A U M

TRUTH, LIGHT AND LIBERATION.

"He who in any way reviles, impugns, or abuses the person or fountain from which comes his knowledge, or the impulse that leads him to the acquirement of truth, is unworthy of the name of disciple.

"It is one thing to have that knowledge which disciples have, but it is quite another thing to be a disciple. The possession of the first does not infer the second."

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EGYPT AND THE EGYPTIAN DYNASTIES.

By ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D.

X.—The Classic Period Continued.—The Nineteenth Dynasty.—King Sethi.—Rameses the Great.

THE Eighteenth Dynasty had failed to maintain its authority over the tributary nations of Asia, and even over Northern Egypt. Queen Neten-Mut survived her husband Horemhebi several years, and her symbolical representation, a sphinx or cherub, which was sculptured on a monument, indicates that she continued in possession of the royal dignity.

There followed a contention over the succession. The throne of Lower Egypt was occupied by Râ-en-ti, and now the dominion of Upper Egypt was seized by Rameses I. There are diverse accounts with regard to the lineage of this founder of the Nineteenth Dynasty. He himself assumed to be a descendant of Amunoph I. and Queen Nefert-ari-Aahmes, but there exists good reason for supposing him to have actually belonged to Lower Egypt and to the race of the exiled monarchs. His physiognomy was decidedly Grecian, and his immediate successors differed distinctly in features from the Egyptian kings. They also recognized the Asiatic divinity Sutekh among the gods whom they worshipped, a fact that made them unacceptable to the priesthood of Thebes, which had now become a powerful hierarchy in Egypt.

The Khitan dominion meanwhile came into power at the north of Syria, and included all the neighboring nations from Kurdistan to the Archipelago as subjects and allies. At times his influence extended to the hordes of Egypt itself, and the Seventeenth Dynasty is described by Mariette Bey as "an offshoot

of the Khitans, who inhabited the plains near the Taurus mountains, and were worshippers of Sutekh." The Khalu or Phœnicians, the Rutenu or Palestinians, and the Amairu or Amorites were subject to them. Sapuriri or Sapor was now the Overlord and king of this Semitic-Turanian people.

Rameses had first the task to make himself supreme in both realms of Egypt. He then led an expedition against the Khitans, to expel them from Palestine and Syria. It resulted in a treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, between the two monarchs. Each pledged himself to keep within the limits of his own possessions, and to abstain from interfering with the other.

The reign of Rameses was short, probably not exceeding six years. He was succeeded by his son, Sethi I., also designated by the royal and official titles of Ma-men-Râ and Mene-Ptah. As the name of this monarch was similar to that of the divinity who was proscribed in the later Egyptian worship as the Evil Potency and slayer of Osiris, it was afterward generally erased from the sculptures, and that of Asiri or Osirei substituted. He married Tuaa, the grand-daughter of Amunoph III., or, as some say, of Khuenaten. His reign was characterized by great activity, both as a warrior and builder. Indeed, Baron Bunsen considered him to have been the famous king Sesostris, whose conquests were distinguished above those of other princes. Whilst, however, some identify this sovereign with one of the Osirtasens of the illustrious Twelfth Dynasty, the general judgment has decided that Rameses II. was the person so distinguished.

The Shasu tribes and the princes of Khanaan and Syria had formed leagues to establish their independence. Manthanar, the new king of the Khitans, it was affirmed, had also repudiated the treaty which had been made with Rameses. The throne of Sethi stood as on a mine of dynamite. Distrust at home and hostility elsewhere menaced him. He was, however, prompt in action. In the first year of his reign he assembled his troops at the fortress of Khetam or Etham, near the eastern boundary of Egypt. Thence he marched to the migdol or high tower, and on to Buto or Baal-Zapuna. He then traversed the territory of the Shasu-Idumæans without resistance, halting at Ribatha or Rehoboth in the "South country of Palestine." The confederated tribes, however, had made a stand at the fortress of Khanaana in the "land of the Zahi," or Phœnicians. The battle which ensued resulted in a complete victory for the Egyptians.

Sethi next turned his arms against the Phœnicians themselves and annihilated their forces at Jamnia. He followed up the campaign against the kings of the Ruthens or Canaanites, and afterward marched against "Kadesh in the territory of the Amorites."*

The Khitan frontier was now open, and he led his troops into that country. The war was continued for several years, after which a new treaty was formed.

Sethi returned home from his first campaign with a large number of pris-

‡ The name Kadesh, or K'D'S, signifies holy; hence, the sanctuary, a holy city, or sacerdotal person. The place here mentioned is supposed to have been Ashtoreth Karnaim, the city of the two-horned goddess Astartê.

oners and a rich booty. He took the country of the Lebanon on his way. The inhabitants had made no resistance, and he now employed them to cut down cedar trees for ships and for masts to set up at the Egyptian temples.

He was met near Khetam, at the frontier of Egypt, where he had set out, by a large multitude, the priests and chief men of Egypt. "They had come," we are told, "that they might welcome the Divine Benefactor on his return from the land of Ruthen, accompanied by a booty immensely rich—such as had never happened since the time of the Sun-God Râ." He had "quenched his wrath on nine foreign nations, and the Sun-God himself had established his boundaries."

The occasion was significant. The priests and nobles had need to be on good terms with a king, whose power was so demonstrated, and Sethi had good reason to desire the friendship of a sacerdotal order that might refuse funeral rites at his death, and uproot his posterity. Accordingly he enriched the temple of Amun-Râ with his booty and the priests in return chanted hymns of praise to "His Holiness."

"He had smitten the wandering peoples, and struck down the Menti; and had placed his boundaries at the beginning of the world and at the utmost borders of the river-land of Naharaina, and the region which the Great Sea encircles."

In the temple of Redesieh which Sethi built in the desert near the gold mines on the way from Koptos to the Red Sea another record was made. It describes him as having conquered the peoples of Singara, Kadesh, Megiddo, Idumæa, and several others which are not identified. In short, he not only included the countries of Palestine, Idumæa and Syria in these conquests, but they embraced the entire region from Assyria and Armenia to Cappadocia, together with Cyprus and other islands of the Mediterranean. Mr. Sayce, however, qualifies these reports. "It is difficult to determine the extent of Sethi's successes," he remarks, "since like many other Egyptian kings he has at Karnak usurped the inscriptions and victories of one of his predecessors, Thôthmes III., without taking the trouble to draw up a list of his own."

The Thuheni of Libya had taken advantage of his absence from Egypt to invade the Lowlands of the north. They were fair of complexion and probably akin to the Pelasgians of Europe. Thôthmes had subjugated them, but they had since refused to pay tribute. Sethi and the prince Rameses led an expedition against them and succeeded in reducing them to subjection. The prince also conducted a campaign against the Amu tribes east of the Nile with success.

Sethi anticipated changed conditions for Egypt, and began the construction of a long wall on the northern frontier. It began at Avaris or Pelusium, and extended across the isthmus to Pi-thom or Heropolis, where the lagoons began, which are connected with the upper end of the Red Sea.

Sethi did not neglect the welfare of his subjects. He opened a canal from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea, for commerce, and it made the land of

Goshen fertile. He was also diligent in procuring ample supplies of water, and caused artesian wells to be bored in the desert. In the poetic speech of the time, "he spoke and the waters gushed forth." As every temple had its tank or lake, he placed a little shrine at each of the wells to consecrate the spot and assure their maintenance. "Thus," says an inscription, "thus did King Sethi do a good work, the beneficent dispenser of water, who prolongs life to his people; he is for every one a father and mother."

Following the example of several of his predecessors, Sethi early contemplated the confirming of his regal authority by associating his son with himself in the government. The great historic inscription in the temple of Abydos describes the coronation of the prince.

"The Lord of all—he nurtured me and brought me up. I was a little boy before I attained the government; it was then that he gave the country into my hands. I was yet in the womb of my mother when the grandees saluted me with veneration. I was solemnly inducted as the Eldest Son into the dignity of the throne on the chair of the earth-god Seb. Then I gave my orders as chief."

"My father presented me publicly to the people; I was a boy in his lap, and he spoke thus: 'I will have him crowned as king, for I desire to behold his excellence while I am myself alive.' [Then came] the officials of the court to place the double crown upon my head, and my father spoke: 'Place the regal circlet on his brow.' [He then invoked for him a worthy career.] Still he left me in the house of the women and of the royal concubines, after the manner of the princesses, and the young dames of the palace. He chose for me [guards] from among the [maidens], who wore a harness of leather."

