

# THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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*"The man who is free from credulity, but knows the uncreated, who has cut all ties, removed all temptations, renounced all desires, he is the greatest of men."*

— *Dhammapada*; translation by Max Müller

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*SURELY we can all agree that in the present conditions of the world's affairs we are challenged to do more than merely announce principles; and that if we wish to serve our fellowmen and work in harmony with the best in life, we must try to meet its problems understandingly, interpret them rightly, and solve them justly.*

*I am convinced that every individual who is really and sincerely interested in self-improvement, self-evolution, must know that in the experience of one lifetime each accumulates a great amount of mental and physical luggage which does not belong to him, and is not necessary; and one can readily see that for centuries there has been something very much awry even in the physical development of man; that it is a rare thing to find in the world, whether in America or elsewhere, a perfect physical type — man or woman. Occasionally artists secure models that approximate something of the kind, but it is still more difficult to find even in those who approximate the real type of the wholesome, healthy man or woman, that inside touch of a harmonious mental development which should be normal. Hence we can well imagine that in a few years under the pressure and the strain of modern life the most perfect type that we know of will naturally deteriorate. Without a conception of the essential divinity of man; not knowing this as the central fact of human life; not realizing that all existence is governed by divine, immutable laws; not being assured that they are ever at hand, there naturally must come deterioration for the race.*

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*If we are to rebuild physically, according to the Theosophical standpoint, we must study causes perhaps a little differently from what we have before, and we*

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*must realize that the power of the mind depends entirely, in the truest sense, upon the higher nature, the divine part of man. If we could become conscious of the Divinity within, arouse it into action, through the mind, then there would immediately follow a reconstruction of physical life and a throwing away of much of the physical luggage and of the mental debris that most human beings carry with them all through life.*

*When the physical, mental, moral and spiritual aspects of man are brought into harmony with the laws of Nature, life takes on a new aspect. With the stimulating, all-inspiring and forceful divine quality of that inner harmony which cannot fully be defined — so great is it — and with the royal urge that comes from a recognition of the divinity within, it becomes possible to build truly, to build the body as a vehicle, a temple for the soul. Then the whole being of man is lifted to a higher spiritual level. One who is imbued with this Divine Spirit, and who is seeking to eliminate all the acquired mental rubbish of even one life, will feel an impetus, a new energy and a more determined will, that he cannot stay. Working through the mind, this power will bring about a balance of the whole nature, and there will come the knowledge of how to adjust oneself physically, mentally, and morally. Simply to announce these principles would not be sufficient; it would be but a half-doing; they must be built into the life and applied to the problems that each one has to meet from day to day.*

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*Of what value is it to talk about readjusting Europe, readjusting America, or our state, or our city, or our home, until we have put our own lives in order? Until we reach the point of understanding our own natures and possibilities, how can we know the significance of the word Liberty, as expressing a great principle? True Liberty is allied to Religion; it can have no fulness, no richness, no life for us till we reach the point of understanding the Liberty of the Soul, as well as of the mind and the body. The whole nature must be adjusted in consonance with the higher divine laws, with the attributes of the soul, and with the real duties of life. Reaching that point, we shall be prepared to go forth and preach to the world and permit the example of our sincere lives to be an incentive for others.*

*We have burdened ourselves all along the way with a heavy weight of mental luggage, because we have been timid in our efforts to reach the Truth. We have not met our daily duties unafraid. We have tried to feel satisfied with half-truths, and have accepted counterfeits. We may not have known fully that they were counterfeits, but we have leaned so much upon this false idea and that,*

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*this false system and that, this useless book and that, that we are all awry on all the three planes of body, mind, and soul.*

*We do many things that are noble and unselfish at times, we cannot help doing them; we do them with no great effort, because the Divine is within us and will speak in spite of the obstacles that we put in its way; it will announce itself occasionally; but in general the mind is shut in by a bondage that few can understand unless they have studied Theosophy. It is weighted not only with the luggage that I have spoken of, but with the monster, as I call it, Fear. It is there, very big, very menacing: it is ever at our heels, ever before us, ever with us on every side. Why? Because we have no faith in ourselves; we cannot fall back upon, and stand secure in, the consciousness of our Divinity, of the weapons of the Soul, the spiritual forces that are ours, with which we can throw away all the luggage, overcome all the obstacles, and move out into life with our eyes eternally on the great goal of man's perfectibility.*

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*We falter, we stumble, we become discouraged, we turn to this remedy and to that remedy, this teacher and that, this book and that; and we have no certainty as to the deeper meaning of life and its duties. Such is the condition of humanity today. In spite of the bright lights that we have intellectually and otherwise — taking mankind as a whole — the great surging body of humanity is awry, and the more quickly we recognise it the more quickly we shall turn to the interior forces, to the light within, to the illumination of our very Souls, our Divine Selves.*

*Do not look for phenomena; do not expect any strange, startling manifestation of the Law expressing itself through you or for you. The divine laws do not work that way. They work in the Silence, in the inmost part of one's being, ever seeking to manifest, to be recognised, to serve, and to bring one physically, morally and spiritually to a state of consciousness that means Peace, and a full realization of the meaning of Liberty.*

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*Looking at this picture, can you not see that it is not difficult to set aside and eliminate the non-essentials from one's life — those things that one feels belong to one, as a part of one's being, even though one spends much time trying to fulfil one's duty? This is no rebuke on my part, no chiding of my readers in the ordinary sense, but — with man's limited view of life as of seventy or eighty years at the most — the mental luggage has been piled up so heavily that few indeed realize it. And yet in one's inmost nature, in the most calm and restful times*

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*of thought, one tries to reach out into something new; the very yearnings of the soul confirm what I say; the disappointments and heartaches of life all tell the story; because the outward things, the non-essentials in life, constitute a great psychological force that binds man in thought and act, in the home and everywhere; indeed, its mark is on all humanity.*

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*As a people we live too much on the exterior line of thought and effort, and too little on the interior; we carry our weight of woe and suffering and half-truths and suspicion and misconception until we are weary. We begin to grow old when we should be young in the truest sense, because youth in all its richness and fulness can be found in life at seventy, according to the Theosophical idea. It is the grace-notes in life that we let go; we miss the deeper harmonies, the exquisite divine touches in their silent processes. Think of how often we find them in music, in superb poetry, or in some noble utterance or act! But they do not stay with us; we ourselves move away from them. On rare occasions we do reach the heights, and give out our best just for a moment; but then we fall back and find ourselves in false positions — unless indeed we determine to go forward hour by hour, and day by day, doing our best, and carrying our burdens cheerfully, because we understand the Karmic Law of life.*

*But there is something more asked of us; we are challenged by the Higher Law; we are challenged by suffering humanity, and by our own consciences. These mysterious problems must be met from the standpoint of our higher natures, our deepest conception of what life means; and the more quickly we reach a point of discrimination, the sooner we shall be able to recognise the non-essentials in our characters, and set them aside.*

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*Can we not recall how, when we started out in life, we planned this and planned that, years ahead? Perhaps we planned too much; for the mind, being subject to the higher laws, should work with a quality of trust and far-sightedness for the expression of which there is no language — a quality of trust that in one sense takes no heed of the morrow, that is, in the sense of distrusting what may befall. We plan and keep on planning, and we meet disappointments and heartaches. One sets a date, and says that this shall be so, placing such limitations on his life that the oil of the brain is almost exhausted with the plannings. Then come the disappointments which break the life. It is pitiful, tragic!*

*But if every morning and every night, and indeed in all our duties, we can hold*

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*the idea that the higher laws do exist, that they brought us into life and will take us out of it — more mercifully than we ourselves can do so with all our planning — out into a greater, grander life — a nobler, sweeter life: if, holding to this inspiring thought, we seek to do our duty from morning till night, trustingly and lovingly, royally and faithfully, then we can look forward to the morrow with confidence. Truly, there must be common sense and judgment about the ordinary things of life; for if a man plants the right kind of seed in his garden, it is reasonable for him to look forward to the harvest. But there will be no worrying; there will be reliance on the Higher Law.*

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*As one becomes conscious of one's own higher nature, there may perhaps be no outward proof, no illumination, for it is something that comes into the very surging of one's life, the pulsation of one's heart, the circulation of one's blood; one awakens to the consciousness that life is joy; one finds more cheer in the sunshine, sweeter fragrance in the flowers, and new music in the songs of the birds; the stars are more beautiful; one feels that something has come into his life that has never been there before. It is findable, hundreds and hundreds have found it; it does not come at any definite time; it is not heralded; it is a silent force that streams into one's nature and lifts the whole being into a state of understanding! With a noble act today and a noble act tomorrow, and a larger sympathy for humanity, we retire at night with some knowledge of what sleep means, taking it as the working of one of Nature's laws, that the great unrest of the exterior, physical life and its pressures can be eliminated, and that for the time the mind may rest as a child rests on the bosom of its mother. Such are the expressions of the Divine Law.*

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*Can we reap the real benefit of sleep if we enter upon it negatively, in ignorance, carrying all our frets and worries, our dislikes, our despair, our hatreds, to bed with us? Can we expect that Nature will work for the building up of our physical, mental and moral life upon this line? Surely, no! We should go to sleep trustingly, as little children do, just as we did when we were at our mothers' knees, just as we used to do in the old nursery, in the days long since gone by. We must throw aside all mental stumbling-blocks; we must bring ourselves to a point of trust in the great and wonderful mysteries of life. We can pray in the inward sense, in the silence, simply holding within ourselves the aspiration for something better tomorrow, for something more sweet and true, for opportunities for a larger service, resting in the law of that which is true, whether we yet understand it or not.*

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*We are all at the mercy of these laws I have spoken of, when we sleep. We are unconscious, unprotected in a sense — simply asleep in the arms of Nature, cherished by the divine laws, if we will but work in consonance with them. Holding to this idea, it is a time of reconstruction of the whole being. We must carry ourselves through the day with respect for our physical bodies, not overdoing, not overeating nor overdrinking, not permitting any excesses, but just trying in all our thoughts and actions to get a little closer to the simple realities. And when night comes, when our duties are well done, then we can go to sleep in trust. The dear little babies have this trust, and why not we? Then, when we awake in the morning we shall realize that something new and uplifting has happened to us. We may not be able to tell what it is, but the seeds will have been planted, and the reconstruction of man will begin.*

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*Throw aside your mental luggage — the non-essentials — and avoid acquiring more. Cling to the essentials that go for the upbuilding of man eternal, the upbuilding of the great central force in civilization, the home, and the the different conditions of life, on a basis of harmony, strength, and clearness of vision.*

*The great divine mission of man is to find Liberty and Life, through service, through the religious aspects of his nature. To announce the principles of truth is of little value unless something else follows. If man is to find real Liberty, he must follow the essential line of duty and service; he must live religiously; he must find his religion, and in the true sense this lies within himself. He is the master of his destiny; he is the commander; he can array all the forces of evil and cast them aside. He can bring forward the spiritual forces of his real, divine nature and make life superb and help to lift the burdens of humanity in a new way.*


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*So, according to the Higher Law, in my interpretation, each of us is challenged—not challenged by a person, but by the conditions of our present age; and it does seem to me that we are falling far back from the real duty of life if we waste one moment in hesitating, one moment in hugging and holding on to our dear old luggage and letting our ideals die from want of putting them into action.*

KATHERINE TINGLEY

## THE SECRET DOCTRINE OF ANTIQUITY: Does it Provide a Solution for Present-Day Problems?

JOSEPH H. FUSSELL

 DOES the Secret Doctrine of Antiquity provide a solution for present-day problems? Perhaps we have different views as to what present-day problems are, but many will agree that these problems are mostly due to lack of foundation and therefore to uncertainty. If we had a sure foundation on which to base our action at the present day, one that was absolutely sure, we should immediately remove, if not all, at least a great many present-day problems. If we had certainty on which to base our actions, if it were not simply guess-work or supposition or mere brain-mind reasoning, that such and such a course of action would produce such and such a result, if we had absolute certainty, then we should remove, if not all, at least many present-day problems.

Where can we get a sure foundation and where can we get certainty? I think, and I shall endeavor to show, that the sure foundation is to be found in the Secret Doctrine of Antiquity, and that there alone can we obtain that certainty which will enable us to tread our path surely and with confidence.

A Chinese mystical writer said: "Take the ancient reason to govern the present and you will know the origin of all." How can we find the ancient reason? We might perhaps put it this way — that if we had knowledge of the foundation of things, we should not merely know the origin of all, but we should know how to govern ourselves in the present. Madame Blavatsky very clearly puts it in these words: "The Past shall help to realize the Present, and the latter to better appreciate the Past."

All students are aware that in ancient times, and certainly in Greece and in Egypt, there were what were called the Mysteries. There were the lesser Mysteries and the greater Mysteries. The lesser Mysteries were for all of the public who desired to enter them. The greater Mysteries were only for those who fitted themselves and possessed that quality of character that not only could they appreciate the inner teachings of the Mysteries intellectually, but their lives were of that order that was in accordance with those teachings.

Jesus said, if we accept the words as recorded, that there was one

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teaching for the people, in parables; “but to you”—he was speaking to his disciples — “it is given to know the Mysteries of the Kingdom of Heaven.” The Buddha had one teaching for the people and another for his disciples. And the same was true, I think we should find, of every one of the great teachers of antiquity, if we were able to get at their real teachings — that they all had a general teaching for the people, and another teaching for those who were fitted to receive it — not that it was kept away from the people, not that anyone was excluded, save by himself, from receiving these inner teachings.

The Inner Wisdom has always been open to those who fitted themselves to receive it, to those who followed along the path by which they might reach the goal, and the path was open and ever has been open and is open today, for everyone who chooses to enter. There is no gate at its entrance. The path of Wisdom is an open path.

But there came a time, and we know more about it in respect to Greece and Egypt than we do perhaps in respect to other nations, when the ancient Mysteries began to be degraded; and when, in consequence, there seemed to be a withdrawal of the inner teachings. It was due very largely to the endeavor of ambitious men to assume to know and to keep their knowledge for themselves, and consequently to seek to hold all others in bondage and slavery — in mental bondage, mental slavery. And so it was that the teachings were apparently lost. In one of the most sacred books of the world, the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*, we have an actual record of what happened many ages ago. In one of the chapters, Krishna, speaking to Arjuna, says:

“This exhaustless doctrine of Yoga I formerly taught unto Vivaswat; Vivaswat communicated it to Manu and Manu made it known unto Ikshwâku; and being thus transmitted from one unto another it was studied by the Râjarshis, until at length in the course of time the mighty art was lost, O harasser of thy foes! It is even the same exhaustless, *secret*, eternal doctrine I have this day communicated unto thee because thou art my devotee and my friend.”

I quote this to show that there was a Secret Doctrine in Antiquity, for what I have just been referring to occurred over five thousand years ago — that there was at that time a Secret Doctrine which was again made known to the world after it had been lost.

How much do we understand of the *Book of the Dead*? Generally it is thought that it has to do with death, and yet one of the greatest of all the chapters of the *Book of the Dead* is entitled, ‘The Book of the Going Forth by Day.’ In reality it has nothing to do with physical death. It is a book of life. It is one of the books of the Secret Doctrine of the ages. And I could refer to many others, but I think what I have said is sufficient to show that there was a Secret Doctrine of Antiquity.

Madame Blavatsky in her first great work, *Isis Unveiled*, says some-



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thing to this effect, that when traveling in the Orient, exploring the hidden sanctuaries, this saddening and ever-recurring question came continually before her: "Who, where, what is God? Who ever saw the Immortal Spirit of man?" And she goes on to say that while engaged in this questioning and in this searching, she came across certain men who, she said, may truly be called "the sages of the Orient"; that she willingly listened to their instructions, and they taught her that "by combining science with religion the existence of God and the immortality of man's spirit may be demonstrated like a problem of Euclid." We shall see presently the sense in which she uses that word 'God.' She said that by proving man-spirit, you can prove God-spirit, just the same as by a drop of water you can prove the existence of the ocean.

Madame Blavatsky named her greatest work *The Secret Doctrine*, but she said that it is by no means the whole Secret Doctrine; that though it contains much more than was given out in *Isis Unveiled*, it is yet only a fragment. She said that in *Isis Unveiled* one turn of the key was given, and much more in the two volumes of *The Secret Doctrine*. That great work is based upon certain teachings heretofore not given out to the world, at least for thousands of years. She gives some fragments from these, but I am not going to touch upon them. Then she speaks of and gives three fundamental teachings, upon which she says the whole of the Secret Doctrine is based.

Now, what we are looking for is a foundation, some certainty, which will enable us to continue our journey of life. There is not much certainty in the world today. No one knows what news he is going to find in the newspaper tomorrow; no one knows whether a new conflagration may not be started over night. We seem to be standing as it were upon a volcano. Have we any certainty? Have we any knowledge? We turn to the religious teachings of today and we find that there is a condition of chaos almost throughout. Not many years ago each one of the several hundred sects of Christianity, so-called, was absolutely sure of itself, sure that it had the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, and that it was much nearer the light than every one of the other several hundred sects. They are not sure today. A great deal is being said about combining the various religious efforts, so that they may make a stronger appeal to the public, but perhaps, and, as I think, in reality, that they may insure their own existence. They are not even sure that they will continue to be in existence a few years from now. They have no foundation, no certainty. If they had what Mme Blavatsky started to find — knowledge of God, of Deity — they would have a foundation which nothing could shake.

The first of the fundamental propositions of the Secret Doctrine

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(on which the whole of the Secret Doctrine, according to Madame Blavatsky, is based) has to do with this idea of God, but not in the sense of a being. If God were a being, then he would stand apart from us. Then we might put God off into some point in space. If God is a being, he is limited. The very idea contained in *being*, in something that is manifested, is limitation. To speak about personality with reference to Deity is immediately to limit, because personality is nothing more than a mask. That is what the word *persona* means. We may regard the whole of Nature, as Goethe did, as the mask, the garment, of God, but it is only a mask, a garment, — albeit permeated and sustained by the spirit of God.

The Absolute, that which is the origin of all, is something beyond, something deeper than Nature. You may go with your mind as far as ever you possibly can, but you will have to say — there is something beyond! One may form the most magnificent and glorious conception that is possible and one will have to say — there is something beyond! As is said in one of the Upanishads, all that can be declared is that “It is not this, It is not that,” no matter what one may say this or that may be. In the words of *The Secret Doctrine*, it postulates first of all “an Eternal, Absolute and Immutable Principle.” Now that word *principle* means nothing more than *first*, that which is the foundation of all, the absolute foundation.

One of the difficulties of the present day has been that people have been relying upon a limited Deity. St. Paul says, “There be gods many and lords many,” and indeed there are gods many, and we have been relying upon many gods; some have been relying upon one god — I am talking of the people generally — and other people have been relying upon other gods, and others upon others. Jesus said, quoting an old Scripture: “Ye are gods.” He actually spoke to his hearers and said, “Ye are gods.” And if we have this conception of the absolute foundation of all, that which cannot be defined, that which cannot be uttered, as is said in another of the Upanishads — “unthinkable and unspeakable”; if we can go so far that we can understand that, if That is the origin of all, then there must be something of That in you and in me, and that only by finding that something in you and in me can we get a sure foundation on which to build; — then we can get that certainty which will enable us to take the next step forward in the journey of life.

When we accept this we can build on it and go a step further, and that is that man therefore is responsible for his own life. If men had the confidence that they were responsible for their own lives, they would not be putting any of the responsibility upon an unknown deity, or upon a deity that they think they know a little about, and they would not,

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as many did at the beginning of the war, speak about the war as a visitation of God, nor would they pray therefore to God for victory or for the cessation of war. They would know that the responsibility of the war rested upon humanity and upon humanity alone; and that the cessation of the war spirit rested equally upon humanity and humanity alone. And the cessation of war has by no means come yet.

The second of the fundamental teachings or propositions on which the Secret Doctrine is based is that of the absolute universality of the law of periodicity that rules throughout Nature, the alternation of day and night, life and death, sleeping and waking, ebb and flow; that all Nature is governed by these. If we can take this as a guide, and if we study history, we can learn something that is very helpful, that will also cast some light upon the present, for the same idea runs through this second fundamental teaching that is also in the first, namely, personal responsibility. We find our own lives proceeding from childhood, through youth, manhood, old age, to death. The teaching of the Secret Doctrine is that death is not the end. You have heard it often enough from this platform, that after the period of activity which is called life, comes the period of rest, which is death; but that death is not the end of all.

