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How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace, that bringeth good tidings of good.— *Isaiah, lii, 7*

THE TRUE FUNCTION OF SCIENCE: by H. Travers, M. A.



AT such a critical time in history as the present, it is scarcely possible to consider any subject as though it were detached from the one great problem that is before us — the problem of the harmonious regulation of human life. Though we may leave open the question whether any subjects, such as science, literature, and art, can be studied in a detached manner during times of peace and comparative tranquillity; we shall be forced by circumstances to the practical conclusion that all our powers must at the present time be focused to the one predominant end. We are in the midst of widespread and desolating war; and after it is over, there is every prospect of strife of another kind, such as inevitably follows in the wake of war. It may be long before we find ourselves at leisure to pursue studies in the detached manner of the amateur.

The word "science" means "knowledge"; and from this it follows that the word in its ordinary acceptance does not come up to the level of its derivative meaning. For ignorance is the cause of our present troubles, and we find that what is called science has contributed greatly to the intensity of the struggle now going on. By a strange irony, too, we find this science divided against itself, as doctors do their honest best to counteract the work of chemists and mechanics.

Knowledge is what we want, to lift us out of the confusion in which we seem so hopelessly involved; and the question whether or no science can help us, depends on the extent to which science represents the ancient and glorious lineage of its name, and ceases to be a mere will-o'-the-wisp leading man by the noose of his passions through the weary swamps of ignorance.

We can scarcely use the name of science as a word to conjure

with, so long as we leave it undefined and subject to any meaning that people may choose to attach to it. No earnest and reflecting person can read with much enjoyment of the achievements of mechanics in inventing engines deliberately designed for destruction; nor even in devising machines which, though not so intended, will inevitably be so employed. And even the work of doctors, though so nobly employed in mitigating the dire effects of "scientific" warfare, may at any moment be used — perhaps are even now being used — for purposes which the imagination but too readily suggests. For to what other end does the rigid logic, with its false premisses, to which we appeal, lead us, if not to the conclusion that *any* means is justifiable which can achieve the end we have in view? Truly it is hard to draw a line posted with the sign, "Thus far shalt thou go and no further."

The knowledge that can overcome selfishness, whether the individual or the collective kind of selfishness, is the only knowledge that can be rightly called by that name and by the name of science. Apart from those branches of science that can be, and are being, abused, even the harmless branches, such as geology, astronomy, and the study of nature, will have to be considered bypaths; and it is likely that necessity, if not the sense of duty, will lessen the opportunities of amateurs to spend their time in these profitable and innocent pursuits.

There is that in human nature which can turn science, religion, and everything else into a mere adjunct to selfishness and confusion; and it may be said with considerable truth that what is called modern science has but gotten man out of one rut to land him in another. Religion has been made the means of chaining down man's aspirations to materialistic and hopeless dogmas about his own nature and destiny; and science has suffered the same fate. For we find our exhibitions filled with striking representations of an altogether false and misleading account of the origin and nature of man, and whole schools of children taken there to be instructed in these scientific dogmas. Many people must be asking themselves how a stable order of society is to be built on a belief that man is merely an intellectual animal. They know that such an order can only be built on a sure and enduring faith in such things as conscience and honor and the power of good — things which this false so-called science does not reckon with at all. For the present troubles have surely rung the death-knell for that fatuous superstition that selfish instincts, if left

to themselves, will somehow work out to the good of all. And yet this is the very superstition bolstered up by this quasi-science, which tries to formulate an "evolution" of morality from blind instinct, and to represent all social self-government as being nothing more than a mutual accommodation of selfish desires. We ought to have learned now that many little selfishnesses make up a few great selfishnesses, and that a brotherhood of thieves is not remarkable for solidarity. The illogical doctrines of materialism, stating that germs can grow without having any latent power, either external or internal, has been applied to social and moral questions, with the result of this awful superstition that evil will somehow evolve good, and man's selfish passions be mysteriously transmuted into lofty morals by the same blind process.

Instead of waiting for powers to evolve, man has to use the powers which he has; and the great thing which he has to study is himself. So science, in its true sense, is that which gives a man knowledge about himself.

In such times of confusion, people are looking to Theosophy to see whether it has anything to offer that can help; for they feel that, behind the manifestations which the work of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society is able to show, there must lie some such hidden spring of power based on knowledge. But people have perhaps not earned the right to make knowledge drop into their laps, and so they may often have to make considerable efforts in search of their object. They may have to find their way through a cloud of misrepresentations about Theosophy, promulgated partly by agencies that work to obscure the light, and partly by people who have travestied Theosophy by purveying grotesque doctrines under that name. But we can point to the teachings of H. P. Blavatsky, the founder of the Theosophical Society, and to those of William Q. Judge, her successor, in support of the authenticity of the teachings now being practically demonstrated by their successor Katherine Tingley. Tried by this touchstone, the true Theosophical teachings can be distinguished by their sensible and practical character.

Reincarnation is one of such teachings. It is obvious that a belief in Reincarnation does not constitute the basis of modern theories of life, either past, present, or prospective. Consequently we have in Reincarnation a new idea (new to the Occident), something untried and promising. But Reincarnation is one with, and inseparable from,

the other teachings of Theosophy, especially that of the great universal law of Karma. The Law of Karma does not form a basis of modern thought — and how could it, where Reincarnation (without which it is unexplainable) is not accepted? With these are closely linked the teachings as to the dual nature of man, the Spiritual powers in man, the existence of perfected men who help the human race, and many other teachings.

It is perhaps true that teachings alone cannot do much, and that human agencies are always required when work is to be done; but the Theosophical Society and Universal Brotherhood has its Leader and Official Head, Katherine Tingley, with her cabinet of advisory and executive officers, and all the students of Theosophy who are united in mutual endeavor and in support of their chosen Leader. This at least is a human agency, capable of giving effect to those teachings, which else might remain a dead letter. And this may suffice to explain the seeming wonder of the efficiency of the Theosophical Society and Universal Brotherhood. It can be seen from this example that the aforesaid teachings, set in motion by a capable body under an efficient Leader, can solve problems for which the world at large is vainly seeking a solution; and thus we may get a glimpse of the direction in which humanity's hope for the future lies.

It would make a vast difference to life if everybody believed implicitly in Reincarnation, having no doubts on the matter. For what wonder if people are confused when they try to accommodate the actual facts of life to such a false theory as that which holds that man has but one short life on earth! Nature takes no account of such theories of ours. With our attention concentrated on the life of the body and its interests, we fail to perceive the greater and grander issues at stake, and find ourselves at variance with the unknown powers that guide our destiny. Science ought to teach us to understand our destiny and the powers that guide it; that would be true science.

Education is a great topic, but we do not find that the child is educated as though he were an immortal Soul, passing through a particular phase of experience in a bodily tenement into which he has newly been born. We do not find the parent regarding himself as entrusted with the most sacred and honorable duty of protecting that Soul during the years of its helplessness, when it trusts itself to mortal arms that so often fail in their requital of that trust. Instead, we find

a medley of strange doctrines and theories about the nature of the human child, each theory more strange and improbable than the last; and it is on such speculations that we are asked to base our schemes of education for the future, in the wild hope that thereby light and harmony may somehow emerge! Truly there is need of a little real science.

Man is always afraid that other somebodies are trying to take away his independence in order to subject him to their will. But by his very efforts to avoid this fate, he steers himself directly into it. And so the wily ones find him easy to manage. His cupidity, vanity, or selfishness are readily inflated by appeals to "patriotism," or "class rights," and so forth; and thus he is driven on in herds to whatever fate these unseen directive forces may have in store for him. In the name of patriotism he kills his brother, and his brother kills him; and then the pair of them figure on respective "honor-lists"!

H. P. Blavatsky, who founded the Theosophical Society in fulfilment of the plans of the Helpers of humanity, saw that our civilization needed the help of Science; and in her great work *The Secret Doctrine* she has defended the name of Science by contrasting all the dogmas and futile speculations that parade under that name with the light of the sublime teachings which she had to impart. It was she who thus started the great wave of thought that has undermined the old materialistic position to such an extent already, and is now showing itself in a revulsion to the ancient faith in Soul as the foundation of all life.

Theosophy includes a finite domain of knowledge concerning the invisible realms of nature, the astral light, the various orders of beings, and the mysterious forces in nature and man; but Theosophy can offer no inducements to mere curiosity or to ambition and desire; for by so doing, it would frustrate its own object. Knowledge is the result and reward of service, and the first step is devotion to impersonal ends. So, while not much can be said in a public address, (even supposing one were qualified to say it), yet the assurance can be given that all who truly desire to understand their own life, to live it aright, and to be of service in the world, will find themselves at the entrance to the path of knowledge, which leads upwards forever; and Theosophy will have proved itself for them the true Science.

STUDIES IN SYMBOLISM: by F. J. Dick, M. Inst. C. E.

III. TIAHUANACO, BOLIVIA, AND ITS SIGNIFICANCE



THE first three pages of the accompanying illustrations represent some fragments of sculptured stone found among the ruins on the newly discovered site of the ancient town of Taraco, situated about two days' journey from the village of Tiahuanaco, on the shore of Lake Titicaca; and also other fragments from the ruins of the temple of Ak-kapana, Tiahuanaco. These were taken to Europe by their discoverer, Professor Julius Nestler, of Prague, who is an enthusiastic believer in there having existed a close connexion between the ancient Tiahuanaco civilization and the lost Atlantis races and culture. He also says, "the article, 'The Lost Atlantis,' in *THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH* of July 1914, gave me some highly interesting items."

The first figure is from the gateway at Taraco, which Professor Nestler says is somewhat similar to the famous one at Tiahuanaco. The second is stated to be from the upper portion of the central figure on the latter, so perfectly illustrated and described in that splendid monument of archaeological research, *Die Ruinenstätte von Tiahuanaco*, by Stübel and Uhle, (Leipsic, 1892). The remainder are heads from the walls of Ak-kapana, part of a winged figure from the monolithic gateway, etc. The last pages of illustrations are from Stübel and Uhle's work.

Alexander Humboldt was the first among the moderns to point out the existence of the antiquities of the American continents. He was followed by Stephens, Catherwood, and Squier; and in Peru, by d'Ortigny and Dr. Tschudi. Peru — and Tiahuanaco was in the highlands of old Peru — surpasses Egypt in the number and extent of cyclopean structures, while the pyramid of Cholula exceeds the Great Pyramid of Egypt in breadth. Walls, fortifications, terraces, water-courses, aqueducts, bridges, temples, burial grounds, whole cities, and splendidly paved roads, hundreds of miles in length, stretch in an unbroken line over almost the whole land. On the mountains, these are built of porphyritic lime, granite, and silicated sandstone. On a conservative estimate, the total length of cyclopean walling in the Peruvian valleys would encircle the globe ten times. Most of these remains are covered with vegetation.

The hieroglyphs that cover whole walls and monoliths were as

much a dead letter to the Incas as to the moderns. The Incas attributed them to their *unknown* predecessors. And yet the Incas must have had a long history, and their traditional beliefs, in the form they have reached us, were not improbably derived from those predecessors, unless we extend the meaning of the word "Inca" to include those predecessors. Thus their Sun-god, with Mama Ocollo Huaco, and their children Manco Capac, were the counterparts of Osiris, Isis, and Horus in Egypt, as well as of the several Hindû gods, etc. One story relates that for the purpose of restoring order among the warring Incas, the Sun-god and Mama Ocollo Huaco appeared on an island in Lake Titicaca and then proceeded to Cuzco, where they began to disseminate civilization. Manco Capac taught men agriculture, legislation, architecture, and the arts; Mama Ocollo taught the women weaving, spinning, embroidery, and house-keeping.

Thus, though claiming descent from the archaic celestial pair, they were utterly ignorant of the people who built the ruined cities that covered their whole empire, extending over 37 degrees of latitude, and including the eastern slopes of the Andes.

Considered as Son of the Sun, and in this resembling the custom among ancient Chinese, Japanese, Egyptians, and Brâhmans, every reigning Inca was high priest, chief captain in war, and absolute sovereign. The highest officers of the land could not appear shod in his presence. There were of course, as is well known, many other parallels between ancient Inca, and ancient Eastern civilizations.

The puzzle of how these peoples, planted at the four corners of the earth, had nearly identical civilizations and art has surely but one solution, namely, that there must have been a time when no ships were needed to connect these now widely separated lands, as was pointed out by H. P. Blavatsky in 1880.

The temple of the Sun at Cuzco was the latest of five distinct styles of architecture in the Andes alone, and with the possible exception of some things at Machu Pichu, the mountain city some fifty miles northwest of Cuzco discovered by Professor Bingham (*National Geographical Magazine*, April 1913, and February 1915), it is perhaps the only known important Peruvian structure that can be safely attributed to the Incas.

As to pre-Inca antiquities, one may recall Humboldt's observations anent the guano on the Chinca and other islands, which, he said, during the three hundred years since the conquest, had "formed only

a few lines in thickness." Yet under sixty feet of this guano water-pots, golden vases, etc., were found. At say six lines, or half an inch in three hundred years, this would give an antiquity to those relics of about 450,000 years.

Lake Titicaca, 160 miles in length, is nearly 13,000 feet above the sea, being the highest lake of similar size in the world. Its waters once were about 135 feet higher and thus surrounded the place where are now the ruins of the temple of Ak-kapana, Tiahuanaco, which undoubtedly belong to the pre-Inca period, "as far back as the Dravidian and other aboriginal people preceded the Aryans in India." We have every reason to doubt whether the Incas were of the Aymara race at all. The language of the Aymaras is quite distinct from the Inichua — the tongue of the Incas.

The monolithic doorways, pillars, and "stone-idols"—so-called—are sculptured in a style wholly different from any other remains of art found in America. D'Orbigny wrote:

These monuments consist of a mound raised nearly 100 feet, surrounded with pillars—of temples from 600 to 1200 feet in length, opening towards the east, and adorned with colossal angular columns—of porticos of a single stone, covered with reliefs of skilful execution, displaying symbolic representations of the Sun, and the condor, his messenger—of basaltic statues loaded with bas-reliefs, in which the design of the carved head is half Egyptian—and lastly, of the interior of a palace formed of enormous blocks of rock completely hewn, whose dimensions are often 21 feet in length, 12 in breadth, and 6 in thickness. In the temples and palaces, the portals are not inclined, as among those of the Incas, but perpendicular; and their vast dimensions, and the imposing masses of which they are composed, surpass in beauty and grandeur all that were afterwards built by the sovereigns of Cuzco.

He, like Messrs. Stübel and Uhle, held these ruins to have been the work of a race far anterior to the Incas. The tradition, belonging to the place, that it was inhabited during, as well as after, days of actual darkness and suffering, proves nothing as to the actual date of the ruins.

But what, we venture to say, the famous "Doorway of the Sun" at Tiahuanaco *does* prove, is that the Secret Doctrine and Wisdom-Religion of antiquity was known to the designer of that doorway; or at all events some of the principal aspects of the ancient teachings, brought over from Atlantean times. And moreover, no other ancient stone relic in the whole world, known to us, evinces this more clearly. For this reason, the Bolivian government are to be congratulated on

their decision to forbid the deportation of further relics from that country. At the same time both they and we have reason to be thankful for the magnificent work carried to a successful completion by Stübel and Uhle, through which every feature, down to the minutest detail, has been faithfully preserved for the use of future generations.

Before considering this doorway in detail, which it is almost useless to do, except for the benefit of those already somewhat familiar with at least *The Key to Theosophy*, if not with *The Secret Doctrine* itself, the following extract from the latter work may serve to introduce the subject.

Atlantis and the Phlegyan isle are not the only record that is left of the deluge. China has also her tradition and the story of an island or continent, which it calls Ma-li-ga-si-ma, and which Kaempfer and Faber spell "Maurigosima," for some mysterious phonetic reasons of their own. Kaempfer, in his *Japan*, gives the tradition: The island, owing to the iniquity of its giants, sinks to the bottom of the ocean, and Peiru-un, the king, the Chinese Noah, escapes alone with his family owing to a warning of the gods through two idols. It is that pious prince and his descendants who have peopled China. The Chinese traditions speak of the divine dynasties of Kings as much as those of any other nations.

At the same time there is not an old fragment but shows belief in a multiform and even multigenetic evolution — spiritual, psychic, intellectual and physical — of human beings, just as given in the present work. A few of these claims have now to be considered.

