

# THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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"THE unwritten and unvarying laws of Heaven are not of yesterday nor of today. They are from all time, and none knoweth when they appeared."

— SOPHOCLES, *Antigone*, lines 457 *et seq.*

## THE POWER OF THOUGHT

### THE POWER OF THOUGHT

C. J. RYAN

HE force of material ways of looking at things is still so strong that the plain fact that thought is an actual power capable of producing positive and visible results on bodily conditions is hard for many persons to grasp. Yet every one has had some proof of its truth. Who has not felt a hot flush at the thought of shame, or a dizziness or faintness from a great danger narrowly escaped? The means and method by which emotions affect the nervous system are of course unknown to the physiologist.

A few scholars are beginning to study the subject without prejudice. Dr. Crile, for instance, in his new book derived largely from war-data, shows that the lowering emotions of fear, fatigue, and anger are actual forces of destruction and degeneration. They start the 'ultra-microbes' (whatever they may be) into action, and these arouse the dormant microbes of disease, which are normally found in the body, to their pernicious activities.

Does the effect of thought follow only from the lower passions: fear, anger, and, we may justly add, envy, jealousy, and hatred? Are

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we not justified in looking for the results of pure, unselfish, and noble thoughts in building up a healthy body and a more wholesome quality of brain for the soul to work through? And why do not the psychologists and physicians adopt with more enthusiasm methods of healing based on the latter principle?

This would not mean the more or less hypnotic 'spiritual healing' practised by some ministers -- prayer for special favors and the laying on of hands -- but the enrichment of the whole nature by the accentuation of the spirit of love and brotherhood, and the crushing of the 'Satan' of personal, selfish desire, however artfully concealed. Perfect health might not be restored instantly -- 'miracles' are rare -- and Nature requires time, even under favorable conditions, to rebuild; but one result would certainly be attained: the power to endure inevitable suffering with greater courage and cheerfulness -- qualities which in themselves alleviate pain as many can testify. Under such conditions the soul is not so closely identified with the merely physical.

Perhaps these ideas tend too much toward the methods of the ancients to please modern scientists who are inclined to be biased in favor of material means; but is it not possible that the great thinkers of antiquity had good, practical, and well-tested reasons for using powerful mental and spiritual forces in conjunction with material means? The temples were centers of healing and, under the various national religious forms, the inner powers latent in man were called into activity to restore harmonious conditions leading to health.

In other directions the power of thought has a wider sphere than many dare to recognise, perhaps from a suspicion that research in that direction might open a field in which the Ancient Wisdom would have to be acknowledged as the guide -- a course repugnant to this age which ignorantly believes the ancients knew nothing of exact science.

The scientific world is strangely hesitant as a whole in accepting telepathy -- thought-transference without the aid of material means; and yet, in spite of many negative or inconclusive results, there is sufficient evidence to prove it, though the laws and the conditions under which it can operate still elude demonstration. The recently published experiments with Professor Gilbert Murray, Regius Professor of Greek at Oxford University, etc., -- himself acting as recipient of thought-images from others -- are enough to settle the question in a case where fraud or uncritical observation are impossible explanations. Even one positive demonstration of such a nature destroys the negative argument, and there is much more of an equally convincing nature.

According to the Theosophical teachings, which have come down

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from the sages of remote antiquity and have stood the test of time, man's soul, as a spark of the Divine Flame, possesses powers infinitely higher than those yet unfolded in the present stage of evolution. Telepathy, in its sporadic manifestation today, is a dim foreshadowing of one of these. It is hard for the materially-minded to brush away their illusions and envisage this. Their attitude is amusingly illustrated by a comment of a widely-read journalist upon the announcement by a western University professor that sending thought without words or writing is impossible. He says: "You can't think without words." (This requires proof; many would strongly disagree, claiming that thought is essentially image or picture-making.\*) "Therefore you can't transfer thought without words. If words, sound-waves, hearing, seeing, physical bodies had been superfluous, they would not have been created."

This specious remark, which implies that man's evolution is complete and that there are no embryonic powers preparing to develop, reminds one of the unanswerable argument hurled by the pious in the eighteenth century against Joseph Hanway, the inventor of the modern folding umbrella, to the effect that if God had intended people to keep dry in the rain he would have created umbrellas for Adam and Eve in the beginning!

While the practical possibilities latent in telepathy are interesting, there is a far higher and more vital aspect from the spiritual, moral, and brotherhood-standpoint, especially as it affects the development of the race from its present state of childhood to its future stature of manhood. When one discovers that thoughts — whether good and helpful or selfish and destructive — go out from the mind and actually people the air with influences powerful in proportion to their initial intensity, one's responsibilities to others are seen to be far greater than if each man's thoughts were securely locked in his little brain-case, and one finds that being one's brother's keeper is not a mere phrase or pious belief. A dynamic thought is not a momentary impulse, like radio, but has a persistent life of its own, and a thought-image may fall upon a sensitive mind and produce good or bad effects long after it was sent out.

In the Orient, the power of thought on these lines has been known for ages, and it seems strange to the philosophers there that so few western thinkers have ever ventured to speculate on the remote possibility of such a fundamentally important factor in psychology and social morality, although many efforts have been made by students of Theosophy to call attention to it.

For ages the earth has rotated on its axis and traveled round the

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\*See *The Secret Doctrine*, by H. P. Blavatsky, Vol. I, p. 536; Vol. II, p. 199.

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sun with no concealment whatever, yet millions have lived in utter ignorance of the causes of day and night, of the seasons, of the return of the sun from its lowest descent to 'Hades' in midwinter, natural phenomena upon which their very lives depended. Electricity was vaguely known to the Greeks, and perhaps more profoundly to the learned initiates in the Egyptian temple-colleges, but it was long before mankind in general began to realize its universality and appreciate its importance.

Radio-activity has been producing its tremendous effects all unsuspected, and who knows what the newly-discovered 'Cosmic' or 'Millikan' ray may not have been doing without our knowledge! So with the power of thought-transference, when understood and wisely controlled; it may prove a revolutionary factor in the life of the world, leading on to new achievements hitherto undreamed of, and conditions which will help to create a new and nobler humanity.

Lafcadio Hearn, the famous essayist, learned of it in Japan, and it is amusing to observe his surprise, and the naïve way he writes of it in a letter dated June 1, 1893:

"The idea is this: Do not be angry or indulge secretly any wicked thought! Why? Because the anger or the wicked thought, though secret and followed by no action, *may go out into the universe as an unseen influence and therein cause evil*. In other words, a man might be responsible for a murder committed at a great distance by one whom he does not even know. Weak, unbalanced minds, trembling between crime and conscience, may be decided suddenly to evil by the straw-weight of an unseen influence.

"I never heard this before. It is certainly worth following up. I don't wish to give it away — except to you. Now the fact is, that the more I think about it, the more it seems to me that — it may be true."— *Letters of Lafcadio Hearn*

If Hearn were alive now he would find that a few advanced minds in the west had realized that it is a very serious and important reality, far more so in its consequences and its compelling power than many rules of conduct which are laboriously inculcated, but for which there are no positive reasons except custom, fear of public opinion, or other prudential but not ethical reasons. For instance, Dr. T. Stacey Wilson, in his new book on *Thought-Transference*, expresses the argument in a very interesting way in these words:


"This view as to the part which thought-transference plays in temptation adds therefore a fresh incentive for the resistance of evil in one's own nature. For the occurrence of some evil tendency in oneself will establish thought-harmony with others who are being similarly tempted. If, then, one is able to resist, one will sound (as it were) a jarring note which will lessen the evil harmony and thereby make it easier for those others with whom one was in thought-harmony also to resist the temptation.

"In this way everyone who resists a temptation is not only winning a personal victory over evil, but is also making it easier for a number of others (who were facing the same temptation) to triumph also. . . .

"Therefore to suffer temptation may be part of the burden which the 'strong' are asked to bear on behalf of the weak."

## THE LEGACY OF MAHĀYĀNA

E. S. STEPHENSON

HE Mahāyāna Buddhists of Japan have an old tradition — attributed by some to the founder of their faith — that the cycle of Buddhism would be 2500 years. And it is held by many Japanese that the opening of their country since 1853 to the flood of Western influences, good and bad, has marked the concluding phase of that cycle, so far as Japan is concerned; and that Buddhism has lost its hold on the people.

However that may be, the changes and developments in every walk of life that have followed in such rapid succession during the seventy-three years that have since elapsed, certainly cannot be said to have met with corresponding adjustment or guidance in the religious realm; for neither the native creeds, nor Western importations, have been able to keep pace with these changes, or to fulfil the urgent requirements of the new era along religious lines. This is recognised and lamented by many writers in Japan who are seeking for new light.

That the Buddhist sects and their beliefs — cumbered with accretions and mingled with the detritus of centuries — were not competent to cope with the new conditions was evidently the opinion of the statesmen guiding the country's destinies at that time. In fact, they not merely thought so, but apparently regarded a state-church as an actual obstacle to progress (some of those old statesmen had been abroad by that time and seen things),— for they decided to disestablish and disendow Buddhism altogether, and during the years 1871-4 this was accordingly carried out. Therefore, just at a time when the need of the temples was greatest for the opportunity to educate and qualify their young priests to perform the new functions that the social and political changes called for, they found themselves deprived of revenues and of the official status which means so much in Japan. So not only were they thus greatly handicapped in constructive service, but in many cases were hard put to it to survive at all.

But even if, as some suppose, these outer circumstances presage approaching dissolution, only the outer form could be concerned; for like the soul of man, the soul of Buddhism — all the beauty and truth of the ancient and honored teachings — far from being lost, is ever able to reincarnate and find fuller and freer expression when a vehicle better adapted to the requirements of a different age is formed. And it is very

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significant that within a few months after the crisis mentioned, a new and splendid *yâna* (vehicle) was already being prepared: for in 1875 another great Light-bringer appeared in the person of Helena Petrovna Blavatsky and founded the organization now known as the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, which:

“ Welcomes to membership all who truly love their fellow-men and desire the eradication of the evils caused by the barriers of race, creed, caste, or color, which have so long impeded human progress.”

And at Point Loma:

“ Midway 'twixt East and West, where the rising Sun of Progress and Enlightenment shall one day stand at full meridian, the Headquarters of the Society unite the philosophic Orient with the practical West.”

Here then is the vehicle, formed and ready for the great task of spiritual reconstruction that the world so greatly needs; and for the preservation of ancient truths and ideals which otherwise would be lost in the disintegration that is now so obviously going on in all religions throughout the world.

“ Slowly the bible of the race is writ;  
Each age, each kindred, adds a verse to it.”

What contribution then has Mahâyâna Buddhism to make? What is there worthy to be preserved and re-presented in a manner fitted to the conditions of modern life? Perhaps the greatest and most inspiring of all is the ideal of the Bodhisattva --- the perfected beings whom all Northern Buddhists honor; and who are honored all the more from the fact that they were *men* like ourselves, who, by what Katherine Tingley so aptly calls “ self-directed evolution,” have attained to a god-like condition where their energies are wholly devoted to the welfare of the world.

The very fact that such an ideal of service has been cherished throughout the dark cycle which the advent of Theosophy is bringing to a close is in itself remarkable: for it is just this idea of man's innate divinity and perfectibility that creeds which depart from the great and simple truths of the World-Teachers have tended first to weaken and finally to nullify. With the result that we find on the one hand the founder of a religion transcendently exalted; while on the other --- human nature being regarded as essentially vile --- man is correspondingly abased, and an impassable gulf thus formed. Hence, the real meaning and inspiration of a great Teacher's life is lost sight of, and his message to mankind is perverted into misleading dogmas, which in their turn cause strife and separation instead of the harmony and brotherhood that religion pre-eminently should promote. (If it does *not* do so, one need look no further for evidence that there is something radically wrong.)

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But so long as man's innate divinity and potential perfection are recognised, as in this ideal of the Bodhisattva, a light is kept burning that shall surely be tended and passed on. For this great Truth is no one's exclusive possession, but belongs to the Wisdom-Religion of the ages, and is the most precious birthright of mankind. All honor then to those who preserve and transmit it.

Another ideal and aim of Mahāyāna is to be found in *Zen* (*Dhyāna* in Sanskrit became *Zenna* in China, and was contracted to *Zen*, meaning 'meditation' in Japanese). To express it briefly, *Zen* is based on the recognition of a deeper Self in man, from which all true inspiration is received. Far different this from the psychology of the Freudian School: for, from the latter, one can get no other idea than that their 'subconscious self' is a veritable chamber of horrors, from which only the basest instincts proceed. The ancient teaching of *Zen*, being the very antithesis of this; and the word 'subconscious' having already acquired such degraded associations; the 'sub' must be changed to 'super,' if the word is to retain any dignity or decency at all.

That such a superconsciousness exists, and is attainable, constitutes the very *raison d'être* of the *Zen* School; and outside of this teaching, it can hardly be said to have any definite doctrines whatever: the original object being not to tell the pupils what Truth is, but to show them, if possible, how to find it within themselves — their true Self.\* This does not mean that the Buddhist scriptures, or the works of the great Chinese teachers, or others, are necessarily disregarded; for in their ranks there have been many profound students of these; but they are not regarded as ultimately authoritative. In fact, the traditional methods derived from Bodhidharma, who first taught *Zen* in China, were rather a protest against the constantly accumulating canonical works and abstract dissertations, and a reversion to the simple Heart-Doctrine of the Buddha. Hence, their methods of presenting truth have always been as far as possible symbolical rather than verbal, with special emphasis on the value of silence.

A characteristic *Zen* story illustrating this is that one day when the Buddha was resting beside a pond, a crowd assembled and asked him to address them. On this occasion, however, the Master chose to keep silence. But as the people still waited, he at length leaned over,

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\*It should be understood that all references here to *Zen* teachers and their methods are to the time when they retained the true spirit of their ancient school. The more modern successors, while preserving little impaired their simple and beautiful shrine — its very simplicity perhaps being its best protection — have lost the key that opens the inner door. This is the opinion of one of their own most enlightened priests.



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and picking a lotus-blossom, held it up before them. He saw that most of the faces around him were blank and unperceiving; but that of one young man (who later became a disciple) was lit up with a joyous little smile of recognition. Thereupon a slight nod in response came from the Master; but on either side not a word was spoken.

So the Zen teachers of the past have shown their practical wisdom in their recognition of the fact that much truth can be conveyed without words; and that, as Katherine Tingley has often said, men cannot be "preached into goodness." What they have done instead has been to work with the public mainly in an indirect way through the arts and crafts, and also the recreations and amusements of the people, so as to enlist these in the good cause of human betterment. Life, with the Buddhists, has never been divided into sacred and secular — 'sacred,' a time to be gloomy and bored; and 'secular,' a time to be happy and interested. — Hence, all departments of life have received a sanctifying touch. How this method of beneficent permeation has affected the people can perhaps be shown better by a few brief sketches than by a lengthy dissertation.

As you pass along the streets of any Japanese town on a summer day, when the lightly constructed houses are all open to the air and sunshine, you will see here and there a girl intent on her practice of the floral art called *ikebana* in Japanese (Professor Chamberlain describes it as "arranging flowers according to the principles of philosophy"),— with perhaps a dignified little lady-teacher, sitting very erect on the mat by her side. Quite a serious business this, if it is to be done right: for the *musumé* must maintain her own equilibrium, as the teacher shows her, if she is to convey to the floral piece what the principles of the art require. Because, like all the arts there, this has its ethical side; and the prescribed methods, which the little lady beside her very tactfully but firmly insists on, have been so designed that the girls, while doing something beautiful to the flowers and branches, are also doing something beautiful to their own natures — much the more important of the two in the opinion of the Zen-teachers with whom the art and its ethics originated.

The same principles apply to the 'tea-ceremony' (*cha-no-yu* in Japanese). This was introduced about seven hundred years ago by a great Buddhist priest named Eisai, and since that time has been practised by the higher classes throughout the country with growing appreciation. It has become a perfect model of refined etiquette combined with chaste simplicity; and this the young ladies faithfully follow, as they make and dispense their tea in the immemorial manner. "A good deal of to-do

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about preparing tea!" some prosaic critic has said. But, as we see, there is something else being prepared as well as the tea; and thereafter its effects are shown in many other gracious ways besides culinary.

In the next room, perhaps, the young lady's brother will be getting a lesson in calligraphy, an art that is much esteemed over there. And in this, too, all the best traditions and methods are derived from the same source. The teacher will show him that, in order to write the ideographs correctly, he must learn to hold *himself* correctly and to act from the proper center,— otherwise he cannot get *anything* right. So here again there are two things going on at the same time — one of which the pupil may be unaware of as yet; for it is with such benevolent subtilty that these old lessons in self-discipline are conveyed.

Passing along the street a little farther, you may chance upon something so utterly different from anything in the West that you will no doubt pause in wonder as to what in the world is going on here. Ten or twelve elderly gentlemen (some of them over seventy, perhaps) will be seen sitting in a posture of perfect poise and dignity on small cushions placed at regular intervals on the floor along three sides of the room — the other side all open and facing a garden very tastefully designed. In front of each one there is a small lectern about a foot high, made of plain wood, on which rests a soft paper book bound in the artistic old fashion. These books contain the classical *utai* songs (dealing with 'a world of gods and heroes'), which the old gentlemen, having silently composed themselves in the traditional manner, are now about to sing. And when, at a slight signal, they all in perfect accord begin their song, it may set you wondering still more: the deep, sonorous tones; the fine fervor with which they roll out the rhythm of the words, dwelling especially on the broad 'o' sounds (pronounced rather in the Scottish manner); and the way they enter so heartily into the spirit of the thing, while maintaining always the artistic restraint and inviolable decorum that their traditions call for — these will strike you as rather remarkable, perhaps. Note then, that guiding and governing all there is a certain something evoked in their natures which, together with the songs, they owe to this same great legacy of *Mahāyāna*.

