

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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IN every world a triad shines forth, of which a monad is the ruling principle. (Παντὶ γὰρ ἐν κόσμῳ λάμπει τριάς, ἧς μονὰς ἄρχει.)

—An ancient Oracular Saying, ascribed to the Chaldaeans by the Neoplatonic writers

THE NEW GOD —‘PSYCHOLOGY’: by H. T. Edge, M. A.



WE do not worship gods, like the ancients—so it is said; but the fact is that people cannot do without gods of one sort or another. One of our modern gods is called ‘psychology.’ We find him mentioned in the following quotation, which is given as an illustration:

Dr. —, who has studied every phase of the problem of illegitimacy, declares that only a changing psychology can account for its proportions and steady increase, and that the tendency towards illegal sex relations is less grounded in economic than in socio-psychological causes.

Having read the article in which this occurs, we come to the conclusion that the new science of psychology studies the conditions prevalent in the civilized nations of today, discovers certain influences at work there, and then says that these influences are laws of Nature and must be obeyed. This particular article is about the prevalence of promiscuity and illegal unions; and the argument is that, since such conditions are common, and getting commoner, therefore they must be founded on sacred laws of human nature, and we must adapt ourselves to them and model our legislation and institutions on their demands. Conditions existing among lowly and unadvanced communities of the past are cited and regarded as warrants for recognising and sanctioning the outcrop of the same unregulated impulses and irregular practices in our midst today. The cult of the ‘savage’ or ‘primitive man’ sways our learned big-wigs; which will seem to many as equivalent to the worship of God Pan in his more degenerate form, or of some tribal fetish that must be feared and propitiated by his votaries.

One question that is pending for settlement is whether we shall order our lives by the laws of man's spiritual nature, or by those of his animal nature; by the wisdom that comes from self-discipline and the love of temperance, chastity, purity, justice, and truth, or by the weird and multifarious *theories* that come from an attempt to study human nature in the spirit of an experimenter cutting up an animal; whether we are to allow propensities full sway just because they are strong, or whether we are to regulate them by firm and wise control based on a fuller knowledge of human possibilities.

Theosophy stands as the needed guardian of temperance and purity in a world threatened with the chaos of unscientific or quasi-scientific fads. Instead of bowing the knee weakly before the might of the passion nature of man, and saying that that nature cannot be controlled and must be catered to, Theosophy has the courage and the dutifulness to declare that man's passions *can* be controlled and must be controlled. The only reason why they are not controlled, and why this promiscuity and disorder is prevalent and increasing, is that the existing counteractive influences, whether religious or scientific, are not adequate to the purpose. In fact, we even find that religion sometimes bends the knee, and instead of speaking with the voice of authority in defense of the true and the strong eternal verities, it seeks to palliate and sanction existing abuses. As to science, do we not find that that sacred name is used by some people to give color to theories and proposals that would erect errors into fixed laws and govern mankind by a sociology of licensed instinct?

It is to Theosophy therefore that we must look for faith in the power of human nature to reform itself, and for courage to preach the truth about man's higher nature and to insist on the application of wise and firm laws based on morality. For morality is not a mere convention, as those quasi-scientists try to think, but a law of human nature, based on unassailable facts in human nature. Man disobeys the laws of morality at his peril, because they are laws of his constitution.

Because man, if not cared for, will behave himself in a way that the very animals would be ashamed of, it is proposed that, to make things *just* (!), woman shall also be given *liberty* (!) to do likewise. Thus woman, instead of elevating man, is to help pull him down. A fine theory, which we hereby turn over for castigation to the women's movements.

Writing in the name of Theosophy, we can but state our conviction (as it is both our duty and our earnest wish to do) that weakness of every sort should be met with a firm hand; and that this will be found to yield to firm and wise treatment based on faith in human nature. Vices will raise their crests and threaten furiously, as 'tis their nature to; but we have the power to put them down, if we will but decline to be bluffed.

Truly the world is losing faith in divine things and in man, when it is seriously believed by many people that man and woman cannot live chaste and temperate lives. Perhaps that is difficult for some people under the conditions of careless living that prevail, and the want of noble ideals and incentives to counteract the sordid materiality of so many existences. But Theosophy will demonstrate that it can be done, if only our lives can be temperately and carefully ordained, and our time and energy filled with inspiring ideals. In place of the bastard psychology of the lower nature, Theosophy proclaims the true psychology of man's higher and divine nature.



It seems a curious coincidence that according to the Korân the mother of Jesus, like the mother of Buddha, was delivered while standing under a tree, and that water should have streamed forth for the benefit of mother and child. See the Qur'ân, translated by Palmer, *Sacred Books of the East*, vol. lx, p. 28: "And the labour pains came upon her at the trunk of a palm-tree, and she said, 'O that I had died before this, and been forgotten out of mind!' and he called to her from beneath her, 'Grieve not, for the Lord has placed a stream beneath thy feet; and shake towards thee the trunk of the palm-tree, it will drop upon thee fresh dates fit to gather; so eat, and drink, and cheer thine eye; and if thou shouldst see any mortal, say, "Verily, I have vowed to the Merciful One a fast, and I will not speak today with a human being."'" See also G. Rösch, *Die Jesusmythen des Islam*, in *Theologische Studien und Kritiken*, 1876, pp. 437 *seq.* He points out that in the *Evang. infantiae*, the child Jesus, on the third day of the Flight into Egypt, caused a palm-tree to bend down its fruit-laden branches into the hands of Mary, and a spring of water to issue from its roots.

— *Max Müller*, 'Physical Religion,' Lecture xiv, p. 352

PART III

IN my second article 'Thoughts on Music' I said:

... and although we admit that there are true artists among them (the virtuosi), yet we deny that in the future virtuosi can be the promoters of the divine ideas that are concealed behind the sounds of the masterpieces of musical art. Without doubt there will always be people who possess a greater facility in the use of the musical language than others; this, however, is the same in every other kind of language; why should we therefore make any difference between them?

At the present time such a statement seems somewhat far-fetched. People are inclined to believe that musical art consists mostly in the reproduction of musical composition; and in brilliant technical abilities which the virtuosi must possess to make an impression on the hearer's mind, or simply to impose on the minds of ignorant people. It will be useful to separate these three kinds of performers; for, although they have much in common, they differ widely in the ends they have in view and in the results they reach.

What they have in common is the great facility with which they have been able to train their muscles so that they are under perfect control and may be used for performances with the throat or with the hands. We see, then, that every virtuoso is closely related to acrobats of every kind.

And surely the virtuosi of a lower kind -- by which we mean those who sing or play with no other purpose than to transmute the great deftness of their muscles into money—are no better than acrobats. The difference is merely that instead of using all the muscles of their body, as acrobats do, they use only the muscles of their throats, or of their hands and arms.

The second kind are much more interesting. While those of a lower kind look upon 'the art divine' as business men do on steel, copper, iron, etc., the virtuosi of a higher kind consider art as a privilege which they have received from an unknown source for personal benefit; and which they can turn to account in the way that seems best to them. They are proud of this beautiful natural gift and coddle it in every way. There are singers who devote their whole life to the coddling of their voices. Personally I have known a pianist who was so afraid of spoiling the muscles of his hands, that he never wrote a letter. One day the carriage in which we were sitting turned turtle: my dear friend crossed his arms and hands

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on his breast, he fell on his head, but had the pleasure of seeing that his hands were uninjured.

Vanity and egotism are the principal traits of character of such virtuosi; and most of them possess but a limited intelligence, notwithstanding they know exactly how to use their natural talent for personal benefit; and how to impose on their fellowmen, and to make them believe that the most important personalities in the world are themselves. Like the rulers of ancient times they fancy that they are virtuosi 'by the Grace of God.' I knew one of these virtuosi; he was conductor of one of the great orchestras. When in Rome he requested and obtained a private audience of the Pope. In that audience he begged the Pope to bless the bâtons with which he conducted concerts. And since that time he believes himself to be a conductor — 'by the Grace of God'!

But let us leave these *dei minores* to their fate and draw attention to the performers who consider their special gifts as a precious possession which they have by birthright; and who use them in a way that corresponds with this lofty conception of their artistic duty. These virtuosi are not only endowed with wonderful muscles; no, they also possess a rare and special musical intelligence. They endeavor to place their mental and physical faculties at the disposition of the spiritual side of their nature, which enables them to recognise the grandeur of the works and masterpieces which have been given to humanity by the great composers. It is self-evident that these virtuosi cannot be merely performers; to a certain degree they must possess creative qualities. In recreating the masterpieces of the great composers — the creators — they can to a certain degree use these pieces as a sort of canvas on which they embroider their own thoughts and feelings. And here we reach a point that affords an opportunity of speaking of a great danger to which these artists — for they are artists, not virtuosi — are exposed. In their minds the sounds, rhythms and harmonies of the composers have taken shape; now, the question arises if the image, aroused by the sounds, rhythms and harmonies in the mind of the reproducer is analogous to that which was in the mind of the composer? It is almost impossible to believe that this is so. And thus we find that the great virtuoso, the artist-performer, is more or less an obstacle that places itself between the composer's mind and ours; we consider this personality as an intruder. He tells us what his soul has experienced when reading the glyphs and symbols the composer has confided to paper, not what our souls would have felt when reading these art-works. Of course the revelations of that man's soul may be of interest to us; we may even admit that the advent of each artist-performer — for example, Liszt, Rubinstein, Joachim, Servais, Jenny Lind, etc. — marked a certain epoch in the life of humanity, but nevertheless their advent

shows at the same time that the spiritual development of humanity at that epoch had not yet reached a point enabling each individual himself to decipher the glyphs and symbols of the composition in question.

The glyphs and symbols . . . ?

The development of humanity . . . ?

Can there be a moment in the life of humanity at which its development is not sufficient to enable it to catch the meaning of glyphs and symbols in which only the feelings that connect divinity with human beings are concealed? Can such a thing be possible? Our answer must be: *never!*

Such a conception can be considered only as the result of the wrongdoing of those who knew the truth and yet withheld it from others who are entitled to its possession. Why did the former withhold the truth?

Because they knew it to be so simple that everyone can understand it. But at the same time they knew that they would not be capable of maintaining their undue influence; that they could not subjugate humanity unless truth were withheld. And these ideas, which for centuries and centuries have permeated our atmosphere, have obscured it to such an extent that poor humanity has forgotten that it possesses the faculty to pierce the veil and see the truth in all its simplicity, grandeur, and beauty.

Lift the veil; let there be light, and everyone will recognise the truth!

All composers, poets, artists, being parts of humanity, are in the same conditions as humanity itself. They feel intensely what humanity has but vaguely experienced, but in their minds, though tainted by the dangerous influence of materialism, the divine spark has always been and still is alive. And although only the greatest composers have been able to express something of their nature in a tangible form, and even then in too complicated a manner to be understood by the average intelligence, yet the divine spark is to be found there. And it is at this point that the virtuoso of high rank, the artist-performer, comes in and gives the average man an insight into what his soul has recognised as truth in that complicated work of art.

The artist-performer is like the priest, who reveals to the people *something* of the beauty that is behind the veil. Only *something* is revealed, but that *something* would be sufficient for the needs of the heart if it were reproduced in all its pristine purity.

But is this possible?

There is no one, except perhaps the great Teachers of humanity, whose hearts are so pure and clean as to be able to reflect the divine spark without dimming it.

Yet we find among the artist-performers a few who can give such an insight. From time to time they appear before the public and re-create the masterpieces of musical art. Yet, however great they may be, they add

something of their own to the compositions they interpret. And here is another difficulty. The best way to elucidate this idea may be to take as an example the re-creation of an operatic personage; let us take Carmen.

Everyone knows that Carmen is much more a symbolic than an actual personality; this figure symbolizes the pernicious influence of evil by means of a beautiful seductive woman. The artist-performer can lay stress on the woman's beauty or intelligence, her evil nature, her selfishness, her vanity, etc. All depends on the character of the performer. Here another question arises: Is her character in harmony with the hearer's? If so, the latter will highly enjoy the re-creation, for the artist-performer awakes and strengthens in his mind the sentiments which the figure of Carmen suggested to him. But if the artist-performer lays stress on some other side of the Carmen-symbol than that which appeals to the hearer, it is self-evident that the impression will be confusing, because the image of the Carmen-symbol in the hearer's soul does not harmonize with that which the physical eye and ear perceive.

But again: we must acknowledge that the re-creation of a masterpiece by an artist-performer can give the hearer an entirely new insight into the meaning of a work of art. It is important therefore that there should be such performers, that they may make the average man see and feel the beauties which are concealed behind the many, many combinations of the musical masterpieces of the materialistic epoch. Their appearance is only justified by the greatness of their talent, which enables them to penetrate more deeply than can the ordinary mind into the secrets of the composer's heart; and to lay them bare to the hearer's soul.

And yet these performers will be considered as makeshifts! As soon as mankind has made sufficient progress to understand the composers as it now understands the authors and the painters, the necessity of having reproducers will disappear, except perhaps for the reproduction of vocal and orchestral pieces. But the time may come when even the latter will be read by layman as nowadays dramatic poems are read by everyone. Who knows: possibly the whole of musical art will undergo a great transformation; a tendency is already noticeable, indicating a return to a kind of music that was known in former ages, in Greece, for example. In the Grecian epoch all arts were the utterances of the inner, spiritual life of the nation. This is true particularly of the tragedies, in which all the forms of art entered. It is interesting to read what Richard Wagner has to say on the subject in his writings on Musical Drama. He is the first composer of the present epoch who recognised that musical art has gradually deviated from the place it ought to occupy among the arts and sciences in universal life. After the periodic culmination in Greek art, in which all

arts were united, a separation took place. Since then the separation of the arts has steadily been growing. The dance and the action of the players were abandoned, the words were left out, so that solely the sounds of instruments expressed the ideas and feelings of the thought divine. Surely, during the last few centuries, Bach, Händel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, etc., have written masterpieces in their genre, but Wagner is right when he asserts that music, separated as it has been from the other arts, cannot express the thought divine for which humanity is longing. With his Music-Drama he opened a new era. But he spoke only the first word. If we compare his works with those of later composers — Debussy for example — we find that musical art approaches more and more to a state of development which brings it nearer and nearer to the other languages which humanity possesses.

We cannot concede that man derives more profit from an idea, a thought, a feeling, when conveyed to his mind or heart by means of another personality, than if he had experienced them himself. On the contrary, we believe that without personal experiences no true knowledge can be acquired. If this is true for life in general why should an exception be made for musical art? Surely, if music is but an entertainment, a mere play of sounds without deeper meaning, there is no reason to trouble much about the question, but if it is the 'highest expression of a pure and harmonious life,' we have to prepare our minds for the time when everyone will realize that a failure in musical understanding is equivalent to the ignoring of the duality in man's nature. For music, and music only, is able to give to man a glimpse of a form which suggests more or less an image of what we feel in the moments of our deepest concentration and meditation. In these moments every material form vanishes, and yet we know there is a higher, a more beautiful and more spiritual form which the physical eye cannot perceive, but which the spiritual eye discerns, and which we wish to express if only a material form can be found for it.

It seems superfluous to insist upon the impossibility of our experiencing emotions, as has been pointed out, by means of impressions received through the intermediary of others. How could anyone, even the most intimate friend, know in what form the divine message is communicated to our inner, our higher self? This most intimate relation between our individuality and the divinity cannot be revealed; it remains for ever the mystery of our life. And this is the reason why the vocation of the virtuoso, even the most gifted artist-performer, will always be limited, because it can be of importance only for those persons who have not yet realized that growth is from within. For those who have found their own way, those 'who know,' the virtuoso is and will be more and more an intruder, a stranger who places himself between man's soul and its divinity.

THE SUMMERLAND OF CANADA: by Lilian Whiting

LAND of the Maple-leaf! Land of cloud-minarets, of silver bays and shining rivers; of tall, solemn firs looming darkly against the skies, and of miracles of bloom and beauty mirrored in still waters; of rainbow crescents spanning the sky, of sunlit spray, of electrical air. A Summerland, with potent spells and subtle witchery.

Canada is Nature's pleasure-ground. The ineffable spell of beauty enchants the entire Dominion. It is not difficult to recognise the sources of the inspiration of her poets. The wanderer in all this bewildering loveliness can but feel with the singer:

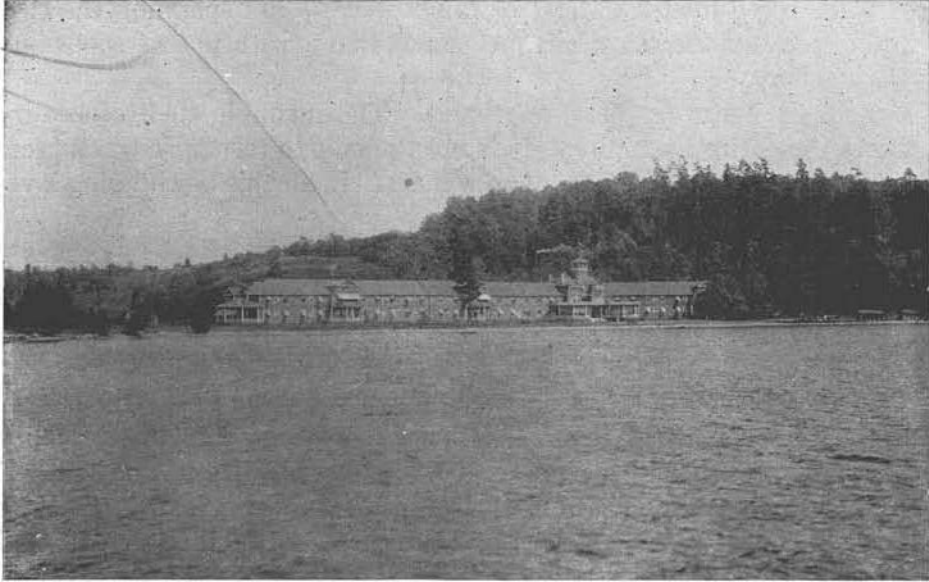
I bathe my spirit in blue skies
And taste the springs of life.

The very air is energy and exhilaration. It transmutes itself into new vitality.

The colossal scale of the Canadian summer resorts suggests the haunts of the Titans. The maritime provinces have long been a recognised locality for vacation days, from the time that Mr. Howells' 'Basil' and 'Isabel' discovered their scenic glories in their 'wedding journey'; but the later years have opened parks of two and a half to three million acres; and the waterways, lakes, and rivers combined offer thousands of miles of sailing and canoeing.

One enchanting place is the Hotel Wawa, poetic, bewitching, star-crowned Wawa! The region in Northern Ontario is a fascinating fairy-land. Is it the swan-boat of Lohengrin from which the traveler steps, in the brilliant sunshine of the late afternoon, upon the beach (one of the finest in Canada), finding himself within two hundred yards of the hotel? Porters appear for the luggage while the wanderer lingers to gaze on the sunset over the blue lake, over a thousand lakes, indeed, studded with wooded islands, the color-scheme changing in the flitting, opalescent lights, the cloud-shadows drifting over the green of island trees and vegetation, with a fringe of pine and balsam along the shores offering refreshing shade for the saunterer. The dancing pavilion is not far away, at one end of the long piazza, and the music of the orchestra floats out on the wonderful air. On a plot of verdant grass a group of white-robed children are dancing like a very fairy ring. The western sky, which 'The Wawa' fronts, is all aglow with sunset splendors. Or, perchance, one arrives in the morning and finds that the pure transparent light plays all sorts of optical tricks with distances. Illusions beset one similar to those that delight the visitors to the Grand Canyon in Arizona. Not the least of the charm of 'The Wawa' is the trip itself from Toronto, which is as picturesque as it is easy. Four or five hours of rail to Huntsville, then a steamer on the chain of lakes to Norway Point. The romantic journey would almost be worth

taking if one remained but a single night. For the beautiful hours of life are not gone when they have passed; they linger in memory; they per-



HOTEL 'WAWA', NORWAY POINT, LAKE-OF-BAYS DISTRICT, ONTARIO

vade the quality of life. One fascinating picture that thus lingers in memory is that of the early evening at 'The Wawa,' when the powerful searchlight of the hotel is turned over lakes and woods and clustering islands; and the evening steamer is coming in, gay with flags and pennons, with snatches of music and light laughter borne on the evening air. For a moment the guest feels himself again on the Swiss lakes where the lights of boats and inns respond to each other in signals of illumination.