Our races — they all show — have sprung from divine races, by whatever name they are called. Whether we deal with the Indian Rishis or Pitris; with the Chinese *Chim-nang* and *Tchan-gy* — their "divine man" and demi-gods; with the Akkadian *Dingir* and *Mul-lil* — the creative god and the "Gods of the ghost-world"; with the Egyptian Isis-Osiris and Thoth; with the Hebrew Elohim, or again with Manco Capac and his Peruvian progeny — the story varies nowhere. Every nation has either the *seven* and *ten* Rishis-Manus and Prajâpatis; the *seven* and *ten* Ki-y; or *ten* and *seven* Amshâspends (six exoterically), *ten* and *seven* Chaldaean Annedoti, *ten* and *seven* Sephiroth, etc., etc. One and all have been derived from the primitive Dhyân-Chohans of the Esoteric doctrine, or the "Builders" of the Stanzas (Book I). From Manu, Thoth-Hermes, Oannes-Dagon, and Edris-Enoch, down to Plato and Panodoros, all tell us of *seven divine* Dynasties, of *seven* Lemurian, and *seven* Atlantean divisions of the Earth; of the *seven* primitive and dual gods who descend from their celestial abode and reign on Earth, teaching mankind Astronomy, Architecture, and all the other sciences that have come down to us. These Beings appear first as "gods" and Creators; then they merge in nascent man, to finally emerge as "divine Kings and Rulers." But this fact has been gradually forgotten. As Basnage shows, the Egyptians themselves confessed that science flourished in their country only since Isis-Osiris, whom they continue to adore as gods, "though they had become

Princes in human form." And he adds of Osiris-Isis (the divine androgyne):—"It is said that this Prince [Isis-Osiris] built cities in Egypt, stopped the overflowing of the Nile; invented agriculture, the use of the vine, music, astronomy, and geometry."

When Abul-Feda says in his *Historia Anteislamitica* that the Sabaeen language was established by Seth and Edrith (Enoch) — he means by "Sabaeen language" astronomy.— (*op. cit.* II, 365-6)

It is by no means a digression to point out that astronomy is thrice mentioned in the above passage, which suggests more than one reflection. Firstly, that real astronomy is a science of incredible antiquity, brought over from Atlantean times, and retaught to mankind. Secondly, that there were men in the remotest times capable of learning and appreciating both the details and the true meaning of genuine astronomy (see THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH, July, 1911). Thirdly, that the "Sabaeen language," that is, genuine astronomy, was taught as part of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity, something of which there is ample proof. Fourthly, that modern science has not yet the key to this astronomy, despite its wonderful achievements of the last few centuries. Fifthly, that there must have been some good reason for keeping this "language" from the multitude — for we do not even now understand in what sense it can be said that the whole history of humanity, past and future, is written in the Zodiac. Sixthly, that because it had to do with cycles of human destiny, it was also profoundly connected with archaic Symbolism. Seventhly, that even on the physical plane, contemporary science neither knows the truth about the motions of the Earth, to say nothing of their causes, nor about the Sun. How could it, when its "exact" observations only began less than two centuries ago, as against ancient observations covering hundreds of thousands of years? And finally, that the carving on the gateway of Ak-kapana faced the *interior* of the temple, reminding us that this symbolism belonged, and still belongs, to the mysteries of human life and death.

On the last page of *Die Ruinenstätte von Tiahuanaco*, after having given their own tentative conclusions regarding this monolithic gateway, the authors cite Cieza's *Crónica del Perú*, cap. 103, with italics as in the following translations:

Certain Indians relate that it was of a surety affirmed by their ancestors *that there was no light for many days, and that all being in darkness and obscurity,*

the Sun appeared resplendent on this island of Titicaca, for which reason they regarded it as something sacred.

Of course the present "Titicaca Island" was then submerged, and the island would be where Ak-kapana is. Then they again quote from the same work, ii, cap. 5, where the Indians are reported as saying that, far preceding the time of the Incas, there was once

a long period without seeing the Sun, and, enduring great labor by reason of this deprivation, the people made great offerings and supplications to those they held as gods, begging the light they needed; and that being in this condition, there appeared on the island of Titicaca, in the midst of the great lake of Collao, the Sun most resplendent, at which all rejoiced.

Other similar legends are referred to, but there is a circumstantiality about the foregoing which, with *The Secret Doctrine* before one, we venture to think illumines the Sun-portal of Ak-kapana in a way little dreamed by most archaeologists, although the fact that Stübel and Uhle italicized these passages, at the very close of their labor of research, seems to indicate that they had a strong intuition of their truth.

When Berosus informed Kallisthenes that 403,000 years before his time the axis of the Earth coincided with the plane of the ecliptic, he probably knew well enough that the latter had never been initiated. Neither had Suidas. But there is plenty of evidence to show that this important factor in astronomical movement was always part of the temple teachings in ancient times, as is clearly shown in *The Secret Doctrine*. Titicaca must have been for a considerable period annually in complete darkness, at that epoch. And knowing the Sun to be the giver and sustainer of life, possibly in more senses than the moderns suspect, it would not be very surprising if, when the days of darkness there began to diminish, the people rejoiced, and then or subsequently erected a "Temple of the Sun" at the place.

On the interior of the doorway is a central figure of remarkable design. Could it be that this simply represents Humanity?

If so, then the multiform and multigenetic involution and evolution — spiritual, psychic, intellectual, and physical — of human beings stands there, *and has so stood for ages*, plainly to be seen.

The Seven Principles in Man, taught in the ancient Wisdom-Religion, are seen radiating around the head, each having three principal aspects. The dual ascending and descending evolution and involution are typified by the living serpent-trees grasped in either hand. The

Aeon reached is shown by the shape of the head and of the three Inner Planes from which it protrudes. The Root-Race of this Aeon passed and completed is shown by the left hand covering the Fourth division of the scepter, while the right hand and scepter shows that the Fifth has commenced, with two more still to come. The double head of the *left* scepter shows that Man is still physically in the condition reached during the Third.

A glance at the surrounding figures shows the clear distinction drawn between the three Higher Principles and the Lower Quaternary. These also indicate the stage in which it became possible for the Higher to descend. Their divine nature is beautifully suggested by the interior figure surrounding the Inner Eye. Above three divisions on the girdle in the central figure is the Heart, resting on which is again the tripartite Sacred Bird — eloquent, is it not?

The appearance of the two outer eyes in Man, and the Tau, throwing a veil before the inner, is clearly shown. Below the girdle is seen humanity in the physical world. The double scarf, falling across each shoulder, the pendant heads crowned with the living serpents of wisdom and intelligence, should be of interest not only to Freemasons, but to all lovers of Symbolism who are not too infatuated with the “sun-myth” or other more or less materialistic fads. Beneath the central figure, again, is the scene amidst which all the mighty drama of Humanity’s reascent to divinity is enacted, namely the Fourfold Living Manifested Powers of Nature — not blind, dead, mechanical powers, be it noted. There are other interesting details, but the foregoing may suffice for the present.

We cannot conclude this brief notice of that wonderful relic of pre-Inca culture and intelligence and craftsmanship — the work of a Master of Symbolism — the Portal of Ak-kapana, without quoting a passage from H. P. Blavatsky’s first great work, *Isis Unveiled*, published in 1877 (I, 573).

Many are those who, infected by the mortal epidemic of our century — hopeless materialism — will remain in doubt and mortal agony as to whether, when man dies, he will live again, although the question has been solved by long bygone generations of sages. The answers are there. They may be found on the time-worn granite pages of cave-temples, on sphinxes, propylons, and obelisks. They have stood there for untold ages, and neither the rude assault of time, nor the still ruder assault of Christian hands, has succeeded in obliterating their records. All covered with the problems which were solved — who can tell? perhaps by the archaic forefathers of their builders — the solution follows each question;

and this the Christian could not appropriate, for, except the initiates, no one has understood the mystic writing. . . . And so stand these monuments like mute sentinels on the threshold of that unseen world, whose gates are thrown open but to a few elect.

Defying the hand of Time, the vain inquiry of profane science, the insults of the *revealed* religions, they will disclose their riddles to none but the legatees of those by whom they were entrusted with the MYSTERY. The cold, stony lips of the once vocal Memnon, and of these hardy sphinxes, keep their secrets well. Who will unseal them? Who of our modern, materialistic dwarfs and unbelieving Sadducees will dare to lift the VEIL OF ISIS?



BÖHME

JAKOB BÖHME, a mystic and great philosopher, was one of the most prominent theosophists of the medieval ages. He was born about 1573 at Old Diedenberg, some two miles from Görlitz (Silesia), and died in 1624, at the age of nearly fifty. When a boy he was a common shepherd, and, after learning to read and write in a village school, became an apprentice to a poor shoemaker at Görlitz. He was a natural clairvoyant of the most wonderful power. With no education or acquaintance with science he wrote works which are now proved to be full of scientific truths; but these, as he himself says of what he wrote, he "saw as in a great deep in the eternal." He had "a thorough view of the universe, as in chaos," which yet opened itself in him, from time to time, "as in a young planet," he says. He was a thorough-born mystic, and evidently of a constitution which is most rare; one of those fine natures whose material envelope impedes in no way the direct, even if only occasional, intercommunication between the intellectual and spiritual Ego. It is this Ego which Jakob Böhme, as so many other untrained mystics, mistook for God. "Man must acknowledge," he writes, "that his knowledge is not his own, but from God, who manifests the *ideas* of wisdom to the soul of man *in what measure he pleases.*" Had this great Theosophist been born three hundred years later he might have expressed it otherwise. He would have known that the "God" who spoke through his poor uncultured and untrained brain was his own Divine *Ego*, the omniscient deity within himself, and that what that deity gave out was not "what measure he pleased," but in the measure of the capacities of the mortal and temporary dwelling it informed.—*H. P. Blavatsky*

THE NEW WAY FOR THOSE WHO SUFFER:

by Lydia Ross, M. D.



THE real tragedy of human life does not lie in its suffering, but in the fact that, for ages, we have suffered so much to so little purpose. Our most grievous wrongs ever come from the injustice we do ourselves. Even the present generation, frankly self-seeking, and yet eager to reform the world, is blind to the great need of the reformer. Justice, like charity, should begin at home.

Since a good rule is found to work equally well both ways, this test ought to apply to the moral law as well as to mathematic problems. The Golden Rule, after formulating, for thousands of years, what is due to others, is not yet considered a practical guide to action. Might it not be well to try working it out the other way? Would not the moral challenge be made more interesting and up-to-date if he who runs might read it thus: "Do unto yourself that good which all others should do"?

Even if the average reader ran away from this revised version, his very self-interest would incline him to hark back to a subject of personal concern. Whether the rule meant "the good others should do" to the reader or to themselves, would call for some thinking. And the more one thought about it, the more evident it would become to the thinker that he had been wronging himself all along the line. Finally, even the selfish cynic and the devout fanatic would face the common conclusion that he who wrongs himself, certainly will not do right by his fellows, while to do himself full justice is to satisfy the whole law. If the law is satisfied, it will exact no penalty of suffering. That seems a simple enough way to escape from pain, without losing the lesson of it: and in truth it is both simple and certain. It is what Katherine Tingley calls the easy way: "To work with the law, along the lines of least resistance."

When we get down to ourselves and the law which regulates human life, we touch the foundation of all problems. However, it is safe to say that with all our knowledge, the two things of which we know the least are the Self and the law of being. No wonder we suffer!

That such knowledge is to be found somewhere is an inherent belief which runs in the blood, and impels humanity into every avenue of seeking. Always, the living presence of the Truth stirs something akin in the mind and heart with impulse to find and claim its own.

An age when the ancient wisdom is obscured, is marked by medieval inertia and darkness. But whenever Truth is openly recognized, the changes induced by it call forth protesting activity on the part of Error, which instinctively feels challenged to defend its threatened existence.

It is noteworthy that the special wave of modern activities, begun about the middle of the nineteenth century, was coincident with the preparation of H. P. Blavatsky to restore to the Western world the treasures of the old Wisdom-Religion. Her founding of the Theosophical Society in New York in 1875, marked the dawn of a new era of enlightenment, not only for the young American nation, but for the mother countries of this composite people, and for the world at large. Keeping pace with the work she initiated, as Error has been deprived of its time-honored garb and equipment, it has been aroused to adopt subtle disguises. It has reacted into new methods, more attractive to the busy brains and dominating energy which make America a focal point of prevailing thought and action.

For instance, the error of narrow creeds and old superstitions has reached the other extreme of license and skepticism, that, ignoring the majesty of the moral law, worships the power of materialism and the almighty dollar. The old blind faith in a mysterious, supernatural world has reacted into a critical intellectualism, whose brilliancy blinds the intuitive sense to the natural unfoldment of Truth. Unreasoning dogmas, which discounted opportunities for growth during earth-life, and put a premium upon the hereafter, find their reaction in a many-sided new thought movement, with the one object of pooling all present and future issues to gain a mental and material Selfdom. The Puritanical repression, which formerly dwarfed spontaneous expression in the young, has given way to the error of ceding to precocious, undisciplined youth, an unwise and injurious liberty. So persistently are the changes rung upon old economic wrongs, that the confused workers lose sight of the main issue, which is not a mere question of work and wages, but a matter of universal concern: how to make life worthy of the indwelling Soul.

As the folly of bad sanitation has been exposed, Error apparently surrendered, and joined in the slogan of "cleanliness is godliness"—meantime transferring its idle energy to less exposed lines. While improved hygiene lessened the usual contagious and filth diseases, the results of unclean and unwholesome living found other outlets.

There has been an increase in so-called "social diseases," in malignant growths, in mental and nervous disorders, and in perverted forms of vice and crime. Then, as sincere and earnest attempts were made to extend a popular knowledge of eugenics, Error deftly turned this to account, by focusing public curiosity upon subjects hitherto taboo, without elevating the range of impulses related to it. Medically, the growing problem of diseased bodies and disordered minds is complicated by the added error of unnatural, unwholesome animal serums; while the Soul is robbed, under hypnosis, of its will, and the patient is inoculated with the will of another. Strange perversions, leading to capital crimes, are treated by electrocution: and thus the unexpended force of evil impulses are turned loose to prey upon the susceptible in society.

Verily, the time is ripe for such a version of the moral law as shall protect each one with a revelation of what is due to himself, without this knowledge. No amount of cleverness or good intentions can save him from calling down upon himself and upon others, the fate of ignorant victims.

That there is an almost universal failure to "do unto yourself that good which all others should do," is evident in the anomalous conditions of a civilized world at war with itself. The present era has developed peculiar power of organization and conscious, concerted action. But individuals and nations have so signally failed to benefit wisely by these co-ordinating forces, that both are marked with signs of degeneracy and disintegration. In the daily reports of the titanic deadlock upon the reeking battlefields abroad is writ large the story of conflicting dual human forces which everywhere are disintegrating individual soundness, sanity, and morality.

One vainly seeks for a man or woman so at peace within, that the body, mind, and spirit act in harmony. Likewise, in the wider scope of social and industrial activities, the dominant keynotes are not mutual benefit and co-operation, but selfish ambition and competition. So, also, in national life and international affairs, the supreme expression of united, purposeful effort is revealed in military equipments, whose completeness bespeaks a psychology of destruction, which is undermining European civilization. That the evil psychology thus deliberately invoked could be controlled and effectually offset by the living power of Brotherhood is a truth persistently denied and obscured by the forces that vitalize Error. The war demon feels little

fear of intellectual peace propaganda alone, though the arguments are all against him. But one aroused Soul, whose compassionate call evokes the invincible spiritual warrior in the heart of others, is counted a far graver danger by the watchful demon.

If one-half the war revenue of time, money, energy and faith was utilized for the constructive purposes of true unity and peace, the world would be transformed. Not only would the horrors of war forever be made impossible, but nobler types of humanity would reveal, more perfectly, true individual and national life. There is no comparison between life as it could and should be here and now, and the unsatisfying, feverish farce that it is.

Man is said to be a natural-born fighter. So be it then: but he owes it to himself, as heir of all the ages, to win something that is lasting and worth while. It is time he rallied his best forces, and, with his fellows, made common cause against the evils that long have defrauded the race of a divine birthright, and ruled it with despotic power. It were a grievous enough wrong to deny one's higher nature its rightful place in the experience of childhood, youth, maturity, and old age. But the bitter cruelty of this self-inflicted injustice is the continued sowing of unhealthy and ignoble causes, whose effects must be reaped, life after life, in a harvest of disease and suffering.

The Golden Rule is usually interpreted to be mainly a matter concerning others; but the real force of the law most intimately relates to self-interest. Whatever is done to others rebounds with added force upon the doer, however his thought and act affect his other selves. Exercise of any faculty or function, either of the higher or lower nature, strengthens it within; while the karmic reaction from without equals the action in quality and force. To qualify our dealings with others by an outgoing of just, true, pure, generous, and noble feeling, makes us channels of uplifting currents, and creates a beneficent claim which Nature herself will honor, under the karmic law. In like manner, auto-evils and the power of unhappy alliances, are strengthened by making unkind, untrue, and unclean karmic ties.

The justice which returns like for like is no article of man-made creed, but is the cosmic truth of equilibrium. It holds the planets in their orbits, balances the creative and destructive forces in all forms of life, and proves the wisdom and happiness of right action; and the folly and pain of wrong-doing. The law is unerring in operation. Regardless of conditions, it affects equally believer and skeptic,

ignorant and learned, Christian and pagan, young and old, the resigned and the resisting nature.

The just law gives to each incarnating soul, freedom of will to choose the power to create its own world of thought and feeling. But each man must abide by his own creation. His ideas and impulses, thoughts and deeds, go out with living power, and yet are part of himself — his children, facts in his history, which no regret can uncreate, and no lapse of time leave unrecorded. This progeny may be forgotten, unrecognized, denied, modified, or neutralized in effect; but no power can leave him as though they had never been. Mistakes may become tuition in studying his weaknesses, and thus serve to protect from future errors; stumbling-blocks may be made into stepping-stones; and the pain from wrong-doing may become an awakening sword-thrust for the sleeping soul. But no remedy or mere formula or religious rite can unmake the disease, or undo the mistakes and misdeeds which are component parts of the physical, mental, and moral experience.