None of us would be satisfied with an eternal rest. But there is an awakening. Death is followed by life. Ebb follows flow in the tides of the ocean, and flow follows ebb, and so also in the tides of life. There is a rising to one's greatest height, in our own lives of physical activity, and then a declining. There is a rising in our mental activity, and with some there seems to be no declining. And yet the period of rest must come there also. And there is ebb and flow, rise and fall, in everything in Nature. There is not only ebb and flow in the life of man, not only life and death in the experience of man, but there is ebb and flow in the lives of nations and of races. A nation is born — it is not so many years ago that the American nation did not exist. It is now in its lusty young manhood. It has by no means — so many hold — yet come to the period of full discretion. It has not yet reached its period of full manhood. It has not yet attained its majority. Other nations, as history records, have declined, passed out, and died; they have had their period of youth and strength and vigor; many of them have had their period when they ruled the world. Egypt was once practically the master of the whole world; China at one time was master of the whole world; Persia at one time mastered the whole world. No nation can hold that it is going to attain to its power and dominate the world and continue to dominate the world. It is not in the law. There is ebb and flow, rise and fall for every one. Many men think they are going to increase in power

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and that there shall be no limit to the reach of their influence; but others who look at them can quietly smile, even those who are dominated by them for a time can quietly smile, knowing that the hand of Death will put an end to their domination.

The foundation and the certainty are not to be found in the outward things. They are in the inner realms.

Now, let us turn to the third and in some respects, for us, the most important of the fundamental propositions of the Secret Doctrine, and we shall get a still further clue and a still further answer to the problems of today. The third of the fundamental teachings of the Secret Doctrine is "the fundamental identity of all souls [and that means your soul and my soul] with the Universal Over-soul" which is a ray from, or an aspect of, the Unknown, that which was spoken of in the first of the fundamental propositions; and the obligatory pilgrimage of every soul through the cycle of incarnations, or the cycle of necessity. This pilgrimage is obligatory. None of us can get out of life. Suicide does not take us out of life; suicide does not kill the soul. It kills the body only and leaves the soul for a time helpless, just as a workman is helpless when his tools are thrown away. Death does not take us out of life, but only into another sphere of life. There is no getting away from life, for we ourselves, in our inmost selves, are identical with life and consequently are subject to the laws of life, which indeed are our own laws. They are not imposed upon us. If anything, it may be said that we, the Immortal Divine Spark within ourselves, which is identical with the Over-soul, imposed what we call the laws of life upon our outer being. We, in a sense, are responsible for them. They seem otherwise to our brain-mind, because we have forgotten who and what we are. Did we know who and what we are, the laws of life would be found to be the willing of our own souls and in no way different from it.

This third fundamental proposition goes on to say that once the human stage of evolution is reached — it has to do with the sub-human stages, but this is not the time for taking up any consideration of those — that once the human stage of evolution is reached, progress is only through "self-induced and self-devised efforts, checked by Karma." In other words, that every man is absolutely responsible for the progress that he makes, responsible for the position that he now holds, responsible for his present and therefore responsible for his future, all his efforts being checked by Karma. Now, it does not mean that you and I, separate from the whole world, are solely and separately responsible for what you and I may be, for it must be borne in mind that the first statement of this great teaching is that of the identity of all souls with the Universal Over-soul. This means also the identity of all souls, that in a measure

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the whole of humanity is mirrored in the heart of each, that in a measure each one of us is identical with humanity, and that in a sense each one of us stands for humanity.

Do you not see what a responsibility is placed upon us? There was the old question that was asked of Cain, and then he asked, "Am I my brother's keeper?" "Take the ancient reason to govern the present and you will know the origin of all," and you will know the cause of all the confusion of the present. It is because we have lost sight of the Secret Doctrine of Antiquity; and the central teaching of the Secret Doctrine of Antiquity, its most secret teaching, is the teaching of Brotherhood. I say it is the most secret teaching and I believe it. We talk about Brotherhood, and there are great organizations which exist today with Brotherhood as their foundation and central teaching. If those great organizations knew the implication of that teaching, if they had the sure foundation of the Secret Doctrine of Antiquity, could there not have been something said and something done, which would have prevented the war?

Humanity has forgotten the central teaching of antiquity. We have forgotten who and what we are.

In *The Secret Doctrine*, the book, Madame Blavatsky quotes from an esoteric catechism one of the old, old teachings. The Teacher asks the disciple questions and the pupil answers. The Teacher asks, ". . . dost thou see one, or countless lights above thee, burning in the dark midnight sky?" And the pupil answers, "I sense one Flame . . . I see countless undetached sparks shining in it." And the Teacher says, "Thou sayest well. And now look around and into thyself. That light which burns inside thee, dost thou feel it different in anywise from the light that shines in thy Brother-men?" And the disciple replies, "It is in no way different, though the prisoner is held in bondage by Karma, and though its outer garments delude the ignorant into saying, 'Thy Soul and my Soul.'"

Did we know this really, as this teaching declares — this central teaching, towards which all the other teachings tend and point — all the teachings of antiquity, — we should find that thy Soul and my Soul are not different, that we are no more different than are two sunbeams that come from the sun. There is in reality no separation. The light is one. As it has come down through the different planes of manifestation it has appeared to become separated; it has seemed so much separated through its different manifestations that at last we have come to accept it as separated, at last we have come to think that you and I are different; at last we have come to think that your interests are different from my interests, that you are somehow or another seeking to encroach upon

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my prerogatives, my rights, and therefore that I must fight for my rights! But, did we but know it, your rights are my rights, and your rights are the only rights that I have, and *vice versa*. Did we but know that there is in the heart of each a spark of the Absolute Divinity, that each one of us, potentially, if not actually in our conduct today, but of a truth potentially, each one of us is divine, is God, Deity, we should be able to exert such moral power in the world that war would cease.

How are we going to get this nation, the United States, of which Walt Whitman said, "The destiny of the United States is to be spiritual and heroic," -- how are we going to get the United States to exert such moral power in the world that war shall cease? And I believe that some day the destiny of the United States is to take that stand. It is only by realizing what we individually have to do; and from the teachings of the Secret Doctrine of Antiquity, when we do that individually, we are helping the whole of humanity to do that; and when we can realize that we are not separated from humanity, then in the truest sense what we do from the divine side of our natures is absolutely helping the whole of humanity to do the same.

When individuals begin to take that stand, then war will cease and the present-day problems will be solved. There will be no more confusion; there will be order, harmony, progress, and peace.

In *The Secret Doctrine* there is a very graphic description of present-day problems, not only of individuals but of nations. Speaking of the great teaching of Karma, that "as ye sow, so must ye reap," which is one of the teachings of Jesus and Paul, the illustration is given of a spider spinning its web, and man is compared to the spider spinning, spinning, spinning, until he finds himself completely shut in by this web that he has woven around himself, and finds himself at last, seemingly, absolutely helpless, because he has woven the web so tightly around himself. That is the position that men and women are in today. That is the position that the nations of the world are in today. And they are awakening to the fact that they are struggling in vain, apparently, against this destiny which has been self-imposed, against this confusion which has come upon the world because of the past actions of individuals and of nations. To understand this, we must realize and understand why we are here today; we must realize the teaching of reincarnation and that we had a great deal to do, if indeed we did not have the principal part in the past ages, with weaving this web around us, resulting in this confusion in which we now find ourselves.

So the foundation on which we must stand is first, that there is a ray of Divinity within us; and if we can understand this then we can face whatever comes fearlessly; we can stand even in the midst of the

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confusion of the world unmoved, in a sense, doing our duty. I believe if there were a few people in the world who could stand unmoved, their absolute confidence would spread to others around them. But what do we find among the greatest statesmen, those who set before themselves the highest ideals, who have the noblest ideals and plans as to what should be done? Often unable to stand against circumstances, not able to stand unmoved, swayed by circumstances and conditions which they have not taken into account, which they did not think they would have to meet, not able to look far enough ahead!

I know of only one who has in these days been able to look far enough ahead. It is the one whom all the members of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society accept as their teacher, Katherine Tingley, one who is absolutely unmoved, who stands absolutely upon principle, who will not deviate, nor compromise with principle, who will not deviate one inch from right action. And it is from her that we are receiving a new interpretation of the Secret Doctrine of Antiquity. We have had the marvelous books of Mme Blavatsky, in which the Secret Doctrine has been outlined and taught, and now we are seeing the Secret Doctrine put into practice, this Secret Doctrine of Brotherhood, the realization that no man, woman or child is separated from humanity, that the whole of life, all humanity, is mirrored in the heart of each.

In conclusion I wish to quote one of the last statements in the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*, made by Krishna to Arjuna. The whole of the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ* is a dialogue between Krishna and Arjuna. In one sense the whole of the Secret Doctrine — a complete philosophy of life — is contained in that little book. It occurs at the end of the dialogue, which takes place in the midst of one of the greatest wars of history — and surely there is a great significance in this — it shows how, in the midst of war, one can find a sure place to stand upon; one can find the philosophy of life which will enable one to do what is right. Each one has Krishna in his own heart, it is the Divinity within, each one is Arjuna; and Krishna, the Divine Soul, says to Arjuna, the man, after giving him that counsel which will enable him to solve all his difficulties: “Thus have I made known unto thee this knowledge which is a mystery more secret than secrecy itself; ponder it fully in thy mind, act as seemeth best unto thee.” And that doctrine, as I interpret it, that is more secret than secrecy itself, is the doctrine of Universal Brotherhood, based on the essential Divinity of man. It is in this central teaching of the Secret Doctrine of Antiquity that is to be found a solution for present-day problems.

## 'PSYCHOLOGY' AND COMMON SENSE

H. TRAVERS, M. A.

OW often do we find that an elaborate and highly ingenious science is so only because it has missed the simple truth! The old system of astronomy, which made the earth the center, had to devise a complicated system of epicycles; but when the sun was made the center, these were seen to be needless devices to account for what was quite simple.

There is a science called 'psychology,' to which the above remark seems applicable. We have just read a wonderful article, in which the writer dissects various typical specimens of morbid character in a very elaborate and complicated way; and many of his remarks are so ponderous and naïve that their lack of humor moves us to involuntary mirth. Some patients develop a disposition which puts them out of harmony with society and makes them solitary and suspicious. Others have periodical fits of unbalanced action. All is explained on a theory of suppressed desires or instincts, which are normally prevented from expressing themselves, and which burst out in abnormal forms. And this is connected with a theory of dreams by Freud. Freud seems to have thought that, because some dreams are caused by desires that cannot be realized in waking life, therefore all dreams are so caused; and to have sought to build up a whole philosophy of character and conduct on this fragment.

And do we not know that the greater part of these morbid manifestations of character are simply the natural result of various weaknesses which the incredible blindness of parents has permitted to grow unheeded and unchecked in the child, until they have become rooted in the adult?

We repeat that the matter is simple, and has been made to seem complex by missing the truth. We have only to watch children with their parents, in order to see that self-will and temper are allowed to grow, and are even given way to and pampered. Later on the child learns to hide this with a gloss of plausible manners, but the thing is still there. This is what causes the morbid manifestations; there is nothing recondite about it; the wisdom of our grandmothers would have understood it.

There are those who even say that these suppressed impulses are natural and should be given play. Harmful repression, they say, is to blame for it all. And they evolve a philosophy of education based on the principle of non-control. Nature, they say, is all right if let alone. But a child is not an animal; and even the animals take care of their offspring and teach them. A child is an incarnating Soul, and unless cared for by the people who brought it into the world, will surely come to grief.



## WORSHIP

KENNETH MORRIS

LAST night, as I went forth alone,  
I heard a certain stir above:  
The dark heavens comrade-hearted grown,  
And palpitant with joy and love.

I heard a whisper from the skies;  
It said: "Thou art not bound nor poor,  
For all the wealth of cosmos lies  
Right at thy door, right at thy door!


"And thou art free to voyage tonight  
Through bright illimitable seas,  
And share thy wonder and delight  
With Procyon and the Pleiades.

"Yea, now the world is crabbed and old,  
No less than at the dawn of time,  
Mayst squander Betelgeuse for gold,  
And sing Orion's Sword for rhyme."

*International Theosophical Headquarters,  
Point Loma, California*

## EDUCATION AND MORAL RESPONSIBILITY

H. T. EDGE, M. A.

HE Democratic Conception of Education' is treated in the April number of the *Hibbert Journal* by Alexander Darroch, Professor of Education in the University of Edinburgh. Democracy, in his sense, is not the predominance of any one class over other classes, but the rule of all for the benefit of all. The object of education is to give all the people equal opportunity. It is not to be divided into liberal and vocational, as though the former were for the leisured classes, the latter for the workers; but everybody is to have a complete education, calculated to develop both their faculties and their tastes. He insists that his democracy shall not be confounded with state socialism, and says:

"It rather is frankly individualistic, and wishes to establish a society in which as large a

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number as possible shall be morally responsible and self-reliant and self-disciplined men and women."

Yes, and before they can become morally responsible, they must start life with a better idea of what life is for.

What is life for? How shall we find out? If we only sit in an armchair and study philosophy, we may come to the conclusion that life is a hopeless puzzle, and find ourselves asking the old question, 'Why is there anything?' But that would be merely because we should be trying to leap at one bound from our armchair to Olympus, and to formulate the infinite. So we must restrict our speculations and come down to the practical point. Philosophy or no philosophy, we find that we are alive, that we have to live from day to day somehow or other, and that consequently we must have a working theory ready to hand.

Anyone with a group of children to manage, knows the difference between harmony and discord. He finds that selfishness is the destroyer of the one and the creator of the other. This is the philosophy of life in a nutshell, for practical purposes, and learnt from the nursemaid. It would seem that, if we can teach children to be unselfish, the problem is solved. The truth is always so provokingly simple.

To teach people how to use their heads and hands and cultivate their tastes is well enough, but not enough. We all know this; and it is no use evading the point, for, however often we may step around the obstacle, we shall always find it in our path again.

Moral and religious instruction may be suggested; but what of such cases as that of the good emperor Marcus Aurelius, who procured for his boy the very best moral teachers that the world could supply to its master? All this did not prevent Commodus from becoming one of the worst of all the emperors. Again, moral and religious teaching, as too often understood and applied, may produce a type of hypocrisy; not the crude Pecksniffian hypocrite, but a kind that perhaps never finds out that he is a hypocrite. We often put on a coating of conventional morality and good behavior over an unreformed 'old Adam'; and, if this suffices to enable us to walk the paths of ordinary life in security and respectability, it will not stand a severe strain. Also, what remains decently concealed in the individual comes out in the mass; and hence the discord in society is the result of a great many individual selfishnesses.

"Such is the constitution of civil society," says Gibbon, "that while a few persons are distinguished by riches, by honors, and by knowledge, the body of the people is condemned to obscurity, ignorance, and poverty." That is, such is the form which society assumes automatically when composed of individuals of the ordinary kind. The individual pursuit

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of personal interests results, by a mathematical law, in a distribution of advantages in the manner described. And by an equally inexorable law, the discord from time to time comes to a head and produces a catastrophe. The problem is to produce a different kind of individual. How are we to produce self-disciplined men and women?

Instead of touching the outside — putting on a coat of varnish — we must go to the root. People must start in life with a different ideal as to what life is, and what it is for.

Man is compound; he has a selfish nature and a larger nature. Unfortunately, the kind of teachings which we promulgate tend to accentuate the animal side of human nature. Science is preoccupied with the biological aspect of human nature, and with attempts to establish man's animal genealogy, unbalanced by any endeavor to show his mental or spiritual descent. The result is that children grow up with the idea that they are here to 'get on' and make themselves comfortable in the worldly sense. Why does not religion help them? Because of the aforesaid hypocrisy in our teachings, whereby religion does not touch actual life, but lies on the top, like oil on water, leaving the daily life unaffected by its lofty ideals. But religion ought to be an affair of daily life, influencing every smallest act.

It is but stating the truth to say that, under the present ideas of human nature, we simply cannot teach children to become self-disciplined men and women. And it is equally true to say that, with the right teachings as to human nature, we can teach them to become self-disciplined men and women. Here again is the problem in a nutshell.

Consider the Râja-Yoga method of teaching. It begins with the earliest years. For in those years, more than in any other, the character is molded for good or ill.

It is customary for our biological faddists to say that the nature of a young child is entirely selfish, like that of the animal. They also tell us that a baby will hang from its toes because it is descended from a monkey. But nevertheless they teach the baby to walk like a man. They have not the courage of their convictions sufficiently to leave the baby as a perpetual victim to that hereditary (?) arboreal habit. Then why act differently in the case of the selfish instincts? If the baby is to be taught to give up hanging by his toes, and to walk upright, why not teach him to leave off being selfish? In a word, it is as much our duty to teach the child how to behave, as it is the duty of a bird to teach its chick how to hop and fly. More than this, it is as easy. The dual nature is present in the small child. The higher nature is there, waiting to be appealed to. But we do not appeal to it; we starve it. We feed the selfish nature; we indulge selfishness and vanity. Thus we manufacture a little

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moral cripple for our own delectation. The truth is unpalatably simple.

We must teach the child that it is an immortal Soul incarnate in a body. We must show it the difference between selfish instincts and care for others. "Oh, if only I had been taught, as a child, to pass the plate around, instead of helping myself first, what a difference it would make to me now!"

Râja-Yoga children are taught to pass the plate around first. The problem in a nutshell again, and unromantically simple, as before.

We commend the solution to all educational writers. But remember: unless there is behind this moral teaching the rational intellectual teaching, the result will probably be only a subtle hypocrisy. For this hypocrisy comes from trying to make a child behave in a certain way, while all the time giving him teachings and examples that contradict the moral instruction. Naturally he soon finds out what is expected of him: he must *seem* good. He may be a very well-meaning conscientious person and may believe himself to be sincere. Nevertheless his morality does not go to the bottom. He behaves becomingly because it is becoming, or from love of approbation, or from mere automatic habit; but *not* because he believes this to be the true law of human nature. He has never been taught that. He has been taught that man is an intellectual animal. He has been taught that man is a miserable sinner. He has been taught that death ends life on earth.

Teach the child that the Soul is his real self; that he is immortal; that he lived before he was born, and will continue to live after the change called death. Teach him the perfect and benign justice of the great law of Karma. Teach him these things, and you will give him a sure basis for moral training that will make him a self-disciplined man.

And these sublime truths do not have to be taught like maxims out of a book or catechism. The intuition of the unspoilt child is able to perceive and grasp them readily. We have far more need to refrain from *unteaching* children than to teach them. All this is illustrated by the results obtained in the Râja-Yoga teaching. It is this that will solve the problem of education, by producing self-disciplined people.



"BETWEEN the *psychic* and the *noetic*, between the *Personality* and the *Individuality*, there exists the same abyss as between a 'Jack the Ripper' and a holy Buddha. Unless the physiologist accepts all this, we say, he will ever be led into a quagmire."—H. P. BLAVATSKY: *Psychic and Noetic Action*

## A NEW VIEW OF CAGLIOSTRO\*

C. J. RYAN

**I**N the study of universal history there is a strange fascination in the accounts of the numberless martyrs who have been slandered and persecuted with an almost incredible ferocity because they tried to help their fellowmen to a higher ideal and practice of brotherhood. Not the least interesting of these was the extraordinary man known as Alessandro, Count di Cagliostro, who first appears in authentic history in London in 1776, and vanishes from sight in the Papal prison of San Leo in Italy in 1795. During the meteoric career of those nineteen years we see him reach dazzling heights of glory, wealth, and fame. He becomes a familiar and honored figure in the best society in Europe, establishes innumerable lodges of 'Egyptian Masonry' with the avowed object of helping humanity to greater freedom in thought and action, and of elevating and purifying the secret societies so numerous in that age. He is the lifelong friend of many of the greatest and noblest thinkers, such as Goethe and Schiller; he performs many curious psychological experiments, marvelous in the eyes of the ignorant, but now slowly becoming recognised as the result of a knowledge of obscure natural laws; he cures multitudes of sick persons of the most dangerous diseases, and is ultimately dragged into the amazing Diamond Necklace Trial in Paris. From this he is released without a stain upon his character. Though beloved and revered by thousands, an enthusiast for humanity, he suffers rancorous persecution from bigots and depraved villains, and is finally plunged into the utmost depths of misery in a subterranean dungeon where he is supposed to have perished. It is no wonder that so strange and tragical a story has never ceased to be the subject of absorbing interest, and that anything new about Cagliostro is sure to attract attention.