Algonquin Park, with nearly two and one-half millions of acres, with its comfortable Highland Inn, its camps, and the facilities for tents and for canoeing and sports of all orders, is another of the favorite resorts of Canada. The true camper, like the poet, is born and not made. It is a gift and a grace to adapt oneself to the primitive life of the woodlands. The naiads and dryads may invite one, with traces of housewifely pride, to glance at the interiors of their spotless tents, interiors little used save for sleep and shelter in storms. The dryad of old found sufficient scope for her domestic life in a tree; but the twentieth-century hamadryad takes pride in her bed of springy balsams well covered by blankets, and the little table with a book or two, and a chair. A bed of balsam-boughs, a breakfast of trout freshly caught in the lake, with coffee made over the campfire, combined with youth and health and keen interest in the world

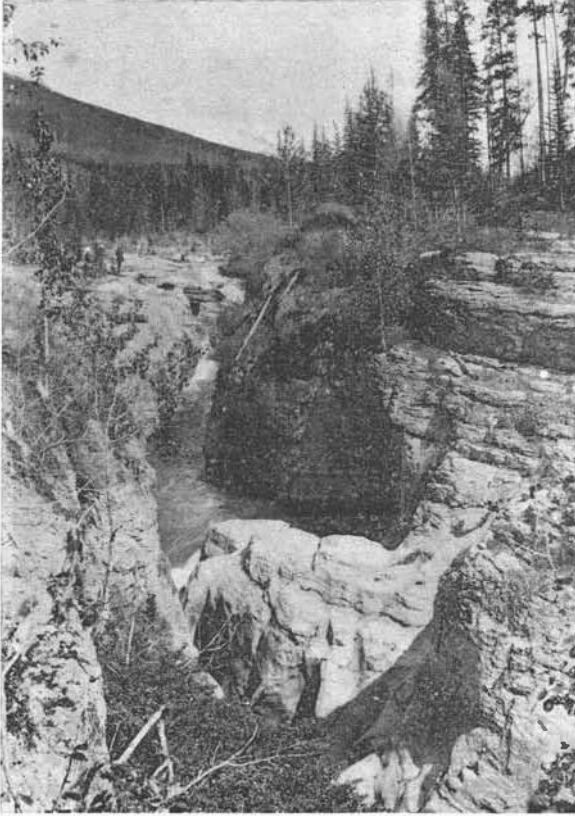
in general, and what more could one ask? In the vast woodlands of Algonquin one may see many couples strolling, not invariably side by side,



ALGONQUIN PARK: THE SUPERINTENDENT'S HEADQUARTERS

for usually the trail provides no surplus space beyond that required for the single file. As they fare forth He calls to Her, "Come on"; or, occasionally, by way of special conversational brilliancy, he exclaims in a friendly tone: "Are you there?" They are perhaps making their way over a portage. The guide has the canoe, reversed, on his head. As they wind along intricate paths on the hillside, encountering impedimenta of fallen logs and underbrush, he goes in advance and she faithfully follows. There is all the charm of conversational entertainment when he looks sideways over his shoulder and exclaims, "Getting on all right?" She would be ashamed to confess that she was not. When their canoe-trip was projected that morning she, who did not know a canoe from a constellation, was quite in raptures. As a tenderfoot, still unprofited by the proximity of the wilderness, she had descended from her bower equipped with a parasol for the sun, an umbrella for possible rain, a handbag duly supplied with pencil, notebook, violet water, and various feminine conveniences; a volume of her favorite poet in her hand that he might read aloud to her, and a novel for her own private delectation, in case he should be oblivious of poetic ecstasies and like a man prefer to smoke and — dream. But he, who has seen the wilderness before, in the course of his august

career, and to whom canoeing is no mystery, regards her with unaccustomed austerities. "You can't take those things," he laconically ob-



POT HOLES, MALIGNÉ CANYON, JASPER PARK

serves. "Upset the canoe." Poet and novelist, to say nothing of parasols and other impedimenta, are relentlessly banished; and for the first time some intimation filters through her mind that equilibrium is closely connected with successful canoeing.

From June until September the days are long in Algonquin Park Land; they dawn in rose and wane in gold. The air is all vitality, and moonlit nights cast their spell of romance. The Muskoka region, Lake Nipissing, the Timagami realm and Minaki (only three hours east of Winnipeg), that picturesque inn wood-embowered on the lake — all these have their enthusiastic *clientèle*; but the real traveler goes on and on to

Jasper Park, lying west of Edmonton, in the foothills of the Rockies, a National reservation of some five thousand square miles. The steel highway has brought these happy hunting-grounds into swift connexion with the traveling world. Jasper Park has its 'tent city,' so comfortably fitted up that it allures every lover of the open air and of scenic glories. The site commands a magnificent view of Athabasca Valley, through which winds the Athabasca river, widening at intervals into the proportions of a lake. At the juncture of the Athabasca and the Maligne rivers the Northwestern Fur Company formerly had their headquarters; the place now defined only by a pile of stones, and by several graves, with mouldering crosses, that suggest the ending of the drama of life for those who lived and toiled and encountered such hardships here. Maligne Canyon, eight miles distant, and with a good road, offers two comfortable shelter-houses for the free use of all tourists; each house divided into

three parts, with one large room, for ladies and gentlemen, each; and a central hall fitted with a range and utensils where impromptu cooking can be conducted with successful results. These shelter-houses provide



HEADQUARTERS, JASPER PARK, ALBERTA

still another illustration of the way in which tourists are safeguarded all over the Dominion. So swiftly are modern conditions of comfort on their winged way that the refinements of life fairly spring up in the wilderness and almost every conceivable need of the traveler is anticipated.

The Canadian summer resorts are playing an important part in sociology. They attract sojourners from widely separated localities; they promote wide interchange of views, of valuable knowledge, of ideas, of sympathies, and are thus not without a marked effect on international life. These new regions opened to the traveling public only since the spring of 1915, (the extensions of the Grand Trunk System being only completed in 1914) offer the most spellbinding marvels of beauty. The grandeur of the majestic mountain peaks; the fertile valleys and plateaus that gleam with lakes and rivers; the brilliant foliage; the rich color-scheme of purple and rose and indigo blue on the precipitous cliffs; the shimmer of blue waters through overhanging trees; ah, Land of the Maple-leaf! How fair is thy heritage!

Canada's Summerland is not, however, limited to even these vast regions of the Lake-of-Bays, Algonquin Park, the Muskoka, the Nipissing,

the Timigami, and lovely Minaki. Between Edmonton and Prince Rupert lie not only a journey which is a dream of all that is majestic and marvelous in scenery, but two especial summer resorts, Jasper Park and Mt. Robson Park; and then, speeding on to Prince Rupert, lies beyond the wonder-voyage of the world in the trip to Alaska.

Mt. Robson is the highest peak of the Canadian Rockies, and is just under the fourteen thousand feet of our Pike's Peak in Colorado. Mt. Robson, with its lakes and glaciers and numerous falls is more like the Alpine scenery than is any other peak of the Rockies in either the United States or Canada. To the north of Mt. Robson there is a trail up the Grand Fork River, skirting the shores of Lake Helena, and passing on to the Valley of a Thousand Falls, with the Empire Falls within view, and thus on to Berg Lake. It is one of the sublime excursions. The stupendous beauty cannot be translated into words, but Robert Service interprets it in the line --

Have you seen God in His splendors? heard the text that Nature renders?

Such fantasies of combination, too, as meet the eye; castles, towers, fortresses, that glow like opal and ruby and topaz; walls of sheer glaciers rising in dazzling whiteness like a spectral caravan; formless solitudes fit only for the abode of the gods! The spirit of the mountains is abroad on her revels; ice-peaks ten thousand feet in the upper air are her toys; the winds are her Aeolian harp; the Valley of a Thousand Falls is her theater for pastime. Neither the Swiss Alps nor yet that mysterious chain of the Tyrol, haunted by fantastic drifting cloud-shapes, vocal with waterfalls, and invested with a mystic atmosphere, can yet compare with the colossal scale of splendor in the Mt. Robson region. Again it is the poet who alone can paint the scenes:

Have you gazed on naked grandeur where there's nothing else to gaze on?

Set pieces and drop-curtain scenes galore?

Big mountains heaved to heaven, which the blinding sunsets blazon,

Black canyons where the rapids rip and roar?

Have you seen the visioned valley with the green stream streaking through it?

Searched the Vastness for a something you have lost?

Have you strung your soul to silence? Then for God's sake go and do it;

Hear the challenge, learn the lesson, pay the cost.

Have you known the Great White Silence, not a snow-gemmed twig a-quiver?

(Eternal truths that shame our soothing lies)

Have you broken trail on snow-shoes? mushed your huskies up the river?

Dared the Unknown, led the way, and clutched the prize?

Strangest of all, in these stern mountain solitudes, with their glittering crevasses of ice, there are sheltered valleys all aglow with myriads of flowers in brilliant and gorgeous hues; and where, at sunset, peaks touched

to gold and crimson loom up in the transparent air against a background of intensely blue sky, a spectacle to inspire painter and poet with unearthly beauty.

On, on to Prince Rupert the changing panorama is one succession of views more and more beautiful. The air of this vast Northwest is a very



PRINCE RUPERT: MT. HAYES AS SEEN FROM THE HARBOR

regenerator of life. One breathes vitality. One feels made-over — a new creature. And as the traveler draws near Prince Rupert, “a city hewn out of solid stone,” he is conscious of an intense curiosity as to this latest port of the Pacific.

Mrs. Carlyle declared that when Robert Browning’s poem *Sordello* appeared, she read it twice attentively, and at the end she could not decide whether *Sordello* was a tree, an island, or a man. Something of the same bewilderment has beset many people of late years in regard to the young seaport of Prince Rupert; whether Prince Rupert was a royal personage, a town, or an island? Only in 1917 does this unique and picturesque port celebrate its ninth anniversary, and for a town that has thus not yet completed its first decade the advance is incredible. Prince Rupert was really created in Boston (U. S. A.). While Kaien Island, on which it stands, was still a dense and impenetrable wilderness, Messrs. Brett and Hall, a distinguished firm of landscape architects, drafted on

paper this wonderful young city. The scenic setting of Prince Rupert is of fairly incomparable splendor. Its ineffable glory of sea and sky, its central mountain and ranges of hills, terrace above terrace, its fairly infinite ocean-view — all these suggest Algiers, or Genoa, or the view from the Acropolis.

Kaien Island comprises some twenty-eight square miles lying five hundred and fifty miles north of Vancouver. From the magnificent harbor the island rises impressively, dominated by the central peak, Mount Hayes, which towers to a height of twenty-three hundred feet in the air. From this mountain is a view that must be included among the most notable in the world. No more romantic panorama discloses itself from Amalfi, Hong Kong, or from the heights of Capodimonte or Sant' Elmo in Naples. Like Naples, Prince Rupert will become the paradise of excursions. Prince Rupert is but thirty miles from the Alaskan boundary, and it is thus the natural starting-point from Dawson, Nome, and other of the Alaskan and Yukon centers.

Seattle and Skagway are one thousand miles apart, and the round trip of the two thousand miles is one of entrancing loveliness, and requires in time about eleven days. From Prince Rupert to Skagway is about four days' sail, and it is one unsurpassed in majestic splendor.

In the distance the towering peaks clothed in snow of dazzling whiteness rise beyond the mountain ranges in their royal purple with evanescent flitting gleams of gold and rose from the brilliant sun; the green water of the bays is alive with thousands of leaping salmon, and the shores are defined by the dark pine forests, standing in an impenetrable tangle of ferns and trailing undergrowth. Through this 'Inside Passage', as it is termed, a fleet of steamers ply between Seattle and Skagway. An enthusiastic voyager writing to a friend early in September, 1915, said:

I am in the writing room on the upper deck of the *Prince George*, sailing amid such ineffable glory that I only write about one word to every ten minutes, only one word in ten minutes will be allotted to you, for I must LOOK! It is the time of my life, and I can write letters (at all events to you, to whom they write themselves) anywhere. But this voyage — it is the dream of a lifetime! I have sailed the enchanted Mediterranean with our rapturous callings at Algiers, rising on terraced hills in her unspeakable beauty; at Naples, with all the Neapolitan coast a very vision of the ethereal realms; I have sailed on to Genoa, with Ischia, dream-haunted by Vittoria Colonna, Italy's immortal woman-poet, and made my pilgrimage to the island and over the ancient Castel d'Ischia, by local boats from Naples; I once sailed through the Ionian Isles in the late afternoon of a May day that was all azure and gold; I have sailed the Italian lakes and cruised about on the Alpine lakes of Switzerland; but it still remained for this one enchanted voyaging to give me that thrill of untranslatable ecstasy. This combination of the sea and mountains in what they call the 'Inside Passage' is simply superb.

If only it would never end! I count off the flying hours as a miser counts his gold. I can hardly bear to sleep to miss one hour of its glory and loveliness, yet sleep, too, is a joy in this magical air, and, at all events, this voyage will not be ended when it is over. I shall have it all the rest of my life . . . to live over again and again 'in the ethereal,' where all outer experiences find their record. I am quite sure the Recording Angel sets this down in illuminated pages.

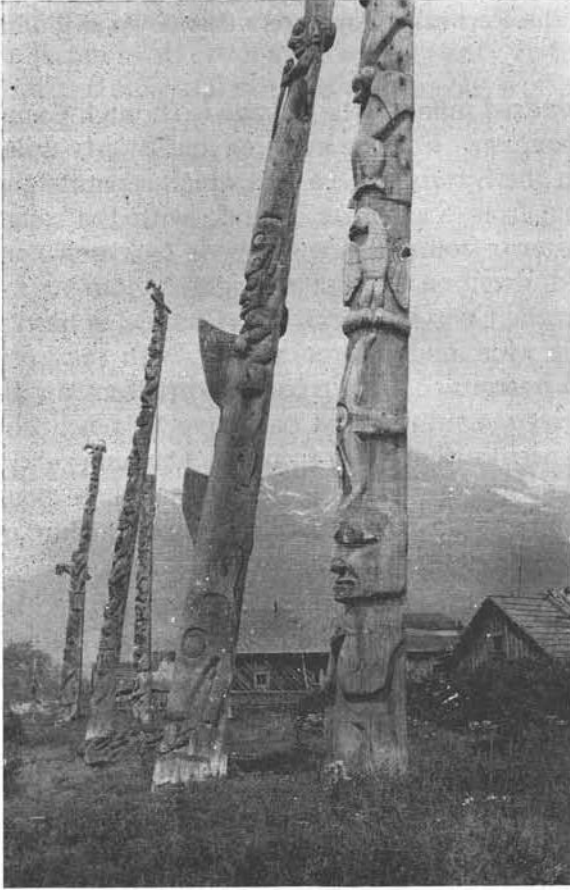
From Puget Sound five hundred miles of the voyage is through Canadian waters, so vast is the Dominion. For one hundred and twenty miles the steamer is sailing through the Straits of Georgia, which separate the mainland of British Columbia from Vancouver Island, with the range of the Olympic Mountains astern, from whence the gods look down on mortals. Do they not, indeed, dwell on Olympian heights? Passing into the Seymour Narrows from the Georgian Strait, the Channel is hardly more than one third of a mile wide, and the rocky walls with the lofty mountains just behind are so overgrown with trees as to present an almost solid wall of emerald green, tempting the passenger to reach out his hand and grasp the cedar needles that seem so near. On sunny days the reflexions in the water are startlingly clear, and here and there pour down rushing cataracts of foam-crested water from the melting snow of the mountains.

Forty miles north of Prince Rupert is Dixon's Entrance, that marks the international boundary between the Canadian and Alaskan waters. Some haunting impress left upon the air by the great navigators who made their pioneer voyages in these intricate waterways, — Pérez and Váldéz, Duncan, Vancouver, Meares, Caudra, — their dauntless courage and their perils fling spectra on the passing winds and waves. The scenic effects grow more and more sublime as the steamer advances. At a distance of about seventy-five miles north of Prince Rupert the traveler comes in sight of a remarkable series of mountain terraces, rising more than six thousand feet into the air, with sheer walls and castellated summits.

The first call at port after Prince Rupert is at Ketchikan, seven hundred miles from Seattle, with a population of some two thousand people, the distributing point for the mines and fisheries of Southern Alaska. On its crescent-shaped harbor and with its eternal guard of mountains, with its lake and its falls, and its wonderful gorge, three miles distant into the woodlands, it is a picturesque town, and with its electric lighting and steam heating, it leaves little to be desired for comfortable residence. Between Ketchikan and Wrangel are the Wrangel Narrows, a channel where ethereal vapors, many-hued like tropical flowers, are breeze-blown in the air; and the long green moss, on the trees on either

side, sways like drapery. Miss Scidmore, writing of Wrangel Narrows, thus pictured it with her fascinating pen:

It was an enchanting trip up that narrow channel of deep water, rippling between bold island shores and parallel mountain walls. Beside clear emerald tide, reflecting tree and rock, there was the beauty of foaming cataracts leaping down the sides of snow-capped mountains and the grandeur of great glaciers pushing down through sharp ravines and dropping miniature icebergs into the sea. Touched by the last light of the sun, Patterson Glacier was a frozen lake of a wonderland, shining with silvery lights, and showing a pale ethereal green and deep pure blue in all the rifts and crevices of its icy front.



TOTEM POLES, KETCHIKAN, B. C.

er's whistle is as the call of a giant monster which is answered by masses of ice that, detached by the vibration, plunge headlong into the sea with a noise like thunder. "That day on the Taku Glacier will live forever as one of the rarest and most perfect enjoyment," again writes Alaska's vivid interpreter, Miss Scidmore:

The grandest objects in Nature were before us, the primeval forces that mold the face of the earth were at work, and it was all so out of the everyday world that we might have been walking a new planet, fresh-fallen from the Creator's hand.

The Taku Glacier has a sheer precipitous front three hundred feet

From Wrangel on to Juneau the entrance to Taku Inlet is passed. The far-famed Taku Glacier is differentiated by the extreme brilliancy of its coloring from all other glaciers of the Alaskan regions. Taku Inlet, with its forty-five great ice streams, is a fitting approach to this marvel of Nature. Every blast of the steam-

high, the color making it seem one gigantic sapphire, so intense is the blue. Yet again there are glints of green and rose and gold that flash out as if a casket of jewels had been flung over it, or an avalanche of star-dust, windswept, from the far spaces of the universe. John Muir, the great naturalist whose vision was that of the artist, and whose spirit was always open to the message of the eternal world, was deeply impressed by Taku and by Sundum fiords, and in one allusion he says of Taku:



A MEDICINE-MAN OF WRANGEL

A hundred or more glaciers of the second and third class may be seen along these walls, and as many snowy cataracts, which, with the plunging bergs, keep all the fiord in a roar. The scenery is of the wildest description, especially in their upper reaches, where the granite walls, streaked with waterfalls, rise in sheer massive precipices, like those of Yosemite Valley, to a height of three and four thousand feet.