It takes courage to look oneself in the face and to admit how little of the best good has been claimed for a heritage from many lives. The truth that one's condition is just what he has willed it to be, under the karmic law, comes home with a shock which would bring despair but for the great hope in its liberating light. This self-revealing leaves nothing else to fear. A new courage is born, as the god in man takes control of the divine creative power in his nature, and begins to upbuild a more fitting temple. Even suffering loses its paralysing power for the awakened Soul, who sees that it is a means to an end, and uses it to good purpose.

The old teaching, "Know thyself," has a sacred meaning. Only the Inner Man is fearless enough to face old weaknesses of the lower nature which he alone can subdue. He who understands the forces of his dual nature, cannot be self-deceived and enslaved, or outwardly betrayed and defeated. Justice to himself, as a Soul, leaves no duty undone, no suffering to be feared, and no evil but what the spiritual will, in time, can conquer.

Materialism has had every chance to prove its case and has failed. Because the real man *is a Soul*, his higher nature will give him no peace, until its rights are recognized. A mere animal would feel content and at home in the present conditions of glorified materialism. His nature would find full expression in it; and, at the climax of

his capacity, he could have no unsatisfied sense of failure or incompleteness. Every sign indicates that never have the external conditions of life been so full and free, so rich and desirable, as they are in modern conditions. Yet, instead of intensified interest, satisfying hope and happiness, and confident faith in future progress, there is found everywhere a bored or feverish restlessness, a blighting doubt and disbelief, a blind questioning and weary despair. Nature's realms have been ransacked by art and science that earth and sea and air may yield resources to enhance human power and possessions. Nevertheless, all classes, from fortune's favorites to the most abject, show a pitiable poverty of those inner resources which make human nature equal to the need of the hour.

Withal, the Theosophic thought and life are bringing the vitalizing Truth ever nearer to the heart of humanity. As the long-benumbed Soul feels this liberation in the air, today, men and women, the world over, are aroused to question and seek and change, to doubt and dare. In this conflict of the dual forces of their make-up, the inner struggle reacts visibly upon the body, mind, and spirit. That many suffer from prevalent abnormal conditions who aim to lead temperate, intelligent, and reputable lives, is significant of the influence of the common tie uniting all humanity. By virtue of this inherent Brotherhood, the progressing and sensitized minority are reflecting, negatively, the dominant tone of the commonplace majority. Thorough-going materialists, who are working out their ideas of attainment, are often robust, keen, and self-satisfied. But many finer-grained natures suffer seriously in body and mind, from the disintegrating conflict between their growing possibilities on higher lines, and the retarded currents of life upon lower levels. Their body cells and every function and feeling are jarred out of natural rhythm by the continued unrest of an inner urge for ideal expression, and the pull of sordid social standards, impossible to fully accept and yet not positively rejected.

Change is the order of the day, in this marked period of racial transition. Those who bury their talents for true living, are settling accounts by drafts upon their health, sanity, and happiness. Nature herself calls a halt when we wander too far away from the normal paths of growth. Disease, unsoundness, and suffering are sharp reminders; and she obstructs the path lest we go further wrong.

Anyone who reads between the lines of the daily press, knows that

the average life is a restless, unsatisfied, purposeless round. The same story is written in the lines of the faces one meets everywhere; it is told in the confusing symptoms for which the puzzled physician has missed the key of the incarnating soul; it is pictured in the history of prominent men and women who hold the conventional prizes of ambition in the social, intellectual, financial, and artistic worlds. This envied class furnishes its full quota of the suicides, of neurasthenics, and insane, of malignant diseases in well-cared-for bodies, and even of depravity and crime, in spite of culture and repute.

Natural, all-around growth is no such painful and erratic process as these modern symptoms portray; for the overcoming of personal weakness or ignorance brings a liberating sense of vitality, freedom, and enlightenment. Many natures are becoming sensitized in a racial process of timely development which, were it more balanced individually, and more general, would enhance human relations and contact with the surroundings. Nature intended that a growing responsiveness to the thoughts and feelings of others should be equaled by a gain in quality of the prevailing ideas and impulses. But because the unfolding psychic senses outrun the intuition of an awakening moral nature, the transition period from the old to the new order of things is unbalanced and fraught with unknown dangers and penalties. Any attempt to ignore the Soul as the central fact of existence, and its needs, inevitably produces uneven and unnatural growth. This is the real cause of the unrest, the pursuit of excitement, the nervous tension, the unhappiness, pessimism, and despair which de-vitalize the body, unbalance the mind, and taint the morals of all classes.

A many-sided movement to promote the general welfare is popularly regarded an "awakening of the social conscience." Much splendid work has been done, and not a little good has returned upon the doers from their unselfish service. But the most generous and devoted humanitarian workers cannot give what they still lack themselves. Without a living knowledge of their own duality and of a true philosophy of life, they cannot pass on the clue to others. The social conscience can only possess the composite quality of the individual units composing it. No one can do unto others as he should be done by until he has learned to do right by himself.

One of the ancient sages taught that there was but one sin — Ignorance. Is it not painfully true that this sin and its effects are

visited upon the children, not only unto the third and fourth generations, but age after age? Surely there is a mighty power which counteracts the influence of accumulated error in the faulty human heritage. Otherwise the overwhelming burden of disease and sorrow long since would have crushed all life out of the sad, old earth. If the parents, often devoted enough to literally die for their children, had allied themselves with this inner force, the whole human history would have been different. But the new-born — ever fresh material for regenerating the world — came handicapped with a heritage of parental blindness and conflicting impulses.

It seems like a pitiful farce that, over and over, so much cherished humanity has been sacrificed to keep the same old errors alive. With infinite pains and little satisfying peace, children have been born and reared, have bungled through a maturity that merged into disabling years, ignorant of the meaning of it all, and leaving no clue for those who followed after in the confused, unsatisfying round. It sounds incredible that beings with a divine birthright should act the part of human marionettes, played upon and pulled about by the hundred chords of desire. Could anyone claim to “know” himself who suffered from his weaknesses while this spiritual power was lying fallow in his heart?

Theosophy has a message of peculiar import for those who suffer. Moreover its helpfulness is felt by thousands of weary minds and aching hearts that instinctively turn to it for the strength and comfort which they have vainly sought elsewhere. The sick, the unfortunate, the degraded, the disappointed, the despairing, recognize in its Truth the cure for their Ignorance. The victims of grinding poverty and of unsatisfying wealth; those imprisoned for crime and the slaves of ignoble desires; mourners bereaved by death and those burdened with living trouble; parents awed and humbled by their responsibility: these, and many others, turn to this ancient wisdom with a confidence born of inner knowledge.

The student of Theosophy is challenged to make a living test of its Truth — to apply it to his daily routine. Step by step as, in this way, he makes it his own, there comes a new conception of life and death, and of the immortal Self that easily bridges the gap between them. An applied belief in his higher nature becomes actual knowledge in its utter naturalness, its entire consistency with an innate ideal of peace, and power, and beauty. He who “lives the life” of Theo-

sophy no longer feels like a helpless pawn in a game of chance. He knows himself as a free-willed Soul, self-pledged to learn earth's uttermost lessons, and to be "equal to the event." In the knowledge of Karma and Reincarnation is found the justice of the present and hope for the future.

The haunting fear of death, of finality, of loss and separation, of estrangement and pain and sorrow — realities to the animal body — disappear in the dawning light of certainty that the Real Man is an immortal pilgrim. In this larger vision, the lines of experience which seemed endlessly tangled by Life and hopelessly broken by Death, take on the unity of a perfecting purpose that weaves the universal web of destiny. There is a power in the human heart to cast out all the obsessing devils of confusion and discord, and, as the Nazarene taught, to do "greater things" than these.



I SAW a picture once. It was not made on canvas, bounded by edges, but seemed fashioned from some lasting substance, making almost a reality that stretched away into space.

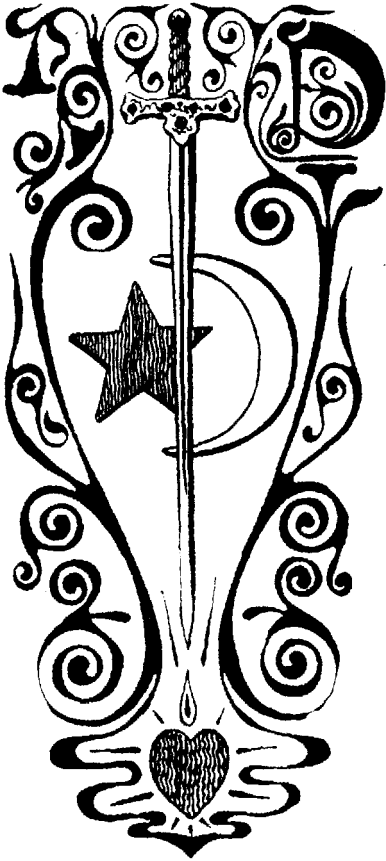
The scene was of a darkened plain, on which a shadow rested. It was not the dusk that follows day, but seemed a shadow of all time. From me in darker lines across the already darkened plain, extended a row of crouching figures. The heavy robe of each covered the lowered head. Motionless, they sat in silence as if their time had passed.

As I gazed wondering at the meaning, this was borne in upon my consciousness: "Each is thyself in the successive moments of thy life."

When the picture had passed I knew I had seen a vision of selfishness. And thereupon I tried to form its opposite — a picture radiant with light, whose name should be Brotherhood; but I could not.

I marveled, and to my questioning mind this answer came: "The picture is not, nor will it be until you have wrought for others as you have wrought for self." — *Narma*

THE NIGHT OF AL KADR: by C. ApArthur



ON Jesús María Guzmán de Altanera y Palafox would go crusading; not to the Holy Land, since opportunity was lacking, but into infidel territories that lay more conveniently at hand. A day's ride from his castle of Altanera de la Cruz lay the stronghold of that stubborn pagan Ali Mumenin al-Moghrebbe; which now it seemed was likely to be lost to pagandom. A third of the spoils to Santiago de Compostella, if Aljamid should be surprised; and this even before the king's fifth had been deducted. Don Jesús was a generous and religious man.

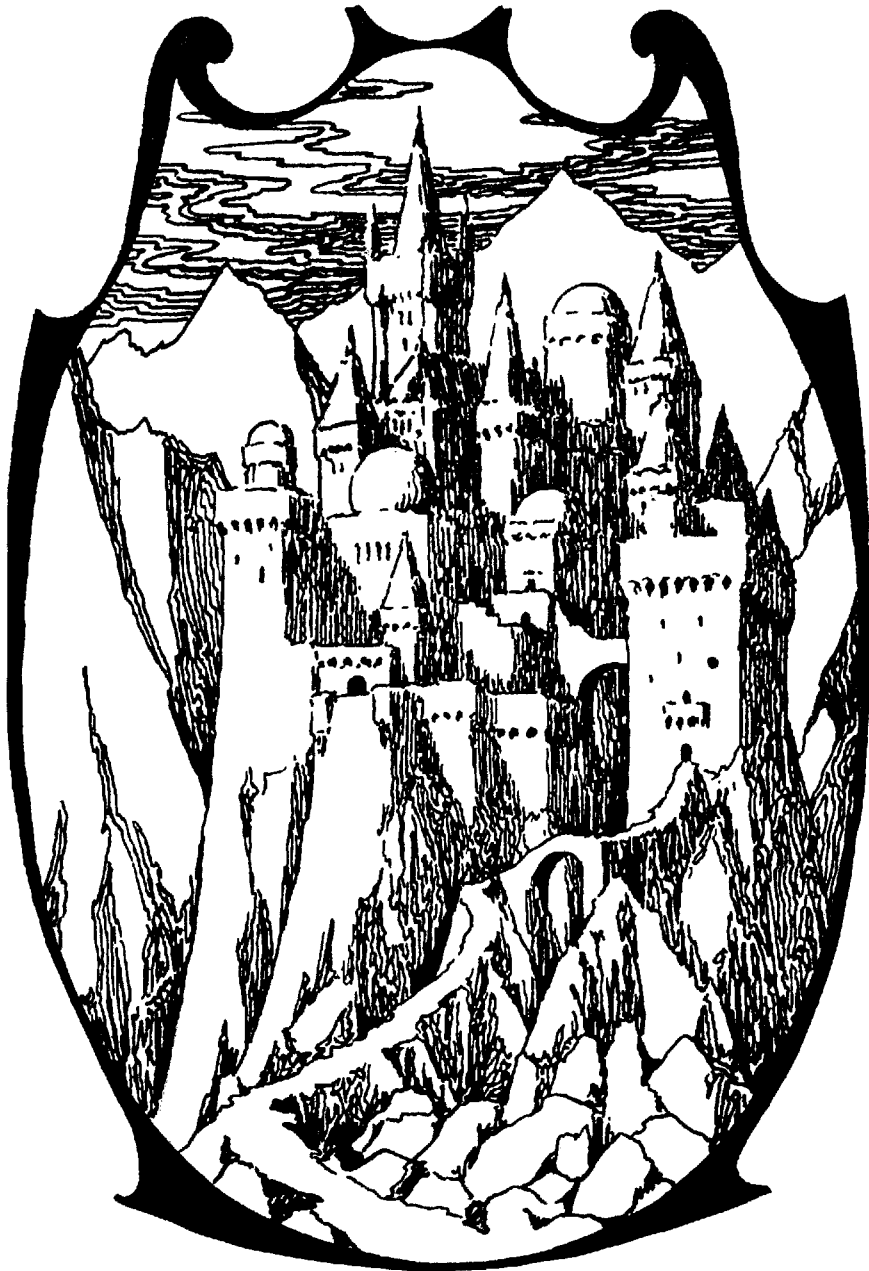
Of the *sangre azul* was this Don Jesús: a Goth, inheriting the ruthless lordliness of the northern hordes that poured into Spain under Adolf and Walia, a thousand years before, and set up turbulent kingdoms on the ruins of the Roman province. His were still the blue eyes and flaxen hair of the north; though Spanish skies and centuries, and a few Celtic mo-

thers perhaps, had wrought in the temper that lay beneath them a certain change for better or worse. Had made subtle and dangerous the old Teutonic bull-at-a-gate impetuosity; had turned half leopard — smooth, graceful, but clawed fearfully — what of old had been all lion and largeness. Such a transmutation may make of brutality a reasoned cruelty; but also kindles a gleam of idealism in the spaces of the soul. The wild warrior of huge feasting and potations becomes the knight much given to prayer; the old thirst for mere big deeds and adventures, a longing after warfares with some glimmer of the spiritual about them. You shall fight, now, for God, the Faith, the Saints, and the Virgin; your cause shall be sanctified; your sword drawn against something you may dub evil; behind your rape and plunder, even, there shall be a kind of vision. Herein lay the difference between Don Jesús and his ancestor, the big-limbed Goth who fought under Walia. The end of the affair, he had every hope, would be indiscriminate slaughter and all the worse horrors of war: hell let loose, after the fashion of the age, on the household of al-Mogh-

rebbe, and no restraint imposed upon its beastly gluttony. None the less, he had taken Mass with his men before ever the portcullis was raised for them to pass, and went forth in exaltation of spirit, as one commissioned of heaven. As he rode down the hill from Altanera de la Cruz in the early morning, you should see in the keen eyes of him, in the spare, aquiline face and firm jaw, possibilities of cruelty and rapacity no doubt, but also the eagle's far glance sunward and beyond, as into things unseen. — The Grand Alchemist, Nature, forever dabbles in humanity: taking these elements and those, mixing them in such and such proportions and at such and such a temperature, and experimenting always after a spiritual type. In old Spain she came very near triumph and crying *Eureka!* — alas, her miss was as bad as many a mile. A little would make Don Jesús a demon; but then, a little might make him something very like a God.

All day they rode, but for a halt at noon; by the time the sun was nearing the snow-peaks westward, they had crested the last ridge of the foothills: had passed the debatable land, and were on the border, you might say, of Infidelity. Here, amid the pines they halted, and looked out towards their prey. From their feet the woods swept down steeply into the valley; beyond, in the shadow of the mountains already, or gilded with slant rays, lay the cornfields and orchards of the pagans; there wound the river, pale under the liquid blue of late afternoon; yonder, bounding the landscape, the majesty of the Sierra, deep purple in shadow, and the purple suffused with a glow of rich silver or faint gold. Far off were the peaks piled up skyward, white against a heaven in which soon the sunset roses would begin to bloom. And gaunt against the glow and gloom of the mountain, something westward of opposite, rose the crag outstanding into the valley, the hither face of it a precipice of four hundred sheer feet; and its crown the castle of Aljamid which Saint James that night should deliver into Catholic hands.

