his Companion with him. It seemed to be delight that lifted him: above the high trams, above the crowds of sailors and hurrying clerks; above the consulates and offices and warehouses. Over the whole city: he saw St. Mary Street below, and High Street; then the Castle with its great square towers, and the row of sculptured beasts on the wall. Then the park, and the river; the last suburbs; then Llandaff and the cathedral; the open fields and the hills; there the towers of Castell Coch among the trees on its hilltop; there the gap, the Gate of Wales, and the high bridge; and yonder, Garth Faerdre Mountain, all in its silvered purple beauty, under a sunlight such as never shone on it for his living eyes. And there, above Garth Faerdre, with many spires and domes of turkis and silver and glistering crystal, what he knew for the Heavenly City. —So those two came to the gates of Heaven. . . .

He dwelt in Heaven for an immensity of timeless years. By green lawns and pleasant waters he wandered, and under phantom sapphire mountains where there was singing unlike any from mortal throats. It was a place of flowers, where every bloom was living and with power to touch him to the quick of joy; all his companions were as beautiful and discreet as flowers. Their speech was verse chanted; their thoughts eager and delicate and creative and strong like poetry. Memory of his past life was blotted away from him, except, sometimes, the early and hopeful days in the Vale of Neath. He remembered no sordidness, no failure; nothing of the lure of the senses, the poison that had brought him to ruin. On those piled up mountains of serenity there were always higher heights to climb: worlds upon worlds above, of more gracious

color, more ennobling beauty, more exquisite and vigorous song. — And then at last he came to the Peak of peaks, very near to the Sun. Over it hovered the princely Sun, with dragon wings quivering and scintillant. And the Sun leaned down, and whispered a word to him; and touched his eyes with a wand of blue turkis stone; and thereupon all vision was fulfilled in him; and all knowledge with infinite calmness blossomed within his breast. . . .

He saw the winged worlds and systems. He saw, strewn through the remote spaces, battle and bliss, battle and bliss. He heard the singing of the choirs of suns. The delight that trembles through the planispheres made a way for itself out through the inmost gates of his being. Then he looked down, and beheld the continents and islands of the world.

His eye fell at last on a city by the sea. He saw a long and dingy street with high trams moving, with groups of sailors lounging, with innumerable clerks hurrying hither and about. He could see every individual, without and within: their bodily seeming, and the motions of their minds and desires. In all that crowd he seemed to be searching for someone: whom, he could not tell; but it was someone that concerned him nearly. At last he found him: the wreck of a man, shuffling miserably through the throng; and now it was night down there in the city, lit with electric globes. He saw the man going down towards the docks, lurching in his walk, and anon coughing and spitting blood. And then turning, and creeping and sneaking down by wretched side streets; and into an abominable place in the slums, there to die.

Then he was concerned to know the past of that man; and saw it, following it like a stream backward to its source. He saw days when the man was falling, not quite fallen: when he spoke to crowds in the Hayes; he saw a divine thing, compassionate — the pride of conscious soulhood — struggling for the mastery of that life, and winning some little victories, and suffering many great defeats, and thwarted, and balked, and driven back, and humiliated, till it was almost expelled from contact with its body and brain. — And then earlier days: in fields, among hills, by a beautiful river with many waterfalls: days when the world was exceedingly lovely, aquiver with intense hopefulness: when almost every hour brought forth its increment of inspiration. He saw the whole of that life; he was fascinated by the sight; at every phase of it he made comment: "Ah, no! let him shun that! . . . let him take this other course! . . . That is not the way — let him choose thus!" — He was absorbed; he fought the battles of the man he watched, and knew that he himself had wisdom and strength to win them.

He longed fiercely to be down there in that body, informing that mind, directing that life to certain victory. . . . . .

In Heaven one must always go on; there is no standing still.

He stood, be it remembered, on the highest peak; at least the highest visible. He had accomplished the seven labors of Heaven, which are seven surprising incredible aspects of joy. His Companion stood beside him.

"We must go on," said that one; "there is no remaining here forever."

— "Of course," said Evan Leyshon. "We must go down there; there, do you see, to that world down yonder; in all space there is nothing else that I desire but to be there. It is a new place; a place of discoveries, of heroic adventures and conflicts; it has joys in it not to be found elsewhere. We must go to that man — do you not see him? — there! Every step of his life has been a step downward; he did not know how to fight the battles one must fight in that world; just that atom of knowledge was lacking to him, or he might be as we now are; for he had vision, at first, almost such as we have; he was not blinded as most of them seem to be. I must go to him; somehow, those battles of his are my battles, and I must fight and win them; somehow, I know that that place in Heaven, that duty, is awaiting me."