As for the songs themselves, they are taken from the lyrical dramas called *Nō* which, Professor Chamberlain says, were composed in the fifteenth century by "some highly cultivated Buddhist priests," being a development of the ancient religious drama going back to remote antiquity. These *Nō* plays, as he says, are strikingly similar to the Greek drama:

"The three unities, though never theorized about, were strictly observed in prac-

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tice. There was the same chorus, the same stately demeanor of the actors; there was the same sitting in the open air; there was the same quasi-religious strain pervading the whole. We say 'was'; but happily the *No* are not yet dead."

It may be of interest to add that the names of the composers of these dramas and lyrics were not recorded. We may therefore assume that it was not for fame, and certainly not for fortune, that those good workmen wrought.

By way of conclusion, you might also look in at a studio where an artist of the old school is painting on silk; or a shop where a craftsman is depicting a sprig of plum-blossoms or something on a lacquer tray, or a vase. You would find here again a sense of symmetry and a feeling for the fitness of things that testify to the same guiding principles at work. In short, you would find at least their traces remaining in every walk of life. And all this they owe to the influence of teachings which were themselves derived from the Wisdom-Religion the real source of all that is harmonizing in human life,—and which are now being broadcasted to the world by Katherine Tingley in their simplest and purest form.

## PROSPERITY

RONALD MELVILLE

**P**ROSPERITY is a word that is constantly upon the lips of politicians, because it answers to the craving of the people for the means to gratify desires, and also because it seems to them the only guarantee of home. Prosperity means home to the imagination of the people, although to the philosopher it may have a quite different significance. But when it comes to explaining the term, and to describing the basis upon which prosperity is built; then all is confusion.

To one mind the material well-being of the people is alone worthy to be regarded as the test of national prosperity, while to another the evidence is vast accumulations of capital, and to a third the only reliable test of its presence is the amount of business done; another sees the assurance of prosperity in armies, navies, and armaments; while yet another says that without peace there can be no prosperity.

So that one may be pardoned for thinking that this culmination of material progress is but a delusion after all, baseless, ephemeral, uncertain, capricious; a very wanton, lavishing deceptive favors on her wooers in indiscriminate promiscuity.

What is prosperity? To answer such a question one must know

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many things. Prosperity would seem to mean possession in abundance of the necessities and luxuries of life; or one might put it as possession of the means to satisfy needs, and gratify desires. But *whose* needs? and whose desires? The people's? *All* the people's? A majority or a select minority of the people? The nation? Some special group of nations? A particular race, white, black, or other colored? Or all Humanity? The word needs definition, for we see that competitive commercialism is built upon monopoly, or the effort to establish an *exclusive* right to accumulate wealth: and this implies the possibility of establishing prosperity on the ruins of the efforts of defeated rivals.

Take an analogy. An animal body is healthy, and therefore prosperous (in natural conditions), so long as it can control and use for its own purposes the various activities of the hosts and hierarchies of minute lives that have their field of activity in the body of the animal. But if some one or other of these various communities becomes 'prosperous,' and can succeed in establishing itself as an independent company, doing business according to its own ideas of what prosperity means; then the animal is said to be diseased; and it can only regain its health by ruining the independent business established in its interior by the prosperous community referred to.

Obviously, prosperity must be defined; and when we attempt its definition we are met with another question, or set of questions. The most natural definition would limit prosperity to the possession of means to supply *necessaries*, and to gratify *legitimate* desires. But what are necessities; and what desires can be called legitimate? To answer those questions we must agree upon a philosophy of life, that shall explain to some extent the purpose of existence, and the relation of individuals to states, or of states to nations, and of nations to humanity; to go no further. Without some agreement on these points the answers that may be given to the question can never be generally accepted.

Today there is chaos in philosophy; and ignorance of the most elementary problems of sociology is almost universal. The ignorance of sociology is deepest among so-called socialists perhaps; just as it may be said that religion is more difficult to find in the churches than elsewhere: simply because a narrow definition of ideas has killed the spirit of the principles implied in the titles of such sects. An earnest socialist said once that "Socialism would have triumphed long ago if it had not been for the socialists." So too we may say Prosperity is most hindered by the efforts made to establish it permanently on an insufficient base.

Theosophy has been preserved throughout the darkest of dark ages, and is periodically revealed by those who work unceasingly for

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human progress. It is the one enduring Science of Life; and in its laws we find embodied the fundamental principles of life, a knowledge of which is absolutely necessary to one who would build prosperity upon a sure foundation. Theosophy alone supplies the key to the many problems that the statesman encounters, when he endeavors to improve conditions of society.

By its light we learn the true relation of the individual to the state, the nation, or the race. By the study of its doctrines we find our own balance, and then learn the fallacy of the seductive theory of selfish Independence; and the broad sanity of Brotherhood. We learn to separate our needs from our desires, we learn to find our highest personal ambition in identifying our personality with the body of the state, and to realize our individual aspirations in the Spiritual Unity of the human family, the Universal Brotherhood.

We find a basis for prosperity that is unshakable: and we withdraw from the political field of temporary expedients, to work with those who lay foundations for the prosperity of "the peoples of the earth and all creatures": knowing as they do that there is no separation, and no personal independence, that can count against the enormous fact of Universal Brotherhood; and knowing, furthermore, that happiness and prosperity are natural to man, when man lives in accordance with the laws of nature. They say that "Life is Joy": but for that truth to be apparent we must live truly.

Mystics have said "Man must be born again." Theosophy reveals a meaning in those words, that brings the precept down to the plane of practical ethics. It certainly implies a radical alteration of some popular conceptions of our individual responsibilities; but such a rebirth does not entail what we call death; although, in a mystical sense, man dies each moment. But in plain language it may be said that when we find ourselves, we are reborn, and then our life becomes joyful and prosperous in a new sense, and we can work with certainty of success for such prosperity as the world has not as yet deemed possible.



"THEOSOPHY is the inner life in every religion. It is no new religion, but is as old as Truth itself. Every man has the divine right to develop his latent possibilities for perfection, and to seek to realize his higher ideals, because he is a member of the great family of God."—*Katherine Tingley*

## THE ROAD TO FREEDOM IS WITHIN YOURSELF

H. T. E.

“Whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin. And the servant abideth not in the house for ever: but the Son abideth ever. If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed.”— *John*, viii, 34, 35, 36



HE twofold nature of man is here spoken of: the lower, erring nature; and the higher or Divine nature. The higher nature can set us free — free from the bondage imposed by the lower nature. In verse 32 of the same chapter, the Master says:

“Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.”

Again, the same promise of freedom. And a poet sings:

“A king, an uncrowned king is he  
Who from desire and fear is free.”

Shakespeare says:

“Man who man would be  
Must keep the empire of himself, in it  
Ruling the changes.”

In fact, the wise have always found that there is but one real freedom — that which a man wins for himself, and it is inalienable — cannot be taken from him.

Perhaps one may say, at this point: “All this is fine talk, but what does it lead to?” The answer is that it may lead you to the first step of a ladder. We cannot jump at one bound from earth to heaven, but we can make the start. We can become a little freer today than we were yesterday, and tomorrow a little freer yet.

To recognise no law is license; it leads to destruction. For no man can live without a law of some kind; and if he denies the law of his higher nature, he will obey the laws of his lower nature. He will become the ‘servant of sin,’ as said above. We must have principles of some sort to govern our conduct.

It is simply the truth — a recognition of the laws of nature.

The human mind is conscious of its infinitude, but unable to account for it. We cannot live in the moment, like animals, but must think. For man has something which the animals have not — yet! In man the Eternal Life has become partly conscious, and is ever striving to become more conscious. This causes the perpetual struggle. There

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is always the tendency for man's intelligence to be made the slave of his animal instincts. It is all right for the animals to follow their instincts blindly, for they have not man's intelligence and they merely fulfil the law of their nature. But for man, such a course leads to destruction, because he intensifies his passions by his intellect. Man can choose between two paths, and *must* choose either the one or the other. Most men cultivate both sides of their nature; but sooner or later there must come a crisis, a moment of choice.

Jesus says, in another place, that a certain man was born blind in order that "the works of God should be made manifest in him" (*John*, ix, 3). That is, it was necessary for a barrier to be placed over his senses, so that he might have an opportunity for learning important interior lessons. Thus we can understand that even the most apparently unfortunate circumstances may be merely a necessary part of our experience. The Soul, which is the real man, is not mortal, so its needs and experiences cannot be limited to the period of this mortal life. The people who asked Jesus why the man was born blind, asked him whether it was because the man himself had sinned; so they evidently knew that the Soul lives before the body is born.

For a man who realizes the Divinity of human nature, every event spells 'opportunity.' Egoism and false pride may lead a man astray, but the true self-confidence and self-respect will set him at peace with life and will make him a power for good wherever he goes.

## TRUTH AT THE BOTTOM OF THE WELL

R. MACHELL



HERE is an old legend that tells how Truth lives at the bottom of a well, and most people seem to agree that it is a very good place for such an unpopular person to hide in; and indeed if the well were securely covered with a good slab of solid stone very few would see any reason to object. For Truth is certainly a most unpopular person. You may say, Truth is not a person, but then what is a person? The word 'person' comes from a word that means a mask, an appearance, not a reality.

Now when one looks down into a well, what is it that one sees there? One's own face reflected in the surface of the water at the bottom of the well; and what is that but an appearance or a 'person'? Yet that image in the mirror of the well-water is a true picture of the face of the inquirer who is looking for truth at the bottom of the well.

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From which we see that when we try to find the truth we learn just what we ourselves look like, we get from that mirror just what we take with us unconsciously. But at the first glance one does not easily recognise one's own image in the reflexion. So when we try to study the truth of any matter we do not easily believe that what we find out is a true reflexion of what we have in our own minds or in our characters. We are shown our real appearance though we may not like the picture and may refuse to look at it in that way.

The fact is that most people know how disagreeable the truth is, and so they spend a great deal of time and trouble trying to find a pleasant substitute for the unpleasant picture seen in the mirror of truth.

The wise old saying, "Man, know thyself!" is just advice to look into the well of your own heart and face the picture of your own character as it appears when looked at from outside. It is more easy to look at the appearance of other people and to criticize their characters; but if we really understood what we are doing in that, we should know that we are really looking into just the same kind of a mirror as we find at the bottom of a well, and that we are really seeing in other people the image of our own weaknesses reflected in their features; we see there what we bring with us; and if we have the wisdom to recognise the truth, then the study of other people's characters is valuable: but if we do not understand that the mirror of truth is everywhere, and that we can only see the reflexion of ourselves in the world about us, then we are losing our opportunities and learning nothing of value.

When we learn that other people are just like mirrors in which we can only see as much as we bring with us of good or bad, then we can feel a real sympathy with them, and soon lose any desire to criticize them harshly: for no one cares to be harsh to his own weaknesses, until he really means to conquer them, and then if he is wise he will not be harsh with himself either; he will simply try to get into the right state of mind, and leave the weaknesses to die out quickly, which they will, for they live on the attention we give them.

Let them die as the ugly look dies from a man's face when he smiles.




"ONCE we attune our minds to the great principles of brotherhood and service, our hearts open, our minds clear, and the new light that we long for will break."— *Katherine Tingley*



## THOUGHTS ON THEOSOPHY

BORIS DE ZIRKOFF

“In Lebensfluthen, im Thatensturm  
Wall’ ich auf und ab,  
Webe hin und her!  
Geburt und Grab,  
Ein ewiges Meer,  
Ein wechselnd Weben,  
Ein glühend Leben,  
So schaff’ ich am sausenden Webstul der Zeit,  
Und wicke der Gottheit lebendiges Kleid.”  
— GOETHE’S *Faust*; ‘Song of the Earth-Spirit’

 ONE of the signs of the time is the keen interest in the name of Theosophy and the meaning of this term, awakened nowadays all over the world, in every nation and in every land. People begin to feel, unconsciously to themselves, the mysterious ‘something’ which lies behind the mere name; they ask, they inquire, they try to make clear to their minds and brain-intellec-tuals the significance of that much-repeated and widely-spread word — Theosophy — in order to satisfy their ever-burning desire for new and unexplored domains of science and thought.

The period of absolute derision, of bold and foolish ridicule, of the teachings of Theosophy is gone by; the enemies of human progress and evolution have seen, have felt, have heard and understood that the mere ridicule of Truth does not kill her and does not even hurt her validity in the slightest. Rejecting the worn-out policy of ridiculing everything and everywhere, they, or rather those who have inherited in the present generation the tendency to criticize without previous knowledge of the subject discussed, have resolved to question once for all in a more or less tolerant and peaceful manner those who even in their opinion happen to be acquainted with the tenets expounded under the name of Theosophy.

And now, behold! many of the enemies who thought their time was best occupied by slandering the new revival of a world-wide and ancient spiritual movement have even grasped something of the true meaning of that doctrine, and from bitter enemies of the Theosophical Movement have turned to be loyal friends of that great Cause.

But we will not speak of the enemies alone, or of the friends and sympathizers. We merely state that Theosophy, *as a name*, has of late penetrated into the minds and even hearts of men, whatever their reli-

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gious or philosophical views, whatever their opinions and beliefs on the plane of intellectuality and thinking.

But the *name* is new (to the majority without learning or scholarship) and *the explanations are many*, and, let us say it at once, they are mostly contradictory and sometimes absurd to the utmost. In the last six years we have had the opportunity of traveling in many countries; we have seen the states of minds and the intellectual conditions prevailing among the masses of many a nation in Europe and Asia, and we have especially directed our attention and interest to the inner crave of the people we met on our way. Studying the need of the present civilization as represented by different classes and levels of society down to the very bottom of 'civilized' life, trying to define in a more or less practical and true manner the necessities of the human intellect and the food the human heart and soul were striving for, we realized more and more that it was and that *it is* the teachings of the ancient Wisdom-Religion brought to the western world by that great, that extraordinary woman, Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, in the seventies of the past century.

We have also seen, and with the greatest sorrow and pain, the misrepresentations and gross falsehoods which were and are sown about by irresponsible and foolish persons concerning the pure, the lofty, the sublime teachings of Theosophy, as presented by its three Leaders in their works and *in their lives and doings*.

Summing up the numerous conditions, good and bad, we have been able to witness in the last few years, we must say that the teachings of Theosophy are not understood in the right and true way they *ought to be*, if humanity is to outgrow its degeneration and its fall into the mire of illusion and materiality.

Theosophy, the ancient Wisdom-Religion, is taken too often as a mere philosophical doctrine, as a group of tenets referring to the intellectual world, or the plane of pure speculation, and metaphysical Babel-towers. It is useless to speak here of the hundreds and thousands of misrepresentations and real 'hallucinations' about Theosophy which flourish once in a while on the soil of human minds, but are, we hope, on the way to self-destruction and annihilation in the ocean of their own stupidity.

But we feel it proper to point to the terribly brain-mind methods of popular inquiry into the teachings of Theosophy; we should like to show as much as we can the real, vital meaning of the tenets expounded by our three great Teachers, from H. P. Blavatsky, W. Q. Judge, and Katherine Tingley.

The world is drowned in intellectualism and philosophical concep-

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tions, the one deep and splendid in its essence, the other not worth even thinking about. This same world is still craving for the same food, though the brightest minds of the present civilization are already (and it is really not too early) feeling the danger of the mere intellectual study and the nonsense of the innumerable theories on the origin and evolution of the human soul. If we take the teachings of Theosophy in the same time-honored manner of a bulk of doctrines without any practical application to the life we see around us and feel in ourselves, well — we had better drop it altogether and return to the grand theory of hell and brimstone, lately deceased.

To the well-known definition of *Theosophia* as being (as a word) composed of two Greek terms — *theos* (θεός), 'God,' and *sophia* (σοφία) 'wisdom,' somebody is said to have replied that in order to understand this 'wisdom' one has to be a *sage* oneself. "Oh!" responded the learned friend, "do you consider yourself a *fool*?" — "*Se non e vero, e molto ben trovato.*"

This is the greatest stumbling-block of many a person today. Man thinks he *is* a fool and cannot understand a teaching which is *a little* above the everyday banal and useless life of pleasure and selfishness. *But man is not a fool; he is as wise as the Sages* of old times, only this wisdom is hidden in the depths of his soul and so deep, so far from the consciousness of the individual himself, that he is ready to deny it at every moment and laugh at those who would show him the way.

*Theosophy is not a new religion.* It is not *a* religion at all. Theosophy is not *a* science; it is not *a* philosophy, as the term is understood all over the modern world in the sense of logical deductions and analytical or synthetical definitions of pure abstractions. It is not a cloak to hide some far-fetched ideas and conceptions. But Theosophy is RELIGION itself, understood in its original meaning of 'binding together' — Man and his Divine Essence. *Theosophy is the law of life, the rule of right living,* and that is its practical significance for the world of today.

Fully to define Theosophy we must consider it under all its innumerable and multifarious aspects, from all its sides and issues. But the real, full definition, or rather the knowledge of the teachings, of Theosophy is not, as it is so often claimed, dependent upon a brilliant intellect or upon a scholarship beyond the common level of men's mind. Theosophy, although it reaches the mind, and illumines it with the great Light of Truth, that Light which shines in darkness and bears witness to the majesty and grandeur of Eternal Life — Theosophy in its true, in its most sacred and divine aspect, speaks to the soul of man; it tells the old wisdom of the ages to his weary heart, and enters therein like a

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perfume of another world, beyond the reach of the banalities of life.

Theosophy shows to man the road of duty and love. It fashions the impulses of his heart and being into one great whole, imposing and strong. It means the regeneration of Humanity through selflessness and devotion. It leads Man to the victory of his Divinity amidst the struggle and battle of life.

Taken from this standpoint, Theosophy is a rock to which sooner or later the whole of mankind will cling as to its unique and last hope, on the ocean of brutal selfishness and ambition.

The great search of the present generation is not for new dogmas and new theories; it is not for hypotheses on the metaphysical meanings of such or such a term. It is not for the complicated definitions of life. No! The search is for the Science of right living. The crave is for the wine of Brotherly Love. Man looks all over the world to find the solution of the great riddle of existence and suffering and sorrow. Theosophy, the ancient Wisdom of the earlier races, that mine of treasures and that beacon-light of truth, gives that solution and opens the way of knowledge and happiness.

