

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

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*“And as the same Senec saith: The more cleer and the more schynynge that fortune is, the more brutil, and the sonner breketh sche. So trusteth nought in hire, for sche is nought stedefast ne stable: for whan thou wenest or trowest to be most seur of hir help, sche wol fayle and deceyve the. And wher as ye say, that fortune hath norissched yow fro your childhode, I say that in so mochel ye schul the lasse truste in hire and in hire wille. For Senek saith: What man that is norissched by fortune, sche maketh him to gret a fool.”— CHAUCER: *The Tale of Melibeus**

THEOSOPHY AND CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE

FROM ignorance of the truth about man's real nature and faculties and their action and condition after bodily death, a number of evils flow. The effect of such want of knowledge is much wider than the concerns of one or several persons. Government and the administration of human justice under man-made laws will improve in proportion as there exists a greater amount of information on this all-important subject. When a wide and deep knowledge and belief in respect to the occult side of nature and of man shall have become the property of the people, then may we expect a great change in the matter of capital punishment.

The killing of a human being by the authority of the state is morally wrong and also an injury to all the people; no criminal should be executed, no matter what the offence. If the administration of the law is so faulty as to permit the release of the hardened criminal before the term of his sentence has expired, that has nothing to do with the question of killing him.

Under Christianity this killing is contrary to the law supposed to have emanated from the Supreme Lawgiver. The commandment is: "Thou shalt not kill!" No exception is made for states or governments; it does not even except the animal kingdom. Under this law therefore it is not right to kill a dog, to say nothing of human beings. But the commandment has always been and still is ignored. The theology of man is always able to argue away any regulation whatever; and the Christian nations once rioted in executions. At one time for stealing a loaf of bread

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

or a few nails a man might be hanged. This, however, has been so altered that death at the hands of the law is imposed for murder only,— omitting some unimportant exceptions.

We can safely divide the criminals who have been or will be killed under our laws into two classes: *i. e.*, those persons who are hardened, vicious, murderous in nature; and those who are not so, but who, in a moment of passion, fear, or anger, have slain another. The last may be again divided into those who are sorry for what they did, and those who are not. But even though those of the second class are not by intention enemies of Society, as are the others, they too before their execution may have their anger, resentment, desire for revenge and other feelings besides remorse, all aroused against Society which persecutes them and against those who directly take part in their trial and execution. The nature, passions, state of mind and bitterness of the criminal have, hence, to be taken into account in considering the question. For the condition which he is in when cut off from mundane life has much to do with the whole subject.

All the modes of execution are violent, whether by the knife, the sword, the bullet, by poison, rope, or electricity. And for the Theosophist the term *violent* as applied to death must mean more than it does to those who do not hold Theosophical views. For the latter, a violent death is distinguished from an easy natural one solely by the violence used against the victim. But for us such a death is the violent separation of the man from his body, and is a serious matter, of interest to the whole state. It creates in fact a paradox, for such persons are not dead; they remain with us as unseen criminals, able to do harm to the living and to cause damage to the whole of Society.

What happens? All the onlooker sees is that the sudden cutting off is accomplished; but what of the reality? A natural death is like the falling of a leaf near the winter-time. The time is fully ripe, all the powers of the leaf having separated; those acting no longer, its stem has but a slight hold on the branch and the slightest wind takes it away. So with us; we begin to separate our different inner powers and parts one from the other because their full term has ended, and when the final tremor comes the various inner component parts of the man fall away from each other and let the soul go free. But the poor criminal has not come to the natural end of his life. His astral body is not ready to separate from his physical body, nor is the vital, nervous energy ready to leave. The entire inner man is closely knit together, and he is the reality. I have said these parts are not ready to separate — they are in fact not able to separate because they are bound together by law and a force over which only great Nature has control.

THEOSOPHICAL KEYNOTES

When then the mere physical body is so treated that a sudden, premature separation from the real man is effected, he is merely dazed for a time, after which he wakes up in the atmosphere of the earth, fully a sentient living being save for the body. He sees the people, he sees and feels again the pursuit of him by the law. His passions are alive. He has become a raging fire, a mass of hate; the victim of his fellows and of his own crime. Few of us are able, even under favorable circumstances, to admit ourselves as wholly wrong and to say that punishment inflicted on us by man is right and just, and the criminal has only hate and desire for revenge.

If now we remember that his state of mind was made worse by the trial and execution, we can see that he has become a menace to the living. Even if he be not so bad and full of revenge as said, he is himself the repository of his own deeds; he carries with him into the astral realm surrounding us the pictures of his crimes, and these are ever-living creatures, as it were. In any case he is dangerous. Still existing in the very realm in which our mind and senses operate, he is forever coming in contact with the mind and senses of the living. More people than we suspect are nervous and sensitive. If these sensitives are touched by this invisible criminal they have injected into them at once the pictures of his crime and punishment, the vibrations from his hate, malice and revenge. Like creates like, and thus these vibrations create their like. Many a person has been impelled by some unknown force to commit crime; and that force came from such an inhabitant of our sphere.

And even with those not called 'sensitive' these forces have an effect, arousing evil thoughts where any basis for such exists in those individuals. We cannot argue away the immense force of hate, revenge, fear, vanity, all combined. Take the case of Guiteau, who shot President Garfield. He went through many days of trial. His hate, anger and vanity were aroused to the highest pitch every day and until the last, and he died full of curses for every one who had anything to do with his troubles. Can we be so foolish as to say that all the force he thus generated was at once dissipated? Of course it was not. . . .

The Theosophist who believes in the multiple nature of man and in the complexity of his inner nature, and knows that that is governed by law and not by mere chance or by the fancy of those who prate of the need for protecting society when they do not know the right way to do it, relying only on the punitive and retaliatory Mosaic law — will oppose capital punishment. He sees it is unjust to the living, a danger to the state, and that it allows no chance whatever for any reformation of the criminal.

SOME THOUGHTS ON DEATH

QUINTUS REYNOLDS

“Melus ei haeron, carcharorion geiriau.”—MYRDDIN GWYLLT



WHO first started the notion that death was a thing to fear? It is a marvel it should ever have been thought: but the flesh cries out against its own dissolution, and *we* confuse ourselves with the flesh. How strangely we are immersed in our captivity, or exile — and yet it is not altogether either of these — here in this world where we spend our recurrent life-times!

By far the most of our time we are not here at all: not denizens of Earth, or not of the physical Earth we know. This is not our normal existence: but a spell, a fierce encounter, an adventure, that we are let loose upon periodically, exhaust ourselves at, and then retire from until . . . we are sent forth again. It is the meeting-place of Spirit and Matter, the battlefield where the Gods fight chaos; — and we, to say the truth, are the Gods. It is almost the condition of our being here, on the field, that we should have forgotten who we are.

The battle lasts forever: it is why existence is. We come to it in relays, a perpetual stream: we could not endure, most of us, to be fighting it all the time,— or more than a very small proportion of the time. So we are born into it, discover or fail to discover that we are in it, take wounds and much discomfiture, and die out of it; then, after a few decades here, remain (it is said) in our own place, in the Empire of Souls, many centuries.

What we are, here — our conscious selves — is to the totality of our being, I suppose, like a drop of floating oil to the surface of the lake on which it floats, or a small island to a large sea. And sunk and wrapped in the little, we are unconscious of the great: while we are here in our bodies. Or it only flashes on us at moments: then we know how unincasable in words are all its properties and qualities. Words, coinages of the mind that dwells in this lower sphere. . . . If they are to be of any use at all, it must be by what virtue of *suggestion* can be inspired into them, not by what definite precise meaning the dictionaries credit them with. Those who have looked in through the gates of death are always puzzled by the inexpressibility of what they have seen. They stutter and falter . . . about a beauty, an augustness, for which there are no words nor terrestrial comparisons. It is, after all, only the astounding limitlessness of our Whole-Selves, suddenly revealed or glimpsed, which comforts or terrifies the Part-selves we are here, but amazes them always: it is the shock of this amazement that old Bishop Latimer calls the “ugliness of death.”

SOME THOUGHTS ON DEATH

Death, said Peter Pan, is a very great adventure; but no,--- it is life that is that. That we should go into the lions' den periodically, and fight with beasts in this Ephesus of incarnation: should be closeted up with tigerish passions for our cell-mates, forced to make war with them, putting forth our strength or suffering mercilessly their teeth and claws: and all that we may win new realms for the Spirit, conquer empires in Chaos for God,-- that surely is the strange fierce thing, and not that we are allowed to return to the quiet and beauty of our own place between-whiles. Here in incarnation

“this intellectual being,

These thoughts that wander through eternity,”

are narrowed down to the limits of a little mind-in-the-brain; and nothing of ourselves can function (as a rule) but what can play through such a trumpery instrument: as if you should compel a Beethoven to compose only for the triangle, or allow Paderewski nothing but a tambourine.

If that great Empire of the Excarnate (which it takes death to let most of us into) were at all understood, there would be infinite comfort for humanity in the thought of it, and no “ugliness” at all. There, always, is the majority of mankind; there each of us spends most of his time; there we enjoy the unimaginable fulness of our being. And there, we have never dreamed that Mankind is other than a Brotherhood, a Unity, nor imagined at all the divisions, prides, spites, and revengefulnesses that vex our footsteps here. “Brotherhood is a fact in Nature,” it is said: that law being laid down in the teeth of what seems all the evidence here; we should understand the truth of it better, and the saying would not seem extravagant, if we remembered that still,— now, -- at this present time and abortive juncture in this world's affairs, for the vast majority of the Host of Souls no conception other than that of perfect Brotherhood is possible. This world of incarnation is only a little island in the vast sphere of our dominions: not ours rightly yet: a tough spot that we essay again and again to conquer: in the heat and dust of the warfare here we take on the nature of the Chaos in which we are struggling, and forget; but Death brings us back and back to our own status and native condition, and we see the reality of things and are consoled and renewed in courage. It is in this world only, and its purlieu, that all divisions exist. The hatreds, lusts, envies, and troubles that beset us here, have there no power of entry: none at all. We are within seventy years of possessing archangelic consciousness and full understanding of the meaning of life. Are we now cast down, and in the midst of a tragedy? -- Not so long ago we foresaw and entered upon it, covetous of that experience and the value it should be to us thenceforth forever. Who would fear the fate of Hamlet or Othello, to

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

be suffered for one night on the stage? The direst juncture you can meet in life, is only something you have chosen to meet, because it was necessary that you should meet it: necessary to the perfection of your experience, and to be useful to you through the eternities to come. And there is no agony but shall break soon (since a lifetime is short), and give place in the proud mansions of Death to understanding of it and why it happened. The sins, weaknesses, and encumbrances of this life, we take on when we enter this life, and lay down when we pass again into the fulness of our true being. They are the enemies we engage to fight, the difficulties we foresee shall be ours in the great battle which we (I suspect not unwillingly) undertake to fight. None need lament his share of them, or feel bowed down under self-reproach; none need groan at his weakness, or cry out because passion lashes him, or sink under his sea of sorrows, or gasp over his failure. Something very grand and wise, in the Empire of the Excarnate, took upon himself, as his share in the great common duty of the Host of Souls, to meet all these things and do what he could against them, knowing what sufferings would be entailed, and also the glory of the whole scheme. In this one life things might go heavily against him; but he would make a push and do something. Out of his conflict with human flesh, something at any rate would be won. Because of his agonies and failure, the grand Success of the Host would be brought a little nearer.

It is not true, of course, that the mere death of the body lets us in at once to the Great Kingdom. There may be far traveling to accomplish first; and the more we are sunken in this world, the farther must the traveling be. But the Islands of the Blessed are there, and we come to them: we come to our native status, and the narrow limits of personality quickly or slowly give way. They may do so here: by grand fighting we may lift ourselves, living, to the grand levels of the Heavenworld. So the Master-Souls and Perfected God's Warriors do not, we are told, absent themselves for long periods from this world; but return quickly to the battle, and enjoy Devachan through the sweat and fury of earth-life: that is, are always in the fulness of themselves, the whole archangelic nature present in the human body. But this makes no difference to the rule: the Archangelic world is the great world: the greater part of each one of us is always there; we are there consciously, the whole of us, the greater part of our time.

If we could see the Real Thing about the poorest weakling, the vilest sinner, we should be astounded by the glory revealed, and all our ideas about heroism and beauty would be extended. The criminal you hanged yesterday . . . he too is the representative of Something Archangelic. "Eloquent, just, and mighty Death" reminds us of these things.

THE WICKED FORMULA

H. TRAVERS, M. A.



FORMULA is a cruel and heartless thing — especially when ‘rigorously applied.’ Or perhaps we should not call it cruel and heartless, as that is merely reading our own prejudices into the question; the formula is simply indifferent and unmoral, like a machine (which it is). One calls to mind a series of comic cartoons, in which the first scene represented a party of bigwigs inspecting a new patent sausage machine. A pig is put into the hopper; in the next scene we see no pig but only a heap of sausages on the floor. Then one of the bigwigs is seen bending over the hopper to examine the working of the machine; then he falls in. Last scene — a heap of sausages on the floor. This was not cruelty on the part of the machine; it was merely sublime indifference. So with a formula when rigorously applied.

Now there is certain a formula by the name of $v=nl$. Let us interpret its meaning by applying it to the case of a man walking: n is the number of steps he takes per second; l is the length of each step. Multiply these together and we get his velocity. Thus, if he takes 2 steps per second, and each step is 30 inches, his velocity will be 5 feet per second. Then the formula, $v=nl$ becomes $v=2 \times 2\frac{1}{2}=5$. Next let us apply it to the case of sound traveling through air. Let the sound be that proceeding from a tuning-fork giving middle C. Then n , or the number of waves per second, is 256; l , or the length of each wave, is 4.3 feet. Multiply these together, and we get the distance which the wave goes in one second, or (in other words) the velocity of sound in air — about 1100 feet per second.

So far good; we can take actual measurements, both of time and space, in the case of the man walking, and also in that of the sound-wave traveling. But suppose we apply this formula *rigidly* to another case, where we cannot take *all* these measurements. We may get some weird and wonderful results.

Thus, in the case of light, we have decided that its velocity is about 186,000 miles per second. We have also calculated that the wave-length of a ray of red light is about .000076 of a centimeter. Putting these together by the formula, we reach the result that the number of vibrations per second executed by that red ray of light is four hundred trillions (400,000,000,000,000). Fancy a second of time divided into that number of parts! That number of seconds would be between twelve and thirteen

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

million years; that number of inches would be over six billion miles. Whether science eschews imagination and deals with solid facts, or whether it delights in the play of the imagination, we shall certainly find it hard to swallow the four-hundred-trillionth of a second. Truly, in science it is sometimes a case of straining at a needle and swallowing a camel.

Now how do we reach this amazing result concerning the frequency of luminous waves? By supposing that the light wave climbs its way along the ether. If we could imagine that the light is a little insect, the length of whose stride is exactly .000076 of a centimeter; and that this insect, in some inconceivable way, manages to crawl all around the equator in about one-eighth of a second, we should have an exactly parallel case; and we should have to infer that the tiny creature waggled its little legs precisely four hundred trillion times in every second.

But some people are telling us that, when a ray of light travels from me to you, it does not step off and climb along the ether. To illustrate: suppose you were on the hind platform of a moving street-car, and wanted to reach the front platform. To do this, you jump off into the road, and run along by the car until you come to the front end, when you board it again. Now suppose you reverse the process, and jump off and run back along the road until you reach the rear end, running at the same speed as before. This will not take you so long as did your first trip, because now the car is coming forward to meet you, whereas before it was drawing away from you; now you meet it, but then you had to overtake it. So with light. Experiments were performed to see whether the time taken by light to go one way was different from that taken to go another, and no difference was found. Hence it was inferred that the light did not go along the ether at all. The analogous case would be, if you should travel back and forth in the car itself, without stepping off into the road.

Now to return to our beetle. Its stride is actually only .000076 of a centimeter long, and it does somehow manage to get around the equator eight times in every second; but we are not now required to suppose that it does this by actually crawling every step of the way. What then are we to do? Going back to the older 'emission' theory of light, we can suppose the beetle to be *shot* around the earth, as it were; in which case it is unnecessary for him to wiggle his legs at such an alarming rate of speed.

But not all wave-motions in the alleged ether have such short length as those of visible light. The electromagnetic waves used in wireless telegraphy are believed to be of the same nature, and it has been calculated that they travel with the same velocity as light. But their length may equal many miles, and their frequency consequently comes down


FOUR GREAT PHARAHOHS

to perceptible amounts, for it may come within the range of those frequencies which produce musical notes. So here the application of the formula, $v=nl$, yields results that are not alarming. The question is, where is one to draw the line between what is digestible and what is not?

The fact is that physics (the science of our mental processes) is in the melting-pot; and is becoming involved with metaphysics (the science of imagined conceptions, such as matter, space, and other things which are supposed to be external — that is, in the mysterious beyond). As to the rigid application of a formula, it is an attempt to reason from the general to the particular; a process which can never be infallible except when our general principle is an axiom. And what is an axiom? If it is itself a datum of experience, then we are reasoning in a circle. And if it is not a datum of experience, what is it? An intuitive vision of truth?

FOUR GREAT PHARAHOHS

C. J. RYAN

N the long roll of Egyptian kings of whom we have definite information, among the most remarkable are Amenemhat III, Tehutimes (Thothmes) III, Amenhetep III, and Amenhetep IV (Khuenaten). The most cursory glance at their portraits is enough to gain a distinct impression from each of a well-marked and highly-individualized personality.

Amenemhat III, of the Twelfth Dynasty of Egyptian kings, lived, according to some archaeologists, forty-three centuries before our days, or about 2300 B. C. His fame has been preserved by his great works of peace, the Labyrinth and the wonderful Lake Moeris. In his time the average height of the Nile was about twelve feet higher than in modern times; the highest rise being twenty-seven feet higher, and much damage was done by excess of water at the highest periods. In all ages great care was taken to divert the flow of the Nile during the inundation by dams, sluices, and reservoirs, but Amenemhat III conceived a colossal plan to protect the country. This was nothing less than the creation of a vast artificial lake in the Fayûm, a little above Memphis, for the reception and storage of the superfluous water. This magnificent engineering work was protected by dams, and connected with the river by a canal with locks to regulate the flow. Little remains of it today except a depression in the ground and the ruins of some dikes. The great dam at Assuan, built by the British a few years ago, now regulates the inundation in a

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

still more effective way, but great credit must be given to King Amenemhat for his noble work which was of immense benefit to Egypt.