The poetic eye of John Burroughs keenly recognised the grandeur of all this voy-

age and the especial splendor that lies between Prince Rupert and Skagway; and of the gleaming brilliancy of the glacier regions he said that it was as if "the solid earth became spiritual and translucent."

This new route to Alaska has greatly increased the tourist travel, as the safety of the 'Inside Route', combined with the ineffable panorama of beauty, render the journey as easy and feasible as it is delightful. There is a saving of three days by journeying to Prince Rupert and there embarking for Alaska. In January of 1916, the well-known traveler and writer, Mr. Frank G. Carpenter, made this trip of which he wrote:

. . . I despair of giving you any idea of the beauties of this voyage, they

are so many and so varied. Now you have the wonders of the Swiss Lakes, now those of the Inland Sea of Japan, and now beauties like those on the coasts of New Zealand. There are all sorts of combinations of sea and sky, of ever-green slopes and snow-capped mountains. The color-effects are beyond description, and the sunsets indescribable in their changes and beauties. The islands are of all shapes and sizes and they float upon sapphire seas. Many of the islands have snow-capped mountains that rise in green walls almost straight up from the water, and their heads are often crested with silver.

As a study of the possibilities of color, this Alaskan voyage between Prince Rupert and Skagway is unsurpassed. Mountain peaks transfigured with sunset fires that flame and glow and die away and flash up again before the gazer; pinnacles that lose themselves in the clouds, bathed in silver, and pale rose, and blue, through an atmosphere that is flushed with gold and amber. In the distance looms up a solid wall of amethyst, that is again transmuted into a deep rose, with gleams of orange and purple and gold. Violet peaks rear their heads in the background. Under a blue sky sparkles and shimmers a still bluer sea.

Juneau, the capital and principal metropolis of Alaska, is on Gastineau Channel, which is eight miles in length and more than a mile wide at the entrance, gradually growing less as it nears the mainland, till it becomes like a narrow avenue of blue water through which the sunset pours in the late afternoon, with an almost unearthly beauty. Mount Juneau, in the center of the town, rises to a height of three thousand feet, with sloping sides of a pale green down which rush numberless cascades of silvery sparkling water. Juneau is already an important business centre, with incalculably rich mining properties tributary to the city, and with almost every branch of business and the industries represented.

Somewhere about 1889 Kate Field, author, lecturer, and charming figure in society, visited Alaska and delivered the first lecture ever given in that country. Her audience included miners, prospectors, and camp followers, and her theme was 'Good Citizenship.' Visiting the Muir Glacier at this early period when its unequalled grandeur was at its perfection (for of late years earthquakes have changed its contour) Miss Field thus described it:

Imagine a glacier three miles wide and three hundred feet high, and you have a slight idea of Muir Glacier. Picture a background of mountains fifteen thousand feet high, all snow-clad, and then imagine a gorgeous sun lighting up crystals with rainbow coloring. The face of the crystal takes on the hue of aquamarine — the hue of every bit of floating ice that surrounds the steamer. This dazzling serpent moves sixty-four feet a day, tumbling headlong into the sea, startling the air with submarine thunder.

From Juneau the Grand Trunk Pacific Line of steamers proceeds to Skagway through the Lynn Canal, considered, all in all, the most beautiful

of the fiords of Alaska. Skagway rejoices in the poetic designation of 'the Flower-City of Alaska,' from the amazing luxuriance and loveliness of the riotous floral growth in the gardens of the town and also in the outlying country. Skagway is the gateway to the Yukon, and the tourist who wishes to visit Canada's portion of this great Northland embarks on the White Pass and Yukon Railway, which affords easy access to Lake Atcin and down the Yukon to Dawson, the capital of Yukon Territory.

Skagway has a present population of more than two thousand; and it is splendidly equipped with cable, telephone, and telegraph service; with electric lighting, and with good schools, churches, shops and stores furnishing an adequate assortment for all needs of utility and of taste and beauty; it has a very attractive residence region, and its gardens are already famous. During the Klondike excitement of 1897-8, Skagway was the base of operations for many thousands of prospectors who thronged this region. It is especially attractive to the devotees of ethnological science, as it is near some of the more interesting Indian villages, and it has supreme attractions for the artist. The glaciers of Davidson and Mendenhall are near, and nowhere are the enchantments of a summer in the far northlands more alluring and spellbinding to the lover of flowers and fragrances, of stars and sunsets, of the beauty that flashes from solid mountain walls of opal pinnacles, and glittering palisades, in an atmosphere prismatic in color, — nowhere are there more lovely "lands of summer beyond the sea," than in and around Skagway.

It has been more or less generally supposed that the climate of Alaska was inevitably severe and fairly arctic in its character. On the contrary, the mean temperature of Juneau for July is 57 degrees and the thermometer often ranges from seventy to even ninety. Thus the mean temperature of Juneau for July is only one degree less than that of San Francisco for August. The equability of the temperature in Southern Alaska is a feature of importance. The entire land, in summer, is covered with a dense vegetation.

One of the great marvels of nature in the Alaskan and Yukon regions is that of the matchless spectacles of the Northern Lights. Not even the Glacier can rival Aurora Borealis. It is Robert Service who is the bard of the mystic illuminations that are fairly before the eye of the reader of that scintillating poem, the 'Ballad of the Northern Lights.'

And soft they danced from the Polar sky and swept in the primrose haze;
And swift they pranced with their silver feet, and pierced with a blinding
blaze.

They danced a cotillion in the sky; they were rose and silver shod;

It was not good for the eyes of man, 'twas a sight for the eyes of God.

And the skies of night were alive with light, with a throbbing, thrilling flame,
Amber, and rose, and violet, opal and gold it came.
Pennants of silver waved and streamed, lazy banners unfurled;
Sudden splendors of sabers gleamed, lightning javelins were hurled;
There in our awe we crouched and saw with our wild, uplifted eyes,
Charge and retire the hosts of fire in the battleground of the skies.

The Canadian Summerlands and Alaska! They offer the traveler the very glory of the world and of all the heavenly spaces.

THE DOUBTFUL PLACES: by Herbert Coryn, M. D., M. R. C. S.



AN interesting but rather disconcerting problem sooner or later faces a man who is trying to grow spiritually, to regulate his life according to the highest standard and make it lead on to the Light.

This problem faces him in connexion with an intermediate kind of conduct or of acts, seeming neither right nor wrong.

There is positively right action, namely, the fulfilment of duty. There is positively wrong action, immoral action. In relation to these two he has no perplexities. His conscience is positively backing him as he does the first, and of course positively against him as he does the second.

The positive backing is pleasant to him. He becomes accustomed to feel it as he works. If it is not there he finds a sense of vacancy, of something lost, almost a shock like that which a man experiences in going upstairs and mistakenly supposing there is one step more.

It is this which leads him to distinguish the third or intermediate kind of action. It is action which seems to have neither backing nor opposition from the soul.

He plans to give himself some unnecessary but, according to ordinary standards, quite unobjectionable diversion. There is no sin in it. But neither is it duty. It is not exactly selfish, since it does not perceivably hurt anyone. It is not unselfish, since his own pleasure is his sole motive.

Here is the peculiarity of this sort of conduct: that the more a man develops in himself, and lives by, the sense of duty, the more chilly and uncomfortable he will feel in doing things which, while he cannot see that they are wrong, while he cannot find that his conscience is actively *against* them, do yet differ entirely from his ordinary conduct in that they have not conscience positively *with* them. He feels almost as out of place with a neutral conscience as with a hostile one. With a downright wrong act

THE THREE BASES OF POETRY: A STUDY OF ENGLISH VERSE: by Kenneth Morris

PART TWO — MUSIC

CHAPTER III — MUSIC IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY: THE INTONATION

AFTER Milton, the first music to be written was written by Gray and in the *Elegy*. It is sound and excellent marching; never less than lifted by its dignity high above the levels of its age. Without the fire of the Elizabethan march, it has a processional solemnity of sound that marks it different in kind from all its contemporaries and predecessors. It is unlike Miltonic music in that the beat of its rhythm is perfectly regular; it is unlike the measure of the Classicists, in that there is music in it.

But it has sought this in a new direction; and necessarily, having forgone the old one of infinite variations of the rhythm. One would not say that it goes far on this new road; nor even that the road, strictly speaking, is new, since we have come on it occasionally in Milton and Shakespeare. It is the road of *Tone*; and here is Gray walking it:

Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant fold:

— and walking it very finely, here at least; since the music is as perfect as may be, with every foot faultless, every letter suggestive, onomatopoeic: a wealth of liquids, and six noble vowels, no less. If only in these lines he treads it splendidly, yet the whole poem guesses at it, and is ennobled by the guess. It was a foretaste of a glory that was to come in with the coming cycle.

And which was to be, in effect, a new mode of word-music. The old cycle of pure March had reached its goal, by rhythm-variations, in Miltonic sublimity, and passed; the new must discover lines of evolution of its own, or be null and void. Null and void it was all unlikely to be, since vigorous spirits were hurrying into incarnation, and a new great age for England was at hand; and since the music of Intonation, the chant proper, was lying in wait to be developed in English verse.

Wordsworth was the first to hear a sound of it. He put himself in train for great captures and discoveries, when he learned march-music thoroughly for his sonnets. The sonnet naturally marches, being in iambic pentameter; you do not sing it, as you would a lilt, but declaim it like epic or drama. Yet at a deep moment it is very proper for it to pass into intonation; either the march or the lilt may do that; though so far, whenever we have heard a fore-note of tone in English verse, it has been at the deep moments of march-music — in Shakespeare, in *Il Penseroso* and *Lyci-*

das, and in Gray. So it was to be with Wordsworth; so in his marching, Phoebus was to touch his trembling ear, and he was to hear the spheres singing. As for example when he wrote this:

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!

— Plain marching so far, with all or much of the dignity that belongs to that mode. Then for a couple of lines comes warning of something else, of the coming in of a richer music: the shadow cast before of an important event:

The sea that bares her bosom to the moon,
The winds that will be howling at all hours,

— but no; the wondrous incarnation must wait for the passing of a few, that is eight, lines, and he must go back to simple marching with this:

And are upgathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not. Great God! I'd rather be —

Hush! he moves towards it now — by heaven, he has stumbled on the right direction, is on the track —

Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn:

— Now, now! —

Have sight of Proteus coming from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathéd horn.

— Blow, old Triton! the man has heard you, and there is assurance of the beautiful things. Nineteenth-century Wordsworth has heard you; you did not pass into limbo and oblivion, after all, when the dark age dawned. Blow, old Triton; there is yet music in the world and in the sea!

And what but a Pagan were you, then, poor Wordsworth? — A Pagan: one of that grand and ancient breed to whom freedom was given of the winds and waters; who magically knew the sun in his shining, and the mysticism of the mountains and the stars; — and yet, alas, suckled in a creed outworn, and by that all foiled and hindered from your inward heritage of greatness; so that only by fits and snatches you heard the music of the daughters of Zeus; and such vision as might have been yours — vision arcane, mystical, transcendent — came to you dimmed

over, and only now and again. . . . But now surely an echo of that magical singing, a wisp of that vision, was blown to you, and by you passed on to us in your wonder line. We know very well that your desire was granted to you. You longed to have sight of Proteus; the very longing was an act of faith, and brought its quick reward; for you did not merely long to hear, but I'll swear you actually did

Hear old Triton blow his wreathéd horn.

And we others, if the grace of God is in us at all, cannot read your line, either, without ourselves hearing that marvel. Whether we know it or not, O dear and great Pagan freed so utterly here from outworn things, you have convinced and converted us to those high inwardnesses you brought with you out of the elder world. For these are the realities that endure: these lonely and lofty voices out of the sunlit and fairy and spiritual worlds: these, and not our smokestacks and factories and fooleries. Our railroads will rust away, and be forgotten presently; our Dreadnaughts shall keep company with unremembered Atlantis; but never an age shall come upon earth, when sun and stars and poet-pagans shall not see the magical life, the consciousness, and hear the magical music that wells up out of the Heart of Things.

There are ten syllables in the wonder line; and six of them have long and lovely vowels; and another is retarded, made stately and lifted out of cheapness by the three consonants that follow its vowel; and only one is ended by a sharply cut-off letter, a momentary *t*: — all the other final consonants being continuous. Which things together are the — one was going to say, *producers*, but it is not so — the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual music: a deep, vibrant resonance; a glow, a concentration of echoes: tone, not tune: the intonation or incantation: the *mantram* of Sanskrit philosophy.

However, Wordsworth was but preparing the way for Keats; it was Keats, not he, who established this principle in English verse. One can hear it very clearly in *Endymion*; in some of the lyrics especially, but right through the narrative parts as well. In this, too, the line is iambic (?) pentameter, rhymed; but it is quite unlike in music anything that had been written before. There is no longer the clear beat of rhythm: tone, the presence of long vowels and of liquids, takes its place as the music-maker. Let us contrast and analyse passages again:

Hath' in the skirts' of Nor-' way here' and there'
Sharked' up a list' of land-' less res-' olutes;'

— the regular iambs characteristic of Shakespeare, with a trochee at the beginning of each line; —

Joust-'ed in As-' pramont' or Mont-' alban,'
 Damas-' co or Maroc-' co or Treb-' isond,'
 Or whom' Bisert-' a sent' from Af-' ric shore;'

— where we have: first, a trochee and four iambs; second, an iambic, two unstressed syllables, an anapaest, and an iambic; third, a perfect iambic line: the whole characteristic of Milton's music of incessant variation: --

Achill-' es' wrath,' to Greece' the dire-' ful spring'
 Of woes' unnum-' bered, heav'n-' ly God'- less sing';

— unvarying iambs, characteristic of the Classicists' musicless perfection. In all these, one has been able to mark the stressed notes simply with an accent (´); but in this from *Endymion* one needs, beside the accent for the stresses, a special type for the quantities:

(and such are daffodils)

With the green world they live' in; and clear rills'
 That for themselves' a cool-' ing cov-' ert make'
 'Gainst' the hot' seas-' on; the mid' for-' est brake',
 Rich' with a sprink-' ling of fair musk-' rose blooms.

They are lines that show at least in what direction Keats was tending; they are typical of the music of *Endymion*, which may be immature, but is very significant. The old norm of five iambs or one trochee and four iambs is quite rare; and instead we find a continual tendency to the spondee, that most toneful of all feet. There are six of them here; and to balance them five nondescript feet consisting of two short unstressed syllables apiece. Keats no longer heard only in rhythm, but in tone as well; indeed, he heard mostly in tone; and perhaps the truest method of scanning him would be an entirely irregular one such as this;

With the green world they live in; and clear rills,

—or not in feet at all, but in clausulae. This is but the beginning, the green imperfection, of the new music.

Any such analysis of scansion can only show the workings of it a little; not give us the secret. That lies in regions mystical altogether; in a new urge, one suspects, from the Soul of the Race: a coming in, to speak figuratively, of that third person in the Bardic Trinity, Alawn of the Harmonies. The Lilt, all bright and light motion, is Plenydd's music; the March, with its warriorlike suggestion, is Gwron's; this Intonation, the music of music, is Alawn's. We can hear his presence more clearly when Keats takes to liling — what would have been liling with Shakespeare. With Keats it becomes a lilt suffused and wonderful with tone, a tune played upon the wings of summer bees. He gets it by his echo rhymes in the Bacchanalians' song in *Endymion*:

We follow Bacchus, Bacchus on the wing,
A conquering!

Whence came ye, jolly Satyrs, whence came ye,
So many and so many, and such glee?
Why have ye left your forest haunts, why left
Your nuts in oak-tree cleft? ---
For wine, for wine we left our kernel tree;
For wine we left our heath, and yellow brooms,
And cold mushrooms.

But it is in this that we get the perfection of it:

I saw Osirian Egypt kneel adown
Before the vine-wreath crown!
I saw parched Abyssinia rise and sing
To the silver cymbals' ring!
I saw the whelming vintage hotly pierce
Old Tartary the fierce!
The Kings of Inde their jewel-scepters vail,
And from their treasures scatter pearléd hail;
Great Brahma from his mystic heaven groans,
And all his priesthood moans,
Before young Bacchus' eye-wink turning pale.

Here echo rhymes, consonance and assonance, tone-rich diphthongs, liquids prolonging the sound indefinitely, make the lines hum and sing like the wind in the rigging of a ship, like the wind in a forest in August, like a wind of ghosts dying away in far and lonely infinities; and against that for a background, there is the perfect *form* of tune. It is perhaps a passage that stands to music as the *Magic Casements* to vision. The Lilt and the Intonation are exquisitely combined, and each is in itself exquisite. Could we imagine Miltonian augustness added to these! — Poetry, as we have it, is the muffled speech of the Soul; the Speaker still stands remote, uncomprehended, aloof from the lives of men. I think that some day all these qualities will appear in one poet, and in one poem; and that then we shall hear the clear voice of the Divine, and understand it; the voice that can say to yonder mountains, *Be ye lifted up, and cast into the sea!* and be obeyed; and that will say to this groveling deceived humanity of ours, *Be you lifted up, even to the stature of Godhood!* — and that, too, shall come to pass. For Poetry is magic; and it is only a matter of difference of degree.

Keats gave us much of this type of music, for the pioneer he was; we may say that he did for it what Marlowe did for the March. Where two or three of his predecessors rose to it upon occasion, it is his characteristic mode of singing; always, when he is at his best, he intones. The second

verse of the *Ode to a Nightingale* is wonderful with it; *La Belle Dame sans Merci* hums with it throughout; it steals through the *Eve of Saint Agnes* and *Lamia* and echoes in the lonely greatness of *Hyperion*. Shelley reached it at times; the lilt of his *Hymn of Pan* is rich and sweet and drowsy with it, like "the bees in the bells of thyme"; —

From the forests and highlands,
 We come, we come;
 From the river-girt islands
 Where loud waves are dumb
 Listening to my sweet pipings.

— But in general his voice was too high for this. His is a reed-pipe; Keats' a golden gong: from which, however, one can also get the best of tunes, and not single notes only: — let us say, a set of gongs, variously noted.

We need look in Byron's lyrics for no pre-eminent music, except such as the song-writers may set to them; elsewhere he uses the March, occasionally greatly. His words sing excellently, no doubt; when the composers have done their work. His feeling for rhythm was of the keenest; keener than Keats', I should say; but unfortunately he ended there, and left the musicians to do all else for him if they had a mind to. Rhythm in word-music (of poetry) holds only the same place as in the note-music of the musicians: it is the first element, the basis, but that is all. The pounding of galloping hoofs, or the throb of an engine, is rhythmic enough; so are the lines of

The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold,

and a hundred other of Byron's lyrics. As with Moore's songs, this rhythmic quality gives the composer an excellent basis to work upon. True, it was mainly by rhythm that Milton attained his music; he rarely gives us the beauty of consonance and assonance proper to other modes than the March. The grandeur of them, yes: as in:

Torn from Pelorus or the shattered side
 Of thundering Aetna, whose combustible —

but even in these cases, his use of vowels does not tend towards intoning. He achieved his end by impounding noble sounds in his rhythm, and by varying it incessantly; and above all, because the wind of his inspiration blew always from spiritual quarters, and his passion was ever a passion of the Soul. Byron's commonly was not that, but very much of the personality; Moore's, you may say, was mostly of a fashionable conventional brain-mind, with reality in it only in homeopathic doses.