The wave of spiritual rebirth is fast moving over the surface of our world. It is like a tide which threatens to engulf the shore; but it is a tide of new hope and new yearnings. It is a wave of eternal youth. It is a flow which springs from the source of being and brings with it the elixir of spiritual love.

With the light of Theosophy a new era has opened for the nations. A message of Truth and Hope had been sounded in the silence of gloom and agony. It is the message of the gods proclaiming the dawn of a brighter future. It is the trumpet-blast of an age to come. And the world is gradually awakening; it shudders in the depths of its hidden life; it vibrates under the breath of the Spirit, which rushes on the wings of Light, and, coming from the depths of the unknown, a song divine resounds over the old and weary globe; it is as if it were the song of the Earth-Spirit acclaiming the approach of the Great Day:

*"In the tides of life, in action's storm  
A fluctuant wave,  
Without form,  
Birth and grave,  
An eternal sea,  
A weaving, flowing  
Life, all-glowing."*

Let us unite in this supreme reawakening of the Age. Let us look straight ahead into the Face of the Future, with a clean conscience

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and a pure motive, and strong in our endeavor to reach the goal of Brotherhood and Love, inspired with the sublime Ideal of Perfection; firm in our WILL as the rock that resists the tempest, let us strive for the benefit of others and lay our whole life and being on the One Altar of Truth.

### PSYCHOANALYSIS

H. T. EDGE, M. A.



WHATEVER is to be said of psychoanalysis in general, it seems evident from what we read in some papers that very undesirable practices are sometimes indulged in under that name. It is of these latter that we now speak; and it will be understood that we are doing no disservice to the worthy representatives of that science by calling attention to certain abuses from which they would of course be only too ready to dissociate themselves.

It is said that children are asked shocking questions, which put into their minds thoughts that never ought to be there. That young persons are subjected to a cross-examination which drags out horrors from hidden depths. That some have thereby been driven to despair, others had their reason unhinged, and some even driven to suicide. Such are the statements that have been made. The worst is that these hidden horrors, thus brought forth from the patient's mind — or put into it? — are represented to him as being his *real self*! His real self has thus been frustrated; his better self is merely the mask of hypocrisy!

In this enlightened age we may boast our superiority to sectarian dogmas which assure young people that they are born in sin, utterly corrupt, unable to save themselves from damnation without special grace. But it would seem that the inquisitorial spirit lurks in other corners than those of religious bigotry; and that the psychoanalytic questioners above alluded to are doing their best to match the sectarians. One feels inclined to use strong terms in condemnation of *any* teaching, whether calling itself religious or scientific, which tends to destroy man's faith in himself and in the good powers which work in and for him; and to replace that faith by a dread and a horror which may blast his future life. Especially when the wrong is wrought upon the young. It is not necessary to impute malice or cruelty in the operators; it will be quite sufficient to point out that well-intentioned folly can work as much harm; and that a little knowledge (if this can be called knowledge at all) is always a dangerous thing. We shrink with just horror from the idea of vivisection; human vivisection would be a step farther. But this

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takes us a step farther still; for in this case the vivisection is not done upon the mere body, but upon the far more delicate and vital mechanism of the mind and feelings. All this goes to show the crying need there is for real knowledge of human nature. What do I say! Is it more knowledge or less that we really want? How would a little common sense do? It all depends on what we mean by knowledge. Those unhappy children, youths, and maidens, would have been far happier without any of this particular brand of 'knowledge'; any sort of ignorance would have been better; it would at least have let them alone.

Freud, the author of psychoanalysis, seems to have made some interesting observations about the workings of the mind and instincts; though some of his critics seem to think that he has merely dressed up in learned language things that ordinary people have always known. What is certain is that he has ridden his theories to death, and that his mind had a most unfortunate kink in a particular very undesirable direction. He was obsessed by the idea of sex. Others after him have developed other fads — 'inferiority-complex,' etc. But to apply a little common sense.

I can show a man all kinds of unpleasant, even loathsome things, in his own body; but is that a good reason why I should assure him that his body is therefore utterly corrupt, requiring special treatment for its salvation? This analogy can hardly be called strained, in view of some of the practices alleged to be indulged in by these experimenters.

A great deal is made out of the statement that perversions result from morbid repressions of natural instincts. This is doubtless often true; but it by no means follows that we are to accept any alleged remedy that may be proposed. The description of diseases is not necessarily an argument for buying somebody's pills or coffee-substitute. And in this case the remedy proposed or suggested often takes the form of advocating an undue license for instincts which absolutely require regulating or dominating.

The true remedy is to prevent all such morbid conditions from ever arising; and to do this, not by allowing rein to the passions but by so training the young as to provide for the harmonious development of all parts of the nature, especially the higher or spiritual side. This is accomplished by instilling the power of self-discipline. But what too often happens instead of this? The child is taught, not to overcome his weaknesses, but to hide them! He is not instructed in the laws of his own dual nature, and shown how to control the lower nature by the higher; but is simply scolded and rebuked; or perhaps actually encouraged in hypocrisy. This is the real cause of these 'morbid suppressions.'

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And as to the cure of a person already so afflicted. The obvious general principle is to divert his attention from himself, upon which it has become morbidly concentrated; and to afford him outlet for his healthy activities and for real self-expression — expression of his finer instincts. But psychoanalysis (at least of the kind we are considering) does the exact opposite by concentrating the patient's attention more than ever upon himself, and upon the worse aspect of himself.

Finally, it must be pointed out that the psychoanalysts recognise only the lower side of the psychic nature, and seem to ignore the higher side altogether. They are ready enough to drag forth the latent vices and passions; but what about the vast region of latent spiritual potencies that reside within man? Do we not need a practical psychoanalysis that will call forth what is best in man; and, in place of holding up to his horror or admiration the dark things from within him, will show him how much latent good and nobility there is awaiting his summons?

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### From Katherine Tingley's Note-Book

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T was a bright morning in the early part of October, 1896, when a party of seven American travelers (the Crusaders) found themselves facing the land of Egypt, off Alexandria. The steamer had just anchored and all was confusion on board.

The sun shone in great brightness over the tops of the mosques and the palace of the Khedive; the water was smooth as glass, reflecting the rays of the sun, forming a splendid and picturesque scene. The half-naked natives, in their peculiar and many-colored garments, with their dusky skins and bright faces, paddling along in their small boats towards the ship, presented a fascinating finish to the scene. With a rush and a howl they climbed on deck, approached the passengers and baggage, almost throwing them overboard in their attempt to capture them for 'backsheesh.'

The clamor and clatter reminded one of the old Biblical story of Babel being built when many tongues prevailed; it was a strange confusion of languages very seldom heard, and presented quite a different aspect from that usually obtained by reading the rather dull accounts of Egyptian life and scenery. Everything was inspiring and lively.

At the time when Cook's agent loomed up, the natives moved off in

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silent respect and way was made for the American Crusaders to disembark for Alexandria. This representative was a native of statuesque and dignified presence, dressed in the gorgeous Egyptian style, and he bowed us into the boat as if we represented the whole kingdom of America, with a peculiar grace which was really charming. In a few minutes we reached the landing and were soon at the station to take the cars for Cairo.

While we sat in the station panting for breath, for it was insufferably hot, we cooled our thirst and ate our fill from the baskets laden with many bounties which the eastern natives carry about on their heads. Their beseeching eyes seemed to be more eloquent than words appealing for 'backsheesh' to keep their half-starved bodies, for while these people represent nominally a great race, they are forlorn and unhappy, with but little to make life worth living.

Our ride that day along the Nile will never be forgotten.

On one side stretched for miles the railroad track; on the other side could be seen the camels moving majestically over the burning sands laden with their heavy burdens, led by the natives clad in their loose flowing dresses. Time has worked no change in the methods of traveling in Egypt; it is the same now as it was thousands of years ago.

After several hours' ride, during which each moment was occupied in seeing the different pictures that presented themselves, Cairo was reached. This great city is located on the eastern bank of the Nile and is the largest in Africa; it is said to have 500,000 inhabitants. Some say it was founded by the Babylonians in 525 B. C., and others that it was built by Semiramis. The writer presumes to say that it was founded in the time of Rameses II and was built upon the ruins of a great city dating far back into prehistoric times.

Cairo, the oriental city with all its varied and novel attractions, had no interest or charm for us that day. Our voyage across the Mediterranean Sea from Greece to Alexandria, and the long, hot journey over the dry sands of the desert, with the discomfort of a poorly ventilated railway-carriage, had served to make us feel too fatigued to enjoy anything but a good bath and rest. I question if ancient Egypt in all her splendor had loomed up before us whether we could have been sufficiently interested to appreciate its grandeur.

The hotel was soon reached, baggage unloaded, and then, even before we had engaged our rooms, the mail from America was placed in our hands. Letters from America! (bless the hearts that wrote them), messengers from home! How they cheered us and helped to dispel that awful feeling of homesickness which even the stoutest of hearts sometimes experiences when separated from its native land.



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A good night's sleep had the desired effect of resting and refreshing the whole party. We had renewed our courage and were ready for the day's trip. Our Arabian dragoman (guide) arranged all the details even to a bountiful lunch, which we were compelled to carry, for we should not return until night.

Our conveyances were the ordinary victorias. We drove through the narrow winding streets of Cairo, and near many that were inaccessible except to pedestrians and donkeys,— everywhere camels, donkey-men, water-carriers, natives with their baskets of fruit on their heads; passed low shops with their windows filled with gorgeous fabrics and Eastern merchandise; saw the gorgeous palace, imposing mosques, the Mussulmans, Bedouins, Greeks, Armenians, and Jews, in their national costumes mingling with Europeans in their plain and circumscribed dress and English soldiers in their uniforms of red and gilt. The last types looked stiff, *outré* and unpicturesque.

Our drive lay along the broad shaded carriage road from which could be seen a small *fellah* village (composed mostly of low-roofed mud huts) and the Nile flooding the banks of the green fertile fields. Soon our eyes rested upon the monster structures of the Pyramids and Sphinx — imposing, inspiring, and awesome, they stood out like great sentinels — the protectors and preservers of the hidden mysteries of hoary antiquity.

Under the shadows of the Great Pyramid the Crusaders stood in silence meditating . . . and there came to the mind of the writer the truly inspiring words of Napoleon: "Soldiers, remember that twenty centuries look down upon you" — excepting that the writer would say "more than two hundred centuries."

The profound stillness that filled the atmosphere was broken by the wild cry of the Bedouins, about thirty in number, who were guarding the place. They rushed towards us, pushing their camels, bowing and moving about in a noisy way, howling 'backsheesh,' and in broken English urging us to ride on their camels.

In spite of the clamor and confusion, we had a feeling of kindness in our hearts for these people, a larger charity possibly than the ordinary tourist — for were they not our brothers? The isolation of their lives and their limited opportunities of gaining a livelihood made us forget our annoyance at the persistent way in which they tried to attract our attention.

While some of the Crusaders went into the King's chamber through a narrow passage which opened at the middle of the Pyramid, and others climbed up the huge side of it, the Bedouins were invited, the dragoman acting as interpreter, to listen to the writer who explained the mission

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of the Crusade. By this means the spirit of real brotherliness was infused into their hearts, for they listened attentively, smiled, gesticulated to each other expressing delight, and quietly sat down on their kneeling camels. After the speaker had finished they expressed pleasure at receiving so much kindness from strangers and said we appeared to them different from other Christians they had seen.

Later, one of their number approached our party; he was the grand Sheik of the Pyramid, whom all his followers looked up to with great respect. In spite of the instinctive disregard these people have for women the Sheik was most courteous. He offered himself as a special escort to the writer, leading the way to the Sphinx and Temple. Fancy the picture! The dignified and gorgeously dressed Sheik, arm in arm with a modern-dressed American lady, walking through the deep sands of the Egyptian desert, and the other Crusaders following behind seated on the backs of the stately camels, which were led by the Bedouins. In the conversation the Sheik became so absorbed in the description of America that he seemed entirely unaware of the picture he presented with the lady's umbrella held down over his own well-browned face, while his companion was exposed to the broiling rays of the sun. It was an amusing picture truly, but one not easily forgotten.

The Great Pyramid which we had recently passed was built by Chufu, or Cheops, according to some, B. C. 3733, though it is probably much older. His name was discovered on the inside, written in red upon the blocks of stone.

The stone used in this magnificent structure was brought from Turra and Mokattam, and the whole amounted to eighty-five million cubic feet; the present height of the pyramid is 451 feet. Herodotus gives the following account of the building of the pyramid:

"Now they told me that to the reign of Rhampsinitus there was a perfect distribution of justice, and that all Egypt was in a high state of prosperity. But . . . having shut up all the temples, he [Cheops] first of all, forbade them to offer sacrifice, and afterward he ordered all the Egyptians to work for him; some accordingly were appointed to draw stones from the quarries in the Arabian mountain down to the Nile; others he ordered to receive the stones when transported in vessels across the river, and to drag them to the mountain called the Libyan.

"And they worked to the number of one hundred thousand men at a time. . . . The time during which the people were thus harassed by toil, lasted ten years on the road which they constructed . . . a work, in my opinion, not much less than the Pyramid; for its length is five stades [3051 feet] and its width ten orgyiae [60 feet] . . . and it is of polished stone with figures carved on it: on this road then ten years were expended, and in forming the subterraneous apartments on the hill on which the Pyramids stand. . . .

"Twenty years were spent in erecting the Pyramid itself . . . it is composed of polished stones and jointed with the greatest exactness; none of the stones are less than thirty feet. This Pyramid was built thus; in the form of steps which some call *crossae*, others

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*bomides*. When they had first built it in this manner, they raised the remaining stones by machines made of short pieces of wood: having lifted them from the ground to the first range of steps, when the stone arrived there, it was put on another machine that stood ready on the first range, and from this it was drawn to the second range on another machine . . . for the machines were equal in number to the ranges of steps. . . . The highest parts of it, therefore, were first finished, and afterwards they completed the parts [below]; and last of all they finished the parts on the ground.”—HERODOTUS, Bk. II, 124-126, Cary’s translation

A most interesting conversation was kept up with my Bedouin friend as we slowly trudged along through the deep sands. He had heard something about America — he supposed that it was a small place and that Chicago was larger — “a great Mecca.” When I made an attempt to answer some of the questions he asked me about the habits of the American people, he grew quite excited and said: “Yr, Yr, ladye, me see some day great free country; me know how be good some day; me much ‘backsheesh’ work do now.”

Many curious things he told me of his people, their customs and beliefs, and one could readily discover that these crude, uneducated Bedouins recognise an esoteric side to their religion. With a shrug of his shoulders he said, looking very stern and wise, “Bad fools hide Mohammed. Mohammed’s life tells better than book; America don’t know.”

How true, I thought, was the statement of this simple man; books often mislead us; the writings treating of the ancient Sages such as Buddha, Zoroaster, Confucius, and the great Nazarene poorly convey to one’s mind any real knowledge of the inner lives of those great Teachers. One has to read between the lines, look behind the form, the letter, of these writings, to understand their deeper meaning and to get the touch of the great Heart-Doctrine which they taught.

The next moment we came to a halt, for just beyond was the colossal figure of the Sphinx, standing out in bold relief, facing the east. The Egyptians called the Sphinx, Heru-em-khut, or ‘Horus, the Rising Sun.’ He was the conqueror of darkness, the god of the morning.

The Sphinx is hewn out of solid rock, the body about one hundred and fifty feet long; the paws, fifty feet; the head, thirty feet. From the top of the head to the base of the monument the height is seventy feet. At one time it was covered with limestone, its head bright red, but there are no traces of anything of the kind now.

In front of the Sphinx there were found in 1816 three small hieroglyphical tablets arranged like a *naos*, dedicated to the Sphinx by the monarchs Thothmes III and Rameses II.

No information concerning the proportions of the Great Sphinx can convey to the reader the thrilling impression which it creates. There it lies, reposing on the sands as one in eternal waiting. Thousands of

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years have passed since it was placed in its present position, the eternal emblem of mystic silence, that silence from which proceeds the knowledge of self which unveils in secret to the soul the mysteries of life and death and the Cause of Being.

As my Oriental friend and I stood speechless before it, gazing at those eyes which seemed to contain within themselves infinite depth of knowledge, those thin, passionless lips, eloquent in their silence, there seemed a spell in the atmosphere holding all who beheld that calm, majestic figure. The mystery of the place was so great that the need of words seemed something which belonged to a remote past. We understood each other without speech. This, thought I, is prophetic of the time when all mankind shall comprehend one another without that medium — “when knowledge shall be the fruit of silence.” I thought of our Western world, of the time when it should wake from its hurry and bustle, its never-ending stream of words, words, words, which generate all forms of excitement, and should know the stillness and repose of mind and heart from which alone comes the abiding knowledge of Self.

As I stood there I seemed to hear a soundless voice, saying: Behold! I was begotten in the Silence of the Mighty Past, born of the Mysteries. From them I came. I am the key. Oh man! in me is contained the secret of all Eternity; in me, the unchanging symbols of all Time!

If thou wouldst know the mysteries of Soul — of life and death — thou must look within. Thou hast the key. *Thou art the Eternal Sphinx!*

The Sphinx still held my attention while my heart pulsated to the vibration of those magic words, and as they seemed to die away in space there was a sense of a deeper silence, a more subtil touch — such as one may feel but once in a lifetime.

Surely, thought I, if the great throbbing mass of humanity could understand — if they could once grasp the real meaning of life, and perceive the eternal golden thread of divinity that binds all in all, then their souls would be unbarred; no longer would they be content to live upon a material plane of selfishness and error, for the white light of their souls, once freed, would illumine the world, and the glory of a departed peace and a true spirituality would return again.

The intense heat of the scorching sun and the voices of my comrades caused me to awaken from my rêverie, and with my companion I moved on over the shifting hills of sand to the temple, where the rest of the party were dismounting from their camels.

We soon found a shady corner in one of the halls of the temple and

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gladly sat down to rest. Just outside, the camels lay crouching in the sands with the attendant close beside them, standing in an expectant attitude, ready to spring into action at a moment's notice.

