

# THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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VOL. XV, NO. 3

SEPTEMBER 1918

“THE Theosophical Society asserts and maintains the truth common to all religions.”—H. P. BLAVATSKY

## THE UNIFICATION OF RELIGIONS:

by H. T. Edge, M. A.



THE above quotation is one of a great many to the same effect, and comes as near as may be to giving a concise definition of Theosophy.

All intelligent people feel that the truth must be one, and that the variety of religious faiths is due to man's imperfect attempts to arrive at the truth.

We feel too, now as never before, that there is need for the recognition of a wider religious unity. Progress has blended nations so intimately that separateness of religious beliefs is becoming impracticable. We have great empires and commonwealths, founded on the principle of local independence; and, as a consequence, the central representative body or government must either recognise officially no religion at all, or else it must adopt a religion broad enough to include those of all its constituents, however diverse. We are therefore impelled by social and political necessities, as well as by our intelligence, to seek for the essential unity in religions.

Attempts to bring together different sects are not very successful, for they resemble rather the attempt to cement together the broken fragments of a vase, and remind us more of a mere mixture than of a chemical compound. We should rather try to find the original unity whereof the different religions are fragments, so as to produce the unbroken whole and not a mere patchwork.

Again, when we strive to bring about unity by simply dropping points of dispute, we narrow our common basis to a very small area, and find ourselves united on grounds of denial rather than affirmation. A religion should above all things be vigorous and definite, and not vague

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and neutral; the common religion should contain more, and not less, than the separate religions.

Theosophy brings new aid to the problem of religious unity, because its profound and exhaustless teachings afford a broad base upon which the edifice of a world-religion can be erected.

The Spiritual unity of mankind is probably the most fundamental tenet of religions. They all recognise that man is blended of the animal and the Divine. This idea, of God as the great Father, and of all men as brothers, has often been made the basis of efforts to formulate a religious unity. But the idea has usually been vague and lacking in force, for the reason that there has been no great body of teachings behind it, as is the case with Theosophy.

Owing to the unfortunate separation of religion and science, we find two distinct groups of thinkers, each pursuing a different path, and neither arriving at useful results. Science is too fond of representing religion as a superstition devised by man to relieve his fears, and used by some men as a means of asserting their dominion over others. On this theory, hypotheses as to the evolution of religion have been devised, whereby the attempt is made to show that all our present religions have originated in the superstitious beliefs of savages. The purely ecclesiastical thinkers, on the other hand, eschew speculation, as being of the nature of schism, and thus find themselves confined by dogma and tradition.

Theosophy is at once religion, science, and philosophy; and the truth must include all these.

The idea that man is a Spiritual being, entombed in a fleshly tenement; that he has fallen for awhile from spirituality into materiality; and that he is destined to rise again and achieve his salvation by the power of his Spiritual gifts; — this is a basis upon which all truly religious, and at the same time broad-minded, people can unite.

All religions, in their beginnings, have been simply attempts made by some great Teacher to enforce upon mankind this great truth, and to bring back humanity from a state of decline to renewed faith in its own divinity. These Teachers have always taught the road to salvation and the perfectibility of man. But all religions have, in course of time, suffered deterioration; for the light once kindled has gradually faded, and the truth has become obscured under a multitude of dogmas. The Christian religion, as an instance, was torn asunder by fierce sectarian controversies; its pure ideals were forgotten amid the lust for power; and ultimately emperors converted it into a machine of state. The same kind of thing has happened to other religions. When, therefore, we seek for the common basis of truth in any one of these religions, we have many obstacles to encounter and much chaff to winnow from the grain.

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It becomes necessary to undertake a minute and comprehensive study of the world's religions, philosophies, and sciences, and, by comparing them, to eliminate what is non-essential and reserve what is essential, so that we may arrive at the common basis. Such an attempt results in the conviction that all these religions and philosophies had one original source. It was H. P. Blavatsky who, disgusted with the universal sham and pretense, went boldly forth in the determination to discover truth and reality, if anywhere it was to be found; and who came into contact with Teachers (of whom she speaks) who could set her footsteps on the right path. The results of her tireless efforts in the pursuit of truth are embodied in her writings and work.

While there have been many sporadic efforts to achieve this same result — of discovering the common source of religions — never before within our memory has so comprehensive an effort been made to bring together the scattered fragments of human knowledge and to weave together the disheveled threads into an entire fabric.

The common source of all the world's faiths is the Wisdom-Religion, which is like a common root-language, from which all the others are derived. H. P. Blavatsky came to remind the world of the existence of this Wisdom-Religion (also called the Secret Doctrine); and in her greatest works (*Isis Unveiled* and *The Secret Doctrine*) she enunciates no dogmas or speculations, but invites our attention to a demonstration of her thesis. Thus these teachings are rendered available for anyone willing and able to profit by them.

It is the existence of this great body of teachings that forms the basis for a unity of religion; and the recognition of this fact places Theosophy in quite a different position from other attempts at the unification of religion.

It is a fundamental tenet of religions that enlightenment and Spiritual knowledge can be attained by man while on earth, through self-study and self-mastery; but this teaching has usually fallen into desuetude and been replaced by dogmas which inculcate the helplessness of man. Nevertheless we find it in the recorded sayings of Jesus and Paul, which have been so often quoted that it is not necessary to do so here. In calling attention to this, therefore, Theosophy stands forth as the champion of religion; and, as has been said, it seeks to resurrect the buried Christos from the tomb and make the Christos a living power in humanity.

All true religion teaches that the immortal Soul is in man at all times, and is indeed the very man himself; but that it is buried under the delusions created in the mind and heart by the senses. The attainment of wisdom and emancipation, therefore, means the conquest of the lower self by the Higher Self; and this is a tenet on which people of all creeds

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can unite, provided they will adhere to the cardinal principle and eschew its dogmatic and sectarian covers. It will be found that the Theosophical teachings as to the seven principles of man throw much light on this question of the duality of human nature — divine and animal; and these teachings are not new inventions but the garnered wisdom of the ages.

The immortality of the Soul, and its periodic incarnations in human form, is an essential teaching of the Wisdom-Religion; and without it the problem of life is insoluble. It is the only condition whereon our innate sense of law and justice can be harmonized with the facts of life. It is the only condition on which the efforts of man are worth while; for, whether he perishes utterly at death, or departs for ever from the scenes of life to an endless heaven, he equally loses all further opportunity, and the span of a single terrestrial life is infinitesimal in the ocean of eternity.

Therefore Reincarnation and Karma, forgotten truths of Religion, must be reinstated.

The increasing prevalence of these broader ideas of the possibilities of human life, and of the scope of religion, will gradually affect humanity, which is ruled by ideas; and thus the way will be prepared for a unification of religions.

Finally, it must be insisted that Theosophy inculcates the highest morality, making conscience the ruler of conduct; and that it bases this on the fact that man's essential nature is Divine and not animal.



“HISTORY teems with the example of the foundation of sects, churches, and parties by persons who, like ourselves, have launched new ideas. Let those who would be apostles and write infallible revelations do so; we have no new church but only an old truth to commend to the world. Ours is no such ambition. On the contrary we set our faces like flint against any such misuse of our Society. If we can only set a good example and stimulate to a better way of living, it is enough. Man's best guide, religious, moral, philosophical, is his own inner divine sense. Instead of clinging to the skirts of any leader in passive inertia he should lean upon that better self, — his own prophet, apostle, king and savior. No matter what his religion, he will find within his own nature the holiest of temples, the divinest revelation.”

— H. P. BLAVATSKY

## DEATH, ACCORDING TO THEOSOPHIC TEACHING: by Herbert Coryn, M. D., M. R. C. S.

**I**T is no wonder that we have no knowledge about death, since we have no knowledge of what *silence* will give us. For death is the opportunity for life and action of that part of us which is paralysed by our ceaseless mind-chatter. We know of nothing beyond the mind because the mind occupies the whole of our attention. The mind is stirred to incessant action by the body and senses, and when not so stirred it goes on reproducing the memories of such stirrings. It always faces outward to the body and senses and often makes up almost the whole panorama of its thoughts from what it gets from body and bodily doings and sensations. It throws everything into *talk*, words, outwardly uttered or inwardly thought; and thus fills up the spaces of time and attention that do not happen to be filled with immediate sensations and doings.

So it is clear that whatever center of life and consciousness may be in us that is behind the mind's back (instead of — like the body — in front of its face) gets none of its attention, cannot get a hearing. Learning the art of silence is learning the art of turning the mind's attention inwards or backwards to the presence of this unknown center of life, turning it for the time away from the touch of sensation and bodily activities and stopping its thoughts about them and blocking back its memories of them. When this is done it begins to become aware of the deeper and diviner center, reflects what is *there*, what is doing there, what is known in *that* part of consciousness; and consequently begins to understand something about immortality and reality and essences. Death is then ceasing to be a mystery. For real silence can give more to him who acquires the power to produce it than death can give to any one else. Inducing silence in the mind enables it to look somewhere else altogether than where it is accustomed to look. Because silence is not practised is why that somewhere else is either denied or doubted, or is unknown, or is held on mere faith or trust. It is out of this region of real knowledge that Theosophy has been handed out to us by those who had acquired the power to stand in there. It is from in there that all humanity's great teachers got their knowledge. We may get it too if we will practise the great art of silence. Silence is retiring in there out of reach of death. But of course practising silence does not mean never speaking any more. Practising the piano does not mean never getting up from the piano stool any more. It is even *something* if we do not practise silence at all but merely see that if we were to, something new would open up in us. At a school I know, the children begin and end their work with 'silent moments,' about a minute of silence, of hush.

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They do not quite understand what they are doing; but besides the fact that something does come upon them all in that minute, and besides that it is a little initiatory practise in mind-stilling, they become used to the idea that silence has a place in the day's life just as thinking and music and meals have. They do ultimately recognise that they receive something from it.

The study of genius might show us that a great deal of conscious activity of the highest sort goes on of which the mind knows nothing. Mozart and Beethoven carried about a note-book so that when in the midst of their ordinary occupation and talk some great musical theme dropped into their minds they could at once register it. Dropped from where? From the place in each of us also which we also can begin to become aware of by the practise of silence, the place of the soul, the place of knowledge and creation that death does not reach to. The hand of death does not reach up higher in our scale than the body and so much of the mind as is inseparable from body. The rest is the immortal. Death touches only what we turn away from in real silence moments. Then the rest stands out clear to us, to our inner sight and hearing. And this divine creative center seizes a lucky moment, as it were, in the course of the musician's stream of common thought, to drop into his mind between two thoughts, the divine phrase upon which he builds his symphony.

That is just by way of example. But each of us, if we had learned anything of the art of silence, would get ideas, flashes of insight along the course of our common thinkings and doings; and among them would come at last the great one that would give us our final key, the light that would make our life clear to us. And mere unassisted thinking, apart from that, will never do much for us. In that fact we have the secret of the utter confusion of modern thought, its denials, its limitations, its absence of light; and of the failure to solve anything of all the philosophies based on simple intellection.

We fear death only because we have not learned to live, have not learned what real life is. It is only in our moments of silence that we first get the taste of what real life is. From them, little by little, it spreads out and fills at last the whole. It is only from the silence that we learn not to fear death. For when death comes we have already been beyond it and known what is there. It is only in the deep part of consciousness, opened up by silence, that we keep divine touch with those that have preceded us through death and may know that they still live. It is only by the power of our silences that we come to be unshakable by anything that may happen.

By mere looking about us and into ourselves we might have known

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that silence contained the highest expression of life and the real clue to the only understanding of life. "Chatters like a magpie," we say of someone, thereby saying by implication almost the whole thing. Silence and chatter, death and chatter—it is the same antithesis. Animal life consists in instant reaction of some sort to everything that is perceived without. In our human life a large part of the reaction consists of *talk*. Everything that happens, your talkative person has to meet with a flood of talk. If no one is present the uttered talk is replaced with thought talk. The minds of most of us, even those that are not magpies, are occupied with what is happening, has happened, or will happen, and with the sayings of other people about all that. It is a stream which only differs from chatter by not being actually uttered. The whole of attention is occupied with this from the time we wake till we sleep again, and in dreams the stream continues. The stream differs little from what the animal has save in being more complex and fuller of matter. 'The silent man'—in saying this we are instinctively crediting him with having more in his mind, and with having a deeper mind, than the common; we are instinctively crediting silence with depth and power. And our last symbol of uttermost wisdom and eternal vision is the silent sphinx in the Egyptian desert whose eyes look out beyond time and space, whose consciousness is beyond *thinking* in *Knowledge*.

From the magpie person to the sphinx—we know the truth. We need only apply what we know. We do know that silence is realization. We do know that in listening to music we may suddenly come to ourselves and find that we have lost the realization of ten minutes' length of the symphony because we let our minds run off into self-chatter about something. And the great symphony of divine life, the consciousness of our divine souls, is always going on within us and about us, and we cannot realize any of it, the meaning of any of it, for the same reason as we lost that ten minutes of the audible symphony in the concert room. If we had learned from childhood to attend inwardly in those 'silent moments' to the divine tones, even if as imperfectly as we attend to our concert music, there would have been no darkness and confusion and despair in modern life. Man would have known his deathlessness and would have lived and died in joy and peace. For in the silence, immortality is unveiled.

All this is saying that there is something in us as much beyond the brain-mind as that is beyond animal sensation; and that as we must stop the body's movements if we want to think profoundly, so we must stop the flow of brain-thought if we would become conscious of what lies beyond it. That is silence as the first is stillness. And that is also real prayer. In that the mind flowers into knowledge as it never can

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while it is allowed to go on producing at its will the mere leafage of common brain-thought.

It is for want of knowledge of silence, and of what silence can teach, that the word soul has now so little meaning. Unless you can feel or realize music, music is only a name to you. And your realization of it has nothing to do with your thinking. It is complete or not according as you can for the time *stop* thinking. Then, if you can do that, you may enter the soul state in which music can be realized. "I should like to die to that music," says someone occasionally when deeply moved by some composition. It is no unreasonable remark, for that part of us which can enter the state produced by high music is that part which death cannot touch. It is a part or degree of the mind, bathed for the time in soul light. When it returns from that level or presence and comes again face to face with common life, it is the fitter for noble and courageous action. And just as the soul takes some sudden opportunity to drop a shaft of light or inspiration into the midst of the musician's ordinary thinking, so it can often (and in some men constantly) drop the inspiration to noble and self-sacrificing action into the current of ordinary thinking. Consciously made moments of silence are really the intentional widening and holding open wide of those rifts in the thought-stream which in most of us are so narrow, so crack-like, so momentary.

Silence, then, is a uniting of the mind, or part of it, to the soul. When the union is complete and final the united duality is a thinking light, and the man is one of humanity's teachers and guides from then on.

We say a *part* of the mind, for of course there are two parts, one wholly in and of the body, the animal part, that cannot and is not meant to get any higher — and another from above, an emanation of the soul into the body and brain, more or less blending with the animal mind, the blend beginning soon after birth. It is this higher part that gives us powers of will and judgment and imagination that no animal possesses, that makes us *human*. The blend is very close until we loosen and undo it, so close that though we are human we feel the bodily animal impulses and passions as our very own. In silence we can collect ourselves to ourselves and begin again to draw near the soul whence we emanated, begin in a sense to desert the animal. And Theosophy teaches that the consciousness we get after death, during the rest-time before the next birth, largely depends on what we have done during life with that upper part of our minds. If, against the ceaseless claims of the bodily nature, we have freed in some degree this higher part of our minds, if we have compelled ourselves to recognise that we are other than the body, to recognise ourselves and the soul — then the consciousness of the after-death time is clear and brilliant and brings us to our next birth not only



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refreshed but with much progress gained. We bring back some of the light, come truly "trailing clouds of glory." But if we have lived nowise beyond the common life, made little or no effort — by reason of having had no real teaching about human nature — then this intervening rest-time is but one of rest and dream, a re-living of the better and happier moments and scenes of the closed life, happy and cloudless; refreshment, not progress. And so at rebirth the way is taken up again about where it was left before.

So if we regard death as severance between the animal and the real human, the cleavage running between the two minds or the two parts of the mind, we can understand how much we gain by doing some of this very work for ourselves now in full brain-thinking consciousness. For then we get the strength for *action*, for deeds, of such quality as correspond with our dignity and humanity. And in noble action and in self-discipline we refine our outward and baser nature and so diminish the resistance. "A man's enemies shall be they of his own household," and we can transform them so that they are enemies no more. And that which a man conquers within himself in this life will be conquered for his next. So in the teaching of reincarnation we have every encouragement for effort now of every sort. Death is no shock and no interruption in the consciousness of the man who has fully learned to live.

Now, how shall we understand, and how and when can we get this kind of silence that is the mother of real knowledge?

There is of course the silence of lip, the mere not talking. The power of even that alone is worth something. Some people simply have not got it. If there is someone with them they have no more power to stop talking out what may happen to be in their minds than they have the power to stop breathing. They must get the power they lack, for till they do they have no chance whatever of reaching any deeper silence, even for a moment. It would be worth while to consider the extraordinary amount of mental and bodily and creative energy that even the emptiest talking requires. People go about absolutely and permanently bankrupt in mental-creative energy and constructive imagination from this cause only. Speech is a magic power in the real sense and may easily damage and paralyse its user. Have you ever noticed, for instance, that if you have determined to do something *and tell somebody of your determination*, you will probably never do that thing? Your speech took the life out of your decision or plan. But we need not stay any longer over that. It will suffice us to see that without any loss of our geniality and companionableness we can cultivate the power of preventing our mind-stream from incessantly slopping over our lips.

There are several real silences which we meet with from time to time

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as the days go by. The whole of a company round a table or in the drawing-room sometimes inexplicably falls a-silent all at once. It is said that when this happens anyone who will note the time will always find it to be twenty minutes past the hour. That may or may not be so; but it is a real silence, and if the company upon whom it falls would accept it, not find it awkward, let it last a minute or so, and not be hoping and yearning that one of them would quickly think of some remark to break it with, they might get something out of it. But it is never given its chance to harmonize and raise their minds and bring them to a unity one with the other.

The last words of the preacher, just as he dismisses the congregation: "And now may the Peace of God which passeth all understanding. . . ."

For a moment there is actual silence, the real thing, a hush of mind and thought. If the people would take notice, the 'Peace' of which the preacher speaks, spiritual peace and light, is actually in some degree upon them, at work uplifting them. How many do notice? And how much time do they give it for its work? They rise; mind-chatter begins in each; the spell is almost broken; they go out of the building and lip-chatter begins; the spell is gone. But it was the real silence as far as it went, the descent of the Holy Ghost, the *pneuma*, the 'breath.'

Some great musician comes to the end of his piece and the sound ceases. For a moment the real silence may be upon the rapt audience. Their minds are still; they are yet in the *state* to which the music raised them. The real silence — for that moment, till they fracture it to atoms with their applause.

Stand watching the sun go down over the horizon in the west. There is a great and, as it were, audible hush over all nature. She waits in silence till the sun is gone before drawing the first deep breath of evening. That three or four minutes will give us who watch, the real silence if we will. And there is silence an hour before dawn when the night is gone and the first birds of day have hardly begun to stir.

These are some of the examples of silence that we can all find and study and so learn from. It is easy to see that true silence is not vacancy of mind and not relaxation of mind. Rather it is fullness and tension. The tiger and the cat are quite motionless before they spring, but it is the stillness of tension, not of relaxation. Real silence is a listening inward. If we took notice we should find that now and then in the day it comes upon us of itself and brings something with it that just then we can assimilate.