Tennyson, of course, intones wonderfully at times. The lines he is said to have thought his best:

The moan of doves in immemorial clms,
And murmur of innumerable bees,

give us intonation at its pole of quietude, *somno mollior*, like Virgil's grass; just as

Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,
Old knights, and over them the sea-wind sang,
Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam —

give us intonation somewhere very near its pole of nobility and mystery: the March, and a very grand march, suffused and blown full of it. He made (as usual) a more finished thing of intoned blank verse than Keats had done. I doubt whether his was a much stronger nature than Keats', but it was certainly a more balanced one. He had firmer mastery over it, and could ride it constantly to what triumphs he would. The *Morte D'Arthur* is of as distinct a type of march-music as *Paradise Lost* or *Endymion*; there is a fine, highly wrought nobility about it, mellower of tone than Shakespeare's music, and perhaps even more aristocratic; more human than Milton's, and more courtly; more refined and perfected than Keats'. In each case one speaks of their normal manner. It has perfection of movement, like the first, and richness of tone like the third:

hollow oes and aes,
Deep-chested music.

But generally speaking, his blank verse comes to sound a little weak after Milton's.

There it is; one feels always a little doubtful of the nineteenth century — of the Victorian Age, rather. I think the after-times will come to see that it was not all it should have been; did not quite fulfil the promise of the Elizabethans; failed to transmute their mental and imaginative virility, as it was called upon to do, into spiritual strength. The cycle opened shining with spiritual hope; but a fat, deadly something crept in. Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley — aye, and even Byron too — did set their aim for the Beauty of beauties, an unattainable flame, a hope pointed towards the Highest; they worshiped the One True Light in their way. Byron's unrest was all an uneasy consciousness that the Thing was there somewhere; mocking his vain errant strivings, in a sense; undiscoverable, and therefore to be defied; — but, confound it, *there!* Tennyson, who chiefly carried upon his shoulders the Atlas-burden of poetry during the bulk of the century — it is as if he had lost the reality of faith, somehow; and had built up a brave substitute for it of his own. There is in him so much essential prose done into exquisitely poetic form. True, he does

give us things that, strip them as you will of outward coverings and unessentials, remain clear divinity to their innermost; things that, however baldly they might be told, would still have power to call us in towards the mysterious spaces of the Soul. But on the whole they are rare oases, far and scattered islands. Rob Maud, *The Princess*, *Aylmer's Field*, *Enoch Arden*, and nearly all the *Idylls*, of the rich smoothness of their telling, and — they open no door inward. He came in an esurient, unheroic time, and fought — all credit to him! — to bring into it light and music from above; he did bring in much during his long career; so much as to make rather an *embarras de richesse* for the one who would pick out of them gems of music or of vision. But he was not the supreme flower of a grand poetic cycle, as Shakespeare had been; he was not the giant to stand out from his age, like Milton, and sing with the singing spheres in spite of it. Otherwise an epic might have been written, all whose lines and spirit would have been comparable with those about the mighty bones of ancient men, or those about the arm clothed in white samite, or with:

I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,
And the wild water lapping on the crag;

or—

the many-knotted water-flags
That whistled, stiff and dry, about the marge.

—The richest fruitage of intonation did not come until the nineties; but that lies outside the scope of this essay.

Perhaps we may find more perfection of intoned March in that most anomalous poem in the language, Fitzgerald's Omar Khayyam, than anywhere else. Anomalous, because one wonders who really was the author of it. The poem is essentially a unity, and, permit me to say, thrice essentially mystical: a mystic's book of devotion — though embellished with jokes. Omar was a mystic, but wrote nothing corresponding with some of its most mystical verses; indeed, he wrote no long poem at all, but several hundred scattered quatrains. Fitzgerald was not a mystic, and did not believe that Omar was; looked for anything but mysticism in him; yet somehow translated his stray thoughts into a unity more replete with mysticism than ever. —As if old Khayyam in al-Jannat had sensed someone at work on his poems on earth and in England, and had strayed down, taken a peep over Fitzgerald's shoulder, and — jumped at a grand opportunity. Now, says he, I'll guide his pen, once in a while, to better purposes than the fellow who holds it designs; I'll have my quiet laugh at him, and revise my own work in the meanwhile. —Just the sort of quaint mischief and saddish humor the old Tentmaker would have loved to be about: enjoying the solemn fragrance of his fun, and at the same time

getting his deep intuitions spoken. But it is the music of it we are after now: a music as rich and deep as anything that had ever been writtlen; a glow of carmines and royal purples done into sound. It is march-music, by its insistent lofty beat and rhythm and stateliness; but it is innately intonation too, humming with deep tones through all its four hundred and odd lines: — •

They say the lion and the lizard keep
The courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep;
And Bahram, that great hunter — the wild ass
Stamps o'er his head, but cannot break his sleep.

And once at least breaking into a solemn indignant ripple of lilt:

What — without asking, 'Hither hurried whence?'

— But why quote what is in 'every schoolboy's' memory? And there are a hundred verses and one with equal right to be quoted. Just this word for those who allow themselves to be fooled by sly wise Omar: try to realize what his 'Wine' means; and that it is an inward reaching towards the Divine Soul: a brooding on and striving after union with that inner divinity. Get that idea into your mind, and even — dare one write it? — some inkling of the practice into your habit; and then read him again, and remember that that grave face is at pains now and again to hide the smile that lies beneath it: a smile at yourself, as he tosses out some quaint incompatibility to throw you off the scent, and wonders whether here is another who will be humbugged. You shall find that indeed a book of devotion, which you thought the trifling of an Epicurean: and one none the worse for its solemn thrills and darklings of humor.

And now we must divert to Swinburne; who, although he went untouched by Keats' gift of tone to English verse, was yet among the great masters of music. About nine-tenths of his work, one would suppose, is sheer dulness and inflation of words, and will be forgotten: is forgotten already. One gets the feeling that here was an elf or a sprite playing about with words: an irresponsible creature, sylph of the air or undine of the water, reveling in the gift of human speech, and delighting to weave it into long rhymy lines upon the pattern of the winds and waves, the currents of his native elements. Sometimes again, lured — quite irresponsibly — into hells and maelstroms of the psychic worlds created altogether by vicious man, and reveling in a 'superfluity of naughtiness,' as someone said. — And then, because this wind or water thing had learned *words* as hardly a mere human being could hope to learn them: because it could not speak but the winds and waters would flow sweetly through its speaking: a great Poet-Soul, undiluted with common brain-mind stuff, saw his chance to get supreme words spoken, supreme songs sung, and seized on

you are at any rate conscious of your conscience; you are not alone. But in the neutral act you are alone. There is a silence which seems very nearly an accusing silence.

There is no need to cross a bridge till you come to it. Those who have not come to this bridge need not concern themselves with it. But it is surely close ahead for the man who is trying to make his life lead to his soul, trying to reach the gate to the spiritual uplands.

The man this side of the bridge does from time to time do neutral things. The man the other side will not do any things that have not the active presence of soul behind them, that are not positive duty. He may of course take diversions, but only when he knows that he needs them for the future profit of his work, his body, his mind. And even so he will rather take them when they come of themselves than himself plan them out. And he begins to suspect that the chances for diversion *do* come of themselves — in his case and that of those who, like him, have put themselves under the Law — when they are needed. Then he feels that he can 'offer them up' just as he 'offers up' everything else he does. His rule presently is, to do nothing that cannot be 'offered up' and so brought under the approval and done with the co-operation of the overwatching soul.

And there is the key to the perplexities, the way through. If a man, through all sorts of mistakes in conduct, will try to 'offer up' whatever he does and get the soul's light upon it, he will come to see with ever greater clearness the right path of conduct, at last not perplexed at all. Personal desires, which are the sole source of perplexities as to the rightness of conduct, will die down and vanish. For the constant attempt to find this light will bring him into closer and closer touch with his soul. He is opening and clearing the way of communication — called *antaskarana* (in Theosophy), the Sanskrit word being used for want of an English. It is the path of communication between the higher and lower minds, the mind of the personality and that higher mind, always fully illuminated, which we call the Soul.

There are many possible definitions of duty. Here we may take this: that it is that conduct by which a man grows. He grows by the doing of it, by the will thus directed, by the motive, more than by the actual thing done. In fact that may have no far-reaching consequences at all. But his doing or his neglect is always of far-reaching consequence. It is of the utmost consequence to the universe that each human inhabitant of it should morally grow. Morally grown individuals are its urgent need, the need of that great Purpose which must have voluntarily offered human hands and minds to work through. Neglect of duty is not standing still, temporary cessation of growth; it is *un-growth*. And there are duties in the worlds of feeling and thought as well as in the world of action.

the one many called a degenerate, but who was really an innocent elemental. Call that Poet-Soul *Swinburne*, and name him with the greatest; forgive and forget the hollow insignificance of the other! Italy, awakening and striving towards regeneration, calls to him: and he responds, *marching* now divinely: his wayward airy words assume an insistent beat and heroic rhythm that cannot fail to be music; for the Poet is using, be it remembered, all the wisdom of the sylph, whose being itself is wind-music; or of the undine, whose nature is to sing like the streams and the sea-waves:—

Hither, O strangers that cry for her,
 Holding your lives in your hands,
 Hither, for here is your light,
 Where Italy is, and her might;
 Strength shall be given you to fight,
 Grace shall be given you to die for her,
 For the flower, for the lady of lands.

— But this high hymning has called up in the Poet-Soul certain lofty reminiscences, a deeper vision and feeling: it is for no mere flower or lady of lands that he sings now; no, not for Italy, nor for any external or limited thing:

In this day is the sign of her shown to you;
 Choose ye to live or to die.
 Now is her harvest at hand;
 Now is her light in the land;
 Choose ye to sink or to stand,
 For the might of her strength is made known to you
 Now, and her arm is on high.

Serve not for any man's wages,
 Pleasure nor glory nor gold;
 Not by her side are they won
 Who saith unto each of you: 'Son,
 Silver and gold have I none;
 I give but the light of all ages,
 And the life of my people of old.'

Ye that have joy in your living,
 Ye that are careful to live,
 You her thunders go by:
 Live, let men be, let them lie,
 Serve your season, and die;
 Gifts have your masters for giving,
 Gifts hath not Freedom to give.

— He calls it *Freedom* now; which also is an allegory, a manner of speaking. In truth it is a Presence august and mirific that stands behind all humanity, urging us onward towards hidden peaks within. Here now comes in full

flood the revelation of what this Presence is; — the word-juggling air- and water-sprite has become the prophet of the Most High: Poet, and especial poet, sealed and ordained, of the Innermost of Things, the Soul:

I am that which began,
 Out of me the years roll;
 Out of me God and man,
 I am equal and whole;
 God changes, and man, and the forms of them bodily; I am the Soul.

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

It is the peculiarity of this music that concerns us, the newness of it. It is in the grand manner; no lilt; — it is altogether too grave and weighty to be called that; it is a march as surely as Milton's mighty line is; but of how different an order! It has taken to itself the swiftness and song of the lilt; it is rich, like so much of Swinburne's work, with the consonance of the lilt; it has embodied liltism in the March just as Keats in *Endymion* embodied tone in it. There, you see, is the undine at work: accustomed to sporting amidst on-rushing rank upon rank of the foamflingers, he is lashing up the words now as in pre-existences he lashed up the waves: —

In the clash of my boughs with each other ye hear the wave sounds
 of the sea;

— but he is doing his wave-driving now for the Soul; it is a mighty poet is making use of the wave-driver.

— Or if, to go back to a simile used in past pages, Shakespeare's was a march of gay, heroic infantry; Milton's of the infantry of heaven and hell; then this of Swinburne's is a gallop of cavalry: the onsweep of celestial horsemen, magnificently mounted, magnificently riding.

FOUNDATIONS OF KNOWLEDGE: by William A. Dunn

THERE is no danger that dauntless courage cannot conquer; there is no trial that spotless purity cannot pass through; there is no difficulty that strong intellect cannot surmount.

—H. P. Blavatsky

IT is a matter of grave importance that a man should examine the foundations (in himself) upon which his knowledge rests. We may 'know' things or persons in so many ways, that often superficial impressions are mistaken for enduring facts. For instance, we may know others by name or report only; or by their characteristic qualities, or simply by their 'appearance.' It is obvious that the foundation of knowledge is only arrived at by conscious *under*-standing of, and identification *with*, the persons and things known, as opposed to the various aspects *from* which they are regarded.

In matters of familiar thought and experience, as those pertaining to Art, Industry, or Commerce, the *intermediate course of action* which passes from an intention to its fulfilment, or from an ideal to its realization, is a course which all men recognise as necessary and obligatory. A young art-student, for instance, is first possessed by an ideal which *becomes realized* later, after years of study and application. As finished artist, he has reached his goal: that of having *disciplined* his brain and hand to *execute* the conscious ideal of his Soul which had governed his efforts from the beginning. This truth applies to all 'courses of action' which transform architectural, commercial, and other designs, or ideal plans, into accomplished facts. As applied to human culture or refinement, the expression 'an accomplished man' conveys the same meaning. Thus in all matters of daily life and thought, the *intermediate* grades of effort (which consolidate the ideal into the real) are essentially the paths along which the Will *executes* the conscious purposes first formulated by imagination and thought. In the ordinary affairs of life, there are few who would dissent from these ideas — the dissentients would probably be those who (because of failure to recognise and execute obligations due to themselves and to others) condemn the world for conditions they have become specially involved in by individual conduct. Or as stated by Madame Blavatsky, "Karma gives back to every man the *actual consequences* of his own actions." "We say that Karma does not act in this or that particular way always; but that it always *does* act so as to restore Harmony and preserve the balance of equilibrium, in virtue of which the Universe exists."

But beyond the horizon of everyday affairs, in regard to the vastly more important matters which relate to the moral and spiritual well-being of man, teachings which define and point out 'ways and means' whereby to realize the life of the Soul, are all too frequently mistaken for the '*end*' they but indicate ideally, despite the fact that failure to execute the intermediate grades of action (*between* ideal and real) causes heart and

mind to manifest the inertia which attends sloth and semi-starvation. Inspiring as ideal knowledge is, as defining the 'possibilities' of the Soul, the development of individual capacity to *attain* the desired state is quite another matter; growing capacity indicating the Will in action, moving towards the pictured ideal until it attains identity with it — as an accomplished fact. But if ideal knowledge is not recognised as being merely a 'plan for action,' (and not 'action' itself) it tends to crystallize into an 'object of attachment' to perception alone, the active Will, meanwhile, remaining engaged with acquired habits and tendencies which the ideal would modify or transmute — if it could, or conditions permitted. To disengage the Will from the 'coils of the ancient serpent,' and apply it to the ideal purpose 'in view,' appears to be as necessary and obligatory in realizing a spiritual state of character, as it is necessary to dismiss sloth from ordinary duties, and apply the Will to the art, profession or business a man is engaged in.

The object of this paper is an attempt to indicate the functional energy of thought, as the sole cause upon which all perceptions and ideas depend for the 'associative powers' which vitalize and unite them into true forms of knowledge; as opposed to 'relative knowledge,' which is formal and distant, untenanted by the conscious Will, yet governing the mind under the form of 'Necessity.' Knowledge, to be true and familiar to heart and mind, necessarily *embodies* the executive Will as its vital principle.

A Supreme Court of Justice, in pronouncing judgment upon questions of Law, does so only after *all* detail evidence relating to the 'action' proceeding has been sifted, systematized, and summed up; the resulting verdict handed down having been abstracted from testimony drawn from both sides to the action, thus effecting a solution of the differences which had arisen between them.

The attitude assumed by a thoughtful mind seeking a solution of the diversified conditions in which it finds itself peculiarly involved, suggests the closest correspondence to judge, jury, opposing attorneys and testifying witnesses, of a 'Court of Justice.' The illustration also suggests, that in seeking the verdict of 'law' upon any problem with which the individual faculties are exercised, *every* diversified factor relating to the 'action' proceeding in thought, should be submitted to the Lawgiver residing *within* the thinking consciousness, in a truthful and systematic way, so that he (the Judge or Ego-Self) may 'hand down' a verdict of approval — such as all men know in their secret voice of conscience. Madame Blavatsky clearly expresses this idea in *The Key to Theosophy*, 236: (Man reaches an elevated status) "By the enlightened application of our precepts to practice; by the use of our higher reason, spiritual intuition and moral sense; and by following the dictates of what we call 'the still small voice'

of our conscience, which is that of our Ego, and speaks louder in us than the earthquakes and the thunders of Jehovah, wherein 'the Lord is not.' "

But it is usually found that opposing energies of thought are unevenly balanced in the *same* mind — some being intensified because ministering to present interest or desire, others being weakened by dismissal into the so-called 'objective' because their influence on feeling causes discomfort and self-reproof. (They are not 'dismissed,' in fact, but only *banished* to a hidden prison within the mind, from which they continue to act as pricks of conscience, and from which they will inevitably be released — either by self-redemption, or by Karma which brings all things to fruition.)

We therefore find that the prosecution of material interests all too frequently engrosses the mind's 'attention,' to the exclusion of the feebler defense set up by the spiritual thinker. This neglect of the spiritual faculty to cross-examine its opponent's testimony, and to marshal positive evidence to rebut it, compels the 'Judge' (conscience) to 'hand down' a verdict which can only be modified or reversed by an 'appeal' for another 'trial'—in which testimony from both prosecution and defense will be more truly handled. This illustration is not suggested as corresponding to objective environment, but as a picture of what occurs in every individual soul in studying facts in *itself*. Or, as stated in *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 329:

The pure object apart from consciousness is unknown to us, while living on the plane of our three-dimensional World; as we know only the mental states it excites in the perceiving Ego. And, so long as the contrast of Subject and Object endures — to wit, as long as we enjoy our five senses and no more, and do not know how to divorce our all-perceiving *Ego* (the Higher Self) from the thraldom of these senses — so long will it be impossible for the *personal* Ego to break through the barrier which separates it from a knowledge of *things in themselves*.

The 'pairs of opposites' everywhere co-existent and mutually dependent (as *each* individual perceives and *thinks* of them), such as 'life and death,' 'positive and negative,' 'good and evil,' 'inner and outer,' 'self and not-self,' etc., are usually not recognised as being polar contrasts of but one 'Thinking Agent,' that, after self-examination, may come to know itself as naturally resident in their hidden synthesis or equilibrium. In this connexion read *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 103:

It is only by the attractive force of the contrasts that the two opposites — Spirit and Matter — can be cemented on Earth, and, smelted in the fire of self-conscious experience and suffering, find themselves wedded in Eternity. This will reveal the meaning of many hitherto incomprehensible allegories, foolishly called 'fables.'

The sense-reflecting side of the mind — or that which inspects objective images reflected into it — seldom becomes *aware* of the fact that

what *it* imagines as separate from, or outside of, itself, is in strict truth involved, or bound up, with its own peculiar constitution or *mode* of receptivity — the receiving mirror (in which the totality of objects perceived is specially reflected) being in fact — *itself*. But the Judging-Self, who presides over consciousness *as a whole* (associated as it is with its total organic keyboard of graded cells, organs, and sense-orifices) cannot be so deluded, seeing that its 'verdicts' (uttered through voice of conscience) include testimony from all other agencies involved in every minute 'action.' (A single 'traitor' jeopardizes the safety of the army he is a member of.) When the sense-reflecting side of the mind acts from impulses of its own, it forgets that it is *intrinsically bound up* with all other 'principles' of the organized Selfhood, of which it is but one function interblended with many others. This is clearly stated in *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 604:

From *Gods to men*, from Worlds to atoms, from a star to a rush-light, from the Sun to the vital heat of the meanest organic being — the world of Form and Existence is an immense chain, whose links are all connected. The law of Analogy is the first key to the world-problem, and these links have to be studied co-ordinately in their occult relations to each other.