It could not have been for many years that the prince was left with his little troop of Amazons. It was the purpose of Sethi from the first, both from affection and from policy, to place his son actually in power. This is fully set forth in another inscription.

"Thou (Rameses) wast a lord (*adon*) of this land, and whilst thou wast still in the egg thou actedst wisely. What thou saidst in thy childhood took place for the welfare of the land. When thou wast a boy with a youth's locks of hair, no monuments saw the light without thy command, no business was transacted without thy knowledge. When thou wast a youth and countedst ten full years, thou wast raised to be a Rohir or ruler in this land. From thy hands all buildings proceeded, and the laying of their foundation-stones was performed."

Henceforth Egypt had a legitimate king. Sethi governed and the voice of Rameses Mei-Amun gave full validity to his acts. The two made war together, and under their administrations another building period began in Egypt. Thebes, from being the chief city of a province or minor realm, had become the capital of the whole kingdom, and attained to the height of its power and magnificence.

Wilkinson describes this period as "the Augustan Age of Egypt, in which

the arts attained the highest degree of excellence of which they were capable." He adds, however, the dark premonition, that as in other countries their culmination-point is sometimes marked by certain indications of their approaching decadence, so a little mannerism and elongated proportion began to be perceptible amidst the beauties of the period.

The buildings which were begun in this reign were masterpieces, never equalled by later structures. It had always been the endeavor of the sovereigns of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Dynasties having Thebes for their metropolis that it should rival in splendor the earlier capitals, Memphis and Heliopolis. Sethi was generous to the sanctuaries in different cities of Egypt, but his most famous memorials were the temple of Osiris at Abydos, the "House of Sethi" at Gurnah, and the Hall of Columns, in the temple of Amun-Râ at Thebes. This latter structure was a hundred and seventy by three hundred and thirty feet in area, and its stone roof was supported by one hundred and thirty-four columns, the tallest of which were seventy-five feet high and twelve feet in diameter. Several of them have fallen at different periods; nine of them in the summer of 1899. The walls are covered with sculptures and inscriptions; those on the north side setting forth the conquests of Sethi and those on the south the exploits of Rameses II.

The splendor of these buildings consisted in the profusion and beauty of the sculptures, even to the hieroglyphic characters. Mr. Samuel Sharpe has explained the general use of these symbols on the monuments by the supposition that papyrus had not then been used for writing. Later discoveries, however, have proved this to be an error. The tombs which have been opened of monarchs of earlier dynasties have been found to contain scrolls. Prof. Ebers, also, in his romance, "Uarda," setting forth occurrences of the reign of Rameses II., describes the "House" or Temple of Sethi at Karnak, on the western side of the Nile, a school of learning only inferior to the temple of Hormakhu at Heliopolis. Here were instructed priests, physicians, judges, mathematicians, astronomers, grammarians, and other learned men.* The graduates received the degree of *grammateus,* scribe or doctor, and were at liberty afterward, at the public expense, to prosecute scientific or philosophic investigation as their taste impelled them.

There was also a School of Art, with regulations of a similar character, and likewise an elementary department at which every son of a free citizen might attend.

The Memnonium, or, more correctly, Me-amunei, was a temple begun by Sethi on the western bank of the Nile in honor of his father Rameses I. The pillars were modeled to represent bundles of papyrus-reeds. The inscriptions in it have evidently been changed to meet religious prejudice. The king is named Osiri, and Osiri-Seti—but the last name is not that of Typhon. The building was dedicated to the deceased monarch Rameses I. and to the gods

* The teachers, more than eight hundred in all, were priests; the general managers, three in number, were styled "prophets." The high priest was chief over them. Every student chose his preceptor, who became his philosophic guide, to whom he was bound through life, as a client or clansman to his chief or patron.

of the Underworld, Osiris and Hathor,‡ as also to Amun-Râ and his group of divinities. The death of Sethi took place while the temple was in process of construction; Rameses II. finished it and directed the inscriptions.

"King Rameses II. executed this work as his monument to his father, Amun-Râ, the king of the gods, the lord of heaven, the ruler of Ta-Apê (Thebes); and finished the House of his father King Meneptah-Sethi. For he (Sethi) died and entered the realm of heaven, and he united himself with the Sun-god in heaven, while this House was being built. The gates showed a vacant place, and all the walls of stone and brick were yet to be upreared; all the work in it of writing or painting was unfinished."

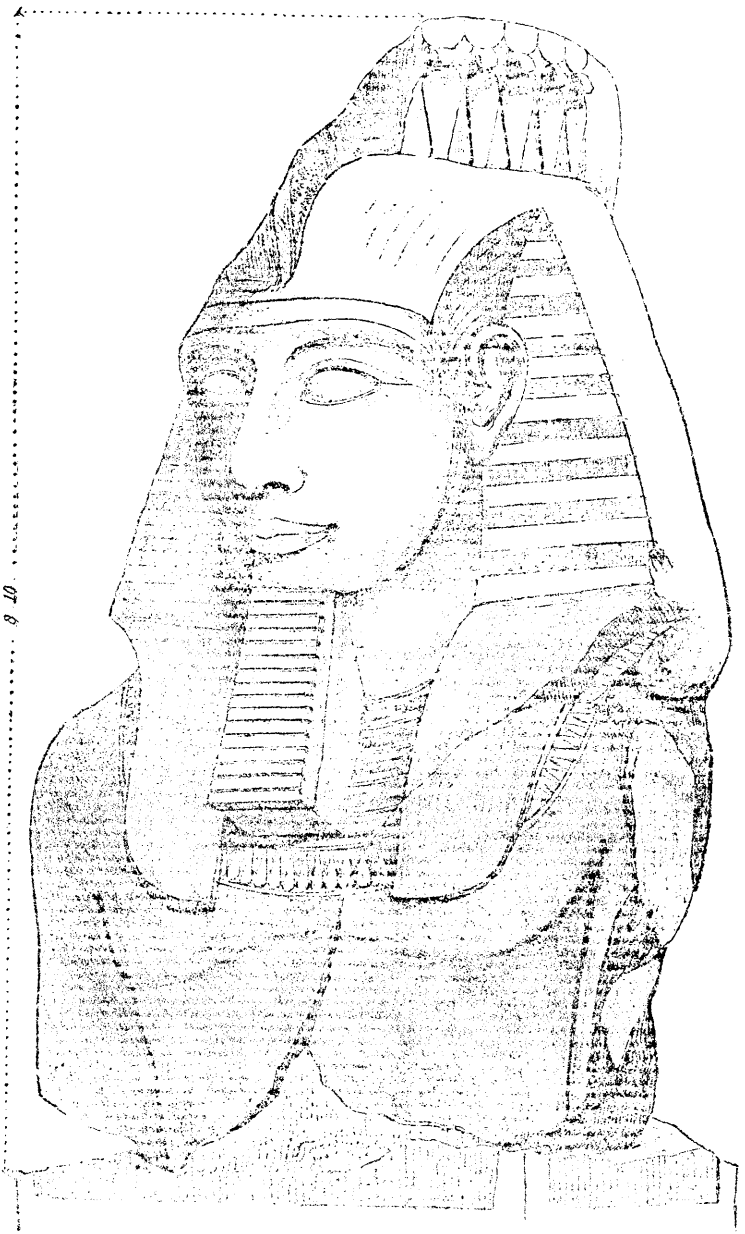
The temples of Abydos are interesting to us as aiding to unravel the tangled web of Egyptian history. Here, it was declared, Osiris had been buried, and hence Nifur, the necropolis of that city, was a favorite burial-ground, especially after the Twelfth Dynasty. Sethi began the construction of two shrines, a larger and a smaller, as a memorial to his ancestors. They were afterward finished by Rameses in most magnificent style, and decorated profusely with sculptures and inscriptions. The names of both monarchs, the father and son, were placed in each. In a smaller temple was set the famous Tablet of Abydos, which they had dedicated to the memory of the predecessors whom they recognized as genuine and legitimate kings of Egypt. The list begins with Mena and extends to Rameses Mei-Amun, omitting the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, Fifteenth, Sixteenth and Seventeenth Dynasties.

M. Mariette has discovered another Tablet in the larger temple, which is described as being more complete. Amelineau has also been engaged several years in explorations, and some of his discoveries throw new light upon Egyptian history and archæology.