It has been the subject of death that has brought us to the subject of silence. It has been pointed out by Katherine Tingley that the moment of death is peculiarly a moment for real silence among those about the

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bedside. The soul disengaging itself into freedom is more than ever in inner touch with those who were bound to it in the life just closed. It is more than ever sensitive to their feeling; it is more than ever able to give something back to their inner natures. It could rejoice if they would. It could give them from its joy and its knowledge if they would hold the sacred moments of silence. They could help and sustain it with their love and get a benediction in response. Verily, the death chamber might be full of even joy and the memory of it remain forever haloed and hallowed.

And it is not the teaching of Theosophy that death breaks the link of communion between the one who goes and them who stay. Deeper than where thought plays, deeper than the levels of mind that words can deal with, it remains unbroken, this communion between heart and heart. And if the one who goes and the one who stays were united in some great work and lofty purpose, the strength of the one to go on with that work and in that purpose is now more than ever reinforced with the strength of the other. And this same purpose and union may even draw back the one departed so quickly from rest into new birth that the two may recognisingly find each other once more side by side.

Theosophy shows, then, that death is a liberation of the soul and of the best and highest part of the mind therewith; that it gives the mind rest, where rest is needed, and healing, where life has wounded; and that because the animal nature and the incessant play of sensations have been removed with the body, there is a mental and spiritual clearness and freedom of which we can hardly form any conception. And also that the beyond of death is so conditioned by life here that if we will we can make it a state of knowledge from which we can bring back much for our succeeding birth. We can begin to lift the veil and know. The veil is our mental preoccupation with what is passing, temporary, personal. We begin to lift the veil by feeling after and recognising the touch and presence of the soul in our moments of silence and withdrawal, and by trying to hold ever in the mind a strong, shining, unselfish purpose. For in that purpose we bring the mind into union with the soul which is the very essence and radiating place of all such purposes. If we purpose as the soul purposes, we can ultimately get close enough to it to know as it knows. In such a life we slowly get beyond that preoccupation with personality which is the cause of all our pain and all our ignorance. To quote from Katherine Tingley:

“A pure, strong, unselfish thought, beaming in the mind, lifts the whole being to the heights of light. From this point can be discerned, to a degree, the sacredness of the moment and the day. In this life the petty follies of everyday friction disappear. In place of lack of faith in

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oneself, there is self-respect. The higher consciousness is aroused, and the heart acts in unison with the mind, and man walks as a living power among his fellows."

And a final paragraph from H. P. Blavatsky:

"True Knowledge is of Spirit and in Spirit alone, and cannot be acquired in any other way than through the region of the higher mind."

And, after speaking of the life ordinarily lived by men, she goes on:

"How much happier that man who, while strictly performing the duties of daily life, leads in reality a spiritual and permanent existence, a life with no breaks of continuity, no gaps, no interludes. All the phenomena of the lower human mind disappear like the curtain of a proscenium, allowing him to live in the region beyond it, the plane of reality. If man by suppressing, if not destroying, his selfishness and personality, only succeeds in knowing himself as he is behind the veil, he will soon stand beyond all pain, all misery, and beyond all the wear and tear of change, which is the chief originator of pain. Such a man will be physically of matter, he will move surrounded by matter, yet he will live beyond and outside it. His body will be subject to change, but he himself will be entirely without it, and will experience everlasting life even while in temporary bodies of short duration. All this may be achieved by the development of unselfish universal love of Humanity, and the suppression of personality, or *selfishness*, which is the cause of all sin, and consequently, of all human sorrow."

### BRAINSTORMS: by H. Travers, M. A.



FINE-SOUNDING word. It was encountered in the lucubrations of a certain astrologist, who, after diligently scanning the face of his little thirty-cent astrological almanac, had predicted that during a certain time there would be liability to brainstorms. Now I am not recommending anyone to dabble in the futilities of modern astrology, nor even to waste valuable time in a study of astrology itself, but I do think we may learn a lesson from this. The astrologist at least recognised the fact that certain cosmic influences prevail at certain times; and he had also recognised that a large part of the people would yield to those influences and reflect them in their conduct. So he predicted brainstorms just as he might have predicted a grippe epidemic.

As to grippe epidemics, the advance of science has provided us with certain safeguards that prove extremely useful; but nevertheless grippe epidemics continue to rage with unabated vigor and frequency. This is proof enough that our knowledge of the subject is not so great but that it might be greater. When we have said that the influenza is abroad, and that a certain percentage of people will certainly catch it, we have stated the essential facts; while the extent of our practical ignorance and impotence is summed up in the statement that we neither know whence and why the bane comes nor how to stop it. Is it then other-

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wise in the case of those other epidemics to which has been given the name of brainstorms? We find that defendants are pleading, in excuse for their criminal actions, the influence of a brainstorm; and the plea, if allowed, removes them from the class of cold calculating malefactors to that of the morally infirm and mentally incapable. Thus a legal justification is given to our employment of this term.

Our subject may be considered under three heads: its origin, nature, and cure. Perhaps number two is the best understood; the phenomena of the brainstorm are known to all. But perhaps it ought to be said that it is not the violent homicidal kind of brainstorm that we here consider, but the milder and therefore more familiar and insidious form. It steals upon us surreptitiously from without (or within — we do not quite know which), as hard to trace as the mysterious germs of an epidemic. Whether it resemble the gusty wind that spreads confusion around, or the cold damp fog that, though but a few feet high, yet suffices to shut out the bright sunlight above, it impinges upon the sensitive and susceptible nerves of our organism and is propagated thence by a current to the brain. Here, arrived at 'the monarch Thought's dominion,' it transmutes itself into pictures and ideas; illusions arise; every dusty cobweb we have harbored in our brain is shown up in vivid light; old and worm-eaten grievances take new life. The remembered words and deeds of our friends now weave themselves into a malign drama, as fell suspicion seeks and finds materials to support the fabric it loves to erect. It is remarkable how our moods color our thoughts and shape our conclusions. Though we would fain persuade ourselves that the despondency arises from the circumstances or from the gloomy thoughts, a closer self-analysis shows that the despondent mood strikes us first, and that we *then* gather the materials which give it color. Circumstances which could never arouse suspicion in a serene mind will wear the aspect of a sinister plot to a mind diseased by suspicion.

But all this is familiar philosophy; only, in the light of Theosophy, it gains so much in significance. To say that dark or angry moods are an obsession, wherein judgment is unseated and the man is not himself, may mean little more than a metaphorical way of speaking; whereas a better understanding of the constitution of man may give it a very real meaning. This way too lies the cure; for to cure we must first understand patient and malady.

Suppose we define man as a conscious will operating amid a complex of forces and inertias and qualities and tendencies, opposing himself to them, asserting his will over their wills. (Even the static qualities of matter, such as inertia, are now defined as forms of energy.) Man is therefore striving to assert his independence. All through the scale of

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organic life we see creatures endowed with less or more of independence, able to a less or greater extent to cope with their surroundings. But man is in a class by himself, in respect of his unique power to separate himself from his environment and to bring an independent judgment and initiative to bear. Yet even man allows himself to drift in the stream. His organism is like an electric apparatus, charged to a certain potential by the electric field in which it is placed, and varying in its potential according to the variations in the charge and situation of the surrounding bodies. This apparatus is also under the influence of electricity generated by its own center; and the currents may flow either way, according to the relative potential of the center and the periphery. Thus man's mind and temper may be swayed by external influences or by his will and judgment.

It is clear from this that, in order to resist the brainstorm, we must be anchored to something that does not rock. But it is essential to discriminate between our genuine self and the false emotions and ideas engendered by the storm; and this is where so many people find difficulty. They identify themselves *with* the emotion, instead of looking upon it as an intrusive force. They say, "I am angry," when they ought to say, "Here comes a wave of anger." This process of separating oneself from the emotion may be anything from very easy to very difficult, according to circumstances. It is all a question of practice in self-study and self-command; and the power grows by practice.

Of course it may be said that what we are preaching here is the familiar stoicism of Marcus Aurelius; and so it is, in some respects, but we hope to make it more telling. A study of the Theosophical teachings concerning the sevenfold nature of man will serve to give the question its scientific aspect; besides, there was a certain noble pessimism in that stoic philosophy which is absent from Theosophy. The ideal presented is not to make man a mere patient bearer of the unescapable evils of life, with no better prospect before him; but to show him how to realize his true self by learning to understand and to control the lesser forces of his nature. Nor again are we preaching a philosophy of personal beatitude, such as might be the proposed goal of some ardent teacher (for a consideration) of a gospel or science of self-culture. The aim of Theosophy is broad, impersonal, cosmic. Instead of trying to enhance the personal life, we aim to transcend it, and to step into that wider sphere of impersonal service which is man's true home. The conquest of intrusive forces in our nature is but a means to that end; and it is with this in view that the remarks about brainstorms have been made. These things continually throw us off our balance, preoccupy us with personal worries, and so keep us from advancing in the true direction and attaining that

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poise which is the essential condition of wisdom both in thought and action.

Far more important than the idea of personal self-development, stands the idea of constituting a united body of people who can stand firm amid the storms. The forces of disintegration are abroad, shaking things to pieces. These forces will invade us unless we are careful. Theosophists aim to constitute an unshakable body which can hold firm to the rock of truth and sanity amid all the storms and delusions; but if they should allow the disruptive forces to permeate their body, what would become of their mission? Should we not then see Theosophy split into warring sects and sharing in the general disintegration? But this could only happen if professed Theosophists were each and all to let themselves be swayed by the variable influences of emotional thought and private prejudice. Let each remain loyal to his principles, and all will remain loyal to each other.

It is convincing evidence of the wisdom and strength with which Theosophy has been piloted by its Leaders, that it has resisted all the disruptive influences and has neither been split into sects nor diverted to a sidetrack. And this is because those Leaders have ever stood by the principles and refused to give way to the ambitions or idiosyncrasies of individual members or coteries.

Theosophists need to be in the world but not of it. The maxim, "Flee from the press, and dwell with soothfastness," must be taken to apply to a mental, not a physical, seclusion. The hermit's life, or that of the secluded community, avoids the battle, and thus postpones to a future date the work to be done. The rival claims of action and inaction are completely stated in the following aphorism:

"Both action and inaction may find room in thee; thy body agitated, thy mind tranquil, thy Soul as limpid as a mountain lake."— *The Voice of the Silence*


Thus we may dwell physically amid the roaring waters, but we need not let our mind become mixed up with the currents. There is peace and certainty in the depths of our being, and if we do not find it, we must search deeper, for it is surely there.



"THE members of several esoteric schools — the seat of which is beyond the Himālayas, and whose ramifications may be found in China, Japan, India, Tíbet, and even in Syria, besides South America — claim to have in their possession the *sum total* of sacred and philosophical works in MSS. and type: all the works, in fact, that have ever been written, in whatever language or characters, since the art of writing began."

— H. P. BLAVATSKY, *The Secret Doctrine*, I, xxiii

## CURIOSITY AND INTUITION: by R. Machell

 HE pursuit of knowledge, which seems at first sight to be so hopeful a sign of progress, may not always be inspired by the desire for truth: curiosity also is a powerful motive, and there is a wide difference between this common vice and the more rare virtue of search for wisdom. The one is inspired by desire for amusement or sensation and the other by an internal recognition of man's inherent divinity and consequent perfectibility.

Such high ideals have no charm for the restless seeker for novelty. Curiosity would seem to be the attempt to gratify a craving for the sensation of surprise. This is the demand that has called forth the greater part of our modern periodical publications, notably the daily papers, with their head-lines vying with each other in their appeal to the masses, who hunger for surprise and demand it at the cost of truth.

Evidently gossip is a product of this same desire for mental sensation; and there are numberless books bearing titles suggestive of a scientific purpose, which are written and published with no higher purpose than to satisfy this gossiping tendency of the mind.

To the old teachers of true Science, as well as to the true students of Esoteric Philosophy, the gossiping tendency of the mind, the merely inquiring mind, was something to be got rid of before the student could approach the outer portals of the temple of Truth. But in our day the possession of an inquiring mind would seem to be all that is necessary to qualify a student for the investigation of the deepest mysteries of life, as well as of its more superficial phenomena.

Among these latter may be classed all kinds of coincidences, a term that unthinking people look upon as some sort of explanation of the parallelism of events, which excites their surprise and affords them constant amusement.

To the scientific mind of the intuitive student these things are but the inevitable outcome of Universal Law acting on nature, which in all its phenomena manifests the reign of Law, and nowhere more clearly than in these coincidences and correspondences.

The inquiring mind is not intuitive, it is curious, inquisitive, and speculative; but is not illuminated by a ray of sympathetic perception, or by that direct recognition of truth, which by some is called intuition.

Such distinctions may appear meaningless to one who is not imbued with the Theosophic philosophy, and who recognises in man no other mode of consciousness than that of the brain-mind, which reasons and argues, makes observations, comparisons, and analyses, with theories deduced therefrom as conclusions.

To minds of this order, that is to say, to minds unilluminated by



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the light of the Soul, intuition is but another name for fancy; and its revelations are but fictions that may be interesting or amusing, but which can not be regarded as of any scientific value.

To one whose intuition is at all awake, the discovery of a coincidence is like the finding of a clue, a trace, a footprint that is in itself an evidence of the existence of some series of natural phenomena of which it is a part.

To such a mind a discovery of this kind will produce a sense of wonder that this particular series of phenomena had been so far overlooked, rather than a sensation of surprise at its presence. One who looks upon the universe as existing by virtue of its own inherent nature, will expect to find correspondences and coincidences as common as divergences.

But to the unilluminated mind these coincidences seem merely to prove by contrast the rule of chance in a world of chaos, in which irresponsible Gods disport themselves occasionally subject to the influence of the prayers of their devotees.

The thought of Universal Law must be repugnant to the merely inquiring mind that seeks sensation in surprises, while to those whose intuition is more or less alive and alert it comes as the key to all true science and as the clue to the riddle of life. It will be equally unwelcome to the uninquiring mind of the bigoted religionist, clashing, as it must do, with his professed belief that God, the ruler of the Universe, can be influenced by prayer.

But to the Theosophist there is no incongruity in the acceptance of the concept of Deity and that of Universal Law. It is evident that there must be as many manifestations of Deity as there are forces in the universe, and that man may by his own will put himself into sympathetic relation with one or more of these according to his own choice, which is the expression of his own nature. It has been said that man creates his Gods in his own image: but it would perhaps be nearer to the truth to say that man selects the objects of his worship in obedience to the needs of his own state of evolution.

Evolution implies continual change of conditions, and thus accounts for the short duration of the religions of the world. Religion itself endures, and the name of any particular religion may last a long time, but the form of religion will change continually, as the evolution of the people progresses.

The recurrence of historical events is a coincidence that seems so natural to a Theosophist as to have no element of surprise in it, and the passage of a great religion may be noted with interest as an indication of the close of some historic cycle, to be followed by a series of events that may be divined to some extent by reference to past history.

But such predictions are difficult to make without the aid of true

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intuition. Reason alone would tend to produce an anticipation of events exactly similar to those that marked preceding cycles of history: and, as evolution is continuous, it must be evident that new elements must enter into operation in a new cycle, modifying the course of events to a greater or less degree according to the nature of the curve to be traced by the evolving world.

We speak of cycles of history and are apt to think of them as circles, instead of as spirals or curves of considerable complexity. So too we may look for recurrence of events in history, which when they come about may at first be unrecognisable by reason of the new conditions in which they appear. In fact, the recurring events of nature, the return of the seasons, the leafage and fruitage of the trees, and the rest, show us how enormous the variation may be in the regular rotation of natural history from year to year.

So too in the history of nations or of individuals, there must be a constant recurrence of events and of characters that at first sight may seem to suggest repetition rather than evolution, but which on closer study may reveal the gradual appearance of some new factor in human history that is destined in time to modify completely the series of developments that go to make up what we call history.

Rigidity of mind is the disease that makes man blind to the light of his own soul, and that would make him repeat his own experiences indefinitely, like the squirrel in its revolving cage, until dissolution of the mind sets him free to try again. This disease seems to afflict a large number of students of modern science, for they appear to spend their time in formulating theories which are enunciated as laws, but which in reality are just guesses uttered dogmatically, and which die almost as soon as they are born, but whose dead bodies are enshrined in scientific text-books for the confusion of later generations.

Speculative philosophy is in the same predicament, having largely decided to ignore intuition, and to rely entirely on a narrow form of reason. It predicts events, and bases rules of life on the predictions, as if these guesses at the future were statements of ascertained facts.

This attitude of mind is, no doubt, one of the most potent factors in the retardation of evolution, as it makes man oblivious of the importance of the Unknown: the mysterious element that enters into all events, and is the power that guides the progress of humanity through the recurrent cycles of history, opening unexpected doorways of opportunity along the road. The old French proverb expresses it well: *Il n'y a de certain que l'imprévu*, "Nothing is certain but the unforeseen." But the recognition of the unforeseen demands intuition, the light of the soul, without which the mind is pessimistic and conservative, recurrent

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rather than progressive; because the mind, as generally understood, is indeed but one mode of the intelligence and the most rigid and mechanical of all its modes.

But the illuminated mind, which acts intuitively, is, to some degree, aware of its own essential identity with the Universal Mind, and feels within itself a living spring of true life welling up continually as a fountain of hope and rejuvenescence, renewing and restoring old forms of thought and out-worn beliefs, adapting them to the ever-growing needs of the evolving human soul, and preparing the way for the New Age that dawns eternally beyond the mountains of doubt and prejudice but whose realization man seems determined to postpone indefinitely, even though he cannot eventually bar the progress of his own Soul.

It has been said that Man is the only enemy of Man, and also that Man is his own redeemer. This duality is to be found in all his modes of mind, and history is made up of the recurring swing of the pendulum from one extreme to the other; but beyond the duality lies a sympathetic unity; beyond the extremes of blind faith and blind negation there is this intuition, spoken of above, which is both faith and knowledge; or, rather, which has in it the essence of them both, while being neither. This is the mystic light of the divine Wisdom, Theosophia. This is the sacred fire of true Genius. This is the lamp of the alchemist, that burns eternally. It has been recognised in all ages under different names, but it is to be found in the heart of man himself now, as in ages past, and when found it will be hailed as the light of the true Sun whose dawning is the herald of the New Golden Age and of the coming back of Wisdom.



“MORE than one great scholar has stated that there never was a religious founder, whether Aryan, Semitic, or Turanian, who had *invented* a new religion, or revealed a new truth. These founders were all *transmitters*, not original teachers. They were the authors of new forms and interpretations, while the truths upon which the latter were based were as old as mankind. Selecting one or more of those grand verities — actualities visible only to the eye of the real Sage and Seer — out of the many orally revealed to man in the beginning, preserved and perpetuated in the *adyta* of the temples through initiation, during the MYSTERIES and by personal transmission — they revealed these truths to the masses. Thus every nation received in its turn some of the said truths, under the veil of its own local and special symbolism; which, as time went on, developed into a more or less philosophical cultus, a Pantheon in mythical disguise.”

— H. P. BLAVATSKY, *The Secret Doctrine*, I, xxxvii

## NIGHT ON THE LAKE

From the Chinese of Chang Ch'ien (circa 730 A. D.)