H. P. Blavatsky, another reformer who suffered in the cause of Brotherhood, said that the twentieth century would see a great change in the popular estimation of Cagliostro. Of the three great mystics of the eighteenth century, Mesmer has already been vindicated from the charge of quackery by recent re-discoveries in psychology and hypnotism; Count Saint-Germain is still a baffling mystery to historians. Cagliostro was so shamefully and vindictively assailed by the unscrupulous, that

\**Cagliostro, the splendor and misery of a Master of Magic*: by W. H. Trowbridge: London, Chapman and Hall.

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his rehabilitation has been long delayed. The apparent circumstantiality of the accusations against him have prejudiced the minds of historians; even Carlyle, who would have revolted at the idea of knowingly slandering an innocent man, was bamboozled by them, and has stood as a serious obstacle in the way of the facts becoming known. And it must be recognised that to a certain degree Cagliostro was himself responsible for some

and unfortunate. He does not stand upon the high level of Germain, his

A writer forward, somewhat to re-open the Cagliostro's Mr. W. R. H. an independent who holds a *truth*, not for habilitation, his opinion all able. He says: this book is an attempt to gliostro as to vise what I believe false judgment wisely makes 'whitewash' his fine monosiders that the



ALESSANDRO, COUNT DI-CAGLIOSTRO

sufficiently strongly in favor of that victim of prejudice and malice.

What is definitely known of the story of Cagliostro is romantic enough, but what is merely hinted at by himself is possibly far more so. According to his own account, he was left an orphan when only a few months old; his childhood was spent in Arabia, where he was luxuriously brought up in a palace. At the age of twelve he set out on his travels, during which he was received with honor by various distinguished persons in many lands, eastern and western. He declared that princes, cardinals, and the Grand Master of the Knights of Malta had helped him in various ways. With the latter he lived for some time, but he refused to remain in Malta and take orders. In his youth Cagliostro studied botany and

part of his fate ate reputation. stand upon the Count Saint-superior.

stepped forthle time ago, old question of true standing. Trowbridge is ent researcher, brief for the Cagliostro's re-and this makes the more valu- "The object of not so much vindicate Ca-correct and relieve to be a of history." He no attempt to the subject of graph; he con-facts speak suf-

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chemistry under a mysterious person named Althotas, apparently an Adept in Oriental sciences; but after leaving Malta he plunged deeply into medicine and other branches of learning. At the age of twenty-two, in 1770, he married an Italian girl named Serafina (or Lorenza) Feliciani, who afterwards accompanied him in his travels. She was quite illiterate, and H. P. Blavatsky says: "The chief cause of his life's troubles was his marriage with Lorenza Feliciani . . . an unworthy woman." She was the tool of an organization bitterly opposed to his aims.

Up to the year 1776 there appears to be absolutely nothing to be gleaned about his life except from his own statements, but in that year he comes plainly into public view in London. The Count and Countess di Cagliostro, when they appeared in London, were obviously persons of wealth and some distinction, and were immediately spotted by several unscrupulous wretches as possible sources of plunder. In the goodness of his heart Cagliostro prophesied a winning number in a lottery for one of these. It was done casually, and he absolutely refused to repeat the operation. To force him to do so, he was persecuted in the most cruel ways and threatened with imprisonment for debts which he did not owe. After being subjected to extreme annoyance he was released from arrest. The history of this affair, which is fully gone into by Mr. Trowbridge, is an amazing picture of the state of the law at that period, and of human depravity on the part of the scoundrels who tried to blackmail Cagliostro. It also proves his simplicity, good-nature, and kindness of heart. His ignorance of the English language was partly responsible for the victimization he suffered. Being an honest man, instead of decamping, as he had opportunities of doing, and saving his time, money, and peace of mind, he honorably faced all the perils of 'justice' in the eighteenth century, and did not leave London till he had fulfilled all his obligations. He was defrauded of over \$15,000 in one way or another, but he declined to have recourse to the law, though he had a clear case; it is not altogether unsatisfactory to learn that all his persecutors, including the unjust magistrate, met with serious trouble before long.\*

In England, Cagliostro became a Freemason in the Espérance Lodge of the Order of Strict Observance, a secret but not revolutionary society, of purely philanthropic and social aims. This act was to have fatal consequences in the end. He left England in 1777, unknown and impoverished, and we hear nothing more of him till 1779, when he arrived in Courland.

He was received everywhere by the lodges of the Order of Strict Observance with cordiality, and he spent his time and energy in promoting

\*See THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH, April 1913.

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his own system of 'Egyptian Masonry.' This had for its main object the moral regeneration of the world and the reorganization of society on the basis of universal brotherhood. Cagliostro believed that the pure teachings of religion had been consciously and unconsciously perverted in later times, and his system of Egyptian Masonry was partly designed to restore the true spirit of the primeval revelation, once the property of all mankind. He also believed he had the power to communicate with highly-advanced beings in the invisible worlds who could teach certain important truths.

Naturally such a declaration of advanced principles was bound to provoke the bitterest and most desperate opposition from vested interests and from the majority who were perfectly satisfied with things as they were, and so the slander was quickly circulated that Cagliostro's only object was to make money. Mr. Trowbridge shows that there is not a single authenticated instance in which he can be proved to have derived pecuniary profit from his so-called 'impostures.' This is sufficient to destroy the main portion of the charges against Cagliostro.

The history of Cagliostro's proceedings in Mittau, Courland, is carefully examined by our author. The unfavorable opinion which the Countess von der Recke, sister-in-law of the reigning Duke, did not feel nor express till long after she had given out different views, is responsible for much of the hostility with which historians have regarded Cagliostro. The Countess said nothing against him until he was suffering from the unjust obloquy which political partisanship had thrown over him during the Diamond Necklace Affair; and the author believes that her later opinion, given after she became a pronounced rationalist, under the influence of a man named Bode, a leading member of the 'Order of the Illuminés,' from which Cagliostro had withdrawn, has been greatly overestimated. There are plenty of accounts of Cagliostro's honorable conduct under conditions which severely tried his integrity in Courland, to offset the change of opinion expressed by the Countess five years after, when it was popular to abuse him. As a matter of fact he left Courland in a blaze of glory, loaded with handsome presents from his admirers, regretted, honored, and recommended to the highest personages in Russia.

In Russia his Egyptian Masonry was not a success, and, in order to sustain his reputation, he turned his knowledge of medicine and chemistry to account and appeared for the first time as a healer. The usual crop of slanders appeared, and it is probable that the opposition of the Court physicians was the chief cause of his leaving Russia. The stories told against him in Russia are singularly unconvincing; for instance he was charged with bearing a false name, and passing himself off as a Prussian colonel, while he actually had in his possession letters from the highest



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nobility in Courland introducing him in his own name. The rumors against him sedulously propagated in Russia, in no way influenced the opinion of his admirers in Courland, though they must have been well acquainted with them owing to their close connexion with the Russian official world. In May, 1790, he arrived in Warsaw, where society was on intimate terms with the great world of St. Petersburg, and was received with the most flattering welcome. Here he tried alchemical experiments, with apparently little success; the accounts of his doings are contradictory to the last degree. Hearsay evidence, at second or third hand — contradictory with itself also — declares that he was ignominiously exposed at the Polish Court, while direct testimony is to the opposite effect. There is considerable evidence, including a letter from Laborde, the Farmer-General, that Cagliostro showed undeniable clairvoyant faculties while in Warsaw, and that he prophesied certain events to King Stanislaus Augustus and others which afterwards came to pass to the letter. As for Cagliostro's alchemical attempts, it is possible that they did not succeed, and that the disappointed gold-seekers took their revenge upon him in calumny.

We next hear of Cagliostro in Strassburg, where he spent much time healing the sick. He undoubtedly performed remarkable cures, and not only absolutely refused any pay but actually supported many poor patients while they were unable to work. He is said by Laborde to have attended fifteen thousand sick people in three years, of whom only three died. This appears to have upset the regular physicians, to whom he gave no explanation of his marvelous success. They are said to have looked upon him "with contempt born of envy." His rapid cure of the Prince de Soubise, cousin of the Cardinal Prince de Rohan, Grand Almoner of France, whose case had been given up as hopeless, led to his meeting the Cardinal, who was one of the most powerful, brilliant, and intellectual men in France, though an ecclesiastic not particularly distinguished for morals. The charge has been made that Cagliostro benefited financially by his intimacy with the illustrious Cardinal, but the facts, as usual, are all the other way. The Cardinal, though possessed of fabulous revenues, was heavily in debt, and he testified that Cagliostro "has never asked or received anything from me." The obligation was on the other side, for Cagliostro's knowledge of 'chemistry' is credited with enabling him to make a diamond worth 25,000 livres as a present to the Cardinal. The fact remains that he gave the Cardinal the diamond. Still, Cagliostro's prominence was bound to attract blackmailing, slander, and persecution, the latter particularly from the doctors; and among others of the meanest charges that malice and envy could invent, it was declared that he was living riotously and intemperately at the

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Cardinal's expense. The truth was, as many of his contemporaries who were unfavorably disposed to him but not liars, frequently said in derision, that he was noted for his abstemious habits. Madame d'Oberkirch, a strong opponent, writes contemptuously that "he slept in an arm-chair and lived on cheese."

But we must pass to the Diamond Necklace Affair, during which the passions let loose were the beginning of Cagliostro's final ruin. For some time before this extraordinary and melodramatic event, his Egyptian Masonry had been steadily rising in favor in France, and it seemed as if Freemasonry in general was about to be restored to "its original Egyptian character" and to take a leading part in the peaceful revolution in conduct and principles that Cagliostro, in common with so many other noble minds of the age, was working for. Suddenly, when he was almost at the summit of fame and the idol of rich and poor, came the bolt from the blue that ruined all his plans. But for the misfortune of Cagliostro's downfall, who can say that the course of the Revolution would not have been very different, and that the rivers of blood would never have flowed in the streets of Paris!

The Necklace Affair, the Prolog of the Revolution, is so well known that it is not necessary to describe it. Cagliostro was fully exonerated from all blame or connexion with the Countess de Lamotte's swindle. Immense crowds of sympathizers greeted his appearance from the Bastille on his release. He was congratulated not only on account of his popularity but because the verdict was considered as an affront to Marie Antoinette, who had then lost the esteem of the French people. Furious at the temper of the public, Louis XVI vented his rage upon the innocent Cagliostro by ordering him to leave France immediately. From London Cagliostro made a dignified reply to this outrage in his famous 'Letter to the French People,' which was aimed, not at the King but at de Breteuil, the head of the government, whom he held to be directly responsible for his exile. Upon the publication of this Letter, which made a tremendous sensation in France, the infamous Théveneau de Morande, the editor of the *Courrier de l'Europe*, a journal which circulated widely in Europe, began with almost Satanic cleverness and perhaps under orders from Versailles, to attack the writer. It was Morande, a creature of incredible baseness, who seems to have fabricated the story that Cagliostro was the notorious Giuseppe Balsamo. He collected all the facts of Balsamo's criminal career, blended them skilfully with the false reports and accusations already brought against Cagliostro, spread them broadcast in his vile paper, and then, after satisfying the French Government by his zeal, had the effrontery to ask his victim what he would give to purchase his silence! Cagliostro indignantly refused to consider such a proposition,

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and Morande then induced several other conspirators as bad as himself to swear that Cagliostro owed them money. With great difficulty did Cagliostro escape the debtors' prison. Mr. Trowbridge says:

"But in the curious mass of coincidence and circumstantial evidence on which the popular conception of Cagliostro has been based, ingenious and plausible though it is, there is one little *fact* which history has overlooked and which Morande was careful to ignore. In turning Cagliostro into Giuseppe Balsamo, the fantastic idealist-enthusiast into the vagabond forger, 'the charlatan' as the Queen's friend Besenval describes him, 'who never took a sou from a soul, but lived honorable and paid scrupulously what he owed,' into the vulgar *soulteneur*, Morande, by a trick of the imagination, with all the cunning calumnies of the French Court, and the so-called 'confession' wrung from its victim by the Inquisition, to aid him, could not succeed in making the two *resemble* one another. Yet it is on the word of this journalist-bravo, hired by the French Ministry to defame an innocent man whose unanimous acquittal of a crime in which he had been unjustly implicated was believed by Marie Antoinette to be tantamount to her own conviction, that Cagliostro has been branded as one of the most contemptible blackguards in history.

"Surely it is time to challenge an opinion so fraudulently supported and so arbitrarily expressed. . . . It requires no effort of the imagination to surmise what the effect would be on a jury of today if their decision depended upon the evidence of a witness who, as Brissot says, 'regarded calumny as a trade, and moral assassination as a sport.' "

The unpleasant notoriety which Morande succeeded in inflicting upon Cagliostro, and other causes upon which it is impossible to dwell in the short space at our disposal but which Mr. Trowbridge enters into in detail, made an unfavorable impression upon the English Masons, and Cagliostro felt that it was of no use staying any longer in England. While in England he enjoyed the friendship of De Louthembourg, a prominent artist and Royal Academician, a man of high character, and greatly respected by all. This in itself speaks volumes for Cagliostro's probity.

After the terrible experiences he had passed through since the Necklace Trial, Cagliostro after various attempts, more or less successful for a while, to establish his Egyptian Masonry in Switzerland, Austria, and Northern Italy, finally, "as if driven by some irresistible force to his doom," found his way to Rome. Here, in poverty and wretchedness, he sought the assistance of the Masonic Lodge of 'Les Vrais Amis,' a secret organization, for the Order was not tolerated in the city of the Popes. The remainder of his tragical career is well known. Arrested and convicted as a Freemason, he was sentenced to a living death in the dungeons of San Leo, an isolated castle on a precipitous rock near Montefeltro. During his trial he declared all religions to be equal, and that "providing one believed in the existence of a Creator and the immortality of the soul, it mattered not whether one was Catholic, Lutheran, Calvinist, or Jew." He confessed to "a hatred of tyranny, especially of all forms of religious intolerance."

Mr. Trowbridge says: "when he died or how, is absolutely unknown," but he thinks that the French, when they took San Leo in 1797, would

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have released him if he had still been living, for they regarded him as a martyr in the cause of liberty, and anxiously inquired after him. H. P. Blavatsky says:

“But yet — a query! Was Cagliostro dead and buried indeed at San Leo? And if so why should the custodians at the Castle of St. Angelo of Rome show innocent tourists the little square hole in which Cagliostro is said to have been confined and ‘died’? Why such uncertainty or — imposition, and such disagreement in the legend? Some say that Cagliostro escaped in an unaccountable way from his aerial prison and thus forced his jailors to spread the news of his death and burial. Others maintain that he not only escaped, but, thanks to the Elixir of Life, still lives on, though over twice three score and ten years old!”

She also says that Cagliostro, having largely failed in the work he had to do, was “withdrawn” when he could no longer be of service.

Mr. Trowbridge examines at length the preposterous charge that Cagliostro, a person of cultivation and refinement, aristocratic and elegant in manners, the favorite of intellectual and eminent persons, was the vulgar ruffian known as Giuseppe Balsamo, who was almost certainly hanged for his crimes; and finds no scrap of plausible evidence to that effect. In referring to Carlyle’s condemnation of Cagliostro as a quack, he declares that Carlyle’s mistakes were inexcusable, for they were not due to the lack of evidence for Cagliostro, but to strong prejudice. Although Balsamo was well known to the police and to many persons in various cities in Europe, not a single individual who had ever known him personally was ever brought forward to identify Cagliostro as Balsamo. The whole Balsamo story is a pure libel. To quote H. P. Blavatsky once more:

“How long shall charitable people build the biographies of the living and ruin the reputations of the dead, with such incomparable unconcern, by means of idle and often entirely false gossip of people, and these generally the slaves of prejudice!


“So long, we are forced to think, as they remain ignorant of the Law of Karma and its iron justice.”



“THE SECRET DOCTRINE is the common property of the countless millions of men born under various climates, in times with which History refuses to deal, and to which esoteric teachings assign dates incompatible with the theories of Geology and Anthropology. The birth and evolution of the Sacred Science of the Past are lost in the very night of Time; and that, even, which is historic — *i. e.*, that which is found scattered hither and thither throughout ancient classical literature — is, in almost every case, attributed by modern criticism to the lack of observation in the ancient writers, or to superstition born out of the ignorance of antiquity.”— H. P. BLAVATSKY: *The Secret Doctrine*

## SUN-RAYS

R. MACHELL

AIN is rare in California, and consequently the spectacle of the mountains, seen under conditions of cloud and intermittent sunshine, has a peculiar fascination for the student of nature. Radiating rays from the early sun still low in the sky make strangely dramatic effects both in the clouds and on earth, where they fall as splashes of light that occasionally illuminate and accentuate some feature of the landscape, in such a way as to give it a momentary significance that we may look for in vain at other times.

When the clouds are heavy and closely packed, the illuminated patches are few and small, and the pencils of light that cause them appear like independent rays doing business on their own account. One knows of course that on the other side of the clouds these rays are not in any way distinguishable from the general blaze of light, which is so general as to be almost universal: for where there is no shadow the light appears merely as the normal condition. But below the clouds, down in the shadow-land of earth, a kind of twilight is the normal state, pierced here and there by independent shafts of light of dazzling intensity. As the clouds drift away or melt into transparency, the rays of light lose their brilliancy; and their independence becomes less aggressive as they are seen to merge in the growing volume of light that now penetrates the disappearing clouds. At last the sky is clear, and there are no more independent rays of light: there are no specially illuminated spots, nor are such spots accentuated as before. Shadows there are, but they are not cast by clouds; they do not travel at their own free will, nor at the bidding of the clouds above: they remain bound to the things that cause them by the hindering of the sunlight. By such shadows objects acquire significance.

As one watches the dramatic play of light and shadow on the mountains, one's mind inevitably associates the characteristics of the scene with the peculiarities of the drama of life, in which we play our part. One seems to see some man of momentary fame shine like a sun-ray brilliantly illuminating a small patch of favored ground, which thereby gains significance. The darker the clouds, the brighter appears the light. The greater the ignorance of the world, the more remarkable appears the 'genius,' who seems so splendidly isolated, so self-sufficient, so independent.

He is indeed isolated, but only by the obstacles that shut out the

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'rest of him' — those other rays that are the universal radiance. He is self-sufficient, for his light is himself, and he is not separate from his universal self. And he is independent, for he owes nothing to the clouds, being the radiance of the Sun.

But from the point of view of earth-born creatures, he owes his isolation and his brilliancy to the clouds that give him contrast. And for his independence, that is a mere trick played by the clouds who give him leave to pass, or shut him out, or move him around, at their convenience.

So we are told by the 'wise ones' of the shadow-land that genius is a product of the earth, and that the great ones owe their superiority to the unrewarded and unrecognised exertions of the masses. Is not the analogy quite clear?

When the clouds are reduced to mere spots and specks scattered sparsely over an evening sky, there is occasionally to be seen an interesting effect of shadows in perspective. The little cloudlets cast long shadows, if the sun is very low, and, as these pencils of shadow (only visible as such if there is a slight haze in the air) are practically parallel to one another, they will appear to the spectator to converge on the horizon in the east. Naturally, they originate with the cloudlets in the west, where they are visible, pass overhead invisible, or almost so, and reappear in the west to end in a 'vanishing-point' on the horizon. When this vanishing-point happens to coincide with the top of a conical mountain, the effect is that of a 'crown of thorns' or a halo of dark rays apparently issuing from the summit of the mountain. The effect is peculiarly impressive, and it is hard to persuade oneself that these converging shadows are not in reality coming out of the mountain, as rays displayed on a vertical screen.

Here again the independence of the rays is due to an obstruction of the light: their very direction is delusive; and it is only possible to satisfy oneself as to their origin by turning one's back on the phenomenon, and facing the source of light, where one may see that these independent gentlemen are born very near to earth, and that the radiance extends beyond their source of origin to the far-distant Sun.

Here again the analogy is apparent between Nature and human nature, which need not be wondered at, seeing that humanity is but one field of Nature.