Rameses II. was now sole king of Egypt. He had chosen the city of Tanis or Zar for a royal residence. It had a commanding strategic position, and had been the starting-place of former kings upon their military expeditions. The Arabian tribes, the Idumæans and Amalakites, at that time held the country immediately beyond. Its Hyksos kings had fortified the city and built temples there for the worship of Baal-Sutekh. It had an extensive commerce by caravans from Arabia, and its harbor, like that of Alexandria in Grecian and Roman times, was filled with shipping, bringing and carrying merchandise. Here the young monarch erected temples to the guardian divinities of the realms of Egypt, Amun, Ptah and Hormakhu, including with them the tutelary of the Semitic nomes, Baal-Sutekh. The new temple-city, called Pi-Ramesu, was afterward supplied abundantly with statues, obelisks, memorial-stones and other religious paraphernalia. The court was established here, with its chief officials, Khartumim or soldier-priests,* and other functionaries.

‡Hathor, the "mother," was in another phase the same as Isis. She presided, like Persephoné, over the world of the dead, as well as over love and marriage, for love and death are closely allied.

*The Egyptian term khar-tot signifies a soldier of high rank. The "magicians" of the Book of Exodus were khar-tots, and doubtless were of the sacerdotal order peculiar to the city of Rameses. They are described as on intimate terms with the king, and not as vulgar jugglers.



RAMESES THE GREAT.

In the first year of his reign Rameses made a voyage to Thebes to celebrate the Feast of the Advent of Amun-Râ to Egypt. It began on the thirteenth of September and lasted twenty-six days. The king at the conclusion "returned from the capital of the South," says the inscription of Abydos. "An

order was given for the journey down the stream to the stronghold of the City of Rameses the Victorious."

His next progress was to visit the tomb and temple of Sethi at Abydos. A second voyage was made accordingly, and he entered Nifur, the necropolis, by the canal from the Nile. He found the structure unfinished, and the tombs of the earlier kings were dilapidated from the very foundations.† Rameses immediately assembled the princes, the friends of the dynasty, chief men and architects.§ "When they had come, their noses touched the ground, their feet lay on the ground for joy; they prostrated themselves on the ground, and with their hands they prayed to the king."

Rameses addressed them with upbraiding upon the condition of the tmples, tombs and monuments. These required labor, he declared. Sons had not renewed the memorials of their parents.‡

"The most beautiful thing to behold, the best thing to hear, is a child with a thankful breast, whose heart beats for his father; wherefore," the king adds, "my heart urges me to do what is good for Meneptah." He then recounted the kindness and honor that had been bestowed upon him by Sethi. He had been set apart from his birth for the royal dignity, and at ten years old had been crowned and invested with regal authority. "I will not neglect his tomb, as children are accustomed to do," he declared. "Beautifully shall the most splendid memorial be made at once. Let it be inscribed with my name and the name of my father."

Orders were given for the repair of the tombs and for the building of the "most holy place" of his father and the temple. Statues were carved and the revenues for the maintenance of his worship were doubled. What had been already done in honor of Sethi at Thebes, Memphis and Heliopolis was repeated at Abydos. Priests of the vessel of holy water with which to sprinkle the ground were appointed, and a prophet to take charge of the shrine. The inscription recapitulates a large catalogue of the services that were provided, and Rameses concludes with an invocation.

"Awake, raise thy face to heaven, behold the sun, my father,—Meneptah,—
Thou art like God . . . .
Thou hast entered into the realm of heaven; thou accompaniest the Sun-God Râ.
Thou art united with the stars and the moon,
Thou restest in the deep like those who dwell in it with Un-Nefer,
The Eternal One.
Thy hands move the god Tum in heaven and on earth,
Like the planets and the fixed stars.

†The bricks employed in Egypt for building were made of mud, held together by chopped straw. Structures built of them could not last long without frequent renewing.

§Significantly, the priests are omitted. The Nineteenth Dynasty seems to have largely omitted them from employments of State.

‡The rites to deceased parents and ancestors were anciently regarded as the most sacred office of filial piety. The souls in whose care these offices had been neglected were believed to suffer torment, and even sometimes to become evil demons, to obsess the delinquents. It was therefore imperative upon the head of a family, the patriarch, to marry and rear a son; to inter, cremate or entomb his parents; and at stated periods present funeral offerings. The mother of a son was thus the good genius of a family. The prophets and priests of the pyramids and tombs were set apart for the services, which at Abydos had been neglected.

Thou remainest in the forepart of the bark of millions.*
When the sun rises in the tabernacle of heaven
Thine eyes behold his glory.
When Tum [the sun at evening] goes to rest on the earth
Thou art in his train.
Thou enterest the secret house before his lord.
Thy foot wanders in the deep.
Thou abidest in the company of the gods of the Underworld."

Rameses concludes the inscription by imploring his father to ask of the gods Râ and Un-Nefer (Osiris) to grant him a long term of life—"many thirty years' feasts"—and promises that in such case Sethi will be honored by a good son who remembers his father.

The inscription gives the reply of the deceased "Osiris-King," Sethi, assuring Rameses of his compliance.

There is a whisper that the priests of Thebes had refused a place to Sethi at the necropolis of that city. This may have been the cause of the unsolved question in regard to his two sepulchres.

The tomb of Sethi, in the valley of the Kings, is described by Mr. Samuel Sharpe as the most beautiful of any in Egypt. It eluded alike the curiosity of the explorer and the cupidity of the Arab, till it was discovered by Belzoni. He found the paintings and other works of art with as fresh an appearance as when the tomb was first closed. The entrance was in the side of the hill. There was a dark stairway of twenty-nine feet, then a descending passage of eighteen feet, then a second stairway of twenty-five feet and a second passage of twenty-nine feet. This constituted the pathway to the first grand hall. This was a room of about twenty-nine feet square, and its roof was supported by four square pillars. A little way on was a second hall of similar dimensions; then a passage and a smaller apartment, beyond which was a third hall of twenty-seven feet square. This opened into a small room in which was the royal sarcophagus. It was of alabaster, and around it were hundreds of little wooden images in the form of mummies.*

The walls of these caverns were covered with sculptures painted and highly finished, and with inscriptions setting forth the fortunes of the disembodied soul. The roof of the "Golden Chamber" is covered with pictures having special significance in regard to the stars and their influence. In a little room at one side is an inscription representing a destruction of the corrupt place of human beings. (Compare *Genesis* vi., vii.) Upon the cover of the sarcophagus is a representation of the Great Serpent of Time borne by a long procession of nude figures. The Serpent was conspicuous in a variety of characters in all the Egyptian temples. In the tomb of Amunoph III. is a procession of twelve snakes, each on two legs, and convoluted like the other so as to produce the classic fret-molding.

*The Sun was supposed to ride every day in his boat through the sky, and so Sethi is described as his fellow-voyager.

*The term mummy is from the Persian term mum, signifying wax. It originally meant a body that had been inclosed in that material.

The perfectness of these works far exceeds the later productions of the reign of Rameses. This was probably because they had been begun by artists employed by Sethi himself. The scenes which are depicted indicate a change of some kind in religious sentiment, and exhibit a conforming to the worships of western Asia. There were depicted in a garden the river which separated the dead from the living, the bridge of life and its keepers, also the tombs of the dead with sentinels at their doors. The god Um-Nefer or Osiris sits upon a lofty throne, holding the sceptre of the two realms, but wearing the crown of Upper Egypt alone. Human beings are climbing the steps, and before him are the scales in which their conduct during life is to be weighed. Beneath are condemned ones at work like miners in the mines.

Funeral ceremonies and also the Initiatory Rites at this period consisted in part of the Scene of Judgment by which the condition of souls was determined. It is easy to see that the descriptions given in the *Æneid* of Virgil and other classic works, such as those of the river Styx, and the souls of the dead coming thither to cross from this world into Hades for judgment, the Kharôn or ferryman, the Eumenides and other scenes, were taken from the later rites and mythology of Egypt.

This tomb was not completed till the later years of the reign of Rameses, and there had been significant changes made in the inscriptions, indicative of modifications in the religious institutions. Rameses was a statesman rather than a priest, and he gave a license to foreign worship that the sacerdotal leaders did not approve.