BY KENNETH MORRIS

SUNSET bright in the west, and the lake agleam;  
Dark my sails their rippled reflexion throw;  
Woods and mountains one vast mystery seem  
Now that the jade-bright cloud pagodas glow,  
And as purple petals fallen on the waters low,  
The islet shadows, and faint in the distance loom  
The gates of the town, and the mists creep in tiptoe —  
The Spirit finds itself in the glow and gloom.

. . . . .

Rising now with a far and eerie scream,  
Shrill o'er the world the wings of the Night Wind go;  
He cannot call the wildfowl out of their dream:  
The cranes adream on the long sand-beaches low,  
They heed him not. In his wake the waters flow  
Heaving uneasily. . . . Far let him moan and boom  
Down through the Forests of Tsu. . . . The first stars glow;  
The Spirit finds itself in the gathering gloom.

. . . . .

Here in the bay will I bide, where the long reeds dream,  
And the long faint wavelets wash in wandering slow. . . .  
Lo yonder, down from the hill-top, beam on beam  
Of silvery witchcraft shed from the white moon-bow,  
And a hush and a tenderness fallen on the world below —  
A glow and a tenderness forest and hills illumine! —  
Wake, my lute, with a tune out of ages ago!  
The Spirit finds itself in the glittering gloom. . . .

. . . . .

### *L'Envoi:*

Midnight cold, and a dew-drenched cloak — and lo!  
I wake to this world hedged in by the cradle and tomb,  
I am tossed once more where the life-tides ebb and flow —  
But the Spirit found itself in the lute-sweet gloom. . . .

*International Theosophical Headquarters,  
Point Loma, California*

## THE CREATIVE ROMANCE OF GEORGE ELIOT: by Lilian Whiting

“ . . . I am an artist by my birth,  
By the same warrant that I am a woman;  
Nay, in the added rarer gift, I see  
Supreme achievement vocation; . . . ”

**I**N the realm of creative romance George Eliot holds an imperishable place. Her five great novels, *The Mill On The Floss*, *Adam Bede*, *Romola*, *Middlemarch* and *Daniel Deronda*, stand out as distinctively in the literature of fiction as do the poems of the great world-poets, Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, in the literature of poetry. The student of these novels (for their critical reading is fairly entitled to be ranked with study) may be puzzled in the effort to surprise the secret of her power. Certainly Charlotte Brontë surpassed her in thrilling climax of intensity. The reader is not so overwrought in following the revelations of the interview between Dorothea and Rosamond in *Middlemarch*, or in the tragedy of Grandcourt's sudden death by drowning in the Mediterranean as portrayed in *Daniel Deronda*, as he is in his breathless pursuit of the cause of the interruption of the marriage ceremony between Jane Eyre and Rochester. Nor does she produce that fascination of glamor and spell of emotional intensity that so signally characterize George Sand.

With what other women novelists may she be considered? Comparisons between George Eliot and Mrs. Humphrey Ward have been made; but the grounds for any comparison are mostly objective rather than dependent on the fact of any common basis with individual divergence. Both women are scholarly, but George Eliot was a scholar. Both draw upon English life; but while Mrs. Ward portrays the panorama, with occasional character-study of admirable skill, as that of the 'little Dean' in *The Marriage Of William Ashe*, George Eliot portrays the social panorama upon a marvelously profound study of the philosophy of life. It hardly savors of exaggeration to say that she has a grasp of character unexcelled since Shakespeare. Are Macbeth, Hamlet, King Lear more vivid to us than are Herr Klessmer, Mr. Causo Casaubon, Sir Hugo? What scenes in all the literature of fiction can rival those of the Sunday morning interview between Gwendolen and Herr Klessmer when he falls into impassioned eloquence on the divine supremacy of art? He tells her it is out of the reach of any but the choicest natures; that it "cannot be donned as a livery."

Or, again, the scene between Daniel Deronda and his mother, the Princess Halm-Eberstein. It has the vividness of a scene on the stage.

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“Another life,” said the Princess; “men talk of another life as if only beyond the grave. I have long since entered on another life.”

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The novel as well as the drama is one of the potent influences upon humanity. The greater novelist who discusses the supreme problems of life wields an influence that fairly combines that of the poet, the preacher, and the philosopher. Now the novels of George Eliot transpose the spiritual drama into creative action. She relates this dramatization so closely to life that her pages abound in typical experiences. Take, for instance, these passages from a conversation between Dorothea and Lydgate in *Middlemarch*:

“‘Oh, it is hard!’ said Dorothea. ‘I understand the difficulty there is in your vindicating yourself. And that all this should have come to you who had meant to lead a higher life than the common, and to find out better ways. . . . There is no sorrow I have thought more about than that, -- to love what is great, and try to reach it, and yet to fail.’”

Every reader of fiction will recall the situation. Doctor Lydgate was a young physician of learning, talent, and honorable ambitions. He was a diligent and devoted student of the more scientific side of medicine, and looked to make new discoveries in his work. To elevate and enlarge the usefulness of his profession was his chief aim. By no fault of his, except in the fatal mistake of a marriage with Rosamond Vincy, he became involved in a network of circumstantial evidence that seemed to his neighbors to prove conclusively that he had been guilty of accepting a bribe from Bulstrode, for a tacit condonation of infringement on his medical treatment, which apparently caused the death of Raffles. The belief in his guilt spread like wildfire among the people of the village. It was one of those occurrences that, by their very nature, forever remain not proven, and therefore not disproved. Dorothea Casaubon had moral divination and independence of judgment. She did not accept the verdict of appearances against Lydgate.

“‘I beseech you, tell me how everything was,’ said Dorothea fearlessly; ‘I am sure that the truth would clear you.’”

Describing the scene, George Eliot says:

“The presence of a noble nature, generous in its wishes, ardent in its charity, changes the lights for us; we begin to see things again in their larger, quieter masses, and to believe that we, too, can be seen and judged in the wholeness of our character.”

The people who slip below their own intentions are numerous, and perhaps even make up a majority of humanity. For, at best, few of us are so invincible in our will and our high purpose as not to miss occasional-

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ly, at least, their full realization, at times; and few of us are yet so feeble in morality as to be at all content with the lesser rather than the nobler achievement. George Eliot herself has spoken with no faltering voice, of that "perilous margin" we are on when we can contemplate our future selves led passively in- ment. For all these their ideal of their own has a message. She those determining acts She finds them to mixed result of young struggling amidst the perfect social state, in will often take on the great faith seem dis- pect of illusion. For she adds, "whose in- that it is not greatly lies outside of it."

Nor is the spell of any means absent George Eliot. In her outweigh the roman- *The Floss*, what a pas- feeling is that between as they leave the boat on the river! To

that the circumstances now justify them in being united; nay, that they even constrain them to that issue, Maggie replies:



STATUE OF GALILEO,  
FLORENCE

to shabby achieve- who fail to realize life and efforts, she clearly points out that are not beautiful. spring from "the and noble impulse conditions of an im- which great feelings aspect of error, and guised under the as- there is no creature," ward being is so strong determined by what

impassioned love by from the pages of the moralist does not cist. In *The Mill On sionate outpouring of Stephen and Maggie after that fateful day Stephen's insistence*

"Remember what you felt weeks ago," she began, with beseeching earnestness; "remember what we both felt, — that we owed ourselves to others, and must conquer every inclination which could make us false to that debt. We have failed to keep our resolutions; but the wrong remains the same."

"No, it does not remain the same," said Stephen; "we have proved that it was impossible to keep our resolutions. We have proved that the feeling which draws us toward each other is too strong to be overcome. That natural law surmounts every other; we can't help what it clashes with."

"It is not so, Stephen; I'm sure that is wrong. I have tried to think it again and again; but I see, if we judged in that way, there would be a warrant for all treachery and cruelty; we should justify breaking the most sacred ties that can ever be formed on earth. If the past is not to bind us, where can duty lie? We should have no law but the inclination of the moment."

"But there are ties that can't be kept by mere resolution," said Stephen, starting up, and walking about again. "What is outward faithfulness? Would they have thanked us for anything so hollow as constancy without love?"

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Maggie did not answer immediately. She was undergoing an inward as well as an outward contest. At last she said, with a passionate assertion of her conviction, as much against herself as against him:

“‘That seems right — at first; but when I look further I am sure it is not right. *Faithfulness and constancy mean something else beside doing what is easiest and pleasantest to ourselves.* They mean renouncing whatever is opposed to the reliance others have in us. . . .’” [Italics by Editor.]

Stephen continued his entreaties. He resumed, saying:

“‘. . . Who can have so great a claim on you as I have? My life is bound up in your love. There is nothing in the past that can annul our right to each other; it is the first time we have either of us loved with our whole heart and soul.’”

Maggie replies:

“‘No, not with my whole heart and soul, Stephen. . . .I have never consented to it with my whole mind. . . . I couldn't live in peace if I put the shadow of a wilful sin between myself and God.’

“‘. . . We can't choose happiness either for ourselves or for another; we can't tell where that will lie. We can only choose whether we will indulge ourselves in the present moment, or whether we will renounce that, for the sake of obeying the divine voice within us, — for the sake of being true to all the motives that sanctify our lives.’”

Nothing more intense than this can be found in the pages of romance and if it seem that George Eliot in these passages depicts love as of the senses rather than as of the spirit, that objection finds its refutation in *Romola*, where the fascination and the love of the heroine for Tito completely vanish when his true nature becomes revealed to her.

Nor is there anything in all her novels that may be considered to throw more light on her own quality of moral judgment than this portrayal of the problem between Stephen and Maggie.

During many annual sojourns in Florence it fell to me to be domiciled in the Villa Trollope, the house built by Thomas Adolphus Trollope, in the Piazza Indipendenza. The villa had been the scene of famous hospitalities in the period when the Brownings, Walter Savage Landor, Mrs. Somerville, Frances Power Cobbe, Harriet Hosmer, Frederick Tennyson (a brother of the poet), Robert Lytton (later Lord Lytton, and known to literature as 'Owen Meredith'), and other distinguished people were in Florence. The Storys, although their home was in the Palazzo Barberini of Rome, were much in Florence, and they, with the Brownings, passed many a summer at Siena. Mrs. Stowe, Longfellow, Bryant, Bayard Taylor, and Margaret Fuller (afterward the Marchesa d'Ossoli) visited Florence in these days. Professor Villari, the biographer of Savonarola and Machiavelli, came as a youth from Sicily, attracting much interest from Mr. Browning. In the Villa Trollope, which of late



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years has become a private hotel, there was one *salon* in the corner overlooking the piazza that was known as the 'George Eliot room.' It was here that she had written out her notes for her great romance of *Romola* during her stay in the villa as the guest of the Trollopes in the winter of 1860. Kate Field, a young girl at this time, studying music in Florence, had been placed under the care of Miss Isa Blagden, Mrs. Browning's dearest friend, who had a villa on the heights of Bellosguardo. Miss Field was then entering upon the literary work which she afterward made so notable, and in an article in *The Atlantic Monthly*, on the noted group of English authors in Florence she wrote:

"Ah, this Villino Trollope is quaintly fascinating with its marble pillars, its grim men in armor, staring like sentinels from the walls, its majolica, its old bridal chests, and carved furniture, its beautiful terra-cotta of the Virgin and Child by Orgagna, its hundred *oggetti* of the *Cinque Cento*. . . . It is late in the spring. Soft airs kiss the budding foliage and warm it into bloom; the beautiful terrace of Villino Trollope is transformed into a reception room. Opening upon a garden, with its lofty pillars, its tessellated marble floor, its inscriptions, and bas-reliefs, with here and there a niche devoted to some antique Madonna, the terrace has all the charm of a *campo santo*, without the chill of a grave upon it; or were a few cowed monks to walk with folded arms along its space, one might fancy it a monastery. . . .

"There stands George Eliot quietly in the moonlight speaking earnestly to Mr. Trollope, while Lewes hovers near, calling her attention to the exquisite lights and shadows made by the moon. One by one the guests are presented to the author of *Adam Bede*. . . . My heart beats quickly as George Eliot takes my hand and seats herself beside me, expressing great interest in all young girls who desire to live a broader life than that carved out by society. The expression of her face is singularly gentle. 'For years,' she said, 'I wrote reviews because I knew too little of humanity, and I doubt whether I should ever have ventured on a novel if I had not been urged to it.'"

In later years Miss Field wrote:

"The next time I saw George Eliot was in her own home, The Priory, Regent's Park. . . . Sunday was their reception day. From three to seven the cleverest men and women in London felt honored in being received by the quiet woman who sat by the fire and talked earnestly. . . . Once I succeeded in luring her to see the telephone about which she was very curious. 'It is very wonderful,' she said; 'What marvelous inventions you Americans have!' . . . A noble intellect, a great heart, — this was the real George Eliot. . . ."

If George Eliot was so interested then, in the latter sixties, when Alexander Graham Bell was first experimenting with the telephone in London (where Kate Field sang through it to Queen Victoria), what would she think of the telephonic marvels of its present 'long-distance' accomplishments?

Of George Eliot's works, *Romola* has long since taken its permanent place as one of the masterpieces of English literature. It embodies the very spirit of the Italian Renaissance; it depicts Savonarola as vividly as if in a drama.

Some years ago, in one of those ineffable Florentine springtimes that

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one can never lose out of memory, I met Professor Oscar Browning, of Cambridge, at a reception given by Lady Paget, in her unique and romantic villa (formerly an old convent) on Bellosguardo. Professor Browning was one of the most intimate friends of George Eliot, and he is also the author of a rather brief, but interesting, biography of her. Every spring, dating back for more years than one could well count, Oscar Browning always passed in Florence, at the Albergo Boncinelli, his favorite hostelry. Learning that I was domiciled in the Villa Trollope, Professor Browning asked to call and to renew his memories of the house in which he had formerly passed so many happy hours, forty years before, as the guest of Mr. Trollope. By the kindness of Mrs. McNamee, then the *padrona*, he was shown the old study of Mr. Trollope, where the author wrote his books, standing at a high, old-fashioned desk; we walked in the cloisters of the terrace; we visited the ruined statue in the garden, unchanged through all these years; and Mr. Browning talked to me for a long time of Mrs. Lewes. She was a woman of strong and loyal and unchanging affections; she had a genius for the highest order of friendship; she was marvelously free from that tendency to detraction that is the ruin of so many natures; the tendency that sees faults, but which is blind to the effort to overcome these faults. Professor Browning (who, by the way, was not related to Robert Browning) had much to say of the marvelous art of George Eliot. He accorded her supreme rank in the entire literature of fiction.

It is only when her readers view her work in its entire completeness that they perhaps quite realize the extraordinary extent of the vital panorama which by her magic she unrolls before them. In the numerical array of her characters; in the minuteness with which the most unimportant and incidental figures that flit, for a moment, across the page, are sketched; one is confronted with the unerring power of an unsurpassed art. Even 'Chad's Bess,' who darts over the open space where Dinah is preaching, and 'Jocosa,' whom Mrs. Davilow desires to sit at the window, for propriety's sake, when Gwendolen expects Herr Klessmer, — these and multitudes of other merely incidental figures are modeled with that same essential vividness that surprises us in the portrayal of Casaubon, Maggie Tulliver, or Mr. Brooke.

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Between George Eliot and Mrs. Browning there is the analogy of the mental attitude of each woman. Each revered her art. Each held it as her shrine on which to lay her divinest gifts. In each, also, a most exceptional culture ministered to her work. A great scholar, George Eliot had steeped herself in the Greek and in the Oriental philo-

## THE CREATIVE ROMANCE OF GEORGE ELIOT

sóphies. She read all these in their native tongues. She was also a devoted student of the Hebrew. Above all, Positivist though she had avowed herself, she read the Bible with unfailing devotion, and the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ* not less. The prelude to her daily work was the reading from these and from the *Iliad*. She habitually dwelt in the atmosphere of high thought. This was her mental habitation. Conjoined with this constantly increasing intellectual and spiritual culture, was a temperament of exquisite sensitiveness and delicacy; an unfathomed and well-nigh unfathomable tenderness of feeling, and an unlimited capacity for affection. She had an unfailing sense of justice; an immeasurable ardor to be a channel of blessing to the world.

To unite an intense emotional nature with such philosophic poise is, of itself, to give an interesting key to a new combination of human qualities.

In seeking the clue to her unsurpassed, her unrivaled powers as a novelist, may it not be found in an analogy to the art of the great musician who transposes, at will, a composition from one scale to another?

George Eliot transposed the drama of common life to the plane of the loftiest range of influences. She threw upon it the searchlight of spiritual illumination. She made the divine principle in man the basis of her estimate, the point of departure, so to speak, and the entire progress of her *comédie humaine* was transposed to that key which revealed, before the mind of the reader, the evolution of this divine principle in every human being. She had familiarized herself with the *Kabbala*; she had gone into the profound depths of the Rosicrucian philosophy; she had made her own the esoteric significance of the great Greek poets and philosophers; and these enormous forces, not as merely ornamental erudition, but as absolutely assimilated into her own consciousness as compact of her working power, gave her a leverage that hardly finds comparison outside the dramatic range of Shakespeare.

To relate this range of thought and of qualities to life, she did not seek classical impersonation. The emotions that Stephen Phillips would image by investing a Zeus, and an Idas, a Marpessa, with their working out; that Shelley would have portrayed in characters chosen from the medieval age; that Tennyson would have presented in the guise of a Lancelot, an Elaine, a Vivian, a Merlin, — George Eliot portrays in the homely characters provided for her by the provincial England of her own time. She has no Ulysses, no Lady of Shalott, no Gareth and Lynette, no Tristram and Isolde; she does not have recourse to the age and the personalities pressed into service by Browning in *The Ring And The Book*; but the poor little trivial, insignificant Hetty, with her

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“butterfly soul”; Sister Deane, with her trophies of closet shelves covered with medicine bottles; Bob, the shrewd pedlar; Aunt Pullet; the Poysers; Tom Tulliver; and others that readily recur to the memory, — in these George Eliot finds the men and women by means of whose meeting and mingling in the common daily life of humankind she can re-drama of the evolutionary divine principle lesser revelation than presentation of life George Eliot.

It is the immortal that they concern common lot. The goddess may be extreme — she is isolated in the We cannot cross that environment. But Arthur Donnithorne, with Will Ladislaw, are on familiar and understand Maggie’s her inconsistencies ourselves. Mrs. say out”; Gwendolen’s transformation takes with the vividness of



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Herr Klessmer, for whom Liszt is said to have furnished the prototype; Sir Hugo, with his shrewd advice, “Be courteous, be obliging, Dan, but don’t give yourself over to be melted down for the tallow trade”; Mr. Gasgoine, the cultivated, easy-going rector; Grandcourt, no longer to us merely a type in fiction, but fairly an inhabitant of the country; Dinah Morris, as real a figure in the world as that of Florence Nightingale, or Frances Willard, — two women of the same angelic type, — what a group they all are!