These dark rays seem to me like prominent men, or nations, or organizations, companies, confederacies, or what not, which owe their distinctive character to some personal ambition that obstructs the light. Truth, like sunlight, is universally diffused from the 'Central Sun';

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and its radiation is checked by obstacles such as clouds and creeds; and by 'creed' I mean all limitations of Truth. The smallest obstruction to the light casts shadow, though the shadow may not be visible from certain points of view if the air is very clear.

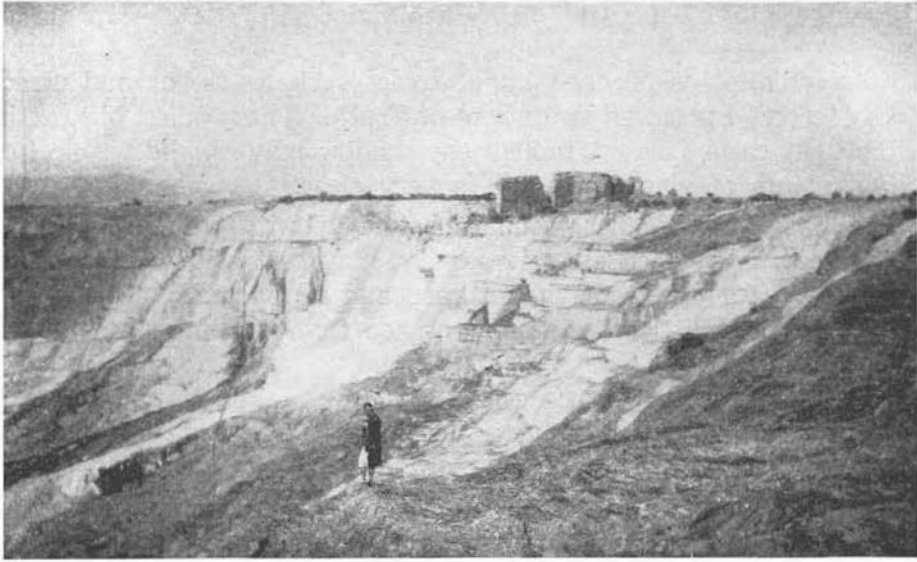
And thus some small personality bound up with prejudice, which is like a creed, and which gives it density, may cast a long shadow, and may appear to have some importance and significance; though it is in reality but a little speck of ignorance that momentarily obstructs the light.

The cloud shines brightly where the sun's radiance illuminates it, but it casts a long dark shadow; it obstructs the light. So some religions show a bright seeming, as if they were self-luminous; whereas their brilliancy is due but to their power to turn back the sunlight of Truth from their illuminated surface, while they shut out the Truth-light from the earth below.

So too some men of learning set their own personality in the path of the sunlight of Wisdom, and shine with reflected glory; but being mere obstacles to Light they can but cast shadows, which obscure the truth for those who cannot see the sun that shines beyond the obstacle. Such are the false prophets, whom for the most part the world worships, as if they were true Suns shining by their own light. These men are not so much as lamps; they are but clouds that shut the sunlight out, no matter how brilliantly they may reflect the radiance that they obscure by their dense self-sufficiency.

Theosophy is universal radiance; it is Truth. The creeds and dogmas of religion, science, or philosophy, are clouds. When the clouds part, the Light shines through, and it is the same light, no matter on what land it falls, no matter if the patch illuminated be small or large; the sunlight is the same. When the clouds pass, as pass they will, being but clouds, then men will see no difference between rays of Light that are no longer seen as separate rays but are now merged in the universal radiance, of which they were a part, even when seeming scattered far and wide and isolated by great stretches of dark shadow-land between.

The world is in the shadows, and men are apt to think the clouds that shut them in are the true limits of the heaven for them. But those who once have seen the Sun know better; and we know that even now, beyond the darkness of its ignorance, the earth is lit by the eternal Radiance which is Theosophy. The clouds will pass and the sun be revealed.



## GREEK RUINS ON THE RIVER LYCUS

CAROLUS

**H**ISTORIANS are not agreed as to the ethnological affinities of the early inhabitants of Asia Minor, and its history is rather obscure. Greek colonies settled on its northern and western shores in very early days, but the interior remained under Persian control. When Alexander the Great overthrew the Persian rule in 333 B. C., nearly the whole of Asia Minor became Greek or rather Macedonian for a while, and after his death it fell into the hands of Seleucus, King of Syria.

The province of Pontus, however, through which the river Lycus runs, and upon whose banks the Hellenistic ruins shown in our illustrations are situated, retained the independence it had won from the Persians shortly before, and, under the famous Mithridates VI, commonly called 'the Great,' became a powerful state with largely increased territories. After his defeat by Pompey it fell into the hands of the Romans, but a portion was separated from the rest and given to the Greek Polcmon, whose descendants governed it till 63 A. D., when it was annexed to the Roman Empire by Nero.

The numerous cities whose ruins are found along the Lycus and in other parts of Pontus, were of native origin and had their own form of religion, though they were strongly influenced by Greek culture. The principal city of Pontus, Amasia, on the river Iris, contains the tombs of many of the predecessors of Mithridates the Great, who made it his capital. Strabo, the historian and geographer, was born there.



## FUJIYAMA --- SACRED MOUNTAIN

MARTIN E. TEW

FAR beyond Biwa's blue waves I behold you, sublime Fujiyama,  
Mountain of mystery, sacred, majestic, eternally snow-crowned,  
With flowing purple robes, bordered in green, to the lowlands descending,—  
Standing serenely alone, unapproached in your wide isolation.  
There is no brother to you, no companion to share in your glory.  
Round you the lightnings have flashed and the storm-clouds in fury  
    have thundered;  
Through the long centuries you have received the first kiss of the morning;  
Ever the sunset bestows on your forehead its last benediction;  
And through the ghost-haunted nights, when the valleys lie peacefully  
    dreaming,  
You are chief sentinel, wrapped in a silvery mantle of moonbeams.

Mothers with babes point to you and impart silent lessons in worship.  
Toilers in rice-fields, and idlers beneath cherry blossoms reposing,  
Priests of Confucius and followers of the compassionate Buddha,  
Pilgrims and peddlers near temples and lotus ponds piously musing,  
Samurai warriors, Shoguns, Mikados, disciples of Shinto,—  
The poor, meek, and lowly, the proud and the mighty, through all the  
    long ages,  
Ever since Nippon was young, have beheld you with deep veneration.

Teach me, as you have taught these island dwellers, O great Fujiyama,  
Lessons in undisturbed and serene calm amidst storms of the spirit;  
Teach me to be as unshaken as you through each soul-trying tempest.  
Let my feet be in the valleys, where tears, love, and laughter are mingled,  
That I may share in humanity's griefs, aspirations, and longings;  
But let my thoughts be on high, like your forehead, with outlook as boundless,  
And all my purposes true as the lode-star that gleams o'er your summit.



'TERRE ANTIQUE,' BY RENÉ MÉNARD

From *The International Studio*

## THE CREST-WAVE OF EVOLUTION

KENNETH MORRIS

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

### VI — SOCRATES AND PLATO

**B**Y this time you should have seen, rather than any picture of Greece and Athens in their heyday, an indication of certain universal historical laws. As thus (to go back a little): an influx of the Spirit is approaching, and a cycle of high activities is about to begin. A great war has cleared off what karmic weight has been hanging over Athens; — Xerxes, you will remember, burnt the town. Hence there is a clearness in the inner atmosphere; through which a great spiritual voice may, and does, speak a great spiritual message. But human activities proceed, ever increasing their momentum, until the atmosphere is no longer clear, but heavy with the effluvia of by no means righteous thought and action. The Spirit is no more visibly present, but must manifest if at all through a thicker medium; and who speaks now, speaks as artist only,— not as poet- or artist-prophet. Time goes on, and the inner air grows still thicker; till men live in a cloud, through which truths are hardly to be seen. Then those who search for the light are apt to cry out in despair; they become realists struggling to break the terrible molds of thought: and if you can hear the Spiritual in them at all, it is not in a positive message they have for men, but in the greatness of their heart and compassion. They do not build; they seek only to destroy. There seems nothing else for them to do.

So in England, Wordsworth opened this last cycle of poetry; coming when there was a clear atmosphere, and speaking more or less clearly through it his message from the Gods. You hear a like radiant note of hope in Shelley; and something of it in Keats, who stood on the line that divides the Poet-Prophet from the Poet-Artist. Then you come to the ascendancy of Tennyson, whose business in life was to be the latter. He tried the rôle of prophet; he lived up to the highest he could: strove

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towards the light much more valiantly than did Sophocles, his Athenian paradigm. But the atmosphere of his age made him something of a failure at it: no clear light was there for him to find, such as could manifest through poetry. Then you got men like Matthew Arnold with his cry of despair, and William Morris with his longing for escape; then the influence of Realism. So many poets recently have an element of Euripides in them: a will to do well, but a despair of the light; a tendency to question everything, but little power to find answers to their questions. Then there were some few who, influenced (consciously or not) by H. P. Blavatsky, that great dawn-herald, caught glimpses of the splendor of a dawn — which yet we wait for.

Euripides, with the Soul stirring within and behind him, “broke himself on the bars of life and poetry,” as Professor Murray says. He was so hemmed in by the emanations of the time that he could never clearly enunciate the Soul. Not, at any rate, in an unmixed way, and with his whole energies. Perhaps his favorite device of a *Deus ex Machina* — like Hercules in the *Alcestis* — is a symbolical enunciation of it, and intended so to be. Perhaps the cause of the unrest he makes us feel is this: he knew that the highest artistic method was the old Aeschylean symbolic one, and tried to use it; but at the same time was compelled by the gross emanations of the age, which he was not quite strong enough to rise above, to treat his matter not symbolically, but realistically. He could not help saying: ‘Here is the epos you Athenians want me to treat, — that my artist soul forces me to treat; here are the ideas that make up your conventional religion; — now look at them!’ And forthwith he showed them, in their exoteric side, sordid, ugly and bloody; — and then, on the top of that showing, tried to twist them round to the symbolic impersonal plane again; and so left a discord not properly solved, an imperfect harmony; a sense of loss rather than gain; of much torn down, and nothing built up to take its place. The truth was that the creative forces had flowed downward until the organs of spiritual vision were no longer open; and poetry and art, the proper vehicles of the higher teaching in any age approximately golden, could no longer act as efficient channels for the light.

To turn to England again: Tennyson was, generally speaking, most successful when most he was content to be merely the artist in words, and least so when he assumed the office of Teacher; because almost all he found to teach was brain-mind scientific stuff; which was what the age called for, and the desired diet of Mid-Victorian England. Carlyle, who was a far greater poet essentially, and a far greater teacher actually, fitted himself to an age which materialism had made unpoetic; and eschewed poetry and had no use for it; and would have had others eschew

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it also. In our own time we have realists like Mr. Masefield. They are called realists because they work on the plane which has come, in the absence of anything spiritual, to seem that of the realities: the region of outside happenings, of the passions in all their ugly nakedness; of sorrow, misery, and despair. Such men may be essentially noble; we may read in them, under all the ugliness and misery they write down, just one quality of the Soul: — its unrest in and distaste for those conditions; but the mischief of it is that they make the sordidness seem the reality; and the truth about them is that their outlook and way of writing are simply the result of the blindness of the Soul; — its temporary blindness, not its essential glory. But the true business of Poetry never changes: it is to open paths into the inner, the beautiful, the spiritual world.

Just when things were coming to this pass H. P. Blavatsky went to England; and though she did not touch the field of creative literature herself, brought back as you know a gleam of light and beauty into poetry that may yet broaden out and redeem it. She was born when the century was thirty-one years old; and, curiously enough, there was a man born in Attica about 469, or when *his* century was thirty-one years old, who, though he did not himself touch the field of literature, was the cause why that light rose to shine in it which has shone most brilliantly since all down the ages: that light which we could not afford to exchange even for the light of Aeschylus. If one of the two were about to be taken from us, and we had our choice which it should be, we should have to cry, *Take Aeschylus, but leave us this!* — Ay, and take all other Greek literature into the bargain! — But to return to the man born in 469.

He was the son of humble people; his father was a stone-cutter in a small way of business; his mother a midwife. He himself began life as a sculptor,— a calling, in its lower reaches, not so far above that of his father. A group of the Graces carved by him was still to be seen on the road to the Acropolis two hundred years after; and they did not adorn Athens with mean work, one may guess: the Athens of Pericles and Pheidias. But, successful or not, he seems soon to have given it up. Of his youth we know very little. Spintharus, one of the few that knew him then and also when he had become famous, said that he was a man of terrible passions: anger hardly to be governed, and vehement desires; “though,” he added, “he never did anything unfair.”\* By ‘unfair’ you may understand ‘not fitting’ — a transgression of right action. He set out to master himself: a tremendous and difficult realm to master.

We hardly begin to know him till he was growing old; and then he was absolute monarch of that realm. We do not know when he abandoned

\*Gilbert Murray: *Ancient Greek Literature*.

## THE CREST-WAVE OF EVOLUTION

his art; or how long it was before he had won some fame as a public teacher. We catch glimpses of him as a soldier: from 432 to 429 he served at the siege of Potidaea; at Delium in 424; and at Amphipolis in 422. Thus to do the hoplite, carrying a great weight of arms, at forty-seven, he needed to have some constitution; and indeed he had; --- furthermore, he played the part with distinguished bravery — though wont to fall at times into inconvenient fits of abstraction. Beyond all this, for the outside of the man, we may say that he was of fascinating, extreme and satyr-like ugliness and enormous sense of humor; that he was a perpetual joke to the comic poets, and to himself: an old fellow of many and lovable eccentricities: — and that you cannot pick one little hole in his character, or find any respect in which he does not call for love.

And men did love him; and he them. He saw in the youth of Athens, whose lives so often were being wasted, Souls with all the beautiful possibilities of Souls; and loved them as such, and drew them towards their soulhood. Such love and insight is the first and strongest weapon of the Teacher: who sees divinity within the rough-hewn personalities of men as the sculptor sees the God within the marble; and calls it forth. He was wont to joke over his calling: his mother, said he, had been a midwife, assisting at the birth of men's bodies; he himself was a midwife of souls. How he drew men to him — of the power he had — let Alcibiades bear witness. "As for myself," says Alcibiades, "were I not afraid you would think me more drunk than I am, I would tell you on oath how his words have moved me -- ay, and how they move me still. When I listen to him my heart beats with a more than Corybantic excitement; he has only to speak and my tears flow. Orators, such as Pericles, never moved me in this way — never roused my soul to the thought of my servile condition: but this man makes me think that life is not worth living so long as I am what I am. Even now, if I were to listen, I could not resist. So there is nothing for me but to stop my ears against this siren's song and fly for my life, that I may not grow old sitting at his feet. No one would ever think that I had shame in me; but I am ashamed in the presence of Socrates."

Poor Alcibiades! whom Socrates loved so well, and tried so hard to save; and who could only preserve his lower nature for its own and for his city's destruction by stopping his ears against his Teacher! Alcibiades, whose genius might have saved Athens . . . only Athens would not be saved . . . and he could not have saved her, because he had stopped his ears against the man who made him ashamed; and because his treacherous lower nature was always there to thwart and overturn the efficacy of his genius; -- what a picture of duality it is!

Socrates gave up his art; because art was no longer useful as an

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immediate lever for the age. He knew poetry well; but insisted, as Professor Murray I think says, on always treating it as the baldest of prose. There was poetry about, galore; and men did not profit by it: something else was needed. His mission was to the Athens of his day; he was going to save Athens if he could. So he went into the marketplace, the *agora*, and loafed about (so to say), and drew groups of young men and old about him, and talked to them. The Delphic Oracle had made pronouncement: *Sophocles is wise; Euripides is wiser; but Socrates is the wisest of mankind.* Sometimes, you see, the Delphic Oracle could get off a distinctly good thing. But Socrates, with his usual sense of humor, had never considered himself in that light at all; oldish, yes; and funny, and ugly, by all means; — but wise! He thought at first, he used to say, that the Oracle must be mistaken, or joking; for Athens was full of reputed wise men, sophists and teachers of philosophy like Prodicus and Protagoras; whereas he himself, heaven knew —. Well, he would go out and make a trial of it. So he went, and talked, and probed the wisdom of his fellow-citizens; and slowly came round to the belief that after all the Delphic Oracle might not have been such a fool. For he knew his ignorance; but the rest were ignorant without knowing it. This was his own way of telling the story; and you can never be sure how much camouflage was in it; — and yet, too, he was a giant humorist. Anyhow, he did show men their ignorance; and you all know his solemn way of doing it. He drew them on with sly questionings to see what idiots they were; and then drew them on with more sly questionings to perceive at least a few sound ethical truths.

He took that humble patient means of saving Athens: by breaking down false opinions and instilling true ones. It was beginning quite at the bottom of things. Where we advertise a public lecture, he button-holed a passer-by; and by the great power of his soul won a following presently. To rouse up a desire for right living in the youth of Athens: if he could do that, thought he, he might save Athens for the world. I wonder what the cycles of national glory would come to, how long they might last, if only the Teachers that invade to save them could have their way. Always we see the same picture: the tremendous effort of the Gods to redeem these nations in the times of their creative greatness; to lift them on to a spiritual plane, that the greatness may not wane and become ineffective. There is the figure that stands before the world, about whose perfection or whose qualities you may wrangle if you will; he is great; he is wonderful; he stirs up love and animosity; — but behind him are the Depths, the Hierarchies, the Pantheons. Socrates' warning Voice, the Daimon that counseled him at every crisis, has always been a hard nut for critics to crack. He was an impostor, was he? Away with you

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for a double fool! His life meets you so squarely at every point; there was no atom in his being that knew how to fear or lie. . . . Well, no; but he was deluded; he mistook —. — Man, there is more value in the light word of Socrates affirming, than in a whole world full of evidence denying, of such maunderers as you! See here; he was the most *sensible* of men; balanced; keeping his head always; — a mind no mood or circumstances could deflect from rational self-control, either towards passion or ecstasy. One explanation remains — as in the case of Joan, or of H. P. Blavatsky; — he was neither deceiving nor deceived, but what he claimed to hear, he did hear; and it was the voice of One that stood behind him, and might not appear in history at all, or in the outer world at all: a greater than he, and his Teacher; whose bodily presence might have been in Greece the while, or anywhere else. How dare we pretend, because we can do a few things with a piston or a crucible, that we know the limits of natural and spiritual law?

It is a strange figure to find in Greece; drawn thither, one would say, by the attraction of opposites. He must have owed some of his power to his being such a contrast to all things familiar. Personal beauty was extremely common, and he was comically ugly. The Athenians were one of the best-educated populations of ancient or modern times — far ahead of ourselves; and he was ill-educated, and acted as a public teacher. He was hen-pecked at home, in an age when the place of woman was a very subordinate and submissive one; and he was the butt of all joke-lovers abroad, and himself enjoyed the joke most of all. And he quietly stood alone, against the mob and his fellow-judges, for the hapless victors of Arginusae in 406; and he quietly stood alone against the Thirty Tyrants during their reign of terror in 404, disobeying them at peril of his life. But strip him of the “thing of sinews and muscles,” as he called his outer self; forget the queer old personality that appears in the *Clouds* of Aristophanes, or for that matter in the *Memorabilia* of Xenophon — and what kind of picture of Socrates should we see? The humor would not go, for it is a universal quality; it has been said no Adept was ever without it; could you draw aside the veil of Mother Isis herself, and draw it suddenly, I suspect you should surprise a laugh vanishing from her face. So the humor would remain; and with it there would be . . . something calm, aloof, unshakable, yet vitally affectioned towards Athens, the Athenians, humanity; something unsurprised at, far less hoping or fearing anything from, life or death; in possession of “the peace which passeth understanding”; native to “the eternity that baffles all faculty of computation”; — something that drew all sorts and conditions of Athenians to him, good and bad, Plato and Alcibiades, by “that diffusive love, not such as rises and falls upon waves of life and mortality, not such

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as sinks and swells by undulations of time, but a procession, an emanation, from some mystery of endless dawn." — In point of fact, to get a true portrait of Socrates you have to look at the Memnon's head. The Egyptian artists carved it to be the likeness of the Perfect Man,— the Soul, always in itself sublime, absolute master of its flesh and personality. That was what Socrates was.