It became necessary for him at an early period to trust his fortunes to the arbitration of war. Manthanar, the king of the Khitans, refused to abide by the treaties which had been made with Sethi and Rameses I., and the tributary princes of Syria, Phœnicia and Palestine had again thrown off the yoke of Egypt. The Grand Monarch of the Nineteenth Dynasty was not the man to falter in exigencies or to hesitate about the employing of agencies that were at his command. Heretofore the native peasantry and agricultural population of Egypt had been regarded as exempt from military service. Soldiers were needed and Rameses conscripted them for the war in Asia. He set out upon his first expedition in the second year of his reign. The accounts of this compaign are meagre. He states that he conquered everything in his way,* and set up memorial pillars at various places, setting forth his triumphs. Where he was not opposed he erected monuments in honor of the tutelary goddess Astartê or Anait. He penetrated as far as Kadesh on the Orontes, when truce was agreed upon and he returned to Egypt.

The next year he directed his attention to the financial resources of his kingdom. He held a council of the princes at Memphis, and obtained pledges of their support. "As soon as they had been brought before the divine benefactor (*euergetes*) they lifted up their hands to praise his name and to pray. And the king described to them the condition of this land [the gold-bearing

*He is called Sesostris by the historian, a Grecian form of the name "Sestura," by which Rameses was known.

land of Akita in Nubia], in order to take their advice upon it, with a view to the boring of wells on the road." A royal Scribe was accordingly dispatched to the region with the necessary authority. Water was obtained in abundance, forming lagoons twelve cubits deep, in which fishermen sailed their boats. "And the inhabitants of Akita made joyful music" and offered thanks to the king "Rameses Mei-amun the Conqueror."

Again the dark cloud of war loomed above the horizon. The king of the Khitans had formed alliances with the sovereigns of neighboring countries, not only with the princes of Syria, Phœnicia, Palestine and Arabia, and with the kings and peoples of Arvad or Aradus, Khalibu or Aleppo, Naharaina or Mesopotamia, Kazanadana or Gauzanitis, Karkhemosh, Kittim, Dardania, Mysia, Mæonia or Karia, Lycia, Ilion—all the peoples from the uttermost ends of the sea to the people of the Khita. "He left no people on his road without bringing them with him. Their number was endless, and they covered the mountains and valleys. He had not left silver or gold with his people; he took away all their goods and possessions to give to the people who accompanied him to the war."

He again challenged the king of Egypt. Rameses collected his forces, actually depleting the fields and workshops to swell their number. Among his auxiliaries were the Sardonians of Kolkhis. This campaign is depicted in fulsome language in the inscriptions on the walls of the temples, and the prowess of the king is described as sublime, especially in the heroic poem of Pen-ta-ur, the Homer of the Nile.*

Rameses set out on his second expedition, leaving the fortress of Khetam on the ninth day of the month Payni, in the fifth year of his reign. He was accompanied by six of his sons. The place of destination was the city of Kadesh, on the river Orontes. His route was by the Path of the Desert, "the way of the Philistines," and the usual military road to Palestine. A month later he arrived at the city of Rameses-Ma-Amun, in Zahi or Philistia. At Sabbatanu (Sabbath-town) two Arab spies, pretending to be deserters and loyal to Egypt, met the advance guard, with the story that the king of the Khitans had retreated to the land of Khalibu, north of Daphné, in fear of the Egyptians. Immediately the various legions of Amun, Phrâ, Ptah and Sutekh marched to the south of Kadesh, where they were attacked by an ambush while unprepared and put to rout.

Rameses himself was on the western side of the river. "Then the king arose like his father, Menthu, and grasped his weapons and put on his armor like Baal in his time. He rushed into the midst of the hostile hosts of Khita

*Pen-ta-ur was a hierogrammateus, or scribe, of the Temple of Kurna, where he had passed successfully through the different grades of Egyptian scholarship. He is described as "a jovial companion who, to the disgust of his old teacher, manifested a decided inclination for wine, women and song." He had the honor, in the seventh year of the reign of Rameses, to win the royal prize as the composer of this poem. We have a copy in a roll of papyrus, and its words also cover the whole surface of the walls in the temples of Abydos, El Uksor, Karnak and the Ramasseum of Abusimbel. It was translated by the Viscount de Rougé, and several versions have been published in English prose. Prof. Ebers has made Pentaur the hero of his Egyptian romance "Uarda," using the license of the novelist to make him the successful lover of Bent-Anat, the king's daughter, and otherwise sadly confusing history.

all alone; no other was with him. He found himself surrounded by twenty-five hundred pairs of horses, and his retreat was cut off by the bravest heroes (mohars) of the king of the miserable Khitans."

"And not one of my princes, not one of my captains of the war-cars, not one of my chief men, not one of my knights was there. My warriors and my chariots had abandoned me, not one of them was there to take part in the battle."

When Mena, the driver of the royal car, beheld the pairs of horses around him, he was filled with alarm and terror. He implored the king to save himself, and thus to protect his people. The intrepid monarch replied to him encouragingly and then charged as with desperation upon the foe. "He rushed into the midst of the hostile hosts of the king of Khita, and the much people with him. And Pharaoh, like the god Sutekh, the glorious one, cast them down and slew them."

Evidently the very numbers of the enemy by being crowded upon one another made them powerless before him. "And I," says Rameses, "I, the king, flung them down head over heels, one after the other, into the water of the Aranta."

When he charged upon them the sixth time he says: "Then was I like to Baal behind them in his time, when he has strength, I killed them, none escaped."

When the evening had come and the battle was over, his army, the princes and others, came from the camp and beheld the carnage. There lay the last combatants of the Khitans, and the sons and brothers of their king, weltering in their blood. Rameses was severe in his reproaches. "Such servants are worthless," said he; "forsaken by you, my life was in peril; you breathed tranquilly and I was alone. Will any one obey him who leaves me in the lurch, when I am alone without my followers, and no one comes to me to reach out his hand? . . . My pair of horses, it was they that found me, to strengthen my hand. I will have their fodder given to them in my presence, when I am dwelling in the palace, because I have found them in the midst of hostile hosts, together with Mena, the captain of the horsemen, out of the band of the trusted servants of the palace who stayed near me."

The battle was renewed the next day, and was little less than a massacre. "He killed all the kings of all the people who were allies of the King of Khita, together with his princes and senators, his warriors and horses."

One of the scenes represented in the sculptures at the Hall of Columns at Thebes exhibits the king standing in his car pressing forward into the thickest of the fight. He drives the enemy over a bridge, one of the earliest on record, and one of the opposing kings, vainly resisting the onslaught, is drowned in the Arunata. The city is stormed and prisoners taken.

The Khitan monarch, it is recorded, asked a truce, and a council of officers implored Rameses to grant the request. Evidently the victory was not decisive, despite the testimony of the hieroglyphics.

"Then the king returned in peace to the land of Egypt. All the countries feared his power as the lord of both worlds. All the people came at his word, and their kings prostrated themselves to pray before his countenance. The king came to the city of Rameses Mei-amun and there rested in his palace."

This, however, by no means terminated the hostilities. The Khitans had not really been conquered. They were able to continue the war. The kings of many cities refused to submit to Egypt. In the city of Tapuna or Daphné, in Mesopotamia, where Rameses had set up two of his statues, as master, the rulers and populace continued hostile. Finally he led an army into Naharaina and reduced them to subjection.

The inhabitants of Palestine were also restless. Finally, in the eighth year of his reign, he invaded the country, captured the principal fortified towns, "placing his name there," and made prisoners of the kings, senators and men able to bear arms. These were made to submit to indignities; they were beaten, their beards were plucked out, and they were afterward carried away captive into Egypt.

In the eleventh year Rameses made a campaign against Askalon. A long and fierce resistance was made, but the city was captured and sacked. Warlike expeditions were also undertaken against the negro tribes of the south and a multitude of prisoners was taken and reduced to slavery. These expeditions are fully depicted on the monuments: The "king's sons" leading forward the men before the god Amun-Râ, "to fill his house with them."

About this period there was another general migration of peoples, such as had occurred every few centuries with almost mathematical regularity. Warlike tribes moved southward and westward, supplanting or mingling with the former populations, and disturbing whatever equilibrium had before existed. This made a cessation of hostile relations between Khita and Egypt of vital importance. The two countries had wasted their energies in conflict which brought no permanent advantage to either. Manthanar, the king of the Khitans, having been assassinated, his brother Khitasar, who succeeded him, sent ambassadors to Egypt to negotiate a treaty. They brought with them engraved on a silver tablet the text of "a treaty of friendship and concord between the Great Prince of Egypt and the Great King of Khita."* The monarch introduces the proposed negotiation with a declaration of personal esteem. "I have striven for friendly relations between us," he says, "and it is my wish that the friendship and concord may be better than what has existed before, and never broken."