In *Romola* is a work apart from all these that deal with middle-class life in nineteenth century England. By what necromancy George Eliot invoked the very *dramatis personae* of the fifteenth century in Florentine history, with the tragedy of the execution of Savonarola, thus to rise before our vision like an incantation by medieval conjurers, is a problem that defies pursuit, and remains forever invested with magic. No biographer of that dominant monk of San Marco, who is so inextricably bound

mon daily life of hu-veal the spiritual tionary progress of in man. For it is no this which is the real in the novels of

glory of these novels themselves with the emotions of a godly fascinating, but glamor of romance. invisible line of her with Lydgate, with with Uncle Deane, with Fred Vincy, we intimate terms. We temptation and all We have inconsisten-Poyser, having “her len, whose moral place before our eyes a moving picture;

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up with the history of Florence, and for whose associations with the Palazzo Vecchio and the convent of San Marco the passionate pilgrim in Florence seeks ever — not even such a biographer as Professor Pasquale Villari, has ever presented the life of Savonarola with the illuminating intensity of George Eliot in the pages of *Romola*. Such romance flashes its splendor all through that rich mid-Victorian period, and leaves its indelible impress, its potent influences, as long as English literature shall endure.

As an artist her fame is as secure as it is incomparable in all the literature of prose romance. Edward Dowden, M. A., whose criticism is of standard authority, said of her:

“Among artists who with Shakespeare unite breadth of sympathy with power of interpreting the rarer and more intense experiences of men, George Eliot must be placed.”

As a poet, she has written a few things that the world will not willingly let die: *The Spanish Gypsy*, *Armigart*, and the familiar and oft-quoted *O, may I join the choir invisible*. In *Armigart* the reader who penetrates beneath the lines may fairly read her own autobiography. In no form has she interfused such intimate expression of herself. The lines prefixed to this paper —

“I am an artist from my birth  
By the same warrant that I am a woman,” —

really give the key and the clue to her entire range of choices in destiny. Compact of tenderness and truth as a woman, she was supremely and overwhelmingly the artist by nature and by grace, and the demand for the full expression of the artist dominated and gave its own coloring to her life. Surely, may we all think of George Eliot as one

“Whose music is the gladness of the world!”



“GREAT Teachers work not for the praise of men, but for men’s best and highest good. . . . God-like perfection is the great goal for a human soul to strive after. . . . Remember this: that as you live your life each day with an uplifted purpose and unselfish desire, each and every event will bear for you a deep significance — an inner meaning — and as you learn their import, so do you fit yourself for higher work. . . . Rise then, from this dependency and seize the sword of knowledge. With it and with love, the universe is conquerable. . . . Give up doubt, and arise in your place with patience and fortitude. . . . Let us all be as silent as we may be, and work, work. . . . Let that be our watchword.” — *William Quan Judge*

## THE JEWISH PROBLEM: by B. W. Koske

“And this is really the keynote: the recognition of the soul in men, be they black or white, despairing or hopeful.”— *Katherine Tingley*

**M**UCH thought is being given today, by Jews, to the problems that concern the future welfare of the race.

For about two thousand years they have wandered in many lands, sojourned among many nations, suffering many hardships by the way; and the plight of the nation is now often referred to as the ‘Jewish Question’ or sometimes the ‘Jewish Problem.’

The recent announcement by the British Foreign Office, favoring their return to Palestine, has given new life to their age-long hope — that they may be restored, by settlement in Palestine, to a place of dignity among the nations.

It seems, however, that there is now a division of opinion among Jews themselves, as to whether their resettlement in Palestine will really bring about happier conditions for the race, either collectively or individually. It is this division of opinion, rather than the problem of Palestine itself, that offers much food for reflexion.

Both Zionists and anti-Zionists (as the two sides are known) seem equally alive to the common suffering of the race, but are not agreed upon the means by which alleviation can be effected.

To quote Carlyle: “Till the eye have vision, the whole members are in bonds.”

To achieve liberation, vision is needed. The Path has to be seen before it can be followed; until then there is blindness.

The position of the Jewish race seems to be one which suggests that they are seeking freedom but are not sure what kind of freedom they want. It is therefore difficult to see how the Jewish people can find the happier conditions they seek until they form some clear conception of the right kind of Freedom, and how it is to be won.

“The day to come in Jerusalem” has been their age-long prayer; but is Freedom the fruit of a locality?

Perhaps before that day comes there will be a delving into the causes that make for individual and racial unhappiness, and the Jewish people along with the general trend, may find it necessary to consider their problems from a new standpoint.

The old order of things everywhere is passing away. Long-founded institutions are crumbling; traditions are being cast aside. In the pain and suffering that prevail a searchlight is being turned upon the affairs of life, and in rude nakedness things are being seen as they are; as though,

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in hunger for real peace and real happiness, there is a determination to get at the real things of life. And all this sifting is giving rise to a change in the general attitude of mind; particularly as regards international and even individual relationships. Underneath the present upheaval there is a growing tendency in each nation to reach out and know one another *au fond*, as the French say. Elements in each nation are being sought that can be mutually understood and trusted; as though people are to show their Real Selves, before a prior basis can be formed to build a better order of things upon.

Whether the Jewish people can fall into line, is probably their greatest concern.

The attitude, now so deeply ingrained, that "We are not as they" towards the nations with whom they have lived, with the recoil upon themselves that "They are not as we," has raised a barrier of separateness between them and their neighbors, preventing a wholesome association with other peoples.

In an ancient book it is written: "The wise man seeks that which is homogeneous with his own nature." Nature makes no distinction between races; indeed, is bountiful to every living thing. And the wise man seeking "that which is homogeneous with his own nature" finds himself naturally breathing in harmony and sympathy with all that lives. The Jewish people, in holding themselves as a race apart, have really been at cross purposes with the Divine Law of Brotherhood, and so have brought upon themselves throughout the long ages the manifold pains that accompany the thwarting of the Great Law that "will not be contemned." This suggests that if any attempt be made to rehabilitate the race, a new ideal of Universal Brotherhood must be recognised. "Hear, O Israel! the Lord is ONE." That sublime phrase is significant, and in the light of it the 'chosen race' theory is a damaging one.

There is an old saying that there is hope for a man who blames himself; and there is hope for the Jewish people if they seek within themselves for the causes of their suffering. This may take courage, and demand of them that they step forward to the broadest outlook upon life; and then, perhaps, to look deeply into their own religious teachings for the thin thread of pure truth that runs loosely in the garment of creed and tradition which they have woven around themselves throughout the ages. It may take fortitude to face the chill that may follow the removal of that garment, as removed it will have to be, for in it the members are bound and no Freedom is possible. But the chill will vanish as a new garment begins well a-weaving.

Then once again there may be a journeying to the mountains where the fresh morning breezes and pure sunlight can play upon mind and

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heart, and the eye perceive, in vision of true perspective, that boundless, pulsating life of love in which all Humanity lives and moves and has its being.

It might then be more easy to see that the real problems of the Jewish race are such as all mankind share in common. The meaning and purpose of life will be looked for; and the purpose of death too; and no halt will be made until some rational and thoroughly helpful explanation be found.

The mind, freed from all encumbrances, will be ready to accept the truth, *wherever it may be found*, if that truth but does indeed solve doubts and throw the light upon life that will make it intelligible. If any teachings can be found that can prove the error and utter folly of treating death as a catastrophe, and of investing it with every device of gloom, they will be accepted, because the heart is yearning for them. And if such teachings can bring into the common knowledge of daily life some perceivable path that it is meant we should tread, some definite goal to aim at; and if they can point the way how, with practical common sense, life may be made wholesome, joyous, beautiful, and peaceful, they would not be turned aside, for they would bring the balm of hope to a people that for ages have known no path save the valley of long and dismal night.

Such Teachings are to be found in Theosophy. Without money and without price, Theosophy, age-old, will help all who can read understandingly to know themselves and the world they live in; to find their right place, and to know the real part they are meant to play in life, if there be a sincere desire so to do.

“Theosophy is not *a* religion, but RELIGION itself”; it is the key that will unlock the doors to the hidden truths in all religions.

To whatever religion one may belong, by the application of Theosophic Principles his religion will become more clear to him. He will not find himself estranged from it, but will develop a clearer discrimination to perceive what is really true and helpful and what is not.

Almost at the outset, as the conviction grows that there is No Death, that there is the Great Law of Eternal Justice at work, a great faith will be born in him that all the forces of the Universe stand ready to help him to build up a noble life. Soon would he go forth with a new hope in his heart, with a new resolution unconquerable in the consciousness of real power that true knowledge brings. Henceforward would he be the “Master of his fate, the Captain of his soul.”

Wheresoever his lot be placed, Palestine or anywhere, there would he shine in the light of a new understanding, seeing in the performance of the work at his hand the only source of true joy, and the path that soon will lead him inward and ever onward until at last he reaches a place of rest and peace; the Peace that passeth understanding.



## YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW, FROM A THEOSOPHICAL STANDPOINT: by Grace Knoche



WO quotations first, one from a Teacher of an elder time, the other from a Teacher of today. This, from Katherine Tingley:

“Humanity has long wandered through the Dark Valley of bitter experiences, but the mountain heights are again seen, suffused in the glow of dawn and the glory of a new Golden Age; the pathway is once more shown to those realms where the Gods still abide.”

And this from Ezekiel, in his dirge over the king who would not listen and so lost:

“Thou deftly-fashioned signet-ring, full of wisdom and perfect in beauty! Thou hast been in Eden, the Garden of God!”

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What is ‘Yesterday,’ from a Theosophical standpoint? To the average student of history it is a little period of some six or seven or perhaps ten thousand years, with a few scattering places, in a few scattering times, where mankind behaved itself fairly well and was therefore fairly happy. But a very great part of what is called history is a checkered web of hatreds, jealousies, and crimes, cross-woven with those cruelly important happenings which Talleyrand once described as “worse than crimes, for they are blunders.” To study what is usually accepted as the historic period, therefore, is almost an invitation to pessimism: mankind has done so poorly and so little, when it might have done so well.

But from the standpoint of Theosophy, one’s view is wholly changed. The corridors of Yesterday widen out and grow so beautiful, so endless and so high. No petty few millenniums of years, but a generous eighteen millions of them, says Theosophy, has man lived and loved, potted and schemed and worked his will upon this earth as *Man* — Man the Fire of the Godhead, Man the Incarnate God, Man the Thinker, Man the Creator, *Man the Soul*. So that with man’s Divinity ever in view, Yesterday must hold more than brain-mind plannings and passional mistakes, a very great deal more — and it does. Its long road reaches back to the Golden Age of our own Fifth Race, and to other Golden Ages in time’s dawn-mist, long before. It reaches back to our own historic Eden and to other Edens, equally historic, by millenniums preceding that.

These estimates should not startle us, however, for consider how science is approaching them by leaps and bounds with every year as, thanks to the persevering work of our archaeologists and the patient spade of the digger, Yesterday gives up her records from cylinder, tablet and scroll, statue and painting, temple and initiation crypt, mound and monument, granite shaft, papyrus and palm. Then, too, there is geologic

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testimony that cannot be impeached, though it constantly adds new ciphers to the right.

As to the contention that Eden and the Golden Age are but 'traditional': only a few years ago, you recall, King Minos was a 'tradition'; Penelope, a 'mythic heroine,' and Osiris a 'legendary god.' Then, oddly enough, we found the actual palace in which King Minos lived, his checker-board, his oil-jars, even his throne; we stumbled on the actual site in Leukas where Queen Penelope maintained her siege of twenty years — and won at last, through woman's love and wit; and what did the great French archaeologist Naville conjure out of the sand-heaps of Abydos only four years ago but that wonderful subterranean construction whose paintings and inscriptions declared it to be the tomb of Osiris — surely enough to persuade one to examine with respect, at least, the Theosophic teaching that Great Souls in the past, albeit now Gods in heaven, did incarnate, in a gentler age than our own, as great Rulers and Teachers on earth.

Besides which there is much disconcerting archaeological evidence of high civilization in prehistoric days. Homeric Greece was a heaven compared with the Greece of Attic days, not to mention modern America and Europe, in some very important respects. We could go to Incan and pre-Incan Peru for models in statecraft and social life and methods that, if followed, would astonishingly improve and spiritualize some of our 'enlightened' Twentieth century ways; and Egypt, whose earlier Kings and Queens were literally Gods and Goddesses in human form; Egypt, whose art of the earliest dynasties has never been surpassed in any age and whose architecture is at once our envy and our despair; Egypt, whose philosophy reaches the very foundation of being and who had solved the problem of spiritual living in days so ancient that the human mind cannot take in the stretch of time leading to them — in the thought of Egypt the mind and heart bow in silence. So it really is time that we stripped off our insular ideas, if we have any, as to what lies cradled in the matrix of Yesterday.

The truth is: a great glory of spiritual life shines down upon us from the sunset skies of the distant past, to which no nation in the world at the present time, although some are more spiritual than others and some do aspire more truly, can afford a parallel. Back in the remote chambers of that Yesterday, upon the increasing evidences of which Theosophy throws so much light, is the record of a time when mankind lived the soul-life with a fulness of realization of which we cannot conceive today; a time when Teachers and Leaders in spiritual thought were recognised as such, when they were honored in gratitude and obeyed in love, instead of being persecuted, reviled, and murdered; their lot,

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the cup of hemlock, the fagot, the dungeon, the rack, or the viperous assaults of jealous tongues — as during the last six thousand years or so, mostly.

Yes, far antedating the so-called 'historic period' was a finer age, a holier age, an age when Brotherhood was acknowledged by all as a fact in Nature, when there was one universal science, one learning, one religion, one general and unstained conviction of the immortality of soul-life, the Divinity of Man, and the spiritual parenthood of God. It was that age when the bright Gods truly walked and talked with men: the Golden Age of 'tradition,' a word which H. P. Blavatsky so simply defines, by the way, as "oral history." What the watchman in Israel chanted more than twenty-five centuries ago might be intoned again today — indeed, should be, when hope is dying on every hand and human hearts are searching like poor things lost in space for a solution of the terrifying mystery of life and sorrow. Only that today we should intone it with some nuances of meaning which perhaps could not have been added, at least not publicly, in the earlier day:

"Thou deftly-fashioned signet-ring, O my Divinity! full of wisdom and perfect in beauty. Thou hast been in Eden, the Garden of thy Higher Self — of God!"

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"But why reach into the Yesterday of life?" is a question often asked by inquirers. "Our faces should be set ahead, not back. Is this not preaching retrogression?" Which shows the terrific weight of the lower psychology of the age that, fortified by materialistic (though never by true) science, feels that its very existence depends upon keeping intact the general delusion that man evolved from the animal and no more, and that evolution proceeds in a straight line from bestiality to the Divine.

The difficulty with the straight-line theory, however, is that the line isn't straight, nor can we make it so, however we may manipulate the evidence or try to tip over the facts. If the theory were in accord with the facts, then we should look for all the savages in the background of time and for philosophy now and here; while, as a matter of fact, it is decidedly the other way. If we want philosophy — true philosophy or spiritual wisdom, and not its counterfeit — we have to go to the Ancients for it or take it second-hand from those who have gone. There is absolutely no other way. If we want savages, while they existed in the past, it is true, for savagery and civilization have been coeval in all periods, no one can deny that there is a plentiful supply in the present, and not all of them living in the woods, either.

Progress is *cyclic*, a Theosophical teaching which there is not time to argue here, although both history and archaeology substantiate the

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theory on every point and can adduce evidence that could be submitted without argument to any unprejudiced mind. For want of time, however, let us accept it unimpeached, not only as one of the fundamental teachings of Theosophy but as a law of progress and of life. "History repeats itself" is a truism, and this is exactly why; for by the law of cyclic progression humanity is ever passing and re-passing the same point in the long pilgrimage of Universal Life: a little lower down, sometimes, and then again higher up. Mankind is constantly returning on itself, helix-fashion - or, to use the familiar illustration, like the winding thread of a screw. Again and again it passes and re-passes the same point as it rises, or dips and descends, so that periods in every present strangely parallel corresponding periods that are past.

Modern science may try to be satisfied by attributing this to chance, or, in the words of Professor Michaelis of Strassburg, to "the irrational element in all evolution." But this does not satisfy, as a matter of fact. An increasing number of thinkers, "forced by the stern logic of facts," are pushing further while demanding more, and not a few now admit that this ebb and flow in history, these recurrent rises and falls, take place in accordance with some law, periodic in its manifestation, it is true, but yet *a law*. This is the Law of Cycles, although as yet, outside of Theosophy, it is not understood as having a universal application or as applying to the inner life of man as well as to the outer. Yet it does so apply, mystically, for the Waterloos of consciousness, like those of steel and blood, are lost and won, and won and lost, throughout the ages; and as the edges of the Aisne and the Marne have been the scenes of recurrent battles since Palaeolithic days, so have the still more ancient regions of that long-forgotten field of struggle in the general human heart.

Now Theosophy declares that, since this is the mode of progress, then, in order to transcend the spiritual greatness of Yesterday — which surely no one objects to as an ideal — we must first reach a point parallel to the corresponding period in the Past. It also declares that to shorten the path to this goal, and to simplify and sweeten the journey, is the most charitable office that could be performed for a struggling world. To do just this is, therefore, one great aim of Theosophy, in fact, its first aim: to shorten the path in effect and also to place a light over it, that travelers may see the pitfalls ahead and avoid them, and pass on in security and peace. For it is a path of obstacles and dangers, truly, and it "winds up-hill all the way, yea, to its rocky top."

So that instead of its spelling retrogression — this study of Life's great Yesterday — if it is entered upon with a rational accentuation of spiritual values and therefore an undying optimism, it is the first step towards helping humanity out of the present mire of suffering and

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to firm and higher ground. For the study of Antiquity from the standpoint of Theosophy gives one faith in himself, an understanding of Life's great laws, and a hope that is based upon knowledge and therefore cannot be killed. Indeed, no one can study the past in this way without waking one day to find himself reborn, through the power of a spiritual conviction that no outer pressure can weaken nor brain-mind argument touch.

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Then what would this mean for life's Tomorrow? or rather, what will it mean? since Theosophical ideas are now so current among those who trend to spiritual thinking that he who runs may read ahead the effect of all this upon the future. For it must be borne in mind that Theosophy is not a sect, a mere denomination, or a dogma rigged for action. It has no creed, never had a creed, nor ever can have one, for it is *Religion itself*, the archaic, mystic Mother of all our human faiths, and necessarily, therefore, it is above sectarianism as the source is higher than the stream.

Nor is Theosophy new. On the contrary, it is immemorially old, for, in plain words, it is a revival, or re-presentation, of the once universal Wisdom-Religion of the spiritual Antique World. It governed man's mental life and guided his heart in the archaic days of spiritual glory which we call the Golden Age, and the memory of which, still living in a few courageous hearts, constitutes the inspiration of mankind. Its government lingered on, albeit declining, through the ages that followed Eden, and we find that just to the degree that it was a dominating influence, to that degree was the general life attuned to a high spiritual key. This is stated by the Teachers of Theosophy as a fact; it is vouched for by the spontaneous convictions of every awakened heart; and the discoveries of archaeological science establish it more firmly with every year by the unassailable *praecognita* of primary evidence.

Obviously, to try to reconstruct the splendor of life's great Yesterday without first listening to, learning, and then reviving the spiritual note which set it first in tune, would be to build a body without a soul. This has been tried by many, and in many ways, but as a method it has never been a success. So that unless we abandon definitely our Spiritual Tomorrow as an ideal, we cannot repudiate the testimony of the past as to Cyclic Law, nor can we fail to perceive that the more true Knowledge lights men's minds the further and clearer they can see. And Theosophy *is* true Knowledge, for it has met successfully every test of truth. It is the world's great treasury of the Wisdom of the Past, and just because of this it must hold guidance for Tomorrow. We need not be so sensitive and conceited about a little matter like going to Antiquity for help.