Consequently the 'apparent' separation of the mind from the Soul is a *self-willed delusion* which will cease when the fraud is discovered, and the released will is reclaimed for service to the creative imagination. It is not possible for the vital energies to leak 'into the air' (conducted by irrational thought, meaningless speech, and impulses of personal feeling) and at the same time energize and enact the spiritual functions of the soul through its bodily tabernacle. Electricity, being freed by disintegrating substances, and the same energy vitalizing a perfectly organized body, aptly illustrates the idea suggested. Or take the illustration of latent heat (flame): when under control it animates nature and serves mankind in countless ways — when it passes the bounds of control it devastates everything it touches. The Will of man is conceded to be the highest energy in nature; it is small wonder, therefore, if its association with transient desires and irrational thought should generate such terrible effects as history records. Or, as stated in *The Key to Theosophy*, page 199:

We must not lose sight of the fact that every atom is subject to the general law governing the whole body to which it belongs, and here we come upon the wider track of the karmic law. Do you not perceive that the aggregate of individual Karma becomes that of the nation to which those individuals belong, and further, that the sum total of National Karma is that of the World? The evils [falling on the masses] that you speak of are not peculiar to the individual or even to the Nation; they are more or less universal; and it is upon this broad line of Human interdependence that the law of Karma finds its legitimate and equitable issue.

Shakespeare indicate that some great man must have lived and composed them, although there are many scholars striving their utmost to invest his personality in mythical drapery, wearisome to the soul. *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 285, states that "All the fundamental truths of nature were universal in antiquity."

The custodians of materialistic learning have no need to depart from present time for living examples of their evolutionary scheme. What need to misinterpret antiquity (by denial of its spiritually advanced races) while the forefathers they acclaim are actually resident in the jungles of Africa and in other localities; especially as the data upon which materialists base their deductions are in many respects more unstable than those pertaining to man's *involution* from the ancient 'Gods'? In support of the latter, we not only have undoubted evidence in archaeological and literary remains, but also in the possession of atrophied organs in the body which evidence the fact that they once *had* functional activity.

It would seem that the only logical position to assume is that Gods, men, animals, apes, etc., co-exist at all times and epochs, and that men and nations manifest, *through themselves*, the special hierarchy they affiliate themselves with, by desired modes of thought and feeling which their prevailing desires and vital functions impel into action, and which they feel called upon to proclaim as universal truth. As the elements of a language may be woven into a sensual romance, a materialistic philosophy, or a Homeric epic, so may either the desires, aspirations, or will-force governing the thinking principle, weave the natural sensations which attend human existence into a base character, a devotee, or into the character of a God. The world of art and music is a living reality to those engaged therein; it is utterly void of meaning to those lacking capacity to understand or express it. The same fact also applies to all grades of capacity and intelligence which affiliate men with life. Outside of our *own* capacity, knowledge and experience which others consciously possess do not exist (for us). This fact is brought home when entering on some new occupation for which our enthusiasm has just awakened; we find that thousands of others have already reaped harvests in the field we have just begun to till. We had not perceived this before our own awakened interest endowed perception with sympathetic appreciation. Or, as stated in *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 326:

The evolution of the GOD-IDEA proceeds apace with man's own intellectual evolution. . . . For every thinker there will be a "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther" mapped out by his intellectual capacity.

Spectrum analysis of stellar light has recently revealed the fact that the stars are carried in *two* great orbits revolving in *opposite* directions: and that certain classes of stars are known to be growing hotter while

other classes of stars on the contrary are as certainly becoming cooler.

This universal tendency of interblended 'upgoing' and 'downgoing' life appears to be simultaneously present in *every* atom, cell, and organism in Nature — from highest complex body down to simplest atom, and in every expression of human conduct. This is suggested in *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 247:

Though one and the same thing in their origin, Spirit and Matter, when once they are on the plane of differentiation, begin each of them their evolutionary progress in contrary directions — Spirit falling gradually into matter, and the latter ascending to its original condition, that of a pure spiritual substance. Both are inseparable, yet ever separated.

In confirmation of this assumption — that of two opposite life-streams (involution and evolution) commingling in progressive stages through organizing cells, simple organisms, and bodies of increasing complexity — abundant testimony is available. The axioms which define the universality of law *governing* like and unlike, the *correlation* of dissimilar forces, action and reaction as equal and opposite, chemical affinities operating *between* unlike atoms, attraction *between* positive and negative currents of magnetism and electricity; all these and many similar facts demonstrate the overshadowing presence of unseen intelligences whose modes of manifestation are through polarized 'pairs of opposites,' which have their synthesis in some vital center, or functional power (such as respiration — which is the vital function or center regulating the opposite streams of inspiration and expiration.)

Every movement or effort proceeding from an evolving entity implies the presence of a *permitting* or reacting agency (generally not seen nor considered) in which the effort takes *effect*, — the 'permitting' agency (or medium receiving the effort) reacting on the movement in a specific manner; receiving, modifying, or retarding the moving force according to well-known dynamic principles. Hence the presence in the mind of twisted notions or unstable thoughts *implies* a mental background (consciousness as a whole) in a passive and non-resisting condition which 'permits' such instability amidst its thoughts — indicating the absence of original constructive 'thinking,' as a reactive agent to natural impulses. This truth is illustrated by the dependence of vegetation and animal life upon favorable meteorological conditions *in* the earth and atmosphere; and also by the spirit uniting an army depending on the *presence* of commanding officers who intelligently *will* that unity amongst the rank and file.

The evolution of man, the microcosm, is analogous to that of the Universe, the macrocosm. His evolution stands between that of the latter and that of the animal, for which man, in his turn, is a macrocosm.

—*The Secret Doctrine*, II, 177

It would therefore seem that *consciousness*, (which receives and *permits* phenomenal sensations to vibrate through it without change from their elemental states, or on the contrary classifies and reorganizes them into superior 'regimental groups'), is different in character from its variously graded contents. Hence to strengthen this 'permitting' background of the mind by *thinking in it* (as consciousness interpenetrating *all* its forms of thought) must necessarily change it from a passive to a positive state, *reacting*, because of acquired elasticity, through which intuitive volition may act, upon all objects of perception and desire, so that harmony between them and the established mental status will be continually operative. As the element carbon forms the base of all foods which nourish the body — yet also forms the diamonds; so are the elements of thought either food to the lower mind, or the material (when transmuted by the interpenetrating essence of pure thought) which become the 'diamond vesture' of the conscious Soul. Or, as taught in *The Key to Theosophy*, p. 257:

The purely bodily actions and functions are of far less importance than what a man *thinks* and *feels*; what desires he encourages in his mind, and allows to take root and grow there.

Speculative thinkers and enthusiastic emotionalists, who have attached their minds to the outer 'objects' which so diversify their thoughts and feelings as to cause disregard of the conscious *medium* (within themselves) they passively *permit* the 'objects' to float in — are strangely unconscious of the momentous changes, in quality and density, that mental background may undergo when independent effort to search for truth itself becomes operative. In fact it is this all-permeating field of consciousness which (when *aware* of its own quality and strength) takes *possession* of its 'objects of perception,' and arrives at truth by assimilating their essence and dismissing the refuse — thus embodying the conscious Will in the purified essence upon which all forms of true knowledge are based.

Minds are specialized, not so much because of differences in the subject-matter thought upon, as by the quality and strength of the *Will* consciously operating in their 'states of consciousness,' into which the subject-matter is admitted. As a metallic element may be used for a weapon, a machine, a bridge, or a transmitting medium of finer forces — so may the active Will destroy, construct, bridge over, or transmute the heterogeneous elements carried by consciousness. This suggests that a man's mental constitution, in which he is *aware* of conscious affiliation with a correspondent *aspect* of natural life, is quite distinct from the transient objects and pursuits which engage his *objective* perceptions, and that he *permits* those 'objects' to assume station in his mind according to the regulating processes inherent in his *mode* of constructive thought. Should this con-

scious thinking process be asleep or merely passive, the mind, of course, 'permits' phenomenal sensations to modify and ruffle it like waves and ripples on the surface of a lake. As the life of a great city 'appears' chaotic to a new arrival, yet is *home* to those residing and working in it — so does external nature 'appear' disjointed to untrained thought, yet progressively becomes *home* to those who consciously exercise *in themselves* energies correlative with those in unseen nature. In this connexion read *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 274:

Everything in the Universe, throughout all its kingdoms is CONSCIOUS: *i. e.*, endowed with a consciousness of its own kind and on its own plane of perception. . . .

The Universe is worked and *guided* from *within outwards* and man . . . the microcosm and miniature copy of the macrocosm— is the living witness to this Universal Law and the mode of its action.

Phenomenal conditions of life surround all men in common (as does air and sunlight), hence all 'interpretations' of life by thinking minds are, strictly speaking, more representative of constitutional qualities of the many minds 'exhaling' their formulated thought (as they 'exhale' breath, after inhaling and modifying the atmospheric air common to all) than of the totality of nature as it really is for all men in their deepest life of solidarity and interdependence. We read a citation in *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 285:

In the manifold unity of universal life, the innumerable individualities distinguished by their variations are, nevertheless, united in such a manner that the whole is one, and that everything proceeds from Unity.

God is not a mind, but the cause that the mind is; . . .

As it would be impossible to deduce the lives of Jesus Christ and Gautama-Buddha from the utterances of materialists or theological dogmatists, so it is erroneous to limit the interpretation of Nature and Humanity to restricted modes of thought and feeling peculiarly our own. The tone of a bell that vibrates through the air is but an acoustical replica of the organized qualities of the bell itself. Modify or improve the bell in any way, and the radiating tone becomes a correspondent replica. So it is with a man's mind. His 'interpretations' of universal life are 'tonal replicas' of his individual constitution, acting upon, or responding to, his environment. Improve or purify one's own mind, and all Nature 'appears' to improve correspondingly.

False ideas of the spiritual life of man appear to have arisen from regarding detached aspects or parts of his nature, as if competent to reveal knowledge which entirely belongs to their 'ensemble'—or vital force animating the living organism from which the 'parts' have been arbitrarily separated, so as to correspond with prevailing modes of scientific observa-

tion (thereby nullifying the vital ensemble, or state of co-ordinated forces). It is as though the meaning of a poem was sought for by detaching the nouns (denominating things) from their contexts, without regard for the modifying influences of carefully placed verbs (denominating forces), adverbs, adjectives, and conjunctions; or as if one observed the separate movements of surface waves without regard to the *water* beneath them all, and the causal agencies above of wind and weather; or as if, one broke a harp into parts in search of the music only possible when the harp is no longer parts, but a single instrument of perfect construction and in tune. This idea is presented in *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 281:

Everything is the product of one universal creative effort. . . . *Everything is organic and living*, and therefore the whole world appears to be a living organism.

The phenomena which attend separated or disintegrating parts of an organism are not compatible with that which attends the same parts in their various modes of correlation or ensemble. Separate objects and forces possessing special qualities of their own, *always* undergo a radical transformation when welded together by the unseen 'associative forces' they are completely subject to. Such an associative energy is indicated by electricity, which unites thousands of unlike atoms into molecules and compounds exhibiting qualities quite distinct from those displayed by the free atoms. And it seems probable that the 'associative power' of the conscious will (guided by 'ideas') causes the *unlike* contents of consciousness to coalesce into the higher forms of self-conscious knowledge which some minds possess as volitional intuition — the sense-phenomena they are recipient of appearing to pass at once into the superior condition they consciously embody. The wide differences between several men and women reacting to the *same* events or circumstances are suggestive of the enormous distinctions existing as between their established 'states of consciousness' and the objects of sense which are erroneously thought to be explanatory of their inner strongholds of individual selfhood. As raw material is specially gathered from Nature for the construction of dwellings — in obedience to architectural and constructive intelligence; so the mind is both the repository (on its observing side) of the raw materials of sensation and objects of perception, and the builder (on its executive side) of the various 'mansions of the Soul' under the direction of the architectural powers of the thinking Self.

In every living organism, from lowest cell-form up to complex man, we find a mingling of two opposite processes, *viz.*: *Involution*, or intake from Universal Nature and humanity (by *special* powers of individual selection) of separated elements, such as thought-currents, feeling, food,

air, light, heat, sound, odor, etc.; and *Evolution*, or output back to Nature of what the indwelling Egos or entities have *wrought* out of the elements specially involved or imbibed. In so far as these two processes (involution and evolution) neutralize each other in any cell, organ, or body, they appear to pass into a resultant energy known as Vitality, whose function seems to be that of maintaining and perpetuating the organism or species it animates and controls. One or the other of the processes of involution or evolution weakening (such as failure to assimilate thought, feeling, or food), then the disturbed vital balance opens the door to disintegration, or degeneration, of organic parts. But while the balance is retained as between incoming and outgoing forces, it provides the vital foothold, as it were, of the Conscious Ego who *causes* and regulates their neutral foci in vital centers of the established material form. In this connexion the following verse from the '*Book of the Dead*' is suggestive:

Thou openest up the path of the double Lion-God, thou settest the Gods upon their thrones, and the Khus in their abiding-places.

Praise be unto thee, O Ra. . . . Thou joinest thyself unto the Eye of Horus, and thou hidest thyself within its secret place.

Come, therefore, O Horus, Son of Isis, for thou, O Son of Osiris, sittest upon the throne of thy Father Ra to overthrow thine enemies; for he hath ordained for thee the *two lands* to their utmost limits.

The reincarnating Ego, therefore, (who consciously contacts material existence through the neutral vital centers of the body, which are the regulators of the graded streams of energy flowing in and out of the natural body) cannot be thought of, much less described, in terms which relate to a few of its detached parts; for instance, by attempting to define volition in terms of elemental processes such as those expressive of chemical affinity and cellular secretions. As well seek for the *idea* conveyed in a sentence by theoretical analysis of its constituent parts of speech.

When the meaning embodied in a sentence *dawns* on the mind, the idea (of which the thinking mind becomes *aware*) is known to be independent of the formal words used to invoke it. In a similar way, all mental phenomena, such as sensations, desires, emotions, etc., associated with the lunar or reflecting consciousness, are passed through, or superseded, when the *meaning* (enshrined in their higher ensemble or correlation) *dawns* on the mind — as the morning sun dismisses the reflecting shadows of the moon. In speaking of the world of 'ideas' it is stated in *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 280:

Man ought to be ever striving to help the divine evolution of *Ideas*, by becoming to the best of his ability a *co-worker with Nature*. . . . The ever unknowable and incognizable *Kârana* alone, the *Causeless Cause* of all causes, should have its shrine and altar on the holy and ever untrodden ground of our

heart — invisible, intangible, unmentioned, save through ‘the still, small voice’ of our spiritual consciousness.

The various classes of Egos which reincarnate into human existence appear, by reason of their inherent ‘powers of selection’ (Karma, or *capacity* brought over from previous life) to attract and aggregate *special* elements of life and Nature into the physical bodies they ensoul, as if they (the Egos) were the powers which *determine* the neutral points of balance (vital centers) between the incoming and outgoing forces commingling in the inhabited body. All human bodies, from infancy to old age, exhibit this ‘in’ and ‘out’ rhythm in infinite variety, to and from neutral vital centers (functional powers) in which the Ego apparently resides — as *Lawgiver*. The intake and output of blood to and from the vital center in the heart (in which it is *alchemically* purified) — the inspiration and expiration to and from the vital center of respiration (in which atmospheric air is transmuted), the intake and output attending the function of digestion (which changes food into bone, sinew, and muscle), and lastly, the crowning rhythm of the vital pendulum of pure thought between its subjective and objective poles, are clear indications of the threefold nature of *every* function proceeding from the Spiritual Will (or Ego). In brief, there is but *one Lawgiver* behind all its correlated activities, despite all opposite testimony from ‘appearances.’ In *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 277, Madame Blavatsky states:

The very *fact* that adaptations *do* occur, that the fittest *do* survive in the struggle for existence, shows that what is called ‘unconscious Nature’ is in reality an aggregate of forces manipulated by semi-intelligent beings (Elementals) guided by High Planetary Spirits (Dhyân-Chohans), whose collective aggregate forms the manifested *verbum* of the unmanifested LOGOS, and constitutes at one and the same time the MIND of the Universe and its immutable LAW.

Taking the four functions of thought, respiration, blood-circulation, and digestion (which correspond with the ancient classification of Fire, Air, Water, and Earth) as indicating rhythmic flows of energy to and from the vital centers which govern them, we have a vivid representation of *how* Nature operates in all parts of her living organism (quite independent of *relative* notions which lodge in the mind for a brief space, and then die for lack of correspondence to any living thing). It depicts involution and evolution as co-existing polarities proceeding from unseen conscious Wills (Egos) who inform and regulate all parts of the organisms they inhabit. Hence to gain knowledge of the Souls incarnated in Humanity (as they *are* behind their multiple ‘appearances’) one must approach them through the *synthesis* of *all* separated aspects of one’s own consciousness, just as synthetic adjustment of words and sentences provide ‘means’

by which the mind becomes recipient of the *ideas* language merely 'conveys' from other Souls. This attitude of mind is strongly emphasized in *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 276:

It is on the acceptance or rejection of the theory of the *Unity of all in Nature, in its ultimate Essence*, that mainly rests the belief or unbelief in the existence around us of other conscious beings besides the Spirits of the Dead. It is on the right comprehension of the primeval Evolution of Spirit-Matter and its real essence that the student has to depend for the further elucidation in his mind of the Occult Cosmogony, and for the only sure clue which can guide his subsequent studies.

Madame Blavatsky beautifully expresses the path of this study in the following words:

Universal Unity and Causation; Human Solidarity; the Law of Karma; Reincarnation. These are the four links of the golden chain which should bind humanity into one family, one Universal Brotherhood.

—*The Key to Theosophy*, 229

No investigation of the 'separate' forces of human life can lead to that knowledge of the Soul which only blazons forth in a fully organized character, with all its principles or aspects in perfect correlation (like the numerous departments of a perfectly organized business). In support of these facts Madame Blavatsky states, in *The Key to Theosophy*, page 186:

The universe and everything in it, moral, mental, physical, psychic or Spiritual, is built on a perfect law of equilibrium and harmony. . . . the centripetal force could not manifest itself without the centrifugal in the harmonious revolutions of the spheres, and all forms and the progress of such forms are products of this dual force in Nature. . . . the Spirit, or *Buddhi*, is the centrifugal, and the soul, or *Manas*, the centripetal spiritual energy; and to produce one result they have to be in perfect union and harmony.

The human soul, whether considered from the physical or metaphysical side, necessarily embodies an established existence, in itself, *before* any mode of investigation of its organic aspects or details *can* be taken up. It is obvious that the ensouling energies which *govern* all forms of vegetation, or of animals and men, are in command of the full resources of knowledge bound up with their existence. The utter lack of and correspondence between the vital life which causes a vegetable form to develop, and the scientific knowledge gained by analysis of its 'parts,' does not appear to be incongruous or absurd to the materialistic investigator. Yet in everyday affairs we recognise the distinction between superficially observing (*outer-standing*) the activities of a large business concern, and the *under-standing* possessed by those who originate and control those activities. Thus observing Nature from the 'outside' is quite distinct from becoming acquainted with the 'intelligences' operating *within* Nature;

which the mind may approach from within itself — seeing that the mind (in its origin) is not separate from the ‘causes’ it seeks, but is deeply bound up with them. The manner in which a business or professional man *works* his way to higher positions of responsibility and efficiency is approximately the same as that of the human soul working *its* way to posts of capacity and efficiency in the unseen commonwealth of Nature. As within, so without.