Well; the century ended, with that last quarter of it in which the Lodge makes always its outward effort. Socrates for the Lodge had left no stone unturned; he had made his utmost effort daily. The democracy had been reinstated, and he was understood to be a moderate in politics. And the democracy was conventional-minded in religion; and he was understood to be irreligious, a disturber and innovator. And the democracy was still smarting from the wounds imposed on it by Critias and Charmides, understood to have been his disciples; and could not forget the treacheries of Alcibiades, another. And there were vicious youths besides, whom he had tried and failed to save; they had ruined themselves, and their reputable parents blamed and hated him for the ruin, not understanding the position. And he himself had seen so many of his efforts come to nothing: Alcibiades play the traitor; Critias and Charmides, the bloody tyrant; — he had seen many he had labored for frustrate his labors; he had seen Athens fallen. He had done all he could, quietly, unfailingly and without any fuss; now it was time for him to go. But going, he might yet strike one more great blow for the Light.

So with quiet zest and humor he entered upon the plans of his adversaries, accepting his trial and sentence like — *like Socrates*; for there is no simile for him, outside himself. He turned it all masterfully to the advantage of the Light he loved. You all know how he cracked his grand solemn joke when the death sentence was passed on him. By Athenian law, he might suggest an alternative sentence; as, to pay a fine, or banishment. Well, said he; death was not certainly an evil; it might be a very good thing; whereas banishment was certainly an evil, and so was paying a fine. And besides, he had no money to pay it. So the only alternative he could suggest was that Athens should support him for the rest of his life in the Prytaneum as a public benefactor. — Not a smile from him; not a tremor. . . . He elected deliberately; he chose death; knowing well that, as things stood, he could serve humanity in no other way so well. So he put aside Crito's very feasible plan for his escape, and at the last gathered his friends around him, and discoursed to them.

On Reincarnation. It was an old tradition, said he; and what could be more reasonable than that the soul, departing to Hades, should return again in its season: the living born from the dead, as the dead are from the living? Did not experience show that opposites proceed from oppo-



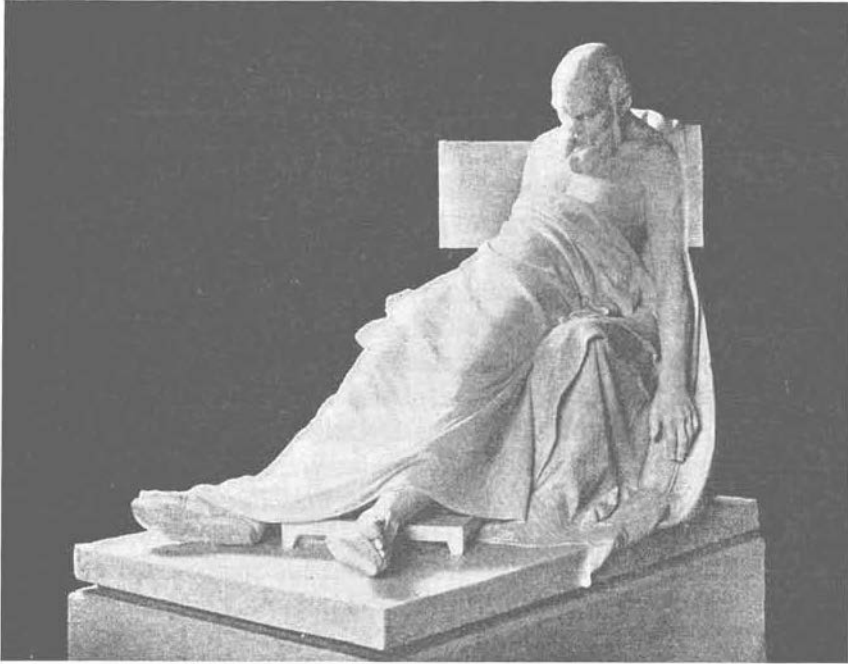
## THE CREST-WAVE OF EVOLUTION

sites? Then life must proceed from, and follow, death. If the dead came from the living, and not the living from the dead, the universe would at last be consumed in death. Then, too, there was the doctrine that knowledge comes from recollection; what is recollected must have been previously known. Our souls must have existed then, before birth. . . .

Why did he talk like that: thus *reasoning* about reincarnation, and not stating it as a positive teaching? Well; there would be nothing new and startling about it, to the Greeks. They knew of it as a teaching both of Pythagoras and of the Orphic Mysteries: that is, those did who were initiates or Pythagoreans. But it was not public teaching, known to the multitude; and except among the Pythagoreans, sophistry and speculation had impaired its vitality as a matter of faith or knowledge. (So scientific discovery and the spread of education have impaired the vitality now of Christian presentations of ethics.) So that to have announced it positively, at that time, would have served his purpose but little: men would have said, "We have heard all that before; had he nothing better to give us than stale ideas from the Mysteries or Pythagoras?" What he wanted to do was to take it out of the region of religion, where familiarity with it had bred an approach to contempt; and restate it robbed of that familiarity, and clothed anew in a garb of sweet reasonableness. So once more, and as usual, he assumed ignorance, and approached the whole subject in a quiet and rational way, thus: I do not say that this is positively so; I do not announce it as a dogma. Dogmas long since have lost their efficacy, and you must stand or fall now by the perceptions of your own souls, not by what I or any authority may tell you. But as reasoning human beings, does it not appeal to you?

And the very spirit in which he approached it and approached his death was precisely the one to engrave his last spoken ideas on the souls of his hearers as nothing else could. No excitement; no uplift or ecstasy of the martyr; quiet reasoning only; full, serene, and, for him, commonplace command of the faculties of his mind. The shadow of death made no change in Socrates; how then should they misunderstand or magnify the power of the shadow of death? — "How shall we bury you?" asks Crito. Socrates turns to the others present, and says: "I cannot persuade Crito that I here am Socrates — I who am now reasoning and ordering discourse. He imagines Socrates to be that other, whom he will see by and by, a corpse." — So the scene went on until the last moment, when "Phaedo veiled his face, and Crito started to his feet, and Apollodorus, who had never ceased weeping all the time, burst out into a loud and angry cry which broke down everyone but Socrates."

Someone has said that there is nothing in tragedy or history so moving as this death of Socrates, as Plato tells it. And yet its tragic interest,



'DEATH OF SOCRATES.' BY MARC ANTOLSKY  
From *The International Studio*

its beauty, is less important, to my thinking, than the insight it gives us into the methods and mental workings of an Adept. Put yourselves into the mind of Socrates. He is going to his death; which to him is about the same as, to us, going to South Ranch or San Diego. You say I am taking the beauty and nobility out of it; but no; I am only trying to see what beauty and nobility look like from within. To him, then, his death is in itself a matter of no personal moment. But the habit of his lifetime has been to turn every moment into a blow struck for the Soul, for the Light, for the Cause of Sublime Perfection. And here now is the chance to strike the most memorable blow of all. With infinite calmness he arranges every detail, and proceeds to strike it. He continues to play the high part of Socrates,—that is all. You might go to death like a poet, in love with Death's solemn beauty; you might go to her like a martyr, forgetting the awe of her in fore-vision of the splendor that lies beyond. But this man broadly and publicly goes to her like Socrates. He will allow her no fascination, no mystery; not even, nor by any means, equality with the Soul of Man. . . . And Apollodorus might weep then, and burst into an angry cry; and Crito and Phaedo and the rest might all break down — *then*; but what were they to think afterwards? When they remembered how they had seen Death and Socrates, those two great ones, meet; and how the meeting had been as simple, as unaffected, as any meeting between themselves and Socrates,

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any morning in the past, in the Athenian *agora*? And when Death should come to them, what should they say but this: 'There is nothing about you that can impress me; formerly I conversed with one greater than you are; and I saw you pay your respects to Socrates.'

Could he, could any man, have proclaimed the Divinity in Man, its real and eternal existence, in any drama, in any poem, in any glorious splendor of rhetoric with what fervor soever of mystical ecstasy endued — with such deadly effectiveness, such inevitable success, as in this simple way he elected? There are men whose actions seem to spring from a source super-ethical: it is cheap to speak of them as good, great, beautiful or sublime: these are but the appearances they assume as we look upwards at them. What they are in themselves is: (1) Compassionate; — it is the law of their being to draw men upwards towards the Spirit; (2) Impersonal; — there is a non-being or vacuity in them where we have our passions, likings, preferences, dislikes and desires. They are, in the Chinese phrase, "the equals of Heaven and Earth";

"Earth, heaven, and time, death, life and they  
Endure while they shall be to be."

So Socrates, having failed in his life-attempt to save Athens, entered with some gusto on that great *coup de main* of his death: to make it a thing which first a small group of his friends should see; then that Greece should see; then that thirty coming centuries and more should see; — he presented it royally to posterity, for what, as a manifestation of the Divine in man, it might be worth.

And look! what is the result? Scarcely is the 'thing of muscles and sinews' cold: scarcely has high Socrates forgone his queer satyrlike embodiment: when a new luminary has risen into the firmament,— one to shine through thirty centuries certainly,

"Brighter than Jupiter — a blazing star  
Brighter than Hesper shining out to sea" —

one that is still to be splendid in the heavens wherever in Europe, wherever in America, wherever in the whole vast realm of the future men are to arise and make question and peer up into the beautiful skies of the Soul. A Phoenix in time has arisen from the ashes of Socrates: from the glory and solemnity of his death a Voice is mystically created that shall go on whispering *The Soul* wherever men think and strive towards spirituality. — Ah indeed, you were no failure, Socrates — you who were disappointed of your Critias, your Charmides, your Alcibiades, your whole Athens; you were not anything in the very least like a failure; for there was yet one among your disciples —

He says, that one, that he was absent through illness during that

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last scene of his Teacher's life. I do not know; it has been thought that that may have been merely a pretense, an artistic convention, to give a heightened value of impersonality to his marvelous prose; — for it was he who wrote down the account of the death of Socrates for us: that tragedy so transcendent in its beauty and lofty calm. But this much is certain: that day he was born again: became, from a gilded youth of Athens, an eternal luminary in the heavens, and that which he has remained these three-and-twenty hundred years: the Poet-Philosopher of the Soul, the Beacon of the Spirit for the western world. . . .

He had been a brilliant young aristocrat among the crowd that loved to talk with Socrates: the very best thing that Athens could produce in the way of birth, charm, talent, and attainments; — it is a marvel to see one so worshiped of Fortune in this world, turn so easily to become her best adored in the heaven of the Soul. On his father's side he was descended from Codrus, last king of Athens; on his mother's, from Solon: you could get nothing higher in the way of family and descent. In himself, he was an accomplished athlete; a brilliant writer of light prose; a poet of high promise when the mood struck him — and he had ideas of doing the great thing in tragedy presently; trained unusually well in music, and in mathematics; deeply read; with a taste for the philosophies: a man, in short, of culture as deep and balanced as his social standing was high. But it seemed as though the Law had brought all these excellencies together mainly to give the fashionable Athenian world assurance of a man; for here he was in his thirty-first year with nothing much achieved beyond — his favorite pursuit — the writing of *mimes* for the delectation of his set: "close studies of little social scenes and conversations, seen mostly in the humorous aspect."\* He had consorted much with Socrates; at the trial, when it was suggested that a fine might be paid, and the hemlock evitated, it was he who had first subscribed and gone about to raise a sum. But now the death of his friend and Teacher struck him like a great gale amidships; and he was transformed, another man; and the great Star Plato rose, that shines still; the great Voice Plato was lifted to speak for the Soul — and to be unequaled in that speaking, in the west, until H. P. Blavatsky came.

But note what a change had taken place with the ending of the fifth century. Hitherto all the great Athenians had been great Athenians. Aeschylus, witness of eternity, had cried his message down to Athens and to his fellow-citizens; he had poured the waters of eternity into the vial of his own age and place. I speak not of Sophocles, who was well enough rewarded with the prizes Athens had to give him. Euripides

\*Murray: *Ancient Greek Literature*; — whence all this as to Plato's youth.

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again was profoundly concerned with his Athens; and though he was contemned by and held aloof from her, it was the problems of Athens and the time that ate into his soul. Socrates came to save Athens; he did not seek political advancement, but would hold office when it came his way: was enough concerned in politics to be considered a moderate — one cause of his condemnation; but above all devoted himself to raising the moral tone of the Athenian youth and clearing their minds of falsity. Finally, he gave loyalty to his city and its laws as one reason for rejecting Crito's plan for his escape. What he hoped and lived for was, to save Athens; and he was the more content to die, when he saw that this was no longer possible.

But Plato had no part nor lot in Athens. He loathed her doctrine of democracy, as knowing it could come to no good. He had affiliations, like Aeschylus, in Sicily, whither he made certain journeys; and might have stayed there among his fellow Pythagoreans, but for the irascible temper of Dionysius. But much more, and most of all, his affiliations were in the wide Cosmos and all time: as if he foresaw that on him mainly would devolve the task of upholding spiritual ideas in Europe through the millenniums to come. He dwelt apart, and taught in the Groves of Academe outside the walls. Let Athens' foolish politics go forward as they might, or backward — he would meddle with nothing. It has been brought against him that he did nothing to help his city 'in her old age and dotage'; well, he had the business of thousands of coming years and peoples to attend to, and had no time to be accused, condemned, and executed by a parcel of obstreperous cobblers and tinkers hot-headed over the petty politics of their day. The Gods had done with Athens, and were to think now of the great age of darkness that was to come. He was mindful of a light that should arise in Egypt, after some five hundred years; and must prepare wick and oil for the Neo-Platonists. He was mindful that there should be a thing called the Renaissance in Italy; and must attend to what claims Pico di Mirandola and others should make on him for spiritual food. He must consider Holland of the seventeenth century, and England: the Platonists of Cambridge and Amsterdam: — must think of Van Helmont; and of a Vaughan who 'saw eternity the other night'; of a Traherne, who should never enjoy the world aright without some illumination from his star; of a young Milton, *penseroso*, outwatching the Bear in some high lonely tower with thrice-great Hermes, who should unsphere his spirit

“to unfold

What worlds and what vast regions hold  
The immortal mind that hath forsook  
Her mansion in this fleshly nook”;

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— no, but he must think of all times coming; and how, whenever there should be any restlessness against the tyranny of materialism and dogma, a cry should go up for *Plato*. — So let Isocrates, the ‘old man eloquent,’ — let a many-worded not unpeculant patriotic Demosthenes who knew nothing of the God-world — attend to an Athens wherein the Gods were no longer greatly interested; — the great Star Plato should rise up into mid-heaven, and shine not in, but high over Athens and quite apart from her; drawing from her indeed the external elements of his culture, but the light and substance from that which was potent in her no longer.

I said Greece served the future badly enough. Consider what might have been. The pivot of the Mediterranean world, in the sixth century, was not Athens, but in Magna Graecia: at Croton, where Pythagoras had built his school. But the mob wrecked Croton, and smashed the Pythagorean Movement as an organization; and that, I take it, and one other which we shall come to in time, were the most disastrous happenings in European history. Yes; the causes why Classical civilization went down; why the Dark Ages were dark; why the God in Man has been dethroned, and suffered all this crucifixion and ignominy these last two thousand years. Aeschylus, truly, received some needed backing from the relics of the Movement which he found still existent in Sicily; but what might he not have written, and what of his writings might not have come down to us, preserved there in the archives, had he had the peace and elevation of a Croton, organized, to retire to? Whither, too, Socrates might have gone, and not to death, when Athens became impossible; where Plato might have dwelt and taught; revealing, to disciples already well-trained, much more than ever he did reveal; and engraving, oh so deeply! on the stuff of time, the truths that make men free. And there he should have had successors and successors and successors; a line to last perhaps a thousand or two thousand years; who never should have let European humanity forget such simple facts as Karma and Reincarnation. But only at certain times are such great possibilities presented to mankind; and a seed-time once passed, there can be no sowing again until the next season comes. It is no good arguing with the Law of Cycles. Plato may not have been less than Pythagoras; yet, under the Law, he might not attempt — it would have been folly for him to have attempted — that which Pythagoras had attempted. So he had to take another line altogether; to choose another method; not to try to prevent the deluge, which was certain now to come; not even to build an ark, in which something should be saved; but, so to say, to strew the world with tokens which, when the great waters had subsided, should still remain to remind men of those things it is of most importance they should know.

This is the way he did it. He advanced no dogma, formulated no

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system; but what he gave out, he gave rather as hypotheses. His aim was to set in motion a method of thinking which should lead always back to the Spirit and Divine Truth. He started no world-religion; founded no church — not even such a quite unchurchly church as that which came to exist on the teachings of Confucius. He never had the masses practising their superstitions, nor a priesthood venting its lust of power, in his name. Instead, he arranged things so, that wherever fine minds have aspired to the light of the Spirit, Plato has been there to guide them on their way. So you are to see Star-Plato shining, you are to hear that voice from the Spheres at song, when Shelley, reaching his topmost note, sang:

“The One remains, the many change and pass;  
Heaven’s light forever shines, Earth’s shadows fly;  
Life like a dome of many-coloured glass  
Stains the white radiance of Eternity”; —

and when Swinburne sings of Time and Change that

“Songs they can stop that earth found meet,  
But the Stars keep their ageless rhyme;  
Flowers they can slay that Spring thought sweet,  
But the Stars keep their Spring sublime,  
Actions and agonies control,  
And life and death, but not the Soul.”

In a poetic age — in the time of Aeschylus, for example — Plato would have been a poet; and then perhaps we should have had to invent another class of poets, one above the present highest; and reserve it solely for the splendor of Plato. Because Platonism is the very Theosophic Soul of Poetry. But he came, living when he did, to loathe the very name of poetry: as who should say: “God pity you! I give you the Way, the Truth, and the Life, and you make answer, ‘Charming Plato, how exquisitely poetic is your prose!’ ” So his bitterness against poetry is very natural. Poetry is the inevitable vehicle of the highest truth; spiritual truth *is* poetry. But the world in general does not know this. Like Bacon, it looks on poetry as a kind of pleasurable lying. Plato went through the skies Mercury to the Sun of Truth, its nearest attendant planet; and therefore was, and could not help being, Very-Poet of very-poets. But Homer and others had lied loudly about the Gods; and, thought Plato, the Gods forbid that the truth *he* had to declare — a vital matter — should be classed with their loud lying.

He masked the batteries of his Theosophy: camouflaged his great Theosophical guns: but fired them off no less effectively, landing his splendid shells at every ganglionic point in the history of European thought since. Let a man soak his soul in Plato; and it shall go hard but the

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fair flower Theosophy shall spring up there presently and bloom. He prepares the soil: suggesting the way to, rather than precisely formulating, the high teachings. The advantage of the grand Platonic camouflage has been twofold: on the one hand, you could hardly dwarf your soul with dogmatic acceptance of Platonism, because he gave all his teachings — even Reincarnation — as hypotheses; and men do not as a rule crucify their mental freedom on an hypothesis. On the other hand, how was any Church eager to burn out heresy and heretics to deal with him? He was not to be stamped out; because his influence depended on no continuity of discipleship, no organization; because he survived merely as a tendency of thought. No churchly fulminations might silence his batteries; because he had camouflaged them, and they were not to be seen. Of course he did not invent his ideas; they are as old as Theosophy. The Lodge sent him to proclaim them in the way he did: the best way possible, since the Pythagorean effort had failed of its greatest success. What we owe to him — his genius and inestimable gift to the world — is precisely that matchless camouflage. It has been effective, in spite of efforts —

That, for instance, of a forward youth who came to Athens and studied under him for twenty years, and whom Plato called the intellect of the school, saying that he spurned his Teacher as colts do their mothers. A youth, it is said, who revered Plato always; and only gradually grew away from thinking of himself as a Platonist. But he never could have understood the inwardness of Plato or Platonism; for his mind turned as naturally to scientific or brain-mind methods, as Plato's did to mysticism and the illumination of the Soul. He adopted much of the teaching, but gave it a twist brain-mindwards; yet not such a twist, either, but that the Neo-Platonists in their day, and certain of the Arab and Turkish philosophers after them, could re-Platonize it to a degree, and admit him thus re-Platonized into their canon. I am not going to trouble you much with Aristotle; let this from the *Encyclopaedia* suffice: "Philosophic differences," it says, "are best felt by their practical effects: philosophically, Platonism is a philosophy of universal forms, Aristotelianism is a philosophy of individual substances: practically, Plato makes us think first of the supernatural and the kingdom of heaven, Aristotle of the natural and the whole world."