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It is really no more than going to one's Father and Mother for advice. We preach that as a virtue in small things: why not then in large?

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Now the spiritual status of a nation or a state is most fairly gaged by the measure of its institutions — its homes, its schools, its commercial life and methods, its social life, its religion, its government, and its law. For these support, like mighty pillars — to the degree of their weakness or their strength — the broad architrave of civic, national and international life.

To discuss present-day institutions at any length, however, is unnecessary. In the first place, we know enough about them for the present purpose. In the second place, justice is so travestied in many of them, selfishness so dominant and hypocrisy so to the fore, that the topic really is not over pleasant. The institution of social life, for instance, betrays its pitiful status in one aspect when we reflect that the most loathsome diseases known to medical science are cataloged as 'social diseases.' Religion, since the message of ancient Theosophy was repudiated, has caused more bloodshed in persecution and ruthless war than any other agency on earth (who will deny it, please read *Isis Unveiled*), and sectarianism today is an admitted factor in keeping men alienated and apart. The home and school, instead of clasping hands for the building of character in the child, have worked so long at cross-purposes that our jails and insane asylums shelter hundreds of 'educated' derelicts, while we all know homes presided over by first-class failures, who entered them in positions of trust and power as 'educated' men and women. The annals of our divorce courts and the calendar of our crimes — these tell their own part of the story. Governments all over the world are unable to meet their responsibilities in a spiritual way or to solve their most urgent problems. And what is perhaps the most majestic of all our institutions, for it seems to have retained something of its primeval dignity longest — the Law — is how rarely interpreted with the spiritual insight that its antique status demands!

Yet in spite of the present chaos, those who look at Today from the standpoint of Theosophy can go forward to meet Tomorrow in the confidence of an illumined hope. For they pin their trust to a knowledge of man's Divinity, and an understanding of Karma, Reincarnation, and Cyclic Law. They know that as Today is reaping the harvest of Yesterday's wilful sowing, so Tomorrow may be as glorious and joyful as they will to make it — *if* they will — for there are to ripen for the harvest-time all the seeds sown today. They know that no failure can be final so long as aspiration stays alive, nor can death ever spell the end of opportunity, for there is always 'another life, another chance.' For we are

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at the rounding of the bottom arc in a certain long cycle of evolution — a five-thousand-year cycle, to speak with Theosophical exactness: the limit of the downward trend has been reached for that cycle, and Life's stream must go up — or go out. But it will rise: there can be no doubt of that, for the vaster tide of Universal Life is rising and must carry lesser tides with it. Already those who have climbed a little way up the mountain-paths of thought can see signs of the dawn that will usher in a glorious New Day. And what will that Day be like: our Spiritual Tomorrow?

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Let us imagine a little at this point, taking simply our institutions as points of departure. The home of Tomorrow, for instance, in this ideal picture of ours, will be no mere lodging-place, nor focus of inefficiency, nor private discontent-shop — as is too often the case today. It will be founded, as the homes of Spiritual Antiquity were founded, by those who have true ideals of marriage and no part nor lot in the present insular conception of home as a close corporation, consisting of "me and my wife, my son John and his wife, us four, dear Lord, and no more." It will be founded by those who know that the miscalled 'devotion' to one's family which involves an exclusion of all idea of duty to the rest of mankind — those who wish more light on this point are referred to the humble biographies in rural obituary columns — is no virtue but a sin, a shame and a travesty on the Soul. The home of Tomorrow, to the degree that Theosophy lights its path, will be a spiritual fusion-point, a focus and center of the Higher Life. It will be something worth offering the incoming soul as a matrix of character. All that was best in the family life of the noblest periods of Egypt, India, Greece, Rome and the rest will baptize the home of Tomorrow with holy fire. And it will more than merely parallel the best in the home-life of Antiquity, spiritual and wonderful as that was: we are in another cycle, and though side by side with the older one, we shall be in our Tomorrow at a point further along the great general evolutionary trend, a point higher up. All that was noblest in Yesterday, granted, will be in the home of Tomorrow, but also there will be something that Yesterday did not have, could not have had: the aroma of subsequent experience.

Thus, too, the school and the home of Tomorrow will be spiritually one. Art, music, and the drama will take their place in the education of little children not as mere ornaments of character, but as its building-stones; and the youth will be educated to regard these not as mere amusements or fillers-up of social gaps, but as vital educational factors throughout the whole of life.

Tenderness towards dumb creatures and towards the myriad human

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unfortunates that crowd the world, will be a law in the home and school of Tomorrow, a requirement, a binding duty. No child in our Tomorrow will be guilty of unkindness to another child who is defective, or deprived, or saddened perhaps by some cloud over its birth, for those who are his examples in conduct will be beyond such guilt. No child will be guilty of neglecting or abusing his brothers of the earth and air, silently pleading for compassion as they do, clinging to his side for protection and for love, or circling above him in the blue, ever-present reminders of that freedom which is native to the Soul.

Inevitably so, for the religion of Tomorrow will have stripped off its husks of 'mine' and 'thine' as a growing soul its faults. Religion — not *a* religion but *Religion* — will be a living reality. It will permeate the whole of life. Spiritual devotion will rise like a fragrance, an aroma, from the heart-life of every man, woman, and child. Like a spiritual breath from the heights, sweet as with pine and arbutus, cool, with the coolness of the lofty places of the soul, it will sweep in upon, and will purify, every duty, every responsibility, every task.

Nor can we close our imaginings of the future in respect to religion and leave out mention of death, for it is inextricably linked with the spiritual life of man and is recognised in all ages as though it had the status of an institution. For in our ideal Tomorrow there will be none of that finality, that abject self-absorption, that materialism, gloom, and despair that are so usual today. "Thou comest not to thy sepulchre dead, thou comest living," will be graven on the memorial tablets of Tomorrow as it was upon the walls of Egyptian tombs tens of thousands of years ago. Art is ever an index of the spiritual life of a state at any given time, and so in the future, instead of such examples as Saint Gaudens' *Grief*, the tender yet unthinking finality of the well-known Shaw Memorial, and the gloom of Bartholomé's colossal *Aux Morts*, — the three most typical and technically in some ways the best achievements of modern art in respect to the theme of death — we shall have the sweetness, naturalness, and joy of the old El Amarna tomb frescoes, the loveliness, simplicity, and pure delight of those unmatched *stelae* of post-Periclean days, of which the modern world has not yet seen the like. No sinking down and backward into gloom will be the death-psychology of Tomorrow, but a radiant going forward and going up to meet Light and more Light!

So much then for religion. Now what remains to be said of law? For if the supremacy of the institutions of Today rests upon the law, and their continuity is implicated in it, how much more will this be the case in our Tomorrow, with its more awakened and hence more spiritual life!

The law of the future, we believe, will have a different keynote from



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the law of today, or rather, the keynote of its interpretation will be different. It will be harmonized not to commercial requirements, nor to intellectual subtleties, nor to the promptings of even intuition when half understood, but to the strong high note of Spiritual Knowledge, and to the rich mass-chord of Soul. Because of this, the general conception of law will necessarily differ from that of the modern world, in which rights are the first consideration, then duties. In our Tomorrow, duties will come first, then rights — a much more logical progression as students of Theosophy know by experience and observation both, for if duties are thoroughly attended to, rights will usually take care of themselves. Tomorrow we believe that students of the law will understand far better than they do or can today that very Theosophical definition framed in old Rome by Tribonian and his colleagues at Justinian's command, fifteen and more centuries ago: "Justice is the constant and perpetual wish to render to everyone his due," for what we sense in it is a concern for others rather than for oneself.

Where the laws of the world today find their sanction in the conservative tones of custom and sometimes in the harsh, metallic voice of Might, the laws of the world of Tomorrow will rest on sanctions of Primeval Tradition. And where the laws of today take cognisance of wrongs only after they have been committed, and then must set a vast legal machinery in motion by means of equity jurisprudence where the common law fails, the laws of our wonderful Tomorrow will be so framed, so interpreted, and so applied that they will act *to prevent the wrong being done in the first place*. They will constitute in themselves a great compassionate School of Prevention. How much more might be said, right here!

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"Which is a fascinating picture, and all very well as a dream," some inquirer will say: "but has it any real basis? What can you offer in the way of — well, *evidence?*" Which is just the question, just the challenge, that the student of Theosophy loves to hear, for there is evidence so abundant and so unimpeachable that it would take long to catalog it even in brief. This simple picture of what life may be in our Tomorrow is no invented dream: it is a report, in brief, of something that actually exists. Dare we say it in our age of skepticism and dying hope? And yet it is the truth: *Lomaland is our Vision of Tomorrow in terms of actual life*. This dream exists as a reality, as a fact that cannot be denied out of existence. One cannot dispose of a granite rock in one's path by merely asserting it to be a fog-bank, and however the enemies of progress may ignore the spiritual significance of Lomaland, or its place in the vanguard of our spiritual future, the obstinate *Fact* is before them:

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they may blister their palms and break their heads upon its granite impassivity — it is there and defies them still.

Lomaland was founded, and its activities are carried forward, on the basis of the Higher Law. In other words, it is a creation of the Higher Law. It is not a sporadic growth but, to quote from the Constitution of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, without which its foundation would have been impossible, it is “part of a great and universal movement which has been active in all ages.” It is primarily an expression of the Higher Law and Laws, and every aspect of justice, divine and human, is enfolded within it as within a great unfolding Calyx of Spiritual Life.

Loyal to the government of the nation wherein it stands, glowing with a patriotism that cannot be impeached, rendering to Caesar all things that are Caesar’s, Lomaland, besides all this, renders to the Soul in Man that which belongs to the Soul. Necessarily, therefore, it has its special type of institutions, its special and unique ideals of home, of school, of social life. It has its own devotional life, and this — as all know who are familiar with the work of Madame Katherine Tingley Foundress of Lomaland and Foundress-President of the School of Antiquity — while reviving the spiritual best in the great institutions of the past, has possibilities that even the loftiest bygone epoch did not possess. One evidence of this is the fact that, under the inspiration of its Foundress, who is also its Leader and Teacher in spiritual things, the very fragrance of Antiquity is in the air. Its touch is felt in every part, noted even by the casual visitor, from the clean-swept hidden corner of a garden-path to the torch-flame gleaming on a lofty dome, from the happy self-control of a little child to the happier devotion of its teacher.

And all so simply, so naturally. A single page could contain the principles of Theosophy and the rules and regulations of the International Theosophical Headquarters at Lomaland, put together. The latter are indeed the Twelve Tables of Lomaland life, and many a student will say of them what Cicero said of the work of the Roman decemvirs two thousand years ago:

“Though all the world exclaim against me, I will say what I think: that single little book, if anyone look to the fountains and sources of laws, seems to me, assuredly, to surpass the libraries of all the philosophers, both in weight of authority and plenitude of utility.”

Can we wonder that Lomaland is known far and wide as a School of Prevention? Everyone admits, who thinks at all, that life must have its elements of accuracy, but Katherine Tingley declares it is all a mistake to set out after them by brain-mind paths. A Lomaland student will look you squarely in the eye and say, “Show me something more accurate, more dependable, than the Law of the Soul in Man!” If you ask him

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for evidence of that faith that is within him — faith in man's Higher Self and the higher laws of life — he will say, "Look about you!"

A volume opens out at this point, but for it there is no time. It must suffice to say merely that Lomaland is our dream come true ahead. It is our World of Tomorrow in miniature; and why should it not be so? All things must have their archetype, and so must the institutions of the future. Lomaland is their archetypal world. Augustine dreamed of a *City of God*, Bacon of a *New Atlantis*, Sir Thomas More of *Utopia*, Cicero of an ideal state. Socrates dreamed of a day when philosophy should guide the state, not politics; Plato of a future "when kings should be philosophers, and philosophers kings"; Confucius, wandering in disappointment on the slopes of ancient Lu or debating at the august court of Chau, dreamed of "government by sages." He who has time to pause and reflect, can read. To argue would be to libel the intelligence of those who are able to enter Lomaland gates or read the literature of Theosophy.

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The question of personal responsibility opens up at this point, as it does at some point in every matter considered Theosophically, for personal responsibility is the touchstone of the Theosophic life. We cannot accept new ideals for the future and then calmly fold our hands and wait for others to do the work — that is, we cannot do this with impunity. Karma will lash us into line, or try to, if our own will and conscience do not suffice. For it is not part of the Divine Plan that man, himself a Creator, himself Divine, should lazily throw on the shoulders of the few real Leaders of humanity the whole burden of better things for his Tomorrow. All history testifies to the truth of this, for spiritual as well as material co-operation is a basic law of life. To what extent, therefore, are we personally responsible for the future? There is much light, and a warning, in the following citation from the writings of William Quan Judge, the second Leader of the Theosophical Movement in this era:

"A new age is not far away. The huge unwieldy flower of the Nineteenth century civilization has almost fully bloomed, and preparation must be made for the wonderful new flower which is to rise from the old. . . . For we implicitly believe that in this curve of the cycle the final authority is the man himself. In former times the disclosed Vedas, and later, the teachings of the world's great Saviors, were the right authority, in whose authoritative teachings and enjoined practices were found the necessary steps to raise Man to an upright position. But the grand clock of the Universe points to another hour, and now Man must seize the key in his hands and himself — as a whole — open the gate."

It is we ourselves who are to shoulder this burden, then, of building a better Tomorrow. How great is our responsibility few can fail utterly to comprehend, for everywhere tired hearts are pleading for help and hope, for knowledge, for light, for something worth while being true to.

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Our good fortune is in the fact that wise Leadership for the great task is at hand. In this thought none can wonder at the devotion to duty of those who live within Lomaland gates. None can wonder that Lomaland itself attracts thinking minds and compassionate hearts from all over the world, like a magnet; for spiritually it is that. Its very existence is proof that one time we did walk in Eden, and have never lost the memory of it, quite.

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“But what do you get out of it — this Lomaland life of yours?” is a not infrequent question. “No salaries are paid, there are no worldly honors to be gained. There is no sensationalism, no excitement, no coddling of caprice or mood or whim. And yet you are happy and would not exchange this life of yours for a throne outside. Tell us: *What do you get out of it?*”

Battles! Battles for the freedom of the Soul we get out of it, with our fair chance to win or to lose. Battles for the freedom of human life from all that holds it back on the path of destiny. Battles, made glorious by clear conscience and an undying hope! What spiritual soldier asks more? For the issue is plain, so plain. It cannot be mistaken by the thinking mind, however obscured in minds that will not think, for, as H. P. Blavatsky wrote in one of her Olympian editorials in 1889:

“The battle is not fought out in men alone, but in Man; and the issue of each individual fight is inextricably bound up in that of the great battle, in which the issue cannot be doubtful, for the Divine in its nature is union, the animal discord and hate.”

The issue is simply this: is mankind bestial or Divine? Is the future to be fashioned by those who know their Divinity, who are strong enough to claim their deathless heritage of Soul-power, who dare to do their duty to their fellow-man and to their God, or by the weak-willed, the indolent, the selfish, the cowardly, and those who are the puppets of materialism? Is it to be fashioned by the brutal and revengeful, or by those who challenge and dare uphold the pleading dignity of the unrecognised Soul in Man? The forces of evolution have been ripening for aeons against the consummation of Today, and you and I are in this inner battle, whether we will it or not, whether we like it or not, sometimes, indeed, whether we know it or not. Each is held responsible, to the extent that he is awake to the issue, for his part of the line. Those who are awake, however, and are thus able to look at Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow from the standpoint of Theosophy, can see that a better day is dawning. At times of hardest pressure there flames up in their hearts the greatest joy. They are sustained by the hope born of knowledge, the knowledge that as once man walked in Eden so he may walk there again; nay, better still, that he may fashion another Eden for the world.



LLYN GWYNANT AND MOEL HEBOG, IN ARFON, WALES

### CERTAIN VIEWS IN WALES: by Kenneth Morris

**O**F Llyn Gwynant, the lake, and of Moel Hebog, the mountain at the back, the present writer knows little; but there is a cave on Moel Hebog which was once the capital of Wales, for Owen Glyndwr sheltered in it; and it may be taken for granted that some fairy lady lives in the lake; or that there is a city beneath its waters, which was drowned for its sins; or that someone left a fairy well uncovered with its proper stone, whereupon it overflowed and made the lake.

Not so far away is Beddgelert (the Grave of Gelert), also among the wild mountains of Arfon; it is famous for the story of Gelert, Prince Llewelyn's hound, who saved his master's baby from a wolf, while the great prince was hunting. Llewelyn, returning in the evening, found the cradle overturned and the dog's mouth smeared with blood, and promptly killed the faithful creature; only to find, a moment after, the dead wolf and the living child.

To ensure the truth of the legend, one David Prichard, about a hundred years ago, saw to it that a greyhound's body was buried in the traditional grave; he buried it there himself; that none should have the right to doubt thereafter. But I do not know: Llewelyn the Great deserved that epithet for his cool patient statesmanship as well as for his prowess.

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And long before his time the mound was known as Bryn y Bedd, the Hill of the Grave; and very likely it was Celert, a fifth century Irish chieftain, was buried there originally. At that time northern Wales



THE RIVER GWYNEN AT BEDDGELEERT,  
IN ARFON, WALES

was Irish. But the story of Gelert the Hound lives. Says Miss Jeannette Marks: "It is not an uncommon thing to see a man, as he stands by the dog's grave, brushing away tears, or a little child crying bitterly."

The story is found in Sanskrit too; whether borrowed by the Brâhmans from the Welsh, or *vice versa*, let each judge for himself. The present writer, as a Welshman, *knows very well*; but is too modest to say.

As to Welsh rivers — and this will serve as well to introduce the little waterfall near Aberdare shown in the other picture — we will quote also from Miss Marks, an American writer *Cambrior ipsis Cambriis*. Speaking of Dr. Johnson's tour in Wales, she says: "About Welsh rivers Johnson makes a great many remarks. He is as scornful of them as an American is of the Thames. Mrs. Piozzi says that his 'ideas of anything not positively large were ever mingled with contempt.' He asked of one of the sharp currents in North Wales, 'Has this *brook* e'er a name?' 'Why, dear Sir, this is the *River Ustrad*.' 'Let us,' said Dr. Johnson, turning to his friend, 'jump over it directly, and show them how an Englishman should treat a Welsh river.'" — Mrs. Piozzi, a Welsh-woman herself, should have known better than to spell *Ystrad* "Ustrad."