The Labyrinth, erected near Lake Moeris, was a most extraordinary building. Unfortunately, it has been entirely destroyed. Only a few blocks of stone with half-obliterated inscriptions containing the name of Amenemhat remain to indicate the site of this great Wonder of the World, which, according to Herodotus, consisted of three thousand chambers and halls, half above ground and half below. The Labyrinth was larger than the pyramids, and, according to Herodotus and Strabo, far more wonderful. H. P. Blavatsky says:

“Egypt had the ‘celestial labyrinth’ whereinto the souls of the departed plunged, and also its type on earth, the famous Labyrinth, a subterranean series of halls and passages with the most extraordinary windings. . . . Even in Herodotus’ day strangers were not allowed into the subterranean portions of it as they contained the sepulchers of the kings who built it and other mysteries. The ‘Father of History’ found the Labyrinth already almost in ruins, yet regarded it even in its state of dilapidation as far more marvelous than the pyramids.”

There is something mysterious about the Labyrinth. Its former existence is certain, for both Strabo and Herodotus refer to it in considerable detail, and traces remain, but it is not mentioned in the Egyptian records on the monuments. A reason given by Dr. Brugsch is that the Fayûm was detested by the rest of Egypt as being hostile to Osiris; it was sacred to Set-Typhon, the opponent of Osiris or Horus. For this cause the Fayûm, though a rich and fertile province (as it is today), was left out of the official lists of Nomes or provinces of Egypt. Yet it was there that Amenemhat placed this extraordinary building, whose use is unknown; and not far off is his tomb-pyramid.

Tehutimes (Thothmes) III, was one of the great warrior kings. He has been called the ‘Alexander the Great’ of Egyptian history, for he triumphantly faced in battle the most powerful empires and marched to the frontiers of the world as it was known to the Egyptians of that age (1600 B. C.), bringing back the richest spoils of conquered and tributary nations. “Egypt itself then formed the central point of the world’s intercourse,” says Brugsch. For nearly twenty years Tehutimes fought more than thirteen campaigns, chiefly or perhaps entirely in Syria and the north, but possibly in Nubia and Ethiopia. During the latter period of the reign of Hatshepsu, the famous ‘Amazon’ Queen, the regular tributes had gradually ceased to be paid by conquered nations, and their rulers at last defied the Egyptian power. Tehutimes soon brought them to reason, but he was evidently a considerate and generous conqueror for, unless hostile towns were repeatedly and obstinately rebellious, he treated them with mildness and friendliness, only demanding a moderate tribute. He also possessed scientific tastes and had a strong liking for natural history. He was delighted to discover hitherto unknown birds, and he

FOUR GREAT PHARAOKHS

caused to be represented on the temple of Amen at Thebes new discoveries made during his campaigns. One inscription reads:

“Here are all sorts of plants and all sorts of flowers from the land of Ta-neter which the king discovered when he went to the land of Ruthen (Canaan) to conquer that land as his father Amen had commanded him.”

The king had taken so many captives and such a quantity of treasure that he was well able to dedicate his energies to the building of splendid temples, ruins of which are to be found throughout the length of Egypt and Nubia. Especially fine were those at Thebes, and at Elephantiné. The latter was unfortunately destroyed by the Turkish governor of Assuan in 1822, but careful drawings made by the savants of Napoleon's expedition are still available.

After a reign of nearly fifty-four years (part of which was shared with Queen Hatshepsu, his sister) the great Tehutimes, conqueror, naturalist, successful governor of almost all the known world, and builder, passed away, and his heart's desire has been fulfilled — “I shall remain preserved in the history of the latest times.”

Amenhetep III, the great-grandson of Tehutimes III, was a famous builder and sportsman. His campaigns were mostly in the South, where he penetrated far into the Sudan. He will, however, be chiefly remembered for his temple building, and above all for the famous Colossi of the Plain, the gigantic figures of himself, one of which was called by the Greeks the Vocal Memnon. They were about seventy feet high when perfect, and stood on either side of a great pylon which formed the entrance to a temple. Amenhetep III had a wise and accomplished minister named Amenhetep and, to judge by the account given of his own life and deeds by the king's namesake, it was he rather than the king who was responsible for the erection of the two enormous statues. He says:

“My lord promoted me to be chief architect. I immortalized the name of the king, and no one has done the like of me in my works, reckoning from earlier times. . . . I acted according to what seemed best in my estimation, in causing to be made two portrait-statues of noble hard stone in this his great building. It is like heaven. . . . Thus I executed these works of art, his statues — (they were astonishing for their breadth, lofty in their perpendicular height: their completed form made the gate-tower look small; 40 cubits was their measure) — in the splendid sandstone mountain, on its two sides [the temple]. . . .

“I caused eight ships to be built; they [the statues] were carried down [the river] and placed in his lofty building. They will last as long as the heaven.

“I declare to you who shall come hither after us, that of the people who were assembled for the building every one was under me. They were full of ardor; their heart was moved with joy; they raised a shout and praised the gracious god. Their landing in Thebes was a joyful event. The monuments were raised in their future place.”

The musical phenomenon which used to take place in connexion with the northern colossus was unknown to the ancient Egyptians; it was first noticed after an earthquake in the year 27 B. C. which destroyed the

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

upper part of the statue, and it is generally attributed to the sudden change of temperature at sunrise causing quick currents of air to press through crevices in the rock. After the Roman emperor Septimius Severus restored the figure the sound was never heard again. Dr. Brugsch, speaking of the ability and knowledge of the statesman-architect Amenhetep, says: "Even in our highly cultivated age, with all its inventions and machines, the shipment and erection of the statues of Memnon remain an insoluble riddle."

King Amenhetep III was devoted to the worship of the great national god Amen-Ra, and built many temples in his honor. To the temple of Amen at Karnak he was exceedingly generous, masses of gold, silver, copper, and precious stones, and even a large number of lions, appear on the lists of his benefactions. In great contrast to him was the conduct of his son, Amenhetep IV, who did his best to destroy the state religion of Amen-Ra.

Sometimes a tremendous will is enshrined in an outwardly unlikely tabernacle. A striking example is found in the extraordinary religious reformer or revolutionary Pharaoh, Amenhetep IV (generally known by the Greek transliteration, Amenophis), self-styled during the principal part of his reign, Khuenaten — the beloved of the god Aten, -- who lived about 1450 B. C. In his fierce enthusiasm for reform he found sufficient driving power to defy the entrenched power of the priesthood of Amen-Ra and to disestablish and disendow the popular national cult, and to replace it by the religion of Aten, the local deity of Hermopolis, whose symbol was the sun's disk. Yet this tremendous revolution was accomplished by a man whose general build and features, to judge by his portraits (which are evidently, from the naïve realism and unflattering appearance, good likenesses) very different from what might be expected in a successful reformer. We see no massiveness, no square determined chin, no firm-set head on a strong neck. On the contrary, Amenhetep IV was slightly built, with feminine outlines, sickly and weak-looking; his head was ill-supported on a thin neck, his chin pushed forward and his mouth partly open. Obstinacy and vivacity might be indicated by his expression, but not power or dignity. Yet he was the man who carried out the only violent religious reform or revolution of which we have record in the thousands of years of Egypt's history, and he was obviously a burning spiritual enthusiast.

It is only within recent years that research has given us authentic information about the fourth Amenhetep, and not much is known yet, owing to the destruction of his capital at El Amarna and of the temples he built throughout Egypt in honor of Aten. Most of the inscriptions about his reign have disappeared and little remains but funerary writings

FOUR GREAT PHARAHOHS

in tombs. His successors quickly returned to the worship of Amen-Ra, and the priests of Amen did their best to blot out the memory of the 'heretic king' from the minds of men.

Enough, however, remains to prove that Amenhetep IV was an unusual man with a high and definite ideal of his own, who, by means of his autocratic position, was able to carry it to a large measure of success during his lifetime. According to the information at our disposal, the story of his effort is something of the following nature. For about two hundred years the mighty god Amen-Ra, whose worship was centered at Thebes, had received great glory and credit from the victories of the Pharaohs. First of all there was the successful war of independence against the hated Shepherd Kings, foreigners who had held the country down for about five hundred years. After they were driven out of Egypt, the borders of the country were extended to Syria in the north, the banks of the Euphrates in the east, and far south into Nubia. All these advances were credited to the power of Amen-Ra, whose priests naturally became very influential. Their authority was so great that in the reign of the famous Queen Hatshepsu and later the high priest of Amen became ruler of all the priests in the land, governor of Thebes, and grand vizier of Egypt.

Before Amenhetep IV came to the throne it had been growing upon him that the power of the monarchy was seriously threatened by the rising importance of the priests of Amen-Ra at Thebes, and he saw that an ambitious high priest might take advantage of some opportunity and seize the throne. As it turned out, his foresight was correct, for a few hundred years later Priest-King Her-Hor established a dynasty of priest-kings of Amen-Ra. To prevent, if possible, such a mischance, Amenhetep tried to destroy the power of the priesthood of Amen-Ra by deposing the god and substituting Aten, the Solar Disk, the visible form of the most popular of the Egyptian gods, the great Ra, the Sun. Aten was worshiped at Heliopolis, but the reforming king was careful not to substitute a powerful hierarchy of Heliopolitan priests for that of Thebes. The king kept the administration of the revenues in his own hands, and limited the powers of the high-priest of Aten to the domain of religion. He also established a new city as the administrative and religious center of the new state religion and as his own capital. He nearly succeeded in his desperate scheme, and the power of the cult of Amen-Ra was almost destroyed during his reign, but his successors were not able to resist the popular demand for the reinstatement of the Theban deity, skilfully engineered by the well-organized legions of his priests.

But Amenhetep (or Khuenaten as he called himself after his reform was established) had not merely a political end in view; in fact the

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

political object was almost certainly quite secondary to a higher and more spiritual motive. As far as can be gleaned from the little that is recorded — mostly by his enemies, as is usual with reformers — his desire was to direct the attention of his subjects to a deity more universal than national, a spiritual force capable of being universally understood. The priesthood of Amen-Ra seem to have become rather narrow and the letter of their creed was in danger of killing the spirit. It would be profoundly interesting to know the exact truth about the matter, for even when the outer garb of religion in Egypt was modified at various times in the long history of that wonderful civilization, the inner esoteric teachings were not allowed to perish and were the same. H. P. Blavatsky, in *The Secret Doctrine*, speaking of Maspero's idea that the Egyptian clergy had altered the dogmas of the Egyptian religion several times during fifty centuries, says:

“Here we believe the eminent Egyptologist is going too far. The exoteric dogmas may often have been altered, the esoteric never. He does not take into account the sacred immutability of the primitive truths, revealed only during the mysteries of initiation. The Egyptian priests *have forgotten much, they altered nothing*. The loss of a good deal of the primitive teaching was due to the sudden deaths of the great Hierophants, who passed away before they had time to reveal *all* to their successors; mostly, to the absence of worthy heirs to the knowledge. Yet they have preserved in their rituals and dogmas the principal teachings of the secret doctrine. . . .”— I, p. 312

It is not unlikely, however, that Khuenaten was disgusted by the materialism of some of the priests who had managed to gain control of the outer forms and the revenues of the temples, and that his revolution was perhaps a great help to the truly spiritual teachers who were temporarily pushed into the background. We may recollect, too, that the decline of the Egyptian empire was not far off, and that the Mysteries were gradually being withdrawn. Khuenaten's hymns, preserved to some degree on the walls of tombs, are beautiful and singular in the fact that in them we see a king calling to his newly conquered subjects, Nubians and Syrians, to worship the overshadowing Aten side by side with the Egyptians. According to Khuenaten his idea of divinity is one that does not make invidious distinctions between peoples; there are no 'Chosen People' to him. This was not altogether a revolutionary idea, for it was well recognised in antiquity that the same spiritual powers were called by different names in different countries, and foreign religions were not looked upon, as a general thing, as abominable heresies. We see the Greeks traveling to Egypt and farther east to learn wisdom from the hierophants of the temples of religions quite different in outward names and forms from their own. They could not have done this if they had looked upon them as dangerous and erroneous. Khuenaten may have observed that there was a growing tendency to the segregation of religions

THE SPINNING EARTH

and to the spread of the idea of 'orthodoxy' and 'I am holier than thou,' which became later a well-marked characteristic among the followers of the *exoteric* religion of the Hebrews — though not among the more spiritual teachers, of course. Some Egyptologists claim that Khuenaten regarded religion, "For the first time, as a *bond* which *binds* together men of different race, language and color." This is certainly an error; it would almost be truer to say 'for the last time,' for no one can truly say that religions have been a binding force in international affairs in later ages, at least in Europe and part of Asia. The following quotations from hymns composed by the great king in honor of Aten suggest a very beautiful and spiritual mind:

"Thy dawning is beautiful in the horizon of heaven, O thou, Aten, initiator of life. When thou risest in the east, thou fillest the earth with thy beauty; thou art beautiful, sublime, and exalted above earth. Thy beams envelop the lands and all thou hast made. As thou art Ra [the creator] thou conquerest what they give forth, and thou bindest them with the bonds of thy love. Thou art afar off, but thy beams are upon [touch] the earth. . . .

"How manifold are thy works! Thou didst create the earth in thy heart (when thou wast alone) the earth with peoples, herds, and flocks, all that are upon the earth that go upon their feet, all that are on high, that fly with their wings, the foreign lands, Syria, Nubia, Egypt.

"Thou settest every man in his place, creating the things necessary for him; everyone has his belongings and possessions; their speech is in diverse tongues, they are varied in form and color and skin. Thou, the master of choice, madest different [from us] the strange peoples. . . .

"Thou art in my heart; there is none other that knoweth thee, save me, thy son, Khuenaten. . . . O thou by whom, when thou risest, men live, by whom, when thou settest, they die. . . . raise them up for thy son, who cometh forth from thy substance, Khuenaten."

Professor Moret of Paris does not think Khuenaten's hymns are entirely original. He says:

"To my mind, the result of a comparison shows that the religious and poetical matter developed in the hymns of Khuenaten, consists of topics already employed in Egyptian literature and probably familiar to everyone. The 'originality' lent to the hymns of Khuenaten is probably like new wine in old bottles; it expresses old beliefs in new rhythms, and gives a touch, as far as we can judge, more vivid and personal to subjects treated by older writers."

THE SPINNING EARTH

FRED J. DICK, M. INST. C. E.



AN article in the May *Popular Astronomy*, 'Is the Earth expanding or Contracting' (which contains some interesting speculations regarding a supposed gaseous interior), after mentioning the Colorado Canyon, etc., deals with the question of a possible expansion of the Earth as a whole. Hitherto it has usually been assumed that old Earth has been busy contracting for a good while, but in these days of topsy-turvyism and new theories with every lunation, one must not be surprised at anything — which is entirely as it should

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

be. In *The Century Path*, November 14, 1909, an article 'A Lesson from the Great Pyramid' dealt with this problem of expansion and contraction from a different standpoint, partly suggested by the latitude of the Great Pyramid, and also by certain historic facts alluded to in H. P. Blavatsky's great works, *Isis Unveiled* and *The Secret Doctrine*, which were published in 1878 and 1888 respectively. The viewpoint taken was that as certain periodic changes of shape of the equipotential surface, or 'geoid' (mean sea-level), occurred in the far past — *i. e.*, expansion and contraction of the polar axis simultaneously with contraction and expansion of the equatorial — it might be worth while to inquire (volume and angular momentum being supposed to remain constant) what would follow if the site of the Great Pyramid was really on the 30th parallel 70,000 years ago.

The result reached was that during this interval of time the distance along the surface from equator to pole would have been augmented by about four-tenths of a mile, the polar radius being then 3949.645, and now 3950.690; the equatorial radius then 3963.822, and now 3963.296. Sensible changes in the length of some parallels of latitude would also have ensued. The site of the Great Pyramid would have been then on the 30th parallel owing to the slightly reduced radius of curvature on the meridional plane there, as compared with its present value. Thus we should have a proximate cause of major tectonic effects during the period considered, owing to the induced tensional stresses. A slight reduction in the length of the sidereal day, due to the diminished gyration-radius, was also investigated, but we should have to know whether, or when, the geoid-figure-change either ceased or reversed. If reversed, say 2500 years ago, the sidereal day would then have begun slowly to lengthen again — so far as this dynamic element is concerned, at least — which would correspond to some portion of the Moon's acceleration since then. On the other hand the evidence seems to be that some expansion between the 30th and 60th parallels is still in progress. We shall presently infer from other data that many factors enter into the question, as is indeed the case with everything in nature. But at all events, when there is a basis of ancient historic fact to work from, hypotheses and assumptions which lead in their direction should be more promising than speculation without a sufficiently extended line of observed phenomena whereon to build. Indeed, when we think of the enormous foundering of continental and quasi-continental areas, and the other upheavals of similar extent at various periods, the remarkable thing really is that possible changes in the shape of the geoid should so little have been considered. And yet, in the case of the Sun, some scientists already half suspect the existence of such alternating changes.

THE SPINNING EARTH

A year or two ago a writer in *Popular Astronomy* asserted that the rock-base of the Great Pyramid "destroyed the 30°-latitude idea." Not necessarily so. In this connexion it should be stated that in one of the old *Books of Hermes* (supposed to be lost) an Egyptian pyramid is mentioned as standing upon the shore of the sea, "the waves of which dashed in powerless fury against its base." (Cf. *Isis Unveiled*, I, p. 520.) This attests the great antiquity of the rock-based pyramid.