Upon the middle of the tablet and also on the front side of it was engraved the likeness of the god Sutekh, the Baal of Syria and Northern Egypt. The male and female gods of each country are also indicated as "witnesses of these words," and the denunciations added that whoever shall not observe the terms of the treaty will be given over with his family and servants to their vengeance.

*The adjective "great," which appears here and in other ancient documents, denotes that the monarch so designated was a "king of kings," lord over tributary kings and princes. Up to this time Egyptian records describe the kings of Khita, as they do other hostile princes, by such epithets as "leprous," "vile," "unclean;" but they ceased it from this time.

Unconditional and everlasting friendship is solemnly pledged, and the treaties which had been made between the former kings are renewed. Each king promised not to overstep the boundaries of the other, even if anything should be plundered. In cast an enemy invaded the dominions of either, and he made application to the other for help, the call would be answered with a sufficient military force. Fugitives from justice fleeing from one country to the other were to be put to death as criminals, and the servants of either king escaping into the territory of the other must be returned for punishment. But if any inhabitant of either country should migrate to the other, he also must be delivered up and sent back, but his misconduct should not be punished in any way; neither his house, his wife or children should be taken from him, nor should his mother be put to death, nor himself suffer any penalty in his eyes, on his mouth, or on the soles of his feet. In short, no crime or accusation was to be broght against him.

This treaty was ratified at the city of Rameses in the twenty-first year of the reign of the Egyptian king. It put an end to the contest that had so long existed for supreme power in the East, and left the two kings at liberty to deal with affairs at home, and with hostile or refractory princes in regions contiguous to their dominion. The amity thus established was more firmly cemented by closer relations. Thirteen years later the king of Khita visited Rameses in his capital, bringing his daughter, and she became the wife of the Egyptian monarch.

In conformity with the custom of ancient times, as is now the usage in Russia, still an Oriental country, the bride, being of a different race and worship, abjured them, and received a new name, Ma-Ua-Nefera.*

This alliance is mentioned in inscriptions in the temple of Pisam or Ibsambul, in Nubia, bearing date in the thirty-fifth year of his reign. On the walls of that sanctuary was depicted a glowing description of the battle of Kadesh, the famous poem of Pentaur, and likewise a conversation between Rameses and the demiurgic god Ptah. This divinity belonging to Northern Egypt, and closely allied in his worship and personality to the Semitic divinities, as well as to Osiris and the Apis, was highly esteemed by the king, and Khamus, his favorite son and associate, was high priest in the Temple at Memphis.

The divinity relates the favors he has bestowed on the king, regal power, booty and numerous captives.

"The peoples of Khita are subjects of thy palace. I have put it in their hearts to serve thee. They approach thy person with humility, with their productions and booty in prisoners of their king; all their property is brought to thee. His eldest daughter stands forward at their head, to soften the heart of King Rameses II., a great and inconceivable wonder. She herself knows not the impression which her beauty has made on thy heart. . . .

*The nuptials of Rameses, on this occasion, seem to have been literally described in the forty-fifth Psalm. "Kings' daughters were among thy honourable women; upon thy right hand stood the Queen in gold of Ophir. Hearken, O daughter, and consider; incline thine ear; forget also thy kindred and thy father's house; so will the king greatly desire thy beauty; for he is thy lord, and worship thou him."

Since the time of the traditions of the gods which are hidden in the houses of the rolls of writing history had nothing to report about the Khita people, except that they had one heart and one soul with Egypt.'

The reply of Rameses is characteristic. He tells the god that he has enlarged the shrine at Memphis inside the Temenos or walled inclosure of the temple, that he has provided for the thirty years' jubilee festivals, and caused the whole world to admire the monuments which he has dedicated to him. "With a hot iron," he adds, "I brand the foreign peoples of the whole earth with thy name. They belong to thee; thou hast created them."

The temple was literally a stone cut out of the mountain. Not without hands, however; but who the architect was, who planned the work, who performed it, all are alike unknown. Rameses filled Nubia with temples and towns commemorating his name, but this sanctuary dedicated to the Great Gods of Egypt, Ptah, Amun and Hormakhu and to Rameses-Meiamun himself, surpassed all in magnificence. It is richly embellished with sculptures, and its entrance on the East was guarded by four colossal figures, each with its eyes fixed on the rising sun.

Mr. Sayce makes the disparaging statement that Rameses cared more for the size and number of his buildings than for their careful construction and artistic finish. He describes the work as mostly "scamped," the walls ill-finished, the sculptures coarse and tasteless. But he adds, "Abu-Simbel is the noblest memorial left us by the barren walls and vain-glorious monuments of Rameses-Sesostris."

Rameses has sometimes been compared to Louis XIV. of France. A picture of him from the colossal figure at the temple in Abu Simhel gives him features resembling those of the first Napoleon, but there is ample reason to presume that the artist greatly disguised them. The sculptures representing Sethi and Rameses disclose a considerable resemblance. There is a strong resemblance in their features, and Rameses, though possessing less energy and strength of character than his father, had a more sensitive temperament, a wider range of taste and greater inclination toward peace. The latter thirty years of his reign were generally without war. He left the reputation of a great soldier and a warlike prince behind him; nevertheless, his tastes and career were more in analogy with those of the Grand Monarque. Like that king he had an ardent passion for building, and his Court was thronged with scholars and men of talent. His chief achievements were those of a reign of peace; the great wall of five hundred miles to protect the inhabitants of the valley of the Nile on the East from the incursions of the Amu and Shasu, the Suez Canal, the new cities, innumerable buildings, excavations, obelisks, statues of colossal dimension, and other works of art with which he adorned his dominions.

Nevertheless, the glory of Egypt was now waning, and a period of decline had already begun.

MAETERLINCK.

By A. N. W.

MYSTICISM is a word that is associated in our mind with the name of Maurice Maeterlinck, for his writings are full of the mystery of life; he has bridged the mystic gulf of self-abandonment and brought back harmonies from that other shore—sad music, that yet has a soothing cadence, an insistent and haunting refrain of longing and expectation.

In an age of realism, when the full light of reason and science is turned on every problem, either social or mental, to be a student of the inner life, to be meditative, to be, in fact, a mystic is to merit the title of *decadent* from the ordinary critic. Max Nordau has classed some of our finest and most metaphysical thinkers as degenerates, including among them such men as Wagner, Ibsen and Maeterlinck. Nordau, writing of Maeterlinck, mentions him as "an example of utterly childish, idotically-incoherent mysticism." Of his poems he says: "These pieces are a servile imitation of the effusions of Walt Whitman, that crazy American, to whom Maeterlinck was necessarily strongly attracted, according to the law I have repeatedly set forth,—that all deranged minds flock together." He goes on to say that Whitman was undoubtedly mad. "He is morally insane," he says, "and incapable of distinguishing between good and evil, virtue and crime; he loves the murderer and thief, the pious and the good, with equal love." This to Nordau seems "moral obtuseness, and morbid sentimentality," which, he says, frequently accompanies degeneration. Speaking of what he calls the "Richard Wagner Cult," Nordau says: "Wagner is in himself charged with a greater abundance of degeneration than all the degenerates put together."

This is the light in which mystics appear to some of our nineteenth century scientists. Nordau calls his book "An Attempt at a Really Scientific Criticism." But he does not distinguish between mental and spiritual thought, and fails to follow the worker to a sphere of action beyond the plane of our outer consciousness. Only when the veil of matter that surrounds us is pierced can we get "the right perception of existing things, the knowledge of the non-existing."

What to the ordinary mind is inexplicable, is generally said to be wanting in sequence and logic, and is, we are assured, the work of degenerate brains. But the mystic is really the seer, and the interpreter of the mystery of life that closes us in on every side and penetrates our every action and feeling. Once let the knowledge of this mystery come between you and the ordinary everyday existence, and you never again seem to be one of the thoughtless crowd that live only in the sordid life of the senses. The real truth of life ever eludes our grasp unless we make a spiritual atmosphere around us by constantly communing with the Higher Self. This great life, the divine life in the spirit, is the magic source of all illuminations. The curtain that divides us from the light

at times becomes transparent, and, in moments of great spiritual exaltation, seems as if it was rent asunder,—then we know what is Truth.