## CERTAIN VIEWS IN WALES

In truth, to skip from Arfon to Glamorgan is much like skipping from Maine to California; there is a difference in degree, and the latter jump is the longer, it must be owned; but in kind 'tis the same, or even more

so. For these poles—north-south-east—like in scene in dialect; like, if you inhabitants their characteristics. For the true North knows that can come out a true North-*Huntw* of the more than man, *ipso fac*—half a chance. In the North enchanted the dramatic ful glories there, too, of strongholds there is the hold now of language. In are great coal quarters of



WATERFALL NEAR ABERDARE, IN THE HILLS OF GLAMORGAN, WALES

tion, industry and commerce galore. The North for Poetry, the South for Music, they say. Yet if the North was the Land of Llewelyn and Glyndwr, the South, long before, was the Land of Arthur and Caractacus. The South is beautiful too; though the tourist knows it not—once you get beyond the coal-dust and the commerce. But it is the quiet beauty of green valleys, bluebell-haunted woods, velvet sward, hill-sides magical with foxglove and ragged-robin; the fairies love both regions. There are three chief places dignified with the name of *Bro*, which is translated 'Vale': — Bro Gwynfyd, Bro Gwalia, and Bro Morganwg: Heaven, Wales, and Glamorgan: though none of them is a vale in the English sense. If one knows two of them, I see no need why he should bother about the other; it is hardly likely to be as good.

are the two west and of Wales: un-ery; unlike and most un-believe the of either, in acteristics. Southerner nothing good of the North; erner, that a South is no half a Welsh-to with only of salvation. are the wild mountains; and mourn-of scenery; old, were the of freedom; chief strong-the Welsh the South mines, three-the popula-

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Morganwg itself is twofold: the Hills and the Vale; it is the Hills that are coal-defiled; and Aberdare is right in the heart of that defilement. Yet this little waterfall is to prove that there is something you may still call Wales in the midst of it; something that will still talk an



AN OLD COTTAGE IN THE VALE OF GLAMORGAN,  
SAID TO BE OVER 800 YEARS OLD

old and haughty language when mere mankind — Ah, but may that day never come! Sometime even the Welsh coal-field will be exhausted; or men will have turned to warm themselves with other kinds of fuel. Then the hills will be green with fern again, or gold with gorse and purple with heather; and the Beautiful Family will come down from the hills northward, and from the Vale southward; and there will be aerial harping and fiddling in the night-time, where now engines scream; a glimmer of fairy feet dancing where now — *h's* are dropped, shall I say? — and that should tell the whole story. . . .

“Over 800 years old,” says the caption, of that thatched cottage in the Vale; it is an old cottage certainly; but if it was standing in the year 1100, it was something of a palace, for that time. For in those days, when intellectual life was so rich and creative in Wales — so much more so than ever since — except when they built stone castles, after the Norman fashion, or dwelt in such as they might take from the Norman builders — even the princes lived in what we should call log cabins;



## CERTAIN VIEWS IN WALES

it was only in that century they began to build even the churches of stone. Before, they were of logs, or wattles and clay. But they sheltered of Saints quite a prodigious number; Celtic Saints, unknown to the Roman calendar; very respectable people by birth; though as Gerald the Welshman was fain to admit, something vindictive at times. Respectable by birth, we say; good family seems to have been an essential; saintship went with genealogy, at least to a large extent. Thus Saint Brychan Brycheiniog had — was it twenty-nine? — sons and daughters in the sainthood, all good wonder-workers, chiefly to the confusion of their enemies. Though there were days too, if you went back to the fifth and sixth centuries, when saintship meant a professorship in one of the great Universities for which then Glamorgan was so famous: real seats of learning, attended by thousands of students, from foreign parts, as well as from Wales.


Speaking of Gerald the Welshman: if you know him not, make his early acquaintance by all means; read his *Itinerary of Wales*, that he made and wrote in the twelfth century. A quaint, vain, learned, shrewd, superstitious, naïve, ignorant, humorous, delightful old fellow; churchman by accident of his age; Welsh and Norman by race; and as true-hearted and valiant a man as ever fought a forlorn hope splendidly; one “who hath done more,” said (I think) Llewelyn the Great, “for the honour of Wales than any of us.” “Of all countries,” saith Gerald, (one quotes from memory) “Wales is the best; Dimetia is the most favored region in Wales; and Manorbier is the best place in Dimetia.” He was born there himself, and should have known, if any one did.



THE BUSY-BODY: “His estate is too narrow for his mind; and therefore he is fain to make himself room in others’ affairs, yet ever in pretense of love. No news can stir but by his door; neither can he know that which he must not tell. . . . There can no act pass without his comment; which is ever far-fetched, rash, suspicious, dilatory. His ears are long, and his eyes quick, but most of all to imperfections; which, as he easily sees, so he increases with intermeddling.” — *Joseph Hall*

## SQUARE YOUR ACCOUNTS: by Montague Machell

"Instead of concentrating on our opinions and preconceptions, often based on no knowledge of facts, let us square up our accounts each night, for the next day may find us in quite a new condition of mind. . . . We have it to do somewhere: we may do it just before we die. At that time something steps in and forces us to take a stand, but we ought not to wait until then. . . . Let us on retiring at night square up the accounts of the day in preparation for the morrow, for we may waken in a condition in which the mistakes of the past have no power to turn us away from the light. Let us look back only in order that the mistakes we made yesterday may not be made tomorrow. And then we shall not have to pile up our brains with great and difficult resolutions." KATHERINE TINGLEY (*in a talk to her Students*)

 HERE'S a thought — we have all at one time or another made up our minds to 'get square' with some other fellow for what he said or did to us. But has it ever occurred to us to 'get square' with ourselves for what we have done to ourselves? How many of us have ever thought of a 'Self' in himself to 'get square' with, or how to get square with him? Let's stop and think a moment.

Yesterday you overheard Jones say to Brown: "You may call it 'sincerity,' if you like; I call it 'bluff,' and if you knew him as well as I do, that's what you'd call it!"

"Ah, yes," you told yourself, "that's Jones all over. Never did anything on the level himself, and now because I happen to be showing what I'm made of and a few honest-minded folks are giving me credit for it, he feels called upon to air his doubts of my sincerity. Well, just wait till my chance comes, and I'll show some folks what sort of a case *he* is!"

With these thoughts and more of an equally 'charitable' kind, you went through the day, and when night came took them to bed with you, all the stronger for several hours' pondering. They remained in your system all night, destroyed all chance of a real constructive night's rest, and started you out today with poison in your system. Now suppose that you had taken a few moments, just before turning in last night, in order to square *your* accounts with *yourself* — not your imaginary account with Jones, for remember that was only a fragment of overheard conversation of which you knew neither the context, real subject, nor foundation.

In the first place, you might have said to yourself: "Suppose that Jones was talking about me, of what consequence is it? Am I living my life for what Jones or any one else may say or think of me? Or am I seeking to make of myself something worth while, in accordance with the urge of that Big Fellow I feel inside? If the second, certainly I am not concerned with what anyone says or thinks of me; if the first, then I *am* a 'bluff' and Jones was right — if he meant me. In the second place:

## SQUARE YOUR ACCOUNTS

suppose that I *am* striving to live my life for its own sake, and with a sincere effort towards self-improvement. If Jones was talking about me, doesn't this disturbance in me mean that I've some more weeding to do yet? If his words 'got me riled,' then there must be something in me to 'get riled.' Now it's a sure thing that the Big Fellow that keeps urging me to go ahead and win out wouldn't 'get riled' at anything anybody said about Him. — Hm! — maybe Jones wasn't quite wrong, and maybe what truth there was in his words hit the *untruth*, the sham in me! In that case he did me a good turn, and in place of my getting ready to cuss him, I ought to be figuring that while 'listeners never hear good *of* themselves,' still what they do hear may be mighty good *for* themselves.

"In the third place: suppose that I am in the right and he is in the wrong; then clearly he needs my help. If he is carrying a grouch in his mind and I am honestly trying to make my life of use to others as well as to myself, it's evidently up to me *not* to feed that grouch with my irritation and annoyance. If I'm not strong enough to hand him out something generous and worth while, to counteract his ill will, I can at least refuse to add to his current of thought with thoughts of the same kind; I can leave him alone mentally and let him get on his feet. Besides, I don't know what tomorrow holds for me or for Jones. It's a sure thing that I don't hate Jones badly enough to want to go out of life myself, or have him go out with a good-sized deposit of ill-will to my account, and who of us knows when the call may come, and if it comes now, when the chance to settle the account?

"Any way, here it is the end of the day; when I wake up tomorrow I shall be up against an entirely new proposition. Now I don't want to carry over any unsettled accounts to that new sheet: why not square the account right now, before the day is over?

"How did I come to get this grudge against Jones? I didn't have it when I got up this morning or when I went to bed last night — didn't think of him, in fact. — Ah, yes, maybe that's where the trouble lay — I was taken by surprise, I was *unprepared*. Maybe if I had made a little preparation last night for today, had taken the time to think kindly of Jones and of everybody else I know, that remark of his would have sounded quite different. At any rate, there's no harm in trying the experiment of a little *preparation* for tomorrow.

"The real I is here for a purpose: it wants to find the strength, the joy, the worth-whileness of life, and it wants to make life strong and joyful and worth while for all its fellows. Jones is a fellow-traveler; he makes his mistakes, but I'll give him credit for trying to see just as straight and go just as straight as I do. If the road looks dim and crooked

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sometimes to him, then all the more reason for me to keep my clouds out of his way.

“So, *here's to you, Jones!* May your night's rest be as good to you as mine is going to be to me, now I've 'squared my account'!”

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Had you taken this course and squared that account, who knows if Brown *might* not have dropped around to your place to tell a yarn which he got from Jones about the smooth fellow they had up in court who tried to bluff the jury with 'sincere disinterested patriotism' stuff!

## SCOTTISH FOLK-LORE: by William Scott

### I. PRELIMINARY

**W**HAT is 'Folk-lore'? To some minds it is almost identical with superstition; because it consists largely of the mysterious doings of the fantastic people of Fairyland. But what is superstition? To many persons it means a belief in Beings and powers that do not exist. Let this be granted, then there are two kinds of superstitionists—a positive and a negative, *i. e.*, those who believe that things and creatures have been created, and are sustained by numerous intelligent Beings, such as Gods, Angels, Demons, *et al.*, who exist only in the imaginations of the credulous; and those who believe that all things have been created, and are sustained by numerous unintelligent Powers and Abstractions or Negations, such as Motion, Gravitation, Evolution, Struggle-for-Existence, Survival-of-the-Fittest, etc., etc. These are all names for phenomena of Nature, but the name of an appearance is the name of a pure abstraction or negation, which has no existence of its own, apart from the agency which produces the phenomenon.

No observation can become possible without at least four factors—the agent, the medium, the action, and the observer. The agent, or actor, is always unseen; the visible body which it uses is the medium; the movement of the used medium is the action; and the one who sees the action is the observer. The action is a pure abstraction or negation, which has no existence, *per se*, apart from the agent and the medium. The terms Motion, Gravitation, Evolution, Struggle-for-Existence, Survival-of-the-Fittest, etc., are all names given to various kinds of action, and are therefore pure abstractions or negations, which have no actual

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existence, hence it is absurd to consider them as creative causes. Even Force is the energy exerted by some entity or agent.

Yet it is the negative superstitionists who think they are the most positive, and pride themselves in thinking that they believe but little which they do not know to be true. But as a matter of fact, they believe just as many things which appear to other competent minds to be quite as absurd as the things believed in by the positive superstitionists. Indeed, we ordinary people know almost nothing, and we do not know anything fully. Our knowledge, even of the things that we are most intimate with, is only very slight. Nothing is detached, separate. All, even the tiniest atom, is a part of the whole, and contains all the essential elements of the Whole. No one, therefore, can know all about the tiniest atom until he knows all about the whole Universe; for no one can comprehend a part without knowing the whole.

Superstition would be more correctly defined as an *irrational belief*. This would include both the positive and the negative varieties. The person who can believe that the human eye, for example, to say nothing of the human soul, is the fortuitous result of the action and interaction of blind and unintelligent 'Abstractions and Negations' is certainly quite as irrational, if not more so, than the person who believes that the human eye, as well as the human soul, was designed and created by an omnipotent Being, although both may be wrong.

If those persons who think themselves free from superstitious beliefs, but believe in the Omnipotence of 'Abstractions and Negations,' would meditate upon it for a moment seriously, they would see that the human mind can create *nothing*. It may assemble existing things in a manner in which they were never assembled before, but they have then created nothing but the ensemble, which is not a thing but a name for a combination of things. If there is anyone who does not believe this, let him try to create something which he has never seen or heard of before. He may imagine a monster with a million feet, a thousand eyes, and a hundred wings; but this is only an assemblage of things already known to him. Or he may imagine all sorts of invisible beings, and endow them with all kinds of powers, but he will not be able to furnish or enrich them with powers, qualities, or faculties with which he is not already acquainted. Those who think that the 'ignorant, primitive savages' have the power to create new things, certainly endow them with powers which they do not themselves possess: and one of the strongest proofs of this is that the Folk-lore of the World differs locally only as it is colored by the varying peculiarities of the folks in different places who modify or elaborate it.

The essential elements of Folk-lore are everywhere the same, from

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Japan to Scandinavia, from Russia to India or the Cape of Good Hope, or from Canada to Cape Horn. Names differ, but the characters of the denizens of the Inner World differ in no greater degrees than the characters of the peoples who describe them. Andrew Lang — a high authority says:

“However much these nations may differ about trifles they all agree in liking fairy-tales.”

And he goes on to say that:

“In Homer’s *Odyssey* you will find the witch who turns men into swine, and the man who bores out the big foolish giant’s eye, and the cap of darkness, and the shoes of swiftness that were worn by Jack the Giant-Killer. These fairy tales are the oldest stories in the world, and they were first made by men who were child-like for their own amusement, so they amuse children still.”

We are not quite sure about this origin for all fairy-tales found in Folk-lore. Some of the silliest stories were doubtless first told by childish people, but we greatly suspect that the better sort were written, or told, by very wise men, who knew a great deal about human nature and the constant warfare that is being fought between the God and the Demon within the breast and brain of every human being who is trying to realize the highest in his own nature. Such a one has no difficulty in recognising the witches (gluttony and greed) that turn men into swine, and many other witches who turn men into many other kinds of animals. And when the battle reaches its greatest intensity, the fiercest and most terrible ‘dragons’ imaginable could not exceed the ferocity of the demons that have to be encountered. Nor could enchanted swords, nor caps of invisibility, nor shoes of swiftness, nor any other imaginable god-like powers, surpass the fighting qualities of the unconquerable Warrior within, who has to slay them. In this light the greatest feats of the *Arabian Nights’ Entertainments* are perfectly true; exaggeration is impossible.

The principle factors in all Folk-lore are Fairies, Magicians, Witches, Goblins, Ghosts, etc. ‘Fairy’ usually is a generic term, which covers a multitude of fairyland species, of varied character and habits. In Scottish Folk-lore the principle characters are called Fairies, Littlefolk, or Goodpeople, who are not always good. These are general terms which include Brownies, Nymphs, Kelpies, Sirens, Mermen and Mermaids, *Doane Shee*, *Dracae*, Elves, Gnomes, Bogles, Goblins or Hobgoblins, and Bogies. Then there are the denizens of the graveyards and their environs, called Phantoms, Specters, Wraiths, Ghosts, etc. Besides these there are the Magicians, Witches, and the Men of the Second Sight, who are in a class by themselves; and not the least familiar, or interesting, are the Devil and his Imps.

It is to be regretted, however, that these interesting little people of Scottish Fairyland, as well as all the other characters, even including

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his Satanic Majesty himself, have to be spoken of in the past tense. They have all left the 'Land o' Cakes,' or, at least, they no longer frequent the haunts of men, or make their presence visible to the present generation of matter-of-fact materialists. But once upon a time, and that not so very long ago, they were a very populous brood, and were to be seen almost anywhere during their hours of mundane activity, which were generally between the hours of sunset and sunrise.

To do it justice, Scottish Folk-lore should be told in the tongue which gave it birth — the Scottish dialect, or the Highland Gaelic: but the latter is now understood by only a very few living persons, while the former in its purity, is scarcely intelligible to English-speaking people. The jargon that is usually given to the public, and called 'Scotch,' is but a mongrel lingo, which is neither Scotch nor English, but a discredit to both. Pure Scotch is now spoken by only a very few people in Scotland. The Scottish Text Society decided at their annual meeting, in 1908, that pure Scotch is spoken only in the district of Buchan, East Aberdeenshire, which has an area of less than five hundred square miles (see *The Weekly Scotsman*, July 18, 1908). And even in this small area it is only spoken by the lower classes, and there, as well as elsewhere, it is fast becoming anglicized; and, indeed, it is not strange. For several centuries there have been few illiterates in Scotland, and all educational instruction is imparted in pure English, and not only the aristocracy, but doctors, lawyers, preachers, school teachers, wealthy farmers, bank clerks, and even many of the store clerks in the cities, all talk English; and no Scotsman of any class would ever think of writing a letter in Scotch; and practically all printing is done in English. Both Scotch and Gaelic publications are quite rare. Even the poems of Burns are far from being pure Scotch. He never hesitated to use English words when such were more convenient for rime, rhythm, meter, or melody; and, to save explanatory notes, his editors of later editions have anglicized his poems still further.

Language is the most common and convenient medium for the conveyance of the aspirations, ideas, thoughts, and feelings of the soul; and for the transmission of these, by different peoples, one language is not as good as another. Every language derives its peculiarities of sound, color, and phrasal form from the angle of vision of the souls of the people who produced it. Therefore, not only the sounds of the words, but the construction of the phrases, and the accents of a language, give a deep insight into the character of the people who gave it birth and being. Indeed, there are few better means of acquiring a knowledge of universal human nature than a study of universal language. For these reasons all literature suffers deterioration by translation, but perhaps

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poetry and folk-lore suffer most of all; and, of course, Scottish Folk-lore is no exception; indeed, it is far other than an exception. In the Scottish phraseology there is couched a vast fund of subtle humor, which cannot be translated, and which is sometimes called 'unconscious'; but there is nothing unconscious about it. None appreciate it more than the Scots themselves. Although the Scots enjoy hilarious mirth, they prefer the quiet subtle humor which makes them grin inwardly. Their southern neighbors have said that the Scots cannot see a joke without a cranial operation, but Max O'Rell, who had a wide experience, said that it was just the other way around. He maintained that the Scots, especially in the North, seized the point of a joke more quickly than any people he had ever addressed. They never permitted him, he said, to finish his jokes. They always saw the point before he reached it, and overwhelmed him with applause. But in the southern half of the Island, he said, the applause came tardily after the last word of the joke had been uttered.

The principle secret of Carlyle's peculiar literary style is, that his English is couched in Scotch phraseologic form, and his phrases are surcharged with the same subtle humor, rhythm, and melody which characterize those of the Scottish dialect. One of his critics has said that "Carlyle wrote neither poetry nor history." To those who appreciate and understand him, he wrote both poetry and history of the highest order. The whole of his writings are prose-poems, full of rhythm and melody, and bubbling over with humor in every sentence. Those who cannot see these things in his writings, miss by far the better half of Carlyle. Some have thought that his style was an affectation; but it was perfectly natural. He merely put the words of his vast English vocabulary into the phraseologic forms of his mother tongue. One who knew them both, said that he had only known two literary men who spoke precisely as they wrote; and these were Carlyle and Goldwin Smith — the two greatest then living masters of the English language. Carlyle, in conversation, according to Froude, even in his stern denunciations of cant, sham, and hypocrisy, was always tenderly disposed, and there was a constant effervescence of subtle humor bubbling up from the kindly heart of the man; not the kind of humor that makes you laugh outwardly, but the kind that makes you grin with satisfaction inwardly.

Without his vocabulary and skill in phrase-craft, Scottish Folk-lore cannot be rendered in English without loss of pathos, poetry, and humor.

*(To be continued)*



## A CASCADE MOUNTAIN FOREST

By M. G. G.

THE silence there was like a power;  
No bird nor beast, no zephyr stirred:  
Through all the magic of the hour  
No faintest whisper might be heard.

The air was dank, and leaves were drenched  
With recent rains from western strands;  
Each drop was as a diamond clenched  
In dainty virgin-forest hands.