It was the same writer in the magazine specified who threw orthodox astronomy overboard. For had it not been long 'demonstrated' that the amplitude of the ecliptic-obliquity-variation could not exceed one-and-a-quarter degrees? But he put the obliquity at 26° some 11,920 years ago, while according to the data in an article published in this magazine March, 1916, it should then have been about 25° 10'. His object was to show that 26 and 52 were "pyramid-numbers." But 51° 51' 54", the angle of the outer casing of the Great Pyramid (see Petrie: *The Pyramids and Temples of Gizeh*) is not 52°; neither is 26° the same as 26° 33' 54", the angle of the descending passage (which makes with the vertical axis an angle that is fundamental in the geometry of the sphere).

A sketch of some of the probable causes underlying gradual and progressive changes of ecliptic-obliquity (including actual inversion of the poles) was outlined in *The Century Path*, October 31, 1909. Judging from some recent scientific utterances we seem to be nearing the time when it will be recognised that the solar system is regulated under the operation of Magnetic forces — as H. P. Blavatsky repeatedly stated in her works — combined of course with the action of remarkable gyroscopic laws resulting in both precession and inversion — laws of which the magazine-writer alluded to (F. J. B. Cordeiro) happens to be one of the ablest exponents.

When we remember that only a few years ago the late Lord Kelvin spent the greater part of a summer vacation in unconsciously presenting a new illustration of Newton's remark about "picking up pebbles on the shore" by picking up and spinning them, finding results that actually puzzled even him, we need hardly wonder that electromagnetic and gyroscopic aspects of rotational dynamics as applied to the phenomena afforded by planets and satellites have hardly yet received adequate attention. Our text-books may deal with figures of equilibrium, or of dynamic stability, or with rotating viscous spheroids, and so on; but fundamental questions regarding planetary rotation, precession, and inversion, treated from the standpoint of bi-polar Magnetism as efficient cause, still remain to be tackled. The mere question of steady planetary or solar rotation, apart altogether from gyroscopic effects, has not yet been solved by modern science. Given a nebula, for instance, why should

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

it rotate at all? Yet the question is answered in the oldest book in the world — the *Book of Dzyan*.

To be sure, one knows that observed ‘magnetic-moments’ of iron needles, in their cumulative aspect, are altogether too feeble to afford a basis for any effective action on planetary movement. The point is, that the Magnetism referred to by H. P. Blavatsky is of a more powerful nature. It is not limited to iron-magnetism, natural or induced. That which we call ‘gravitation’ is but one of its aspects. Its dual nature — like electricity, both positive and negative — is aptly described in the following quotation:

“The Earth is . . . a magnet, charged with one form of electricity, say positive, which it evolves continually by spontaneous action in the interior, or center of motion. . . . Organic or inorganic bodies, if left to themselves will constantly and involuntarily charge themselves with and evolve the form of electricity opposite to the Earth’s. Hence attraction.”

— *Isis Unveiled*, I, p. xxiii

This dual aspect of Magnetism (the capital being used to distinguish it from iron-magnetism) is recorded as a fact in the most ancient, as well as in classic and later, literature. It has even been known to, and investigated by, some leading modern scientific men. It was well known personally to H. P. Blavatsky. A single instance of the suspension of the “law of universal gravitation,” if occurring only once in a century, ought, one would think, to be of paramount interest to astronomers — of all men! But ‘suspension’ is not the word. We might have said ‘total reversal.’ There is no such thing as magic — if that word connotes suspension of Nature’s immutable laws. But there are known, and unknown, laws. Alter the polarity and you have less ‘weight.’ Continue doing so, and the ‘weight’ may become negative. Intensify the original polarity, and the ‘weight’ may be augmented. Yet the ‘quantity of matter’ remains constant. If such things are facts — seeing that the residual attractions or repulsions depend on the balance of positive and negative charges, not upon the ‘quantity of matter’ as hitherto supposed (except as regards inductive capacity), in respect of solar and planetary mutual interactions — the dynamics of astronomy may stand in need of revision. The dynamics of the hypothetical atoms seems more nearly on correct lines, depending as the theory does on the positive and negative charges and the changes which may accrue, involving what is rather vaguely called ‘mass.’

H. P. Blavatsky says:

“The two [Magnetic] poles are said to be the storehouses, the receptacles and liberators, at the same time, of Cosmic and terrestrial Vitality (Electricity); from the surplus of which the Earth, had it not been for these two natural ‘safety-valves,’ would have been rent to pieces long ago.”— *The Secret Doctrine*, I, p. 205

THE SPINNING EARTH

This gives some idea of the enormous dynamic power of the forces, or electric vortices, which are actually in control of the Earth's movements. Supposing that one Magnetic end of the Earth be repelled and the other attracted by impinging solar electric forces, we should then have a dynamic 'couple' or 'torque.' Notice also that the line joining the Magnetic poles avoids the Earth's center of inertia. Such are the main elements in the problem which would lead to a tentative solution from known motions, provided we could express the Earth's 'moment of inertia' round one or another axis freed from hitherto accepted theories, and provided we understood other factors which enter into the question.

Among these factors is one rather calculated to alarm some authors of text-books on physics and astronomy, although the best of such are happily free from too dogmatic generalizations. Some scientific writers, however, might be apt to close their mental doors, on the plea that new (old) facts, unless accompanied by precise metric analyses and appropriate 'graphs,' could possess for them no value. But however this may be, we may derive gleams of hope from the circumstance that the nineteenth-century past-masters in physics include such names as Crookes, Varley, Hare, and P. G. Tait — the last, one of the authors of *The Unseen Universe*, and the other three, fearless investigators of unpopular, and also *dangerous*, facts in Nature. Now the factor alluded to is the existence of such things as *Karmic* disturbances of the axis of the 'wheel,' or Earth. There is also the suggestion that some of these, along with re-inversion to some prior inclination, are comparatively *rapid*.

But this would open up questions of the nature of the interaction between Cosmic and sub-Cosmic Intelligence and Intelligences, on the one hand, and the moral status and intelligence attained at certain cyclic periods by incarnate Man on Earth, on the other. While it is impossible here to enter upon such matters (which are dealt with in *The Key to Theosophy* and *The Secret Doctrine*), we may at least confidently assert that if the supposedly mechanistic aspects of the Cosmos are recognised to be wonderful in their beauty, harmony, and mutual adjustment, the inner aspects and worlds of life must grow ever grander and more beautiful as we begin to realize somewhat of the noumenal, causative, and real. To do this, self-knowledge has first to be the goal. This may seem childish — and very unscientific. Nevertheless there is no fact in Nature better attested than that self-knowledge is the first step on the road to real science. It is reached through unselfishness and self-conquest. Self-knowledge, Patanjali used to say, leads to clear perception extending "from the atomic to the infinite."

THE CRUCIFIXION OF THE CHRIST

H. T. EDGE, M. A.

IT is now well known that the cross is a very ancient emblem, and that crucifixion is a very ancient type of human life. The Son of God, who is crucified, typifies the more than mortal essence in man, which is fastened upon the cross of earthly life, or, according to a variation of the symbol, upon the tree. Thus the Christ represents the Higher Self of man, crucified by his association with the flesh and with temporal life. His mission is one of suffering for himself, of redemption and salvation for the man. It has been pointed out by H. P. Blavatsky that the dual nature of the mind is well illustrated by the two thieves who were crucified, one on each side of the Christ; and of whom one repents, while the other reviles and repents not.

Much of Christianity is symbolism derived from the ancient Mysteries; but how this element is associated with historical events and with many other elements, so as to form the resultant which we now understand as Christianity, is a very tangled question.

No one can justly be accused of disparaging a religion, who simply tries to clear it of those sectarian and dogmatic elements which are accidental and not essential. That in religion which is true is universal. Whatever may be our creed, or even if we profess no creed, we can all join in the recognition of certain undeniable *facts*, which our experience of life confirms, and which Theosophy, the interpreter of religions and of life, explains.

It is surely such an undeniable fact that each one of us has a Christ crucified in him. Think of the number of poems, stories, and allegories based on this theme — *the* essential plot in the drama of human life.

The minor drama of any individual life, and the great drama of history, both repeat the story: how the Christos becomes buried under a mountain of worldliness. The period of history which has been rendered familiar to us, through its having been preserved in written annals and narratives, is very brief in comparison with the vast extent of human history; and it concerns a period of materialism, wherein material power and wealth have been the objects of ambition and the title to dominion; and superstitions and warring creeds have held the temples and altars. Nevertheless we hear of schools of the Mysteries, wherein was taught a purer and nobler doctrine, veiled by watchful precautions from profanation. The cardinal doctrine of these Mysteries was the teaching that

THE CRUCIFIXION OF THE CHRIST

man is an immortal Soul incarnate, and that it is possible for him to realize a higher ideal of life than those of worldly ambition and sensual ease.

In the years of youth we feel the power within stirring us to sublime aspirations and lofty ideals; and these usually waste themselves in some conventional mode of expression and die away. We mistake the shadow for the substance and fail of attainment. The man of genius too often feeds his enthusiasm at the expense of his physical and mental balance, and falls a victim to premature decay.

In the bringing up of children, how mournfully do we sacrifice the Christ in man!

But let us never forget the fact of Resurrection; let us never lose hope or imagine that it is ever too late to mend—that is, any time of life when we cannot strengthen our faith in the undying power of that which is within, and thus take a new birth, as it were. Thus shall we truly appreciate and apply the message of religion, the meaning of the emblem of the Cross.

This is the essence of Christianity and of all religion — that man can “raise the self by the Self,” save himself from the fatal attraction of the material by invoking the spiritual within him.

Thoughtful people today are looking about for a world-faith that shall unite all nations in a common fealty to its obligations. But for the most part they overlook this cardinal tenet of religion in all ages — the duality of human nature, and the power which man has to achieve his own salvation.

Faith has been defined as the compact or covenant which a man makes with his higher Self. It must have been in this sense that the word is used in the Epistles of the New Testament, where faith (*πίστις*) is so frequently mentioned as an important weapon in the armory of the Christian. Faith is also defined as the anticipation or conviction of knowledge to come; and so here it means the inner feeling that there is something higher and better to which it is possible for us to attain. Such a conviction gives us the energy to work towards its fulfilment; as though we were travelers journeying through the night to a home we know is awaiting us, though all around seems so dark and hopeless.

Surely all mankind can find a basis of union in this universal and never-changing faith in the possibilities of human nature.

Those in whom the divine fire is not aroused may be content to live from day to day without much vision beyond present wants and the occupations of the hour. But when once we have aroused the aspiration for something more than this — the aspiration for achievement — we have entered on a course from which we cannot recede, and we must push

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

on to the goal before us. We stand now at a point where the evolution of humanity is rapid; where it is rounding a corner rather than moving along an even line; and an increasing number of people are feeling the urge to a fuller life. And, naturally enough perhaps, we see here the same chaos and confusion that some critics are complaining about in art and music — a number of people impatient with old formulas, yet having nothing new wherewith to replace them; and so giving way to license and disorder in their effort to be free; seeking originality, not in the creation of the new, but in the abrogation of the old. They throw away what is valuable and indispensable along with what is useless and outworn. Instead of recognising the eternal laws of harmony and developing them into new and greater expressions, they are trying to abolish those laws. Thus we get poetry which, instead of having a new form, has no form at all.

It is the same with that higher art which may be called the art of life. Duty cannot be abrogated, nor any other cardinal virtue which happens to be a fundamental law of life. We may feel impatient with the old maxims, but let us master our impatience, so as not to throw away the kernel with the husk.

Religion, in the full sense, includes both what the ancient Greeks called ethics and dianoetics; the former pertaining to morals and conduct, the latter to the understanding. And we find that Theosophy includes, besides its insistence on moral obligations and purity of life, those ancient and eternal teachings which in all ages have constituted the true science of life. Such teachings are not dogmas or speculations, for they rest on as sure (nay surer) a basis as the teachings of science; they are the result of a knowledge of actually existing natural law --- in this case not the laws of mere external nature but the laws that govern the hidden workings both of human life and cosmic life. The importance of this is easily to be seen when we reflect how difficult it has often been for earnest and devout people to accommodate their high intuitions to the dogmas of narrow creeds in which they may have been brought up. Hence the teachings as to Karma, Reincarnation, the seven principles of man, etc., have been of the greatest service, and are destined to be much more so; for on these teachings rests the whole sublime doctrine of Theosophy regarding human destiny and conduct. It is true that the Theosophical teachings have been travestied by various cults and coteries, but the truth will outlive the falsehood, and the necessities of the times will compel people to accept what is serious and helpful and to eschew what is vain and frivolous.

If it is now generally admitted that religion needs reinstating, it is equally to be allowed that Theosophy is the champion of a genuine religious reinstatement. In the case of Christianity, it removes the mass of dogmas and forms that has grown up around the original teachings of

THE PRERAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

Christ, and resurrects the buried Christ from his tomb. For no one more strongly than Christ himself has insisted on the point that *every man* is a potential God; and he held up his own character as an example for men to follow. It is only later ages that have erected Christ into a unique character, endowed with divine prerogatives which place him beyond the reach of anyone's imitation.

THE PRERAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

E. L. WYNN



THE Preraphaelite movement sprang from a desire to put new life and sincerity into the art of the day. In 1848 three young artists at the academy schools in London: Millais only nineteen years old, Holman Hunt twenty-one, and Rossetti twenty, were struck by the lofty ideals, the grace, and decorative charm of the works of the old Italian painters before Raphael. They had no intention of imitating anything immature, but they saw in the works of these old masters a field where the germs for a new evolution in art might develop. There were many signs of decline in the British School; the subjects were commonplace and trivial, and the method of treatment conventional and dead: and these young men determined to unite and support each other in a revolution against the conventional trammels of the Academy.

A brotherhood of artists was the vision that kindled their young hearts with enthusiasm: what each gained in strength and riches of ideas was to be added to the common stock; and they were to evolve a system whereby all the wisdom they would garner should be entrusted to the artists of the next generation. They said that life was not long enough for each man to think out his principles from the beginning, and that "the wise accept the mastership of the great": so they turned to the best work of the early painters as a starting-point. Each artist was to take pupils and the brotherhood was to have studios for the exhibition and working of divers branches of art. But, alas, the men who should have formed this brotherhood were themselves by the limitations of their own natures the cause of its short life.

The principal points they accentuated were: first, that a picture must be inspired by some noble idea; secondly, it should be enriched by every means open to art, such as symbolism, quaintness of invention, and humor; thirdly, beauty of detail should be taken directly from

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

nature, with the brightness of sunlight and the true coloring of nature. They did not escape persecution as their principles assailed the established authorities, and a storm of abuse greeted their first exhibits. Ruskin was the first to recognise their value. Gradually the good and true in their work awoke response; and before long their influence had permeated all branches of art.

There were seven original members but only three became famous. Dante Gabriel Rossetti was generally considered to have been the chief intellectual force among the group. His was a dreamy poetical nature, with an exuberance of fancy that has enriched the world. He became impatient of the brotherhood, considering it boyish and visionary, and deserted the others in order to follow his own line.

John Everett Millais was the best trained artist. He was a precocious genius, carrying off medals at the Academy schools when he was a small boy, and early elected an Academician. Enthusiastic and child-like in temperament, he stood for realistic fidelity to nature.

William Holman Hunt was the leader in challenging all the accepted authorities. He had the type of mind which dares to investigate everything and he was persistent in following up his own conclusions. He says: "What I sought was the power of undying appeal to the hearts of living men." His mind ran off on the scheme of getting a realistic setting for scenes in the Holy Land; this exhausted his time and energy and he fell short of inspiration of the highest type. In the 'Light of the World' he struck a high note, and taken symbolically it is pure Theosophy. Here is his own explanation of it:

"The closed door was the obstinately shut mind, the weeds the cumber of daily neglect, the accumulated hindrances of sloth, the orchard the garden of delectable fruit for the dainty feast of the soul. The music of the still small voice was the summons to the sluggard to awaken and become a zealous laborer under the Divine Master; the bat flitting about only in darkness was a natural symbol of ignorance; the kingly and priestly dress of Christ, the sign of His reign over the body and the soul, to them who could give their allegiance to him and acknowledge God's overrule."

Ford Madox Brown was not identified with the Preraphaelite Brotherhood, but participated in some of its aims. William Morris, Burne-Jones, and G. F. Watts, were essentially part of the same movement though not members of the brotherhood.

The Preraphaelite movement changed the spirit of modern art and left an ineffaceable mark upon the British school of painting. Its strength lay in its moral force. The scenes of beauty presented, not with direct intent to teach, gave joy and an inner persuasion to purity and sweetness.

THE CREST-WAVE OF EVOLUTION

KENNETH MORRIS

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

XVIII — AUGUSTUS



WE left Rome galloping down the Gadarene slope, and scrimmaging for a vantage point whence to hurl herself headlong. Down she came: a riot and roaring ruin: doing those things she ought not to have done, and leaving undone those things she ought to have done, and with no semblance of health in her. There was nothing for it but the downfall of the world; good-bye civilization and all that was ever upbuilt of old. Come now; we should become good Congo foresters in our time, with what they call 'long pig' for our daintiest diet. It is a euphemism for your brother man.

— But supposing this mist-filled Gadarene gulf were really bridgable: supposing there were another side beyond the roar of hungry waters and the horror; and that mankind,— European mankind,— might pass over, and be saved, were there but staying the rout for a moment, and affording a means to cross?

There is a bardic proverb in the Welsh: *A fo Ben, bydded Bont:* — 'He who is Chief, let him be the bridge': Bran the Blessed said it, when he threw down his giant body over the gulf, so that the men of the Island of the Mighty might pass over into Ireland. At the end of an old cycle, and the beginning of a new, when there is — as in our Rome at that time — a sort of psychic and cyclic impasse, a break-down and terrible chasm in history, if civilization is to pass over from the old conditions to the new, a man must be found who can be the bridge. He must solve the problems within himself; he must care so little for, and have such control of, his personality, that he can lay it down, so to speak, and let humanity cross over upon it. History may get no news of him at all; although he is then the Chief of Men, and the greatest living; — or it may get news, only to belittle him. His own and the after ages may think very little of him; he may possess no single quality to dazzle the imagination: — he may seem cold and uninteresting, a crafty tyrant; — or an uncouth old ex-rail-splitter to have in the White House; — or an illiterate peasant-girl to lead your armies; yet because he is the bridge,

THE CREST-WAVE OF EVOLUTION

he is the Chief; and you may suspect someone out of the Pantheons incarnate in him.