They were to wait where they were for the present, not invading the Moorish lands until after nightfall; and then with muffled hoofs, lest a hornet's nest of heathen should be roused against them before ever they came to their goal.— Of course there was no thought of ascending yonder precipice; for goats and monkeys it might serve, not for Christians. The stormable road ran up from the mountain-side beyond; it was steep and easily defended, they knew; but given a surprise and a guide, not impossible, they hoped, by moonlight. And



a guide Don Jesús had brought with him: one Francisco Rondón, who had been a slave in Aljamid for years, until a certain lightness of the fingers, discovered, brought him into trouble. After that he had achieved escaping; with ideas of avenging, not so much his long duration, as the stripes that had been meted out to him in punishment

by the master of the slaves. It was he who had inspired Don Jesús with the design, having convinced him of its feasibility and profitable nature. Al-Moghrebbe, he knew, was likely to be in Granada that day with the bulk of his men; in any case, it was the holiest night of their Ramadan with the pagans, and there would be much feasting and little watching, after sunset, within the walls. — Of the sanctity of the enterprise Don Jesús needed no convincing.

There then they lay, chatting beneath the pines, till a call from the sentinel brought them to their feet and to the look-out. The garrison was sallying, it appeared; and somewhat late in the day to be destined for Granada. The question was: Had Ali Mumenin heard of their coming, and determined to give them battle in the valley? Unlikely, considering the strength of his walls, impregnable except to surprise (and treachery). But if so, they would take him in the ford; let the Moors be involved in the water; then would the Christians swoop. . . . So they stood by their saddles, ready to mount and thunder down at an instant; the *Cierra España!* you may say, formed in their throats for the shouting.

Dimly the Moslem warriors could be seen emerging from the castle, and for awhile, passing in full view along the road. Then they were hidden, as though the way they took were walled or ran through a ravine; presently they came out on to the mountainside, leading their horses. In single file they came; in groups, in no order, straggling down into the valley; then, at the call of a silver fife or pipe, they began to assemble, and mounted.

Five hundred of them, at the least; instead of the mere fifty of the regular garrison; they would, then, be five to one against the Christians, should it come to fighting. But there were the saints of heaven also to be considered; which put the odds, to Christian thinking, very much on their own side. However, fighting there would be none, it seemed. The Moors had gathered at the foot of the crag, were a-saddle; and now, at another scream of the fife, started: not southward and east, towards the ford and the Spaniards, but northwestward and on the road to Granada. Not yet was the light so dim that one could not see the round shields, the lances, the turbaned helmets; the flutter of white robes over the coats of mail; the prancing and caracoling and beautiful steps of the horses, mostly gray or white, and all with sweeping manes and tails. White-robed horsemen and white beasts, pearl-gray all through the dusk: one

could see, even at that distance, the lovely grace of the horsemanship; every ripple of motion expending itself through horse and rider, as if they were one. . . . Away they rode and out into the dimness of distance; on and up along the river bank, towards the head of the valley, the pass, and Granada. Certainly martial Santiago of Spain was with his Spaniards, who might count their victory won already. . .

They rode down the hill before the light was quite gone; and waited, not long, for the moon to rise before fording the river. A quarter of a mile, then, along the bank, and they turned, and struck up hill under the castle rock; a watch having been posted in the valley. Thence on they led their horses, until a cork grove half way up the slope offered concealment in which these might be left; having tied them, and posted a guard, they went forward in silence. The path was easy enough, until one turned, and faced outward towards the crag of Aljamid. A neck of land, rising steeply towards the fortress, and falling away on either side in sheer cliffs, lay between the mountainside and the stronghold: a way that only goats could have traveled before patient Berber toil of old, cutting steps and passages, made a winding, much-ramparted path, to be traveled hardly anywhere by more than one abreast, and guarded by gates at a dozen places. Aljamid was deemed impregnable; it had never changed hands by force of arms since Musa built and garrisoned it.

To one after another of these gates our Christians came, and found all guardless and wide open. They might have suspected a trap, you will say; but Rondón had confidence in his plans, and Don Jesús in him; if a trap were set, it would go hard but they would trap the trappers. So up and down, to left and right, with sudden turns the way led; only now and again one caught glimpses of the grim moonlit towers beyond. Presently, in a sort of wide well or rampart deep bastioned, Rondón halted them. "Señor," said he, "from the top of yonder stairs, the road is straight and open; at the end of it, and before the gate, is a chasm a hundred feet deep; while the rest remain here hidden, I must have ten lithe climbers to descend and ascend that, overcome what guard may be beyond, and let down the drawbridge."

Don Jesús whispered his orders. He himself, he considered, with Saint James to aid him, would be more than equal to ten. He picked two men for sentries: one for the top of the stairs, one for the hither brink of the chasm; then, with Rondón, stole forward.

The descent, when they came to it, was no easy work for an armed man; but the Spanish moon is bright, and Don Jesús was all the leopard, sound and clean of limb, and unweakened by sinister living. Also the guide had learnt well every possible foothold. A narrow place of boulders, scorpions and sharp moon-shadows at the bottom; then the ascent, less difficult, on the other side. At half way up they came to a narrow ledge; above which the rock wall rose sheer and unbroken. But the Arabs were masters of engineering, and there was a way for one who knew the secret. Stamped upon the memory of Rondón was the exact spot where you should press upon the cliff face; and now, at his touch, the rock gave, and a panel was to be shoved along its groove; which passing, they found themselves in a little chamber. Through the open door in the wall opposite came the light of a distant lantern; no one was there, and no sound was to be heard. They took that passage, and ascended many steps; lanterns set on the floor at long intervals lighting them. Presently they came out into a little room: a place for the gate-keeper, to judge by the bunches of keys on the walls. No guard was there.

“Here, Señor, I let down the bridge and raise the portcullis,” said Rondón; and took hold upon certain cranks to begin. But the silence and the peril had been working on the nerves of his master. At each step forward the tension had grown greater; but it was the tension of a sublime exaltation. Now all the Quixote flamed up in him: pride of race and pride of faith and pride of personality. He would have no aid in his work but from the Blessed on high. Having mastered the castle, overcome the infidels and slain without sparing, he would himself raise the cross on the highest tower before ever another Spaniard should enter there to help him. “No,” he said; “we shall need no aid from without. Leave it, and lead forward into Aljamid.”

Rondón stared; realized the position after a moment, and then fell to entreaties; but who is to argue with a madman with drawn sword? It was death immediate, he saw, under that Christian blade; or death deferred, but devised by the devil-cunning of black Abu'l Haidara, the slave-master. . . . Well, give the saints the time implied in that deferment, and they might do something — in consideration of all he had done for them. There might be a chance to slip behind and run for it; thank heaven, he knew the way. He cried inwardly to his churchly deities, and obeyed — just in time.

Through several halls they passed, all lovely with arches and lattice tracery; and dimly lighted with lanterns set lonely here and there on great stretches of tessellated floor. Stronghold and palace in one was this Aljamid; whence Ali Mumenin, paying slight attention to his sultan at Granada, kinged it in state over his own frontier valleys; in turn harrying and harried by the Christians. (True, a little of Don Jesús' confidence was drawn from the fact that he was breaking a long truce.)

Out they came, presently, into a patio filled with moonlight and the music of a fountain, and set round with orange trees planted in huge vases. Here at last a tinkling and a thrumming came blown to them, betokening human presence not far off; and the need to find someone to fight, to compel to surrender, was growing imperative on Don Jesús. He strode across the patio quickly, all his attention flowing towards what he should find beyond; and forbode to note the chance he was giving to Rondón. So it happened that a tale reached the waiting Spaniards, a little later, that their lord was taken and slain; that the garrison within numbered thousands, and were expecting them: were indeed on the point of sallying in force; and so it happened that by dawn these same Spaniards were well on their way to Altanera de la Cruz. Meanwhile Don Jesús, all unaware of his aloneness, had crossed the patio, passed through a doorless arch beyond, and come upon humanity at last.

A lamp, quite priceless, you would say, with its rubies, stood in the middle of the floor; beside it sat the lutanist, an African boy, not uncomely; and on a divan beyond was an old Arab, white-bearded, handsome with the beauty of wise old age, and of a gravity and dignity altogether new to this grave and dignified Spaniard. He rose and came forward as our hidalgo entered, approaching him with a mien all courtesy and kindliness. "Welcome to Aljamid, Don Jesús de Palafox," said he; and, "your grace is in his own house."

The hall was full of the scent of musk and sandalwood, and of some wonderful thing else, perceivable by a sense more intimate even than that of smell. Don Jesús' sword had sought its scabbard before the Moor had begun to speak. He had met pagans of rank before, both at war and in peace, and knew them for

caballeros de Granada,
hijosdalgo, aunque moros;

— to be respected, indeed, on all points save that of creed. But here

there was something that roused reverence and wonder, and was not to be accounted for by anything visible. The moods that but now had been burning so bright in the Spaniard's soul, vanished; race and creed were forgotten; he felt no enmity towards this august pagan; indeed the terms *pagan* and *Christian*, had they been brought before his mind now, would have carried little meaning. Instead, there was a sense of intense expectancy: as if a curtain should be drawn back now, before which all his life he had been waiting; a feeling that the occasion was, for him, momentous, and predestined from times beyond his memory.

The Arab led him to the divan, and ordered that food should be served. "You would prefer to remain armed, Señor, or is the weight of the steel perchance an encumbrance?" Santiago of Spain, where were you now, to raise no raucous war-cry of the spirit that might save your champion from perdition? Belike the presence of sainthood in the flesh had shriveled and banished your sainthood of dream and dogma! . . . Don Jesús paused not before answering, "Señor, of your infinite courtesy—" unbuckling his sword-belt, and handing the weapon to his host. A slave came, and relieved him of his armor; another with water in a golden basin, for the washing of his hands. Then they brought in a low table and dishes, from which a savory scent arose; and Don Jesús remembered that he was hungry. While he ate, the old man talked to him.

As for the substance of the talk, you may imagine it. Whoever has been the guest of a Moslem aristocrat, a descendant of the Companions of Mohammed, knows what hostly courtesy means with these people: perfect breeding, kingly manners, and above all a capacity to make one feel oneself the supreme object of the care and personal interest of his host. All this the Moor displayed, and very much more. No matter what he said, it rang with an inner importance and vitality. Could he look at will into the past life of his guest; or had he secret information as to its details and intricacies? With the infinite tact of impersonality, he shed light upon the heights and depths of it, revealing the man to himself. All this in sentences that seemed casual; that were strewn here and there, and lifted themselves afterwards, and shone out strangely, from the current of his talk. Don Jesús listened and marveled; ideals long cherished came to seem to him base or too restricted; his old spiritual exaltation grew, but had shed all credal bonds. . . . The words of his host came, luminous of

the dusk within his soul; in surprise at which light, he took little note as yet of the objects illumined. But there was, it seemed, a vast, an astounding world within there; in which one might find, presently —

Mutes came in, obeying a hand-clap of the Moor, and removed the dishes; then brought in a board and chessmen. Don Jesús played? — Was, in fact, not inexpert; so the game began. “But first, music,” said the old man. Considering the matter in after years, this was the beginning, thought Don Jesús, of what might be called supernatural: no one entered in obedience to the hand-clap, that time; and it was certain that they were alone. Yet the music was there; it stole into being close at hand and all about them, out of the soft lamp-light and out of the musk odor: faint at first, as a mere accompaniment to thought, a grouping and melodizing of the silence. . . . The game proceeded; the chessmen were of ivory, exquisitely carven; red was the Spaniard, white the Moor. The red king’s pawn was well advanced; and the Don’s game all to make a queen of it. A white knight moves and threatens; the threat is countered, and the pawn goes forward;— so the game goes, a stern struggle. What? — the white pieces move in their turn, without ever the Moor stretching out a hand to move them. . . . And how is this — that Don Jesús is watching the white queen, the knight that threatened, the rook, not from his place on the divan, but from that very sixth square where his pawn — no, he himself — is standing? The board has become the world in which he lives; he is there; he is the pawn: is menaced, plans, is trepidant, is rescued, moves forward and breathes freely; one more move and the goal is reached. . . . The music grows, becomes loud and triumphant; a shout rings over the battlefield; he turns; there is one riding down upon him: a great white figure of mien relentlessly compassionate; and he is taken.

He was, as it were, wakened out of sleep by a wondrous chanting; wakened into a light, shining in the night, clearly, but supernatural, and excelling the sun at noon. He woke with the sense of having passed through fasting and spiritual search; of having long contemplated the world and man with an agony of compassionate question; which agony, as he sensed the splendor of his vision, found itself appeased.

Out of the radiant infinity he heard the boom and resonance of a voice grander than music, that shaped itself for his hearing into this:—

The Night of Al Kadr is better than a thousand months. Therein do the angels descend, and the Spirit Gabriel also, with the decrees of their Lord concerning every matter. It is Peace, until the Rosy Dawn.

— But it was as if some one of God's ultimate secrets, some revelation supernal, had been translated and retranslated *downwards* a thousand times, until reaching a plane where it might be spoken in words at all. . . . To him, listening, the verse spoke all the systole and diastole of things that be or seem; he felt within it and within himself, the Universes roll, and the Secret Spirit, the Master of the Universes, contain itself in everlasting radiant quiescence and activity. He looked out on the world and men, that before had presented themselves with such insistent incomprehensible demands to his heart; and saw them spun out from and embodying the Light of Lights. "From It do we proceed, and unto It shall we return," he cried; and went forth, clothed in the Peace of Al Kadr, sensible of divinity "nearer to him than his jugular vein."

The light faded, the music died into confusion; and from the confusion was born again, now martial, wild, and fierce. He rode in reckless battle, exulting in the slaying of men; was in cities besieged, and fell in the slaughter that followed their capture. Now it was one body he wore, now another: Arab, Berber, Greek, Frank, German, Spaniard. Now in war, now in trade; now crowned and acclaimed king, now sold and fettered for a slave: he flung himself into this or that business or adventure, questing a light and knowledge, forgotten indeed, but whose afterglow would not wane out of his soul. One of a host of mobile horsemen, he scoured war-smitten fields raising the tekbir of the Moslem; in the name of the Most Merciful slaying and slain;—yet slain or slaying, found not that for which his soul thirsted. Clad in steel, he rode a knight of the Cross; slew mightily to the warshout of *Cierra España!* But the vision of those saints on whom he called, faded always or ever his eyes closed in death: he went hungering always into the silence: burned still for desire of the flame; was disappointed of the inwardness of the faith; called in vain for a supreme shining in the dusk within. . . . And always, it seemed, a voice from afar, from long ago, cried out to him, and might not intelligently be heard; and riding, fighting, trading,

slaying, and sinning, he was without content, for longing to know what was being called. That would be the Secret, that the Glory; it was to hear and understand that, it seemed, he was thus plunging into life after life.

.....

Night, night, night; and afar off, and obsessing his spirit with longings, dawn bloomed in the sky: dawn, all-knowledge, all-beauty: the satisfaction of the unrest and aspirations of his heart. On and on with him over the desert; dimly glittering under the glittering stars were the bones of them that had fallen in the way before him. Would there never be an end to this interminable riding? . . . Ah, here was the light; here was the splendor; here was the voice out of the sunburst: *The Night of Al Kadr is better than a thousand months . . . It is Peace until the Rosy Dawn.*

.....

The old Moor was sitting opposite him on the divan, intoning words in an incomprehensible tongue — yet it had not been incomprehensible to Don Jesús a moment before, when he was out in the desert, and the great light shone. “Master, I know!” said he, very humbly. “It is peace. . . . it shall be peace . . . until —”

The old man rose up; beautiful his eyes with strange compassion, triumph, understanding. “Your grace will be weary after long riding,” said he. “Sleep now, and peace let it be with you.”

Don Jesús leaned back on the cushions and slept. Was it in dream, or was it through half-closed eyes that sleep had not quite captured, that he saw his host, luminously transfigured for a moment, then disappear?

.....

He awoke; broad daylight shone in through the arches from the patio. Standing before him, watching him intently, was a Moorish lord whom he recognized for the redoubtable al-Moghrebbi: black-bearded, well-knit, eyed and browed like a warrior and a despot.

“A strange guest I find in my castle, Señor,” said the Moor.

Don Jesús rose and bowed. What he saw before him was not a pagan, not an enemy of Christian Spain; but a fellow man: a fellow — what shall I say? — casket of the Gem of Gems, lantern of the

Light of Lights, seeker in the desert after the Dawn. "I am at your disposal, Señor," said he.

"You have eaten my salt, it appears; even though unknown to me it was offered to you. I give you safe-conduct to your own borders; thereafter, knowing the strength of Aljamid, you may make choice between peace and war."

"Señor Moro," said Don Jesús — and wondered whence the words came to him — "it is Peace, until the Rosy Dawn."

"The dawn is passed, Señor. You choose war?"

"I do not choose war, Señor; either now, or at any future time. If your grace will remember that I have eaten your salt, I — I shall remember that I have passed in your stronghold a night that was — *better than a thousand months.*"

Ali Mumenin eyed him curiously. "Strange words these, to come from a Christian to a Moor."

Again the Spaniard bowed. "Might we not say, Caballero, *from a man to a brother man?*"

.

Don Jesús meditated as he rode through the cork forest; his Moorish escort, headed by the now all-cordial al-Moghrebbe, having left him at the border. A tenth of his possessions, in commemoration of certain victories, ought certainly to be devoted to — Santiago de Compostella? Then in fairness another tenth ought to go to some Moorish shrine. On consideration, he decided that better uses might be found for both.