Or briefly, Aristotle took what he could of Plato's inspiration, and turned it from the direction of the Soul to that of the Brain-mind. The most famous of Plato's disciples, he did what he could, or what he could not help doing, to spoil Plato's message. But Plato's method had guarded that, so that for mystics it should always be there, Aristotle or no. But for mere philosophers, seeming to improve on it, he had something



## SHWE DAGON PAGODA

tainted it. It descended, as said, through the Neo-Platonists — who turned it back Plato-ward — to the Moslems: through Avicenna, who Aristotelianized, to Averroës, who Platonized it again; and from him to Europe; where Bacon presently gave it another twist to out-Aristotle Aristotle — (as someone said) to stagger the Stagirite — and passed it on as the scientific method of today. According to Coleridge, every man is by nature either a Platonist or an Aristotelian; and there is some truth in it.

And meanwhile, though the huge Greek illumination could die but slowly, Greece was growing uninteresting. For Pheidias of the earlier century, we have in Plato's time Praxiteles, whose carved gods are lounging and pretty nincom- — well, mortals; “they sink,” says the *Encyclopaedia*, “to the human level, or indeed, sometimes almost below it. They have grace and charm in a supreme degree, but the element of awe and reverence is wanting.” — We have an Aphrodite at the bath, a ‘sweet young thing’ enough, no doubt; an Apollo Sauroctonos, “a youth leaning against a tree, and idly striking with an arrow at a lizard.” A certain natural magic has been claimed for Praxiteles and his school and contemporaries; but if they had it, they mixed unholy elements with it. — And then came Alexander, and carried the dying impetus eastward with him, to touch India with it before it quite expired; and after that Hellenism became Hellenisticism, and what remained of the Crest-Wave in Greece was nothing to lose one little wink of sleep over.

## ASTRONOMICAL NOTES

C. J. RYAN

### PART IV



THEOSOPHY has no quarrel with Science, but only with materialism in thought and action masquerading as Science.

How frequently we have heard the melancholy refrain: "The Sun is cooling, it is dying. Heat is being lost by all celestial bodies, dissipated into space, never to return. The Earth was once molten, now its crust is solid, soon it will be frozen through, and as the Sun loses its energy everything will perish -- unless, perchance, some wandering comet strikes it first, or an erratic star approaches too near and causes a disruption of the Solar System, in which case it will either be reduced to vapor by explosions, or the planets will be forced out of their orbits and the exquisite balance of conditions which permits life to exist will be completely upset. Humanity is only a wretched parasite on an insignificant planet in a third-rate Solar System destined to be snuffed out by any chance blow. The 'Temporary Stars' which blaze up into extraordinary brilliancy for a few days and then fade almost into invisibility, show the sort of catastrophe that we may expect." And so forth.

Now all that is pure materialism, the child of a selfish and faithless age and a pseudo-science. It is not based on established facts but on admittedly imperfect information which recent researches are rectifying on lines fatal to the gloomy outlook. It is fostered by a very actual atheism, under whatever name it may shelter, a crude dogma of chance and accident, a virtual denial of Law in Nature. It is on a par with the theories of the materialistic biologists, who exhibit in the museums images of bestial monkey-men, not really man's ancestors but the degraded offshoots from the human stem, and who say, by way of encouraging high ideals in the youthful mind, "Man did not come from the skies. He came from the jungle. WE ARE CHILDREN OF THE APE. MAN IS AN ANIMAL. . . . HUMANITY IS ONLY A HABIT. . . ."\*

Surely all these decadent, depressing suggestions can only be 'survivals,' in a slightly altered aspect, of the musty old dogma about being 'born in sin,' which hypnotized the 'miserable sinners' into believing they could do nothing for themselves, but had to depend on outside help to save them from the worst fate! The dogmatists, in their limi-

\*Professor Moore of Chicago. an educator, in *The Open Door*.

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tation, forgot that the very Scripture which rightly warned against the evil propensities of the lower nature of man painted a very different picture of the higher. It lifted up a glorious ideal as the Gospel of hope, it taught that man was divine in his true nature and that he had the power to help himself out of the mire. In the words of Katherine Tingley:

“Man’s only way to win his great hope and to know the truth is, to seize hold on himself, assert and realize his potentially all-dominating SOUL-existence.”

This is the teaching of the New Testament.

“The kingdom of God is within you.” (*Luke*, 17, 21)

“Know ye not . . . that the spirit of God dwelleth in you?” (*I Cor.* 3, 16)

But great changes are impending in the world of scientific theory. Many leading biologists are abandoning the anthropoid-ape genealogy of man and are taking up a more careful and less dogmatic position; ‘natural selection’ is now looked upon as a minor factor in the ‘survival of the fittest.’ What do we find in the most advanced astronomical ranks?

Progress of a remarkable kind. The pessimists are no longer in the high places, although many voices still echo the old story. New discoveries and well-founded speculations are coming out on lines which appeal to our sense of justice and, though incomplete, they are in harmony with the teachings of Theosophy. In view of the new position of the more profound thinkers we can ignore the croakers.

Caution must be used before accepting scientific deductions from incomplete data, particularly when they clash with the basic principles of Law and Reason in nature. It must puzzle the ‘general reader’ to encounter the antagonistic assertions of various authorities about the age of the Sun, its life-span, its heat, etc. One expert, in all sincerity, will define these matters with such assurance that everything seems clear -- until another equally-well-informed professor, calmly ignoring the first, and even the whole school to which he belongs, lays down a flatly contradictory theory. H. P. Blavatsky showed her wisdom when she warned Theosophists not to tremble for their convictions in the presence of the negations of scientists, for, as she said, scientific opinion is quick to change and the orthodoxy of ten years ago is now on the scrap-heap, while the ancient truths of the Wisdom-Religion, Theosophy, will stand as they have stood for ages. But the reign of scientific materialism is palpably weakening.

It is almost universally believed that the Earth (and of course the Sun) must be very old indeed: some say it is more than a billion years old, others are satisfied with a few hundred millions, but few geologists or biologists will admit the possibility that less than a hundred million

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years have elapsed since the Primary strata were formed. According to H. P. Blavatsky the ancient records say that the earliest rocks are not less than three hundred million years old. Recent discoveries in radio-activity, such as the enormous length of time necessary for the transmutation of uranium, etc., have been welcomed by geologists and others, for they support the long periods called for to explain the record of the rocks. It is a curious anomaly, therefore, to find in a recent article on the Sun by astronomer A. Veronnet of the Paris Observatory the statement that: "the Sun, in the form of a star, and giving forth radiations, has not been shining more than about a million years," and that it will "cool down" in about four million years, thereby giving the Earth no more than five million years for its life-period at the outside!\* And this in face of a mass of incontrovertible facts in geology and terrestrial physics which demonstrate that the Earth alone must be immensely older than that.

Leaving this example, without further discussion, to stand for an illustration of the lack of unanimity in scientific theorizing, we must pass to the well-considered opinions of a representative of the most advanced thought on the subject of the End of the World. Will it come pretty soon in a haphazard manner through the cooling off of the Sun or by the too near approach of another star, or is the Solar System so organized as to resist disintegration or the destruction of its living inhabitants by any forces known to science?

Before quoting the scientist referred to let us admit that there will surely come an end to the world when its work is done and it is time for humanity developed to a grandeur unimaginable today — to pass into another condition. But the divine ordinance of the universe has no place for a 'chance' comet, a wandering star, or a fortuitous cooling process to precipitate a premature catastrophe. The sudden flaring up of Novae — new and temporary stars previously invisible or very faint — has given color to the theory of the destruction of star systems through explosion caused by collision, and their rejuvenation by the ultimate recondensing of the resulting nebula. But there may be a very different explanation for these outbursts. It does not follow that they are the catastrophic closing scene of solar systems in the prime of life. In *Five Years of Theosophy* a remarkable statement is made which is worth

\*A curious point for astronomers to settle is raised by the rapid-cooling hypothesis of Veronnet and any supporters he may have. It is generally (though not necessarily accurately) believed that Saturn and Jupiter are in a very early stage of development, and will require untold ages to settle down into solid conditions capable of bearing life as we know it in physical forms. But if the Sun becomes a dark star in a very limited period, those unfortunate planets will lose their chances!

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

careful consideration, for it opens out a new vista of possibilities:—

“ . . . many of such clusters, that pass in the opinion of astro-physicists for stars and worlds already evolved, are in fact but collections of the various materials made ready for future worlds. Like bricks already baked, of various qualities, shapes and color, that are no longer formless clay but have become fit units of a future wall, each of them having a fixed and distinctly assigned space to occupy in some forthcoming building, are these seemingly adult worlds. The astronomer has no means of recognizing their relative adolescence. . . . Before an emphatic contradiction of what precedes is attempted, and ridicule offered perchance, it would not be amiss to ascertain the nature and character of those other so-called ‘temporary stars,’ whose periodicity, though never actually proven, is yet allowed to pass unquestioned. What are these stars which, appearing suddenly in matchless magnificence and splendor, disappear as mysteriously as unexpectedly, without leaving a single trace behind? Whence do they appear? Whither are they engulfed? In the great cosmic deep — we say. The bright ‘brick’ is caught by the hand of the mason — directed by that Universal Architect *which* destroys but to rebuild. It has found its place in the cosmic structure and will perform its mission to the last *Manvantaric* hour.”

Scientific information is yet very meager about temporary stars, but the theory of destruction and rejuvenation by collision has at least helped to shake the preposterous idea that the whole universe is ‘running down,’ parting with its energies into empty space without possibility of recompense, and tending to become a frozen corpse.

The doctrine of periodic or cyclic change is the only hypothesis which can stand against the materialistic notion of chance. It is a fundamental law in nature, and has been recognised for ages. In the Hindû philosophy we find the grandiose conception of the Great Year of Brahmâ, the Days and Nights of Brahmâ, major and minor periods of manifestation and rest — manvantaras and pralayas — a magnificent idea, the result of long and intimate study of the inner workings of nature. H. P. Blavatsky says:

“MATTER IS ETERNAL, becoming atomic (its aspect) only periodically. . . . nature runs down and disappears from the objective plane, only to re-emerge after a period of rest out of the subjective, and to reascend once more.”— *The Secret Doctrine*, I, pp. 582, 149

We find this in the Proem to *The Secret Doctrine*:

“Further, the Secret Doctrine affirms:

II. The Eternity of the Universe *in toto* as a boundless plane; periodically the ‘playground of numberless Universes incessantly manifesting and disappearing,’ called the ‘manifesting stars,’ and the ‘sparks of Eternity.’ . . . ‘*The appearance and disappearance of Worlds is like a regular tidal ebb of flux and reflux.*’”

It is impossible to enter into detail on this profoundly interesting subject; the student who wishes to trace the ramifications of the periodic laws will find what he needs in the pages of *The Secret Doctrine*. We must return to the scientist referred to above, Dr. Gustav Jaumann, Professor of Physics at Brünn Polytechnic, and his remarkable lecture

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on the enduring nature of present conditions on the Sun and Earth, the impossibility of the Earth falling into the Sun or having its orbit permanently disrupted, and other facts of great importance, all showing that there is no basis for the lugubrious 'chance' and 'accident' theories about the end of the world. The points which Professor Jaumann insists upon with the greatest force and fullest scientific evidence, are in complete harmony with the fundamental principles of the soul-saving Aryan philosophy which H. P. Blavatsky brought to the West, and for which she was condemned by a materialistic age as ignorant! Professor Jaumann's address is such an important contribution to modern thought that it has been translated and made a part of a special report of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington on the progress of science. The entire paper is worth careful study, but only a few extracts of particular interest to students of Theosophy can be given here.

After discussing the fundamental laws of Gravitation and the Conservation of Energy which, he says, "lead to essentially pessimistic results" *as they have been interpreted*, he examines the difficult problems in astronomy which they have not solved, such as the lunar acceleration of six seconds per century, the abnormalities in the orbits of Venus, Mercury, and Mars, and in terrestrial gravitation. He says:

"... generally speaking, the law of gravitation suffices to calculate celestial movements with considerable exactitude, always granting that the cosmic ether is absolutely devoid of friction. Now this is far from being admitted by physicists."

In fact, the celestial bodies do encounter friction. As the smallest and most ethereal comets — far less dense than the faintest terrestrial vapor, for a tiny star which is extinguished by the thinnest cloud will shine through thousands of miles of a comet's tail — are able to penetrate so deeply into the Sun's Corona as almost to graze the surface of the Sun at 500 kilometers a second without experiencing any appreciable resistance or retardation, "one is obliged to admit that the law of gravitation is not alone in play, and that unseen forces, as foreseen among others by Kepler, act upon celestial bodies in motion, tending to compensate the frictional effect of cosmic ether." After considering the successful efforts that have been made to find the gravitational laws which counteract the friction of the ether, which has to be seriously reckoned with, he continues:

"The new theory of gravitation is derived from this struggle; it is a victory carried by the extreme wing. . . . Now the planetary movements cause perturbations of the nature of accumulations, so to speak, in the gravitational field in front of these bodies, giving rise to gravitational forces additional to the Newtonian forces . . . the most important among them lying in the direction of the displacement of the planet whose movement it thus aids. It increases with the speed of the planet. . . . Thus all the peculiarities of gravitation are found

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integrally explained, something which the Newtonian law was incapable of doing. These new gravitational forces impart, moreover, to the planetary system a perfect physical stability of a kind that might be called illimitable. They tend to conserve the actual forms of the planetary orbits, not only in spite of the considerable frictional resistance of the cosmic ether but in spite of enormous accidental perturbations. Should such a perturbation — which might, for instance, result from the passage in the neighborhood of the Solar System of a star with a very rapid proper motion — have the effect of entirely modifying the planetary orbits, the new gravitational forces would introduce among the elements of the orbits variations such that the orbits would return exactly to their prior stable form. . . . The planetary system is established with a permanence which, estimated according to any time notions we can conceive, might be regarded as eternal.”

Dr. Jaumann’s entire lecture is a carefully reasoned demonstration of facts showing that the leaders of science of greatest insight have no grounds for further objection to the teaching that the Earth will not perish by accidental catastrophe, but will last until it has run its appointed cycle of manifestation guided by intelligent law.

Let us see if Dr. Jaumann has any comfort to give the mournful propagandists of the freezing-to-death hypothesis. Not a particle:

“No trace, however feeble, has been demonstrated regarding the cooling of the Sun. . . . It was for a long time held indisputable that the Earth was in process of cooling, but this idea has had to be abandoned. . . . Fluctuations of 10 degrees above and below mean temperature have been observed several times in Europe, thus placing those regions alternately under tropical and glacial conditions; and from that point of view the most remote ages of the geological history of the Earth do not differ at all from the present epoch. In the Palaeo-Cambrian beds extended but diffuse glacial beds have been found. Thus the temperature at that period was not higher but lower than in our epoch, and that after a hundred million years. One would have to admit, in the Sun, the existence of a store of energy able, without appreciable diminution, to withstand during so long a period the enormous waste which we infer. Thus the stability of the planetary system and the power of the Sun are found verified, so to say, from direct observation.”

He then shows, at too great length to be fully quoted, in the light of the “new differential form of the principle of the Conservation of Energy,” how the interior heat of the Earth is kept up:

“All dense bodies should therefore unceasingly and spontaneously give rise to heat, these bodies being radiators functioning spontaneously though in very different degrees, in general inappreciably to our senses. Far from being in contradiction to the principle of Energy this fact results precisely from its expression in the form of a differential law. The radium salts determine in reality a similar effect of spontaneous heating, but of an intensity so exceptional as to astonish physicists. At the time of this discovery one had doubts of the validity of the principle of Energy. But it is only the integral form of the principle which occasions these doubts, while the differential form, or the graduative effect, is thus confirmed in brilliant fashion. The increase of temperature in the deep strata of the Earth is explained by this effect of spontaneous heating without employing the hypothesis of radium deposits.”

Earthquake and other researches have recently convinced geologists that the interior of the Earth is not a liquid, molten mass, but possibly is as rigid as steel, and, according to the differential form of the principles mentioned above, the heated conditions will continue

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without fear of depletion. But what about the Sun? Is it losing its energies and receiving no compensation? "The Sun is cooling; the Sun is dying!" Not so, according to Professor Jaumann and the advanced school. Nature has been slandered by the malicious charge that she recklessly squanders her forces. Yet we must be prepared to see the old materialistic statements brought up again and again, for the popularizers of science will be slow to abandon such a grand opportunity for rhetoric. Professor Jaumann says:

"On the other hand, there is produced an enormous concentration towards the Sun arising in the field of gravitation, a concentration which by its radiation compensates the wasted energy in the Sun, and ensures the permanency of its mean temperature" [whatever that may be]. "The Sun, one sees, yields no energy to remote regions on the confines of cosmic space; whatever it radiates in the form of energy in cosmic space is recovered under the flow of energy in the field of gravitation. . . . There is no occasion to fear the cooling of the Sun, which would put an end to our existence; humanity will not perish after experiencing, like the Eskimo, a glacial climate; the radiation of the Sun becomes stabilized, the intellectual and physical evolution of humanity can, on the contrary, continue for an illimitable period, transcending all the imagination can conceive.

"Thus, with the aid of the differential theories, it becomes possible to regard the future with confidence and to bring efficacious support to a new philosophic concept of high value."

In recognising with satisfaction Dr. Jaumann's declaration that the Sun's energies are not being reduced, we must not forget that very little is known about the surface conditions of the Sun and nothing about the interior. According to the teachings of Theosophy the Sun is not in combustion; it is not even in a condition of materiality with which we are acquainted by actual contact on Earth. We are not justified in speaking of the energy of the Sun which produces the phenomenon of heat when it passes into our atmosphere as if it were the result of the intense chemical oxidation of combustion. It is now generally admitted that the Sun is not *burning*, and various guesses have been made as to the source of its energies, but none are conclusive. Veronnet, in the article quoted above, repeats the general impression about the Sun's heat: "We know the Sun has a temperature of about 6000° C.", and then goes on to discuss its rapid cooling. We *know* nothing of the kind. The temperature of the Sun has been variously estimated from 1500 to 9,000,000 degrees, and even now there is no agreement. All we *know* is that the energy of the Sun produces heat when it enters our atmosphere; no one claims that interplanetary space is heated, though it is assuredly filled with intensely active vibrations. The suggestion has been made that the solar forces are transformed, in passing through the Earth's atmosphere, into what we perceive as light and heat, precisely as resistance offered to the passage of an electric current produces light and heat. Electro-magnetic energy can be passed through your hand or a block of ice without heating it, and yet it can then be transformed



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so as to boil water, as Bachelet showed in his experiments in 1914 in connexion with his model of the high-speed electro-magnetic railroad. The following paragraph from *Current Opinion*, April 1918, is significant:

“Professor Jean Bosler’s somewhat revolutionary theory of the Sun. The French astrophysicist departs markedly from the received ideas. It seems extremely probable to him that the solar matter is electrified. He affirms in the Paris *L’Astronomie* that the corona really gives us an image of the general magnetic field of the Sun like the terrestrial magnetic field — a sphere uniformly magnetized — and also similar to that of a rotating sphere electrically charged. The importance of this theory is due to the fact that its verification would profoundly modify our conception of the Sun as a center of high temperature. It is a hot body, but not nearly so hot as we have been taught to believe.”

All doubts as to the Sun being a magnetic body have been recently dispelled by the new confirmations of Professor Hale’s spectroscopic discoveries in connexion with the ‘Zeeman Effect,’ the bending of light-rays in magnetic fields. The Sun is magnetized similarly to, though more powerfully than, the Earth, and it has magnetic poles. As it is well known that magnetic bodies, such as an ordinary steel magnet, lose their magnetism if highly heated, owing, it is generally taught, to the disorganization and loosening up of its molecular structure, the problem has naturally arisen: How can the Sun be intensely hot and yet retain its magnetism?