The Sheik and two of his companions moved off a short distance and sat down in the shade of one of the lofty columns. Through the side opening of the temple the sun threw its soft golden light in upon the granite and alabaster walls. A few hundred yards away could be seen the stately Sphinx and majestic Pyramid, the river Nile and the wide stretch of green fields, forming a striking and magnificent picture — making an impression not soon to be forgotten.

Just at that moment we were all affected by the solemnity and beauty of the scene as we sat gazing in wonderment and silence. Even the group of three who sat near seemed to take part in our thought and enter into the spirit of the occasion with us.

There was one among them, whom I had first noticed at the Pyramid. He was strangely unlike the rest of his companions, even in his dress, though his skin was dark, and he also was dressed as a Bedouin. His face was interestingly handsome and its expression peculiarly subtil and spiritual. He did not make the slightest effort to intrude or seek to impress us with his importance by assuming a mysterious air, as is often done by those who pretend to possess some special inner knowledge.

It was plainly seen that he was vastly superior to the others in intellectual and spiritual attainments and I was not surprised to find that he spoke English fairly well and knew a great deal about subjects such as interest only the thinking and scientific mind.

When I asked him where he had gained his knowledge, his face lighted up with a curious and knowing smile, and he said, "I go away some time to my Teacher and I come back again when these people need me."

"Luncee for the Jusady," called out our Arabian attendant, the dragoman, as he flourished about with the air of a prince, and he looked it every inch, too. He was an almost perfect type of the young Oriental in his gorgeous and rich dress of pale yellow and purple silk, and red velvet fez.

Without formality we sat down to our lunch, spread on the rock floor of the temple, with no end of tempting things before us, and we ate heartily for we were very, very hungry, filling in the time between courses with talks of home and Crusade experiences.

One of our members, the jolliest of all, sang 'America' until the walls of the temple resounded with the patriotic air. The Bedouins

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smiled, they did more, they grinned — evidently for the first time in their lives — and the expression of their faces showed that they were wondering what manner of people we were. If not Christians, where did we come from? for they look upon all white-skinned people as their enemies. Yet here were these Arabs laughing with us, and even going so far as to forget they were there for ‘backsheesh.’

In spite of our hurry to finish our meal that we might inspect the temples, for it was past midday, we found time to listen to a story by one of the Comrades of his humorous and exasperating experience that morning with a donkey-man, who persisted in pursuing him at every step, through the many zig-zag streets of Cairo; a most amusing and unique experience, which wound up with our dignified clerical friend suddenly turning upon his pursuer, glaring, howling, and gesticulating to frighten him away. Not succeeding, he made a bold rush at him and with arms extended, in broad Yorkshire English, he consigned the poor donkey-man to the dark regions which seemed to be a reality in his mind at that moment. This brought about the desired effect, for the poor terrified fellow hurriedly mounted his donkey and disappeared round the nearest corner.

The next thing that demanded our attention was the interior of the temple, its halls and burial-chambers. The temple itself is constructed of granite and alabaster and was no doubt, in a remote age, used as a place of worship or assembly where the people made sacrifices in honor of their dead.

The architecture was a marvel of simplicity and showed a perfection in the art of working the hardest stone not attained at the present day.

We went through the long hall, passageways, and burial-chambers, the interior of the latter being finished with alabaster, the transparency of which was very plainly seen by the light of the torch, which our guide carried to show the way through the dark passages.

In the floor of one of the halls is a deep well, said to have been connected at one time with the Nile, in which were found no less than nine statues of Chephren.

When we returned to the temple entrance, after our inspection of its different features, we were anxious to retrace our steps and observe more closely everything we had seen, but it was getting late and Cairo must be reached before sundown.

We contented ourselves, however, as we planned to visit the great museum in Cairo before we left Egypt, where we would have the opportunity to see many of the relics connected with the temple.

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Reluctantly we gathered up our belongings and prepared to depart. It was then that I longed to see, somewhere near by, a real American camp where the weary Crusaders could live a tent-life, and build up for themselves in that calm restful atmosphere a new energy for the coming days. At the call of Hassan, our dragoman, the Bedouins with their camels came up to the entrance of the temple, and amidst laughter and chatter at the clumsy way in which the Crusaders mounted their camels, we commenced the slow ride over the desert to the Great Pyramid where we had left our carriage waiting.

It was here that we bade farewell to the place and the people. The Sheik was the first to push his way through the crowd that had gathered about the carriage. Assuming a look of sadness he reached out both hands to us "for a lastee America shakeeh and salaam." The Oriental with whom I conversed at the temple stood quite a distance away, seemingly hesitating about coming up to where we were. Just as our carriage whipped up to start off he hurried towards me, took my hand and turned away. After I had reached the hotel I found that he had dropped into the little bag which I wore attached to my belt, an odd little charm. I shall always keep it as a very precious souvenir of that one great day at the Pyramids, and as a pleasant remembrance of my new-found Oriental friend.

The other desert people kept shouting "Goobi — Ah — Ah — Backsheesh — Backsheesh," until the sound of their sharp ringing voices almost drove us frantic. As soon as we could recover our senses, we good-naturedly gave them all the *piastres* we had. It seemed the most brotherly act we could possibly do under the circumstances, for these protectors of the Pyramids receive no recompense, and depend entirely for their livelihood at certain seasons of the year (when the crops are not grown) upon the generosity of the tourist, which I have no doubt is often very meager.

I observed that the noise suddenly ceased and these people seemed satisfied with what we had done for them, which delighted us all, for they had placed us their debtors by a number of polite and very gracious favors.

As I turned back for one more look at all we were leaving behind, I could see that they had gone back to the foot of the Pyramid and were standing in a quiet and respectful attitude looking intently our way — watching us out of sight. A little to the left, separate from the rest, stood my Oriental friend with his face turned away toward the East.

Soon we were dreaming along the way — the border of the Nile — through the quiet and peace of the beautiful twilight, sensing the touch of the old sacredness in everything.

Over the land like a benediction fell the pale golden rays of the

## EGYPT

setting sun – a misty veil of beauty; fields, river, trees, beasts, and herdsmen, all seemed like phantoms of the dim past, of thousands and thousands of years ago, far back of ‘King Pharaoh’s’ time, and the Nile in its distinctive beauty added a new charm to the picturesqueness of that twilight dream.

“It flows through old, hush’d Egypt and its sands  
Like some grave, mighty thought threading a dream;  
And time and things, as in that vision, seem  
Keeping along it their eternal stands —  
Caves, pillars, pyramids, the shepherd bands  
That roam through the young world, the glory extreme  
Of high Sesostris, and that southern beam  
The laughing Queen that caught the world’s great hand.  
Then comes a mightier silence, stern and strong,  
As of a world left empty of its throng,  
And the void weighs on us; and then we wake,  
And run the fruitful stream lapsing along  
’Twi’x villages, and think how we shall take  
Our own calm journey on for human sake.”

The Nile begins to rise at the end of May and continues to the middle of October. On the third week in August there is a festival held in its honor, probably a relic of the time when Rameses ordered sacrifices to be offered to it on the fifteenth day of Thoth. This festival is announced to the people of Cairo by criers who go about through the city, crying the height of the Nile in the Nilometer at Rôda. The Khedive, state officials, and crowds of people gather from many parts of Egypt, to participate in this festival with song and music.

The Hymn to the Nile [republished on page 461 of this issue] was written between the years 1300 and 1266 B. C.

The king referred to in stanzas xii and xiv is said to be Meneptah II, son of Rameses II. Ennana, the author of this famous hymn, was the Scribe of the temple.

It can be plainly seen, in reading these stanzas, how the rising of the Nile affected the Egyptians with the idea of an unseen hand that worked the miracle of giving the land a yearly blessing of water.

Cairo was reached and we were soon aroused from our dreams by the voices of the donkey-boys who chased after our carriages, shrieking, “Ah! Ah! Coming! Coming!” There were at least ten of them, with their little donkeys gorgeously arrayed in bright saddle-cloths and equipped with odd-looking saddles. These little dusky-faced Arabs almost stopped our way in their wild efforts to induce us to take a ride to the museum which was near by.

They were soon lost sight of in a cloud of dust, and we drove on



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through the acacia-shadowed avenue past the mosques and a few stately dwellings into the very narrow streets where were small shops. In front sat the vendor, selling the corn and the fruits of Egypt.

Handsome native women, their loose garments clinging to their statuesque forms, and carrying jars of water on their heads, moved along gracefully, timidly holding their veils over their faces — reminding one of the familiar pictures so widely associated with Egypt. But to see them face to face in all their living charm of form and color, transcended the most vivid fancy of my childhood. Some of the men were water-carriers; they had strapped across their backs gourds for holding the water, which they offered passers-by as “the gift of Allah.”

Bright-eyed, dusky-faced children, with scanty garments, and their heads decorated with gay colored kerchiefs, played in the middle of the streets.

All along the way, at every turn, there was something novel and picturesque to attract our attention. Tired and dusty as we were, we would gladly have lingered at every point of interest, but duty called us back to the hotel where we were to hold a meeting that evening.

After an hour's rest, a bath, and a dinner, we found ourselves preparing for Crusade work. It was out of the question to think of having a public meeting, but in the drawing-room of the hotel there was held a meeting of a unique character which was most interesting to those who took part in it. At that time good seed was sown for future work of Brotherly Love in Egypt and most important connexions were formed with the ‘chosen few’ who have the welfare of this ancient land at heart.

The next point of interest was the great Museum of Cairo — the home of the mighty dead — to see the mummy of the great Pharaoh, hero and king of the past, whose body had rested for ages undiscovered amid the ruins of Thebes, after a lapse of 3000 years to reappear on earth.

The story of this royal find in the burial-place of the kings at Thebes is a most interesting one. In 1881 forty mummies were found, the principal personages being the ‘Queen of the Hyksôs,’ time 2233 B. C., four kings and three queens of the eighteenth dynasty, 1700 B. C. to 1433, and three kings of the nineteenth dynasty, 1400 to 1200 B. C.

These three were the great Pharaohs — Rameses II, his father, Seti I, and his grandfather, Rameses I.

The difficulty was: how were the great dead to be removed to their final resting-place, the Bulak Museum? Steamers had been sent for to come up to Luxor. The bodies and coffin-cases must be lifted up

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the shaft, carried down the difficult cliff-side to the Theban plain, and ferried across the Nile to the Luxor river-side.

Three hundred Arabs were employed, and by earliest dawn they were busy in the removal and careful packing of the mummy-cases in matting and sail-cloth.

The work continued day and night. In forty-eight hours the coffins had been raised; and after six days' hard labor in the scorching sun all the cases were at the Nile bank. For three days and three nights brave Brugsch Bey, Kamal, Moutafian, and a few trustworthy Arabs watched over the boxes.

What a thrilling sight it must have been as Brugsch Bey stood and watched the people carrying their royal burdens across that great Theban plain! His description of that picture is most interesting:

"I shall never forget the scene I witnessed, when standing at the mouth of the Der-el-Bahari shaft, I watched the strange train of helpers, while they carried across that historical plain the bodies of the very kings who had constructed the very temples still standing, and of the very priests who had officiated in them: the temple of Hatasou nearest; away across from it, Kurnah; further to the right the Ramesseum where the great granite monolith lies face to the ground; farther south, Medinet Habu; midway between, Der-el-Medinet; and then the twin Colossi, the vocal Memnon, and his companion; then beyond all, more view of the plain; then the blue of the Nile and the Arabian hills far to the east; while slowly moving down the cliffs and across the plain, or in the boats crossing the Nile flood, were the sullen laborers carrying their ancient burdens.

"As the Red Sea opened and allowed Israel to pass, so opened the silence of the Theban plain, and allowed the royal funeral procession to pass, and then — all was hushed again. Go to Der-el-Bahari, and with a little imagination you will see it all spread out before you."

The mummies were packed aboard steamers and carried down the Nile. The news that "Pharaoh was coming down the Nile" had reached everywhere. Brugsch Bey writes:


"One of the most striking things in the whole journey was the way in which there arose from all the land of Egypt an exceeding bitter cry, and women wailing and tearing their hair, men casting dust above their heads, came crowding from the villages to the banks, to make lamentation for Pharaoh."

Yes, the whole heart of Egypt and the old love for the mighty kings of the splendid days of old were deeply moved, and as in days more than 3000 years ago, when, with wailing and great weeping the funeral barge had carried the dead kings up the Nile to their sleep among the Theban hills; so today, with wailing and weeping and all the signs of a national lamentation, did the bodies of the mighty Pharaohs sail swiftly down through a land of mourning and sorrow, from their long repose in the Theban valley of the dead, to their final rest at Cairo beside the shining Nile.

## ANCIENT RACES

ALICE D. LE PLONGEON

[Reprint from *Lucifer*, Vol. VII, No. 39, November 1890]

F the various native races found in Central and South America, the Maya is certainly the most interesting as well as the most ancient. The remarkable ruins of edifices erected by their remote ancestors make the peninsula of Yucatan (Mexico) a most attractive spot for archaeologists; and those deserted old cities are now more easy of approach than they were a few years ago, because the hostile Indians are not carrying on as active a war as formerly.

Anciently that land must have been densely populated; more than forty cities can yet be traced, and in nearly all there are walls elaborately decorated with sculptures, inscriptions, and ornaments. Some of the structures are of vast antiquity, and must have perished long since had they been erected in a less lasting manner. Strength and grandeur were what the architects evidently aimed at. All the beautifully-carved exterior decorations were coated with fine stucco as hard as the stone itself. This has preserved many fine works of art.

Stored away in the city of New York Dr. Le Plongeon has several large cases full of perfect molds of fine sculptures. With those molds, the photographs, and measurements which we have taken, we have it in our power to build in any part of the world a Maya temple; and, with the needful protection, could bring from the ruins art treasures enough to fill a large edifice — treasures that we have unearched and again concealed to save them from mischievous hands, for the whites and half-breeds (*meztizos*) are destructive, much more so than the pure-blooded Indians, who generally respect antiquities, particularly statues, which they commonly call ‘enchanted people.’ owing to a belief, which many have, in reincarnation. They say: “You white people may think as you please — as for us, we know that we must again return to live on the earth.”

It is by no means easy to make the Maya Indian talk of his belief; he and his fathers have been too often flogged for daring to have any except that in Christian dogmas. Old rites, that they cling to, have to be performed in secret, to avoid reproof and punishment. Moreover, it pains them to see the customs of their forefathers derided. They believe in a future state not only for themselves, but for other forms of

## ALONG POINT LOMA'S RIDGE

animals. This is made manifest by the fact that at the time of the conquest they placed with the remains of their dead certain food to pacify the souls of the *tzomes* — small hairless dogs whose flesh was much relished, and which were accordingly fattened for the table.

The Mayas delight in 'magic,' but, owing to the efforts of Romish priests, their science now seems to be reduced to peering into a crystal, and often pretending to there see things that they have really learned from other sources. If any have true power they keep it well hidden. They refuse to kill creatures found in the old ruins, however venomous, saying that they belong to the lord of the old house, and that he walks about his domains every night.

The ancient Maya MSS. which we have partly translated, reveal the fact that the ancients believed in the power of elementals, and personified all the forces of nature. The mammoth appears to have represented the God of the ocean; and that great creature was certainly one of the emblems of deity. A conventional form of the mammoth face is the principal ornament on the old edifices. May not the elephant worship in India be an outgrowth of mammoth worship in America?\* In the *Râmâyana* we read that Maya, a great warrior, conquered the Dekkan (Southern India). But on this subject of the Mayas, their language, religion, architecture, etc., there is so much to be said, and thought, that many a volume would not contain it all.

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\*We would rather say that it is the other way about. The Aryan Hindû is the last offshoot of the first sub-race of the fifth Root-race which is now the dominant one. [Ed. *Lucifer*]

## ALONG POINT LOMA'S RIDGE

W. G.

**P** OINT LOMA, the protecting arm of land that shelters the bay of San Diego on the west, rises to a height of about 400 feet. At its greatest width it is about two miles across, but as one travels southward the land becomes narrower and narrower until at its extremity it forms a ridge. From this ridge the land sweeps down to the Pacific Ocean on the east and west sides. The south end is abrupt and precipitous, a great wall of pebble and rock.

Situated a little distance from this southern extremity stands an old lighthouse which is said to be the second highest in the world. This

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

lighthouse is no longer used, a more modern building, at a lower height on the west side, has proved more serviceable, and its light is better seen by the mariner in all weathers.

From the standpoint of the old lighthouse the view is hard to surpass. The calm, blue ocean is about us on all sides, save the north, and in the near eastern distance the delightful curve of Coronado Beach gleams bright, a silver strand. Beyond, in the south-east, rise the mountains of Mexico. In the direct east lies the city of San Diego, whilst to the north Point Loma recedes to the mainland, descending from its heights to the level where are seen the dwellings of Old Town, the original site of San Diego founded by the Spanish. To the northwest False Bay adjoins the Pacific, separated from the ocean by a bar of the whitest sand, leaving but a small entrance through which the waters play as the tides come and go. At this part of the Pacific it may be noted that the average tide is about five feet.

Prominent from many points of view on the ridge are the domes of the Râja-Yoga Academy and the Memorial Temple of Peace at the International Headquarters of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society.

Out seaward to the southwest and clearly visible are the Mexican possessions, a number of huge rocks known as the Coronado Islands. To these islands it is a pleasant sailing trip of a few hours from San Diego. Due west, and visible on very clear days, is the island of San Clemente, distant about seventy miles.

For sunrises and sunsets Point Loma is probably unrivaled. At daybreak the sun rises over the distant eastern hills and purpling the darkness gradually dispels the night, revealing the beauty of the city on the margin of the bay. At close of day the ocean itself forms the vast plane of reflexion to mirror again the glory of the sky as the sun tints in a riot of color the lightsome clouds that gather at evening hour. Calm and peaceful indeed is the Pacific, and Homer is justified in singing of the purple sea, for in very truth we must add testimony to a sea and atmosphere suffused with purple light. And at this time the kelp, a broken band stretching along the shore, distant to sea about a mile, gleams like beds of burnished gold, and the long, slow breakers roll gently in to be lost upon the beach or break in radiant spray on the rock-wall of shore.