He lived to win the trust of Ferdinand the Catholic, and to receive from that politic, but not unkindly monarch, the Castle of Aljamid and the government of the surrounding district. Isabella removed him when she began her policy of persecution, and he retired to Altanera de la Cruz. Torquemada sent emissaries through his late government, inquiring into certain rumors anent his faith; who, sheep's-clothed in apparent sympathy, learnt that he was certainly at heart with the conquered pagans; and probably, as these held, an agent of the Brothers of Sincerity * himself. But crossing into the Christian territories of Altanera de la Cruz, they found an orthodox peasantry equally assured that he was, if not a Catholic saint, only waiting death and the Pope to make him one.

* According to Islamic doctrine, a secret Lodge or Brotherhood of Adepts, whose members live throughout the ages, are the Guardians of the Esoteric Wisdom, and Incarnate from time to time among men for the sake of humanity.

But a legend remained among the slaves at Aljamid until the Conquest of Granada, how that on the holiest night of Ramadan, the Night of Al Kadr, in such a year, when their lord had ridden away with the garrison in the evening, only to return at dawn unexpectedly, having heard of the presence of Christians in his valley — Aljamid had been full of the music of Paradise, the scent of musk and sandalwood, the aroma of holiness; and the Spirit Gabriel had descended, and saved them from the sword of the Spaniard. Gabriel, or as some more thoughtful held, one of the great Brothers of Sincerity, the servants of that everliving Man who is the Pillar and Axis of the World.



SAINT-GERMAIN: by P. A. M.

XVIII

THE ŒIL-DE-BŒUF CHRONICLES



It should be distinctly understood that there is no necessity to apologize for Count Saint-Germain. He himself did not apologize for his existence, nor need any other to do so. Yet many have thought this necessary for the simple reason that they did not know enough about him. He chose often to place himself in the humblest positions; his title was by no means the highest he might have chosen; he showed himself the equal of kings in breeding and their superior in character — not a very difficult thing in those days, it is true.

How then is he to be regarded?

Simply as a man to be understood as far as possible, and followed as far as one knows how to follow, when understood to be worth it. That is, each unprejudiced student of his life can see enough of his character to realize that he lived for humanity, a life beset with insurmountable obstacles which he surmounted one by one. It is the only way such a paradoxical life can be described — by a paradox. When opportunity to help came his way he used it; when it was in his neighborhood he sought it; when it fled from him he created it anew. He was one who sought nature and “worked with her”; and nature made obeisance, recognizing him as one of her creators.

There we have the secret of his limitations; he had no right to do more than “work with her.” Therefore he had to obey her laws. If he could command the treasures of Allâh-ed-Dîn he could use them for nature’s purposes alone. If he let selfishness creep in, so much the worse for him; and good-bye to the treasures of that and of future times.

So I say study him as far as we know how; and if through the often distorted, often careless, notes we have of his life we can discover the slightest trace of natural law in the human world, we will have enough to carry us far, very far. Supposing one learns to let no adverse circumstances, no failures, no enmities, no overwhelming opposing odds stand in the way of a life-purpose to do as much good as possible in the world, according to “thy will, not mine” — *that* student of this great man’s life will have learned enough to keep him busy for a millennium. If another learns the “true dignity of man,” he will have learned more than all the books in the world can

teach him, as Saint-Germain himself suggested. If another learns a few of the first lines of the elements of synthetic human chemistry, or alchemy, and can find out how to apply them practically without waste, it is much. If the old, old, old lesson of self-control, the knowledge of self, is learnt, it may well be said that a "powerful God inspires him."

These things being so considered it becomes important to sift the chaff from the wheat and to know what is valueless and what is worth while. And in this thing even small details matter, for several reasons. It will then not be out of place to point out several little inaccuracies here and there. Straws that show which way the wind blows, they tell us of falsificators, enemies, careless gossips, lovers of the marvelous, and others of whom we must take account, to reach any accurate conclusion.

In the *Chronicles of the Œil-de-Bœuf* we have him recorded as living at Schwabach under the name Zaraski. We are told that the Margrave of Anspach soon learnt that under that name he was concealing his true name, and that his manner of life gave good reason to suppose that he was the well-known Count de Saint-Germain. "His Highness having said something about this to his guest, the latter absolutely denied the identity. The tricked Margrave then determined to bring this affair to the light of day and to make his own investigations. The investigations were long, but finally the Prince was vindicated by finding in Paris a portrait of the Count de Saint-Germain at the time when he appeared at the court of Louis XV . . . Madame de Vegy . . ."

We need comment upon such inaccuracy. "Vegy" is "Gergy," among other things. Well, we know something of the true story, and this hash of it, although not necessarily invalidating the remainder, is a clear warning to read with an open judgment. After the above we need not express surprise at the concluding paragraph of the article in question, which incidentally throws some light on the strange and utterly untrustworthy reports of his death, inspired apparently by some religious imagination which would have the fact follow the wish. Probably the whole thing is founded on the kindly way in which the Count, knowing how it would please his friend and host and pupil, Prince Karl of Hesse-Cassel, left the little message that he "had found the true light," or some similar Christianly comforting generality, as much Christ-like as Christian, and not sectarian.

“During the two last years of his life the Count de Saint-Germain appeared to be consumed by an insurmountable sadness; consumption gradually declared itself without at all changing the physique of the sufferer; death arrived before the malady had impressed its mark upon him.” Saint-Germain showed, “they say,” terrors in dying; his last moments were tormented by a distress of mind which was betrayed by exclamations in an unknown language. . . . He expired after a long agony in the midst of his enthusiasts, astonished to see him follow the ordinary law of nature!

How touching! What a delightful moral lesson suitable for an Inquisitor!

But also — how absolutely fantastic and utterly untrue. It is a little too “stagey.”

Yet Madame de Genlis among others repeats it, and Levi, perhaps as a jest, quotes her quotation.

The little theatrical touch about Saint-Germain “trembling convulsively in every limb when called an extraordinary devil” by Madame de Gergy, is the same ten-cent novel stamp of literature.

It takes a long time for the truth to catch up a lie; and when that lie is clothed in a religious garb — well!

Barthold says:

Count Languet de Gergy was French Ambassador in Venice from 23 October 1723 to 23 November 1731. (Quoted from Daru “History of Venice,” and Poellnitz’ “Mémoires.”)

The Countess in 1758 asserted having known the Count (St.-Germain) in Venice fifty years before. Not more than 37 years had passed.

If the Mysterious One appeared in the year 1723 as a strong man of fifty, we must, remembering his macrobiotic art, put him down as being born in 1660, a date which tallies with the signature of the old Caspar Frederick von Lamberg in the Adept’s album of the year 1678. We are frightened at the result of our calculation; St.-Germain died in the year 1784 in Schleswig; he must have been 124 years old; but also his last and most faithful adherent, Landgrave Karl von Hesse-Cassel, in whose arms he passed away, died in 1836 at the age of 92.

FROM THE CHRONICLES OF L’ŒIL-DE-BŒUF

By Touchard-Lafosse

This year there appeared at the court a very extraordinary man named the Count de Saint-Germain. This gentleman who first attracted notice by his wit and by the prodigious variety of the talents he possessed, was not long in arousing the greatest astonishment for another reason. One day the old Countess de Gergy, whose husband was ambassador in Venice fifty years ago and where she had followed him, was visiting Madame de Pompadour, where she met M. de

Saint-Germain. She looked at the stranger for a long time with signs of great surprise mingled with awe. At last, not being able to restrain herself any longer, and more curious than afraid, she approached the Count.

“Do me the favor, Monsieur, to tell me if your father was not at Venice about the year 1700?”

“No, Madame,” replied the Count without betraying any emotion. “I lost my father long before that; but I myself was living at Venice at the end of the last century and the beginning of this; I had the honor to pay you my court, and you had the kindness to find that some barcarolles of my composing which we sang together, were charming.”

“Pardon my frankness, but that is impossible. The Count de Saint-Germain of that time was forty-five years old, and certainly you are no older at the present moment.”

“Madame,” replied the Count, smiling, “I am very old . . .”

“But in that case you must be more than a hundred years old.”

“That is not impossible.” Here the Count began to talk to Madame de Gergy about a number of details regarding the time when they were both living in the State of Venice. He offered to recall to her if she still had any doubts, various circumstances and remarks. . . .

“No, no,” interrupted the old ambassador’s widow, “I am quite satisfied. . . . but you are a man . . . an extraordinary devil. . . .”

“Stop, stop. No such names!” cried Saint-Germain in a loud voice, as his limbs seemed to be seized with a convulsive trembling. He immediately left the room.

Let us finish our introduction of this man. Saint-Germain is of a medium height, of an elegant figure; his features are regular; his complexion is brown, the hair black, his expression vivacious and spirituelle; his bearing presents that combination of nobility and vivacity which belongs only to superior people. The Count dresses simply, but with taste. All the luxury he permits himself consists in a surprising quantity of diamonds, with which he is always covered; he has them on every finger; his snuff-box and his watch are ornamented with them. One evening he came to the court with shoe-buckles which M. Gontaut, who is an expert in stones, estimated at a value of two hundred thousand livres.

One thing that is worthy of remark and even of astonishment is that the Count speaks with equal facility French, German, English, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese, without the natives of those countries being able to detect the least foreign accent when he speaks in their language.

Learned men and orientalists have tested Saint-Germain’s knowledge. The former have found him more expert than themselves in the language of Homer and of Vergil; he spoke Sanskrit, Chinese, Arabic, with the latter in a manner that proved to them that he has resided in Asia and has demonstrated to them that the languages of the Orient are badly taught in the colleges of Louis the Great and Montaigne.

M. de Saint-Germain accompanies by ear on the clavecin not only little songs but also the most difficult concertos executed by other instruments. I have seen

Rameau profoundly astonished at the perfect execution of this amateur and especially with his clever little preludes. The Count paints in oils very pleasingly; but what makes his pictures remarkable is a kind of pigment of which he has discovered the secret and which gives his painting an extraordinary brilliance. In the historical subjects which he reproduces, Saint-Germain never fails to ornament the women's dresses with sapphires, emeralds, and rubies, to which his colors give the brilliance and the reflections of the natural stones to perfection. Vanloo, who never tires of admiring the trick of these astonishing colors, has often asked him for the secret, but the Count has never been willing to disclose it.

Without attempting to give a complete account of the accomplishments of a person who at the time of this writing is the despair of the conjectures of the city and the court, I think one can very well attribute a part of the prestige he possesses to the knowledge of physics and chemistry which he knows to the bottom. It is at least evident that these sciences have procured him a robust health, a life which will exceed or perhaps has already exceeded the limits of ordinary existence, and, more difficult to comprehend, the means of arresting the ravages of time upon the human frame. Among other admissions made as to the surprising faculties of Count de Saint-Germain by Madame de Gergy to the Favorite, after her first interview with him, is one that during their stay at Venice she had received from him an elixir which for a quarter of a century had preserved without the least alteration the charms which she possessed at the age of twenty-five years: old gentlemen, questioned by Madame de Pompadour as to this strange circumstance, have said that this is quite correct; that the stationary youthfulness of the countess had long been a matter of astonishment to the city and the court. Besides, here is another fact which lends support to the statement of Madame de Gergy, backed by the old gentlemen whose report I have just quoted.

One evening M. de Saint-Germain had accompanied at an entertainment several Italian airs sung by the young Countess de Lancy (who has since become celebrated under the name of Countess de Genlis), then aged ten years.

"In from five to six years," he said to her when she had just finished singing, "you will have a very beautiful voice, and you will preserve it a long time. But to make your charm complete you must also preserve your brilliant beauty which will be your happy fortune between the ages of sixteen and seventeen."

"Monsieur le Comte," replied the little Countess running her pretty fingers over the keyboard, "that would be in nobody's power."

"Yes, indeed," replied the Count, unaffectedly. . . . "Only tell me if you would like to be fixed at that age."

"Indeed, I should be charmed. . . ."

"Well, I promise you it shall be so." And Saint-Germain changed the subject.

The mother of the Countess, emboldened by the affability of the man of fashion, went so far as to ask him if it was true that Germany was his country.

"Madame, madame," he replied with a profound sigh, "there are things that I cannot say. Let it suffice you that at the age of seven years I was wandering

in the depths of forests and that a price was placed upon my head. The day before my birthday, my mother whom I was never to see again, tied her portrait to my arm; I will show it to you."

At these words Saint-Germain turned back his sleeve and then showed to the ladies a miniature in enamel representing a woman who was wonderfully beautiful, but dressed somewhat peculiarly.

"To what period does this dress belong, then?" asked the young Countess.

The Count turned down his sleeve without replying, and again changed the subject. People pass from one surprise to another every day in the society of Count Saint-Germain. Some time ago he brought to Madame de Pompadour a sweetmeat box which caused general admiration. This box was of very beautiful black tortoise shell, the top was ornamented with an agate much smaller than the lid. The Count asked the Marquise to place the box before the fire; an instant later he told her to remove it again. What was the astonishment of all present to see that the agate had disappeared, and that in its place was a pretty shepherdess in the midst of her flock. On heating the box again the miniature disappeared and the agate returned.

However Louis XV, who had not yet privately entertained M. de Saint-Germain, last month asked the Favorite to let him meet this man at her residence; he called him a clever charlatan. The Count was punctual to the appointment which his Majesty had made. He had that day a magnificent snuff-box. He wore his splendid shoe-buckles and made some little show of ruby sleeve buttons of a prodigious size.

"It is true," said Louis XV to him, after an affable salute, "that you say you are several centuries old?"

"Sire, I sometimes amuse myself not in making people believe, but in letting them believe that I have lived in the most ancient times."

"But the truth, Monsieur le Comte? . . ."

"The truth, Sire, might be incomprehensible."

"It appears at least to be demonstrated according to what you have said about several people you knew in the reign of my great grandfather that you must be more than a hundred years old."

"Well, in any case, that would not be so very surprising an age; in the north of Europe I have seen people more than a hundred and sixty years old."

"I know that such people have existed, but it is your air of youth that upsets all the calculations of the scientists."

"In these present times, the title of 'Doctor' is very cheaply given, Sire. I have more than once proved it to these gentlemen."

"Well, since you have lived all these years," said the King in a mischievous tone, "tell me something about the court of Francis I. He was a man whose memory I have always cherished."

"Indeed he was very amiable," replied the Count, taking the King at his word. Then he began to describe like an artist, like a man of spirit, the royal cavalier, both physically and morally.

"Indeed I can almost see him," exclaimed Louis XV, enchanted.

"If he had been less impetuous," continued Saint-Germain, "I could have given him some good advice, which would have saved him from all his misfortunes, but he would not have taken it. Francis I was led by that fatality which rules princes, and makes them close their ears to the best counsel, especially at critical moments."

"Was the court of Francis I a brilliant one?" asked Madame de Pompadour, who feared that the Count would go too far.

"Very brilliant," replied the Count, who noticed the intention of the Marquise. "But that of his grandchildren surpassed his. In the time of Mary Stuart and Marguerite of Valois the court was an enchanted fairyland where pleasure, wit, and gallantry were united under a thousand charming forms; these queens were very clever; they made verses; it was a pleasure to hear them."

"In truth, Monsieur," said the king, laughing, "one would think you had seen all that!"

"Sire, I have a good memory, but I have also authentic notes on that remote period."

With these words Saint-Germain drew from his pocket a little book bound in the Gothic style; he opened it and showed the King some lines written by the hand of Michel Montaigne in 1580. Here they are such as they were copied after having been recognized as authentically original.

"There is not a man of worth who could submit all his actions and thoughts to the scrutiny of the laws, who would not be liable to be hanged six times in his life; even those whom it would be a great pity and very unjust to punish."

The King, as well as M. de Gontaut, Madame de Brancas, and the Abbé de Bernis, who were present at this conversation, had no idea what to think of the Count de Saint-Germain; but his conversation so pleased his Majesty that he often summoned him to court afterwards and even remained shut up with him in his private apartments several times.

One morning Louis XV was consulting this mysterious personage whose experience and judgment he had recognized, on the subject of a gentleman whom they wanted to prejudice him against.

"Sire," replied the Count with heat, "mistrust the information given you about this gentleman. In order to appreciate men properly one must be neither confessor nor courtier, neither minister nor lieutenant of police."

"Nor King?"

"I did not presume to say anything as to that; but since your Majesty has said so, I think I am obeying in speaking. You remember, Sire, the fog there was several days ago when it was impossible to see four paces ahead: well, kings (I speak quite generally) are surrounded by yet thicker fogs which intriguers, priests, and unfaithful ministers raise around them; in short, all conspire to make those who wear the crown see things in a different light from the true one."

"Ah! I think so too," said the King suddenly changing the subject. "They tell me, Count, that you have discovered the secret of making blemishes disappear from diamonds."

"Sometimes I have succeeded in doing so, Sire."

"In that case you are the man to make four thousand francs for me by it;" and the King showed Saint-Germain a brilliant of medium size which he had just taken from a *secrétaire*.

"That is a big flaw," said the Count after having well examined the diamond, "but it is not impossible for me to get rid of it. I will bring back this stone to your Majesty in two weeks."