For the truth of all which, humanity has a sure instinct. When there is a crisis we say, *Look for the Man*. Rome thought (for the most part) that she had found him when Caesar, having conquered Pompey, came home master of the world. If this phoenix and phenomenon in time, now with no competitor above the horizons, could not settle affairs, only Omnipotence could. Every thinking (or sane) Roman knew that what Rome needed was a head; and now at last she had got one. Pompey, the only possible alternative, was dead; Caesar was lord of all things. Pharsalus, the deciding battle, was fought in 48; he returned home in 46. From the year between, in which he put the finishing touches to his supremacy, you may count the full manvantara of Imperial Rome: fifteen centuries until 1453 and the fall of the Eastern Empire.

All opinion since has been divided as to the character of Caesar. To those whose religion is democracy, he is the grand Destroyer of Freedom; to the worshipers of the Superman, he is the chief avatar of their god. Mr. Stobart,* who deals with him sanely, but leaning to the favorable view, says he was "not a bad man, for he preferred justice and mercy to tyranny and cruelty, and had a passion for logic and order"; and adds, "he was a man without beliefs or illusions or scruples." He began by being a fop and ultra-extravagant; and was always, if we may believe accounts, a libertine of the first water. He was, of course, an epileptic. In short, there is nothing in history to give an absolutely sure clue to his real self. But there is that passage in Madame Blavatsky, which I have quoted before, to the effect that he was an agent of the dark forces, and conquered Gaul for them, to abolish the last effective Mysteries; and I think in the light of that, his character, and a great deal of history besides, becomes intelligible enough. — It will be remembered that he stood at the head of the Roman religion, as Pontifex Maximus.

But it was not the evil that he did that (obviously) brought about his downfall. Caesar was fortified against Karma by the immensity of his genius. Whom should he fear, who had conquered Pompeius Magnus? None in the Roman world could reach so high as to his elbow; — for sheer largeness of mind, quickness and daring, he stood absolutely the Superman among pygmies. He knew his aim, and could make or wait for it; and it was big and real. Other men crowed or fumbled after petty and pinch-beck ends: impossible rhetorical republicanisms; vain senatorial prestiges; — or pleasure pure and simple — say rather, very complex and impure. Let them clack, let them fumble! Caesar would do things and

*On whose book, *The Grandeur that was Rome*, this paper also largely leans.

THE CREST-WAVE OF EVOLUTION

get things done. He wore the whole armor of his greatness, and could see no chink or joint in it through which a hostile dagger might pierce. Even his military victories were won by some greater than mere military greatness. — Karma, perhaps, remembering the Mysteries at Gaulish Bibracte, and the world left now quite lightless, might have a word to say; might even be looking round for shafts to speed. But what, against a man so golden-panoplied? “Tush!” saith Caesar, “there are no arrows now but straws.”

One such straw was this: (a foolish one, but it may serve) —

Rome for centuries has been amusing herself on all public occasions with Fourth of July rhetoric against kings, and in praise of tyrannicides. Rome for centuries has been cherishing in her heart what she calls a love for Freedom,— to scourge your slaves, steal from your provincials, and waste your substance in riotous living. All of which Julius Caesar,— being a real man, mind you,— holds in profoundest contempt for driveling unreality; which it certainly is. But unrealities are awfully real at times.

Unluckily, with all his Supermannism, he retained some traces of personality. He was bald, and sensitive about it; he always had been a trifle foppish. So when they gave him a nice laurel wreath for his triumph over Pompey, he continued, against all precedent, to wear it indefinitely, — as hiding certain shining surfaces from the vulgar gaze. . . . “H’m,” said Rome, “he goes about the next thing to crowned!” And here is his statue, set up with those of the Seven Kings of antiquity; he allowing it, or not protesting. — They remembered their schoolboy exercises, their spoutings on many Latins for Glorious Fourth; and felt very badly indeed. Then it was unlucky that, being too intent on realities, he could not bother to rise when those absurd old Piccadilly pterodactyls the Senators came into his presence; that he filled up their ridiculous house promiscuously with low-born soldiers and creatures of his own. And that there was a crowd of foolish prigs and pedants in Rome to take note of these so trivial things, and to be more irked by them than by all the realities of his power: — a lean hungry Cassius; an envious brusque detractor Casca; a Brutus with a penchant for being considered a philosopher, after a rather maiden-auntish sort of conception of the part, — and for being considered a true descendant of his well-known ancestor: a cold soul much fired with the *ignis fatuus* of Republican slave-scourging province-fleecing freedom. An unreal lot, with not the ghost of a Man between them; — what should the one Great Man of the age find in them to disturb the least of his dreams?

Came, however, the Ides of March in B. C. 44; and the laugh once more was with Karma,— the one great final laughter of the world. Caesar essayed to be Chief of the Romans: he who is chief, let him be the bridge;

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

— this one, because of a few ludicrous personal foibles, has broken down now under the hurry and thunder of the marching cycles. The fact being that your true Chief aspires only to the bridehood; whereas this one overlooked that part of it, intent on the chieftaincy. — And now, God have mercy on us! there is to be all the round of wars and proscriptions and massacres over again: *Roma caput mundi* herself piteously decapitate; and with every booby and popinjay rising in turn to kick her about at his pleasure; — and here first comes Mark Anthony to start the game, it seems.

Well; Mark Anthony managed wisely enough at that crisis: you would almost have said, hearing him speak at Caesar's funeral, that there was at least a ha'porth of brains hidden somewhere within that particularly thick skull of his. Half an hour changes him from a mere thing alive on sufferance — too foolish to be worth bothering to kill — into the master of Rome. And yet probably it was not brains that did it, but the force of genuine feeling: he loved dead Caesar; he was trying now to be cautious, for his own skin's sake: was repressing himself; — but his feelings got the better of him, — and were catching, — and set the mob on fire. Your lean and hungry ones; your envious detractors; your thin maiden-auntish prig republican philosophers: — all very wisely sheer off. Your grand resounding Cicero, — *vox et praeterea* almost *nihil* (he had yet to die and show that it was *almost*, not *quite*,) sheers off too, into the country, there to busy himself with an essay on the *Nature of the Gods* (to contain, be sure, some fine eloquence), and with making up his mind to attack Anthony on behalf of Republican Freedom. — Anthony's next step is wise too: he appoints himself Caesar's executor, gets hold of the estate, and proceeds to squander it right and left buying up for himself doubtful support. — All you can depend on is the quick coming-on of final ruin and dismay: of all impossibilities, the most impossible is to imagine Mark Anthony capable of averting it. As to Caesar's heir, so nominated in the will — the person from whom busy Anthony has virtually stolen the estate, — no one gives him a thought. Seeing who he was, it would be absurd to do so.

And then he turned up in Rome, a sickly youth of eighteen; demanded his moneys from Anthony; dunned him till he got some fragment of them; — then borrowed largely on his own securities, and proceeded to pay — what prodigal Anthony had been much too thrifty to think of doing — Caesar's debts. Rome was surprised.

This was Caesar's grand-nephew, Octavius; who had been in camp at Apollonia in Illyricum since he had coolly proposed to his great-uncle that the latter, being Dictator, and about to start on his Parthian campaign, should make him his Master of the Horse. He had been exempted from military service on account of ill-health; and Julius had a sense

THE CREST-WAVE OF EVOLUTION

of humor; so he packed him off to Apollonia to 'finish' a military training that had never begun. There he had made a close friend of a rising young officer by the name of Vipsanius Agrippa; a man of high capacities who, when the news came of Caesar's death, urged him to lose no time, but rouse the legions in their master's name, and march on Rome to avenge his murder. --- "No," says Octavius, "I shall go there alone."

Landing in Italy, he heard of the publication of the will, in which he himself had been named heir. That meant, to a very vast fortune, and to the duty of revenge. Of the fortune, since it was now in Mark Anthony's hands, you could predict nothing too surely but its vanishment; as to the duty, it might also imply a labor for which the Mariuses and Sullas, the Caesars and Pompeys, albeit with strong parties at their backs, had been too small men. And Octavius had no party, and he was no soldier, and he had no friends except that Vipsanius back in Apollonia.

His mother and step-father, with whom he stayed awhile on his journey, urged him to throw the whole matter up: forgo the improbable fortune and very certain peril, and not rush in where the strongest living might fear to tread. Why, there was Mark Anthony, Caesar's lieutenant -- the Hercules, mailed Bacchus, Roman Anthony -- the great dashing captain whom his soldiers so adored --- even he was shilly-shallying with the situation, and not daring to say *Caesar shall be avenged*. And Anthony, you might be sure, would want no competitor -- least of all in the boy named heir in Caesar's will. -- "Oh, I shall go on and take it up," said Octavius; and went. And paid Caesar's debts, as we have seen, presently: thereby advertising his assumption of all responsibilities. Anthony began to be uneasy about him; the Senatorial Party to make advances to him; people began to suspect that, possibly, this sickly boy might grow into a man to be reckoned with.

I am not going to follow him in detail through the next thirteen years. It is a tortuous difficult story; to which we lack the true clues, unless they are to be found in the series of portrait-busts of him taken during this period. The makers of such busts were the photographers of the age; and, you may say, as good as the best photographers. Every prominent Roman availed himself of their services. Mr. Baring-Gould, in his *Tragedy of the Caesars*, arranges, examines, and interprets these portraits of Augustus; I shall give you the gist of his conclusions, which are illuminating. -- First we see a boy with delicate and exceedingly beautiful features, impassive and unawakened: Octavius when he came to Rome. A cloud gathers on his face, deepening into a look of intense anguish; and with the anguish grows firmness and the clenched expression of an iron will: this is Octavian in the dark days of the thirties. -- The anguish passes, but leaves the firmness behind: the strength remains, the beauty

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

remains, and a light of high serenity has taken the place of the aspect of pain: this is Augustus the Emperor. — The same writer contrasts this story with that revealed by the busts of Julius: wherein we see first a gay insouciant dare-devil youth, and at last a man old before his time; a face sinister (I should say) and haunted with ugly sorrow.

We get no contemporary account of Augustus; no interpreting biography from the hand of any one who knew him. We have to read between the lines of history, and with what intuition we can muster: and especially the story of that lonely soul struggling through the awful waters of the years that followed Caesar's death. We see him allying himself first with one party, then with another; exercising (apparently) no great or brilliant qualities, yet by every change thrown nearer the top; till with Anthony and Lepidus he is one of the Triumvirate that rules the world. Then came those cruel proscriptions. This is the picture commonly seen: — a cold keen intellect perpetually dissembling; keen enough to deceive Anthony, to deceive the senate, to deceive Cicero and all the world; cruel for policy's sake, without ever a twinge of remorse or compunction: a marble-cold impassive *mind*, and no heart at all, with master-subtlety achieving mastery of the world. — Alas! a boy in his late teens and early twenties, so nearly friendless, and with enemies so many and so great. . . . A boy "up against" so huge and difficult circumstances always, that (you would say) there was no time, no possibility, for him to look ahead: in every moment the next agonizing perilous step that must be taken vast enough to fill the whole horizon of his mind, of any human mind perhaps; — ay, so vast and compelling that every day with wrenches and torsion that horizon must be pushed back and back to contain them,— a harrowing painful process, as we may read on his busts. . . . As to the proscriptions, Dio, a writer, as Mr. Baring-Gould says, "never willing to allow a good quality to one of the Caesars, or to put their conduct in other than an unfavorable light," says that they were brought about mainly

"by Lepidus and Anthony, who, having been long in honor under Julius Caesar, and having held many offices in state and army, had acquired many enemies. But as Octavian was associated with them in power, an appearance of complicity attached to him. But he was not cruel by nature, and he had no occasion for putting many to death; moreover, he had resolved to imitate the example of his adoptive father. Added to this, he was young, was just entering on his career, and sought rather to gain hearts than to alienate them. No sooner was he in sole power than he showed no signs of severity, and at that time he caused the death of very few, and saved very many. He proceeded with the utmost severity against such as betrayed their [proscribed?] masters or friends; but was most favorable to such as helped the proscribed to escape."

It was that "appearance of complicity" that wrote the anguish on his face: the fact that he could not prevent, and saw no way but to have

THE CREST-WAVE OF EVOLUTION

a sort of hand in, things his nature loathed. In truth he appears to us now rather like a pawn, played down the board by some great Chess-player in the Unseen; moving by no volition or initiative of its own through perils and piece-takings to Queenhood on the seventh square. But we know that he who would enter the Path of Power must use all the initiative, all the volition, possible in any human being, to attain the balance, to master the personality, to place himself wholly and unreservedly in the power, under the control, of the Higher Thing that is "within and yet without him": the Voice of his Soul, that speaks also through the lips of his Teacher; whether that Teacher be embodied visibly before men or not. He obeys; he follows the gleam; he suffers, and strives, and makes no question; and his striving is all for more power to obey and to follow. In this, I think, we have our clue to the young Octavian. — 'Luck' always favored him; not least when, in dividing the world, Anthony chose the East, gave Lepidus Africa, and left the most difficult and dangerous Italy to the youngest partner of the three.

He had two friends, men of some genius both: Vipsanius Agrippa the general, and Cilnius Maecenas the statesman. Both appear to us as great personalities; the master whom they served so loyally and splendidly remains an Impersonality, — which those who please may call a 'cold abstraction.' While Octavian was away campaigning, Maecenas, with no official position, ruled Rome on his behalf; and so wisely that Rome took it and was well content. As for those campaigns, 'luck' or Agrippa won them for him; in Octavian himself we can see no qualities of great generalship. And indeed, it is likely he had none; for he was pre-eminently a man of peace. But they always were won. Suetonius makes him a coward; yet he was one that, when occasion arose, would not think twice about putting to sea in an open boat during a storm; and once, when he heard that Lepidus was preparing to turn against him, he rode alone into that general's camp, and took away the timid creature's army without striking a blow: simply ordered the soldiers to follow him, and they did. If he seems now a colorless abstraction, he could hardly have seemed so then to Lepidus' legions, who deserted their own general — and paymaster — at his simple word of command. Or to Agrippa, or to Maecenas, great men who desired nothing better than to serve him with loyal affection. Maecenas was an Etruscan; a man of brilliant mind and culture; reputed somewhat luxurious when he had nothing to do, but a very dynamo when there was work. — A man, be it said, of great ideals on his own account: we see it in his influence on Virgil and Horace. In his last years some coldness, unexplained, sprung up between him and his master; yet when Maecenas died, it was found he had made Augustus his sole heir. — But now Augustus is still only Octavian, moving impas-

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

sively and impersonally to his great destiny; as if no thing of flesh and blood and common human impulses, but a cosmic force acting; — which indeed the Impersonal Man always is.

What he did, seems to have done, or could not help doing, always worked out right, whether it carries for us an ethical look or no. The problems and difficulties that lay between that time and Peace flowed to him: and as at the touch of some alchemical solvent, received their solution. We get one glimpse of the inner man of him, of his beliefs or religion. He believed absolutely in his *Genius* (in the Roman sense): his luck, or his Karma, or — and perhaps chiefly — that God-side of a man which Numatism taught existed: — what we should call, the Higher Law, the Warrior, and the Higher Self. There, as I think, you have the heart of his mystery: he followed that, blindly,— and made no mistakes. In the year 29 B. C. it led him back to Rome in triumph, having laid the world at his feet. He had been the bridge over that chasm in the cycles; the Path through all the tortuosities of that doubtful and wayward time; over which the Purposes of the Gods had marched to their fulfilment. He had been strong as destiny, who seemed to have little strength in his delicate body. With none of Caesar's dash and brilliance, he had repeated Caesar's achievement; and was to conquer further in spiritual

“regions Caesar never knew.”

With none of Anthony's soldiership, he had easily brought Anthony down. — Why did Cleopatra lose Actium for Anthony?

We face the almost inexplicable again in the whole story of Octavian's dealings with Cleopatra. She is one of the characters history has most venomously lied about. Mr. Wiegand has shown some part of the truth about her in his biography; but I do not think he has solved the whole problem; for he takes the easy road of making Octavian a monster. Now Augustus, beyond any question, was one of the most beneficent forces that ever appeared in history; and no monster can be turned, by the mere circumstance of success achieved, into that. Cleopatra had made a bid to solve the world-problem on an Egyptian basis: first through Caesar, then through Anthony. We may dismiss the idea that she was involved in passionate attachments: she had a grand game to play, with world-stakes at issue. The problem was not to be solved through Caesar; and it was not to be solved through Anthony; but it *had been solved by Octavian*. There was nothing more for her to do, but step aside and be no hindrance to the man who had done that work for the Gods that she had tried and been unable to do. So she sailed away from Actium.

Julius Caesar in his day had married her; and young Caesarion

THE CREST-WAVE OF EVOLUTION

their son was his heir by Egyptian, but not by Roman, law. When, in the days of Caesar's dictatorship, she brought the boy to Rome, Caesar refused to recognise her as his wife, or to do the right thing by Caesarion. To do either would have endangered his position in Rome; where by that time he had another wife, the fourth or fifth in the series. He feared the Romans; and they feared Egypt and its Queen. It seemed very probable at that time that the headship of the world might pass to Egypt; which was still a sovereign power, and immensely rich, and highly populated, and a compact kingdom; — whereas the Roman state was everywhere ill-defined, tenebrous, and falling to pieces. At this distance it is hard to see in Egypt anything of strength or morale that would have enabled it to settle the world's affairs; as hard, indeed, as it is to see anything of the kind in Rome. But Rome was haunted with the bogey idea; and terribly angry, afterwards, with Anthony for his Egyptian exploits; and hugely relieved when Actium put an end to the Egyptian peril. Egypt, it was thought, if nothing else, might have starved Italy into submission. But in truth the cycles were all against it: Cleopatra was the only Egyptian that counted, — the lonely Spacious Soul incarnate there.