“ALL that is living desires the same things as you; recognise yourself in every living being.”— *Buddhist wisdom*

## HYMN TO THE NILE

Believed to have been written 1300 ---- 1266 B. C.

**H**AIL, all Hail, O Nile, to thee!  
To this land thyself thou showest,  
Coming tranquilly to give  
Life, that Egypt so may live.  
Ammon, hidden is thy source,  
Hidden thy mysterious course,  
But it fills our hearts with glee!  
Thou the gardens overflowest,  
With their flowers beloved of Ra;  
Thou, for all the beasts that are,  
Glorious river,  
Art life-giver;  
To our fair fields ceaselessly,  
Thou thy waters dost supply,  
And dost come  
Thro' the middle plain descending,  
Like the sun thro' middle sky,  
Loving good, and without ending,  
Bringing corn for granary;  
Giving light to every home,  
O thou mighty Ptah!

### II

Lord of fish when comes the flood,  
Ravening birds forsake our fields,  
Maker of the spelt for food,  
And of all the corn-land yields;  
He it is by whose will stand  
Strong the temples of the land.  
Hater of the idle hand,  
To the starving multitude  
He gives labor, for the gods  
Grieve in their august abodes  
Over idle hands, and then  
Cometh sorrow unto men.

### III

He unto the oxen's feet  
Openeth all the plowing soil,  
Men with joy his coming greet.  
Like to Num, the great life-giver,  
Lo he shines and they who toil,  
Very glad the whole land over,  
Eat and drink beside the river;  
Every creature is in clover,  
Every mouth is filled with meat.

### IV

Bringing food, of plenty Lord!  
All good things he doth create;  
Lord most terrible and great,  
Yet of joys divine,  
Fount adored,  
He doth in himself combine  
All, and all in love doth join.  
Grass to fill the oxen's mouth  
He provides, to each god brings  
Victims meet for offerings,  
Choicest incense he supplies.  
Lord of North-land, Lord of South,  
He doth fill the granaries,  
Wealth unto the rich man's door  
Adds, and when the poor man cries,  
Lo! he careth for the poor.

### V

Growth, fulfilling all desires,  
Is his law, he never tires;  
As a buckler is his might.  
Not on marble is he scrolled,  
Like a king with double crown;

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

Him our eyes cannot behold.  
Priests are needed not by him,  
Offerings to him are not poured,  
Not in sanctuaries dim  
Is he god adored.  
Yea, his dwelling is unknown,  
Never yet in painted shrine,  
Have we found his form divine.

### VI

There is naught we build or make  
Can our god contain. Thy heart  
Doth with no man counsel take,  
Yet in thee thy youths rejoice,  
And thy voice  
And sovereign will  
Order all their goings still.  
Lo! thy law is firm and fair  
Over all the land;  
They who play the ruler's part  
Are thy servants, far and near.  
To command;  
North and South  
Obey thy mouth,  
And thy hand  
Wipes from all men's eyes the tear:  
Blessing is thy constant care.

### VII

Comes the glorious inundation,  
Then comes joy and then come smiles,  
Hearts leap up with exultation:  
Even the jag-toothed crocodiles,  
Neith's twin suckling sons, are glad,  
And those gods we count with thee,  
To earth's glee  
Heavenly joyance add.  
Doth not Nile's outbursting flood  
Overcome all men with good?  
Doth he not with his sweet waters,  
Bring desire for sons and daughters?  
No man's hand doth he employ.

Even without the helpful rain  
He can fill our fields with grain,  
And bring mortals joy.

### VIII

In his coming from the dark land  
Lo! he giveth gleams of light;  
In the pastures, in the park-land  
All he maketh with his might;  
And this river's living store  
Bringeth to the birth,  
Out of nothing, what on earth  
Was never seen before.  
Men from him their 'abbas' take,  
As to till his fields they fare,  
Garden-plot, cucumber-square;  
For his workmen he doth care.  
Evening, dewy-cold and dim,  
Blazing noon-tide doth he make;  
Ptah and Kabes, loved of men,  
Blend infinitude in him,  
All within their ken  
He createth — writings rare,  
Sacred words — all things that are  
Serviceable in the north  
For the plowman  
And the Bowman,  
By his will he bringeth forth.

### IX

To his house he doth return,  
Like a priest for oracles,  
Shrinking to his urn;  
Cometh forth, just when he wills,  
From his mystic fane;  
By his wrath the fish are slain,  
Then the hungry come before thee,  
For the waters they implore thee,  
Praying "that the Theban plain  
Be like Delta, moist and green,  
That each man may swift be seen  
Catching up his tools, to haste

## HYMN TO THE NILE

From the flood's uprising, none,  
 Leaving fellow-man behind,  
 Hasting, hurrying, every one;  
 That the nobles leave adorning,  
 For the waters rise,  
 Yes, and break up ere the morning,  
 Even the Gods' solemnities."  
 So they pray; in answer comes  
 The refreshing water flood,  
 Bringing unto all men food  
 And fatness for their homes.

### X

Thou who dost the judgment seat  
 Firm establish; men rejoice;  
 Flattering thee with grateful voice;  
 Worshipers thy coming greet,  
 Thee, their Lord,  
 With thy mighty waters poured.  
 Unto thee, with praise, they bring  
 Gifts of corn for offering,  
 When the Gods are all adored;  
 For no fowls upon the land  
 Fall when thou art by.  
 Gold they give thee for thy hand,  
 Gold, in ingots molded pure,  
 Gifts of lapis-lazuli,  
 So, secure,  
 The corn shall lie —  
 So, no hungry bird shall eat  
 The germinating wheat.

### XI

Hymns to thee the harper plays,  
 Playing with a skilful hand;  
 All thy youths for thee are glad,  
 Children they, thine own.  
 Thou with full reward dost crown  
 Their laborious days,  
 Thou, the mighty one, to add  
 Fit adorning to the land;  
 And they feel thy great enlightening,

When thou sendest from above  
 Flashings of thy silver shield;  
 Then their hearts, with joy, are  
     brightening,  
 For they know that thou dost love  
 All the increase of the field.

### XII

In the city of the king  
 Thou dost shine;  
 Then the householder may dine,  
 Faring on each dainty thing.  
 He who gnawed the lotus-root  
 When the good was scant,  
 Laughs at such a pauper's fare;  
 Perfectly thou dost prepare  
 All things that thy children want,  
 Orderest every herb and fruit;  
 But if food, from out thy hand,  
 Fail, then joyance too must fail;  
 Hearts are weary, cheeks are pale  
 In a weary land.

### XIII

River! when thy waters rise,  
 Offerings unto thee we make,  
 Oxen unto thee we slay,  
 For thee keep our holiday,  
 Fowls to thee we sacrifice,  
 Beasts for thee the hunters take,  
 And unto thy holy name  
 Rise the gifts of purest flame;  
 Unto all the gods that be,  
 Do we bring  
 An offering,  
 When we sacrifice to thee.  
 Incense-clouds ascend to heaven,  
 Oxen, bulls, and fowls are given  
 To thine altar's fiery mouth,  
 When from out the double cave —  
 Those two openings in the south —  
 Comes the mighty river,



## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

Nile, of name in heaven unknown,  
Nile whose forms are never shown —  
Forms no man hath sculptured ever,  
None can paint or grave.

### XIV

Men extol him, and the gods  
Praise him in their high abodes;  
Yes, each great and terrible one  
Stands in awe of him;

And his son, the king, is given,  
Lord of all, to send from heaven  
Light to Egypt dim,  
Light to Egypt, south and north,  
Wherefore, river, shine thou forth!  
Rise and shine! upon us smile;  
Thou who givest life by giving  
Oxen, for the plowman's team,  
Thou who for the oxen's living  
Makest pasture by the stream,  
Shine upon us, glorious Nile!

## UNIVERSAL COSMOGONY

[Reprinted from the *Century Path*, Vol. XIII, No. 34]

### STUDENT

**P**LATO has not often been brought into relation with the New Testament. The rule rather is to throw the two philosophies *out* of relation, done by ignoring the *philosophy* in the latter and treating that of the former as 'pagan.'

In a short communication to a philosophical contemporary Professor Boardman compares Plato's 'Idea' and Aristotle's 'Entelechy.'

The 'Idea' is the foretype of all things, pre-existing in the divine mind. The 'Entelechy' is the actualization of the 'Idea' in concrete manifestation and operation. Aristotle justly — says the Professor — complained that Plato did not connect his 'Ideas' with actual things, that there was no link between the passive prototypal 'Idea' and the final manifestation of it in the concrete.

Neither Aristotle nor the Professor are justified in their complaint. Has the latter recently read the *Timaeus*? We have there (1) The Ideal World, the plan, the passive prototype; (2) The creative Demiurge, proceeding to fashion the manifest world according to the Ideal plan, his instrument being a dynamical principle which he infuses into the created or fashioned world as its vital soul and energy as he goes along; (3) The chaotic material upon which he works.

This does not differ from the other cosmogonies. In the Indian Vedânta, for example, we have (1) Brahma neuter, the eternal prototype; (2) Brahmâ male, the active creative or formative Demiurge; his energy,

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Daiviprakriti or Fohat; and (3) Prakriti, Mûlaprakriti, the substance upon which he works.

In the first few verses of the *Epistle to the Hebrews* and of the Gospel of *John* we have nearly the same. In the former, God is not shown as creating the universe. That work was done by the 'Son,' "by whom he [God] made the worlds." The active energy used by the 'Son' is called "the word of his power." In *Genesis* this energy is the 'breath' and the creative gods are the Elôhim; whilst primordial or inchoate matter is the 'waters.' In the Gospel of *John* we have again the actual creation or formation done by the 'word,' the 'light,' *not* by God. The former was *with* God, emerging to become the active light and life.

So little has the Professor noted the *Epistle to the Hebrews*, though he seems to refer to it, that he identifies Christ, the 'Son,' with Plato's supreme 'Idea.' At any rate he says: "The 'Charmer' of Socrates, Plato's supreme 'Idea,' Aristotle's ultimate 'Entelechy,' can be found and found only, in Christ, in whom dwelt all the fulness of the Godhead bodily." That is only true if you also say that Plato's 'Idea' was *in* the Demiurge, that the unnamed Supreme of the 'Beginning' was *in* the Elôhim, that Brahma neuter was *in* the creative Brahmâ, and so on.

## A TALK ON THEOSOPHY

### What is It?

CARITAS



HIS is the question which I put to a friend of mine as we rode together in the train to a neighboring city on our way to business. He was a bank-man and studious, who rarely missed the opportunity given by the half-hour's daily ride to and fro to read what I found later were books on Theosophy. He looked at me in a mild way, a little surprised perhaps at my curiosity, but quite ready to shut his book and chat on a theme which was so much in his thoughts.

"Well," said he, "that is a big question which I cannot answer fully for I have only been studying it myself during the past year or two, but I can give you my idea of it, and will do so gladly."

I thanked him and remarked that I had heard it spoken of many times, and each time I had felt unaccountably drawn to learn something of it, though in a double sense it was 'Greek' to me.

In those days, some thirty years ago, comparatively little was

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known about the subject. Now and again one read in the daily press a reference to that remarkable Russian woman, H. P. Blavatsky, and comments were made on the phenomena she was supposed to have produced. This did not interest me, for I was not drawn to anything that savored of the uncanny or was allied with what was called Spiritualism and the doings of mediums -- it was too remote from the ordinary affairs of a business-man's life.

My friend, however, evinced a remarkable enthusiasm as he went on to describe what little he knew about it. "You've heard of Buddhism, I suppose," said he, "and the teachings of Buddha?"

"No," I replied. "Beyond the names, I know nothing about them except what the missionaries have reported occasionally; and that I've always felt was more or less overdone in order to impress children and their own subscribers with the enormities of idol-worship and the crass ignorance of the so-called heathen. It's not Buddhism, is it?"

"No," he said, "not in its modern form, at any rate, but there are many ideas in it which correspond with the teachings of Gautama the Buddha, as one may see by reading Arnold's *Light of Asia*. Yet I remember my first interest was aroused by hearing a lecture on 'The Secret of Buddhism' in which the modern teachings of the Buddhist priests were in no way referred to, but, instead, what seemed to me a new way of accounting for the origin of this earth and its humanity."

"I suppose that there are only two ways to account for the origin of man and things," I remarked. "That contained in the Jewish Bible and that vouched for by science on the Darwinian theory. They seem mutually contradictory rather, though for my part I have considered the contradiction was more seeming than real, since the process of creation set forth in *Genesis* does not eliminate the idea of evolution by which the elemental condition of things precedes the more organized and complex. The dry land and water are before the herbs and fishes and creeping things, and man appears rightly to crown and complete the great process of creation as being the finished product of all nature."

"Yes," he said. "But have you ever thought of it that even in the Bible there are two distinct processes of creation indicated?"

"No," I replied, "I had not seen it in that way, but rather as the description by two different records of the same stupendous work."

"Well," my friend added, "if they relate to the same work it is strange that the one should begin where the other appears to leave off. In other words, man seems to be the crown of creation in the first chapter

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of *Genesis*, while in the second he is described as the forerunner of all lesser nature."

"Ah! I had not thought of that." I said. "It is, as you say, very remarkable. Yet how is it to be accounted for?"

"Theosophy," said my friend, "seems to give a very consistent explanation of this seeming contradiction. For the process of creation or evolution, according to its presentation, is a very much more protracted and gradual affair than one would imagine from the brief symbolic summary of it shown in *Genesis* as the work of the Creator in a space of six days with its seventh of consummation and rest. Indeed, you will find that the long slow measured process of evolution is quite logically and systematically sketched in the Theosophical teachings. Nowhere does there seem to be any record of that sudden coming into being at the fiat of the Almighty, such as our theologians are too apt to credit.

"And then the rise and fall of nations and races," he continued, "the wonderful civilizations of an ancient past succeeded from time to time by a reversion to the simplicity and barbarity, if one may so call it, of the nomad of the desert and the backwoods, which have been revealed by our geologists and anthropologists, and which are a constant menace to any theory of the savage condition of primitive man and his subsequent growth and development into the cultured being we know today — these problems seem to me much more seriously grappled with by writers on Theosophy than by any other school of modern thought, whether religious or scientific."

"Tell me," I said, "what you mean by this; are we not evolved then from the condition of the primitive man? As one looks down the pages of history one feels at any rate that in our own country there was a time when the people appeared to be very little removed from the state of savages. Gradually law and order have been evolved and the interdependence of man with his fellow-man has only dawned upon the human mind by degrees, as man acquired the art of communal life."

"That is where we too often delude ourselves," he replied. "We think our present condition so superior to that of our forefathers! But is it really so? Do we understand more of life or its meaning and purpose? Is there greater happiness in our cities and towns than there was in the rude hamlets and villages of olden times? Do we understand and support and comfort one another more than was done then?"

"Well," I said, "it is not easy to answer those questions, because the standards of comfort have varied so much in the different ages. However," I added, "I am anxious to understand how Theosophy makes

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clear what must be puzzling to the ordinary observer of our modern conditions of life.”

“Theosophy,” replied my friend, “certainly does throw a new light upon the problems of life. It postulates a great law of Harmony in the universe. Every part of it is dependent on every other part, and nothing can happen to the smallest particle of it that does not in some degree affect and modify the whole. The purpose of the whole universe, and therefore of the life of man, is the acquirement of experience which shall result in freedom — the freedom of the soul of man in the dignity and power of ‘conscious godhood,’ as one writer has so well put it.

“The conditions of being, below that of man, are not those of self-conscious entities — there is a blind acquiescence in the universal Law of Harmony; and hence we do not regard animals or plants or any lesser creature as having any moral responsibility. In a sense they are sinless. But man is a being qualified in his evolution to become free, he is capable of exercising a choice in his actions and so, according to his knowledge, he is competent to conform with the Law of Harmony or to disregard it and suffer the inevitable penalties of infringement. For there is no law in the universe which does not exact a penalty if broken.

“In other words, this great Law of Harmony may for a time be disregarded by the acts of a free self-conscious being, but the process of readjustment is inevitable. It is this process of action and reaction which in Theosophy is called Karma, and which brings about the sorrow and suffering, the reincarnation and rebirth, of this self-conscious entity, man, who having sown the seeds of disharmony in his ignorance or wilfulness, must reap the consequences in his present or a future life. Thus it may be seen that the present life is the outcome of past similar conditions, and is giving birth day by day to a future life which will be full of joy or sorrow as the seeds of that future are being sown today.

“But,” he added with a smile, “you see we have only just touched on the fringe of this vast subject, and I must now get away to my office.”

With that we parted, but not before I had begged for another chat with my friend on what I now realized was indeed a very profound topic.



### SUBLIMITY


“AT sunrise, on the pinnacle of a lonely butte, rising gloried out of the night from an Arizona desert, is the figure of a Zuni mother, holding her little child up to the risen Sun-God. From her pure heart of love and gratitude hear her low-breathed chant of thanks to the Symbol of Life, as with simple faith she commends her babe to the Great Spirit, and commits its future to the Great Father.”— *F. M. P.*

## “THE TEMPEST”

Presented by Katherine Tingley and the Râja-Yoga  
Players in the Greek Theater, International Theo-  
sophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California

LEONARD LESTER

[EDITORIAL NOTE: This article, written in advance of the performance by one who attended the rehearsals, could, with a few changes of tense, have been used as a review of the play as it was actually given. It is, however, left exactly as it was written, in order to preserve intact its full beauty of language and its penetrating power of analysis.]

 REPARATIONS for the presentation of Shakespeare's *Tempest* go on apace, and as the main outlines of the picture begin to take visible form it becomes evident that the evening of April 16th at the Greek Theater, Lomaland, will mark no ordinary event in the history of dramatic art.

To give expression to but one-half of what a few glimpses of the formative stages of its development call to mind, would be to lay oneself open to the charge of overpartial enthusiasm. But these impressions awaken a vivid conviction that the dramatic spectacle here being created will signalize the presence of new, greater, and as yet unrealized possibilities, not only in the sphere of the Drama but underlying all forms of expression worthy the name of Art.