In view of these points, and of Professor Jaumann’s declaration as to the endurance of the solar energies in spite of its tremendous output, the following extract from *Five Years of Theosophy* is of great interest at this juncture:

“Were the Sun ‘a cooling mass’ our great life-giver would have indeed grown dim with age by this time, and found some trouble to keep his watch-fires burning for the future races to accomplish their cycles, and the planetary chains to achieve their rounds. There would remain no hope for humanity; except perhaps in what passes for science in the astronomical textbooks of Missionary Schools — namely, that ‘the sun has an orbital journey of a hundred millions of years before him, and the system yet but seven thousand years old!’ (Prize Book, *Astronomy for General Readers*.)” [We] “deny most emphatically (a) that the sun is in combustion, in any ordinary sense of the word; or (b) that he is *incandescent*, or even *burning*, though he is *glowing*; or (c) that his luminosity has already begun to weaken and his power . . . may be exhausted within a given and conceivable time. . . . No, we say; no, while there is one man left on the globe, the sun will not be extinguished. Before the hour of the ‘Solar Pralaya’ strikes on the watch-tower of Eternity, all the other worlds of our system will be gliding in their spectral shells along the silent paths of Infinite Space.”

— *Five Years of Theosophy*, ed. of 1885, pp. 252-261

H. P. Blavatsky, in her great work *The Secret Doctrine*, quoting from the Commentaries, says:

“‘The Sun is the heart of the Solar World (System) and its brain is hidden behind the (visible) Sun. From thence, sensation is radiated into every nerve-center of the great body, and the waves of the life-essence flow into each artery and vein. . . . The planets are its limbs and pulses.’

“It was stated elsewhere (in the *Theosophist*) that Occult philosophy denies that the Sun is a globe in combustion . . . there is a regular circulation of the vital fluid throughout our system, of which the Sun is the heart — the same as the circulation of the blood in the human

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body — during the manvantaric solar period, or life: the Sun contracting as rhythmically, at every return of it, as the human heart does. Only, instead of performing the round in a second or so, it takes the solar blood ten of its years, and a whole year to pass through its *auricles* and *ventricles* before it washes the *lungs* and passes thence to the great veins and arteries of the system.

“This, Science will not deny, since Astronomy knows of the fixed cycle of eleven years when the number of solar spots increases, *which is due to the contraction of the Solar HEART.*”

— *The Secret Doctrine*, I, pp. 540-41.

In addition to the manifestation of the Solar pulsation shown by the sunspot openings, another effect, not discovered when H. P. Blavatsky wrote, has been observed. While the Sun was always thought to be a perfectly circular body (in profile) with no equatorial protuberance — a singular thing in a globe of such low density rotating at high speed — of late years measurements have been published tending to show that the Polar Axis of the Sun lengthens a few hundred miles as the sunspot maximum approaches, diminishing at the minimum. This curious eleven-year or so vibration is quite what should be expected when we consider the Sun's function as the pulsating heart of the System.

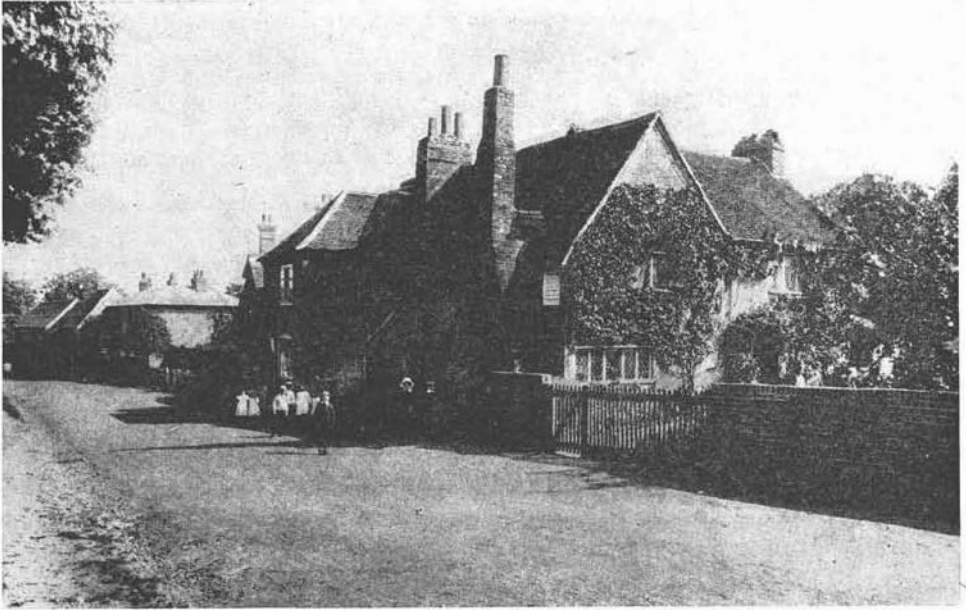
In regard to the Solar magnetism the following remarks by Flammarion at a Midsummer Day festival on the Eiffel Tower in Paris, are noteworthy:

“Among the prophetic divinations of Kepler we can admire these three words ‘*Corpus Solem Magneticum.*’ While Copernicus compared the Sun to a heart, his successor compared it to a magnet, causing the worlds to revolve about it and sending its vibrations through space. This idea has been confirmed by the discoveries of twentieth-century astronomers, notably by Hale in America and Deslandres in France . . . how many doubters there have been . . . who could see nothing but fortuitous coincidence between the variation of sun-spots and terrestrial magnetism. . . . Now we see that the champions of the relationships between solar and magnetic phenomena were right. . . . Thus from the sun there emanates a force different from the light and heat that we perceive with our senses . . . a magnetic bond, invisible and powerful, links our earth to the central body of the solar system . . . magnetism — a force still unexplained, which beyond all doubt puts the planets into touch with one another. . . . One of the reasons that seemed to authorize a denial of solar magnetism was the high temperature of the sun. . . . As we well know, a mass of iron heated red-hot loses its magnetic properties. Hence it was formerly declared dogmatically that the sun ‘could not’ be a magnetic body. But the nature of magnetism and electricity was then unknown — as indeed it still is.”

It is interesting to note in the above passage the approving references made to the great Kepler by both Flammarion and Jaumann.



“LOOK nature through; 'tis revolution all,  
All change; no death. Day follows night, and night  
The dying day; stars rise and set, and set and rise.  
Earth takes the example. All to reffourish fades  
As in a wheel: all sinks to reascend;  
Emblems of man, who passes, not expires.”— YOUNG



MILTON'S COTTAGE, CHALFONT ST. GILES, ENGLAND

## JOHN MILTON

WILLIAM HENRY VOIGT

**J**OHAN MILTON, England's greatest epic poet, is an interesting literary personage; it would be difficult to name anyone in the whole range of poetry who is more interesting. He has become an object of actual interest now, and a few years ago we celebrated the tercentenary of his birth.

The date of his birth marks the opening of a clearly-defined period of English history; that of his death, the close of that period. In 1608 Elizabeth had been dead five years, leaving the throne to the son of her unfortunate rival. Milton lived to within nearly four years of the allotted three-score and ten.

It has been said of Milton that he may be regarded as being in many respects "the standard of dignified poetic expression; although Shakespeare alone exhibits the varied elements of copiousness, power, and brilliancy inherent in our language."

"It is easy," says Pope, "to mark out the general course of our poetry; Chaucer, Spencer, Milton, and Dryden are landmarks for it."

Milton was born in London. He did not fail to feel the various disturbances of his times. A revolution was brooding, destined to burst forth in a few years; in religion new forms of belief were multiplying with a rapidity which amazed contemporaries and bewilders those who

## JOHN MILTON

try to classify them today; in politics there was a breaking away from the past and a plunge into the uncertainties of untrodden ways.

When the awe-struck crowds that stood around the scaffold before Whitehall saw the head of their sovereign roll beneath the headsman's axe, they turned away with a shudder; all Europe held its breath and wondered what was to come next.

Out of the chaos that followed, emerged the towering figure of Oliver Cromwell.

Milton himself was deeply moved by the mental restlessness of his time. He gives us a striking passage in his *Areopagitica* as follows:

"Behold now this vast city; a city of refuge, the mansion-house of liberty, encompassed and surrounded with this protection; the shop of war hath not more anvils and hammers working to fashion out the plates and instruments of armed justice in defense of beleaguered truth, than there be pens and heads there, sitting by their studious lamps, musing, searching, revolving, new notions and ideas wherewith to present, as with their homage and fealty, the approaching Reformation; others as fast reading, trying all things, assenting to the force of reason and convincement."

At the age of sixteen he was sent to Christ's College, Cambridge, where he remained seven years. During his course of study there, he wrote a beautiful poem which marks a new era in English poetry, *The Ode on the Nativity*.

*Lycidas*, a monody on the death of a friend, Edward King, which Dr. Johnson treats with contempt, is praised by Warton and Hallam as a "good test of real poetic feeling."

*Comus*, a masque, the most graceful and fanciful of his poems; *L'Allegro*, an ode to mirth; *Il Penseroso*, an ode to melancholy, all follow in regular order; the last two are no less Italian in their thought and mode of treatment than in their titles.

In 1638 he went abroad, traveling in Italy and France. About 1644 appeared his *Tractate on Education*, in which he rejects the method of the school and the university, and proposes a system imitated chiefly from the gymnasia of Sparta and Athens; but of course this proved impracticable, and it remained a utopian dream.

The late Sir J. R. Seeley finds in Milton a return to classical ideals. He says:

"Greek was discovered for Englishmen by Milton. He is the founder of that school of classical revival which is represented in the present age by Mr. Matthew Arnold."

In the triumph of the Republicans, Milton was appointed Latin secretary to Oliver Cromwell, in which position he toiled away, wasting the exuberance of his rare imagination and his marvelous powers of style on humdrum work which a score of others could have done as well as

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he. He is Apollo herding the sheep of Admetus, a Pegasus hitched to a cart. Never was any one more a man of his age than was Milton. To every form of the manifold greater activities of his age he gave his attention. In 1650 was published his *Defensio pro populo Anglicano*, a reply to Salmasius, after Grotius the most learned man in Europe, who had defended the claims and conduct of King Charles I. Milton boasts that he made Europe ring with his defense, and glories that he lost his eyesight in the work.

"Dark, dark, dark amid the blaze of noon,  
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse,  
Without all hope of day—"(*Samson Agonistes*)

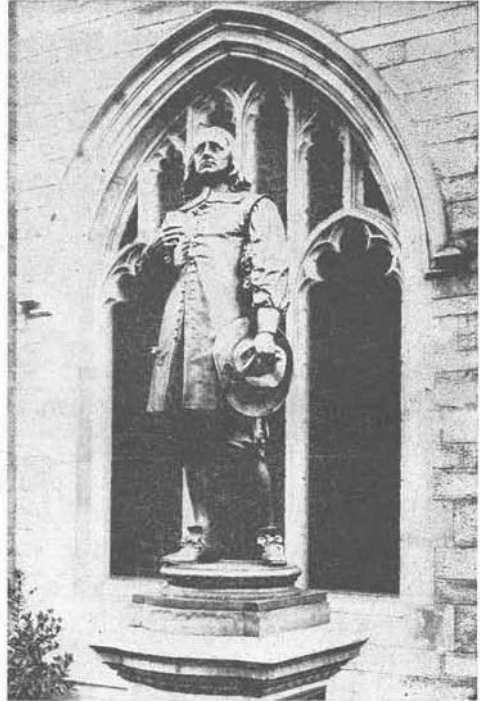
He threw himself heart and soul into the welter of religious and political controversy. Among wrangling partisans who pelted one another with pamphlets, he drew attention to himself by the novelty and boldness of his views.

When the authorities of both Church and State, who themselves had gone before in setting aside the ideas by which their ancestors had lived, felt called upon to check the boldness of others, the voice that was raised in protest against any attempt at restraint was the voice of Milton.

There often appears in his works a contrast (but not a conflict) between his conviction and his sympathies — between his logic and his fancy. This is nowhere better shown than in the immortal poem, *Paradise Lost*, which all have read. He who would have destroyed monarchic institutions and the hierarchy of the Church, and who would have abolished external dignities on earth, has presented to us a graduated hierarchy of orders in heaven — "Thrones, Princedoms, Virtues, Dominations, Powers," etc.

*Paradise Lost* is the poem of Puritanism. The Miltonic Satan is a stupendous poetical creation, and there is a heroic grandeur in that creation which wins a human sympathy.

About four years before his death, he wrote his tragedy of *Samson Agonistes*. It was not considered a success. *Comus* was a beautiful



JOHN MILTON  
Statue by Horace Montford

## JOHN MILTON

reflexion of a happy youth, but *Samson Agonistes* shows the gloomy grandeur of the poet's old age.

"I feel my genial spirit droop,  
My race of glory run, and race of shame;  
And I shall shortly be with them that rest."

Milton's poems have drawn from Dryden, the father of Classicism, the hyperbole of admiration: "This man cuts us all out and the ancients too."



JOHN MILTON

Portrait by John Krämer

The literature which has grown up around his name (and it is already vast and is growing every day, despite the statement of O. J. Jenkins who says that "since the works are nearly forgotten they can do no great harm") is characterized to a large extent by something which, for want of a better term may be called enthusiasm.

This word enthusiasm has a colorless sense today. It once referred to a state of mind which was something like inner intoxication. In some such sense we will employ it here. The poet Wordsworth suffered his intoxication to pass from the figurative to the physical. Wordsworth was habitually a waterdrinker, but water is not the element of enthusiasts. The "Evoe" of the maenads was

not shouted after Neptune but after Bacchus. So when Wordsworth crossed the threshold of Milton's rooms at Christ's, he intoned his "nunc est bibendum."

This is the spirit of much of the writing about Milton. Too many admirers are carried out of themselves in the fervor of their panegyric. Not so with Dr. Johnson, the strong-minded old Tory Englishman who treats Milton with severity in his estimate of the latter's character. Milton was just the opposite, in principles and sympathies, to Johnson. The Rev. Mr. Faber called him "an execrable rebel and heretic." This writer is somewhat shocking in his plainness of speech, but what he says is perhaps true. The truth is hard to believe, sometimes. It has been

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

shown that Milton lived in an age of disturbances and of course it had its effects upon the character of the poet. Many others rebelled against the order of the day.

Matthew Arnold says that the Puritans spoiled Milton.

The poet's domestic life was unhappy. He was doomed to go through life companionless. Naturally an unsociable character, he was misunderstood. On the whole, then, as Wordsworth's apostrophe puts it, his "soul was like a star and dwelt apart."

Of a friendship of the 'alter ego' type, the traces are few. The solitary exception seems to have been Charles Diodati. Yet he had many admirers. But there was something in him which overawed even these, and there was little of the milk of human kindness to make them feel at ease. Others than he have shown that unapproachableness is not necessarily an attribute of exalted greatness.

Milton, like Cicero with all his self-importance, was a little too 'egotistic,' but it is a subject for discussion whether a man has the right to be egotistic or not. The classical ideal was fame: the ideal of Fabricius and Themistocles. Egotism, however understood, is a foe to companionableness. A characteristic of Milton was the predominance of self-exaltation over self-effacement.

We have dwelt thus at some little length on the unamiable aspect of Milton's character, because it was a prominent trait in him too lightly passed over by those who make him the object of indiscriminating praise.

Men of different creeds and of no creed, those who rejoice in what he did as well as those who have tried to undo his work, unite their voices in proclaiming him a glory to his age. He is a paragon of human nature for Coleridge and De Quincey. Wordsworth addresses him as one whose soul was like a star and dwelt apart. The late Professor Masson has laid at his feet an offering truly valuable, nine volumes, six of which are a biography, the most colossal that admiration ever prepared for genius.



"PERHAPS no man has ever had a mighty influence over his fellows without having the innate need to dominate, and this need usually becomes the more imperious in proportion as the complications of life make self inseparable from a purpose which is not selfish."—*George Eliot*

## AWAKENING

R. MACHELL

### CHAPTER III



ED roses, passionate red roses — how they glow down there in the old rose-garden, where the wanton breezes riot and reel around among the bushes, drunk with the passionate perfume, which they heedlessly scatter as they go.

Beyond the garden is a wilderness where thistles thrive luxuriantly, and there the wayward winds play havoc, bearing the thistledown away across the weald to let it fall in well-tilled fields among the grain so diligently sown. . . . The gentle thistledown — how could the thoughtless breezes dream those delicate seeds could wreak such havoc with the farmer's crops? How could they know what emotions the perfume of the roses might engender in the hearts of innocent lovers? What do the roses and the winds know of the mystery of man? What do they know of man's divinity or destiny? A little less perhaps than man himself, who gladly lets the thistledown invade the garden of his heart, where pure white lilies ought to reign, and the blue larkspur sing its color-song of hope, echoing on earth the purity of Paradise.

THE MARRIAGE of Steven Cranley to the brewer's widow had been a great occasion in the history of Comberfield; the old parish church had been adorned and decorated past all recognition, and was crowded to suffocation, while the array of ministering ecclesiastics was unprecedented; and the general rejoicing testified to the popularity of the young bridegroom as much as to the worldly wisdom of his choice.

But with Beatrice it was another matter. She flatly refused to have her marriage made a public festival. Her mother did not press the matter, and her father was delighted to be spared another wedding on the scale of Steven's, though neither of them understood the feelings that made their daughter insist upon a ceremony of the simplest possible kind. Carothers said he hated ceremonies, and agreed to anything his fiancée suggested in connexion with the wedding.

So it fell out that Uncle Jonas and his curate were the only clergy present, the visitors were relatives, and the spectators were the servants



## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

and gardeners and some of the principal tenants on the estate, who would have been hurt at not being asked to see Miss Beatrice married. She had a strange hold on the affections of the people, though she had never done anything to bid for their regard. Those who loved her did so disinterestedly. The village thought it odd, this quiet wedding, so strangely in contrast with the brilliancy of her brother's: but all agreed that it would not be like her to do things as other people do, and then the captain was a stranger, a quiet retiring sort of man, an unknown quantity. So there was considerable curiosity and speculation as to the future.

The curate did not speculate. He hardly dared to hope that she would be happy; there was such ominous foreboding of misfortune in his heart. He tried to put the future out of mind and to live in the simple duties of the hour. But when the day came for the wedding, his misery seemed more than he could bear; and when he took his place within the chancel and looked up at the old stained-glass window, he was hardly surprised to see the angel's face veiled in a mist that seemed to come and go even as he stood there gazing at it. He turned his eyes away, fearing he would be taken with faintness, and attributing the clouding of his vision to his sleepless nights and general despondency.

But Beatrice never looked that way; she seemed serenely happy, almost too radiant, the curate thought. It seemed to him that there was something unnatural in the brilliance of her eyes, and in the tension of her figure, usually so lithe and supple. He thought that she was not herself: or was it perhaps another self he had not seen before? The captain was impenetrable.

The day was stormy and the clouds gathered heavily before the married couple drove away; and as the carriage vanished down the long avenue of fluted elms, the pride of Comberfield, the curate saw again the setting star; and as he drove home to Chenstead the rain and sleet came down in torrents, as if the elements appreciated his despair and offered him their sympathy in fitting terms. The storm seemed so appropriate it almost made him glad; a state of mind that shocked his sense of delicacy, and made him feel somewhat ashamed.

The winter passed, and Beatrice wrote dutifully to her parents telling them all about other people, and just precisely nothing at all about herself. They wondered a little perhaps, but then nothing surprised them that she might do or leave undone. They took it as it came. But Alice Cranley, Steven's wife, was not so easily satisfied. She had accepted Beatrice as a sister whole-heartedly, and loved her frankly as a sister; and she was not satisfied. Alice was worried about it. Most people called Mrs. Steven rattle-brained, shallow, superficial, and so on: perhaps

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they were correct as far as their observation went; but human nature is certainly complex, and Mrs. Steven Cranley had a heart, as well as a mind that certainly was lacking in profundity; and in that heart she kept the picture of her new sister very tenderly enshrined.