When Octavian reached Alexandria, all he did was to refuse to be influenced by the queen's wonderfully magnetic personality. He appears to me to have been uncertain how to act: to have been waiting for clear guidance from the source whence all his guidance came. He also seems to have tried to keep her from committing suicide. It is explained commonly on the supposition that he intended she should appear in his triumph in Rome; and that she killed herself to escape that humiliation. I think it is one of those things whose explanation rests in the hands of the Gods, and is not known to men. You may have a mass of evidence, that makes all humanity certain on some point; and yet the Gods, who have witnessed the realities of the thing, may know that those realities were quite different.

Then her two elder children were killed; and no one has suggested, so far as I know, that it was not by Octavian's orders. It is easy, even, to supply him with a motive for it; one in keeping with accepted ideas of his character: — as he was Caesar's heir, he would have wished Caesar's own children out of the way; — and Caesar's children by that (to Roman ideas) loathed Egyptian connexion. His family honor would have been touched. . . .

Up to this point, then, such a picture as this might be the true portrait of him: — a sickly body, with an iron will in it; a youth with no outstanding brilliancies, who never lost his nerve and never made mistakes in policy; with no ethical standards above those of his time: — capable

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

of pricking his names coldly on the proscription lists; capable of having Cleopatra's innocent children killed; — one, certainly, who had followed the usual custom of divorcing one wife and marrying another as often as expediency suggested. Above all, following the ends of his ambition unerringly to the top of success.

The ends of his ambition? — That is all hidden in the intimate history of souls. How should we dare say that Julius was ambitious, Augustus not? Both apparently aimed at mastery of the world; from this human standpoint of the brain-mind there is nothing to choose, and no means of discrimination. But what about the standpoint of the Gods? Is there no difference, as seen from their impersonal altitudes, between reaching after a place for your personality, and supplying a personality to fill a place that needs filling? There is just that difference, I think, between the brilliant Julius and the staid Octavian. The former might have settled the affairs of the world, — as its controller and master and the dazzling obvious mover of all the pieces on the board. I do not believe Octavian looked ahead at all to see any shining pinnacle or covet a place on it; but time and the Law hurled one situation after another at him, and he mastered and filled them as they came because it was the best thing he could do. . . . If we say that the two men were as the poles apart, there are but tiny indications of the difference: the tactlessness and small vanities that advertise personality in the one; the supreme tact and balance that affirm impersonality in the other. The personality of Julius must tower above the world; that of Augustus was laid down as a bridge for the world to pass over. Julius gave his monkeys three chestnuts in the morning and four at night; — you remember Chwangtse's story; — and so they grew angry and killed him. Augustus adjusted himself; decreed that they should have their four in the morning. His personality was always under command, and he brought the world across on it. It never got in the way; it was simply the instrument wherewith he (or the Gods) saved Rome. He — we may say he — did save Rome. She was dead, this time; dead as Lazarus, who had been three days in the tomb, etc. He called her forth; gave her two centuries of greatness; five of some kind of life in the west; fifteen, all told, in west and east. Julius is always bound to make on the popular eye the larger impression of greatness. He retains his personality with all its air of supermanhood; it is easy to see him as a live human being, to imagine him in his habit as he lived, and to be astounded by his greatness. But Augustus is hidden; the real man is covered by that dispassionate impersonality that saved Rome. If all that comes down about the first part of his life is true, and has been truly interpreted, you could not call him *then* even a good man. But the record of his reign belies every shadow that has

THE CREST-WAVE OF EVOLUTION

been cast on that first part. It is altogether a record of beneficence.

H. P. Blavatsky speaks of Julius as an agent of the dark forces. Elsewhere she speaks of Augustus as an Initiate.

Did she mean by that merely an initiate of the Official Mysteries as they still existed at Eleusis and elsewhere? Many men, good, bad and indifferent, were that: Cicero,--- who was doubtless, as he says, a better man for his initiation; Flamininus and his officers; most of the prominent Athenians since the time of Pericles and earlier. I dare say it had come to mean that though you might be taught something about Karma and Reincarnation, you were not taught to make such teachings a living power in your own life or that of the world. There is nothing of the Occultist, nothing of the Master Soul, in the life and actions of Cicero; but there was very much, as I shall try to show, in the life and actions of Augustus. And, we gather from H. P. Blavatsky, the only Mysteries that survived in their integrity to anything like this time had been those at Bibracte which Caesar destroyed. (Which throws light, by the bye, on Lucan's half-sneering remark about the Druids,— that they alone had real knowledge about the Gods and the things beyond this life.) So it seems to me that Augustus' initiation implied something much more real, — much more a high status of the soul, — than could have been given him by any semi-public organized body within the Roman world.

Virgil, in the year 40 B. C., being then a pastoral poet imitating Theocritus, — nothing very serious,--- wrote a strange poem that stands in dignity and depth of purpose far above anything in his model. This was the Fourth Eclogue of his *Bucolics*, called the *Pollio*. In it he invokes the "Sicilian Muse" to inspire him to loftier strains; and proceeds to sing of the coming of a new cycle, the return of a better age, to be ushered in, supposedly, by a 'child' born in that year: —

*Ultima Cumaei venit jam carminis aetas;
Magnus ab integro saeculorum nascitur ordo;
Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna;
Jam nova progenies coelo demittitur alto.*

This was taken in the Middle Ages as referring to the birth of Jesus; and on the strength of having thus prophesied, Virgil came to be looked on as either a true prophet or a black magician. Hence his enormous reputation all down the centuries as a master of the secret sciences. The chemist is the successor to the alchemist; and in Wales we still call a chemist *fferyll*, which is *Virgil* Cymricized. Well; his reputation was not altogether undeserved; he did know much: you can find Karma, Reincarnation, Devachan, Kâma-loka — most of the Theosophical teachings as to the postmortem-prenatal states,— taught in the Sixth Book of the *Aeneid*. But as to this *Pollio* Eclogue: even in modern textbooks one often sees it

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

asserted that he must have been familiar with the Hebrew Scriptures;— because in the Book of Isaiah the coming of a Messiah to the Jews is prophesied in terms not very like those he used. To my mind this is far-fetched: Virgil had Gaul behind him, if you must look for explanations in outside things; and at least in after ages Celtic Messianism was as persistent a doctrine as Jewish. A survival, of course; in truth the initiated or partly initiated among all ancient peoples knew that avatars come. Virgil, if he understood as much about Theosophy as he wrote into the Sixth Aeneid, would also have known, from whatever source he learnt it, the truth about cycles and Adept Messengers.

There has been much speculation as to who the child born in the year of Pollio's consulship, who was to bring in the new order of ages, could have been. But we may note that in the language of Occultism (and think of Virgil as an Occultist), the 'birth of a child' has always been a symbolical way of speaking of the initiation of a candidate into the (true) Mysteries. So that it does not follow by any means that he meant an actual baby born in that year; he may have intended, and probably did intend, some Adept then born into his illumination, — or that, according to Virgil's own ideas, might be thought likely soon to be. One cannot say; he was a very wise man, Virgil. At least it indicates a feeling,— perhaps peculiar to himself, perhaps general,— that the world stood on the brink of a great change in the cycles, and that an Adept Leader might be expected, who should usher the new order in.

His eyes may have been opened to the possibilities of the young Octavian. It is possible that the two were together at school in Rome, studying rhetoric under Epidius, in the late fifties; and certainly Virgil had recently visited Rome and there interviewed the Triumvir Octavian; — and had obtained from him an order for the restitution of his parental farm near Mantua, which had been given to one of the soldiers of Philippi after that battle. Two or three of the Eclogues are given to the praises of Octavian; whom, even as early as that, Virgil seems to have recognised as the future or potential savior of Rome. The points to put side by side are these: Virgil, a Theosophist, expected the coming of an avatar, an Initiate who should save Rome; — H. P. Blavatsky speaks of Augustus as an Initiate; — Augustus did save Rome.

When did he become an Initiate? Was there, at some time, such a change in his life that it was as if a new Soul had come in to take charge of that impersonal unfailing personality? There are tremendous mysteries connected with incarnation: the possibility of a sudden accession of entity, so to say,— a new vast increment of being. As Octavius and Octavian, the man seems like one without will or desires of his own, acting in blind obedience to impersonal forces that aimed at his supremacy

THE CREST-WAVE OF EVOLUTION

in the Roman world. As Augustus, he becomes another man altogether, almost fathomlessly wise and beneficent; a Master of Peace and Wisdom. He gave Rome Peace, and taught her to love peace. He put *Peace* for a legend on the coinage; and in the west *Pax*, in the east *Irene*, became favorite names to give your children. He did what he could to clean Roman life; to give the people high ideals; to make the empire a place, -- and in this he succeeded, -- where decent egos could incarnate and hope to progress; which, generally speaking, they cannot in a chaos. His fame as a benefactor of the human race spread marvelously: in far-away India (where at that time the Secret Wisdom and its Masters were much more than a tradition), they knew of him, and struck coins in his honor: coins bearing the image and superscription of this Roman Caesar.

I said that he went to work like an Occultist: like one with an understanding of the inner laws of life, and power to direct outward things in accordance with that knowledge. Thus: -- the task that lay before him was to effect a complete revolution. Rome could not go on under the old system any longer. That system had utterly broken down; and unless an efficient executive could be evolved, there was nothing for it but that the world should go forward Kilkenny-cutting itself into non-existence. Now an efficient executive meant one-man rule; or a king, by whatsoever name he might be called. But the tradition of centuries made a king impossible. There were strongly formed astral molds; and whoever should attempt to break them would, like Caesar, ensure his own defeat. Whoever actually should break them, -- well, the result of breaking astral molds is always about the same. H. P. Blavatsky said that she came to break molds of mind; and so she did; but it was not in politics: and the while she was laying her trains of thought-dynamite, and exploding them gloriously, she was also building up fair and glorious mansions of thought to house those made homeless. The situation we are looking at here is on a different plane, the political. You break the astral molds there: and they may be quite worthless, quite effete and contemptible, -- yet they are the things which alone keep the demon in man under restraint. It is the old peril of Revolutions. They may be started with the best of intentions, in the name of the highest ideals; but, unless there be superhuman strength (like Ts'in Shi Hwangti's) or superhuman wisdom (like Augustus') to guide them, as surely as they succeed in breaking the old molds, they degenerate into orgies, -- blood, vice, and crime.

Augustus effected his revolution and kept all that out; he substituted peace and prosperity for the blood and butchery of a century. And it was because he went to work with the knowledge of an Occultist that he was able to do so.

He carefully abstained from breaking the molds. He labored to keep

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

them all intact, -- for the time being, and until new ones should have been formed. Gently and by degrees he poured a new force and meaning into them; which, in time, would necessarily destroy them; but meanwhile others would have been growing. He took no step without laboriously ascertaining that there were precedents for it. Rome had been governed by Consuls and Tribunes; well, he would accept the consulate, and the tribunician power; because it was necessary now, for the time being at any rate, that Rome should be governed by Augustus. It is as well to remember that it was the people who insisted on this last. The Republican Party might subsist among the aristocracy, the old governing class; but Augustus was the hero and champion of the masses. Time and again he resigned: handed back his powers to the senate, and what not; -- whether as a matter of form only, and that he might carry opinion along with him; or with the real hope that he had taught things at last to run themselves. In either case his action was wise and creditable; you have to read into him mean motives out of your own nature, if you think otherwise. Let there be talk of tyrants, and plots arising, with danger of assassination, -- and what was to become of re-established law, order, and the Augustan Peace? The fact was that the necessities of the case always compelled the senate to reinstate him: it was too obvious that things could not run themselves. If there had been any practicable opposition, it could always have made those resignations effectual; or at least it could have driven him to a show of illegalism, and so, probably, against the point of some fanatic theorist's dagger. In 23 B. C. there was a food shortage; and the mob besieged the senate house, demanding that new powers should be bestowed on the Caesar: they knew well what mind and hands could save them.

But he would run up no new (corrugated iron or reinforced concrete) astral molds, nor smash down any old ones. There should be no talk of a king, or perpetual dictator. Chief citizen, as you must have a chief, -- since a hundred years had shown that haphazard executives would not work. *Primus inter pares* in the senate: *Princeps*, -- not a new title, nor one that implied royalty, -- or meant anything very definite; why define things, anyhow, now while the world was in flux? Mr. Stobart, who I think comes very near to showing Augustus as he really was, still permits himself to speak of him as "chilly and statuesque." But can you imagine the mob so in love with a chilly and statuesque -- tyrant, or statesman, or politician, -- as to besiege the senate-house and clamor for an extension of his powers? And this chilly statuesque person was the man who delighted in sharing in their games with children!

Another reason why there was no talk of a king: he was no Leader of a spiritual movement, but merely dealing with politics, with which the

THE CREST-WAVE OF EVOLUTION

cycles will have their way: a world of ups and downs, not stable because linked to the Heart of Things. Supposing he should find one to appoint as his worthy successor: with the revolutions of the cycles, could that one hope to find another to succeed him? Political affairs move and have their being at best in a region of flux, where the evils, and especially the duties, of the day are sufficient therefor. In attending to these,—performing the duties, fighting the evils,—Augustus laid down the lines for the future of Rome.

He tried to revive the patriciate; he wanted to have, co-operating with him, a governing class with the ancient sense of responsibility and turn for affairs. But what survived of the old aristocracy was wedded to the tradition of Republicanism, which meant oligarchy, and doing just what you liked or nothing at all. The one thing they were not prepared to do was to co-operate in saving Rome. At first they showed some eagerness to flatter him; but found that flattery was not what he wanted. Then they were inclined to sulk, and he had to get them to pass a law making attendance at the senate compulsory. Mean views as to his motives have become traditional; but the only view the facts warrant is this: he lent out his personality, not ungrudgingly, to receive the powers and laurels that must fall upon the central figure in the state, while ever working to vitalize what lay outward from that to the circumference, that all Romans might share with him the great Roman responsibility of running and regenerating the world. Where there was talent, he opened a way for it. He made much more freedom than had ever been under the Republic; gave all classes functions to perform; and curtailed only the freedom of the old oligarchy to fleece the provinces and misdirect affairs.

And meanwhile the old Rome that he found on his return in 29,—brick-built ignobly at best, and now decaying and half in ruins,—was giving place to a true imperial city. In 28, eighty-two temples were built or rebuilt in marble; among the rest, one to Apollo on the Palatine, most magnificent, with a great public library attached. The first public library in Rome had been built by Asinius Pollio nine years before; soon they became common. Agrippa busied himself building the Pantheon; also public baths, of which he was responsible for a hundred and seventy within the limits of the city. Fair play to the Romans, they washed. All classes had their daily baths; all good houses had hot baths and swimming-tanks. The outer Rome he found in brick and left in marble:—but the inner Rome he had to rebuild was much more ruinous than the outer; as for the material he found it built of—well, it would be daring optimism and euphemism to call those Romans *bricks*—says someone.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

Time had brought southern Europe to the point where national distinctions were disappearing. No nation could now stand apart. Greek or Egyptian or Gaul, all were, or might be, or soon would be, Romans; and if any ego with important things to say should incarnate anywhere, what he said should be heard all round the Middle Sea. This too is a part of the method of Natural Law; which now splits the world into little fragments, the nations, and lets them evolve apart, bringing to light by the intensive culture of their nationalisms what hidden possibilities lie latent in their own soils and atmospheres; — and anon welds them into one, that all these accomplished separate evolutions may play upon each other, interact,— every element quickening and quickened by the contact. In the centrifugal or heterogenizing cycles national souls are evolved; in the centripetal or homogenizing they are given freedom to affect the world. We have seen what such fusion meant for China; perhaps some day we may see what such fusion may mean for the world entire. In Augustus' time, fusion was to do something for the Mediterranean basin. If he had been an Occultist, to know it, his great cards lay in Italy and Spain: the former with her cycle of productiveness due to continue, shall we say until about 40 A. D.? — the latter with hers due soon to begin.

Well, it does look rather as if he knew it. We shall see presently how he dealt with Italy; within two years of his triumph he was turning his attention to Spain, still only partly conquered. We may picture that country, from its first appearance in history until this time we are speaking of, as in something like modern Balkan conditions. Hamilcar Barca, a great proud gentleman, the finest fruit of an ancient culture, had thought no scorn to marry a Spanish lady; as a king of Italy nowadays found it nowise beneath him to marry a Montenegrin princess. In either case it meant no unbridgable disparity in culture. Among any of the Spanish peoples you should have found men who would have been at home in Greek or Carthaginian drawing-rooms, so to say; though the break-up of a forgotten civilization there had left the country in fragments and small warfares and disorder. If you read the earliest Spanish accounts of their conquests in the New World, you cannot escape the feeling that, no such long ages ago, Spain was in touch with America; not so many centuries, say, before Hamilcar went to Spain. Such accounts are no doubt unscientific; but may be the more intuitional and true and indicative for that. When Augustus turned his eyes on Spain, Basque and Celtic chieftains in the northern mountains and along the shores of Biscay, the semi-decivilized *membra disjecta* of past civilizations, were always disposed to make trouble for the Roman south. He could not have left them alone; except at the cost of keeping huge garrisons along the

THE CREST-WAVE OF EVOLUTION

border, with perpetual alarms for the province. So he went there in person, and began the work of conquering those mountains in B. C. 27. It was a long and difficult war, with hideous doings on both sides: the Romans crucified the Spaniards, and the Spaniards jeered at them from their crosses. This because Augustus was too sick to attend to things himself; half the time he was at death's door. Not till he could afford to take Agrippa from work elsewhere was any real progress made. But at one point we see his own hand strike into it; and the incident is very instructive.