To conceive of anything creatively requires a vision that penetrates deeper than the mere outward aspect. It is to know it from within, to be able to enter into the spirit of its life-motive through the sympathetic imagination ---- through an attitude of heart and mind which is that of the little child and the mystic. This subtil union of the simple and the profound is inherent in the conception of this, perhaps the last, chronologically, of Shakespeare's creations, in which the sublimest intuitions shine through veils of the purest poetry. In *The Tempest* is portrayed the ordered sway of the empire of the Soul. Through the imagery of a simple human tale gleams the vision of a vaster story of human evolution. Each character is significant, standing as a type in this larger symbology; every action wears the vesture of some shadowed majesty of Truth, as though glimpsed through the veils of dream.

Shakespeare's conception of Life was profound. He perceives the interblended worlds of spiritual and material forces and in this play, through Prospero's powerful magic, makes bold dramatic use of invisible agencies, called supernatural but really natural and essential in the

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harmonious working of universal law. His genius recognises the eternal alliance between man and nature; the creative power of human acts to stamp their impress for weal or woe on nature's invisible forces; the actor in due season reaping his harvest of effects. Thus, in Ariel's lightning play of invective, launched at those "three men of sin," Antonio, Sebastian, and Alonso — caught now, through Prospero's art, maddened and spell-bound in the meshes of their past crime — we hear this law voiced in the words:

"for which foul deed  
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have  
Incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures  
Against your peace."

And throughout the whole play we can trace this conception of mystic response and affinity between man's inner state of being and the outer nature-environment; especially does the vision of nature's beneficent forces conjured up by Prospero to bless the betrothed Ferdinand and Miranda reveal a world of beauty and joy eager to be reborn as soon as humanity's true heart-life begins. We see the bright presences of Iris, Ceres, and Juno, summoning the fresh nymphs and sun-burned reapers to holiday revels and dance; they are joined by other fairy-spirits, graceful or strange shapes — but suddenly, the swelling chorus of it is hushed, the spell is snapped, and the pageant is banished at the near approach of the "foul conspiracy of the beast Caliban" against Prospero's life. Emblematic this of a peace that is but a vision until the lost harmony is restored.

This keynote of pervading unity — the related harmonies of Man and Nature — will dominate the interpretation of the play which Katherine Tingley presents next Friday evening. It is a rare experience to take part in or witness, the building up of a dramatic spectacle such as this is to be. Behind all, there is a profound conception of the inner life of the play, of its dramatic significance. It grows from within, like a seed, the inner spirit of the play clothing itself with the appropriate environment, shaping the instrument which is to give it visual expression. For it is a fact that with each new production of a play a new instrument has to be created out of the material, mental, and spiritual resources at hand.

In the selection and gradual assemblage of all these resources — stage-adaptations, scenic or mechanical — the stage-properties, the designing, making of costumes, the music, the training of the players, the rehearsals — all this is in itself a picture in little of the evolutionary process, weaving harmony out of chaos, and the active living participation in it is an educational experience of a very high order, affording also, by

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the way, many an opportunity of facing and subduing the chaos in one's own nature.

In the preparations now nearly completed the scenic adaptations are considerable and include the transformation of the Stoa in the Greek Theater into Prospero's cave — a master-stroke which evokes an atmosphere of strange and impressive beauty. Out of this twilight region of the imagination there have also been evolved certain strange shapes — creatures unknown to naturalists, who, together with troops of dainty rainbow-hued sprites, all under the spell of Prospero's wand, may be expected to make their appearance on Friday evening, of whom let Trinculo, Stephano, and Caliban, and the group of guilty lords, beware.

The secret of the higher expression of the drama lies not in resources of stage-equipment nor in special stress upon what is called the technic of the art, but in bringing into play the deeper impersonal resources latent in human nature.

The deeper students of drama, those pioneers who are seeking to restore it to its true place in life, have long recognised that in the current art of today the cultivation of personal gifts and brilliance has been developed to a degree out of all proportion to the capacity of the individual to respond to and interpret great and impersonal ideas. There is a prodigality of talents and virtuosity that far exceeds the power to direct and use them well.

In the world of the stage the artificial prominence given to some leading actors is nowhere more detrimental to this higher expression than in the interpretation of Shakespeare, so that it is a question whether the real Shakespeare is known at all to a generation of theater-goers who flock to see — not Shakespeare — but this or the other famous actor in the rôle of one of his leading characters. But among the myriad ambitions for stage-notoriety or even among gifted artists, how few are capable of impersonally co-operating with a balanced sense of their particular relation to the play as a whole? And yet it is just this quality of personal subordination, of capacity for self-forgetfulness, which opens to the mind a broader field of consciousness and permits the creation of a larger impersonal instrument — an orchestration of human hearts — through which a greater language may find living expression, becoming creative in its power to arouse and inspire.

Among the Point Loma actors taking part are some who have fascinated audiences on former occasions, but others are new and are appearing on the stage for the first time, capably taking important rôles. The training of the actors is unique. There is a complete ignoring of all set rules of elocution. As in the development of the play as a whole



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*from within*, so in the individual training of the actor he must find within himself the key to his own creative powers, learning at the same time to visualize his part and evolve his conception of it and its true relation to the play as a whole. He learns by experience thus to become a living vehicle in the flowing action of the play, responsive to its rapid or subtil changes, transitions, and interblended relations in the moving picture of it. Obedient to the larger law of harmony, the smaller accidental effects occur spontaneously, of themselves, and a certain natural magic may enter — as sometimes happens in the unconscious acting of tiny children a spiritual aroma which critical analysis strives in vain to capture.

### “THE TEMPEST” REALISTIC IN DETAIL

By DON SHORT

[Reprint from *The Evening Tribune*, San Diego, California, April 17, 1926]

**L**IGHTNING flashed; thunder crashed; the wind whistled; trees swayed, and the ocean-billows roared. All this seemed real at the Theosophical Headquarters on Point Loma last night. Only those San Diegans and visiting tourists who heard and saw it all can vouch for this statement. And there were almost enough of them to fill the Greek Theater, where Katherine Tingley presented Shakespeare's fantasy, *The Tempest*, played by students of the Theosophical University under her personal direction.

Perhaps nowhere else in the world could such a scene as described by the immortal Bard of Avon be so graphically reproduced, with every detail brought out in effect so realistic as to become on the mind a fixed recollection of Shakespearean satire and casuistic comment. While the lightning and wind-whistling had to be artificial on this particular night, the real trees were there and the roar of the surf of the mighty Pacific beating against Point Loma headland, is real, and was heard with distinct impressiveness. Only Point Loma, a San Diego environ, could be so favorably situated as to be a background for such a scene.

These things greatly helped to make the tempest so realistic that men and women in the audience shuddered and huddled closely together in some instances, probably from instinct forced upon them on occasions when they have been caught in a real storm.

The opening of Shakespeare's play was weird and life-like. The lightning-flashes were vivid and the wind-noises loud. But, above this the voices of the shipwrecked mariners were plainly heard in all parts of

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the amphitheater, and when the storm was over, Prospero's cave-like habitation was revealed in all its majestic surroundings.

There are no between-acts in Katherine Tingley's production, and as the actors and actresses are finished artists, the action and diction are simple and the words so plainly spoken that every line of Shakespeare's fantastical ideas is distinctly heard, and with an understanding of its meaning. The principal characters are brought out with a realism that to a Shakespearean student seems incredible. Particularly is this true of the parts of Caliban, the deformed slave; of Ariel, the sprite; and of the wine-imbibing Trinculo and Stephano. It has long been the custom of Madame Tingley not to make public the names of her students taking part in her productions. Hence the program gives only the characters.

Nevertheless it was apparent that she wisely selected her cast. It made no difference to the audience whether the portrayers were 'Tom,' 'Dick,' or 'Sally.' They each and all were gifted with a wonderful knack of bringing out the bard's most forceful ideas of what men and women were in his days. The part of Ariel, fairy-sprite under control of Prospero, was played by a young woman who is all grace, and whose personality seems alive with vivaciousness. Another part by a young woman-student well taken was Miranda, Prospero's daughter. Of the male students in the play, the magnificent voice of Sebastian, its musical effect and highly dramatic reflexion, will long be remembered by all who heard it; -- the possessor of such a voice should be proud of the distinction.

All other principals were excellently portrayed; and the entire production is highly embellished with spectacular effects, such as music by the Isis Conservatory Symphony-Orchestra hidden from view; choruses of fairies, nymphs, and sprites, grotesque dances by gnomes and goblins; ballets by dancers; and all recruited from the ranks of the Râja-Yoga School and Academy. Particular attention has been paid to the costumes. These are beautiful and were designed by the Woman's Exchange and Mart of Point Loma.

The entire production takes place on an open-air stage with a wonderful scenic background of natural woods. Every feature of Shakespeare's well-known tale of the scheming of the brother of the Duke of Milan and his followers is unfolded before the audience in form even more graphic than described by the Bard of Avon. No student of Shakespeare, and, for that matter, no one interested in anything that is beautiful, can afford to miss seeing this wonderful outdoor production. Madame Tingley's offering is a masterpiece and will long live as "a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

The crowds are well handled. Patrons going in their own cars are

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directed to parking-places. Excellent street-car and motor-bus service to the theater-entrance is maintained by the San Diego Electric Railway company. There is no valid excuse for anyone to remain away.

### RĀJA-YOGA GIVES "THE TEMPEST" IN ADMIRABLE STYLE

ACTING, DICTION, AND GENERAL SETTING AT GREEK THEATER  
GET HIGH COMMENDATION

By J. F. LOBA

[Reprint from *The San Diego Union*, April 17, 1926]



BIT of dramatic fabric as airy as gossamer floated across the Lomaland Greek Theater last night as the Rāja-Yoga Players presented Shakespeare's *Tempest*. Once more it seemed as if the elements were in league with Katherine Tingley to aid her in making Shakespeare real. Overcast skies and a moon that was now and then obscured by bits of scudding black clouds put the audience into the mood of *The Tempest* even before the first flashes of lightning, the boom of distant thunder, and the howl of the wind heralded the stormy first scene of the shipwreck.

From then on the story moved rapidly. *The Tempest* differs from others of Shakespeare's plays in that it has few or no long soliloquies, little philosophizing, and a minimum of allegory. Though it is packed with magic and the supernatural from start to finish, it is enjoyable for itself alone and needs no deep or subtle interpretations to make it significant. It is delightful fantasy, broad comedy, intrigue, romance, and as it moves according to the Lomaland tradition without intermission between acts or scenes, the story has a continuity that makes even its magic seem genuine.

#### DICTION DELIGHT

As usual, every word of the text was read to be understood and to be heard in perfect distinctness in every seat of the theater. Except for the tumultuous first scene of the shipwreck, the diction was a perfect delight. . . .

Most notable for unaffected naturalness was the work of Sebastian, brother to King Alonso of Naples. In fact, this one player was one of the best in the cast. Ariel, the airy spirit, was played by a dainty young woman with grace and intelligence. Prospero was a fine figure of a man

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and a duke. . . . Trinculo, the jester, was played by the same artist who played the jester in *As You Like It*, and with the same spirit of comedy and proper sense of values. His scenes with Stephano and the finely-studied repulsiveness of Caliban were almost riotous in spots.

### LIVING COLOR


But the perfection of these Râja-Yoga productions must take second place to their charm. The incidental music from a hidden orchestra, the kaleidoscopic dances of elves, nymphs, and fairies, the daintiness of tiny children in their naïve fun with grotesque little costumes, and the singing by the dancing children, all combine with the aptness of the outdoor setting to make these productions glowing bits of living color. It is Shakespeare at its best, fine literature, enjoyable entertainment, intelligent acting, and satisfying stage-pictures.

*The Tempest* will be repeated in the Greek Theater tonight. It is “such stuff as dreams are made of,” pleasant dreams that are refreshing and cheering.

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AUDIENCE ENJOYS PRESENTATION OF SHAKESPEARE PLAY  
FAMOUS GREEK THEATER AT POINT LOMA TRANSFORMED FOR A  
MAGNIFICENT PRODUCTION OF SHAKESPEARE’S “TEMPEST”

[Reprint from *The Theater News*, San Diego, California, April 24, 1926]

ONSTERNATION seized those who entered the Greek Theater at the Theosophical Headquarters on Point Loma last Friday and Saturday nights to see Shakespeare’s *Tempest*, of which the Râja-Yoga Players, under Katherine Tingley’s personal direction, gave a magnificent presentation. In the first place, the beautiful Doric Stoa, famed in narrative and legend of travelers far and near, could not be found! The theater itself was there, the seats were there; but that exquisite temple, across whose gleaming pillars the distant Pacific threads its beaded lapis-lazuli, had vanished! Already Prospero had made his magic felt and worked a transformation. One looked down upon huge and ancient rocks, whose weather-beaten sides were

“mossed with age,  
And high top bald with dry antiquity.”

A work of art indeed, and full of mystery, suggestive of the wonders

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that shortly were to come out of it. Those who attended the performances of *The Tempest* given by Katherine Tingley in this setting, witnessed something transcending in massed effect of wonder and beauty any former production here, and strikingly unique among stage-settings and productions of this Shakespearean masterpiece.

Every possible aid to the complete illusion of Prospero's magic was utilized. And when Shakespeare called for 'strange shapes' — they appeared — shapes unbelievably weird and ingenious, who in their collective numbers, together with sprites and fairies, nymphs and reapers, goddesses and attendants, filled the great arena with an unforgettable pageant of wonder and beauty.

So the disconsolate play-goer, bemoaning the temporary loss of that beautiful Greek temple, was more than rewarded by the hosts of faery-folk and loveliness which its usurping wilderness poured forth.

The cast for these performances was admirably selected by Madame Tingley; and besides presenting a number of students who have fascinated many audiences in this theater in the past, we noticed new talent, some of whom we had not seen before. As is well known, Katherine Tingley considers the drama something far higher than a mere diversion; and this idea enters into her training of her students. Ignoring many of the set rules of elocution, her constant aim is to put the actor on his mettle, require him to feel and visualize the scene he is depicting, and to draw upon his own creative powers. To these original creative efforts of her students Katherine Tingley applies her art as instructress and stage-directress, and so brings out a spontaneous and natural interpretation of the rôles, which has evoked the delight of so many critics. The unqualified artistic success of *The Tempest*, proves the soundness of her methods.

The young student playing Prospero in this production brought to his part a deep poetic sense of the lines, fine voice, and excellent diction. According to facts gleaned from his instructors, he is a lover of all good literature and particularly of Shakespeare, and hence was peculiarly adapted both by temperament and literary culture to cope with this difficult rôle, despite his youth and slight experience, for this was his début in a leading rôle.

In Prospero's attendant Ariel was found an airy spirit who has charmed her audience — including this writer — in many a delightful rôle. Miranda, I learned, made her bow to the public last Friday; and in her fresh, youthful girlishness was found aptly chosen. Caliban, an artist of long standing, gave his hearers a treat in uncouthness and gau-

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cherie, in which he was well supported by his boon companions of the bottle, Stephano and Trinculo.

Of the conspiring lords, special mention should be made of Sebastian and Antonio — old friends to the public who did some telling work in the most dramatic scenes of the play. Gonzalo, the honest old counselor, was possessed of a splendid resonant voice, and his reading of his lines was most satisfying.

The background against which this capable cast worked, was one of inconceivable beauty and mystery.

The play will probably be repeated in the late summer or early fall, I am told, and then those who missed this rare San Diego production will have an opportunity of seeing something eminently worth while.

--- A. M. M.

### SHAKESPEARE'S “TEMPEST” A DRAMATIC EPIC

MAGNIFICENT PRESENTATION IN THE GREEK THEATER, INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA

{Reprint from *The Beach News*, Ocean Beach, California, April 24, 1926}



SHAKESPEARE has never painted on a vaster canvas nor in more gorgeous sunset-colors than he does in *The Tempest*, which Katherine Tingley produced on a magnificent scale, April 16th and 17th, in the Greek Theater on Point Loma. It was indeed an artistic triumph.

The cast is not confined to the human world, but includes the world of sprites and elementals — in fact, the elements themselves. For it is Prospero, the magician, who, after years of study, has learned to control the forces of nature and who summons the elements, when a ship carrying his enemies approaches his magic isle.

Hardly more substantial than the elements themselves are the elemental spirits who serve Prospero that justice may prevail in the world of men. Some of them — fairies, elves, nymphs, sprites — pictures of loveliness, are called forth to entertain the happy lovers. Others — grotesquely deformed — ‘strange shapes’ as Shakespeare calls them — are used to mock and bewilder the conspirators, of whose crooked minds they seem to be the embodiment. All these vanish into thin air at the magician’s bidding. Their commander and Prospero’s chief aid is quaint

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Ariel. Prospero has saved him from a piteous plight and he serves Prospero loyally throughout the play, thus earning his freedom when Prospero departs.

Between the subhuman and the human world stands Caliban, the deformed slave, one of the most marvelous products of Shakespeare's creative imagination. For Caliban, of the earth earthy, yet leads on his own plane a rich inner life. He stands in horror of creatures below him, of bats, adders, spiders, of "apes with foreheads villainous low." He is enraptured when he describes the beauties of the island. He has aspiration, dreams of higher things to come to him, and though fiercely resenting Prospero's sternness, is ever ready to worship him whom he would destroy.

As for the human characters of the play, there is first of all jolly Stephano, who was washed ashore on a butt of sack and proceeded to enjoy life to the full. He and his friend Trinculo the jester, stagger through the play, none the worse for the many strange adventures they go through on the enchanted isle.

Of the royal conspirators, "some are worse than devils," Prospero exclaims. Sebastian, brother to the king of Naples, is ready to murder his brother in cold blood, when the opportunity seems his; Antonio, Prospero's brother, who has usurped the dukedom of Milan, is little better. Alonso, king of Naples, another enemy of Prospero's, who years before conspired against him, is to be humbled profoundly before leaving the island.

Standing apart from the three conspirators is honest old Gonzalo, a counselor, "whose honor cannot be measured or confined," who once saved Prospero and Miranda from lingering death, and now that King Alonso has lost everything, he refuses to leave his master.