One day when she was staying at Comberfield the curate called, and she received him, being the only one at home. They naturally referred to the weddings, and he asked for news of the Carothers, more as a matter of form than from a wish to open up the subject. But Mrs. Steven was taken off her guard by this rather insignificant person, and answered more frankly than she would have done if there had been others present. She showed that she was worried at not having satisfactory news, and he at once caught the feeling of alarm that she most innocently betrayed. He dared not press the matter, but his manner somehow impressed his hostess with a subtle sense of sympathy that made her look at him more carefully. He had been until then no more than a mere curate, the most negligible of men in her eyes; but now he seemed to have a certain significance. She kept him chatting there until some other callers came, and then she asked if she might come and see his little church at Chenstead, affecting an interest in archaeology that was entirely insincere. And so a few days later she found herself climbing the hill behind the farm with him to "see the view," really to talk of Beatrice. She had got a letter from her and was more worried than before. She simply had to talk to someone. Stevie was no good: he absolutely refused to see a shadow in the sky until the rain came down, and then he always said it was a passing shower, no matter how long it lasted; his optimism to some seemed hardly distinguishable from egotism. He would be happy at all costs and under all circumstances. As to disturbing himself about the future, that was unthinkable; to worry over the past was obviously ridiculous; and to allow anything to spoil the pleasure of the moment was to show oneself unworthy of the goods the gods bestow. She could not talk to Stevie of her anxiety about Beatrice.

She perched herself upon a rock, turning her back to all the beauty of the scene, and looking straight at the curate said:

"There's something wrong with Beatrice. What is it? Do you know? I'm sure she is not happy, and if that is so, something will happen. She has a heart, and hearts are like volcanos: you never can tell when they will break out, only that when they do there's ruin and desolation, to say nothing of the smoke and noise. It would be horrid to have a scandal. Besides, she is too good to be unhappy. And yet her husband loves her passionately. I am sure of that, although he poses as a blasé sort of cynic. I never trust that kind of men. Stevie thinks the world of him."

She stopped and looked inquiringly at the man beside her, but got

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

no answer. He stood looking down and prodding the earth with his umbrella in an absent-minded sort of way that irritated the impetuous lady.

"Well, what do you think about it? Am I making mountains out of mole-hills?"

"I hardly know what to say," he answered thoughtfully.

"You are not satisfied," she said. "I see it in your manner: what do you know?"

"Nothing," he said dejectedly. "How should I know anything? I am not in her confidence. And yet I must confess I was uneasy from the first. You see, Miss Cranley was not like other girls. She seemed to have ideals; though she never spoke to me of anything beyond the ordinary courtesies of life. But I have seen her on one or two occasions look like a saint or angel in an old stained-glass window . . ."

He broke off suddenly, as if he had said more than he intended. In reality it was the allusion that brought back to him the strange impression he had received on looking at the window in the chancel during the marriage ceremony. He could not speak of that; and what he had already said seemed suddenly to have some strange significance that had not been apparent to him before his own reference to the angel in the window.

"What do you mean by that?" she asked, looking even more intently at her companion.

"Why, simply that she has a deeper side to her character than I have noticed signs of in other young ladies, and truly I could not feel that Captain Carothers was a man who could appreciate the beauty of an ideal in any way spiritual or above the ordinary, you know."

He ended lamely, almost apologetically, never having spoken to any one so openly of deeper things outside the pulpit or the sick-room, and there he spoke professionally; now he was speaking from his heart and feared he might be misunderstood.

But Alice Cranley was a woman of the world and did not often make mistakes in judging men's characters. She liked the curate and read his story as easily as if he had made a full confession. She knew that there were people who saw deeper into the mysteries of life than others do or than she herself cared to, and she suspected Beatrice was one of these. Suddenly the tragedy of the marriage flashed on her and she looked up aghast.

The curate understood the expression in her eyes, and saw his own fears verified. He saw the Crucifixion of a Soul upon the Cross of passion. In that brief moment the drama of the Soul revealed itself, and though he only caught a glimpse of but a fragment of the great tragedy, he stood appalled. The fiery sun was burning beyond the banks of clouds near

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the horizon, and he looked into that glowing furnace lost in awe before the revelation of the heart's possibilities of suffering. His usually insignificant features became so eloquent, that his companion watched him with a most unusual interest, and waited silently, she who hated silence most of all things.

At last he turned to her and said: "What can we do?"

She looked down suddenly to hide the tears that came into her eyes. She never cried: but there was something confiding in the "we" that touched her unexpectedly. They came down the hill in silence, but with a perfect sympathy between them; and if thoughts are truly messages that need no telegraphic apparatus for their conveyance, then surely Beatrice must have felt some comfort from their deep desire to help her in her trials.

Poor Beatrice! she needed all the help her friends could give. How little it is, only those know who have by their own will invoked the ordeal none can share with them. Each soul must meet its destiny alone, before it can begin to know the meaning of companionship.

## CHAPTER IV



**A**LTHOUGH the Cranleys were notoriously hot-headed and impetuous, the alliance of Augustus with the phlegmatic house of Marshalsea had somewhat modified the family characteristics in the generation deriving from that matrimonial arrangement. Steven was easy-going to the verge of lethargy, and his brothers were not much like their father; but in Beatrice the Cranley character asserted itself, successfully triumphing over the negativity that took the form of amiability in her mother and of hypocrisy in Uncle Jonas. It is perhaps unkind to speak of such a singularly conscientious man as he by such a hard name as hypocrite; and yet that word seemed to come most readily to mind when one had been brought by circumstances into close contact with the reverend gentleman. It was impossible to take him seriously, he was too unctuous; and yet I feel convinced he really thought himself sincere, at times, if not at all times. There were moments however when he must have felt his own credulity in this respect strained almost to breaking; but his faith in the excellence of his intentions carried him safely over these slippery places in the path of life. He generally sighed when he mentioned his erratic niece, spoke of her gently as "poor,

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dear Beatrice," made dark allusions to "the Cranley blood," somewhat as if their family-history were to be looked for in the criminal records of the county. He frequently thanked God none of his numerous daughters were like her: they certainly were not, but no one ever thought of congratulating them on that account.

Not having been consulted in the matter of his niece's engagement, he could but feel doubtful as to the success of the marriage, and indeed hinted darkly at some possible disaster, which he foresaw. In his opinion the whole affair was sudden beyond the bounds of decency, and the wedding itself was almost scandalously quiet: if it had taken place in any church but his, he would have felt himself more free to criticise such secrecy. He particularly favored the exhortation "Let your light so shine before men . . .," and felt that such a ceremony should be performed with fitting pomp. A private wedding sometimes gives food for gossip, and gossip leads to scandal; none knew that better than the unctuous vicar.

So when he asked for news of the newly-married couple he had an air of delicately hinting that he did not wish to pry into the vagaries of his erring niece. Augustus Cranley sometimes wondered why he did not take the parson by the scruff of his neck and shake him out of his smooth disguise of meek superiority. It might have made a scandal, but it would perhaps have given the man a new point of view from which to estimate the value of his own motives. Who can say? His visits to the Hall were not unduly frequent, and for that his brother-in-law was grateful; they always left a lingering suggestion in the air of something wrong, some mystery that could only be hinted at. Her father knew that Beatrice was headstrong, idealistic, and independent; but also he knew that what she chose to do would not be done from any mean or ignoble motive; if Beatrice erred, he felt it would not be in such a way that he would ever have to be ashamed of her. But after a visit from 'the parson' he felt somewhat disturbed and wished that his daughter were a little more communicative.

One day a telegram to Mrs. Cranley announced the coming of her daughter for a few days' visit to her parents. Nothing more natural, one would say, and quite characteristic of the family, whose movements were generally sudden. Yet her father felt anxious, and when she came he looked more searchingly into her face than usual. But he could not read the closed book, and her mother did not try to. Beatrice was affectionate and cheerful in manner, and talked a great deal, asking about everybody and everything in or around her old home, but said nothing about herself or her husband. She arrived in time to dress for dinner, and, as it was Saturday, her presence in church next morning was a

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surprise to the congregation and completely staggered the poor curate, who was taking the service for the vicar; the latter being away with his uninteresting family in London.

Beatrice sat in her old corner and her manner was coldly formal, but her eyes were brighter than ever, and there was a set look in the mouth that made her seem older and almost severe in comparison with her



former vivacity. She was certainly changed. Her father saw that, though he could not say how.

As he went up to the pulpit the curate could not keep himself from looking at her, and he was pained by what he saw there. It seemed as if she had been away for many years and had come home broken by the world. His heart was heavy at the sight of her. He saw a passionate craving in her eyes and a hard, drawn look about her lips: he felt the anguish of a soul in torture. How could he help her? For the first time in his life he yearned for eloquence, for power to speak the word of comfort to the aching heart, and almost cursed his own stupidity, his helpless mediocrity. Here was a soul in danger come for help, and he the minister of God had none to give. He knew his impotence but not his possibilities. He did not know that there was power in silent sympathy: he did not know that we are all so bound together that none can tell through what strange channel help may come to one in need, nor what unlikely individual may prove an instrument of destiny. His sin was self-contempt, and his sin found him out; it made him impotent.

But Beatrice did not see him, nor did she hear a word of his poor sermon, but sat staring at the window, where the angel beamed upon her blandly and unconcernedly. At length she closed her eyes to break the

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spell, but opened them again, for that was worse. The darkness had become a horror to her, she feared to be alone, and shuddered at the coming of the night.

The curate usually dined at the vicarage when he came to take the service at Comberfield, but as the vicar and his family were away, the Cranleys asked him to come up to the Hall till it was time for afternoon service. So he walked home with them across the park, and Beatrice, after a few inquiries about some of the people she knew at Chenstead, left him to her mother, and took her father's arm and chatted as gaily as she knew how; and he fell into his old vein of humor, laughed as heartily and joked as carelessly as ever, but he felt there was a barrier now: she was still Beatrice, but it was as if some door had closed between them and he could not see her though he heard her voice.

A few days later there was a funeral at Comberfield, and the curate drove over to perform the ceremony, putting up his dogcart at the Hall and walking across the park to reach the church. There he was joined by Beatrice, who walked on with him, and sat down in the church to rest. She was not interested in the funeral, but she seemed very tired, and hid herself in the Squire's pew, where she was out of sight.

The funeral was over and the clergyman went to the vestry to unrobe and to put on his overcoat; the parish clerk accompanied him and asked if he should wait to lock the door, but the curate dismissed him, saying he would attend to it, that he had to speak a word or two to Nicholson the sexton, who was outside. That was an excuse he made to himself for not wishing to disturb the lady in the Squire's pew. The old clerk seemed to understand, because he made as if he did not know that she was there. He was by way of being 'a little hard o' hearin',' but he caught sight of a bent figure in the corner of the pew and thought he heard something like a sob, so he coughed loudly and shuffled as he walked for fear that t'parson might hear it too.

The curate's hearing was unusually acute just then, and so he too made as much noise walking up the chancel as he could, and talked more loudly than was necessary, in order to prevent that painful sound reaching the parish clerk. Also he had a long talk with the sexton, who did all the talking, wondering the while what made the curate such an attentive listener. He was forced to the conclusion that his powers of narrative were more than usually appreciated, though not beyond their merit. Gradually the sexton noticed that his listener had lost interest in his story; catching sight of a lady's dress a little way across the park, he drew his own conclusions, and turned to his neglected task of filling in the grave.

The Curate drove home very deep in thought and pulled up at the

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cross-roads half a mile from Chenstead. He seemed to be in doubt for some few minutes and the mare grew restless, so he came to a decision and took the road to Ausleydale. Now Ausleydale was Alice Cranley's former home; her brother lived there now, and only yesterday the curate chanced to hear that Mrs. Steven Cranley was there visiting her brother. She was always visiting somewhere or another.

The Curate had never called at Ausleydale before and felt considerably embarrassed now; but he was sure that if he could but have a talk with Mrs. Steven something would come of it. He had no plan, only a terrible conviction of his own utter insufficiency on the one hand, and on the other of the immediate need for action. He felt that Alice Cranley was the only one who could and would find means to save the unhappy Beatrice. He felt she was in danger, though he had not the smallest notion as to what the danger was, nor how it might be met; but he had as great a faith in the ability of such a woman as Alice Cranley to help another woman in distress, as he had certainty of his own incompetence. Fortunately she was at home, and, to his great relief, received him there alone.

As soon as the servant left the room she asked: "Has something happened? What is it? Tell me quick."

He told her, and she was silent for a while. Puzzled, she said: "What does it mean? I never thought that she was religious; what did she want there? She is unhappy evidently, very much so, and she is so impetuous that it may be very serious; but what took her to the church? I cannot understand. Do you suppose that she has any superstition in her? — some people have, you know, — oh yes! quite sensible people, who are not generally religious. That sort of thing is not in my line, I confess. . . . Well, I must go to Comberfield and see her at once. . . . She is quite capable of doing something rash. . . . Please ring the bell."

The curate did so and the footman came.

"John, will you tell Jenkins I want to go to Comberfield at once, — yes, the brougham — and Mr. Leavenworth's dog-cart. And tell Sir James I may be late for dinner."

The curate thanked her with such sincerity, she almost laughed; but again there was a little swelling in her throat as she shook hands with him, and her smile comforted him amazingly. He drove home feeling as if some crisis had been averted, some aid invoked that would not fail. The practical Alice Cranley seemed to him as a sort of guardian angel, and though he marveled at his own temerity in calling at a strange house on such an errand, yet the result more than justified his boldness. He had not been made to feel as if he were in any way an interloper or an alarmist, and, come what might, at least he could feel sure that



## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

the unhappy girl would have a friend near her whom she could trust.

There was an old pond in the park at Comberfield, where white water-lilies grew; the only piece of water in the neighborhood that was free from the common rank-growing yellow kind. This had been a favorite haunt of Beatrice and her brothers when they were children, principally perhaps because it was forbidden on account of the depth at one end and the extremely muddy nature of the shore at the shallow part where the cattle trampled it into a soft black paste, that used to ruin their clothes and testify unanswerably to their disobedience. But disobedience was the rule in this unruly family, and discipline was represented by occasional storms and threats, and new edicts that were regarded as 'ends in themselves'; certainly they bore no fruit, so far as any of the children were concerned.

There was an old well there that was the danger spot. Its depth was fabulous, and there were legends connected with it that were gruesome and probably not altogether mythical, for it was within the bounds of an old castle long since disappeared, though part of a ruined chapel still remained to mark the site and to afford a picturesque resort for visitors and occasional picnic parties in the summertime; but at this time of year it was as lonely a spot as could be found — and Beatrice sat there as the short day darkened and the clouds gathered heavily. She wished that it were summer and that the water-lilies were in bloom. It would be so natural for her to try to gather them, and if by chance she missed her footing and fell in, and no one came to help her out, why she would drown. . . .

A farmer's boy had been found drowned there only a year ago; that was in winter, and the ice had given way when he and his sister had been sliding on the other end and the boy ventured too far out under the overhanging trees that always made the ice beneath more treacherous. But there was no ice now, no excuse for her. Still she sat looking down into the water yearningly. She rose and went a little nearer, where an ash tree grew from the steep bank and arched out over the spot which was supposed to be so deep. The ash tree was a new-comer and probably knew nothing of the dark mysteries the old well had witnessed when the castle was a terror to the neighborhood.

She leaned against the tree and looked straight down into the water. The wind had dropped and there was not a ripple on the pond. Its surface had become a mirror in which she saw her own face reflected darkly against a patch of white cloud shining through the branches overhead. She gazed intently at the picture for a while, and turned away, wearily wandering to a stone that marked some part of the old walls. She leaned against it and looked out to the west, where through

## AWAKENING

the clouds the last light was visible, and there she saw again the picture she had just been looking at so intently, but reversed, that is to say, the face was seen in light against a shadowy background. The features were not distinguishable and the colors seemed to come and go, as such things do.

But this time the image did not fade away, it changed a little, and as she looked at it seemed to be the

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cold; her body seemed dead, but there was life and light that streamed out of her eyes and made the whole head luminous. The eyes, that were her own, gleamed brighter, and the light that issued from them seemed to sing in her brain, but still no flicker of it reached her heart. She wondered if her heart were dead, and then the light seemed more than light, it was intelligence, there was communication between the radiant self and its reflexion; there was a message that must be recorded in her brain. What was it? . . .

She heard her name called. The picture faded. Again her name was called. She answered, and her voice seemed strange and unnatural to her, as if some other person spoke for her. Then she recognised the voice that called, and answered clearly in her own ordinary voice — and Alice Cranley came out of the ruin laughing hysterically.

*(To be continued)*

## 'LIFE IS ETERNAL, DEATH IS AN EPISODE'

'YORICK'



I HAVE just read a scholarly, closely-reasoned essay on 'The Meaning of Death,' by R. Machell in THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH, published by the New Century Corporation at Point Loma. Mr. Machell's conclusion should have been his premise, for he proves, as logically as is possible within the scope of a syllogism that begins with "Here!" and ends with "Where?" that "Death is a doorway in the house of life"; that "In that house are many mansions"; that "Death is a promise of rebirth"; and that "There is always another chance; for life is eternal; and while there is life there is hope"; that "Death in due season is a friend and a deliverer; and its final meaning is Life." It doesn't matter whether I subscribe to this theory or not; I cannot disprove the hypothesis by merely saying that it is untenable; for, as far as the reasoning goes, within the circumscription I have mentioned, it is unassailable. It offers nothing for granted and it begs none of the questions that so frequently obtrude like roaring lions in the pathway of the theological wayfarer. There are no guesses in Mr. Machell's scheme. He traverses firm ground in the life he knows, and when he comes to the place we call Death, he finds it as palpably a wayside inn on the eternal highway of Life; he lies down to pleasant dreams and in the morning pursues his journey. There was no beginning; there will be no end; why should there be an interval so infinitesimal as a Machell?

### THE ANALOGY OF SLEEP

"How willingly," says Mr. Machell, "we let go our waking consciousness and fall asleep in the faith of a rebirth, or rather a reawakening in the morning, when day itself is reborn! And yet the self of the sleeper may during sleep be as free from all recollection of the body as if it were not to wake up again. There is of course a difference between the death that we call sleep, and the sleep that we call death; but there is also an analogy that is probably closer than is generally supposed. To understand the real difference, one would have to be able to retain one's continuity of consciousness in passing through the change of state, which demands a power of self-control that few have mastered. Yet it is certain that we all do pass through the gates of sleep thousands of times in the span of one earth-life, without a qualm, and with perfect willingness to let go the physical body for a while. Why then do we shrink from death? Simply because we have been taught to believe that it is the end of life. In our inmost hearts we know better; but our minds have been cramped by false ideas, so that some part of our

## 'LIFE IS ETERNAL, DEATH IS AN EPISODE'

nature is already dead, and cannot respond to the intuitive wisdom of the inner man."

### A POST-MORTEM MEMORY

This philosophy appeals to me because I have had some experience of its truth. I have slept, and in that sleep dreams have come. For many years I have had a favorite dream, albeit my consciousness of my dream-world has been infrequent. I do not dream easily, nor am I prone to visions of the night. But when this special dream of mine comes, it is very vivid. In my dream I awake with the thought that I have been dreaming. I recall that I was in a strange world among the queerest people imaginable. I seem to remember that I was born, that I lived a little while fearing something which I called death, and that in due course the thing I had feared all my life actually happened. I awoke with a long sigh of relief, as from some horrid nightmare, and went on living happily ever after. I do not recall that in my dream I go on in my real life fearing death; perhaps I do, for as Mr. Machell argues there are many livings, many dyings and many re-births. It is a comfortable philosophy — as all things over on Point Loma are comfortable, satisfying and very beautiful. I am not of the Theosophical cult, but aside from the obsolete materialism of the Epicurean, I know of no better life-philosophy than that of Lomaland, and I am not concerned with any other save as a speculative amusement. My materialism, however, does not extend beyond this life. I am willing to agree that life is eternal and that it is no different beyond death from what it was before I was conscious, or thought I was conscious, of this earth-life, and that this earth-life is only a passing phase of the eternal life; but my sense of justice will not permit me to accept any theory of physical rewards and punishments beyond what we call 'the grave.' My condition hereafter, in my opinion, will be a consequence rather than a compensation; and if I cannot profit by my so-called 'life' experiences I shall be content to suffer the natural results of my foolishness until I learn the wisdom that is inevitable from constantly recurring episodes of living, sleeping, dreaming, and awakening.

From the San Diego *Evening Tribune*, July 12, 1919



"THERE is only one way to get ready for immortality, and that is to love this life and live it as bravely and faithfully and cheerfully as we can."

— *Henry Van Dyke*

"IF the consent of all men be the voice of nature, and all men do universally consent that something belonging to them remains after their departure from life, we cannot but adopt the general opinion."— *Cicero*