Spain had her Vercingetorix in one Corocotta, a Celt who kept all Roman efforts useless and all Roman commanders tantalized and nervous till a reward of fifty thousand dollars was offered for his capture. Augustus, recovered a little, was in camp; and things were going ill with the Spaniards. One day an important-looking Celt walked in, and demanded to see the Caesar upon business connected with the taking of Corocotta. Led into the Caesar's presence, he was asked what he wanted. — "Fifty thousand dollars," said he; "I am Corocotta." Augustus laughed long and loud; shook hands with him heartily; paid him the money down, and gave him his liberty into the bargain; whereafter soon this *Quijote español* married a Roman wife, and as Caius Julius Corocottus "lived happily ever after." It was a change from the 'generous' Julius' treatment of Vercingetorix; but that Rome profited by the precedent thus established, we may judge from Claudius' treatment of the third Celtic hero who fell into Roman hands,—Caradoc of Wales.

Spain was only one of the many places where the frontier had to be settled. The empire was a nebulous affair; you could not say where it began and ended; — and to bring all out of this nebulosity was one of the labors that awaited Augustus. Even a Messenger of the Gods is limited by the conditions he finds in the world; and is as great as his age will allow him to be. Though an absolute monarch, he cannot change human nature. He must concentrate on points attackable, and do what he can: deflect currents in the right direction; above all, sow ideals, and wait upon the ministrations of time. He must take conditions as he finds them, following the lines of least resistance. It is nothing to him that posterity may ask, Why did he not change this or that? — and add, He was no better than he should be. At once to change outer things and ways of feeling that have grown up through centuries is not difficult, but impossible; and sometimes right courses, violently taken, are wronger than wrong ones. Augustus was a man of peace, if anybody ever was; yet (as in Spain) made many wars. The result of this Spanish conquest was that the Pax Romana came into Spain, bringing with it several centuries of high prosperity: the world-currents flowed in there at once,

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

and presently the light of Spain, such as it was at that time, shone out over the Roman world. Most of the great names of the first century A. D. are those of Spaniards.

After Spain, the most immediate frontier difficulty was with Parthia; and there Augustus won his greatest victory. At Carrhae the Parthians had routed Crassus and taken the Roman eagles. Rome was responsible for the provinces of Asia; and she was nominally at war with Parthia,—so those provinces were in trim to be overrun at any time. The war, then, must be finished; and could Rome let it end on terms of a Parthian victory? Where (it would be argued) would then be Roman prestige? Where Roman authority (a more real and valuable thing)? Where the Pax Romana? — All very true and sound; everybody knew that for the war to reopen was only a question of time; — Julius had been on the point of marching east when the liberators killed him. Yes, said Augustus; the matter must be attended to. But Parthia was a more or less civilized power: a state at least with an established central government; and when you have that, there is generally the chance to settle things by tact instead of by fighting. He found a means. He opened negotiations, and brought all his tact to bear. He was the chief, and a bridge again. Over which presently came Phraates king of Parthia, amenable and well-disposed, to return the eagles and such of the prisoners as were still alive. Rome had won back her prestige; Parthia was undegraded; peace had won a victory that war would have spent itself in vain striving after.

But the frontier was enormous, and nowhere else marched with that of an established power. There was no winning by peace along that vast northern line from the Black to the North Sea, at the most vital spot of which an unlucky physical geography makes Italy easily invadable and rather hard to defend. Negotiations would not work here, since there was no union to negotiate with; only ebullient German tribes whose game was raiding and whose trade plunder. So the Alps had to be held, and a line drawn somewhere north of them,— say along the Danube and the Rhine or Elbe: a frontier that could be made safe with a minimum of soldiers. All this he did; excluding adventurous schemes: leaving Britain, for example, alone; and was able to reduce the army, before he died, to a mere handful of 140,000 men. — Varus and his lost legions? Well; there is something to be said about that. Augustus was old, and the generals of the imperial family, who knew their business, were engaged elsewhere. And Germany was being governed by a good amiable soul by the name of Quintilius Varus, who persisted in treating the Germans as if they had been civilized Italians. And there was a young Cheruscan who had become a Roman citizen, spoke Latin fluently, and had always been a good ally of Rome. His Latin cognomen was Arminius;

THE CREST-WAVE OF EVOLUTION

of which German patriotism has manufactured a highly improbable *Hermann*. The trustful Varus allowed himself to be lured by this seemingly so good friend into the wilds of the Saltus Teutobergiensis, where the whole power of the Cheruskans fell on and destroyed him. Then Tiberius came, and put the matter right; but there was an ugly half hour of general panic first. There had been no thought of adding Germany to the empire; but only as to whether the frontier should be on the Elbe or the Rhine. Varus' defeat decided Augustus for the Rhine.

Now we come to what he did for Italy: his second trump card, if we call Spain his first. Spain belonged to the future, Italy to the present. Her cycle was half over, and she had done nothing (in B. C. 29) very worthy with it. First, an effort should be made towards the purification of family life: a pretty hopeless task, wherein at last he was forced to banish his own daughter for notorious evil-living. He made laws; and it may be supposed that they had some effect *in time*. A literary impulse towards high dignified ideals, however, may be much more effective than laws. He had Maecenas with his circle of poets.

Of course, poetry written to order, or upon imperial suggestion, is not likely to be of the highest creative kind. But the high creative forces were not flowing in that age; and we need not blame Augustan patronage for the limitations of Augustan literature. There is no time to argue the question; this much we may say: the two poets who worked with the emperor, and wrote under his influence and sometimes at his suggestion, left work that endures in world-literature; that is noble and beautiful, and still interesting. I mean Virgil and Horace, of course. Ovid, who was not under that influence, but of the faction opposed to it, wrote stuff that it would be much better were lost entirely.

The poet's was the best of pulpits, in those days: poets stood much nearer the world than for all the force of the printing-press they can hope to do now. So, if they could preach back its sacredness to the soil of Italy: if they could recreate the ideal of the old agricultural life: something might be done towards (among other things) checking the unwholesome crowding to the capital,— as great an evil then as now. Through Maecenas and directly Augustus influenced Virgil, the laureate; who responded with his *Georgics*.

It is a wonderful work. Virgil was a practical farmer; he tells you correctly what to do. But he makes a work of art of it, all poetical. He suffuses his directions for stock-raising and cabbage-hoeing with the light of mythology and poetry. He gives you the Golden Age and Saturn's Italy, and makes the soil seem sacred. He had the Gaul's feeling for grace and delicacy, and brought in Celtic beauty to illumine the Italian

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

world. The lines are impregnated with the soul, the inner atmosphere, of the Italian land; full of touches such as that lovely

Muscosi fontes et somno mollior herba;

of violets and poppies and narcissus; quinces and chestnut trees. All that is of loveliness in rural (and sacred) Italy is there; the landscapes are there, still beautiful; and the dignity and simplicity of the old agricultural life. It is a practical treatise on farming; yet a living poem.

Horace too played up for his friend Maecenas and for Caesar. Maecenas gave him that Sabine farm; and Horace made Latin songs to Greek meters about it: made music that is a marvel to this day; made his Sabine valley, with all its beauty, live on to this day, so that it remains a place of pilgrimage, and you can still visit, I believe, that

Jons Bandusiae splendidior vitro

that he loved so well and set such sweet music to. He gives you that country as Virgil gives you the valley vistas, not unfringed with mystery, of the Appenines and the north. Between them, Italy is there, as it had never been interpreted before. If — in Virgil at least — there is a direct practical purpose, there is no less marvelous art and a real vision of Nature.

And then Augustus set both of them to singing the grandeur of Rome; to making a new patriotism with their poetry; to inspiring Roman life with a sense of dignity,— a thing it needed sorely: Virgil in the *Aeneid* (where also, as we have seen, he taught not a little Theosophy); Horace in the *Carmen Saeculare* and some of the great Odes of the third and fourth books. The lilt of his lines is capable of ringing, and does so again and again, into something very like the thrill and resonance of the Grand Manner. Listen for it especially in the third and fourth lines of this:

*Quid debeas, o Roma, Neronibus
Testis Metaurum flumen et Hasdrubal
Devictus, et pulcher fugatis
Ille dies Latio tenebris.*

I am not concerned here to speak of his limitations; nor of Virgil's; — who, in whatever respect the *Aeneid* may fall short, does not fail to cry out in it to the Romans, Remember the dignity and the high mission of Rome! — By all these means Augustus worked towards the raising of Roman ideals.

To that end he wrote, he studied, he made orations. He searched the Latin and Greek literatures; and any passage he came on that illumined life or tended towards upliftment, he would copy out and send to be read in the senate; or he would read it there himself to the senators; or publish it as an edict. There is a touch of the Teacher in this, I think. He has given Rome Peace; he is master of the world, and now has grown old. He enjoys no regal splendor, no pomp or retinue: his life is as that of any

PROBABILITY

other senator, but simpler than most. And his mind is ever brooding over Rome, watchful for the ideas that may purify Roman life and raise it to higher levels.

Many things occurred to sadden his old age. His best friends were dead; Varus was lost with his legions; there had been the tragedy of Julia, whom he had loved well, and the deaths of the young princes, her sons. He was a man of extraordinarily keen affections, and all these losses came home to him sorely.

But against every sadness he had his own achievements to set. There was Rome in its marble visibly about him, that he had found in brick and in ruins; Rome now capable of centuries of life, that had been, when he came to it, a ghastly putridity.

PROBABILITY

R. MACHELL



IF it is true that religion rests wholly on faith, it is also true that materialism, as generally understood, is based merely on bluff. The two pillars of the church of matter are common sense and probability. They are in appearance such solid and respectable pillars, so smooth and shiny, that one almost hesitates to suggest a doubt as to their stability and cohesion, or to point out the insufficiency of the foundation on which they rest to carry the supposed weight of the so solid seeming supports, to say nothing of the roof that may be placed upon these structural delusions.

The materials of which they are compounded are prejudice, ignorance, and vanity — materials that may be quarried wherever human beings are to be found.

Common sense is generally understood to be the exercise of a quality of right judgment or discrimination, assumed, by virtue of vanity, to be inherent in the mind of the individual who claims to exercise the faculty. The truth of this statement is not shaken by the fact that such an individual will generally admit, also by virtue of his vanity, that common sense is in fact a rare quality. It is an assumption; an obvious bluff, and therefore popular. It is said by some philosophers that this is a world of delusion, and it may therefore be argued that the use of delusion is legitimate and proper on this plane of consciousness; but then the delusion should be unconscious, otherwise it is mere fraud, or deliberate bluff.

It is a matter of experience that modern materialism does not stand long. Its supports crumbling, the building is in a state of constant

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

repair and endless reconstruction. Witness the pace at which hand-books of science succeed one another, with new theories, each one as rational as its discredited predecessor.

But if common sense is a bluff, what shall we say about probability? This familiar quality is spoken of as an attribute of certain facts, or statements concerning facts, which is assumed to be inherent in the fact or statement - - whereas it is obviously nothing more nor less than an attitude of mind in the person making the assumption: this attitude of mind being the result of a previous acceptance of certain theories concerning the action of natural forces,—loosely referred to as laws of nature.

There may be such things as laws of nature, but man deals only in theories based on a very limited observation of facts and phenomena and a liberal use of the imagination. He calls his theories laws only by virtue of the qualities already mentioned as building material.

A law of nature would seem to be a force that guides or directs the action of natural forces; and, whether it be regarded as inherent in the force or superior to it, it is evident that it is essential, and not man-made; a law, not a theory about a law.

It has been said, for instance, that certain phenomena classed as 'miracles,' or as 'supernatural' manifestations, are inherently improbable: and that sounds well. To many minds it sounds convincing because it is such a bald bluff. How can an attitude of mind be an inherent characteristic of a fact? Improbability is an attitude of mind deliberately or unconsciously attributed as a quality to the condemned fact or statement about a fact. It may also be noted that people who use this kind of bluff make no distinction between a fact and a statement about the fact.

Such distinctions, I grant, are unpalatable to prejudice, which sets up a preconception in place of a fact, and then tries to forget that the fact may have an existence of its own altogether apart from that preconception. But when emancipation comes to the mind of man, he must abandon prejudice first of all; in fact, that is what emancipation of the mind means; a simple task, but one that will occupy many many lifetimes, perhaps, before it is accomplished.

It is evident that, when probability is spoken of, certain theories as to laws of nature are taken for granted, and are made the tests of probability or of improbability. In fact probability is a balance of opinion as to the conformability of the phenomenon to the preconceived or accepted theories as to the laws of nature supposed to be involved.

It is perfectly clear that such balance of opinion cannot be inherent in any phenomenon, and when it was said that "there is an inherent improbability in 'miracles' which no human testimony is able to surmount," the bluff was complete. It was, moreover, intelligently used,

PROBABILITY

for it played cleverly upon prejudice, and ignorance, and vanity: prejudice, that refused to admit its ignorance or the existence of laws of nature not yet fully known; and vanity, that confuses its own states of mind with the laws of nature.

If vanity were not essentially human, such a bluff could not be carried through, but vanity is simply unenlightened egotism, that is to say, it is the normal condition of the lower mind, which does most of our shallow thinking for us, and which is almost unrecognisable in the perfected or fully enlightened human being. The appeal to ignorance, vanity, and prejudice, is therefore a highly intelligent abuse of reason, for it can always count on a large measure of response from the general public.

Materialistic expounders of spiritistic phenomena too often avail themselves of this human weakness, and use it where evidence of fraud is not attainable. They know that it will generally be sufficient merely to indicate some fraudulent way in which a genuine phenomenon of an unusual kind *might* have been produced, in order to convey by suggestion the assurance that such fraud *was* actually perpetrated. They have no need to do more than make the suggestion, for the minds of the majority are already prepared by prejudice to believe the suggestion as soon as made. The psychology of suggestion is very interesting. The success of the operator depends largely on his ability to judge the nature of the prevailing prejudice, and its intensity, and upon his skill in adapting his suggestion to the temperamental expectation of his victim. In an age of materialism, such as that through which we have passed, a mere suggestion of fraud would damn any exponent of the occult forces in nature, because the public mind was already tuned to utter skepticism, and educated into the attitude of mind so well expressed in the well-known dogma of materialism quoted above, to wit: "There is an inherent improbability in 'miracles' that no human testimony is able to surmount." To minds educated on such lines occult science could make no appeal. Yet it was to just such a public that Madame Blavatsky appealed when she launched the Theosophical Society and published her first great book *Isis Unveiled*; and the fact that a change took place in the tide of public opinion soon after, was easily traceable to the work of this great pioneer of the new age.

She herself said that she came "to break the molds of mind," a colossal undertaking, that brought upon her a flood of slander that would have swamped her enterprise, if she had failed at the first blow to shake the two columns of the temple of popular prejudice, bigotry and dogmatism.

Isis Unveiled opened the public mind, and little gleams of light came through from the regions of Eternal Law; and the darkness of the age grew less obscure. But shaken though they were, those two pillars of

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

orthodoxy still stood, and when the Society for Psychical Research accepted the suggestion of their agent Hodgson, and proceeded to denounce as fraudulent the various phenomena occurring in the vicinity of Madame Blavatsky, they acted, obedient to suggestion, along the line prepared for them by a long period of intellectual torpor and imaginative impotence.

A careful analysis of Hodgson's report* reveals an amazing absence of either evidence or proof, and a deluge of suggestion. So confident was the compiler of the report, so sure of the ready response of his public was he, that he scarcely troubled to do more than point out a fraudulent way in which the various phenomena *might* have been produced, passing from that directly to the invariable assumption that such *was* the case. The cumulative effect of his psychological experiments was so successful as to justify the low estimate he surely must have formed of the intelligence of his public, the S. P. R., for they swallowed this wonderful production whole, and fattened on the diet.

But if common sense and probability have been employed as passwords to the hall of ignorance, it is not necessary to abandon them. They have their value, and a high one, when they are rightly used.

They represent important attitudes of mind: the one judicial, and the other speculative; both reasonable and both logical.

The first is based on the assumption that the Universe is a great manifestation of inherent law and order; and that the world we live in is a reasonable world, divinely guided by its inherent principles, reflected in the human mind as justice and wisdom. Thus common sense implies the recognition of intelligible laws of nature, eternally operative, capable of being applied by an intelligent person as rules of conduct and as tests of right judgment. It also implies a well balanced mind capable of discrimination and decision, free from bias or prejudice. The adjective "common" would seem to mean that this kind of sense was appropriate to the judgment of all common matters, because they are all manifestations of natural laws, more or less intelligible to man, and so classed as common, not abnormal.

The second implies possession of a power of imagination, by means of which the results of past experience may be applied as tests to reports of events that are not immediately subject to direct observation. This testing of reported facts is a faculty of the mind; and the conclusion so arrived at represents an attitude of mind that is only connected by imagination with the supposed occurrence. But this attitude of mind is, by suggestion, attributed to the event as reported; and is passed off (by mental jugglery) as inherent in it.

*This has been done in a book which it is hoped soon to publish.

PROBABILITY

The Report above referred to is one of the most remarkable instances that can be found, of the ungoverned use of this trick of suggestion; and the acceptance of that report is alone sufficient to stamp the S. P. R. irredeemably, so long as it remains unrepudiated by that body.

Yet the calculation of probabilities is necessary and unavoidable. Perhaps it would be better to substitute the word estimation for calculation, the latter word suggesting a mathematical process, whereas the former would include intuition and imagination, which are the faculties most necessary for the conduct of life in this respect.

Intuition does not depend entirely on reason, but it implies the possession of a spiritual insight, by means of which the real laws of nature may be felt or perceived even when unformulated or unexplained in the brain-mind.

The value of intuition depends upon the actual identity, in essence, of the real self of man with the Soul of the Universe in which he lives. The awakening of this dormant faculty of man is, I take it, the purpose, or the inevitable object, of evolution.

It is a fact that all men use such a faculty, even when least disposed to admit the spiritual nature of the universe, of which this faculty is an expression: for all men forecast the future, more or less; and, while they accept such a forecast as a reasonable probability, too often they ignore the fact that it is a purely imaginary product which rests, not upon facts, but on theories derived by imagination from past experience, or from record, and applied in imagination to events not yet matured.