"I repeat, you will gain four thousand francs for me," said the King. "My jeweler, when he valued this diamond at six thousand francs, told me that without the spot it would be worth ten thousand."

On the day named, M. de Gontaut and the jeweler were in the King's apartment when M. de Saint-Germain arrived. He took the diamond from his pocket, removed an asbestos cloth in which it was wrapped, and the stone was shown to those present as pure as a drop of morning dew. They were amazed. The weight of the stone taken at the moment of its delivery to the Count was found to be exactly the same after the operation, and the jeweler declared to his Majesty that he was ready to give the ten thousand francs estimated. This honest merchant added that M. de Saint-Germain must be a sorcerer, a qualification to which the latter only replied by a smile.

"Indeed, M. le Comte," continued the merchant, "you ought to be worth millions, especially if you have the secret of making big diamonds out of little ones."

The adept said neither yes nor no; but he very positively asserted that he knew how to enlarge pearls and give them the finest luster.

At any rate it is a fact that no one can explain in any way the wealth which this individual displays; he has no property, no one knows that he has any income or bankers, nor revenues of any kind; he never touches either cards or dice; yet he keeps up a great household, has several servants, horses, carriages, an immense quantity of stones of all colors. . . . One could continue indefinitely.

Besides this, strange things happen in the house of Saint-Germain, who begins to grow almost as terrifying as he is curious to the multitude. There are people who have seen him doing things that exceed human powers. They say that he calls up spirits at the desire of those who are bold enough to ask for these terrible apparitions, which are always recognizable. Sometimes he causes replies to questions as to the future to be given by subterranean voices, which one hears very distinctly if one applies the ear to the flooring of a mysterious chamber, which is only entered for the purpose of hearing mysterious oracles. Several of these predictions have been already fulfilled, they assert, and Saint-Germain's correspondence with the other world is a demonstrated truth for many people.

In the carelessness of talk at table, which the Count likes pretty well, he agrees with his friends that he is two thousand years old, and, according to him, that is only an instalment of life. Sometimes he utters in less intimate circles strange statements; one day, dining at the house of the Duc de Richelieu, the magician

à la mode asked his servant who was waiting at table about some point concerning a very distant date.

"I don't know about that," replied the valet. "M. le Comte forgets that I have had the honor to serve him only five hundred years."

During a visit that Saint-Germain made to Madame de Pompadour some days ago, when she was laid up with an indisposition, he showed her for her amusement a box full of topazes, emeralds, and rubies. There were jewels to a considerable value. Madame du Hausset, who was present at this feast of splendor, made signs behind the Count's back to the Favorite to indicate that she thought the stones were false.

"It is true," said Saint-Germain carelessly, "that more beautiful stones have sometimes been seen; but these have their value."

"This man must have eyes in his back!" murmured Madame du Hausset, who thought that he had taken in her little pantomime.

"That trifle can serve for a sample," said the Count, throwing on the table a little cross of green and white stones.

"Well, that is not to be despised, at all events!" said the Favorite's companion as she placed the jewel on her neck as though to try it.

"Accept it, madame."

"Truly, M. le Comte, I could not possibly do so," replied Madame du Hausset.

"Why? It is a mere trifle."

"Take it, my dear," said the Marquise, "since the Count wishes you to do so."

Madame du Hausset gave in and took the cross, which the next day was valued at a hundred louis.

The enchanter whose feats I have just narrated at some length should surely be able to fill the coffers of the State by a wave of his wand. They certainly need it, being in their customary state of emptiness. M. Machault is no magician, and it is in vain that he has done everything to re-establish the finances.



This is peace,
 To conquer love of self and lust of life,
 To tear deep-rooted passions from the breast,
 To still the inward strife;
 For love, to clasp eternal beauty close;
 For glory, to be lord of self; for pleasure,
 To live beyond the gods; for countless wealth,
 To lay up lasting treasure
 Of perfect service rendered, duties done
 In charity, soft speech, and stainless days;
 These riches shall not fade away in life,
 Nor any death dispraise.— *The Light of Asia*

GOLDEN THREADS IN THE TAPESTRY OF HISTORY: by Kenneth Morris

PART ONE

CHAPTER V — THE GODS AND ANCIENT ROME

Man, when he reaches his fruition, and civilization is at its height, stands between two fires. Could he but claim his great inheritance, the incumbrance of the mere animal life would fall away from him without difficulty. But he does not do this, and so the races of men flower and then droop and die off the face of the earth, however splendid the bloom may have been.— *Light on the Path*



IN reading history, the thing we nearly always miss is life. We hear the clash of arms and mobs clamoring, and lose track of the long, quiet realities. But it is in these that the soul wins its battles; what is mostly recorded, as wars, riots, incursions, and the like, are the dross of happenings, the scum of events, the failures of the soul. Lovely are peace and silence, in which the still, small voice may be heard, and the divine consciousness, implicit in the human, may stir, quiver, and kindle unwonted glories in the dusk within.

With the Mariuses and Sullas, the Caesars and Pompeys, at it hammer and tongs continually; with the proud Coriolani forever at locked horns with tough, stubborn tribunes of the plebs; with Latin and Sabine and Samnite and Volscian and heaven knows how many wars beside, we get the impression that the years of old Rome were all excursions and alarms, a perpetual flourish of hautboys. But in those days, too, life was being lived: life commonplace, life awakening, life exalted. It is not only now that dull Monday follows somnolent Sunday; spring, winter; that rain and sunshine alternate; that one goes to bed o' nights, takes his so many meals in the day, keeps house, markets, wears out clothes — and perchance struggles with the flesh and fights toward spiritual ideals.

It is this last aspect that is the important thing in history. We ought to inquire how the Soul fared during the Roman Age, and what it gained therefrom; for whatever that gain was, we have it now, worked into our being, latent or manifest somewhere. The Gods sent a man to be king in Rome: Numa Pompilius: to strike the keynote for all Roman spirituality afterwards. This is a figure more significant than that of any of the great conquerors, statesmen, or champions of the patricians or of the plebs: it is that of a Teacher, a revealer of the inner worlds.

Mysterious Numa gave Rome her religion; one whose beauty

and value we rarely guess. It welded life magically with the soil and the sunlight; sanctified duty, and the relations of the individual with Nature, with his family, and with the state. Walter Pater gives some indication of its import in the opening chapters of *Marius the Epicurean*: we know not where else it may be found so well described. There was a deity for every action and office of life: a goddess to preside over the first breath drawn by the new-born, another for its first cry. Nowhere was life more intimately bound to the unseen. Immemorial gods haunted the gardens, the borders of the forests, the cultivated fields; their half-articulate voices were to be heard on every wind. Every festival implied a sacrifice; every holiday was a holy day. Go with young Marius to the rededication of his fields, and you must feel how closely Numa linked the generations of his people with the arcana; how he instilled into their consciousness a perpetual sense of haunting deity. One ceases to think of old Rome as unspiritual; if her gods were less aesthetic than the Greek, she walked more continually in their presence.

Beneath the sternness of the heroic and republican days, and the virtues that seem dashed with bitterness, there was a glowing sanity firmly based in the Italian soil and the Soul of Things: a golden, silent, mysterious, creative joy. Of course Cincinnatus would return to his cabbages, and hoe them — holding converse with his native gods: rustic, quickening, homely, sun-soaked presences, to conjure away all unrest and limitations of the mind. The Curtii, the Horatii, the Bruti — here is what nourished their abnegation: a religion that carried consciousness beyond the boundaries of self, and into the life of the fields and the mountains, of sacred Rome herself. They were religious devotees, severe mystics in action, a kind of iron saints; they saw their beatific vision not in cells apart from the world; found their inspiration in no sacred scripture; but in their daily business on the farm or in the forum, or indeed in the raids against Samnites or Sabines or Latins. That wrinkled dictator in the cabbage field, hoeing so busily under the Apennine sun: he is listening to the silence of the sky, to the rush and on-roll of the cycles, to the soliloquies of the Mighty Mother; look into his mind, and you shall see that spiritual something — I am fain to call it spiritual grandeur — which is to send the eagles conquering from end to end of the Mediterranean world. A fateful stubbornness, yes; but a spiritual quality for all that: a peasant sense of law as the basis of things; the

peculiar note or color of the Religion of Numa, whose trinity, we might say, consisted of Gods, men, and Mother Earth, and no such wide gap or clean demarcation between any two of them; and the essence of whose message was *duty*. Hackneyed old word, harsh enough of sound, alas, to most of us; yet there are echoings and reverberations in it, too, *ad infinitum*: vistas from drab, ugly *here* up to the ineffable. You can scrape through with your duty perfunctorily, and think no more of it; not tasting any of its delicate fruits, nor coming into its further and sunbright kingdoms; or you can perform it as a potent sacrifice to Gods you love, so that it shall be magical, and vibrate as far as to Orion or the Pleiades. Barren or unilluminated, Roman religion was not. When Numa populated all the moments and the spheres of action with divinities; when he ordained for every hour in the life of every true Roman, its appropriate god, form of meditation and sacrifice: made of every home a temple, of every hearth a sacred altar, and of every householder a high priest, he had already taken Carthage, broken Pyrrhus and Hannibal, and made the laws of half Europe for thirty centuries. I mean, he had endowed Rome with pre-eminence; forced her to make all her haste slowly; to walk with a consciousness of higher powers than those of this world; to eschew the get-rich-quick frenzy that is sapping our modern life; to look to the doing of the duty, not to the getting of the reward. Good and bad came out of Rome; her history all fell within the descending arc of the great cycle, and therefore went on deteriorating until at last she fell in lurid ruin; yet she had done wonders in her day, and owed the power to do them to the Religion of Numa. Millions of souls on the highroad of evolution were fortified, aided, and urged forward by it; think not that it passed and left no sign. Numa the Initiate, the Messenger of the high Gods: wonderful was the work he accomplished for mankind.

His era passed, as every era must; republican Rome expanded and died, and with it, the sufficiency of his revelation. No longer might the whole inspiration of life be drawn from the soil of Latium and the Italian weather: Rome was *caput mundi* now, and the body and limbs were to be thought of. Millions of Romans there were, who should never see the Capitol and the Seven Hills; what were the Lares and Penates to them, or the memories of the She-wolf and her sucklings? The world was all flux and transition, and disruption not to be averted, unless some new spiritual bond were found: spir-

itual-political, a figure to whom all might look, symbolic of religion, the State and the *Pax Romana*. The old Rome had come to the top-most of its possibilities, and was about to descend; at such junctures the gods, mindful of divine economy, move heaven and earth to lift a nation to new evolutionary courses; that it may take the upward arc of a higher cycle, and ascend still; not going down through senility to death, but reincarnating in its prime, and going forward living. So the choice was given to Rome at the beginning of our era, when already she had become mistress of the world. *Will you advance from tribal into cosmopolitan life?* said the Law; and the Gods sent their Messenger to answer for her: *I will*.

That Messenger was Augustus, who H. P. Blavatsky says was an Initiate. I think the greatness of his achievements proves her statement; further evidence may be found in Virgil, in the Fourth Eclogue. Rome was expecting a savior at that time; Virgil was one of the many who recognized in the Emperor a man divinely commissioned. But it was not a time when too much of the Secret Wisdom might be divulged. We may behold the hand of a Master in this: initiated Virgil was permitted to reveal much, as much as the age could digest and profit by; the sixth book of the Aeneid is full of it. Ovid, who was not an Initiate, but whose poet's intuition helped him to deeper truths than was expedient should be known, had to be silenced; and suffered that unexplained banishment to Dacia. The mission of Augustus was mainly political; he was not so much to found a new religion, as to harmonize the existing religions, by state recognition of them all, and by the creation of a living symbol of the divine purposes of the Empire, which should be sacred in every cult.

That symbol was the Divus Augustus: Caesar himself must be God. It comes with a shock to us; the Romans found nothing startling in it: which I think proves in them the simpler and straighter vision. A nation is divine; let its representative man give himself up to that godhood, calling the higher self of the people to incarnate in him, and — there is a divinity that hedges such a king. As for vanity and ambition, who imputes such motives to the great emperor, perhaps only accuses himself. The craft and astuteness ascribed to Augustus amount to this: that he used the lines of least resistance in laboring towards mighty and impersonal ends.

If he made himself Master of the world, it was because the world needed above all things to have him for its master.

He made possible the flowering of Roman genius. If ever there was a Peace-worker, it was he. He brought in a veritable sunburst of well-being, burying generations of strife decently under the firm Augustan peace. For him and through him the Temple of Janus was closed. If he could help it, there should be no more wars, no more conquest; within the boundaries of the empire already existing, there should be happiness, good order, peace. And for two centuries after his accession the crest wave of evolution remained largely in the Roman world; and the conditions of life were probably better than they have ever been in Europe since.

There were bad emperors, and we read a deal about their vices; after the lapse of these ages, these seem to have been the whole of life. Contemporarily they would not have loomed so large. The Roman historian was rhetorician and partisan first: his office chiefly to convince, then to record. The reputation of Tiberius is being rescued; whose portrait, like that of Nero, was drawn for us by inimical hands. The whole of those two centuries was filled with wonderful well-being: a statement that needs a little qualifying perhaps, but that gives a truer picture than the familiar one. The worst emperors oppressed the few, not the many; when they were killed it was by private enemies, not by the Bruti of a trampled democracy. Under Domitian and Caligula, the system of Augustus was not yet a failure; though we are to see it at work, as he intended it should work, perhaps only during those beneficent years when the Five Good Emperors were on the throne: ruler after ruler — Nerva, Trajan, Hadrian, and the two Antonines, living and governing for the people. Eighty quiet, rich, peaceful, and happy years for the whole Mediterranean world: Europe has certainly not seen the like of it since.

A vast population, living mainly in comfort; with none of the poverty, slums, and sordidness that we have today. Excellent conditions of labor; no fear of starvation; no piling up of armaments; no superdreadnoughts or 75-centimeter deathdealers; no machines for dropping bombs; none of the raging, tearing, life-exhausting, soul-destroying blessings of our own dear civilization. From Hadrian's Wall in Scotland to the borders of Arabia; from Atlas to Caucasus; a rich, well-cultivated, well-roaded, well-governed, prosperous empire, with many vast, ornate, and splendid cities, and a smooth, polite, cultured, and opulent life: all this was the work of the Divus Augustus.

And he shielded himself, while bringing it about, and afterwards,

from all internal perils of personality; was master of himself, and suffered no inflation; larded no edicts with the unction of egoity; remained to the end the simple, unostentatious Roman gentleman. It is a character whose greatness comes not easily by appreciation. What vision did he see, when with keen, quiet, humorous eyes, from his first place in the senate, or on unattended walks in the Forum, he may have looked into futurity?—The history of two millennia sloping down from his throne? I do my part, says he; if they that come after me will but do theirs, there shall be two thousand warless years in Europe. People by people northward shall come into this empire I endow: not by war, but for their own advantage seeking federation. Nations to be shall grow to perfect stature within my imperial ring-fence, nourished upon the Roman Peace. We that inherit Greek, Egyptian, and Mesopotamian culture, will pass on to our heirs the seeds of new European civilizations, which shall flourish and flower and know no strife to thwart or torment their growth. I have made an end of politics, merging them in the symbol *Divus Augustus*. I play my part; let them that come after me play theirs!

He did: played it well and masterly. *Plaudite populi!* no man could have done more.

But among them that came after are two orders to be considered: those who were messengers of the Gods, like himself, and might be trusted to play the grand parts grandly; and the common herd of emperors and men. It was a descending cycle of the ages altogether, and hideous secret influences were at work. By the time the two centuries of Augustus were drawing towards a close, Rome had to choose again, and go up or down. The old cycle had been one of material greatness and well-being; which must become, in this new cycle, spiritual, or go to ruin. The Law puts another question to Rome: *Will you forgo cleaving to this outwardness, and seek your triumphs and prosperity within?* This time it is Aurelius whom the Gods have sent to make answer. *I am here*, says he, *that Rome may do this and live.*

Who could have done more than that spiritual flame of an emperor, living laborious days for the sake of the gods and the soul? He stood a "white pillar in the west," waning sunset rays from Numa and Augustus gilding him; facing out towards a futurity in which nothing seemed certain. Calm, heroic Aurelius, who breathed with such fervor his own intense and living spirituality into the growing

formalism of Roman religion! Surely we find in his writings a mournful knowledge that the grand tides are ebbing, and not to be turned even by the moon of such a life as his; surely we hear sad echoes of

Its melancholy, long withdrawing roar
Down the waste sands and shingles of the world.

He lived and reigned perfectly, doing all that one man, and that a God-man, could to purify with sweet Stoic wholesomeness the luxuriant atmosphere of Roman life; but when he passed it was without hopeful assurance for Rome. Well, the Gods at least applauded. . . .

Another period, equal, practically speaking, to that between Augustus and Marcus Aurelius; but now one of rapid decline; and a third time the Law puts a question to the Roman people. *Will you turn back from your fall and corruption? Will you remember your old-time virtues, that ye may live, and not die utterly?* It was Julian the Apostate who incarnated to answer that; and how gloriously and hopelessly his grand affirmation rang out!