Huge fallen cedars, once the pride  
Of older forests' days and nights,  
Wrapt round with moss, but hale inside,  
Lay slumbering midst their dream delights.

And while they slept in stillness blest,  
Along their trunks in mosses bright,  
The mother hemlocks found a nest  
Wherefrom their babes might seek the light.

There lowland firs by limpid light,  
In grandeur, and in lofty grace,  
In calm, and measured peace, and might,  
And silent beauty, blessed the place.

Ranged midway 'twixt the white-barked pines  
And where the sombre cedars grow,  
Stood noble firs in pillared lines  
To rampart back the mountain snow.

All silent dreamed the lovely firs,  
Shielded by woods of white-barked pine,  
Taking the first free breath that stirs  
From snow-clad peaks beyond the line.

Oh! heirlooms of a Golden Time,  
By what enchantment were ye planned  
To rim your crystal lakes sublime,  
The sentinels of fairyland?

*International Theosophical Headquarters,  
Point Loma, California*

## SOME COMMON ERRORS IN NATURAL HISTORY: by Percy Leonard

“Regard earnestly all the life that surrounds you.”— *Light On The Path*

“If thou wilt know the invisible, open thine eye wide on the visible.”— *The Talmud*



HE slimy serpent that leaves its trail wherever it goes, is one of those fictions of the orator and the novelist which still persists in face of the fact that a snake's skin is just as clean to handle as a glass rod. The track of a snake across a dusty road is simply a sinuous line where the dust has been pressed smooth and level. People are very reluctant to give up their belief that snakes climb trees by winding themselves spirally around the trunks; but this they never do. They ascend trees precisely as they crawl on level ground, using their belly scales to take advantage of the roughnesses in the bark. When the tree has no low branches and is perpendicular, they cannot climb it at all. They are often found intertwined among the branches of shrubs and vines, the very situations most favorable for birds nesting, which forms their main inducement for climbing.

There are many otherwise well-informed people who imagine that a slug is a snail which has left its shell at home; but a snail can no more walk abroad without his shell than an oyster or a tortoise. A slug is not a snail without a shell, but a near relation of the snail, and its shell is so small and so well concealed within the body that it is quite useless as a protection.

Eels are supposed by some to be water-snakes; but they are true fish and breathe by gills. They also possess scales invisible to the naked eye. There are genuine sea-serpents; but they are chiefly found in the Indian Ocean and the island region of the Tropical Pacific. They are brilliantly colored, 'blue, glossy green, and velvet black' and often ringed with strikingly contrasted hues. Their bodies are adapted for aquatic life by being laterally compressed and their tails are flattened like paddles. The description by Coleridge of their grace and beauty in *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* is said to be of remarkable fidelity to nature.

The popular belief as to birds living in nests still flourishes as strongly as ever. Birds do not live in nests: they just 'potter around' at large during the day and roost among the branches at night. Their nests are simply temporary cradles and are only used for rearing their young, being abandoned as soon as the fledglings are able to fly. This sweeping statement needs to be qualified, however, by the admission that the jenny-wren of England builds several nests in the spring and in cold winters uses them as shelters.

'Dewfall' is another expression which implies a very mistaken no-

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tion as to the origin of dew. Dew does not fall: it is deposited from the surrounding air on any object cool enough to condense its water-vapor into the liquid form. When a glass of iced water is seen to be beaded over with water-drops, it is simply an instance of artificially produced dew. The moisture certainly does not 'sweat' through the glass as many people seem to imagine.

Small flies are often believed to be *young* flies just as small pigs are undoubtedly young pigs. This is a gross popular error, widely spread. We must not suppose that a mosquito is a baby fly, a house-fly a budding youth, and the burly blue-bottle the perfect insect. As soon as the fly emerges from his chrysalis with wings and three pairs of legs, he never adds a millimeter to his stature. Some kinds of flies are large and others exceedingly minute; but once the perfect state is reached no further growth is possible.

Fish are often thought to be great drinkers from their observed habits; but though a fish does certainly draw great quantities of water into its mouth, it does it merely with the intention of passing it out again under its gill covers after extracting its contained oxygen. River fish habitually lie with their heads upstream for this reason. It is really no disparagement to be accused of 'drinking like a fish' because it implies no more than that you are a strict teetotaler and drink small quantities of cold water with your meals according to your needs.

Then, again, everything that comes out of the sea is supposed to be fish; whales, lobsters, oysters, and medusae or jellyfish included. Of course the fish proper has a bony skeleton, breathes by gills, and is covered with scales: whereas the whale is a warm-blooded mammal which feeds its young with milk; the oyster is a mollusc like the garden snail; the lobster is a crustacean with neither scales nor bones; and the medusa is one of the lowly group of boneless *Coelentera* whose whole body cavity consists of stomach.

It is refreshing to note, however, that 'the many-headed multitude' is sometimes right. Snakes *do* fascinate their victims in spite of the learned herpetologists who set down this belief as a vulgar superstition. The writer has interviewed many intelligent observers who have witnessed this weird phenomenon at Point Loma, and their independent accounts agree with a remarkable consistency.

A short examination paper would probably reveal that many well educated people never use their powers of observation upon their surroundings, and are perfectly contented to accept the current statements about Natural History without any question as to their authenticity.

## FUNCTION OF INTUITION IN DISCOVERY: by T.

**T**HE following is surely a most remarkable fact. If we take some simple folk-melody, of unquestioned beauty, deathless, full of unfathomable meaning, and analyse its structure, we find it to be a very simple arrangement of a few notes, an octave or only half an octave, in a very simple rhythm. Yet no man on earth can sit down and make another arrangement of notes that shall begin to compare with it — let him try till Doomsday. But at any time some obscure person may get an inspiration and write down another such melody, and this will be found to be as simple an arrangement of notes as the other.

A principle underlies this mystery, a principle applicable to other cases than the one we have chosen for illustration — applicable to discoveries in science, mathematics, what not? It must mean that the perfectly obvious lies ever just beyond our reach, all unsuspected and unattained, awaiting the arrival of some moment when it can be revealed. It means that intuition is the first faculty in discovery and creation, the other faculties being a long way behind. If a man who cannot draw should sit down with a pencil and draw faces on paper until he *chanced* to make a madonna, how long would he have to try? The same with the would-be composer of an undying melody; the possible combinations being virtually infinite, the process of hitting on the right one by chance is hopeless. And as to any *method*, that is even more futile.

It has often been alleged that science learns by observing a large number of facts and arriving at the truth from them by a machine known as the inductive method. De Morgan, the mathematician, asks whether the purpose of collected facts is not rather to be used as means for verifying theories previously formed in the mind. The history of scientific discovery, he says, indicates this. Certainly a stink-bug could make no use of a large collection of scientific facts; and the fact that he is able to use the very few he does collect is due to his having in his stupid horny head a pre-formed notion as to what he intends to do with them — that is, digest them. So every explorer must have an idea of some kind in his mind. And truly explorers and inventors are people with a keen scent who are after something. They pay little attention to other matters, which they do not want, which may come in their way; they brush them aside as irrelevant and seize only those they need.

## ASTRAEA REDUX: by T. Henry, M. A.

**I**T is said that, during the Golden Age, Astraea, the Goddess of Justice, lived upon earth; but that, during the Brazen and Iron Ages, the wickedness of mankind drove her to heaven. All the Gods had deserted the earth, and she was the last to go; and with her also went her sister Chastity. Astraea was placed among the constellations of the zodiac under the name of Virgo; she is represented as a Goddess of stern but majestic mien, holding in one hand a sword, and in the other a balance. But it was prophesied that the Golden Age should eventually return, and with it Astraea and the other Deities.

If we try to interpret this allegory with reference only to the Greeks, we shall miss its importance. The Greeks did not invent it; they adopted it and adapted it to their own theogony. Doubtless there is some truth in the theories of those who say that it refers to the origin of the Hellenes; but, if so, this is but a fragment of the truth. Wherever we find the Zodiac — in Egypt and India, for example — we find the same allegory in reference to the sign Virgo (*Kanyâ* in the Hindû zodiac). And the Romans had it in their Venus-Lucifer, the star that brings light to earth. In the Hebrew-Christian Bible we may recognise the same allegory in the story of the Fall of man, the Garden corresponding to the Golden Age, and the Fall being accompanied by the same prophecy of a return to Paradise. And it would be only a matter of searching the books to be able to parallel the story from a multitude of sources.

Myths have seven keys, and cannot be fully interpreted unless all the keys are turned, as H. P. Blavatsky says in *The Secret Doctrine*. She also points out that myths are at once allegorical and historical; and this is rendered possible by the fact that history itself is but one among many manifestations of the same universal laws of evolution. History unfolds itself therefore in accordance with principles which are manifested in other realms. A myth can not only be applied to history, but it may be interpreted as an allegory of human life. It may be applied to the elucidation of astronomical mysteries connected with those cyclic motions that herald the beginnings and endings of great periods of time. And there are still other applications which the student will discover for himself.

H. P. Blavatsky says that the return of the Golden Age signifies the dawn of a new Root-Race. Hence the bygone Golden Age must refer to the beginning of the existing Root-Race. This epoch is often considered as the beginning of terrestrial time — the creation of the world — and correspondingly the end of the Root-Race is regarded as the end of the world. But the ancient teachings held by Theosophy look further than

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this. They take a view of human history commensurate with geological history; and, just as the latter is divided into vast periods, marked off from each other by great breaks in the continuity of the sedimentary strata, so is human history divided into vast periods, marked off from each other by cataclysms whose records have been handed down in the stories of floods and conflagrations. The death of one cycle is the birth of another.

What is important for us to consider is that humanity has lost a great deal which it once had and will have again; for this gives us a more encouraging idea of the possibilities of human nature. The man of today is but a dwarfed image of what he might be. He has descended more intimately into matter, and has thereby gained material powers and lost spiritual ones. How does man come to fall thus? It is a consequence of his gift of free-will, which he abuses; but when, through painful experience, he has learned how to use it, it becomes his savior.

As to our individual duty — let us bear in mind that we need not, as individuals, wait for the whole race to run its course. The great mass of the race will naturally lag far behind the smaller body of more thoughtful individuals; and by furthering our own evolution we shall be furthering that of our race. Each individual is a little world; and from that little world also have the gods retired, but bearing with them the hope of return. To worship a god or goddess may mean for the superstitious and uninstructed simply the performance of rites before a shrine; but he who understands knows that it means cultivating those eternal virtues and verities for which the gods and goddesses stand. Thus he who resolves to be just in all his thoughts and dealings, invokes and worships the goddess of justice; and the latent powers of his Soul spring to renewed life within him. Thus is his worship recompensed with a blessing. Have we not banished the gods from our individual worlds and placed them afar in the firmament of our pious fancy, whence their enfeebled rays avail not to light our nocturnal way? Let us bring them down to dwell with us, that so we may brighten, not alone our own lives, but the lives of those who may look to us for help.

We know that what is said about the Golden Age and its return is true, because we feel that we have lost something. This means that we have not utterly lost it; for in that case we should not be aware of the loss, should not regret it nor aspire to repair it. What mean our aspirations after the beautiful, which we try to realize through various forms of art and in poetry and music? What mean our yearnings for peace and harmony, if not that we are capable of feeling inwardly things that we cannot express outwardly? We feel the rudiments of lost faculties, which we must once have had, and aspire to have again. And so apt is

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the ancient symbolism that poets are obliged to use it still and to speak of the gods as though they were still pagans.

But it is vain to invite the deities back to desecrated shrines or to expect them to forsake their heavenly abode for a sordid earth that respects them not and would probably sacrifice them as victims on their own altars. We must prepare for them, make them welcome, rededicate the shrines and rebuild the temples. We must banish the infernal gods that we now worship — the gods of gain and material domination — whose reign is a reign of injustice, and whose realm is a realm of ugliness.

By cultivating harmony in our own lives we can bring back from our own inner nature the divine powers which have been banished and the same can be done on the large scale if men will dwell together in harmony. It will not be so difficult, once let people regard it as a possibility; the difficulty arises from men having been taught to underestimate the possibilities of human nature. The dissatisfaction and often disgust which we feel with life proves that we are dimly conscious of a better state with which we contrast our present life. We often use the expression, "In *this* world," as though there were another world. We could not feel this contrast if this life were the only one. We are living two lives at once — the inner life of the Soul, and the outer life of the senses and thoughts; but the former is a dim vision and the latter solid and tangible. Yet it lies in our power to bring more and more of the inner life into evidence to illumine and charm the outer. But we must be loyal to duty, honor, truth, justice, mercy, and the other attributes of divinity.

Theosophy is a synthesis of scattered fragments of truth. There have been philosophers who taught virtue for virtue's sake (the Stoics), and others who, like the New Platonists, taught the possibility of attaining to divine vision or ecstasy. In Theosophy the various streams of thought unite into a single river, and it appeals to all sides of man's nature. Its moral and ethical teachings, which are of the broadest and most lofty, are based on a profound philosophy; and its interpretation of the facts of life does not contradict, but confirms, the innate sense of right. There is thus no opposition between the religious and the intellectual aspect of Theosophy, as is so often the case elsewhere; but, on the contrary, these two aspects support each other. It is characteristic of the Iron Age that there should be conflict between religion and science, between interest and duty; therefore a return of the ideals of the Golden Age will be marked by the cessation of this conflict between false antitheses.

## ODD EXPERIENCE OF AN ATOM: by Electron

**P**ROBABLY it was a dream. Yet somehow it seemed like a real experience. Doubtless one had been reading a recent address at Philadelphia, which may have "set the currents," so to say. The electric lamp shone steadily, the hour was late, and no sound fell but a distant murmur from the rocky coast-line. All at once the room began to expand, the walls melted away, sky and clouds grew nearer, disappeared, and finally nothing remained but boundless space and limitless time. By some swift change it then seemed I had become identified with a particular atom in the brain of a certain modern composer — only that I seemed simultaneously to be looking on subconsciously at myself.

At first it was bewildering, because I had so many different things to attend to in one instant — or to put it in another way, so many different vibratory movements to do in that instant — that nothing but a supernatural time-gift could have enabled one to analyse them. Some polarized light from the Moon had to be passed on, as well as several assortments of invisible rays from the Sun and Venus. Then the attractive and repulsive forces of the Earth had to be attended to, along with those of seven planets, a host of satellites, and about a hundred million different stars — all in one instant. By an instant, of course one means a time-interval of about the  $10^{-30}$ th part of a second, or about the nonillionth part of a second.

These responsibilities, immense though they were, made but the tiniest part of the work in hand during that instant. A magnetic storm was occurring, and that had to be attended to. Then my owner had a slight indigestion which further complicated the instantaneous movement. At the same instant an original theme for a four-part fugue was impressed, causing curious tremors; and yet it was simultaneous with the recollection of a particular passage in *Tristan and Isolde*. I happened to be in the direct line at that same instant with a wireless message regarding the movements of some warships, and of another cross one from a coasting steamer, and these vibrations had to be passed on — all at the same instant, along with the effects produced by a distant phonograph and a fire-engine rushing down an adjacent street. With all these on hand, there was the growing consciousness of my temporary owner that it was time to retire, the impressions due to a bunch of flowers on the table and the failure of the oil supply in the heater. In the same instant the transcription of the thematic idea had to be thought of, and a distinct impression from a dying relative three thousand miles off recorded.

But these were but a small part of my worries in that crowded instant. I had to try to persuade myself that I was not really conscious of anything,



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that there were no such things as operatic dramas, or literary-musical themes, or psychic impressions, or conscious transcriptions of ideas. Yet had that been all, I might have felt comparatively peaceful, even though my instantaneous movements had already reached centillions per second, owing of course to the incommensurable cross-motion-curve-periods of my various duties.

The real trouble, I realized, was the frantic effort made not only to eliminate the idea that I was conscious of anything (or even alive, in any officially-recognised scientific sense), but to frame things up so that some at least of the centillions of my movements would present a colorable imitation of the latest electro-magnetic theories. But it was too much. I raised my exponent to the myrillionth, exploded — and awoke.

### THE RED ROSE AND THE WHITE: by R. Machell

(AN ALLEGORY)

#### CHAPTER I

HE village was quiet, not to say dull. Life seemed to be a very long and tiresome imprisonment to the boy, whose soul was stirred with vast ambitions, vague longings, and vain aspirations. His father was moderately wealthy for a villager, one of an ancient race of cultivators and owners of the land. His heart was bound up in his farm and his homestead; while his highest ambition apparently was to be chief magistrate in the valley, where all the occupiers of farms were, like himself, owners and cultivators by heredity. But the boy seemed to have an heredity of his own, if one might say so. The land did not interest him in the way it appealed to the other young men of the village: it was to him a fact, just as the air and the sky were; but his heart was hungry for something else. Facts seemed to him like raw potatoes, for which he had no relish. He wanted Life, writ large. The world itself seemed to his wild fancy but a small matter in comparison with the vastness of his longing; while the valley, and the village, and the farm were scarcely as much as a door-mat at the side door of the porter's lodge, who keeps the gate of the prison-house of earthly existence. He would be free; not with the poor freedom of the birds, that to his observant mind seemed no freedom at all, for he saw how regularly they repeat their annual migrations, and he guessed they were bound by the laws of their tribe as tightly as were the neighbors, who called themselves freemen.

These neighbors were proud of their freedom, and in their own eyes were

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lords of the soil: but to Cantric they seemed no better than slaves of the land, servants of nature, ministering to the needs of the beasts they pretended to own, and blind to the glory of heaven and the joy of Life. He would be a Lord of Life, writ very large. But as yet he was but a boy, and his father was a man of stern and unbending will, who had a great faith in the virtue of severity, and whose masterful nature weighed heavily on the boy with the soul of an artist and the imagination of a young god.

His contempt for the life of the village and the valley was shared by some of his companions, and was affected by others, who did not share it, but thought it manly to take up the attitude of superiority, which seemed to them in their ignorance to be conferred on those who spoke contemptuously of their elders. The elders smiled and let it pass. But Cantric knew no affectation, he was intensely earnest in all that he thought or said, and he was absolutely convinced of the greatness of his destiny.

This enthusiasm was of course infectious: his comrades caught the malady of unrest from him, and though they had no internal fire of real enthusiasm to light their path, they sat in the glow of his divine flame, and fed the fire of his ambition with the fuel of their adulation, taking their share of warmth from the blaze, as the price of their contribution to the mental vortex thus created.

Gradually the boy became known as a malcontent; and, as he grew up, his father found little help or comfort from the presence of his son upon the farm; so that, when at last the youth declared his intention of going out to see Life and to make a name for himself, the old man took comfort for the loss of his natural heir in the thought of the peace he would gain in his home when this discontented boy was gone to learn the bitter lessons he so much needed.

Cantric did not go alone, nor empty-handed. His father gave him what he could spare of money; and spared him the infliction of any words of warning or advice. He was wise enough to know that his warnings would not be heeded now, and would return to the boy as reproaches, when their lesson was borne in upon him by experience in after years.

His companions were three of the most ardent worshipers at the shrine of their friend's enthusiasm. Each one had a special mission in life, which he had chosen as most suitable to his particular genius. Cantric chose nothing. He was driven by a force that left him no choice. He felt the urge of his passion, and obeyed its impulse as if it were all divine. Some of it might be; or it might have been the reaction from a flash of the true divine fire that smolders deep down in the human heart unknown, and mostly unsuspected.