Maeterlinck is deeply impressed with this sense of the unreality of our phenomenal life; he says: "Our real life is not the life we live, and we feel that our deepest, nay our most intimate, thoughts are quite apart from our selves, for we are other than our thoughts and our dreams. And it is only at special moments—it may be the merest accident—that we live our own life. Will the day ever dawn when we shall be what we are?"

Again he says: "What is there that divides us all? What is this sea of mysteries, in whose depths we have our being?"

It is this knowledge of the intangibility of being, of the mystery of existence, that makes life so full of interest; the dullest materialist must sometimes be penetrated with the consciousness of this sensation, or chilled by the awe of a presentiment of a life beyond death.

Maeterlinck calls death "The guide of our life," and says, "Life has no goal but death." But this "goal," the end of life on this plane of consciousness, is the door to the great mystery of all existence, the entrance to the *greater* life. Schopenhauer teaches that man is nothing but a phenomenon, and "that he is not the thing itself, is proved by the fact that death is a necessity." Emerson says: "Soul knows only soul, the web of events is the flowing robe in which she is clothed." This is also the teaching of Plotinus, who says: "If body is part of us, we are not wholly immortal; but if it is an instrument of the soul, it is necessary that being given for a certain time, it should be a thing of this kind—but *soul* is man himself."

Maeterlinck is evidently a Neo-Platonist, and his work often shows evidence of his study of Plotinus and others of that school. His writing sometimes reminds one of Emerson's deep intuitive touch, though his ideas are not always so crisp and firm as Emerson's, nor are they so sure of their mark, for there is occasionally in Maeterlinck a touch of uncertainty as if he was still seeking light, and could not yet see clearly. There is a sensitive and elusive beauty in his thoughts that affect one like the haunting of a forgotten melody, or the fugitive reminiscence of a dream, so delicate, so difficult to retain, are the suggested ideas. If we understand that our true life lies behind the veil, then the spiritual thought, the mystic language, appeals to us; but if, on the contrary, we live in the ordinary phenomenal existence, the mystic seems a dreamer, and his ideas visionary and deluding. Maeterlinck often suggests thoughts, as music does, that no actual words can express. The power of his dramas lies in their silent psychological action, the action of the mind. He is indeed a quietest, to him life itself is the tragedy, and the more the inner life is unfolded the more intense the interest,—"How truly wonderful," he says, "is the mere act of living."

In the old Greek tragedies action was almost lacking; all the force lies in the psychological effect, and Maeterlinck contends that the real tragedy of life is in these moments of intense emotion, when the rapid flash of thought from

soul to soul reveals the mystery of gathering fate, and conveys the subtle sense of approaching joy or disaster, or, by the reverberation of keen emotion, discloses some elusive sense or memory of prior existences. These are the elements that make life so strangely interesting, so deeply tragic.

Maeterlinck commences his essay on "Silence" with these words of Carlyle: "Silence and secrecy. Altars might be raised to them for universal worship." "It is idle," he says, "to think that by means of words any real communication can ever pass from one man to another." He goes on to say that "if at such times we do not listen to the urgent commands of silence, invisible though they be, we shall have suffered an eternal loss—for we shall have let slip the opportunity of listening to another soul, and of giving existence, be it only for an instant, to our own."

It is in silence we live all our soul-life, the true life. H. P. Blavatsky says: "Before the soul can comprehend she must to the silent speaker be united and then to the inner ear will speak the VOICE OF THE SILENCE." In the autobiography of Madame Guyon, she dwells much on the mystery of silence, and on the power of communicating with others in silence. She says: "This speech in silence is the most noble, the most exalted, the most sublime of all operations."

This "great empire of silence," as Carlyle calls it, in which all action has its birth, is the kingdom of the Helpers of Humanity, they who carry the burdens of the world, who bear the weight of its sorrows and sins; these, Maeterlinck says, are "the salt of the earth, out of the silence they convey to us ideas that are wafted across the mystic abyss of voiceless thought. The awakening soul which has lain dormant for ages is at last struggling to arise, perturbation and unrest prevail, while around us is a strange hush of expectation, as though some mighty manifestation was expected." Maeterlinck feels this new wave of consciousness which seems to envelop humanity; he says, "the last refuges are disappearing, and men are drawing closer to each other. Far above words and acts do they judge their fellows—nay, far above thought, for that which they see, though they understand it not, lies well beyond the domain of thought. And this is one of the great signs by which the spiritual periods shall be known." Further, he says: "We are watched, we are under strictest supervision, and it comes from elsewhere than the indulgent darkness of each man's conscience. Perhaps the spiritual vases are less closely sealed now than in bygone days—perhaps more power has come to the waves of the sea within us. We should live," he says, "as though we were always on the eve of the great revelation; it must needs be more beautiful, more glorious and ample, than the best of our hopes." Yet again he says: "I have only to open a shutter and see all the light of the sky, all the light of the sun; it calls for no mighty effort, the light is eager enough; we have only to call, it will never fail to obey."

It would sometimes appear as if Maeterlinck had received intuitions of past existences, although he does not distinctly say so. In the "Death of Tintagiles," these words occur: "I do not think this is the first time I have

waited here, my child [on the threshold of the Queen of Death], and there are moments when one does not understand all that one remembers. I have done all this before; I do not know when." Speaking of this "Queen of Death," he writes: "She lies on the soul like the stone of a tomb, and none dares stretch out his arm. It is time that some one should dare rise. No one knows on what her power rests, and I will no longer live in the shadow of her tower."

These hints of the mystic are not to be despised, for the seer often dimly descries the light ahead, that others cannot perceive.

In the book called "Wisdom and Destiny," Maeterlinck perhaps shows a clearer perception of the universal life than appears in his earlier works. His Pantheism becomes more pronounced. The union with the Higher Self being accomplished, the true man becomes conscious that he has become one with the Great Self.

This is "Universal Brotherhood," therefore, all knowledge, all sorrow, all joy becomes his own. "Before we can bring happiness to others," he declares, "we must first be happy ourselves, nor will happiness abide with us unless we confer it on others"; and again, "In the soul that is noble, Altruism must, without doubt, be always the centre of gravity, but the weak soul is apt to lose itself in others, whereas it is in others that the strong soul discovers itself." Here we have the essential distinction, "there is a thing that is loftier still than to love our neighbor as ourselves: it is to love ourselves in our neighbor." "Let our one never-ceasing care be to better the love that we offer to our fellows," and then, he says, "we can count the steps we take on the highway of truth by the increase of love that comes for all that goes with us in life." He also says: "It is easier far, as a rule, to die morally, nay even physically, for others, than to learn how best we should *live* for them."

To live for others requires constant renunciation. To forget self, to melt into the universal life, *that* gives joy. In this forgetfulness of self can we at last taste happiness: in losing all we find all. There is a courage of happiness as well as a courage of sorrow. This courage we must cultivate now, to dare to be happy, to accept our divine origin, our divine rights. We need courage to explore these unknown regions of happiness, to accept this new Gospel of Joy.

The mystic follows strange and devious ways, guided sometimes by fitful gleams of light. He gains the heights by rapid and swift ascents. Yet these paths often lead him to the edge of frightful precipices, or he may lose himself in the stony mazes at the foot of the cliffs, and so fail to reach the summit, yet he has a sure guide within, the light in the heart; while he trusts to that he cannot go far astray.

Maeterlinck in his beautiful essays expresses for us the thoughts we often have and would give to others if we could clothe them in such significant and vivid words, but there are many to whom this mystic language does not appeal, as Maeterlinck, quoting Plotinus, says: "The discourse we hold here is not addressed to all men, but those to whom the *unseen* is the *real*, the *spiritual life* is the *only true life*." To the *elect*, the appeal of the mystic is not in vain.

CHARACTER-BUILDING.

By HERBERT CORYN, M. D.

SHALL we build our own characters voluntarily, or wait to be compelled to do so at the point of a bayonet?

"Building" may not be the right word. Is the character of a man the sum total that he shows in life? Is it part of man's character to prefer an omelet to a chop? Character is a differentiating thing. It is the character of the human species to think; we say that in differentiating the human from the animal. In seeking a man's character we seek that which marks him off from other men, not that in which he resembles them. So a man's character is shown in those tendencies and powers in which he differs from all other living beings. It is, therefore, in this way of viewing the matter, only the men of genius who exhibit much character. In all that part of them which is not the genius-part, they resemble some other man. The further down their natures you look, the more do they resemble other men; the special keynote of character is only sounded during the hours of composition, or during which they are manifesting whatever be the manner of their genius. At other times they are as other men; at some of those other times they are also as the animals; to sum up all these modes of life that a man of genius may exhibit, those which he has in common with all other men, all animals, and even a few of the higher plants, into one mass with those which are absolutely peculiar to himself as a man of genius, is to deprive the word character of all important meaning in the study of man as a soul.