You say that almost mere common sense declared his task impossible; and yet he would undertake it; the Gods would have him undertake it. They had surely chosen one of the very brightest and strongest of their champions to lead this forlorn, ridiculous hope. Rome — ah, there was no Rome: only the dregs and offal; only the waning poor senseless ghost-shell of Rome: and yet the Gods and Julian would save it, if aught short of omnipotence could. The work of Numa the Mystic, Augustus the statesman, Marcus Aurelius the philosopher, should not be lost utterly if one who was a mystic like Numa, a statesman only second to Augustus, a philosopher but little less than Aurelius, and beyond all this, all old Rome and her heroes in courage, could help it.

The two years of his reign seem like ten or twenty, he so crowded them with events and activities. Outwearying relays of secretaries; hardly, it would appear, sleeping at all; laboring like ten Titans to re-establish a clean Paganism; governing the empire as few before him had governed it; he yet found time to write his books, and even to engage in daily study. He was the one real man in the empire: he stood quite alone in that great Roman world. Those of his own party were (in the main) finicking and insincere pedants who mocked at the great bright Gods by professing to believe in them. Opposed to him were bitter, ignorant bigots yearning for the glories of martyr-

dom, or to tear in pieces the pagan and unorthodox. For exoteric Christianity was at that time a creed without a philosophy: a church founded on intolerance, quite neglectful of ethics; strayed from the sublime teachings of Jesus as far as from pole to pole. Out of these elements Julian sought to revive Rome. It was an impossible task, a forlorn hope truly; he must have known as much when he turned in despair to that last recourse of his, the Persian War. But his attempt shows what efforts are made to save any nation that has been established and grown up, however far it may have traveled downward.

I think this is the explanation of Julian's march on Persia: a people that rejected philosophy absolutely, had no conception of decent living, and would receive no truth in the world, might yet perhaps be roused from its unmanliness. It was a tremendous throw of the dice: to engage in such a terrible expedient just in the hope that the heart of Rome might take fire again from the old spark of glory. Julian knew that he had it in him to play the Alexander; such men as he need not confine their activities to this or that, but may embark in what venture they choose, certain of the measure of success they desire. I doubt not that if art could have served him, he might have done as well at poetry or sculpture as in war. But now war it was to be, since nothing else would do; we will take some thousands of these Romans into the desert, and drill them with forced marches and Parthian arrows; perhaps there is a soul somewhere deep in them yet, that may awaken at such a strenuous call.

There was another motive, not generally known, for all the Roman-Parthian wars: to open the road to China. The Parthians kept this road shut, that they might get middleman's profits in the silk trade. Silk was the common wear of the Roman aristocracy; and it came by caravan from North China.

Beyond that, access to the East, and the founding of actual relations with India or China might have been the means of introducing a little Buddhism into the West, to reinforce the efforts of the Neoplatonists of Egypt and Syria. Marcus Aurelius in his day, as Chinese records show, had actually sent an embassy to the court of the reigning Han emperor: the only time when the two great empires came into contact. Since Julian was an Initiate, there is no impossibility in the idea that he should have had such a motive as this.

He utterly failed, as we know. Glory of victory could raise no

spark of enthusiasm in his effete and cowardly people. Christianity — what passed for such at that time — had undoubtedly been a great factor in the decline of the empire. It sapped the virtue of patriotism, was an *imperium in imperio*, and proclaimed no duty to the State. Let fanatic, unwashed individuals attain martyrdom and heaven as they might; there was no whisper of rendering unto Caesar the things that were Caesar's. Let Rome perish, so *I* may shove and jostle my way into paradise. There was only one Roman left; and how that fact was pounded into his consciousness!

One more effort; one more throw of the dice for the soul of Rome: here in the desert we will burn our ships. A counsel of despair; but it is not for our own life or glory; not for the outward success of this expedition, but for the cause of Gods and men. It was a man whose hope had crumbled, who knew that he had failed, that died by the Parthian arrow in the wilderness. He had struggled for Rome; there was no Rome to struggle for.

Parthian arrow? More probably, as rumor ran throughout the army, *Roman* arrow, shot by some Christian in his own ranks. They never forgave him, because he would not persecute them: not a crown of martyrdom could they get from him, charmed they never so wisely. They might satirize, ridicule, and abuse him; Julian never forgot, never lost hold on himself, never fought them but with the weapons of the philosopher.

That was the last hazard the Gods threw for Rome the empire. Already they were turning their eyes to the East, to a city beautiful arising on the Yang-Tse; also they were awaiting a birth in Mecca, a prodigy in the Arabian desert. Nay, you may say, already had Mohammed the Conqueror dragged his ships overland from the Bosphorus into the harbor at Constantinople, and cleaned up the decadent mess that festered and was an offense there, and had once been the Empire of the Caesars. True, the last of the philosophers was not dead yet. One of the brightest and best of them, Hypatia, was born a few years after Julian's death; but did she dream, ever, that she could save Rome? One does not know: there was her bid for the friendship of Orestes. Perhaps it was that even after the experience of Julian the Gods would yet waste one more of their number on the Romans. (Some make it a great thing, the greatest of all, that *one* should have died, as they think, to save the world. *They*, it appears, will live and die at any time on the bare,

ridiculous chance of saving some effete and corrupt old nation, so there be some chance, even the very least, of saving it.) They would waste one more of their number — to call it wasting; and Hypatia would brave the peril of sinister Cyril and Peter the Reader and their tatterdemalion saints, for the sake of holding aloft the pure light of Theosophy in Alexandria. She would go into that den of tigers inciting them: peradventure there were ten righteous men — Ten? A marvel if there should be found one. It makes one wonder, it makes one marvel mightily, to see such dangers dared, such labor expended, on chances that seem to us now so infinitesimal. But so it has always been; it is the way of the Gods, the Compassionate, with men.

And perhaps some faint ghost of a chance must always have been there; perhaps the grand success would always have been won, but for the shadow of failure somewhere, or sudden despair, or betrayal. Was there a time when Hypatia staked all on the action of some disciple, always faithful before, but faithless, or panic-stricken at the supreme moment, then? Did the moment come when she herself, appalled at the grand impossibility of her task, and doubtful of her own power, opened her heart to fear? Was there a time when Julian, sole Man in a world of fops and fanatics, felt his heroic spirit beaten down, despaired of inspiring with any manly consciousness those blessed subjects of his, and *gave way*? Was it through such a moment of ruin that all his disasters crowded into his life — the sudden breakdown of the Persian expedition, the retreat through the desert, and finally the dastard's arrow, and *Thou hast conquered, Galilean!*

No, not the Galilean had conquered; it was the Galilean who was crucified again when Julian fell! The friends of humanity are of one body; persecute not this one in the name of that. Not the Galilean had conquered, but dead, dull, sordidness and fanatical barbarism masquerading in the name of the Galilean; and conquered they had not; because the Gods' defeats are always victories. They rise out of all wrecks and ruins, out of all disasters and from the grave itself; for them every failure is success; and all the mountains piled upon their tombs cannot hinder their incessant resurrection. Roll the stone from before the sepulcher; Pelion on Ossa would be too feeble a defense! Julian is dead, and Hypatia torn in pieces; the fate of Rome is sealed. She may not be saved; she must go down into utter desolation; cry *Ichabod* over her, for she slew them that would have

saved her! But they — Julian perchance, and Hypatia, shall see philosophy awake again, eastward in Bagdad, or in Spain westward; shall see the Gods, serene and beautiful, establish once more the reign of Beauty in Italy. And they shall incarnate doubtless, in their time, for the Gods' purposes, in the nations that grow up out of the ruins of Rome that grow up painfully and slowly, through diversity towards unity, to achieve at last that divine diverse union which is harmony, the Brotherhood of Nations — or else to go down, they too, into oblivion, that Nature may work up new nations towards Brotherhood in their stead.

A VISIT TO SAN DIEGO'S EXPOSITION:

by Ralph Leslie



THE first glimpse of the Panama-California Exposition at San Diego, as the visitor approaches from the west, is magical; It banishes the prosaic, and opens the gates of the imagination. To view it from an auto speeding along the driveway on the western crest of Cabrillo Canyon in Balboa Park awakes the fantasy, so that we appear to be in a revery and to be gazing, not across a canyon of a paltry thousand feet in width, but across thousands of miles to a foreign land — the land of Boabdil, the last of the Moorish kings, the country of Ferdinand and Isabella, the home of Cervantes and Murillo. The white walls rising amid a setting of luxuriant shrubbery along the contour of the mesa, the picturesque sky-line of the buildings against a background of azure, the red tiles of the roofs, the vari-colored tiles on the domes and turrets, and the graceful campanile towering above the whole — all these blend harmoniously in a dream-picture that reminds one of old towns in Spain.

The ensemble, however, is more suggestive of a picture of "New" rather than "Old" Spain, and this is in keeping with the plan of the designers. Respecting the style of the Exposition architecture, *The Architectural Record* for March says:

The architectural style selected for the Exposition at San Diego is one which is as generally unfamiliar in this country as it is historically and logically appropriate in its use here.

It is the architecture of the early Spanish colonists in Mexico — an architecture not as austere or necessarily primitive as the early Mission of the Pacific

Coast, but a style as complex and rich as the Baroque of Europe. Mexico is rich in examples of the style variously known in its developments as Churrigueresco and Plateresco. . . . It is in the matter of detail that this Spanish Colonial style is distinctly remarkable. Doorways and windows especially were enriched in a manner paralleled in no other sort of design. Like the Baroque architecture of Europe, it is composed upon many forms basically of the Renaissance, but (also like the Baroque) it is the spirit of the Renaissance gone mad. . . .

The impression, or "atmosphere," which it was desired to create here was that of a Spanish city of flower-grown white surfaces, reflecting the sunlight and the history and the romance of Southern California.

Certainly no architectural style could so appropriately have been chosen to express equally these thoughts in terms at once historically apt and architecturally picturesque.

That the architects of San Diego's Exposition chose happily when they borrowed this style from Mexico, is apparent to the visitor as soon as he gets his first glimpse of the Exposition.

It may further assist the reader to understand this little-known style by reading what Marie R. Wright says in *Mexico: a History of its Progress and Development in One Hundred Years*. Speaking of the Mexican's artistic temperament, she says:

The genius of the Mexican people has ever inclined to the artistic. . . The preferred outlet for the native imagination has been architecture, . . . So, today, Mexico inherits a very large number of wonderful monuments. Many of these are decorated in beautiful detail with both chisel and brush. Everywhere they present evidence that though the general scheme of one may have been borrowed from or suggested by architectural works of Spaniard or Moor, of Italian or Fleming, of Roman or Greek, the native genius insisted upon its own mark. There is, in fact, a Mexican style of architecture almost as truly intrinsic as that of any original type. . . . There is no prevailing style except originality, nor is purity of style a characteristic of the great buildings. The Gothic, the Moorish, and the Italian are often combined, but the harmony of design is masterfully secured, and a distinctive attraction thereby obtained. There is a sort of abandon of genius in the designs and decorations of façades, towers, and domes that makes the work beautiful and uncommon; each is a unique picture, each bears the impress of individual artistic conception.

According to this writer, the Mexican handicraftsmen are masters of sculpture, wood-carving, and metal-work. "Even today there are no more cunning stone-cutters in the world than are found among the Mexican craftsmen." One of the greatest of these was Tresguerras (born, 1765; died, 1833) an architect, sculptor, painter, and poet.

As for the historical appropriateness of this Mexican, or Spanish

Colonial, style, let us not forget that Mexico was the cradle of European settlement in America, and that San Diego was the birthplace of California's; likewise that California was Mexico's child, and that San Diego was rocked and nourished by her aged parent when the latter was considerably over two centuries old. It will assist us in gaining a correct perspective of Mexico's long history if we remember that when the foundations of her settlements were being laid, Queen Elizabeth reigned in England, Philip II in Spain, and Charles IX in France; Cervantes was writing *Don Quixote*; Titian was painting his masterpiece; Francis Drake was beginning his career; Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Bacon, and Spencer were in their prime; the Turks were conquering Hungary, Poland was a vast empire, while Russia hardly existed as such. Furthermore, the first printing press on the American continent was set up in 1535 in Mexico City; the first college in North America was established in Mexico in 1540, followed by a university for all classes in 1551; by the seventeenth century Mexico's capital was a center of learning, and there the first Mexican newspaper was published in 1693. Yet, notwithstanding this, after three centuries, ninety-five per cent of the population were still ignorant. Today, however, primary education is compulsory, and almost every hamlet is provided with its school, but the task of teaching the "three R's" to the masses has only been in vogue some forty years.

Another writer recently expressed the opinion that the San Diego Exposition is worth a transcontinental trip. The fact is, a tour of the grounds is like an imaginary journey abroad, for at every turn the visitor is confronted with architectural features that resemble or suggest structures in foreign lands. Suppose we take such an imaginary trip? Our itinerary shall include such cities and towns as Mexico City, Puebla, Guadalajara, Chihuahua, Guanajuato, Querétaro, Guadalupe, Tasco, Oaxaca, Tlaxcala, and Conde d'Heras, all of which are in Mexico; while in Spain we shall visit Burgos, Toledo, Madrid, Cordova, Seville, Granada, Salamanca, San Marcos, Zaragoza, Murcia, Alcalá de Henares, and likewise Palma, in Majorca, one of the Balearic Isles; and, as we have already learned, we shall also see traces of Italian, Greek, and Byzantine architecture.

Crossing El Puente Cabrillo and gazing into the depths below, the traveler who has been to Madrid will probably be reminded of the bridge there spanning the Manzanares, which for three-fourths of the year is practically a dried-up river, or at least a small brook.

The imposing stone gateway at the farther end of the bridge might have been patterned after the portal of La Casa de Angulo at Burgos, the birthplace of the Cid, Castile's national hero. Before reaching this, however, let us pause midway and admire the view before us. We are certainly about to step into another country. If those plain walls rising from yonder wooded slope were only a crimson tint rather than white, we could easily imagine that we are gazing upon the outer walls of the Alhambra at Granada, the stronghold of the Moors. On the other hand, the imposing dome, the clustering smaller domes, and the vaulted roof of the building on our left convey a far-off suggestion of Italy, or, still remoter, of that greatest example of Byzantine architecture, Hagia Sophia at Constantinople.

But why go so far afield? Hundreds of similar domes may be seen in Mexico, and this one is almost a copy of one at Tasco. Its graceful lantern is worthy the work of Manuel Tolsa, who designed and executed many a beautiful piece of art-work in Mexico. The glazed, colored tiles on this and the other domes of the Exposition sparkle in the sunlight like so many gems. Such tile-work is highly characteristic of Mexico, where, as early as the seventeenth century, Puebla was noted for its beautiful Talavera tiles. But these, it is interesting to know, were made at our own doors, in San Diego. As we shall see on nearer approach, a Latin inscription runs around the drum of this dome — an inscription that could not be surpassed for appropriateness. It is this: "A land of wheat and barley, and vines and fig trees, and pomegranates; a land of oil, olives, and honey." Is that not California? That graceful tapering tower or campanile to the right of the dome resembles any number of Spanish Renaissance belfries; such as that at Cordova, or the celebrated Giralda at Seville, or one at Chihuahua in Mexico, for instance. It can be seen for many miles around San Diego as well as from any point on the grounds, and is the dominant architectural note of the Exposition. Magnificent vistas in all directions, such as would be difficult to excel, richly repay a climb to its lofty balconies.

Advancing to and stepping beyond the gateway at the far end of the bridge, an elaborately decorated façade confronts us on the left, and here we have our first introduction to the Churrigueresco style so typical of Mexico. To describe its details would take too long. In addition to being decorative, this front is instructive, depicting the early history of the Pacific Coast and of San Diego; it is a story in

stone. The sculpturing might have been done by Patino Instolinque, one of Mexico's great sculptors of the past, but it happens to be the work of the Piccirilli brothers of present-day California.

If we should step within the west entrance of the Fine Arts Building opposite, we should be attracted by a particularly beautiful inlaid wood ceiling such as might be seen in Moorish palaces in Spain — at Alcalá de Henares, to cite but one example.

From the Plaza de California, a short walk along the colonnade at the right brings us to a flight of four steps leading to a delightful garden, El Jardin de Montezuma. But that is another story; for if we should begin a description of the natural beauties of this Exposition both our time and space would soon be exhausted. Suffice it to say in passing that the horticultural and floricultural arrangement constitutes one of the charms of these beautiful, restful grounds.

Let us now note briefly the main exhibit buildings along the Prado and the Plaza de Panama, observing wherein they resemble structures either in New or Old Spain.

The southern front of the Science and Education Building suggests three styles — Mission, Spanish Renaissance, and Moorish — represented by the round plain arches of the arcade, by the windows of the upper story, and by the tiled turret and roof and ornate cornice, respectively. The façade of the eastern entrance reminds us of one at Puebla, Mexico.