This truth, applied to philosophic thinking, is of momentous import. Philosophy, in its essence, is conscious effort of the mind to unload itself of illusion, and become *aware* of its essential identity with the reality of pure thought from which it had departed into objective illusion. When the deceit of sense-perception is discovered, ‘relative’ notions which attend misdirected faculties, disappear of themselves. Consequently, any system of philosophy which, after proper examination, fails to so release and discipline the mind that it becomes freely responsive to the living truth at the soul of things, is either restricted as a system of thought-discipline, or inappropriate to the needs of the student.

‘Thinking’ — or consciousness knowing itself as cause and ‘permitting’ agent in all its perceptions and conceptions — therefore progressively frees the mind from attachment to mere sense-reports of phenomena — by exercising it (the mind) with that from which *all* modes of perception proceed.

The ‘appearance’ of Nature to man is somewhat like that of a communication, the words of which, being in cipher, first engage the mind with their broken meanings; until, by seeking for the connexion *between* them (should thought discover its own key) the message itself is arrived at — and the mind, having adjusted the detail words, becomes recipient of an *idea* — the symbolic means used to convey it being dismissed.

Pure thought cannot be swamped or disturbed by currents of sensation and impulse, without thinking (as a function of the conscious will) ceasing. It is a mechanical law that motor power cannot operate the machinery of a factory which, because of inferior construction, permits the power to escape through broken crevices or ill-fitting joints. In a similar way, it would appear that the conscious action of the Spiritual Will depends on the subjugation of ‘subjective’ and ‘objective’ tendencies of disarranged thought, to the end that they become centralized in the pure Ego-Self. Thus the functional power of thinking is the fundamental cause from which both inner and outer perceptions (which are always correlative as inner ‘image’ related to outer ‘object’) receive the *meaning* attributed to them — just as inspiration and expiration of the breath are ingoing and outgoing indications of the central function of respiration.

The functional power of the Spiritual Will, therefore, being the fundamental cause of the subjective and objective perceptions peculiar to each

The organism of man is admittedly the apex, or epitome, of all gradated forms in extended nature. The modern tendency to define evolution in terms of sight-perception alone — which *looks out*, on forms of every shape and degree, from simple cells aggregating in bodies of varied and increasing complexity, up to that of man (who epitomizes the whole) — all this has obscured the opposite truth enunciated by Theosophy: that of the *descent* (through cast-off parts) of the perfect man-form into separated species of descending grades. The so-called inorganic processes proceeding from unit organisms into multiple molecular and atomic classes of substances — testified to by the senses of feeling, taste and smell — also suggest this distribution.

If it is true, as evolutionists claim, that man evolved physically from primitive races, it is equally true to assert that the civilized races of early historic and prehistoric times (whose relics and literature we attribute to 'Divine intervention' in order to sustain our assumption of possessing *human* knowledge superior to that possessed by antique races), also resided on earth at a time approximate to that allotted to primitive origins. And it is but logical to assume that, if physical man evolved from primitive natural conditions, spiritual man simultaneously *involved* from an original *objective* state of established knowledge and power; these two poles bearing suggestive correspondence to present developed functions of desire, as opposed to the atrophied functions of intuition and conscience; of which only the 'voice' remains on earth, linked with some dwarfed cerebral organs whose function is a mystery to science (like their archaeological correspondents dotting the earth at many points). These matters would become clearer if 'Supernaturalism' and 'Divine intervention' were eradicated from thought, and the really common-sense view taken that all secular and Divine relics of the past proceeded from men and races who actually lived, thought and wrote their history — remnants of which we possess, and piece together according to arbitrary preconceptions. The only reason why we do not think of our spiritual progenitors as 'men and women' of the past, is because our own standard is regarded exclusively as on an ascending scale, and not, on the spiritual side, on a descending one. It apparently would be too great a blow to modern self-esteem, to regard present spiritual conditions as a degeneration from prehistoric civilization. This tendency of the personal nature to applaud itself is well known in types who assert with pride that they are 'plain practical people,' meaning thereby, that all refining qualities outside *their* perceptions and capacity are superfluous and unpractical. It is much the same in regard to the attitude of the modern mind towards antiquity. The presence amongst us of the *Upanishads* of India, or the Pyramids of Egypt, are as indicative of great prehistoric civilizations higher than our own, as the plays of

individual, can only be known by recognising that all 'extremes meet,' and disappear, when their neutral functional cause becomes known and self-active in consciousness. Pure flame (to which consciousness has been compared) is both its own subjective heat and its own objective radiation. In *The Key to Theosophy*, page 180, Madame Blavatsky writes:

This *individualized* 'Thought' is what we Theosophists call the *real* human Ego, the thinking Entity imprisoned in a case of flesh and bones. This is surely a Spiritual Entity, not *Matter*, and such Entities are the incarnating EGOS. . . whose names are *mânasa* or 'Minds.'

When the function of disentangled thought is, by discipline, exalted to a state of health and strength, this comes not by continuing to observe and fondle its familiar objects of perception, but by free exercise of its own etheric principle in which 'objects of attachment' (psychological notions) are grasped and questioned as to their relation to the truth which the thinking principle carries in itself — as *cause* of its *awareness*. This engenders a thought capacity which soon discovers itself to be independent (because causal agent) of the transient images vibrating over its surface, and upon which it (the thinker) depended when in a passive state. And further, it is found that 'subjective' and 'objective' modes of feeling and perception change radically as the Thinking Power acquires capacity to *will* its association with causal energies of life previously concealed by deceptive 'appearances.' In short, consciousness comes to will and know itself (through channels of trained thought and feeling) along the universal 'level' of its own capacity or awareness just as the muscular system *acts* — by acquired co-ordinating movements — *through* the outer occupations and modes of conduct it has been trained for. This thought is forcibly presented in *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 110-111:

. . . it is the Higher Ego, or incarnating principle, the *nous* or *Mind*, which reigns over the animal Ego, and rules it whenever it is not carried down by the latter. . . .

. . . the *Zohar* teaches that in the 'Soul' is the *real man*, *i. e.*, the Ego and the conscious I AM: '*Manas*.'

Thinking, as a functional power, appears to be to consciousness what digestion and respiration are to the body — "As above, so below." Should the phenomena which attend physical functions be paraphrased into their psychological equivalents, the results would probably give a correct description of the mental conditions of the person considered — indicating whether the thinking principle is merely reflective to inferior sensations and desires of the lower functions (like the passive surface of a mirror) — or actively *awake* in its own etheric element, infinitely elastic, because coherent, to all vibrations of manifesting Nature, yet possessing a quality

of solid cohesion which *reacts* upon the elements received from extended Nature — embodying them into forms of the creative imagination, or self-expression of the Soul.

We read in *The Key to Theosophy*, page 99, that —

The 'Principles' . . . are simply *aspects* and *states of consciousness*. There is but one *real* man, enduring through the cycle of life and immortal in essence, if not in form, and this is *Manas*, the Mind-man or embodied Consciousness.

In the Egyptian '*Book of the Dead*' we find the same truth:

I have gained the mastery over my heart. I understand with my heart. I have gained the mastery over my two hands. I have gained the mastery over my two legs. I have gained the power to do whatsoever my Ka pleaseth. My Soul shall not be fettered to my body at the gates of the underworld; but I shall enter in peace and I shall come forth in peace.

Madame Blavatsky teaches that the disciple must become 'all thought' and William Q. Judge also affirms "not speech, but thought, really rules the world." Or to paraphrase in scientific parlance: "Not phenomenal sound, light, heat, and electrical vibrations rule Nature, but the all-pervading etheric energy, of which all these are but fragmentary 'appearances.'" The totality of manifesting life, viewed as *from* the etheric energy of space, cannot appear but as co-ordinating expressions of one Supreme Will and Intelligence. In this connexion, the following words of *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 278, are conclusive:

During the great mystery and drama of life . . . real Kosmos is like the object placed behind the white screen upon which are thrown the Chinese shadows, called forth by the magic lantern. The actual figures and things remain invisible, while the wires of evolution are pulled by the unseen hands; . . . This was taught in every philosophy, in every religion, *ante* as well as *post* diluvian, in India and Chaldea, by the Chinese as by the Grecian Sages.

The present state of scientific knowledge, which presents voluminous records of analytical research, as contrasted with but scant information of synthetical knowledge of *conscious* life (of which the observed phenomena are but broken fragments), presents a picture of immense disproportion as between the two related poles of Conscious Spiritual Will, and the diverse 'objects' of intelligence. It is obvious that in so far as diversity of thought is divorced from unity of consciousness, the living truth becomes hidden, and the Will is divided into opposed opposites of 'Free Will' and 'Necessity' — the latter being the unrecognised side of the will locked up in objective 'appearances' wrongly dismissed from their place of birth in the individual consciousness under the delusion that the 'paper currency' of 'appearances' was backed up by actual gold in the bank. The Will

acting as 'necessity' necessarily becomes free when objective perceptions, (which polarize the will to a supposed not-self) are recognised as dismissed self-creations, and are reclaimed, purified, and reset in their original 'home.' That the Ancient Egyptians recognised sense-delusions is evidenced by the following verse taken from the '*Book of the Dead*':

Turn thou back, O messenger of every God! Is it that thou art come to carry away this my heart which liveth? But my heart which liveth shall not be given unto thee. As I advance, the Gods hearken unto my offerings, and they all fall down upon their faces in their *own* places.

These two, the hidden Will, and the outer diversity reflected into the mental mirror, appear to be but opposite sides of the same shield — the thinking principle *per se* — likewise the key to the mystery attending duality is to be found in the cohesive unity of power and substance in the *shield itself*. The thinking power is at once the home of the Ego and the resisting armor to all vibratory 'attacks' ringing upon its surface. The story of Perseus, who cut off the Gorgon's head by means of its *reflexion* in the shield given him by Athena (Wisdom), being instructed by the goddess not to look *direct* at the Gorgon under penalty of being turned to stone (illusionary perception or attachment), is a suggestive allegory of a mind becoming *aware* of the fact that its so-called 'Outer World,' to which it has been attached, is in reality but a *reflexion in the mind itself*, quite different from the world as *it* truly exists — hidden from sight by the very 'appearances' the mind had regarded as true and final reports. The fallacy of this is disclosed when it is remembered that not only do minds differ in their powers of receptivity, but that a single mind sees a 'new world' with every radical change in its development. For when we approach Nature with *preconceived* states of mind, the multiple details witnessed 'appear' exactly as they do *because* of conditions assumed by and in the observer himself. It seems impossible to escape this conclusion.

That Nature, in herself, is not separated into the 'parts' attributed to her, all sincere thinkers admit. Yet the same observers often hesitate to allow that the intelligent Power governing Nature from within has necessarily a conscious throne in the *hidden* resources of their own minds, on the reverse side of the reflecting surfaces of their mental shields. If this is not admitted, then *whence* proceeds the single searchlight of intelligence which inspects millions of details, yet remains unchanged — as searchlight? Or whence proceeds the Will, which, though outwardly distributed along many lines traced by desire, yet remains but *one* energy at its source, *in* the individual?

These considerations bring to mind the words of an ancient philosopher who stated that people who exercised their brains exclusively with external

objects of thought reminded him of "men who discussed the laws and institutions of a distant city of which they had heard no more than the name. . . . The true philosopher," he said, "should turn his glance within, should study himself and his notions of right and wrong; only thence could he derive real profit." In another form, this idea is also conveyed by the biblical phrase:

Dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.

The insistent keynote which dominates Theosophical teachings is that of the momentous *distinction* between Man (as an established Ego or Thinker) and the multitudinous experiences in which that thinker becomes involved and obscured. The 'Thinking and Willing Self' is obviously as *distinct* from the diverse events and circumstances it oversees and manipulates as a general manager of a railway is distinct (when in his 'home') from the organized system he has established by his will and capacity.

Theosophy states that the Egos who incarnate as 'Thinking Entities' in the human race are pure Intelligences who are what they are *because* of having passed through long ages of universal experience. In the incarnated state these 'Intelligences' are said to take on a dual manifestation — one as independent *Knower of itself*, as "indestructible throughout the life-cycle—indestructible as a thinking *Entity*, and even as an ethereal form" (*The Key to Theosophy*, 174) — the other as a *reflected* ray associated with the immediate interests of the prevailing personality. This is illustrated by an artist possessing capacity to execute advanced art-work, but unconscious of his essential ability because engaged in drawing cartoons.

When a man finds himself, or *discovers* himself *in* an 'act of thinking,' as being a Self-acting agent quite distinct from the subject-matter of his thought and perception, a superb thrill vibrates through consciousness to its uttermost limits. It is then felt that *Truth* is somehow *within* the thinking energy itself, and not relative *to* it. Before this awakening in consciousness of what *it* embodies, the mind is active in a twofold way: a special *mode* of intellection (in consciousness) polarized to an *external* creed, philosophy, profession, or to some form of self-indulgence. But as shown, truth itself *cannot* be discovered in this duality of modal thought acting upon its correspondent environment. Truth resides within the 'Thinking Ego' who is infinitely adaptable to *all* modal forms of action, upon all planes of phenomenal Nature — and yet remains separate, as *Thinking Agent* — just as the Sun reflects his light upon all forms of vegetation, yet remains Sun.

When Truth awakens *in* the Thinking Self, consciousness becomes aware of itself *in* all things which it 'thinks' or 'wills.' *Awareness* is that

feeling of trust and certainty which leaps to the spiritual touch of another, and feels a kinship with the Sun deep down with the visible disc that focuses all radiation. *Awareness*, when it proceeds from the 'Knower' in the heart, passes through all forms used in thought-imagery, as a beam of light passes through forms of air and water. It may observe the multitudinous lives residing in such forms, yet never lose its own feeling of *awareness*, or of being the one radiation from divinity upon which all knowledge and experience depend.

The Spiritual Self is eternally aware of itself in time, space, humanity, nature, all of which are but its modal or manifesting *forms*. When it thinks of itself as 'eternal duration' it gathers to itself its distributed thoughts of past and future, and stands on the threshold of a great beyond in which past and future are not, but an ever-recurring Present which embodies all things. The eternal Present, therefore, cannot be regarded as an external object *to* thought, feeling, or will, but as the characteristic ensemble (or synthesis) *of* all possible aspects of human consciousness.



IBN KHALLIKÂN in his celebrated *Biographies* (translation of Baron MacGuckin de Slane, vol. ii, pp. 205-206) thus speaks of him [the veiled Prophet of Khurâsân]:

"Al-Muqanna' al-Khurâsânî, whose real name was 'Atâ, but whose father's name is unknown to me (though it is said to have been Hakîm), began his life as a fuller at Merv. Having acquired some knowledge of Magic and Incantations, he pretended to be an Incarnation of the Deity, which had passed into him by Metempsychosis, and he said to his partisans and followers: 'Almighty God entered into the figure of Adam; for which reason He bade the angels adore Adam, "*and they adored Him, except Iblis, who proudly refused,*"* whereby he justly merited the Divine Wrath. Then from Adam He passed into the form of Noah, and from Noah into the forms of each of the prophets and sages successively, until He appeared in the form of Abû Muslim al-Khurâsânî (already mentioned), from whom He passed into me.'"

— Browne's *A Literary History of Persia*, Vol. 1, p. 320

*Qur'an, ii, 31

TRIED IN THE BALANCE: by R. Machell

CHAPTER IV



MARTIN stood by the open door until the footsteps died in the depth below, then he turned and looked round the room astonished at the transformation it had undergone in those few moments. He pulled back the curtain that usually covered the little south window, and looked out over the city. Changes of mood were familiar experiences to this undisciplined nature, but never before had he sprung at a bound from such a depth of discouragement to the sunlit heights of faith in his destiny. It was not hope, but knowledge of his power and conviction of his vocation that filled him

with such a jubilant sense of energy. What he had heard was no prophecy, no mere promise, but a revelation of the truth. He laughed at his weakness, and despised himself sincerely for allowing a simple injustice, or perhaps only a fault of judgment on the part of men who were not qualified to understand such work as his, to plunge him in despair. Once more he stood upon the heights, and knew himself a soul incarnate, a being from a higher sphere. This was not vanity, but inspiration. His brain was clear as a mirror, in which the motions of his soul were pictured in thoughts, while he stood back and watched the transformation of the transcendental concepts of the higher mind into the concrete images intelligible to the lower. He was the soul, and for a moment knew himself more than a mortal.

Time has no hold on transcendental consciousness, or if it has, then it must be a transcendental measure of eternity beyond the comprehension of the brain-mind; for in such rare moments one is made aware of what is meant by the old scripture in which it is written: "in thy sight a thousand years are but as yesterday."

When he turned from the window the sight of his preparations for a journey made him smile. He had no need to go to the seaside now. He had been farther than that and had come back refreshed, nay, reborn, rather. Now he would start in earnest. The path lay clear before him, and he saw that it was very long, and that it lay across a wild and barren land and lost itself among the mountains, where the sun shone low in the heavens. Even as he stood at the window watching the sunlight on the city fade, he saw the other sun go down and disappear in darkness. No matter; he had seen the path: nothing now could rob him of the certainty that it

existed, and that it was his path, whether he followed it or failed. Before he went to bed the studio was once more cleared for work and the vacuity caused by the absence of the 'Cleopatra' was changed to a vortex in which vibrated the nebulous substance of a new creation, whose germ was in the artist's heart waiting the hour of its release, to struggle forth to life in the dark shadow-world of mortals. It is said that the angels aspire to become men. So too a dream or spiritual idea seeks its expression in the realm of matter, even as the souls of men seek reincarnation on this earth having already tasted of its joys and sorrows, being all bound upon the wheel of the Great Law.

Martin Delaney had found a bridge across the chasm revealed by the completion of a work, even if he had not yet grasped the thread of 'continuity' we call 'The Path.'

This time he determined to make more careful preparation for the work, and also to take warning from experience. He had not heeded his father's reminder that his income was to be reduced, and so he came near absolute failure simply for want of money. He was not mercenary, but he was afraid of actual want: it seemed to him that he must first of all protect himself against this deadly enemy to success. So he at once began the painting of another picture in the same style as that which had proved a 'seller.' But before this was finished fame had found him out. It was a modest kind of fame, but of a sort not to be despised.

His friend Talbot, writing for an English weekly, had mentioned the young English artist so favorably that a local paper reproduced the notice with additions and references to his family. This brought congratulations from his relatives and a proposal from his new brother-in-law that Martin should come over and paint full-length portraits of himself and wife. He had but recently inherited a large estate with a fine old house filled with ancestral portraits, to which he felt he must contribute as his forebears had done.

Martin was nothing loath to take a summer holiday that would be so profitable, and he accepted readily.