Such an application of the fruits of experience to future events would be ridiculous if the reign of universal law were not believed in. But, though man calls himself reasonable and logical, he most generally jumps to conclusions prompted by desire, or by suggestion, or by the powerful psychology of custom, and then uses his reason to justify his conclusion. So men, who profess to believe in chance, yet calculate probabilities that depend for probability on the regular sequence of calculable causes and effects. Thus man is eternally protected from the disastrous stupidity of his unilluminated brain-mind by his unrecognised spiritual perception of the fitness of things.

The Universe is more than a product: it is a manifestation of pure law. The Law is the nature of the Universe. It is the rhythm of Life, which is the eternal self-expression of the Soul. Man is a part of it and shares its life and obeys its laws, even when proudly boasting his independence and vaunting his ignorance, which is the cloak of his omniscience.

The brain-mind of man may deal in probabilities, but the Soul looks upward to its higher self, the Spiritual Self, to the Self that *knows*.

THEOSOPHY — AN IMPRACTICAL THEORY OR A PRACTICAL GUIDE?

GRACE KNOCHIE

O be practical — what does this mean? A cloak is practical if it fits the wearer and protects him from the cold. A practical mind is one that can grasp both sides and all angles of a question, not one side or one angle alone. A practical test is a test that marshals up all the qualities of a machine or a theory or a man, nor merely part of them, and that can determine whether they meet the all-round, all-the-time demand or only fractions of it here and there. Similarly, Theosophy is practical if it fits the whole great human need, if it can bridge the yawning gulf between man's desires and his duty, and if it is protective to the whole of his nature, not merely to a part.

We call ourselves practical and point with pride to our thousands of mechanical inventions, our conquest of the earth and the air, the vast machinery we have erected for the administration and justice and the study of delinquency and disease, our labyrinthal religious and educational systems, our possession of vast slices of the earth's surface, and so on. We are practical — if the word is used correctly. But is it? This boasted cloak of our making does not pretend to cover humanity except materially and intellectually, and in actual fact it does not cover even that. The barest material needs are still unmet; starvation and disease walk hand in hand in how many nations; the birth rate is steadily going down and the death rate as steadily climbing up; we cannot build jails and asylums fast enough to take care of the by-products of the enterprise called modern life. With every year this cloak of material benefits, which we believed when making it would so wonderfully suffice, shows up as more and more scanty and slack. We are not practical, after all.

But even if the case were otherwise: even were there not in the whole world a starving man, a deprived child, an uncaged bacillus, or an unconquered disease — even then would this cloak of ours, so patiently woven and at such tremendous cost, cover human life in its wholeness? No! What is protection for the body or food for the brain-mind if there is no sustenance, no shelter-house, for the soul? Man is not one, but *two*. When will we learn that truth? Part of his nature we may satisfy with 'red-topped' boots and a dinner,' with mountains to climb or lions

THEOSOPHY · IMPRACTICAL THEORY OR PRACTICAL GUIDE

to stalk or laboratories to play in — but there is another part not to be satisfied with any of these things. And that other part has to do with the Eternal Man, the man that lasts, the man that slips off and lives on and on without even a nod at the grave. It has to do with the affections, with the sense of devotion and of duty, with that flaming Spirit of Love in the heart that if not guided into right courses is so apt to drift into the wrong; in a word, with the Real Man, “who was and is and shall be, for whom the hour shall never strike.” A cloak that is thoroughly practical will cover this part of the man, too. It will wrap the whole vast human need — not merely the negligible part of it — in soft enveloping folds as a babe is wrapped, not to confine and restrict it, but to provide warmth and tender protection while giving the little limbs the utmost freedom to toss and play and grow strong.

Watching the world-tides come and go in their bed of suffering and of change, and the failure of the wisest statesmanship to stabilize their oscillating course, one can see that the crux of the difficulty is not in ways and means, or theories and ideas, or incapacity for sacrifice and effort; it is not in any outer or brain-mind thing, but lies in the nature of man himself. It is that which is the unsolved mystery, and before it the rulers of our nations, equally with the teacher in the humblest school and the mother in the simplest home, hesitate, falter, fail, and too often turn away. They dare not attack it. Human nature! You would think it was a bomb, timed to explode but there was no way of finding out when. Nor can we wonder. We get some human engine safely on the proper track, perhaps after infinite sacrifice and labor, and presently we find it switched to another and headed straight for disaster. We level it down in one place and it bobs up like a volcanic island, all without warning, in another. We do not know how to handle it nor what it is. One thing we can count upon and one only: the certainty of being surprised. The man who does a godlike deed today, perhaps at the risk of his life, may turn on us in ingratitude and blacken our good name tomorrow. The unfortunate woman or the common thief may surprise us with acts of generosity and compassion of which our smug respectability is as incapable as an earthworm is of speech. Of course, it is equally true that *they may not*. But the point is, we never can tell, so that we hesitate to try the brotherly way because of the crass uncertainty of the thing. Human nature is a mystery (to us), and it is the defeating sense of that fact which constantly checks us in our longing to do the brotherly thing, and which even stops the springs of our courage so that we cease to try. How many worthy reforms have been simply abandoned, because lust or ingratitude rewarded the first kindly efforts and faith in human nature was killed. We cannot get man's measure, somehow, try as we will, and yet without

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

it no cloak that we make for man will ever fit. In short, matters are at a deadlock, and unless something new comes in, some new element, some new light. . . .

But something new has come in: we have only to turn our eyes and change our position enough to see it. It is the eternal solvent, the great reconciler, Theosophy. Old as the ages, guiltless of dogma or any creed, it nevertheless has fundamental and very definite teachings on the nature of man — human nature, in other words — the nature of the universe and the destiny of the soul. For the soul is the fundamental postulate. Man is immortal, divine: the whole system rests upon that broad base like a tower upon a rock. Brotherhood is a fact in nature inevitably if man is divine, for he is one with Deity in essence, a Child of God in simple fact, within him a portion of God's pure light as the sun's ray holds the pure light of the sun.

But man, the deathless, the immortal one, dwells in a house of flesh. As we know him, therefore, he is not one but two: soul and body, god and animal, with a higher nature and a lower one — these two natures ever in conflict until one or the other finally gains the day. And between the two is the mind, bridge and battle-field both. Out of the conflict that takes place there — that conflict which in its last analysis is always between the higher and the lower impulses in man — spring all the happenings, all the vicissitudes, all the anguish, all the horrors, and equally all the happiness and the spiritual conquests of life: its peace and its wars in the life of nations and the life of you and me. To write the story of that conflict we have dedicated the noblest in our art, our literature, our philosophy, and even our music, all down the ages. It is not a new idea, but merely a long-forgotten one, and five minutes spent in quiet observing or in silent self-examination will prove its utter truth: man is not one, but TWO.

We are seeking new light and keys to conduct as we never sought them before, and because it can throw new light on the mystery of human nature, Theosophy can give us the keys. It says to us: There is really no mystery here. Man can be understood and the surprises of life lose their power to discourage or to alarm us. Human nature has its standard and its pattern and its plan, a plan that has persisted through the ages, always the same, however the surface of it may be checkered or clouded or flecked by the play of light and dark, good and evil, black and white, as mood follows tendency and impulses come and go.

And that nature is not one, nor any indefinite collection of ones — devotees of the 'multiple personality' theory notwithstanding — nor is it amenable to categorical divisions, nor can it be pigeon-holed or labeled and shelved like jellies or bacon or cheese. Write it upon the tablets

THEOSOPHY — IMPRACTICAL THEORY OR PRACTICAL GUIDE

of your heart that man is not one but two -- two natures, two beings, if you will, two selves: one of the essence of truth and love and light, the other clamped to earth, coarse, material, trending downward just as far as it is allowed. And between these two selves the daily waking consciousness flutters anxiously, too often blindly and fearfully, now following the higher trend, now the lower, without a light, without any safe guide, like a frightened bird seeking foothold in the dark. How pitiful it all is, yet how true! Once perceive for yourself this picture, once grasp this mighty philosophic truth, and the whole earth, all our institutions, our literature, the record of human mistakes and human successes all down the centuries, will loom up like silent advocates to prove it to you, while the secret intuitions of your innermost heart will write the confirmation. *Man is not one, but TWO.* It is one of the great truths of Theosophy. Shall we dismiss it as a theory, a clever and artistic idea, or keep it, hold it, treasure it, and make it a practical guide?

For the teachings of Theosophy on paper merely, or the end of one's tongue, are a mockery pure and simple. Unless they are practically applied they only bolster one in insincerity, hypocrisy, or dead indifference to one's fellowmen. But to apply them practically, so that they are really a guide to conduct, is a serious matter because of the fact that human nature is dual — though by 'serious' we do not mean gruesome or desert-like but simply that Theosophy calls out and challenges the deeper and more earnest side of the nature. You cannot honestly object to that, and if you are genuine and sincere, with a real desire to make your life count for good if only the way can be shown, Theosophy will say to you: Wake up! Stop this shifty oscillation and make up your mind which way you want to go: whether with your lower tendencies down to materialism, selfishness, decay, and spiritual death, or with your higher ones to the wide and lofty places of the soul where real peace is waiting for you. For be sure you cannot go with both. You cannot travel east and west at the same time, nor down and also up, and this constant oscillation, this childish fluttering back and forth from one path to the other, is no better than standing still: it will bring you nowhere. You must choose.

But in this matter of choice you are uncoerced and free. Whichever of these two paths appeals to you is yours for the traveling, only you *must* choose one or the other, or else drop your aspirations and desires both, and be nothing but flotsam on the tide, neither cold nor hot but lukewarm, whose only right is the classic right of lukewarm and repudiated things. Once the choice has been made on the side of the higher nature, however, there need be no slipping back. From the moment of that choice the man is more than man; he is a god, an awakened soul,

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

a spiritual warrior, and in his hand is the warrior's supreme weapon, the Spiritual Will. But this, be it understood, has nothing to do with the kind of 'will' mooted in popular advertisements — the 'will' that you may be shown how to develop in exchange for so many dollars, and that will make you rich or famous or able to annex your friend's position or his wife or almost anything you may happen to desire. The Spiritual Will has nothing to do with passion or selfish desire. Moreover, it is not a faculty of the mind nor dependent upon the mind. It is one of the infinite creative powers belonging to the soul of man, that "flyeth like light, cutteth obstacles like a sharp sword," and indeed it is commonly symbolized by a sword. With its help you can make Theosophy a practical guide and a protective cloak of love and wisdom and peace to no telling how many of earth's children.

This is the ancient method, but it meets the modern need, for human nature is ever the same, *ever the same*. When the fires flashed over Gomorrah; when Pompeii squandered and sinned; when Rahab let down the scarlet thread and the searchers passed her by; when Rahula wept for his inheritance and found it greater than he guessed; when Job trusted and protested and held on, and when the great Solomon judged; when Hector battled and Patroclus fell to be battled over again; when Penelope wove in the daytime and raveled her web at night; when Louis said "I am the State," and the people brought forth another state to spell chaos; when Sant'Angelo smothered its victims and the Bastille could still lock its doors; when the Telesterion was a-building at Eleusis and when it was razed to earth; when the Fayûm held its vast Halls of the Mysteries and when jealousy blotted even the memory of them out; when the tinder was piling up in Europe, and when it went suddenly afire; when you and I and millions no better and no worse were choosing to drift and play rather than consciously live and serve — when all these things were happening and countless things besides, human nature was the crux of every problem, the explanation of every catastrophe, every triumph, every surprise. In its hands were ever two keys, the key to Bluebeard's Chamber and equally to the vast golden Treasury of Spiritual Wisdom and Life. And we were free to choose which key to take. We, mankind, you and I, with so much power as that! Was ever any teaching or any truth more full of inspiration? It would electrify a stone. If some giant hand were to wrest from us every spiritual teaching that we possess, every single ray of guiding light, and yet leave us the one great teaching of the Duality of Human Nature, we still could escape the deluge and make port; we still could change this disheveled world into a pattern of law and order, we still could make it a Paradise. Of what other single philosophic principle can so much as this be said?

THEOSOPHY — IMPRACTICAL THEORY OR PRACTICAL GUIDE

With one hand it touches every material interest, every material need in the Universe, with the other it lifts man up to God. Like the protective cloak of a mother, it covers the whole man, divine and human, and does not, like so many boasted 'philosophies,' leave the soul shivering and exposed.

Those who perceive this fact do not have to be argued into a conviction that Theosophy, to be of any value at all, must be made a practical guide. What could it amount to, left solely between the covers of neat books? What does anything amount to — on paper? Do the Teachers of Theosophy dare and suffer and slave, simply to leave a new weapon of power for hypocrites, a few dainty and marvelous morsels for pseudo-philosophers and empty-souled littérateurs? By no means, and they have said so in plain words. For humanity's protection as well as for its inspiration these Teachers insisted from the beginning of their work — I refer to Helena P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge, and Katherine Tingley — that Theosophy must be made practical: its principles a living power and its precepts honestly carried out.

Yet paradoxically, though to make Theosophy practical is an exceedingly easy matter, it is not easily achieved except in instances so rare as to be negligible, because of the obstacles that exist within ourselves. Those who accompanied Mme. Katherine Tingley on her recent visit to the Government Indian Reservation at Pala, California, will remember — with a little mist in the eyes, perhaps — the swarms of Indian children who came to her with such affection and climbed and clustered about her knee. Among them was a rather frail child of some five years who had charge of an overgrown, enormous toddler nearly as large as she. Going down the porch steps after the visit one day, she picked him up — a near miracle, so tiny was she herself — and one of the Theosophical students involuntarily exclaimed, "Be careful, dear! He's too heavy; you will hurt yourself!" An older child who stood near piped up promptly, "Oh, no she won't; *he's her brother!*" Oddly enough, within a week after the party returned from Pala, the writer noticed in one of the reviews an account of the 'little mothers' of China, one of whom a traveler saw staggering under the weight of a baby nearly as large as herself. "Isn't he too heavy for you?" was the query, and the answer flashed back (as reported) was this: "Why, no! *he's my brother!*" She had one point of view, the traveler another; and much depends upon the point of view. When the feeling of real Brotherhood is burning in the heart, everything is easy, simple, supremely natural, even just. Not only these replies but the strange coincidence of them — one in America and the other in the Far East — constitute a sermon on Brotherhood that would repay examination and reflexion.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

But they were only children, says a skeptic. True: only children, which proves our case better still. How the wisdom shines now of that ancient Teacher, whoever He may have been, to whom we owe this precept, dear to all Students of Theosophy: "The pupil must regain *the child-state he has lost* ere the first sound can fall upon his ear," or the injunction of the Man of Galilee: "Except ye become *as little children* ye cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven" – the kingdom which He is at pains to tell us is *within*. Everything is easy, everything is possible, if we have the child-heart in our bosom and not some imitation of it, and if only we can come to our duties disburdened and free instead of spiritually sick from the mental diseasement bequeathed to us by ages of wrong thought. Exposure even to malignant disease is a negligible matter to one whose blood-stream is pure, whose functions are stable and vigorous, whose vitality is undepleted and whose powers of resistance represent nature at her best. The result in such a case would be innocuous if not *nil*. But what is usually the situation? A has a heart out of kilter and B a liver out of tune; C has an alcoholic heredity and D a neurotic one; E has "wasted his substance in riotous living" until resistance is gone and F has a debit account made up of a little of them all. Exposure or strain in such cases might be very serious indeed, perhaps fatal. And thus with the man who pits a devitalized moral nature against life's problems or its tasks. Already poisoned with jealousy, selfishness, unbrotherliness, greed or fear, he succumbs. What else could be expected? But the trouble is not with life, nor with its problems or duties or laws: it is with the man himself. Equally, there is nothing the matter with Brotherhood or Theosophy. Both are practical, easily lived, and true. The difficulty lies in ourselves: we carry too many impurities in our mental blood. Once this is understood, the way is plain; there is only one thing to be done and the student who is serious-minded and sincere wastes no time in setting about it.

We are living in a day of vast issues and we cannot shirk our task. To make Theosophy practical means to widen the viewpoint and broaden out the life. The nation, all nations, the world itself, are no longer hazily foreign but are part of our immediate concern, and, oddly enough, the first result of making this so is that the immediate duty, far from being neglected, is much more faithfully done. A law too little revered broods in the background of it all. To illustrate: every student of art is familiar with the injunction: "Don't become so wrapped up in that eye or ear or bit of drapery that you lose sight of the figure as a whole. Keep the whole before you constantly; never lose the *ensemble!*" How true! The most perfectly studied details are absurdities, abortions, blots, if out of relation to the whole. Set an ear a bit too high, and the head

THEOSOPHY – IMPRACTICAL THEORY OR PRACTICAL GUIDE

becomes animal if not grotesque, and so with all details, with every part. And the teacher is asking nothing difficult. It may take conscious effort at first – but so did our babyhood efforts to walk or our first drink from a cup – but it soon becomes unconscious habit, and then how the work takes on vitality and how the art broadens and expands! Every student of music hears the same. The diagnostician observes it habitually. It is a principle of statesmanship. Theosophy would make it a living power in the simplest thought or act. And all so easily! There need be no strain or revolution. You have merely to extend a bit the path you take ordinarily. For instance: you consider the convenience of mother, the opinion of an employer, or your duty to your own finer nature when tempted to lie abed in the morning, and such considerations determine your course. If there is garbage to be disposed of, the laws of the city must be considered: it cannot be dumped into your neighbor's front yard nor even into your own. Such considerations do not feel like chains upon you, and they are indeed so natural, so habitual, that it is a surprise when some one drags them out before you for inspection. All that Theosophy would have is merely an extension of the sense of obligation that you feel already in this limited way – in a word, a broadening and deepening of the nature, until, back of the immediate thought or task there rises, strong and singing in its strength, a flood-tide of unconscious, self-forgetting love for all humanity; a realization that the spiritual life-stream pulsing through you is part of one great conscious stream of Divine Life, feeding the nations and the world.