Attaching to it this restricted meaning, it may be clear on reflection that to speak of the *building* of character requires some care and thought. *Unveiling* may be a much truer word. There are moments of supreme trial when the limits of any man are temporarily shattered, and he exhibits powers of mind, ranges of feeling, flexibilities and activities of consciousness, of whose capacity he was never before suspected. These surely existed as latent capability; the shattering of limits of mind and personality induced by the tension of the situation, a shattering which we speak of as "forgetting oneself," permitted their manifestation.

Therefore what we ought to mean by "character-building" is a gradual whittling away of our own limits; doing slowly, because once and for all, what is done quickly and therefore often impermanently, by some evoking situation. It is the removal of the veil that shrouds the white statue. The man of genius can unveil his statue for a few moments in part; but the winds of his own lower nature constantly blow it back across the marble. The veil is not the lower nature, but the intrusion of it where it does not belong.

Let us look at the situation from above instead of below, from the character that is veiled instead of that which veils it.

Let us look at the brain as the field of conflict, and remember H. P. Blavatsky's teaching about the cells of the body in her articles on "Psychic and Noetic Action." The brain-cells are a keyboard, which will respond to any touch, from the coarsest impact of the force of sensual desire to the most rarified breath of the divine airs. Madame Blavatsky says this of all the cells of the body, but for simplicity we will try and understand it more limitedly. While the high lights of the soul are upon the brain an exalted strain of consciousness sets in, spiritual thought and thought-pictures and feeling. Wisdom begins, insight into nature, comprehension of the divine, and the ability to express these in fitting action, speech, music, form or color. The special state of the genius exists. But a single wave from the lower nature will displace this divine player from the keyboard; the cells, moving to a coarser touch, can no longer respond to the finer. Hate, lust, greed, anger, personal sentimentality, hunger, jealousy, vanity, ambition, or that memory of former occasions of any of these which is the equivalent of their reproduction—one of these will at once throw the cells into a commotion in which the tenderer touch of the divine player is totally lost. The veil has come over the statue; the man is once more only an ordinary man; the chief of those things which marked him from other men has departed. The lower nature is, so to speak, like a drunken servant, who comes into his master's room and finds the harp yet throbbing to the delicate touch of the musician and proceeds himself to make coarse jangling upon the strings.

To see the truth of this view of our own natures must afford much encouragement. To think of our work as one of *character-building* is to suppose ourselves weighted with a harder task than really exists for us. But the task is an *unveiling*, and the way to do it is to think constantly of the waiting soul, full of all divine lights and powers. That thought will help to expel any passion that may be blowing across the chords of life; it is an ascent to a plane where those winds cannot come and from whence the brain may be safeguarded against their breath; it is the "overcoming of the lower nature," an appeal to the "Warrior" spoken of in "Light on the Path." Pursued as a habit, it leads on to victory after victory, and soon brings about visitations for short but lengthening periods of that deep "peace that passeth all understanding" into which the divine dove of wisdom can at last descend on the soul.

I think the religions have made the path seem harder than it is, the reward too deferred and indefinite, the heaven too inevitably *transmortem*. Every man *has* a Genius, the genius has succeeded in letting the Genius speak; so has the natural leader of men; so have all great reformers, altruists, philanthropists and teachers, if the names are warrantably used. It is easy to remove here and there a hindrance bit by bit; to stop a fit of irritation or anger; not to do a selfish thing; to make love dissolve separateness. There is never a vacuum. Never for a moment can any lower motion be stayed, however imperfectly, but what a higher, to that extent, comes on. The last peace and wisdom are that much nearer.

This view, that in each human being is a hidden Genius who has to wait for his instrument, who, achieving the instrument, has to wait till the gross red fingers of the unruly servant are tired for a few rare moments—is the reconciliation between the Darwinian teaching, which only deals with the evolution of the instrument and does not even properly deal with that of the servant—and the all-present traditions of a Golden Age. The Golden Age was the Age when the souls were free, ere yet they had renounced freedom and joy and glory and their Palace of the Burning Sun to become Lights of the Tabernacles of the "men" of earth.

Two factors help the unveiling of the soul. Nature, as Karma, begins. She visits penalty upon sin, upon selfishness, upon misuse of physical appetite. Then follows the higher, and ultimately the sole, factor. This is the intense joy that comes to the personal man when his soul is able to flood the brain and heart with its light. There is no joy like that of serving life; a few of the ways of serving it are to help humanity; to manifest the harmonies of life in poetry, color, form, or sound; to depict its ways in *real* drama; to study, draw down, and combine its forces. This joy is the great incentive of the higher man, and is itself a manifestation in him of the same life.

The souls of men are not alike, any more than blades of grass, or stars; though perhaps up to a point the path of unveiling is alike. But when all the unveiling is done, and a vaster Golden Age is come again, when harmony is come forth from its suspension in the passing dissonance, then it will be seen that work is joy. For the only work, then, will be one to which we do not now gave that name, the divinest prerogative of life. The lines of individual "work" diverge through time, whilst becoming grander. In the end to every soul will be its own part, eternally individual, yet all uniting from over all the field of the universe into one illimitable choral.

"Verily, the night is far spent, and the blackness that cometh before the dawn is well-nigh ended."

"So that we have every warrant for assuming that the feelings will always be associated with an I who feels them, and that this I will never cease to be our very selves, although we may be made happy beyond all conception in finding that within that which we feel and know to be our own ego-hood is also that of all humanity—of all that lives and breathes.

"For this is brotherhood; to find within our own hearts all our lost brothers; to hear in our own voice, the tone, the mass-chord of all humanity, and to feel that in the far-off eons to come we may be able to include the entire manifested universe in one solemn cosmic harmony that breathes its, and our, bliss in one great I-AM!"—

JEROME A. ANDERSON.—EVIDENCES OF IMMORTALITY.

A STRANGE MAN.

CARL JONAS LUDWIG ALMQVIST—POET AND PHILOSOPHER.

By ELLEN BERGMAN.

IT is said of Almqvist: "With winged steps he is gone in advance of his time, stirring it with deep interrogations, prophesying its future with infinite hope."

He gives the fullest expression of the new-time consciousness, not only of that which exists now at the end of the century, but also that which will come in the future.

HISTORICAL SKETCH.

In the library of his grandfather the child Almqvist was often seen lost in the studies of manuscripts and books.

In 1820 he married a young girl, very poor and uneducated, who lived in the house of his parents. With his wife and under another name, Love Carlsson, and in the disguise of a peasant, he fled from the life of conventionality to that of nature, in order, as he said, to "fashion his life in one straight way."

In 1830 Almqvist became the leader of Sweden's reform school and was soon surrounded by a host of pupils, who for the first time were learning through his genial and true human method of education that one can be happy in a school, that a teacher can fill its halls with marvelous visions, and the soul with great thoughts. He was admired and honored by his contemporaries, both as a genial and productive poet and for his distinguished capability as a teacher.

In 1840 Almqvist was obliged to resign from his rectorship, for his very open, sincere, and sometimes prophetic speeches and writings on religion, philosophy, art and society did not accord with public opinion. In his school, too, he lacked the sense of order. He then began work as a publisher of his own many writings, as a map-drawer, as a copier of music, a proof-reader, copyist, etc., in order to sustain himself, his wife, son and daughter. For a long time the Swedish Academy seemed not to know anything of his pitiable circumstances. At last a bishop said to King Oskar I.: "The greatest genius in Sweden ought not to starve to death." This was followed by an appointment as "Regiment Pastor," a name under which he is well known.

In the month of June, 1851, Almqvist fled from Sweden, accused of falsification and of murder by poison. His family never thought him guilty, nor did his true friends, amongst whom was the great poet Runeberg. The guilty one seems to have been a jealous housekeeper, who had tried to make the murdered man suspect Almqvist.

As the emigrant "Pastor Gustavi," he traveled in America's great towns, visited its forests, Niagara, and places of note. In the year 1860 he returned to Bremen an old man. There he lived under the name of Professor Westermann, content and peaceful, busy with his books and papers. When he fell ill he was sent to a public hospital and there died and was buried in the "Potter's Field."