His extraordinary facility fitted him for popular portraiture, and his first efforts proved so successful that commissions came from other members of the family before the portraits of his brother-in-law and sister were ready to hang in their places. He decided that he must take fortune while she smiled upon him, knowing that the path he meant to follow lay across a very barren land. It would be wise, he thought, to start with a balance in the bank. The contrast between his life in Paris and that of a favored guest in English country houses of the better sort was altogether agreeable to his taste, and he soon found himself in demand; so that the summer slipped away and autumn before he found time to accept his father's

pressing invitation to come and paint portraits of his parents. His homecoming was a little triumph in itself, for he had gone abroad almost in disgrace, because of his refusal to follow the family tradition, which prescribed a choice of three professions for the sons of a family such as theirs. Army, Navy and Church; these were the only alternatives to the bar, which was to him an unthinkable proposition. But since he was successful in the line that he had chosen, his parents decided they might now recognise his choice of a career, that had moreover taken a much higher rank in the last generation than previously. Martin was treated as a genius, and enjoyed his popularity. Then came a pressing invitation from his married sister to visit them for a ball they meant to give in honor of the new portraits, hinting moreover at probable orders for more commissions from some of the neighbors, whom she was already canvassing in his interest.

That ball was fateful. He was flattered and made much of by all kinds of people, and several commissions resulted; but the fatefulness of the visit was embodied in a fascinating personality, the orphan heiress of a wealthy manufacturer, who had given his daughter a fashionable education, and had placed her before his death under the protection of an impoverished widow, whose defunct husband was a bankrupt baronet. She, poor lady, had done her duty faithfully by the orphaned heiress, and had secured for her the entrée into a class of society that would hardly have opened its doors to her parents. She made her home with Lady Marshbank, and kept up the old house in fitting style, but not extravagantly. She had good taste and a will of her own. When she met the popular young artist she decided to have him paint her portrait for the Academy. There was time before the opening of the Spring Exhibition to complete the picture, and Martin undertook it, although he knew that it would postpone the great work he had planned. But then the price to be paid for this picture was in itself enough to keep him for a year if he lived economically, and then it would leave him time for several minor commissions in between times, for the picture was to be painted at Lady Marshbank's house Gadby, in Leicestershire, and Miss Southwick was very much in demand, spending a great deal of time visiting the houses of new friends with marriageable sons; so that the sittings for the portrait would be interrupted by occasional absences from home. All this combined to keep the artist in an atmosphere that was not favorable to Art as he understood it when he was in Paris: and to tell the truth, he was content to let his visions and his dreams rest a while. He told himself this was but a preparation for his great career. The life pleased him, and he found himself personally popular as well as being treated as a genius, which in itself is somewhat intoxicating to a young man of undisciplined character.

Miss Southwick was not beautiful, but she was attractive and intelligent. There was a certain charm about her that was not easily definable, and Martin was interested by her as by an artistic problem. He saw an effective picture to be made, and knew that he could do it. He also knew that if it were a success he would be able to command far higher prices for portraits in future; and that would leave him free to devote more time to serious work. Yes! that would leave him free to choose his sitters too. So that he could avoid some of the unpleasantness that comes with exacting subjects, who want to be made beautiful and yet to have a portrait that everyone can recognise. And also that would make it hard to turn his back upon the life he found so pleasant even now. He saw the danger, but he was not alarmed by it; he thought he knew his strength; it is hard to realize that one's little weaknesses are the true measure of one's strength in the long run.

So Martin went to Gadby and began the portrait of Julia Southwick. He was interested in the girl as a study, and was charmed by her as a woman. She was indeed a woman who easily won the affection of those with whom she came in contact. Her guardian, Lady Marshbank, loved her as a daughter, and the girl had come to look upon her chaperon as a mother, with Gadby as her home. It had been understood between her father and the widow of the ruined baronet that Julia should marry Alister Marshbank in due course. The boy was then at school, a handsome pleasant fellow and about Julia's age. But, as the young people grew up together, and the boy became more and more like his father, there were times when his mother hoped he would turn his attention to some other girl, some woman of the world. She loved her adopted daughter, and had not the heart to throw her in the way of such a marriage as her own had been. So she adopted the plan of treating the two as brother and sister, and the plan seemed to have answered, so far as she was able to judge. There was a frank and open friendship between them such as a brother and sister might display, and nothing more so far. But Alister himself took it for granted that he was to marry Julia some day, while she looked upon Gadby as her home, and if she had to marry someone she supposed it naturally would be Alister. But when Martin came to Gadby and the sittings for the portrait had begun, things took another aspect.

Julia insisted that her foster-mother's portrait should be added to the collection, and then when Lady Marshbank suggested Alister instead of herself, Julia said, "Why not both?" And so it was decided, and Alister was told to apply for leave from his regiment in order to come home and sit for his portrait.

Sir Alister was very like his father, and inherited a disposition to spend money recklessly. The estate was in the hands of a receiver, who paid him

a very moderate allowance, which his mother supplemented by an addition out of her own pocket, which in its turn was regularly replenished by Julia's check-book. And as all were satisfied with the arrangement there was nothing to be said against it. But when the young guardsman came home and found a rather striking (not to say handsome) artist installed on terms of intimacy in the house, he felt as if someone were intruding, and it certainly could not be he, who was the master of the house. He was inclined to be a little stiff and rather formal in his treatment of their guest, till Julia made fun of him and got him into a good humor again, as she knew how. She looked upon him as a boy, and certainly he could not claim to be much more.

Julia's portrait in due course went to the Royal Academy, and was well hung and favorably noticed by the critics. The other two portraits were only half-lengths and did not take long to paint, but long enough to make Martin wish there were other members of the family to be painted; and it was long enough to make Lady Marshbank wonder if it had not been altogether too long for Julia's happiness. But for the girl herself the time was all too short.

Martin declared that he was eager to be back in Paris and at work on a new picture, which he was at last persuaded to describe to a most sympathetic listener. She was intensely interested. Then she was told the story of the first 'Cleopatra' picture, omitting of course all mention of the girl who sat for the great queen. The new picture was to be 'The Passing of the Queen,' and Julia was thrilled with excitement by the eloquent description that the artist gave of the subject as he had conceived it. She wanted to go to Paris at once and see the other picture which had returned to the empty studio. She got down old books on Egypt from neglected shelves in the library, and sent to London for the latest works on the subject, and they studied them together. Then she had a costume arranged by her maid, and Martin made sketches for the picture and listened to her suggestions, which were always intelligent and practical. Finally one day they got a book with magnificent pictures of the temples on the Nile, and that settled the matter. She decided then and there, that the only way to get into the right mood to study such a subject was to go to Egypt.

"Let's go!" she said enthusiastically; then realized the bearing of her words, and stopped. But looking him straight in the eyes she added, "Why not?"

Martin was silent a moment under the spell of her straightforward challenge. He did not hesitate long, but just repeated, "Ah! why not?"

And yet it was hard to say just what was in his heart. He hardly knew himself. It was as though he felt the influence of a will stronger than his own which yet was so in tune with his that the two wills were

one. It was a new experience to find himself guided and at the same time dominated by a woman whose will raised no opposition from his own. Hitherto he had resented any evident attempt to lead or influence him in any way; but Julia was so frank and honest, and so clear-headed, he felt that he could trust her absolutely, as a man seldom does trust a woman.



Besides she understood him: so he said to himself in confidence, meaning by that most probably that she accepted him at his own valuation; which was not quite true perhaps.

Lady Marshbank was a little startled by the announcement that her ward had made up her mind to visit Egypt and to invite the painter to go with them. She put it very nicely, asking her chaperon if she would not like to take them on a tour of archaeological research. This led to a serious conversation and a promise from Julia not to say more about

the matter till her fostermother should have time to talk with the artist.

She was not an alarming person, yet Martin felt extraordinarily uncomfortable when next day he was invited to take a walk in the garden with his hostess. He guessed what was coming, and tried to clear his thoughts sufficiently to give a reasonable account of his position.

He had not contemplated marriage, and was quite innocent of any attempt to win the heiress. He still held himself pledged to his art: but somehow his art had changed its aspect since he came to England and began painting portraits. The atmosphere of these old country houses was very soothing, but it did not foster the dreams that came to him in the neglected studio, which had been hallowed by the presence of the Queen. No visions of mystery rose to stir his imagination with awe and majesty. Here life was very comfortable and extremely rational. Mysticism was unknown and art meant merely the embellishment of homes dedicated to the comfort of the living and the honor of the dead. Sometimes he chafed at the narrowness of it all; but it was very pleasant to be flattered and petted as he had been, and there was a keen delight in feeling his power as a painter: for portraiture seemed to come naturally to him; each new canvas was a new triumph, and his career looked rich and rosy to him compared with that path which led through barren wastes up to the heights he still meant to reach. So it was truth he spoke in telling Lady Marshbank that he had not yet thought of marriage, and certainly had not dreamed of trying to attract the love of one who might aspire to a far more brilliant future than he could offer her. He spoke sincerely and his words carried conviction, and won the admiration of a woman who was accustomed to see her ward followed by a never-ending string of fortune-hunters young and old. As guardian of an heiress she felt bound to inquire as closely as possible into the antecedents of a man in whom her ward was evidently interested, to say no more; and so she left the young man with the feeling that it might be as well to bring his visit to a close and to go back to Paris at once. And this he did. Julia was just as charming as possible, showed no surprise, but merely said:

“You may expect a summons to Cairo one of these days, so be prepared.”

She thanked him for the pictures as if they were gifts and let him go with a cheery “Au revoir,” that sounded very pleasant to his ears. It haunted him all the way back and did not leave him when he found himself once again in his studio gazing in wonder at the ‘Cleopatra,’ which seemed to him like some old memory of other days. Suddenly he thought of Clara Martel, and wondered what had become of her. She had dropped out of his mind as if she too were but a memory of some former life. Now he was back again, but the place had no welcome for him. Something

had happened in his absence. He felt as if someone must have died here; and then he fancied he was the dead man come like an unwelcome ghost to haunt the studio, that had been his home, and more than any ordinary home, for it had been indeed a temple dedicated to the sacred mystery of art. It was here unaltered, and yet changed. Something had gone. The place seemed empty, even more vacant than it did when first the 'Cleopatra' left the easel. It now seemed but a shell: yet he was here to call the sleeping soul to life and make it vibrate responsive to his will. He was at home again, he told himself, older and stronger and more confident of success: yet there was something lacking. The change was in himself: he had passed on into a new life, had stretched his wings in flight, and felt his power: now he would show his mastery, and compel the attention and respect that were his due. He had gained confidence, and this is much; but he had passed on into a different life, and, as he passed, some door had closed behind him. The future seemed as bright, nay brighter, than before, more golden; and his path lay fair and smooth across a sunlit garden rich in flowers, where birds of hope sang softly and the bees gathered honey; but the past was — past.

(To be continued)



THE LITTLE TOWNS

By K. V. M.

THERE'S a little, quiet town amidst the rainy valleys,
Slate roofs, limed walls, doors along the street;
Xanadu and Babylon, and Aladdin's Palace —
Better Bettws fach with me, where the four roads meet.

There's a little, quiet town, amidst the rainy valleys,
(Southwest blowing over lonely mountain miles)
Better with the feet of me its flagged and cobbled alleys
Than all the roads of Wonderland and the Green Faery Isles.

There's a little, quiet town, stone-built by the river;
Clean Welsh they're talking there, market-days and all;
— Gwynedd, Dyfed, Powysland, they're all Welsh, whatever;
And Oh, my heart hears them o'er the wide world call!

And Oh, there's a quiet town, stone-built by the river;
Every stone it's built of is an altar-stone to me,
Where my soul's at sacrifice forever and forever,
Calling down the holy fires of olden Druidry.

*International Theosophical Headquarters,
Point Loma, California*

CYCLIC LAW IN HISTORY: by Kenneth Morris

(A PAPER OF THE SCHOOL OF ANTIQUITY)

SINCE the War broke out three years ago many have noticed a curious fact in connexion with the years '13, '14, '15 and '16 in each of the centuries of English history. A hundred years ago, in 1815, Waterloo brought the Napoleonic wars to an end. In 1714 the treaty of Baden terminated the War of the Spanish Succession — Marlborough's war against Louis XIV. In 1614 James I's Second Parliament met, and began that long contest with absolutism that culminated twenty years later in the Civil War. In 1513, Henry VIII won the Battle of the Spurs against France, and Flodden Field against Scotland, ending a war with each victory. In 1415 Henry V invaded France and won at Agincourt, which victory brought the war to an end. In 1314, Edward II invaded Scotland, and lost that kingdom at Bannockburn. In 1215, the victorious barons forced John to sign the Great Charter, thereby laying the foundation of English liberties.

While we are on the subject of English history, let us glance at a series of facts more curious still. During the Middle Ages European literature was all of a pattern: writers in France, Italy, Germany or England said the same kind of things in the same kind of way. All was based on certain common conventions: none wrote what his heart felt or his eyes saw, but what it was the custom to write; hence its un vitality. In England, men were conscious of their race — Anglo-Saxon or Norman; or of their caste as serfs, freemen, merchants, clergy or noble; but the word *nation* had no meaning for them. Then, sometime in the thirteenth century, a change came, and the nation was born. Men arose who were not content to write the kind of stuff that everyone else was writing; they found that they had eyes of their own to see with, and feelings to tell; and that there was a spirit of their own country calling to be expressed in verse. This change shows itself in English literature in the twelve-seventies; when a period of literary creation set in, which presently produced its great poet in Chaucer. It ended when he died in 1400; and an age of sterility began, during which such poets as there were could only feebly re-echo what he had said. Then, somewhere about the fifteen-thirties, Sir Thomas Wyatt and the Earl of Surrey ushered in a new fruitful period, which culminated in the Elizabethan Age and died with the Restoration of Charles II in 1660. The age that followed was great in criticism, but barren in creative literary genius; it sought its inspiration in intellect and the rules of composition, not in the soul or nature. It lasted until the seventeen-nineties, when Wordsworth and Coleridge brought in a new creative period of literature.

Now look at these dates. The first creative age, or day, lasted from 1270 to 1400: one hundred and thirty years. The night that followed it

lasted from 1400 till 1530: one hundred and thirty years. The second day lasted between 1530 and 1660: one hundred and thirty years. The second night — of Dryden and Pope — lasted from 1660 to 1790: one hundred and thirty years. It has been day since; though some of us think we see in the modern hunger after realism, signs of approaching darkness.

Here I should state that all dates given for the beginnings or ends of cycles are to be taken as round numbers; as representing rather a decade than a definite year; if you will understand each of them qualified by 'about' or 'more or less,' it will save a good deal of unnecessary verbiage in the course of the paper. Thus Milton wrote *Samson Agonistes* and much of *Paradise Lost* after 1660; but he was then merely a survival of vanished days and orders. The fact is unshakable that the history of English literature has been that of a succession of days and nights, each of about the same length.

Pretty little coincidences, you say; but without significance? To which one replies: There are two types of mind: and civilization grows as the one tends to eliminate the other. There is the savage mind, given over to superstition; and the civilized mind, which adheres to science. The savage mind is to be known, wherever you meet it, by its incapacity to conceive of Law; but the Civilized Mind postulates Law as the foundation of everything. To the savage all is coincidence; nothing happens but by chance or haphazard, or the caprice of some man or god or bogey. When it thunders, some big fellow aloft, enangered or grown boisterous, is making a row. You don't die, but you are killed by sorcery; or Big Man Death takes you at his whim. Plague, pestilence and famine have nought to do with dirt and wrong-living; witchcraft has been at work, or the ire of Big Man God or Big Man Devil. Such views were held in Europe during the Dark Ages; until the infection of the Scientific Mind crept in from the Mohammedans, and civilization began to grow. Every advance that it made consisted in a recognition of the Reign of Law. It combated disease in the name of the Laws of Health: banishing haphazard, it proclaimed a right and a wrong in ways of living. It was right to keep your body clean, and wrong to keep it filthy; right to have proper systems of sewerage, and wrong to use the public street; right to drink pure water, and wrong to quench your thirst with the first wet thing you happened on. There had been no right or wrong for the savage mind: my way was good enough for me; and if Jews and Turks liked to wash, let them — the more fools they! But the Scientific Mind, being in those days mainly a Jew or a Turk, set itself to combat this indifference. Unconcerned with dogma, it might turn its attention to the facts of life, and the farther it went with these, the farther it extended the empire of Law.

Many were its champions, like Newton, Galileo, Kepler and Darwin,

that rose to win new provinces for order and stability; each in his own sphere establishing the fact of Law. This one gazed at the heavens

At evening, from the top of Fesole,
Or in Valdarno,

and saw that which moved him to make pronouncement: "*There* at least Law is reigning; there is no haphazard there." That one watched an apple falling to the ground, and, guessing half its import, bade men no longer imagine chance or whim in that field of being. Between them all, they brought civilization to such a point, that now (officially) we recognise Law in all the physical universe; but they did not guess, or they did not announce, a truth that in reality their own discoveries had made, you would say, self-evident: that in every plane of being, physical, mental, moral and spiritual, Law reigns absolute, and there is and can be no chance at all.

I put the name of the one who announced that Law above all the others. They conquered their little provinces; but she sublimely annexed the Universe. She made to Europe the first complete announcement of the position of the Scientific, as opposed to the Superstitious, Mind. Her name was Helena Petrovna Blavatsky; what has been said here of her achievement, is only what will be said everywhere, as soon as the Scientific Mind has fully conquered the superstitious, and we are truly civilized. She was the first to see and proclaim that, once you admit the Reign of Law in anything, you must postulate it in everything: that were the universe seventy times as large as it is, there would be no room in it for Law and Chance. State that proposition fairly, and one sees that it is axiomatic; it is, in any ultimate analysis, the distinction between the Scientific and the Superstitious. One may be allowed to call it H. P. Blavatsky's Law; and you must be clever indeed at logic-dodging, or very pachydermatous against the prick of reason, if you reject it; for

if this fail
The pillared firmament is rottenness,
And earth's base built on stubble;

but if it stand, there is such a science as Right Living, and we may become masters of it. If it is true, life is a purposeful and dignified thing, that has mighty ends in view, and sure means to attain them. If it is false, life and the universe are nothing but a phantasmagoria and disgraceful wobble — which is precisely the postulate of the Superstitious Mind.

So then, if we are scientific, and not superstitious, we shall not reject facts as coincidence; we shall posit the reign of Law in human history as surely as in hydrostatics or dynamics. We shall see in these regularly alternating cycles in English literature, indications of universal law.

We shall remember that, after all, the whole of life is made up of cycles. In-breathing and out-breathing, systole and diastole, day and night, summer and winter, youth and age, sleeping and waking, life and death — in what department of individual life does not the Law of Cycles reign? How then should it not reign in national and racial life — since law is universal? Why should there not be a plan, an order, behind the apparent jumbled tragedy of History? Is it not worth investigation?

The trouble is, we have so small a field for our research. The memory of mankind is short; antiquity vanishes, before it has had time to become really antique. Of all the long ages of civilized man, we know nothing beyond the limits of some seventy little centuries, and little enough of them. Small wonder, then, that we have formed no true conception of the laws that govern history; it is much like conceiving a mammoth on the evidence of one knuckle-bone. Never before, we say, has there been a time like the present: with these quick communications established; the whole globe mapped and accessible; and even mid-air and the depths of the sea traversable by murderous man. It is an injudicious boast. Ten little thousand years ago there might have been such a time, or one still more marvelous; and we should know nothing of it, simply because ten thousand years ago is beyond the horizon of historic memory. — We point with pride to the spread of the English language, of European civilization; never we say, has one language been spoken so broadcast; nor one culture come so near to dominating the globe. And yet there remains, in the megalithic and cyclopean structures, evidence of the activities of a race whose empire was as vast and as far-thrown as any existing; and we know nothing about this people, except that they were able to build more mightily, and more enduringly, than we can; and that they, and all memory of them, had passed long before the dawn of the history we know.