And finally the higher group of three — Ferdinand, son to the King of Naples, a much deeper nature than his father; Miranda, Prospero's compassionate daughter; and towering above them all, Prospero, wise and human magician. Truly there is epic grandeur in this play of magic and wisdom.

All its possibilities were brought out in epic style by Katherine Tingley and her students last Friday and Saturday. It was a production that New York or London could not have surpassed — and it was staged right here on our own Point Loma, by Point Loma students, under the direction of the leader of a world-wide movement, who has chosen Point Loma as her international headquarters. Truly, these facts are fraught with deep significance for the artistic future of this community. — H. D.

## “THE TEMPEST”

KENNETH MORRIS



THE *Tempest*, with *Cymbeline*, *Pericles*, and the *Winter's Tale*, belongs to the fourth and last group of Shakespeare's plays. Its first recorded performance was at Whitehall before King James on November 1, 1611; probably it had already been acted at his own Globe Theater in Southwark earlier in the same year. It is probably not the last play he wrote; but almost certainly when he wrote it he intended it to be the last, and was consciously giving in it his farewell message to the world. "When I have required some heavenly music (which even now I do)," says Prospero—who is Shakespeare—"I'll break my" [magician's] "staff, Bury it certain fathoms in the earth, And deeper than did ever plummet sound I'll drown my book" [of magic]. It is the last of the plays in which he records his own spiritual life and adventures; in this respect following *Hamlet*, the representative or central play of the third period, as this is of the fourth.

The crux of both is that a king, a rightful king, has been ousted from his throne by foul means: a wrong has been done that must be righted. This is a reflexion, or a symbol, of the whole wrongness of life,—the evil in the world and in man. When he wrote *Hamlet*, say in 1602, Shakespeare saw no means of righting this wrong except through disastrous expiations—deaths and deaths and deaths: by 1610, when he wrote *The Tempest*, he had discovered that there was another means. Man was not the helpless creature of fortune, doomed to ruin by his own weakness, or to be saved only by sacrifice; instead, there was in him a magician, a being of power, who can command his destiny. So for Hamlet the 'hesitating Dane' we have Prospero the Master of the Elements; and for the old redemption by sacrifice, we have redemption by power and peace: a power and a peace that Prospero has found within himself and imposes upon his surroundings, natural, elemental, and human.

Externally, the play was suggested by certain current events; there was much in it of topical interest. In 1609, Sir George Somers sailed with nine ships for Virginia; the fleet was scattered by a storm; some of the ships reached their destination; others returned to England with news of the probable loss of the admiral's ship the *Sea-Venture*,—which, however, had, in reality, been driven to the Bermudas and there put in in safety.

In the following year a pamphlet was published in London giving



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an account of the whole affair. The *Sea-Venture* had sprung a leak; the sailors, exhausted with working the pumps, had given up all hope, taken leave of each other, and fallen asleep at their work: to wake in calm seas, under salubrious skies, within a stone's throw of land. The ship had been jammed between two rocks close inshore; and all hands were brought off with perfect ease, on to an island uninhabited but delightful, with air mild and delicious, and soil teemingly fruitful.

The title of the pamphlet is indicative: *The Discovery of Bermuda or Devil's Island*. The Bermudas had been supposed to be enchanted; Sir Walter Raleigh in 1596 had given them a bad name on account of the storms that infested them; Shakespeare in this same play alludes to the "still-vext Bermoothes." Here then he found his material nexus, his external suggestion: here was a tempest; an enchanted island; a ship despaired of and wrecked, and as if by magic unharmed after all; and a part of the fleet (or crew) returned home lamenting the supposed loss of their leader. All of these incidents we find reproduced in the play. He used them as a scaffolding for, or a means of setting forth, in its final perfection, his profound philosophy of life.

Through a number of plays he had been haunted by the duality of Nature, human and otherwise. He sensed constantly a Hidden Divinity: at his very bitterest — and he did fall to great bitterness — he would have gone to the stake for it that this God in Man did exist, or had existed, or ought to exist; but he also saw clearly that it was in defeat and retirement, obscured by the forces of evil which in this world have it mainly their own way.

In his late thirties, realization of these things had begun to oppress him; and grew through seven years or so, creating an internal agony in whose white heat the grand tragedies were forged. Undoubtedly his understanding of the matter — which was intense, burning-clear, and personal — came of the fact that he could watch the contest primarily in his own life; in which, somewhere about 1600, some dark shadow seems to have loomed up to be conquered or to destroy him. That he did conquer it: that he arrived at a perfect serenity of wisdom, a clear insight at last, *The Tempest* is there to prove.

It was in about his thirty-eighth year, when he wrote *Julius Caesar*, that he began to notice this usurpation by evil of the sovereignty of good. He was not at first greatly troubled by it. He shared the general view of his age: which saw in the king the head and heart of the nation, a kind of link between it and the Divine Ruling of the universe,— and so, the symbol of Good always as opposed to evil. In *Julius Caesar* it is Caesar himself, of course, who holds this symbolic position;

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we see certain of the lower human elements, and particularly envy (impersonated as Cassius) rise against him, involving in their conspiracy the not ignoble qualities that are in Brutus; but we feel that Shakespeare has no doubt of the issue. The conspirators might kill Caesar, but they were powerless against Caesarism: Octavian is Caesar as soon as Julius is dead, and his return and triumph are inevitable as fate. Shakespeare had not yet realized the power of evil.

Next came *Hamlet*; and here the result is far more uncertain. For Octavian sweeping to his revenge, we have Hamlet groping and hesitating after it: when we remember that these two characters have to play the same part, it becomes clear to us how far more deeply Shakespeare had become involved in the struggle with evil in the latter than in the former play; though probably not a year had passed between the writing of them. Still he foresees a final righting of the great wrong: the usurping evil (King Claudius) is to be killed; the murdered good (King Hamlet) is to be avenged; there will be peace at last, he is assured; but at what cost! All is doubt and uncertainty. He was himself his model for Hamlet, and Hamlet's dead father, and Claudius; he foresaw that, before the atonement could be made, Hamlet — his own superb intelligence — would be sacrificed.

*Measure for Measure*, *Othello*, *Macbeth*, and *King Lear* followed: each more gloomy than the last. In each he struggles towards the righting of the great wrong, the undoing of the great usurpation; in each foresees atonement; but the price to be paid for it is always greater; until in *King Lear* it is Cordelia, the divine Soul in man itself, that must be immolated: as if he had said, To undo the evil that humanity is, humanity, with the god in its heart and all, must be blotted out and a new race created. Then came two bitter scourgings of the falsity of women, *Troilus and Cressida* and *Antony and Cleopatra*; then the savage *Timon of Athens*, in which the tortured soul of Shakespeare proclaims its disgust with and despair of mankind; and then, seven years after *Julius Caesar*, he reached the lowest depths he ever did reach in *Pericles*; and there, in deep hell, turned, looked upward, and once more saw the light.

If he did not write the parts we dislike of *Pericles* — and very likely he did not — still it is noteworthy, still indicative of his inward history, that he should have turned from the bitterness of *Troilus* and *Timon* to take a play by another man, far fouler and bitterer than either, and redeem it into sweet serenity; — come so quickly from the creation of *Cressida* and *Cleopatra*, to that of *Marina*. What is positive is this: a new day had dawned for him; a new sun shone; the bitterness is gone; the tortured soul is at peace; he believes in the divine within himself

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again, and consequently he believes in the divine in humanity; where a year before he was hating, now he is pitying and forgiving.

Then came *The Tempest*: in which it is the Dethroned Divinity who holds all the power in his hands. A glance at the story will serve to show what a marvelous change had taken place in Shakespeare's outlook:

Prospero, Duke of Milan, in order to get time for his studies, principally of magic, had committed the charge of his duchy into the hands of his brother Antonio; who grew ambitious, and at the price of making Milan tributary to her traditional enemy, Alonso King of Naples, called in the latter's aid; and with it, dethroned Prospero and set him adrift with his infant daughter Miranda in a crazy boat in mid-sea. But fortune or Prospero's art guided the boat safely to an island; where, reigning through his magic over a world of spirits, he brought up Miranda and bided his time.

The play opens twelve years later; when, all his enemies being upon a voyage in those parts, Prospero raises a storm which produces on them the illusion of shipwreck, and all are cast ashore on the island. There the heir of Naples, Ferdinand, Alonso's son, separated from the rest, falls in with Prospero and in love with Miranda — as her father intended he should; Alonso, imagining Ferdinand lost, and despondent on that account, is prepared upon the dénouement to restore to Prospero his dukedom; Ferdinand and Miranda are betrothed; it transpires that the ship is in perfectly sound condition after all; and the whole party returns in it to Italy: Prospero thus out of the whole adventure having won for his daughter not only his own Milan, but queenship in Naples as well.

Here then Shakespeare sees the fearful struggle, which has been life-wreck, ruin, and desolation in the previous plays, as but an illusionary storm raised by the great dethroned magician — the Divine Soul in man, really — in order to bring all the factors in the drama of life, all the principles represented, into his power; and this Prospero does, not for revenge's sake, but that the universal wrong may be righted: that "earthly things made even" may "atone together"; that the hereditary antagonism, Naples versus Milan, may vanish changed into union; that Miranda may be queen in both.

He had tried the same theme years before in *Romeo and Juliet*; but then, without philosophy, with no deep truth in mind to tell, he had found no solution to his problem except that of conventional tragedy. Montagues and Capulets had stood for nothing: they had been, simply, two Italian houses at feud. But Milan and Naples in *The Tempest* proclaim themselves the eternal duality of evolution: matter that rises,

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spirit that descends and informs; and when the child of Milan weds the heir of Naples, that atonement takes place which Shakespeare groped after so often half-blindly in the early plays; which had taken place in himself when he wrote *The Tempest*; which he had always sensed as a far-off bright event, the most tremendous in the history of a human soul. Ferdinand, the heir of Naples, is the highest point of material evolution upwards; that is to say, he is the intellectualized animal-man. Miranda, heiress of Milan, who weds or redeems him, is the ultimate expression of descending spirit, the point of it, so to say, that contacts matter and becomes the redeemer of human life.

This then is the core and last word of Shakespearean philosophy: Miranda — the principle she represents — is to be mistress of both worlds; the whole epopee has taken place: Prospero lost Milan at first: that she might possess not only Milan, but Naples too. That accomplished, Prospero will lay by his powers and turn his face graveward. What then, in plain human terms, is Miranda?

Shakespeare leaves you in no doubt. The first words she utters tell you: she is Pity, Compassion, the Will to Serve and Save, the Refusal, ever, to Condemn or to allow a harsh solution for any problem. Miranda is the knowledge that you have solved nothing when you have hanged the criminal; that you have gained nothing by your victory at war; that he who condemns another is himself condemned — self-condemned. It is the last word of human wisdom, said Shakespeare; and, certainly, Jesus thought so too.

The mushy-minded and thought-shirking, or thought-incapable, delight to call this sentimentalism; they will have none of it at any price. When a man is down and out morally it is easier to hang him than to cure him; because to cure him calls for stiff fundamental brain-work, and illuminated brain-work at that; but to condemn him, we need but to be befuddled. In just the same way, it is much easier in case of plague and epidemic, to parade your fetish in gala-toggery through town and incense your Mumbo-jumbo and the like, than to attend to sanitation and science.

Shakespeare, however, who by this time knew life inside and out, clearly, sanely, and wholly, leaves this as the sum and finality of his doctrine, his last message to the ages that should follow him: all this grand agonization, life, (he says), exists solely to teach us — even the silliest advocate of brute-force and legalized murder among us — that compassion which will not and cannot turn away in condemnation from any living being; the compassion which is the supremest wisdom and

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enlightenment that can come to man, because it is recognition of the unity of all life.

At this point one might take a glance at the Bacon theory; because all this does so forcibly, violently indeed, *not* remind one of Bacon. The uncritical and ignorant of human nature are fond of arguing that Bacon wrote the plays; it could as easily be true that Disraeli wrote Dickens. Men are naturally divided, it has been reasonably said, into Platonists and Aristotelians: Bacon out-Aristotled Aristotle, and by much; but Shakespeare in the Elysium sitteth on the right hand of Plato himself. Or Mr. Shaw somewhere divides minds into those that look into the past and say, Why? and those that look into the future and say, Why not? Of that latter diviner group is the man that wrote the plays; his lasso was always whizzing about the neck of Perfection; it is a wonder it has not more been noticed, how passionately he asserted the Divine in Man. But Bacon . . . No . . . Oh dear me no!

No two minds could be more unlike. Indeed, though Shakespeare was the very child of his age, and will fit into no niche in European history, except his own niche in Elizabeth's England, there is no other Elizabethan, among the known names, whom we could think of as the author of the plays. Fletcher, perhaps, was the likeliest man; but I think Fletcher took Shakespeare consciously for his model; and at that was spiritually and intellectually a frightfully poor imitation. So if William Shakespeare of Stratford-on-Avon and the Globe in Southwark was not the man, it must have been someone else still more obscure, and much less probable.

Bacon's was a very great mind: strong, daring, and ambitious. He seems to have nourished ambitions towards the throne itself; there was a good deal of the paranoiac in him; it is said, I am not sure on what authority, he thought himself the great Queen's son. He never doubted himself or his powers. His weaknesses — ambition, avarice, and a proneness to speculation, — he never recognised as weaknesses at all; and when the downfall came, and he was convicted of bribe-taking, he took it all with a sort of solemn grandeur, as "scorning" (says Ben Jonson) "to go out in a snuff." Pride made him strong against the world. An intellectual giant, spiritually he was a kind of embryo,— he had not rightly begun to be.

But Shakespeare knew *his* weaknesses very well. He suffered terribly from them; being of the type that scourges itself unmercifully for every slip. He was highly strung, sensitive; where Bacon was all masculinity, he had very much, in a good sense, of the woman in him: it has been said that he never drew a really heroic man; but he certainly

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did draw many ideal women. He fought his way to a divine self-realization, through boundless elations and limitless despairs. Bacon, the strong man, would probably have despised him utterly: Ben, who was something Baconian in masculinity of intellect, but who had — as Bacon had not — a great heart as well — loved Shakespeare “this side of idolatry” as much as any man: loved him really nobly, and could appreciate his genius as well: but even in Ben’s admiration for him there was a garlic-soupçon of affectionate contempt.

Shakespeare’s life came near to being a tragedy: he saw the depths: he descended into hell: but *The Tempest* is there to tell us that, having escaped final tragedy by a hair’s-breadth, he reached serene undreamable spiritual success. The man who wrote the plays had done that by 1608: Bacon was a peculator until 1621. Bacon’s life, proceeding from achievement to achievement statelily, came near topping the last heights of mundane triumph; and missing them by a narrow margin, toppled into infamy and ruin. — But to return to *The Tempest*:

Prospero’s power in the island comes of his control of non-human beings; and chiefly of the monster Caliban and the delicate spirit Ariel, both of whom were there when he came. Indeed, Caliban must be called half-human: though his maker is at pains to tell us he is soul-less — incapable of soul — without that inward divinity which makes man man. He is the animal-elemental in man. Prospero holds him strictly enslaved; keeps him busy as hewer of wood and drawer of water: and therein Shakespeare the Life-Teacher tells us what to do with those baser parts of our minds which make all our trouble for us. Put them, he says, to work; keep them concentrated on the common duty of the moment and the day; thus they are in your power, under your control; otherwise they will be attempting wrong against the divinity within you — as Caliban did against Miranda at first, and does in the play against Prospero.

Yet there is this curious thing to note about Caliban: he speaks no line of prose, as all Shakespeare’s clowns do. Every word he says is in verse; and much of it uncommonly beautiful. The reason is, that he is a part of the great Nature: the inchoate, rudimentary, undeveloped part. The human mind does not work in him at all; and it is a truth that has many times been repeated, that poetry and rhythm are the language of Nature, as prose is of that only part of Nature which is so to say exiled from Nature and unnatural,— our human brain-consciousness.

Caliban held down as a slave is useful enough; he becomes dangerous when you lend him a share of your human mind. He falls in, in the play, with a couple of drunken sailors: vulgarians, beside whom he is

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a kind of gentleman in the comparison; nevertheless they are human beings,— and instantly Caliban becomes dangerous; he plots with them against the life of his master. In vain of course; because Prospero is the lord-enchanter of the island, and nothing can succeed against his magical powers. But even Prospero, in the midst of his magic, is perturbed by this revolt, and must take quick action.

Through Ariel of course, his other chief servant; and here again profundities of wisdom are concealed. Ariel is one of the Life-Master's most wonderful creations: an intelligence unhuman and immaculate; that craves human love as a child craves the love of its parents, and yet whose own place, always longed for, is the sunlit solitudes of Nature. He is the principle agent of Prospero's power; there is nothing but beauty, delight, and wonder in him; and yet he must be controlled as firmly as Caliban must; to him, as to Caliban, Prospero seems wholly a tyrant — though to him a tyrant beloved.

Ariel's songs are little miracles of poetry. There is no more human cerebration in them than in the drowsing of a dumbledar on a summer's noon from blossom to blossom, or the whisper of a distant lazy sea. They do not make any sense at all, as we say; and yet they have perhaps as much as any lyric in the language that supreme power of poetry which is its ability to lead our human consciousness out of itself and into the great consciousness of Nature. This power of suggesting infinity is the highest magic there is in art.

By Ariel, then, Shakespeare means the imagination that sees out beyond self into the vast magical universe of non-self: this is the instrument of the universal Prospero's triumph — the means whereby the hidden divinity in man may come into its own and reign. *Sympathy* is one word of it, or the first letter of it; it is the power to step into other people's shoes, as we say; and not into *people's* merely, but *things'* as well.

Ariel may be contrasted with the jolly merry mischievous Puck of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*; whose business there is chiefly to try confusions with the clowns. So here is Ariel's with Caliban and the drunken sailors; but all to a much more serious end, so that we feel that the writing of the earlier play was mere practice for the writing of this. Invisible Ariel is to upset their conspiracies; and to do so, he needs but negate their ill suggestions with the sharp denial *Thou liest!* And this too is practical wisdom, which who hath ears to hear, let him hear! The truth and beauty of Nature, says Shakespeare, are a magical power which can give the lie decisively to every prompting of the beast in man.