Singing songs of triumph composed by Cantric, reveling in their free-

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dom, and exulting in their youth, they passed the mountains, leaving without regret behind them the home of their forefathers. The journey was long to the Imperial City, which was their destination; no lesser town or city would satisfy the demands of their imagination: not that Cantric regarded even the Imperial City as the goal of his ambition. Magic realms of glory unimaginable called him on. Cities were to him but stepping-stones, by which to cross the tide of life, that lay between the earth he trod and the celestial regions of his dreams.

They all dreamed wondrous dreams of future greatness as they journeyed toward the vortex that attracted them, borne by a current that they could not comprehend, like leaves upon a stream. Yet each one gloried in the freedom of his choice, and thought the force that swept them on was his own strength of will. How could they dream the power of that current was the measure of their weakness?

So they came to the city in which the viceroy held his court, and, though they affected scorn for anything less than the Imperial City, they yet decided to take lodging here and rest awhile before crossing the great desert that lay beyond the city walls.

This city was indeed no mean substitute for the one they had set out to reach. It was famous for its wealth and luxury, and some said the magnificence of the viceregal court was considered little less than a menace to the reputation of the Imperial Court itself.

The City appealed to each of the youths in a different way, and it was not long before they parted company. Cantric's companions found friends who flattered them and were ready to show them the mysteries of city life, as soon as they discovered that the newcomers were well provided with funds. But the poet repelled all advances of this kind, and went his way, fascinated, perplexed, astonished, repelled, and attracted, by turns.

The Soul of the City held him against his will. He made no friends, nor did he plunge into the follies that attracted his former companions. He wandered about the streets, the bazaars, the gardens, breathing the strange atmosphere of a crowded city, which has a potency of its own. He felt it, and did not understand it. In the mountains the air was alive with visions and dreams, with song and mystery; it was wildly exhilarating. The atmosphere of the city throbbed with an energy of quite another kind, no less intense, nor less intoxicating; but more human, more passionately strenuous. It seemed to hold potentialities of infinite pathos and emotion, of utter soulless cruelty, indifference, and selfishness, together with a binding force of nearness, of community, of human solidarity. It seemed as if his mind was saturated in an ocean of humanity, that teemed with thoughts and fancies, passions, tragedies, and all the endless range of man's unsatisfied imaginings, and aspirations.

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

In the mountains song rose in his soul and rushed spontaneously to his lips; but in the streets the song surged in the caverns of his heart, like the sea on a rocky coast, roaring and moaning as it boils among the boulders, and echoes in the caves mysteriously.

Calmly he stood and watched the passing throng, but in his heart there reigned the wildest tumult, and no song rose to his lips to ease the chaos of his mind.

He suffered intensely, and in his effort to find some foothold for his mind, dizzy with the turmoil of his feelings, he became acutely conscious of his solitude.

This terrible sense of loneliness seemed to force from his aching heart a cry, a call for sympathy or companionship, for light in the darkness, for a voice in the deep silence of the tomb in which he lay, even as he stood there in the crowded public garden by the brink of a fountain. No sound escaped his lips, but the cry was heard in the silence. A litter halted by the fountain, the curtains parted, a servant approached and bowed to the occupant.

Cantric looked up and met the eyes of one who seemed to have come from some other world, and who was yet so intimately familiar to his heart, that he almost felt as if he had suddenly encountered his own image reflected in a celestial mirror, etherealized, spiritualized, beatified, but a part of himself, even as a man thinks of his own soul, when he imagines it as other than his very self. So gazed Cantric at that radiant vision of superhuman beauty, and recognised in this unknown princess the one from whom he was entitled to claim recognition and sympathy, by right of ancient bonds, as old as life itself. He felt in a flash as if she had been his good angel in other worlds, his companion in former lives; more than this, she was a part of himself. He was no longer alone.

The litter was gone, and the crowd closed in upon the space where it had stood. Other litters passed, and by the time Cantric had disengaged himself from the press of people he was in doubt which was the one he was trying to follow.

His eagerness was something too obvious and attracted the notice of the servants that followed or accompanied the litters of great ladies. He was unconscious of rudeness, for he felt that he was but seeking his own companion, from whom he had been parted by chance. But his dress and the lute he carried betrayed him, while it also made his search quite intelligible to the servants, who were generally rather pleased to see their ladies admired and followed by young poets or gallants of any kind; for such admiration meant fees for them. One of these seemed to Cantric to recognise him and give him a sign. He took note of the litter, but alas, nothing remained in his memory but the glory of that transcendent beauty.

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Too dazed by the suddenness of recognition to notice externals, ever more keenly conscious of his own emotions than of the objects that stirred them, he was utterly unable to recall any distinctive color or form by which to recognise the litter; and even the features of his princess were entirely undefined in his mind, which whirled in the ecstasy of new emotions.

He followed discreetly, and saw the litter pass under an arched gateway, whose portals closed promptly upon the escort. The windows of the house were high up, and were closed against the heat of the sun. This part of the city was not altogether unknown to the young poet. The houses bordered the lake, separated from the water by gardens of various sizes and kinds, which generally ended in walls rising sheer from the water, with either a flight of stone steps and a small landing-stage, or else a water-gate giving access to the garden or to a boat-house inside the garden.

Cantric took careful note of the position of the house as he followed the street leading to a public landing-stage, where he hired a boat and explored the water-front. But it was no easy matter to be sure which garden belonged to any particular house, as some houses had no gardens, while others had extensive grounds, bordered by terraces and summer-houses, small towers for giving a better point of view, or groves of trees that might or might not define a boundary. The young man was in despair, and went home to dream, and to write down the songs that sprang to his mind as spontaneously as they had done in the mountains.

But when evening came he took his lute and again sought the same old boatman, who was well pleased to find a fare who was not in a hurry to get anywhere, but who was content to drift lazily with the light breeze along the garden front, which at certain times of the evening was a favorite resort for boats of every conceivable size, shape, color, and capacity, from the skiff, such as he occupied, to the luxurious barge with its awnings and boatmen in gorgeous liveries, and musicians still more brilliantly attired. Some had awnings discreetly veiled, or curtained with rich draperies, others were open; there was song and laughter everywhere at such times. But it was still early when Cantric appeared on the scene and directed his old boatman to cruise along the garden front. This suited the old man to perfection; to be paid for sitting still and listening to the songs of a love-inspired poet was about as much as he knew how to ask for from Fate.

The singer searched the boats that passed, but saw no sign, nor did he know what sign to expect. Yet he was confident. His whole being was in suspense calling for his heart's companion, and he knew he would not call in vain.

Yet no answer came. His serenade passed unheeded. There were

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other singers and more pretentious, but he knew that his song would be heard, and known when heard by her, for whose heart alone it was intended.

The daylight died, and the gardens were full of lamps; every boat was lit by one or more lanterns, and figures appeared upon the terraces. Cantric searched in vain for a sign. At last he told the boatman to return to the public landing-stage, and the old man slowly complied. Boats of all kinds passed; sometimes greetings were exchanged, a flower was thrown or a handkerchief waved, songs rose and died or broke off in laughter, but Cantric sat silent gazing at the lanterns in the gardens overhead, for the boat was passing close to the wall. Once more he touched the lute. The old man rested on his oars, and a 'Good Night' was breathed melodiously on the air to a strange wild rhythm more suited to the turmoil in his heart than to the calm of the evening. A red rose fell at his feet, and he watched it as it lay; something shone beside the flower, and he stooped to pick it up. The stalk of the rose was encircled with a tiny gold band twisted round, as if it had been torn from the fringe of a dress and hastily fastened there to show the rose was no mere wind-fall. His song was answered.

He looked up at the terrace above him, but no hand waved or beckoned to him, only a great rose-bush overhung the parapet, and the light of the passing lanterns shone on a mass of deep crimson blossoms like the one in his hand. The old man smiled and waited. There was no landing-stage but a water-gate yawned expectantly near by.

At that moment a darkly-draped boat passed the skiff and a perfume of roses recalled the incident of the morning. Strange it seemed that at the time he had not noticed it, but now this delicate perfume seemed interwoven with his emotion and closely associated with the fountain and the sunlight. He put the red rose to his lips, but its scent was different, or his imagination made it so.

The dark boat entered the open archway and the water-gate closed behind it as Cantric stood up with the red rose pressed to his lips.

Was it fancy? or did he really hear a soft laugh like the cooing of a dove?

There was laughter enough around, and roses and music; and none but a poet or a lover could pretend to distinguish so faint an echo of a voice: but Cantric was both, and all his nerves were tense with emotion. How could he be deceived?

The boatman knew his business and rowed to the landing-stage, receiving his fee as the first instalment of a series that experience had taught him to anticipate: lovers were generally profitable customers.

## THE RED ROSE AND THE WHITE

### CHAPTER II

That night the perfume of roses haunted the poet's sleep, and he dreamed that he stood by a marvelous rose-bush covered with creamy white roses; but when he plucked one it changed to deep crimson; a little golden snake uncoiled itself from the stem of the rose, and wrapped its folds so tightly round his finger that the pain shot up his arm to his breast, so that it seemed as if the snake had fastened its fangs in his heart, causing such an ache that it awoke him. In a porcelain cup the red rose stood beside the bed, and the little gold band was still around the stem.

Impatient for the day, he rose and lit an oil lamp. By this light he worked at a song with which he intended to salute his princess at dawn.

He had ascertained that the house with the big arched entrance was the family mansion of the viceroy: not the official residence, but his own domestic establishment. Cantric had learned also that the princess Mirarh was visiting the viceroy, who was a relative. She was reputed to be learned in the secret sciences and a person of austere life, though still young. It was said that the viceroy was very much afraid of her, for she had no sympathy with his weaknesses, which were numerous. Moreover it was whispered that she had great influence with her uncle the Emperor, who was a great warrior and a despotic ruler.

When Cantric heard all this he smiled triumphantly, not a whit abashed at his own presumption. He lived in such a state of poetic intoxication that the greatest dignities of earth seemed poor in comparison with the majesty of his own soul in its glory.

He thought of the awe with which his informant had given the story of the viceroy's visitor; he looked at the red rose, and smiled. Then he took his lute and sauntered down the deserted street to the wharf where the boats lay. His boatman was on the watch, knowing the habits of lovers and poets, and took it for granted that he was already engaged for a morning's sail along the garden front. He would have felt easier if the young poet had chosen any other house than the one in question for his serenades and morning salutations; for the viceroy's guards were beyond the authority of the law, and if they took offense at the poet's attentions, it would fare badly with the poor old boatman. But the morality of the city under the authority of its pleasure-loving ruler was extremely lax, and courtship of the most open kind was quite fashionable in good society. So Bendorah pocketed his fees and hoped for the best.

Soon the song arose as herald of the dawn. It was a passionate invocation to the source of life; there was in the melody something of authority and command, which made it different from the popular style

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of such compositions: indeed there was more of inspiration than of composition in it. It came from a heart burning with the fire the poets call divine, and was free from conventional forms and scholastic formulae. It breathed the rich fragrance of the crimson rose. It caught the golden glory of the morn, and wove the sunbeam like a thread of gold into the fabric of the song. The light breeze fell when the sun rose over the mountains, and the sail hung helpless, flapping against the mast as the boat rocked to the ripples that still stirred the surface of the lake, as a smile lingers on the lips of a dreamer when the dream is past.

Nor was the song unheard: a white arm rose above the parapet beside the rose-bush, plucked a blossom and held it for a moment visible to the singer on the lake, then vanished. The sun soared swiftly to the heights he loves, and the wind rose again, calling the sail to life, and shaking petals from the crimson rose-bush on the blue surface of the lake.

Prince Fuchuli, the viceroy, heard the song. He was a man of taste as well as culture. Song was a passion with him, and singers found a right royal welcome at his court, if they could please the fastidious potentate. His taste was tropical; though his intellectual culture made him an appreciator of the classical in song as well as in literature. He was indeed respected as a critic of nice discrimination in questions of style; though his true sympathies were with the passionate poets, who could defy all laws and override all rules in the exuberance of their enthusiasm. But woe to the pretender, who in his pride or ignorance should mistake his vanity for genius of this order, and who should venture to violate traditional forms, without the power to carry the critic into a realm where tradition cannot enter. The Prince heard and was interested. He struck his gong, and bade the servant find out the name of the singer: for he was a great entertainer, and loved to present some newly-discovered poet to his guests, who in their turn were delighted to be told by so great an authority what it was safe for them to admire.

Cantric had seen the gathering of the rose, and his heart stood still. The boat had passed the garden, which was now sacred in his eyes, and the boatman thought his trip ended; but the poet signed to him to make for the open lake, where islands rich with trees and flowers, with temples and pleasure-houses, abounded. The lute was silent, and the singer sat gazing back at the red rose-bush and the dark water-gate. Suddenly his eye lighted as he saw the gates open and a richly-decorated and draped galley sweep out.

Bendorah saw the boat and needed no hint from the young poet as to the course he should steer. The four-oared galley soon passed the skiff; the helmsman in the livery of the viceroy hailed the old boatman and took a good look at his passenger, whose eyes sought to penetrate



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the purple hangings that so impenetrably veiled the tented cabin.

As he gazed, and as the skiff fell behind, a small white hand passed the curtains and rested on the rail: a red rose glowed there for a moment and was again withdrawn. Cantric saw and was content; his heart was like the risen sun in the pure heaven; the passionate glory of the dawn was past, but the fire of life burned more intensely in the cloudless light of day. He was content. Bendorah saw and smiled beneath his beard. He too was satisfied.

The galley swept beneath the overhanging branches of a great oak and made fast to a landing-stage, where other boats already lay moored. The skiff followed; but when the poet sprang ashore the galley was already deserted of all but the helmsman.

Cantric went swiftly forward following the path that led up to a pavilion set in a garden with many shady paths and half-hidden summer-houses; there were fountains and terraces with more paths and pavilions beyond. Attendants were running here and there bearing trays with covers, and guests were arriving from various directions. Evidently this was a fashionable resort.

Bewildered, he paused at the head of a flight of marble steps, uncertain which way to turn. There were pavilions at either end of the terrace. The right-hand path was bordered with white lilies, and the columns of the pavilion were wreathed with climbing white roses, but there was no sign of life within. To the left was a gorgeous display of color, and a deep red rose blossomed abundantly as it hung from the low porch of the quaint building, from which a servant issued bearing an empty tray. Cantric could feel the fragrance of the roses; the blood surged to his temples as he turned and followed the luxuriantly bordered path. The entrance was veiled by a gauze-like curtain of fine bamboo and beads, that rustled and glittered in the light filtering through the overhanging branches of a great cedar-tree. No guard stood at the doorway, and the light screen of shimmering threads invited rather than repelled intrusion. Brusquely he thrust aside the flimsy hanging, and stood within. The light was soft and the air full of perfume; a soft musical laugh came from the cushioned divan, where a white hand sparkling with jewels held a red rose to the lips of a half-veiled vision of beauty.

Cantric saw the rose and the eyes that gleamed above it, while the soft cooing laughter seemed to caress him like the delicate touch of a hand upon his flowing hair. He threw himself on his knees before the divan and kissed the hem of her robe.

She drew herself up upon the cushions and warned him back with a gesture that was no reproof.

"So you have found your way here?" she murmured contentedly.

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“As the eagle seeks the sun,” he answered, proudly exultant.

“Soar you so high?”

“Higher,” he murmured. “I seek a star in heaven.”

“And where is heaven?”

“Here! at your feet, my Queen. Heaven has no stars as powerful to lure my soul from earth as those that shine upon me now.”

“Nay, but I am no queen.”

“No queen of earth could kindle such a fire in my heart; my tongue betrayed my mind; not Queen, but Goddess, veiled in human form, in pity for the feebleness of mortal eyes that cannot gaze upon divinity.”

The soft laugh answered almost scornfully. “Nay, I am mortal. Sing to me while I satisfy the needs of my mortality.”

So saying, she signed him to a low seat at a little distance from the couch, and took fruit from the delicate dishes on the stool that served for table; eating more eagerly than was becoming to a celestial being. This was no doubt a mere disguise assumed to hide the indifference that should characterize a goddess: but it must be confessed the disguise was well assumed.

The poet sang a rhapsody that soared to the empyrean, and which if the truth must be told, left the goddess quite untouched. Her breakfast interested her, and the figure of the poet pleased her eyes as his voice charmed her ear, but the song wearied her.

Gradually the fire of his inspiration sunk and the song ceased. He felt that he had failed.

The goddess struck a little gong and told the attendant to pour out wine for the singer.

Cantric drank and took his lute again. The wine awoke a fire that was more earthly, and he sang of love.

The goddess listened, clasped her hands between her knees and beamed towards the singer fixing her luminous eyes upon him, till he felt as if he was absorbed into a vortex of poetic ecstasy, from which unconsciously the song poured forth impetuous as a fountain in the sunlight.

“That is well,” she said. “I like your song. Tell me your name.”

“Cantric,” he answered.

“Tonight the viceroy entertains a noble company, and there will be music in the garden. Now if you wish to please me you will come to the door that opens on the lake in the small tower east of the water-gate, by the red rose-bush that overhangs the parapet. Be there an hour after the sun has set. Here is a key that will admit you; if questioned by the guard, show them the key and say Surati gave it you. You shall sing tonight before the noblest in the land. Go now, and, if you wish to please me, do as I have said. Your star is rising; follow it!”

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She held the rose out to him. He took it reverently and kissed it: whereat she laughed contentedly.

He found Bendorah waiting, as if he had not stirred from his boat, though in fact he too had tasted wine, at the charge of the helmsman on the viceroy's galley. This man seemed interested in the young poet, and tried to get some information from the old man. But Bendorah had learned two things: one was to hear as much as possible, and the other was to tell as little as necessary. He knew that a man's head would have a chance to stay longer on his shoulders if his tongue did not wag too freely, and he had learned that men pay more for information they desire, than for that which they actually receive. So he cultivated an appearance of indifference, and a convenient deafness, together with a certain reticence that served to veil any real ignorance of facts which the inquirer might wish to discover. In this way he got the reputation of knowing all the gossip of the city and of being most discreet in his silence. In this instance he had been particularly reticent, for the excellent reason that he had nothing to tell: but he thought it would be well to supply this deficiency and so made conversation on the return trip. But his fishing was barren of results: Cantric was in no mood to talk, and Bendorah feared to lose a promising patron by any indiscretion. He agreed to be in waiting at the hour the poet named; and decided to follow the young man to his lodging in order to learn what might be gathered of his condition and antecedents.

But Cantric did not go to his lodging: he had purchases to make, for he decided that he must present himself before the viceroy in some suitable guise. Nor was his anxiety to make a good appearance due to his respect for the noble Prince Fuchuli alone. Was he not in some sort under the special protection of the Princess Surati, the daughter of the viceroy, and more? How much more only his boldest flight of fancy could dare to measure: for this inspired dreamer worshiped at the shrine of his own emotions, and made the intensity of his feelings the test of the sublimity of the object on which his imagination was focused. Even now, though he had spent some time in the presence of his princess, he would have been puzzled to describe her appearance. He noticed the difference in the eyes of her he had seen by the fountain, and in those of the laughing Surati, but not as an artist would have done. What he felt was a difference he experienced when they rested on him; this he attributed to his own change of mood, as well as to the condescension of his goddess, who had come down to the level of his humanity, but only to raise him eventually to greater heights of inspiration.

So, at least, he tried to make himself believe his dream was forgotten.

*(To be concluded)*