And yet, within these narrow limits of known history, there is room for investigation, food for thought, evidence enough of the Law of Cycles. Here are some facts that have largely escaped attention:

There is a curious hiatus in the story of European civilization. For the last seven hundred years or thereabouts, the creative and cultural energies of the human race have been increasingly centering in Christendom. During the first half of the thirteenth century, civilization was introduced into Europe from the Mohammedan lands, and a strange quickening of the European mind took place. Its first manifestation, perhaps, was in the glories of French architecture. Dante, before the century had closed, lit the fires of poetry; and has been followed since in order by the splendors of Italian, English and Spanish, French, German and Russian literature; of Italian, Spanish, Flemish and French art; of Italian and German music and philosophy; — till in the nineteenth century came that general Euro-

pean culture which went hand in hand with an advancement in scientific invention unparalleled in historic times. But before that thirteenth century what do we find? A Christian Europe as backward, as inert, barbarous and unprogressive, as Afghanistan or Abyssinia is now. And before that again, the glory that was Greece, the splendor that was Rome: the creative cultural energies manifesting with as great vigor in Periclean Athens, as after in Elizabethan England or Renaissance Italy. In other words, European history shows us the ending of one day of civilization; the night of barbarism that followed it; and the day, not yet closed, that followed that. And this is what we take to be pretty much all that counts in the history of human civilization.

But — and this is a point that is not well enough known — the creative and cultural energies did not pass from the race when they passed from the European fraction of it. There is always a highly civilized portion of humanity; though it is never the same portion for more than a certain length of time. Civilization is the normal condition; to which we return and return after lapses into savagery. The dark ages of Europe were very bright ages in Asia. While the Christian mind was submerged in superstition, the Moslem mind was awake and keenly scientific; while art was dead in Christendom, it was alive and wonderful in China. And it was not merely that Asian civilization shone in comparison with European barbarism; but that the tides of cultural and creative energy were flowing as marvelously in the Far Eastern and Moslem worlds then, as they have flowed in Europe since. They rose in China while they were dying in Greece; they rose in Arabia while they were dying in Rome; they died in China while they were being reborn in thirteenth-century Italy and France.

The reign of Alexander marked their last great manifestation in Greece. They had by that time passed almost wholly on to the physical plane; there burning up brightly for a moment before extinction, they carried the phalanxes eastward over Persia and the Punjab, to give out before the Macedonians could try conclusions with the powerful kingdoms of the Ganges Valley. Alexander turned back in 327 B. C., but the energies went on. From 317 to 226 they were burning splendidly in India under the Maurya Emperors of Magadha; the third of whom, Aśoka, is to be called perhaps the greatest and most beneficent monarch in recorded history. They had not passed from India, when they arose in China. In the two-forties T'sin Che Hwangti came to the throne of T'sin, a strong semi-barbarian state in the modern province of Shensi. He found China a 'Middle Kingdom' in the Hoangho Valley, the decayed remnant of an ancient civilization, surrounded by several powers like his own, half Chinese and half barbarian, and with a strong predilection for war. One after

another these fell before his armies, till he had welded the whole of China Proper into a single empire. Dying in the two-twenties, his dynasty ended a few years later; and was succeeded by a purely Chinese empire under the House of Han. Almost immediately a great age of culture began. Chinese armies marched conquering to the banks of the Caspian; literature flamed up into magnificence; science, art and invention flourished apace. A major cycle of civilization had begun in the Far East, which was not to close until the Mongol Conquest of China in the twelve-sixties A. D. Its first phase lasted about four centuries, and was followed by two of depression, during which we are probably to look for the energies in the buried empires of Central Asia. Then in 420 A. D. the star of culture rose again in Southern China; lasted there (like the literary cycles in England) for about thirteen decades; burnt up in Corea, then in Japan; returned to China in the six-twenties, when the most glorious of all Chinese ages began, that of the Tang Dynasty. Again the Chinese armies camped on the Caspian. Literature produced a galaxy of poets whose supreme value is only now becoming known to the West; in art it was an age at least as great as that of the Renaissance in Italy. This splendor endured unimpaired until the seven-fifties -- again 130 years; and was followed by a period of depression which in turn gave place in the tenth century to the brilliant age of the Sung Dynasty, which ended at the Mongol Conquest. The life-time of a civilization is thus marked off for us: its seat was the Far East; it began in the two-forties B. C. with T'sin Che Hwangti, and ended in the twelve-sixties with the fall of the Sung; having thus lasted about fifteen hundred years.

Its first phase ended, you will note, in 220 A. D.; when, as if the energies of the World-Spirit had been needed elsewhere, they were withdrawn from China, and the Han Empire, and all art and science with it, fell to pieces. A like phenomenon took place in 750, when the great Tang age came to an end; and these two dates at once suggest to my mind the history of another quarter of the globe and another life-period of civilization: the West Asiatic, in the main Mohammedan. The lands that lie between the Nile and the Tigris, so fertile of old in civilizations, had lain fallow since Alexander swept away the last remnants of the old Persian Empire; they again began, early in the third century A. D., to show signs of productivity. The Neoplatonists arose to light the fires of thought in Alexandria. In the two-twenties while the Hans were in act to fall in China, Artaxerxes the Persian, of the House of Sassan, rebelled against the barbarous Parthian power, overthrew it, and established the new Persian Empire of the Sassanidae. We know little of its civilization; but we know that it was not without cultural or military strength. In 284 the Roman Empire, which had been falling to pieces for a century while

its center was still at Rome, received a new lease of life when Diocletian moved his court to Bithynia in Asia Minor. Both these empires retained a measure of vitality until the beginning of the great Tang Age in China. Then, in the six-twenties, Mohammed fled from Mecca to Medina, there to sow among his wild Arabian countrymen the seeds of a mighty culture. Within twenty years the Sassanids had fallen forever before the Moslems; and though the Byzantine Empire lasted on for many centuries, the remainder of its life was but a living death.

We habitually overlook the real import of Mohammed's mission, and the real work he did for civilization. Coming at a time when religious toleration had been forgotten in any country west of India,* and when both the creeds that held power in the world he knew used it for persecution, he laid down the law among his disciples that there should be, in his own words, "*no compulsion in religion.*" Coming to a people among whom education was wholeheartedly despised, and being himself illiterate, he preached to them that the angels blithely hovered above the head of him who "went upon the Road of Learning"; and that the ink of the doctors was better, in God's sight, than the martyr's blood. In the course of a hundred and thirty years, these teachings had taken effect. His wild followers had founded an empire extending from the Pyrenees to the Pamir, in which all creeds were tolerated, freedom of thought was vigorously encouraged, and the path to the highest honors was emphatically the 'Road of Learning.' In the seven-fifties, when the Tang glory waned in China, the Caliph built Bagdad; and straight the whole cultural energy of the world came to center there. Thence on for five centuries, or precisely until the time China fell, ages of splendor in science, in philosophy, in literature and life, succeeded each other at Bagdad, Cordova, Cairo, and the cities of Persia. The Moslem mind was alert, rational, vigorous and speculative; from it we derive all the foundations of our science. Attacked in its central regions during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, first by the barbarous hordes of Europe, then by the still worse barbarians of Genghis Khan and his successors, the intense progressive energies of Islam suffered some eclipse; shortly before the fall of Hangchow, the Sung capital, Bagdad also fell to the Mongols — in 1258. **B**ut Islam had already — in that same half-century, passed on the light of culture to Europe, where a new day of civilization had just dawned. And its own day was not yet over by any means. Culture lived on in Andalusia, despite the efforts of Christian Spain to destroy it, until the fall of Granada in the fourteen-nineties. Persian literature showed no diminution of vigor until the death of Jami, its last great poet, in the same decade.

*More correctly China. The leaven of persecution had spread eastward to India: this was the age of the Brahmanical persecution of the Buddhists.

A great age of architecture lasted in Egypt until the Turkish conquest in the fifteen-twenties. In the fourteen-fifties the Ottomans took Constantinople, and a great age began among them; in material power at first; then, after the conquest of Egypt, in literature and culture as well. The heyday of Ottoman power lasted until the death of Suleyman the Magnificent in 1566. The empire grew until it included Asia west of the Tigris, the whole Balkan peninsula with overlordship over Hungary, and North Africa as far as to the boundaries of Morocco. The Black Sea was a Turkish lake; their navies dominated the Mediterranean; there was no power that could compete with them in Europe — not even Charles V's empire, or Philip II's Spain. Nothing but the Turkish menace prevented Charles from devoting his whole energy to stamping out the Reformation; and whatever else may be said of them, be it remembered that they alone, in the days of their greatness, practised religious toleration. They followed Mohammed in this, while all Europe was busy burning its heretics. It was in Turkey only that the Jews might find refuge; and the highest offices of state were open to Jews, Christians and Moslems alike.

In 1566 Suleyman died, and the Turkish power began to decline; although their literature maintained its vigor until 1720. In 1566 also, Akbar the Great came to the throne in India, and the great age of the Mogul Empire began. Twenty years later, and from 1586 to 1628, Persia was powerful under Abbas the Great, to whose court came envoys, petitioning favors, from all the greater powers of Europe; "the Persian," they said, "is our one protection against the Turk." The age of Abbas died with him; but India maintained its greatness under Akbar and his successors for about a hundred and fifty years. A great conqueror, Akbar was also a great reformer and law-giver, a wise humane ruler not unworthy to be named with Aśoka of old. He united Hindus and Mohammedans; practising absolute toleration, he presently went still further, and rejected all creeds for that Theosophy which underlies them. The sacred Sanskrit books were translated into Persian; and from these translations they were first done into the languages of the West. It has been said that no greater boon had come to Europe than the discovery of the Upanishads: for this we are indebted primarily to the large wisdom and illuminated policies of Akbar. — Under his grandson, Shah Jehan, in the second quarter of the seventeenth century, the Mogul Empire reached its culmination; from 1658 to 1707 it increased in size but diminished in stability; after the death of Aurangzeb it rapidly declined. With the decay of Turkish literature in the seventeen-twenties, the last faint glimmerings of twilight had vanished from the Moslem lands.

Now China, as we have seen, lasted as a fruitful center of civilization

from 240 B. C. to 1260 A. D., a matter of 1500 years. Is it not rather suggestive that, following the sun's course from east to west, the next great cycle of civilization rose about five centuries after the rise of the Chinese and perished about five centuries after its fall --- having also lasted about fifteen hundred years? And farther, that its epochal dates all correspond to epochal dates in the Chinese cycle: --- the rise of the Sassanids with the fall of the Hans; the Mission of Mohammed with the rise of the Tangs; the founding of Bagdad with the Tang decay; the fall of Bagdad with the fall of China? ---And both these last with the dawn of civilization in Europe?

At this point one's eye seizes upon certain fresh facts to proceed upon. (1) The civilization whose rise immediately preceded that of the Chinese was European, Greek and Roman. (2) The civilization that rose next after the West Asiatic or Moslem, was (and is) also European --- our own. (3) The civilization that immediately preceded the Greco-Roman was Western Asiatic, concerned with the Assyrian, Babylonian, Egyptian, Medish and Persian Empires. (4) Within our own memory, a new period seems to have begun in the Far East with the rise of Japan in the eighteen-seventies. In other words, periods or phases of civilization have followed each other, over-lapping, in regular order from east to west, thus: from Western Asia (Assyria and Egypt): to Europe (Greece and Rome); then back to China; then to Western Asia again (Sassanids and Moslems); then to Europe again; then (begging its pardon for not mentioning it before) to a new factor, America, with Columbus or the Pilgrim Fathers; then to the Far East again with the accession of the great Mutsuhito. It does seem as if we were coming on the rough outlines of a pattern, does it not? --- as if there were some indications of a Law of History? Now, what facts have we to go upon for further investigation?

Slender facts enough, but still something. We have found that the only two of these periods of which we possess exact records from start to finish - - the Chinese and the Mohammedan, each lasted for about fifteen centuries. Perhaps, then, that may be the right average length for any period of cultural energy in any given quarter of the globe; in a moment we will make trial of it. But if we are to speak of a regular cycle, there is need also to determine the length of the period elapsing between the death of one period, and the birth of the next in the same region - if there be indeed any such figure determinable. There is no question about the difficulty of determining it. In any case, the attempt to set dates for these things is very much like fixing the spot at which a wave begins to rise: at which the wave begins, and the trough ends. Still, we may tentatively try something. It sticks in my mind that Japan began to rise in the eighteen-seventies; the abolition of feudalism and the restoration of the Mika-

dos to power marks that decade clearly enough. Let us say, then, that a new Far Eastern Period began in 1870; between which date, and the passing of the old one in 1260, 610 years had elapsed. Let us try this figure.

If there is any correctness in it we should find that an age of activity in China ended 610 years before T'sin Che Hwangti in 240 B. C., and began 1500 years before that: lasted, that is to say, from 2350 to 850 B. C. Let us say right away that to anyone familiar with ancient Chinese history, these figures are startling; for these reasons: -- Western scholars put no confidence in Chinese dates farther back than 850 B. C. or thereabouts; but the Chinese themselves go back with complete assurance to 2356 B. C. We do know that a period of national decline began in 850, or at any rate between 900 and 800. From that time the Chow Empire was steadily losing prestige until it fell completely before T'sin Che Hwangti in 240. But Chinese records for the ages before 850 or so are meager and unilluminating: lists of Chow kings back to 1123; of kings of the Shang and Hia dynasties back to 2205; these given with a few details; encomiums or strictures; stories to point a moral, and so on; as if the Chinese had largely forgotten the import of their ancient history, and merely preserved its skeleton -- for the West, with reservations, to reject. No one seems to suspect that China had ever been much greater, in point of size or culture, than she was at the time of Confucius (500 B. C.). But in fact there are some rather striking evidences that she was: among them, Confucius' own continual pointing to antiquity for models of excellence in every department of life. Others may be found in the article 'Golden Threads in the Tapestry of History,' in *THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH* for December 1915. According to Confucian and all Chinese conceptions the Golden Age fell in the reigns of the Three Great Emperors that preceded the Hia Dynasty: Yao, Shun and Yu, the patriarchs and national saints and heroes of China. I said that a period of civilization should have extended back from 850 to 2350. Yao, the opener of the Golden Age, is said to have come to the throne in 2356; Chow China did decline from 850. These dates do rather curiously confirm our calculations -- and the correctness of old Chinese chronology, I think. There was historically a decline from about the latter time; and traditionally a rise at about the former.

Now to turn to Western Asia: if the last period of culture began in 220 A. D., we should expect, using these figures, to find another ending about 390 B. C., having begun about 1890 B. C. Turning to our history books, we find that Assyria, originally a colony from Babylon, achieved its independence somewhere between 2000 and 1700 B. C., and presently entered on a course of empire building which ended in disaster in 608.

The New Egyptian Empire, so-called, is said to have been founded in 1620; it lasted until 525. In the five-fifties, Cyrus founded the Persian Empire, which showed at least no outward signs of decay until the Retreat of the Ten Thousand under Xenophon in 400; it finally fell before Alexander in the three-thirties. Ploetz gives 1900 as an approximate date for the beginnings of Assyria; from that to 400 is 1500 years; our calculated dates were 1890 and 390; which correspond nearly enough, seeing that the actual figures are unknown.

But we should also expect here another earlier period, from 4000 to 2500 B. C. We find that the Old Babylonian or Chaldaean Empire did actually rise, according to the accepted chronology, in 4000 B. C., and fell before the Elamites somewhere about 2300. If that date is correct, we may suppose it, without too much stretching of the point, to have been declining for some time before its final fall. In Egypt, too, there was high imperial activity during this period. The date of Menes,* the traditional founder of the Old Egyptian Empire, is given by Lepsius as 3892; Brugsch puts it back into the five thousands; others put it much later; our 4000 would be a good average figure. Unquestionably there were previous great ages in Egypt; equally unquestionably a great age did begin somewhere about this time. It ended with the Hyksos conquest, which Lepsius puts at 2100; others earlier. So we find that our computation by cycles, using figures drawn from later Chinese history, answers very well for the three known periods of Western Asia.

Now for Europe I have been tempted to reverse my methods, and to begin with a date in remote antiquity calculated by Professor Dick of the Râja-Yoga College from data given by Madame Blavatsky in her *Secret Doctrine*. This date is 7200 B. C.; and according to Professor Dick's calculations, it should represent the time of the beginnings of the European Family Race, one of the branches of our Fifth Root-Race of Humanity. In claiming such great antiquity for civilization in Europe, it may be well to remind you that recent discoveries in Crete and elsewhere make the figures by no means extravagant; we know that there was high cultural activity in that continent in most remote ages; Stonehenge itself was not erected in the last few thousand years, nor by 'primitive' man. According to our figures, then, there should have been periods of activity between 7200 and 5700 B.C.; between 5090 and 3590; and between 2980 and 1480: of these, of course, we know nothing. But the next begins in 870 B.C. and ends in 630 A.D.; and here we are on historical ground. Rome was founded, according to tradition, in 753, a hundred and odd years after

*The date of Menes actually was many centuries earlier — as H. P. Blavatsky shows in *THE SECRET DOCTRINE*. But this is without prejudice to the fact that the inception of a phase of cultural and imperial greatness occurred about this time — which may have been the hundredth to have taken place on the Nile banks.

date for the opening of the cycle; we may allow that much perhaps the Etruscan culture that preceded Rome. In Greece, too, the historical phase of civilization would have begun about this time; though chronology is rather vague before the first Olympiad in 776. For the end of the cycle we have the year 630 A. D., when Heraclius, the last strong emperor of the East, was reigning at Constantinople; after whom all was descent and fall till the final extinction of the empire. Remember what an epochal event this was in the world's history: how some ten years before, the great dynasties had risen in China; and Mohammed had started things among the Arabs, by whom, or by whose successors, the Eastern Empire was finally to be wiped away. And it was in this very decade — the six-thirties, that the Arab armies first attacked the soldiers of Heraclius, driving all before them, and ruining forever his and his legions' prestige.

And finally we arrive at the date 1240 A. D. for that of the inception of modern Europe. It certainly did happen in the first half of the thirteenth century, during which culture was flowing into Christendom for the first time, from Moorish Spain and Sicily. Its protagonist was the Emperor Frederick II, King of Sicily; it was he who forcibly brought civilization to Italy from his native island-kingdom, which was still Mohammedan. His great opponent was the Pope; whom he fought and conquered with Moslem armies. In 1239, Frederick was excommunicated for his Moslem and civilizing tendencies, and went to war about it. In '41, his son Enzo won a naval victory at Elba which in its results was of more importance perhaps than any of Creasy's 'Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World'; but as Frederick himself is to be counted, though so little is generally known of him, as the greatest figure in western history since Mohammed — greater even than Napoleon. In '43 the Pope fled to France, and the southern gates of Europe were open for civilization to enter. From Frederick's universities at Naples and Salerno, where his Mohammedan professors taught the sciences and philosophy, the light passed up through Italy. Italian first became a language of culture at his court; ready when Dante came, a few decades later, for him to voice in it the first grand chapter of European literature. In the twelve-forties, too, the Papacy exterminated the Albigenses in France; but the blood of those martyrs became the seed of the church, and it is to their example we owe the spiritual daring of Huss, Wicliff and Luther. So we may say that the European Cycle of civilization did begin in the twelve-forties.

And we may say also, I think, that the whole scope of history, so far as is known to us, does fall into a regular scheme of successive cycles. Does not seem as if Law reigned in this sphere too?