"Look further," said his Companion; "there is more still that you are to see."

He looked, and followed the man right back through his youth and childhood — the happy-go-lucky home and parental indulgences, the first mistakes — to his birth; then clouds blew across the face of that world, and all was obscured. They passed, and he saw — another country, another life; but knew it was the same, that it concerned the same individual; and felt the same interest in it. It was that of a man who gave forth songs of divine soft beauty: one with a famous name, that captured in the nets of his vision the most secret wonder of the world; one to whom the magical life of the stars and the forests and sea-beaches was crystal-clearly revealed. High performance here; not mere promise! And he discerned in that life a certain lack of discrimination, not to know the Beauty of God from the beauty that lures and kills: the shallow pool of passional satisfaction from the deep ocean of the satisfaction of the Soul. And so he saw him entrapped by passion, till the stars and sea-beaches and the forests were obscured from him, and the torrents of the lower life whirled him away quickly down to death.

"Look still further," said his Companion.

He looked, and was aware of clouds over the world, and that time was drifting backward. Then he saw another life; but again, knew it was he of the stars and sea-beaches, and he of the miserable death in the slums. Now it was a life dedicated to all high thoughts and heroism:

a great champion of the divine; a man of fierce passions fiercely dominated -- but dominated; a life triumphant over the temptations of sense, but with a certain pride in virtue and intolerance of human weakness; a clear vision of right and wrong; an heroic warfare, public and private, against the wrong. A grand shining life; one that thrilled him to watch . . . and yet that hurt him too . . . for there was that pride, that intolerance, that lack of pity. And then he knew why the singer of the stars and forests had fallen, and why that other had gone down to die miserably in the slums.

— "What is it you desire?" said his Companion.

— "What else should I desire?" said he. "To go down there and put that line of lives to rights. I know that it is my business, my adventure; there is nothing else in all this Heaven I care to be about. See; I am armed; I demand this boon from the Master of the Sun. That crookedness must be made straight; there will be no peace in the universe till all those lives are brought to a decent triumph; and it may easily be done; a few years of struggle and suffering — nothing! The pride of achievement is gone -- sorrow and fall and shipwreck have banished that; let but the sensual weakness go -- and I know how to conquer it -- and he will be a true warrior for the Gods; for he has the love of man now for the central fire of his being. One life, or two, will do it. I must go down there, and run that matter, put it through. I must . . . because it concerns me . . . because . . . it is . . . it is my own life. . .

. . . . . .

Day dawned; the sun came up over the hills of England; over the Severn Sea; over the slums by Bute Street, as elsewhere. A ray straggled into that wretched room, and brought Captain Elias from his knees and from wrestling with the Lord in prayer; it was now time to see to the patient again. He bent over the bed, and saw a kind of flush, something more than calmness, on Evan Leyshon's face. In a moment the dying man opened his eyes; they were clear; the traces of the beast had gone from them; there was a light in them: confidence, calmness, joy. Not for nothing, thought the captain, had the Angel of the Lord visited the slum room during the night.

— "Little heart," said he, "how is it with you in your soul, indeed now?"

Evan Leyshon made no answer. He was taking in the fact that the life now ending had been his own, the Soul's, the Denizen of Heaven's; and then he was taking in the fact that this failure, Evan Leyshon, thus dying in the slums, was also . . . one of the Host — a Soul — one from the high mountains of godhood; that had come again and again to earth

life, to do things — and to win things — and suffer things. And then — he was putting the two facts together, and taking the burden and sorrow of his awful life-failure, and seeing it melt before his eyes in the knowledge that there was no finality about it; that there would be other days, other chances; and, by God, a better knowledge, now, how to meet them and turn them to the purposes of the divine; — how that from birth to death is but a day, and from death to rebirth but a night; and complete victory, complete expression of the highest things in the Soul, the end and goal of it all. . . .

"*Calon fach*," said the captain, "how is it with you, indeed and indeed now, in your soul?"

But sure you, there, what good to bother for an answer? The captain could see well enough, by the look in the dead man's face. At home he got out what he called his "ship's log of holiness," and entered to his credit with the Lord, another soul snatched from the talons of Sathan, *whatever!*

"THE thought 'that our existence terminates with this life,' doth naturally check the soul in any generous pursuit, contracts her views, and fixes them on temporary and selfish ends. It dethrones the reason, extinguishes all noble and heroic sentiments, and subjects the mind to the slavery of every present passion."—*Bishop Berkeley*