Speaking of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*,— that of course is the play with which *The Tempest* most instantly challenges comparison.

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These are the two in which the Life-teacher leads us into the realms of Faërie. Hazlitt says that the former is the greater poem, the latter the greater play; but this judgment, especially the second dictum of it, is very disputable. *Midsummer Night* is the fresh adventure of the Boy-Poet into Fairyland (near Athens-on-Avon in Warwickshire); he riots there irresponsible in company with a pack of hempen homespuns whose antics keep his sides gloriously shaking; — but *The Tempest* is the stately voyage of mellow perfection and maturity, through magical seas beyond the sunset. For irresponsibility you have a grave and tender wisdom; and the fairies, that were before but petulant poetic children, are now right fairies: — lovely apparitions incomprehensible,— beneficent and exquisite spirits of the vasty deep.

There are perhaps, as Hazlitt argues, fewer quotable passages of exiguous beauty; but that is because the whole play is such a passage. In none other is there so glowing, jewel-like, rainbow-like, an effect of color. In *Midsummer Night* the hues are the flickering greens and browns of an English woodside, blue-flecked above with sky-glimpses,— or the staidness of an English dusk, faintly rippled through with elf-lights. Or in *Romeo and Juliet* we have the burning color of human passion; so too in *Antony and Cleopatra*, but there with pomp and magnificent opulence, imperial Rome and Egypt, added.

But through *The Tempest* one senses an effect of subtropical sunsets: the splendors and sapphires of a Mediterranean or Caribbean evening, the cloud-capped towers and gorgeous palaces of the Islands of the Blessed. Like the dying dolphin of mythology, Shakespeare would go out in a glory of color; but there is no riot or wild disordered excess in it: he is all serene Prospero here: master-enchanter — lord of every hue and shadow. It is as if the grandest sweetest music of Nature herself were the accompaniment played to his exit, because he had achieved perfection and majestic harmony at the last, and went out her peer.

## NEWS FROM THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL FIELD

OBSERVER



FROM A. D. 43 to 400, England was occupied by the Romans, and constant new discoveries are being made of the foundations of Roman cities, roads, and villas. London was the commercial capital then as now, and the precise position of its market-place, or Forum, has long been a subject of inquiry. Early this year the question has been settled by the discovery of the remains



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of a handsome arcaded portico with an arcade leading from it at the northwest corner of Lombard Street. From previous discoveries it has been calculated that the Forum of London was 450 ft. from east to west by 350 ft. from north to south, and it includes the old fountain in Cornhill from which distances from London were reckoned for hundreds of years. Roman London was composed of two parts, one occupying Cornhill and its neighborhood, while the other covered the hill on which St. Paul's Cathedral stands. Cornhill seems to have been the most important of the two divisions, as the original London Bridge was built on its bank. A stream or inlet separated the two towns, and its name Wallbrook is still in use though the water was diverted long ago.



THE American School of classical studies in Athens supported financially by forty American colleges, has undertaken the big undertaking of uncovering an extensive area in the city of Athens. The buildings condemned will cost about a million dollars and fifty thousand a year will be spent in the work of excavation. Among other remains to be revealed are the Painted Stoa where the Stoic school of philosophy was inaugurated, and many temples and other public buildings. Professor E. Capps, head of the Latin Department at Princeton University, and chairman of the American School in Athens, says:

"It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of the work. It should result in even more important disclosures concerning Greek classical civilization, history, and art, than resulted from the excavation at Pompeii, as Athens was, of course, of far greater importance than the Italian city."

The Greek government is already working on the Parthenon, restoring with great care the fallen blocks of the temple which were scattered widely by the tragic explosion which destroyed it in 1687.



THE small statuette of Socrates, recently acquired by the British Museum, is the only complete full-length figure of the philosopher known, though many busts are extant. It is not of contemporary make but is probably an excellent likeness, and it confirms the tradition that Socrates was by no means good-looking. It is a proof that a very great soul can be confined in a physical vehicle which by no means expresses its nobility. Socrates is said, however, to have had very strong passions which required all his tremendous will-power to subjugate, and it is probably this side of his nature which stamped its image on his grotesque physical frame.



A GREAT discovery has been made at Pompeii of a perfect bronze statue of a youth standing on its original pedestal. It was originally

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gilded and the pupils of the eyes were inlaid with enamel or glass, but they have perished. The statue is life-size, and according to Dr. Maiuri, an Italian authority on art, it belongs to the School of Pheidias, and possibly it is from the hand of the great master himself. It is supposed to represent the winner in a boys' contest at Olympia in 436 B. C.



CZECHOSLOVAKIA is well to the front in archaeological exploration. An expedition under direction of Dr. Salac of the Charles University of Prague, has just reported many interesting discoveries on the akropolis of the ancient Greek city of Kyme in western Asia Minor, hitherto unexplored. A handsome Ionic temple of the fourth century B. C. with statues and reliefs of great interest believed to be connected with the mysteries of Osiris and Isis was excavated, and also a house filled with beautifully colored and decorated pottery. Rows of columns and a forum were also found which demonstrate the importance of the city in Roman times.

Another distinguished Czech, Dr. Bedrich Hrozy, has recently been exploring in Asia Minor in the territory of the mysterious Hittite empire, and it seems that we are now on the point of obtaining a reasonably clear idea of the Hittites and of their language largely through Professor Hrozy's efforts, and those of Professor Forrer of Germany, and the philologists at Johns Hopkins, Princeton, Pennsylvania, Yale, and Harvard Universities.

The Hittites were one of the three great neighboring and contemporary empires of the ancient world, the others being Egypt and Babylonia, but we know remarkably little about the Hittites, whose empire, about 1200 B. C., split into a number of small states which were soon conquered by the Assyrians and disappeared completely. As Professor Bender of Princeton says:

"Probably no other great empire ever vanished from history and left so little trace behind. The reason for the almost complete oblivion that swallowed up the Hittites seems to be that they had no mission in literature, religion, or art, no gift to the world. They represented mere physical domination. The records show that they were a proud, warlike, and haughty people, but they made little intellectual or artistic contribution."

The Hittites possessed iron-mines on the coast of Northern Asia Minor and the tablets recently deciphered confirm the belief that they introduced iron into general use in Western Asia, and even in Egypt where it was greatly prized in early times. Iron clamps are found in the Third Pyramid of Ghizeh. They were used to fix the casing-stones of the subterranean tomb-chamber to the native rock. A letter is extant from an early Egyptian Pharaoh asking for a load of iron from the Hittite king as a favor, and saying that if a whole load could not be despatched

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at once a good iron sword would be welcome as soon as possible.

The Hittite stone-tablets which have at last been partially deciphered after years of labor, were found near the village of Boghaz-Keui, near Angora, the new capital of Turkey. Many of them were excavated in regular order in the ruins of the Hittite State Library and Archives-Building. They are written in the well-known Babylonian cuneiform (arrowheaded) characters, but not in the Babylonian language. This fortunate circumstance made the deciphering easier than it would have been if written in unknown characters, but the problem has called for the greatest skill and ingenuity on the part of the distinguished philologists who have worked on it for more than fourteen years. Numerous other Hittite tablets in hieroglyphics (or picture-writing) have been studied for years but no success has yet been attained in reading them. It seems doubtful whether much of general interest will be found on the Hittite inscriptions, except valuable linguistic information as to the ancestry of many of the modern European languages, but one tablet contains a most interesting account of Troy. The whole story of the Trojan war was considered a myth until Schliemann made his excavations, but now it has become history, and the Hittite inscription may throw more light on it.


The origin and development of languages is a subject of constant discussion, and in recent years most of the older theories have been discarded, plausible as they seemed at the time and passionately as they were defended. The general belief today is that there was an 'Indo-European' mother-tongue, spoken by some unknown but highly intelligent race or races (not 'Nordic,' which Dr. Bender declares is a myth), probably living in Lithuania about 4000 years ago, who migrated to many distant regions and contributed largely to the languages of the peoples they amalgamated with. The traces of the supposed Indo-European language found in the newly-deciphered Hittite inscriptions are about a thousand years older than those on certain Greek and Latin inscriptions which were previously the oldest known.

Dr. Bender gives some examples of these primitive words which have come down to us with little change, for instance 'Tat' for 'that,' 'Esme' which is good Lithuanian today for 'I am,' 'Uatdar' for 'water,' 'Who' in Hittite is 'Kuis,' and 'What' is 'Kuid' as in Latin 'quis' and 'quid.'

The tablets found were in eight languages, six of which were previously unknown. Among them was the Sumerian which was spoken in Mesopotamia five or six thousand years ago, and survived as a sacred language taught in Hittite schools, as Latin is now sometimes taught.

## EX-TOMMY

[The following article first appeared in a supplement to *Öresundsposten*, Hälsingborg, Sweden, edited by Mrs. Kristina Borg. The writer, 'Litos,' has often contributed to this paper scholarly articles in defense of Theosophy, many of which have been republished in THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH. Knowing that the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society stands consistently for Peace and against War, 'Litos,' who is a Ph.D. and Professor of modern languages in one of the Government High-Schools in Sweden, translated this short sketch and sent it to the Editor.]

T was last summer on the Embankment near Cleopatra's Needle. On the broad asphalt pavement there lay a poorly dressed man with a tired look, drawing figures in colors. Almost the whole day he was working there, for I saw him begin his pictures in the morning, and only late in the afternoon did he put the finishing touches to them. Then he sat down with his cap in his hand to see if it were true that the laborer is worthy of his hire.

Evidently he had done his best, and throughout his work there was evidence of an unaffected belief in the good. Within arabesques and scrolls there were seen the warmest thoughts of the great English poets. They were no appeals to charity, but real poetry of such contents that the words must go directly to the reader's heart.

A picture of the Parliament-House with Big Ben reflected in the Thames, and another representing a steamer below the bridge, were not at all bad. The drawings may have filled a score of yards of the length of the pavement. But beyond, there lay another similar artist, and farther away still another. They were all poorly dressed, pale and tired. Evidently none of them had learned his art at an Academy, for those who believe that they have reason to be proud of their genius, do not throw it away on the pavement.

It is interesting to see how people behave, when they see such a scene as the one described above. Probably most passers-by judged the drawings as merely many-colored figures or rubbish, for only a few of them hastily glanced at the artists and still more seldom did these get what they desired. Thus one might have seen children either hasten along thoughtlessly, or with quite as great lack of sympathy study the drawings closely. The intentions of the artists were also ignored by the more well-dressed passers-by. On the other hand you might have seen a simply dressed man with his large family hurriedly fling a penny into the beggar's cap. He at least had understood the heart's language.

The reader has of course understood by the title what all this is about. The old grenadier that Runeberg tells of, sang his street-ballad

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

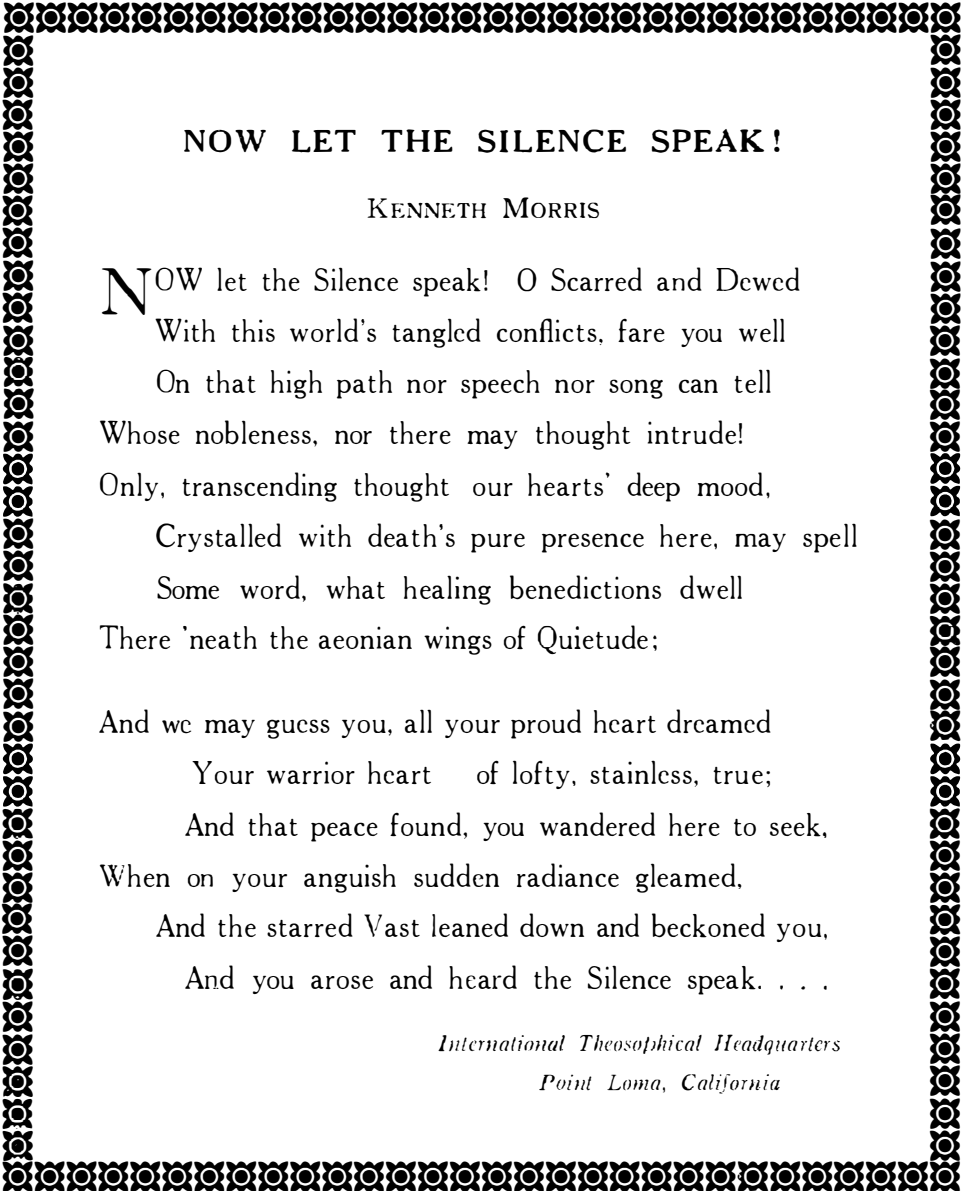
to the public, but these Ex-Tommies disturbed no one with their unmusical voices. Besides, it would not have been fitting in our days, when everybody wants to see something and only unwillingly listens to what is said. Therefore the drawings.

But the facts are the same now as before. War is not only cheers for the departing troops, nor even the laurels of the returning medal-covered general. It is also something else. . . . One of its reverses may be seen when the many raggedly dressed and mutilated soldiers return. A humble part of the survivors get, as a kind of consolation, a medal that can be shown but does not still the pangs of hunger. The rest get nothing, not even their fellow-men's pity. They are nameless, for their country, their mother, has forgotten them. Dumb and mutilated they lie on the bank of the great river, the river of men that runs through the great desert of stones. That is Ex-Tommy's fate. — LITOS

## OUT IN THE OPEN

F. M. PIERCE

**G**IVE me the Open Country — the sweep  
Of the big, wide plains!  
Give me the sky for a tenting, to let  
In the winds and the rains!  
Blankets I'll make of a mooseskin,  
Clothing from skins of the deer:  
They will give me for breakfast and supper  
Streamed water the nectar to cheer!  
The wild fowl and fish will befriend me,  
Nor suffer from capture for greeds;  
Wild flowers shall say grace at my table —  
All giving to life's simple needs.  
Berries and roots that are luscious,  
To make sinews that never know pain;  
And a will and a heart that shall serve,  
And never give way under strain.  
I will ambush the bees with their honey,  
Lure herbs to yield me their juice;  
Nature to give me her bounty —  
She glad to my selfless use.



NOW LET THE SILENCE SPEAK!

KENNETH MORRIS

NOW let the Silence speak! O Scarred and Dewed  
With this world's tangled conflicts, fare you well  
On that high path nor speech nor song can tell  
Whose nobleness, nor there may thought intrude!  
Only, transcending thought our hearts' deep mood,  
Crystalled with death's pure presence here, may spell  
Some word, what healing benedictions dwell  
There 'neath the aeonian wings of Quietude;

And we may guess you, all your proud heart dreamed  
Your warrior heart of lofty, stainless, true;  
And that peace found, you wandered here to seek,  
When on your anguish sudden radiance gleamed,  
And the starred Vast leaned down and beckoned you,  
And you arose and heard the Silence speak. . . .

*International Theosophical Headquarters  
Point Loma, California*

## OUT IN THE OPEN

She will open to me her secrets,  
Her mysteries in store;  
Bringing a pure heart,  
She will teach to me her lore

I will nestle their cubs for the mothers,  
And teach them new tricks in their games  
With the lion lie down for my rest;  
For love the savagest tames.

The quail shall make me their mating,  
And whistle me come to their camps;  
And the song-birds shall wake me at dawn,  
And be chums on my wide-running tramps.

Away from the bruise of my fellows,  
I will send brave thoughts to my kind;  
That they venture on peace — and there dare!  
In their thoughts all strife undermined.

I will sing to the breezes' harping,  
And be vocal, leading the storms!  
I will let the zephyrs to lull me  
And yield to night's sylphin charms.

With the loves of my heart I'll go dreaming  
Beyond the borders of thought!  
We will gather the roses of heaven  
By love's pure crafting wrought.

The morning the noon and the evening,  
The light and the darkness make mine.  
Shall life escape me wherever  
A soul, out free — and divine?

These! — out in the Open with Freedom,  
My way on the sun-kissed sod!  
I will grow a stature for man,  
Nor stop when I rise up, a god,

The sun the vesture about me,  
My purpose all life to redeem:  
What then shall stay or debar me  
To be of the Will Supreme!

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

Ruler of Boundless Freedom,  
Helper up its incline:  
The travail of all ascending,  
Easing — as Love did mine.

[Inspired by the big Dakota plains]

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