The Sacramento Valley Building is typically Spanish and one of the most attractive on the grounds. It conveys the impression of a palace or town hall; indeed, it resembles the Palacio at Oaxaca, Mexico, only its lower story is higher and consequently its arcade is more graceful than that of the Mexican palace, and it has the added beauty of a sloping tiled roof, the elaborately carved and colored cornice of which is like that on the Casa Consistoral (Town Hall) of Palma, in Majorca. Seven graceful arches constitute the principal feature of its façade, in front of the pillars of which there are engaged columns twined with sculptured grape vines — a design that is much in evidence at the Exposition. On sunny days the blue window hangings are brought forward and tied to the iron railings of the little balconies in a truly Spanish style. And when the large blue-and-yellow striped awning is stretched above the raised platform in front of this building, and either the band or the Spanish troubadours and

dancers are performing beneath it, you have before you a perfect picture of Spain.

Over in the southwest corner of the Plaza de Panama is the Indian Arts Building, which is said to embody suggestions of the Santuario de Guadalupe at Guadalajara, Mexico. Quite in keeping with its purpose, and the American Indians' building traditions, the walls of this building are almost devoid of decoration, except around the north doorway. The tiled roof and turret at the right belong to the Science and Education Building. The tower of the California Building is easily recognizable showing above the roof of this building, while its own belfry is seen to the left of the California tower. The lawn in the foreground is the northern end of the Esplanade, which is separated from the Plaza de Panama by that balustrade.

Fronting the Esplanade, on the eastern side, is the San Joaquin Valley Building, representing the type of Spanish-American municipal buildings. Observe the ornate front, a good example of the ever-present Churrigueresco style. To the right of the accompanying illustration, a glimpse of one of the colonnades flanking the Organ Pavilion is seen, a better idea of which is given in the illustration showing the details of the latter. To the left, a corner of the Foreign Arts Building is observable.

In the elaborate though delicate ornamentation of the towers and balustrades of the Home Economy and Foreign Arts Buildings, we see a close resemblance to the palace of Monterey at Salamanca, Spain. (Spanish Renaissance, 15th century). The western and southern portals of the Home Economy Building bear a likeness to those of the hacienda at Conde d'Heraz. Those diminutive pinnacles on the balustrade at the top of the tower of the Foreign Arts Building remind one of those on the roof of the municipal palace at Puebla, Mexico; whereas the fine decorative work, in geometrical design, around the arches on the four sides of this tower, is very suggestive of Moorish workmanship. The windows of the upper story of this building are particularly pleasing in their decorative treatment; those on the north being protected by grills, as is the custom in Spain and her colonies, particularly in the case of windows near the street.

Connecting the Foreign Arts and the Commerce and Industries Buildings there is a beautiful colonnade of semicircular arches that spring from pairs of cylindrical columns with ornate capitals. A peaked roof of red tiles adds the finishing touch to the Spanish atmosphere

of this little colonnade. A short flight of steps leads into a flower-bordered walk between the two buildings and out to a stone balcony overlooking the Cañon Español and the Pacific Ocean. Returning to the colonnade, a beautiful architectural vista is formed by the perspective view of the two lines of arches, one behind the other, through which is seen in the distance the great dome and arched roof of the Botanical Building.

Re-entering this colonnade and continuing to the right, another marvelous perspective is presented to the eye by the arcade of the Commerce and Industries Building, the accompanying illustration of which speaks for itself. Such arcades as these which line both sides of the Prado are called *portales* in Mexico, where they are a characteristic feature of the architecture. They offer a cool retreat from the noonday sun and at the same time present a charming effect of sunlight and shadow. They are a pleasing adjunct of the Exposition. Their arches frame thousands of beautiful pictures, so that the would-be photographer is distracted in his perplexity to choose the best.

The Commerce and Industries Building and the Varied Industries Building are the largest buildings of the Exposition, as to ground area, and are beautiful examples of the Spanish Colonial style. The heavy colored cornice of the former is supported by large consoles designed in the shape of kneeling women who bear the projecting eaves on their backs. The triple archways of the two entrances bear a resemblance to those of the *portales* surrounding the patio of the Federal Palace at Querétaro, Mexico, particularly in the dignified treatment of the moldings. The windows above the entrances suggest those of the Hospital at Toledo, and are Early Spanish Renaissance in style. Across the Prado is the Varied Industries Building — its long lower arcade and the central upper one flanked on right and left by decorative entrances, combine to form a pleasing and harmonious façade, only a portion of which is shown in the illustration. The striped blue-and-yellow curtains draped in the arches of the upper arcade, together with the blue ones at the windows above the two entrance ways, harmonize with the red tiles of the roof and the green foliage beneath, and peeping from the shrubbery may be seen pink and white gladioli. The entrances facing the Prado are mild examples of the Churrigueresco style; observe the grape-entwined columns, previously referred to. Between this building and the Home Economy Building is one of the beauty-spots of the Exposition — *La Laguna*

de las Flores, the extremities of which lagoon are shown in two of the illustrations. The structure at the left of the lily-pool is the Botanical Building, and that in the background is a wing of the Varied Industries Building. In this delightful place let us terminate our visit to San Diego's "Exposition Beautiful," but first let us take a seat beside the lagoon and leisurely drink in the peace and restfulness of the spot. Indeed, this Exposition's dominant note is Restfulness. As a writer in a recent number of the *Sunset Magazine* says:

San Diego's Exposition invites the visitor to sit down, to stretch out full length on the lawn, to let his eyes wander and drink in the calm, serene beauty. . . . There is an abundance of sunshine and shade at San Diego, and the cool wind carries the aroma of a million blossoms.

ON THE OTHER SIDE: by Stanley Fitzpatrick

CHAPTER XI

THE CASE OF HAZEL READE



SHOULD call it a clear case of obsession," said Dr. Desmond, in reply to a question asked by Dr. Jordan.

They were in the private office of the former, and at that moment the door was pushed ajar and Hylma's smiling face looked in.

"May we come in, dad?" she asked, "or are you two telling secrets to each other?"

"Come in," called her father heartily; and Hylma entered followed by Florence Vining and Jasper Raymond.

"I wish you had come sooner," said Dr. Desmond, after they had all found seats. "Jordan has been telling some very interesting things about one of his cases."

"I hope," said Dr. Jordan to Hylma, "that your interesting patient, Miss Reade, is making satisfactory progress."

"I think she is; I believe father thinks an entire recovery is probable, if not certain."

"Yes, a great deal has been accomplished," admitted the Doctor, "but we do not know how much remains to be done. Whether she could stand a severe test we have no means of ascertaining."

“Doctor,” said Florence, “I can’t seem to really understand how hypnotism has been so dangerous to her.”

“It is not strange that you do not understand. People generally do not, and that is why so much harm is done.”

“Will you tell us just what takes place in the mind of the person hypnotized by another?”

“I will try, Florence, to explain it as it appears to me. The mind is the soul, and the will is one of its attributes; but the soul is of too fine and spiritual a nature to come into direct contact with what is purely material. Therefore it must have the astral body as a connecting link between itself and the physical man. We know that in this astral reside the senses and sensations, and when cut off from it the body is without feeling or consciousness of any kind. Through it the soul transmits thoughts to the brain, and recognition of sensations, either of pleasure or pain, to the nerve centers of the body.”

“I see,” said Florence; “and the hypnotic process must interfere with this normal condition.”

“It does interfere and in a most dangerous way,” replied the doctor. “When a person has been thrown into the hypnotic state his mind or soul has been driven out of the astral body, or disconnected from it, and the mind of the hypnotizer takes its place. When we realize this fact it is easy to understand much which otherwise appears so mysterious; for instance, why the subject so implicitly obeys every command of the operator. He walks, sits, coughs, laughs, is pleased or terrified without *really* knowing in the least what he is doing. Why? Because he has abdicated his throne, dropped the reins of government, and another mind and will have taken his place. The rightful monarch has been banished from his kingdom and a stranger reigns in his stead.”

“If people knew that,” said Hylma, “surely few would ever allow themselves to be put under such a dangerous influence.”

“But they do not know,” said Dr. Jordan; “and when reputable ministers and physicians resort to the practice of the black arts how are the general public to know any better than to accept it?”

“But is it a black art when practised by good men and only for good purposes?” asked Florence.

“Under any circumstances it is a crime against the person on whom it is practised,” replied Dr. Desmond. “A weak, negative person may be hypnotized without giving permission to the operator;

a strong person may yield his consent, willingly giving himself over into the power of another, believing that when he wishes he can throw off the influence. But there he errs. When a joint is dislocated it may soon heal after being replaced. But that joint is never so strong again; and if the dislocation should occur several times it becomes so weakened that it slips out of place with apparently little or no cause.

“So it is with the mind and astral body. When once they have been separated, with or without the consent of the person, by the will-force of a good man or an evil one, the link binding them together has been injured and weakened. It is like a house after an earthquake; the shock has so wrenched it that the door cannot be closed. So the shock of forcing the soul and its astral apart has wrenched open a door that cannot be closed again. Henceforth the hypnotizer may go in and out, at any time and place, whenever he wishes.”

“So,” said Jasper, “the subject becomes virtually the slave of the mind and will of another.”

“Exactly; he has given away his freedom; and not only is he at the mercy of the first hypnotizer, but any other who wishes, in his now helpless condition, may take possession of his brain and body and force them to perform any act which he wishes done. He may be made to commit theft, forgery, or even murder.”

“But would he be really guilty in that case?” asked Florence. “I shouldn’t think he would.”

“He would simply be the senseless tool of another, who would be the real culprit. Yet many a man has been hanged or imprisoned while the real criminal has gone free without one outward visible link to connect him with the crime, the penalty of which is paid by his victim.”

“But where,” inquired Jasper, “is the man’s own soul and what is it doing?”

“The soul keeps what hold it can on the astral, and guides and directs as far as it is able. But as I said, every time any foreign influence comes in and thrusts it aside its hold is that much more weakened, until at last it is unable to make any impression on the brain. It is then obliged to withdraw and leave the outward animal man to its fate.”

“Now father,” said Hylma, “what share in all this has the man who first hypnotized this subject and thus opened the way for all these

dreadful results — and especially if he was a good person and only intended to give help and comfort?”

“Well,” said the doctor, “that man like all the others concerned is under the law and must take the consequences of his own acts.”

“Yes,” said Florence, “but he was doing only what he believed to be a good act. I don’t see any justice in punishing one for trying to do good.”

“My dear girl, the law does not punish in that way. In fact *it* does not punish at all. But it has no favorites; it does not, cannot change its course for anyone. We would not wish it to do so, if we consider a little; for how could we ever have full faith and trust in the law of the Supreme unless we knew it to be steadfast, changeless, immutable, and eternal?”

“Knowing, as we do, that every cause starts a long chain of effects, how can we think that the man who set the first cause in action ought not to be held responsible for all the effects following it? Of course all others involved in these effects, and in bringing them about, will each reap that part of the harvest which is his just due. The moral responsibility of those intending good, or not really wishing evil, will not be like that of those deliberately planning and urging on to crime. But they have formed Karmic ties with all these which will bind them in other lives and cause trouble, mistakes, and suffering.”

“It seems to me,” said Jasper, “that this law of Karma is a hard thing to understand.”

“It is; because it is the law that underlies and guides everything in the universe. Through it each human being on earth is connected with every other. Knowing this, and that each soul is a Ray from the One Divine Mover of all things, it is easy to understand that Universal Brotherhood *is* a fact in nature.”

“Well, that seems hard for me to understand,” said Florence. “Now I cannot realize that I am particularly related to the people in India or China or Russia; or that there is any law binding us so closely together.”

“Why,” said Dr. Jordan, “don’t you suppose all those people have souls; or rather *are* souls?”

“Oh, of course, no one could deny that.”

“And don’t you believe,” said Dr. Desmond, “that every soul on earth is an emanation from the One Divine Source of all living beings? If so, how could they help being brothers?”

“They are more even than that,” added Hylma; “they are all one: of one essence, one soul, one spirit.”

“Logically that must be true,” said Jasper; “but to really feel it in heart and soul is another thing.”

“It is indeed,” said the doctor. “That is why, though a great part of mankind have professed to *believe* in brotherhood, they have made no attempt to *live* it.”

“Doctor, I want to know something more about hypnotism,” said Florence. “Everyone who has been hypnotized doesn’t go as far as in the case you mentioned. You think Miss Reade is being cured?”

“Yes, there are cases which may be cured. I described the extreme, but of course there are many degrees before that is reached. But remember this: that if a person once permits himself to be hypnotized by another, even only partially, that person is never again quite the same; to that extent his power of will and self-control has been weakened. The door of the soul has been opened, at least unlocked, and henceforth not only the first but any other person possessing the hypnotic power may force a way through that door. A sacrilege has been committed. Everyone’s inner life is his own; and he has the right — nay more — it is his duty to stand guard over it and cry *Hands off* to every intruder. In the sense that the mind and will of man is a direct Ray from the Supreme, the real inner man is a God. The outer man is its earthly dwelling place. It is of this divine inner man that the Scriptures declare ‘ye are Gods’; and of the outer man ‘ye are temples of the living God’.”

“Why, father,” said Hylma, “it is as if the guardian of a sacred shrine should permit anyone who came along to enter and defile and desecrate it.”

“Yes, and even worse; for no outer shrine can be so sacred as the inner shrine of the human soul.”

“Doctor,” cried Florence, “all these things make life appear such a serious affair that it frightens me. I am afraid of it. Why, how do we know what dreadful thing may pounce upon us at any moment?”

“Oh, I don’t think we need feel like that,” said Jasper.

“What we need,” said Dr. Jordan, “is to gain a knowledge of the inner laws of nature and rule our lives accordingly. The trouble is the woful ignorance of the Western world about these things that have been known to the Orientals for thousands of years.”

“Well,” said Dr. Desmond, “the time has come when the world

will be driven, in self-defense, to take cognizance of these laws governing the unseen world around us. The period in our evolution has arrived when the psychic powers latent in man are developing and coming to the front. An untold amount of evil has resulted; and through ignorance of the unseen, its denizens, and laws, the people have welcomed these soul-destroying forces and creatures, believing them to be of pure and spiritual origin."

"But there is nothing worse than hypnotism, is there?" inquired Jasper.

"I think not; yet our laws permit schools where this and kindred arts — truly called black arts — are taught. Books are advertised teaching readers how to become rich and prosperous by subjugating the will of others for their own benefit. A large proportion of all kinds of crimes are committed by persons who are partially or entirely acting under the hypnotic suggestions of others; as well as of astral shells and wicked earth-bound souls on the other side."

"Doctor," said Florence, "we began by speaking of your patient, Miss Reade. You haven't told us anything of her case yet; or perhaps you do not wish to speak of it."

"Doctor Jordan and Hylma have been with her constantly. I should like you and Jasper to know about it, too, only I do not wish you to speak of it to others. Hazel Reade is a well-educated, well-connected young woman; one to be held as much above reproach or suspicion as yourself or Hylma. Yet with the knowledge and consent of her aunt and the advice and practice of their family physician she became entangled in this network of danger and ruin.

"Dr. Blank first hypnotized her, with apparent benefit and no ill effects. But he had opened the door and presently other and altogether objectionable influences began to come in; slight at first but growing more strong and marked. As Mrs. Forest described it, she was often queer and not like herself: she said and did things quite foreign to her own natural disposition. Though her aunt endeavored to watch and guard her, she would elude her and go out alone. We have since learned that this man, the stranger who gave Mrs. Forest such an experience, of which Hylma may tell you, had lured her to the house of a friend where he had several interviews with her and induced her to sign a contract to appear upon the platform with him as his subject and assistant when he gave lectures and demonstrations of the power of hypnotism. These are about all the main facts."

“And when he did all this it was his will acting and not her own?” asked Jasper.

“Certainly; when in her normal state she would no more have entered into such a contract than anyone of us here would do so. You see the subject is completely at the mercy of the hypnotist, ready to obey any suggestion made by the will of another. This shows how easily a wicked person can cause a crime to be committed by another. Hazel’s was a pure and beautiful character; never before had she wilfully disobeyed or deceived her mother or her aunt. Yet now this stranger could induce her to deceive, tell absolute falsehoods, and steal away to hold clandestine meetings with him.”

“And there is no reason to suppose,” said Dr. Jordan, “that if he had wished her to commit a robbery, burn a building, or poison her aunt, she would not as readily have obeyed him.”

“None whatever; and had she done any of these things the law would have held her accountable instead of the man whose will she was automatically carrying out.”

“Then a man might commit a murder and yet be in truth no murderer,” said Jasper.

“There have been many such cases, and they are increasing in frequency all the time. Those who commit these crimes are generally only partially hypnotized, but not strong enough to resist the suggestion. Now many of these cases by proper treatment could be greatly benefited. But the trouble is that so few know how to give the proper treatment, or indeed that any special treatment is necessary.”

“But you have cured Hazel Reade,” said Florence.

“I hope that I have, or shall yet do so. We have had this stranger under constant surveillance, and though he has discovered that Hazel is here and has made attempts to draw her away, and even to visit her here, we have defeated his intentions. Now, however, I have myself invited him to come. I wish to make a final test; to see whether Hazel has gained sufficient self-control and will-power to meet him face to face without succumbing to his influence.”

“Oh, I do hope she can!” cried Florence.

“Well then, you and Jasper may come tomorrow at ten and we shall see what takes place. Now I must be off; I should have gone long ago.”

“And I, too,” said Dr. Jordan; “but we’ll meet in the morning.”

(To be continued)