The bare notion that this *may* be true, once taken into the mind to be considered, seems to open a new door; a conviction of it pulls you up into the tonic atmosphere of world-issues before you know what has come about. You cannot be small and insular now if you try to be; your shell is broken and you are a living, moving, growing, pulsating something outside of it, with no bounds set to your new life. There is no such thing as being content with a little personal dark-room after that. There is no more whining about 'Karma,' either; no more petitioning advertisers or the whimsical gods for receipts: how to make money, how to 'develop your will,' how to make your children mind you. No! You have your hand on principles and can make your own receipts.

To summarize: Theosophy is a practical guide because (1) it solves life's greatest problem, the mystery of human nature, (2) it meets the great human need, which is protection for the whole, twofold, mystical nature of man, not merely the brain-mind part of it, and (3) it keeps the fire of Love and Brotherhood burning in the heart. Theosophy, once admitted as "the servant in the house," serves faithfully the whole man, human and divine, keeping each part, god and animal, at its task

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

and in its place. It loosens the interest in material things and clamps it to spiritual realities; it bids us discriminate between the true and the false and shows us how to do it; it links us with the mighty and misunderstood past of ourself and of the nations and the world; it augments our little life with the expansive urge and energy of the whole; it gives the power to translate principles into creative fire and precepts into the daily bread of life; it infuses the commonest duty with the majestic, genial fire of the heart; it is Justice and Love in action, than which there is no higher path to go. It is the 'small, old path' of the sages.

EVOLUTIONARY MAN: THE TIME-PROBLEM

C. J. RYAN

IN a recent series of articles in this magazine on Evolutionary Man according to the Theosophical teachings, in which modern scientific evidence was given showing that the Theosophical theory of human evolution was more strongly supported by the facts than the materialistic ape-ancestry hypothesis, the question of the age of man was only lightly touched upon. An approximate calculation, based upon the statements given by H. P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine*, was given, to which may be added a few more dates from the same source:

Primordial	320,000,000	years ago	
Carboniferous	110,000,000	" "	" "
Tertiary (Eocene)	7,870,000	" "	" "
" (Miocene)	3,870,000	" "	" "
" (Pliocene)	1,870,000	" "	" "
" (Pleistocene)	870,000	" "	" "

These numbers would have horrified even the most advanced scientist a few years ago, but Professor Keith, whose recent work, *The Antiquity of Man*, was the chief subject of consideration in the articles mentioned, quotes approvingly the calculations of Professor Sollas whose dates (for the Tertiary Period) run to about half the above. Believing that man appeared in the Miocene, Dr. Keith therefore considers the human race to be about one million and a half years old. If, however, the Miocene is far older than this, *so much more must be added to the age of mankind*. The belief is rapidly increasing in anthropological circles that true remains of man (eoliths of various kinds) have been found even farther back than the Miocene, in the Oligocene, the latter part of the Eocene; many of the highest authorities are convinced that the eoliths are a simple

EVOLUTIONARY MAN: THE TIME PROBLEM

form of man-made flint implement, and there is no doubt that some of them belong to ages which antedate the Miocene by millions of years.

According to *The Secret Doctrine* the earth has been in existence more than 320,000,000 years, and man has inhabited it for 18,000,000.

Now, how can we learn the age of the rocks by examination of them? Till lately the only method was by measuring the thickness of the strata deposited under water and calculating the time required to lay it down, and by calculating the time taken by rivers, etc., to wear down the rocks. These methods were unreliable; the different authorities disagreed utterly, and the question seemed almost hopeless. Astronomy gave little help, because the astronomers had so little information to go by. Recently an entirely new method has been devised. After the discovery of radium, further research showed that one of the remarkable properties of radio-active substances is the transmutation of certain elements. Radium, for instance, passes through several stages on its way to lead. Uranium-bearing minerals break down into lead and the light gas helium, and there is a known definite rate at which the process of transmutation proceeds. Up to the present moment no means have been found to accelerate or retard it. Every piece of uranium-bearing mineral is therefore a natural chronometer, registering time by the proportion of lead and helium produced. Dr. Arthur Holmes, Lecturer in Geology to the Imperial College of Science and Technology, London, writing in *Discovery* for April, gives particulars of the application of this new and surprising method to the solution of the problem of the age of such rocks as contain radio-active minerals. He shows that the earth must be far older than the most daring speculators have hitherto ventured to suggest, and he claims that fairly definite dates can be fixed for several important periods in geology. It seems difficult to repudiate these well-founded evidences, and an examination of the following extract from some of the periods mentioned by Dr. Holmes will provide food for thought, and perhaps repentance for some who have savagely criticized the teachings of the Eastern Wisdom in regard to the immense antiquity of the earth and mankind.

GEOLOGICAL PERIODS	ACCORDING TO CALCULATIONS DERIVED FROM HELIUM	ACCORDING TO CALCULATIONS DERIVED FROM LEAD
Lower Pre-Cambrian	715,000,000 years	1,580,000,000 years
Middle Pre-Cambrian	449,000,000 "	1,120,000,000 "
Carboniferous	146,000,000 "	300,000,000 "
TERTIARY, Eocene	31,000,000 "	70,000,000 "
" Oligocene }	6,500,000 "	30,000,000 "
" Miocene }	2,500,000 "	
" Pliocene }	1,000,000 "	
" Pleistocene }		

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

It will be noticed that the figures derived from the proportion of helium generated by uranium-bearing minerals are generally about half as large as those derived from the lead proportion. Dr. Holmes considers that the results obtained from the lead are the more reliable because the helium now found in the rocks is only a small fraction of the total amount generated during the millions of years the action has been in progress; the larger part has escaped into the atmosphere. The helium determinations can only provide data for a minimum estimate; the actual age must be considerably greater *if the transmutation has been going on at the same rate as it is today*. The same proviso applies to the lead, but the chemists do not think there has been any variation in speed. They have, however, no means of knowing, but from their standpoint uniformity of speed is most probable.

Now if we compare the helium table of dates — admittedly not too short, and probably not long enough in duration — with the table derived from the records given by H. P. Blavatsky from the Eastern Wisdom, we shall observe that geology is being compelled by its own researches to accept periods equal or superior in places to those of Theosophy. A few years ago nothing would have seemed less likely, for great mathematicians like Lord Kelvin were arguing in favor of a very few tens of millions of years for the existence of the sun itself.

It is of great interest for students of Theosophy, particularly the older members of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society who recollect the persecution and iniquitous treatment of Madame Blavatsky by the self-opinionated critics of her day, to watch the numerous discoveries of the twentieth century which confirm the teachings she brought to the attention of the Western world.

With regard to man's age on earth, Dr. Holmes' helium figures for the Pliocene are not very much greater than those in our Theosophical table, and the helium date for the Oligocene-Miocene (bracketed together by Dr. Holmes), 6,500,000 years, closely approaches our Oligocene date (rather less than the beginning of the Eocene, 7,870,000). Beyond this the helium dates go back farther than ours, and the dates given by the lead calculation are very much greater. It is important for us to learn, however, that on the lowest calculation — the helium one — mankind, which according to the large and increasing body of anthropologists who accept the flint implements called eoliths as of human manufacture, was developed enough to make tools in the Oligocene (in which eoliths are found), can now be safely considered to have lived about six million years ago! According to the lead calculation the distance in time from us was nearer thirty million! Science is actually becoming too generous, for the Theosophical calculations do not support such a long period as the

EVOLUTIONARY MAN: THE TIME PROBLEM

latter; they only ask for about eighteen million years since the Jurassic age, which is far earlier than the Tertiary Eocene, for embodied humanity. Till lately the demand has been utterly ridiculed, but times are changing.

Even if science will only admit the existence of truly human races with excellent physical bodies and good-sized brains since the Oligocene-Miocene, six (or more) million years ago, the problem is now before anthropology to find out what mankind has been doing with itself for that enormous period, and whether it is true that we have only been civilized for the last few thousand years! Possibly we shall soon find science accepting the periodic law in human history on a far larger scale than so far has been done. The existence of ancient continental areas, especially a great land mass or masses where the Atlantic Ocean now lies, is now widely accepted on geological and biological evidence, and the former prejudice against the possibility of such lost continents has almost disappeared. If real men, even of a simple, semi-savage type were undoubtedly alive from six to thirty million years ago, according to whichever scientific calculation you prefer, in Europe or America, and at the same time enormous continental areas were widely distributed where oceans now roll, what serious opposition can be produced against the possibility that the Eastern records are true, records which tell of the *civilized* races that once dwelt on those territories? According to the theory of cycles there have been ups and downs from barbarism to civilization and back again which took, not centuries nor thousands of years, but hundreds of thousands, or millions; great cycles in which continents were involved and which included minor cycles of all kinds.

It is sometimes asked, What is the use of knowing which is the truer, the orthodox ecclesiastical computation so long forced upon us that the world is only about six thousand years old, or the Oriental one (for which Theosophy finds infinitely greater corroboration) that the earth and mankind are millions of years old? It is important, for one reason, because it opens up the entire question of the real nature of man, of our possibilities in the past and the future; it changes our whole outlook; it is a great help in the rational comprehension of the laws of justice (Karma) and Reincarnation.

We cannot go further into this immense subject now, but merely record our pleasure that science has once more brought its testimony to the support of the ancient wisdom of the East in regard to the enormous age of the world, and, inferentially, to the great antiquity of mankind.

TALES OF CATHAY

The Secret Shrine

H. T. PATTERSON

IN Hokien, of the kingdom of Cathay, was wont to be an illustrious sage who was dearly loved of all. This so illustrious sage was clept Liu Hu. Great was the reputation of the illustrious Liu Hu through all the kingdom of Cathay, and greatly did the young men thereof crave that they might be the pupils of that so illustrious teacher. Thus, from all the provinces came those who desired knowledge, for to study under the worshipful master, Liu Hu, and partake of the benefit of his much learning; and it did so hap that amongst those who did thus come to the worshipful master, Liu Hu, were three who were beloved of that sage, their master, above all the others, for that they were meetly booked and aptly schooled, and diligent in all their studies. The name of the one was Min Ting; and of the other, the second, Yun Ki; and of the other, the third, Chan Cheng.

In Hokien, of the kingdom of Cathay, also dwelt Pulao. But Pulao was not a sage, nor had he no pupils many and of much excellence; yet did the people flock to his humble dwelling, a little house made with a low door; yea, in great numbers did they flock to that humble home, and never carried they away their dolor, nor went they away anhungered, nor unhelpt, nor desolate, for ye shall understand that the heart of Pulao was big, even big and strong as was the body of him, e'en though his cheeriness was as that of a child, his tenderness as that of a woman, his compassion as that of the Gods.

Now shall ye further understand that, as one day the pupils of the illustrious Liu Hu were gathered about him, did he speak unto them of "the Secret Shrine" and of the blessings that flowed therefrom, so that his pupils marveled greatly thereat and did wonder as to where that so wondrous shrine might be, and did ardently desire to attain thereto. To all their inquiries the illustrious Liu Hu did but answer that though that so wondrous shrine was afar off yet was it near by, and that he who sought to win thereto should be pure of heart and unselfish in his interest in the search therefor.

That night did the gracious Min Ting, the polite Yun Ki, and the courteous Chan Cheng consult together, the one with the other, as to "the Secret Shrine" and how they might attain thereto.

Saith the courteous Chan Cheng: "I shall go to the far-away land

TALES OF CATHAY: THE SECRET SHRINE

of Ind, for my heart is pure and I desire fervently to be helpful to my fellow-men. Furthermore, in that far-away land of Ind there be many and great temples, and men possessed of much knowledge, eloquent of speech, and ready to teach."

Saith the polite Yun Ki: "I shall go to the cities of this our kingdom of Cathay, for in them be beautiful pagodas, and the revered teachers who instruct therein have much and great knowledge, and as my heart is pure, and my desire to serve is great, perchance I may learn from those who teach therein where is this Secret Shrine of which our illustrious master hath spoken unto us."

Then saith the gracious Min Ting: "Verily I would go with one or the other of ye, my brothers, for, lo! as ye say, in far-away Ind be many and great temples, and revered men possessed of much knowledge, fluent of tongue, and eloquent of speech. And, likewise, in this our beloved country, even in the kingdom of Cathay, be many pagodas, large, and full fair, and those revered ones who dwell therein have much learning; nevertheless, though it grieves me beyond measure not to accompany one or the other of you, and my heart is full of dole therefor, yet, having heard that in the fastnesses which lead to the Mountain of Light there doth haunt a bandit, haughty and powerful, mighty of frame and strong of arm, who doth waylay those who fare forward towards that delectable mountain, and doth discomfort them, and put them in prison, or sell them to servage, or do them to death, I would fain seek that bandit that doth so grievously torment those who fare forward to the Mountain of Light, that, perchance, though I be but one man and of no great strength, yet might I persuade that bandit that he should desist from his so mistaken practices and induce him to molest no further those who travel towards the delectable mountain."

For twelve moons and a day did the courteous Chan Cheng travel in the far-away land of Ind. After did he return to Hokien, of the kingdom of Cathay, having acquired a much great store of knowledge from sitting at the feet of the venerated teachers of that far-away land, yet was he sad and weighed down with tribulation, inasmuch as nowhere had he been able to gain the knowledge as to how he might win to "the Secret Shrine."

When the courteous Chan Cheng had been home for but a little while, the polite Yun Ki did, likewise, return. Great was his store of knowledge, great even as was that of the courteous Chan Cheng, for he had been diligent in visiting the greatest and the most famed of the pagodas, and therein had he listened to the most excellent of the revered teachers of the kingdom of Cathay, and therefrom had his store of knowledge been enhanced and amplified, even as had that of the courteous Chan Cheng;

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

but whithersoever he did wend he found not those who could tell him of the way by which he might reach "the Secret Shrine," though many could tell him astonishing and wondrous things thereof. Therefor was he, likewise, dolent and sad.

After the courteous Chan Cheng and the polite Yun Ki had been home for a moon and three days did the gracious Min Ting return, as had they before him, but he returned not at first to his illustrious teacher, nor to his beloved comrades, but, the rather, sought out the humble home of Pulao, where he sojourned for seven days and seven nights; whereafter he sought out his revered teacher and the beloved comrades of his heart, filled with joy and gladness, for this was the tale he told unto them, the tale of his long wanderings and his many adventures, and the outcome thereof.

"Lo," saith he, "when I did leave, as did ye, I went straightway towards the mountains by which one journeys to the Mountain of Light, and in which it was said the powerful bandit had his won. Many and great were the dangers which did befall me on the way, for at one time did the donkey on which I was riding, loose his foothold and fall over the lofty precipice above which we were, so that it was great pity to hear the poor beast as he did sigh and moan at the foot of the precipice. But the Good Law did protect me, for the mountaineer who did accompany me on this part of my journey did catch me by the arm and thereby did save me from that awful death which did threaten me and which the poor beast did suffer. Also, was I swept from my feet as I was crossing a swift running and turbulent stream, into the cold deep waters which swirled below the ford. But, again was I saved by the mercy of the Good Law, for behold, a branch of a tree hung down to the water's edge and to this did I cling and did drag myself out of the turbulent stream. And after it did hap that a sudden mist did fall upon the path which I trod and I was near to lose my way, but the sun did suddenly break forth through the mist, and, lo! beside me was a mountain hut on the one side, but upon the other, just before my feet, was a yawning chasm. Now it did so hap that in the hut which was beside the path did dwell a mountaineer and his wife, and the woman did show to me a shorter and more safe way to the stronghold of the bandit whom I sought, than the one I wist of, and did tell me that the mountains thereabout were rich of jasper green and divers other gems, yburied therein. Although I did meet with many more mishaps and dangers, yet, at the last, did I win to the mountain-gorge below that stronghold.

"Massive and large was the fortress, much of height and of great and surpassing strength. A fair castle and a strong was it. Built was it of grey granite, and it did rise from the granite mountain side in divers

TALES OF CATHAY: THE SECRET SHRINE

stages as if it were verily a part of the ever-during rock thereof. As I did stand gazing wistfully at the beautiful stronghold, filled with wonder that so beautiful a place could be the haunt of iniquity, an old lama who lived hardby did approach me, bowing reverently, and asking what I would. Thereto, his speech being very agreeable and his mien most amiable, did I tell unto him wherefore I had come to that so far-away place. To this did he answer that forsooth there was ne bandits now in that castle, for that that so notorious bandit that did wont to haunt therein had been driven out of that castle, long syne, he and all his followers, and that that bandit had been sorely wounded, and that his followers had dispersed, leaving him there so sorely hurt, and that that so sorely hurt bandit did painfully win to a vale below, and that thenceforth the way had been clear.

“Then did I ask that so amiable lama where that vale might be, and he did point out the road thereto, saying that the vale was a three days’ journey thence. After did I seek that vale and therein did I find a lamasery, and in that lamasery did they harbor me hospitably, and did tell me of the bandit that had sought refuge with them when he was so sorely hurt, hurt even unto death, but that by their help and skill he had been made whole and had gone upon his way, they knew not whither — but that was long syne. Furthermore, did they say that that bandit the whilst he dured with them, had hearkened unto the Law of Mercy and thoroughly repented him of all his heretofore terrible sins and his so great transgressions, and had gone forth into the world, as aforesaid, there to make the utmost amends for his so great misdoings, by ministering all so much as he could to his fellowmen. Likewise, did they tell how that his fame was great and had come back to them, even as of a man from whose door never went any away anhungered, or desolate, or unhelped.

“Finding that my journey had been of no avail, I returned home, even to Hokien, and sought the dwelling of Pulao, even the dwelling from which no one ever goeth away anhungered, or with dole in the heart, or uncomforted. Then did Pulao tell me that he, even he, was that one who had been that so misdoing bandit in the mountains, but that the Good Law, in its wondrous mercy, had led him into the path of righteousness and of peace; and he did instruct me as to “the Secret Shrine,” which is not in no temple, nor in no pagoda, neither in no mountain, nor in no valley, but is even in the heart of man, and that he who will worship at that shrine will find the way of righteousness and follow the path of mercy, to the uplifting and helping of all, even to the lowliest creature.”