ALMQVIST AS FATHER.

His still living daughter tells of her father as follows: "My father would sit alone for long at a time, serene and quiet, drinking coffee or smoking, and then his expression was deep and meditative; but for us children, for our wishes and well-being he always was awake. In his home life he often jested very wittily in a subdued way, but in society he was modest, silent, and almost impossible. In small circles he set the people on fire. His personality had an extraordinary fascination through his serene, deep intensity, and his always vibrating passion for ideas, for the essential great whole. Trifle he treated as trifle. He never made much of his person, or brought himself forward or posed. He was seldom in a hurry, but would come serene and friendly from his work and take us children for long outings. He spoiled us, but never permitted any license. He also was our best playmate and friend. He did not like to see us idle, we always must work or play, but he detested nothingness. He did not feign pleasure, he really enjoyed our pleasures, as we his. How often, too, he went with us on different outings; we always were delighted, though he sometimes for a long while would be silent. We forgot the silence when he waked up and observed us. No one could tell us things so funny or so tender as he. When I was in a boarding school in Stockholm, he used to take me and all my comrades during the hot summer days on outings from our tiresome needlework.

"He always was wide awake for nature, and for different occupations. He would talk with old men and women; they told him, as did people in general, their deepest secrets—no one had such power as he of gaining confidence. We confided to him everything; he always understood our feelings, though he never flattered our weaknesses. He never waked our ambition or praised our progress, but told us that diligence was only a duty. As a child, I wrote verses, but he never made anything of it. To write verses, he said, is a token of the fulness of life, and we only ought to do so when we feel it irresistible and impossible to withstand.

"His manners were so gentle that I never saw him impetuous, and therefore I believed the world would vanish when he once told my brother, who really had failed, that he was a veritable blockhead. My brother never had any real

pleasure when separated from his father,—which is not usually the case with youths in general. Only to be near him was for us both a fortune."

AS AUTHOR.

His principal work is: "The Book of the Rose." It contains many of his writings, and it is said of it that he therein seeks to "mirror all the world." It is at the same time, "tone, color, fragrance, sorrow, joy, poetry, religion and philosophy." For Almqvist tones became colors; colors, fragrancy; these give taste-sensation, like juicy fruits. If we desire to be fully acquainted with him as an author his other writings must also be studied, as, "Amorina," "The Monagrafy," "Mirjam," etc.

AS PHILOSOPHER AND ARTIST.

He dreamed of a future, "when art contains both poetry, music and picture." In a poem, "The Night of the Poet," he expresses his innermost feelings as to the ideal of art: "During the darkness of night, in agony and almost a swoon, I heard a voice: 'Choose!—If thou wilt be strong, choose the lot of the strong, which is strife and no rest. Against everything thou wilt have to fight; nothing on earth wilt thou find without fault, and thou wilt ever have to fight against and reform error. But if thou wouldst be as a lamb, come unto me; then wilt thou have peace, innocence and rest, with me in my home. I will embrace thee, and thou shalt not be drawn away by separateness, or be torn by the deeds of misery.' 'Lord!' my soul answered and sank together—'O that I could be a lamb as thou sayest!' 'All may be and do as It will.'" And the same voice told him further: " 'Only remember to stand on nothing, and to lean on nothing; for nothing can concern or touch thee, and thou thyself canst possess nothing; but thou wilt obtain power over all things. Thou canst not possess It, for thou shalt possess nothing and stand on nothing; but thou wilt have the best of all power which is to play (sport).'

"At these words my head sank in a golden cloud, and I lost the universe. When I awakened and arose I was glad. Art awakened anew within me, and robed in a white dress I saw her, the sweet one. Dead was now death and only life lived for me. I heard the thunder rise on the clouds, and the terrified vault of heaven spread its wings trembling over the earth. I smiled and said: 'The lightning is beautiful.' The rain streamed in showers over the land; all fell, melted and was drowned together. I was not wet. Tempests speeded through the forests and over the meadows; the deer fled and men freezed through marrow and bones. My hand was warm and I painted. Flowers I saw bud and fade. I painted. Children I saw grow up into boys and girls. Girls flourished into maids, beautiful as the flowers of life. I saw them grow old, wither and pass away. Boys I saw grow and become men; I heard them talk prudently and keenly; then I saw them grow old, wither and turn gray. I continued to be the same as I am and always was,—nothing. I only paint."

Almqvist is said to have been so dependent on the harmony of his sensations and imagination that he liked to write different scenes with different colored ink, as black, red, blue, complaining of not having ink in all colors. He also says that a poet seeks to speak through symbols: "Such inner meanings

give joy and awaken a marvelous light in the soul. We understand the allegories of life if we are of nature, as we live the true artist's life." "Great," he says, "we do not require to be in order to be artists, we need only to look at life with glances of innocence as do little children and artists. Then we live with the whole, we have a wonderful intercourse with the universe; then we flourish in undisturbed union; then we celebrate the true worship of God; then we offer roses to the Lord."

HIS VIEWS ON SOCIAL AND RELIGIOUS MATTERS.

Almqvist once said of prisons: "They ought to be considered as hospitals for the soul, where only through mild expedients we should try to restore the health of the convicts." In "Amorian," he makes an assault on the liberty of the will and sets "a sharp-pointed sword on the most sensitive nerve of humanity." He was a mystic, a pantheist. "The most sublime life," he said, "was to be unconscious as a lyre, whose strings God touches. To be embraced by, to be hid in the whole, to let thought be lost, to be unseen by oneself, to sink down in the unnamed silent ground. This is the highest power to heal the soul."

To him all nature was endowed with soul: "The daffodils have freedom and thought; the rubies, imagination, through which within their own natures they proclaim the purple poem of the eternal." "The fragrances of the forests are astonished by the air, coming to them from the flowers of the garden. The bird is the artist of the wilderness. The eagle is a poem soaring on deep-gray, glittering wings, a poem of God; for God himself cannot conceive of his own dark being, but has to discover it; therefore he puts his feelings and thoughts before himself, and together they make the world. These changing objects are the paintings; the painter behind the clouds paints in order to stand clear before himself."

Thus everything in nature for Almqvist is an expression of the divine. The "Fall of Man" through which existence is broken, was to him reason killing intuition, conventionality confusing instinct. In a little poem, "Tears of Beauty," which Almqvist thinks crowns all his poems, he makes a rough giant pursue an escaping nymph,—a drop of blood floats together with a tear from her eyes, and this drop, which neither could rise, weighed down by the dark blood, nor fall to the ground, lifted as it was by the clear water, is still hanging and floating in space—and, "this tear is the world whereon thou livest, my friend."

Of religion he says: "Devoted leaders are needed to prepare the second advent of Christ." "The second advent signifies the victory of gentleness, for man's best strength from God is gentleness, which is love and intelligence. Gentleness can do everything, fresh, orderly, cheerful, and peaceful." "Christ was the mediator only in the sense of sacrificing himself for the good of the whole, and by fully revealing the nature of the life of love."

Directing himself to God, he once said: "I love thy poor Son and thy other sons." "In Ormuzd and Ariman," he confesses "that kindness even in the meanest garb is that alone which can unite where everything is scattered, which alone can build up where everything is destroying."

In moments of deepest agony he utters about God: "I would prostrate myself before It with all the powers of my being. I would love, I would be annihilated by devotion to It, by inclination to It, by an eternal, unquenchable desire for It. I would die for It, that It may live."

AS REFORMER.

His reformations of the world aimed at the christianizing of humanity. All must work under simple natural relations; through the diligence and happiness of all, the evil man will recover, and crime will starve to death by want of nourishment. In "Ariman" he lets the well-meaning men in the most minute way regulate the state, the family, art, agriculture, the towns. "They also with fatherly care and according to plan proclaim where and what kind of roses are to grow, and in what forests nightingales must sing under penalties of showers and thunder."

But "Ormuzd" fails, for though the flowers, animals and men, during the day, obediently follow the thousand prescribed ways of happiness, beauty and success he ordains for them; yet in the night a marvelous creature in a manifold changing form goes around the world. Without plan, without design, without order, it came, it went, it worked and succeeded. This mysterious creature upset all the plans of Ormuzd, both as regards bodies and souls; it so acted that the inner beauty of their respective natures blossomed in a sweetness before unknown. The real heart of things awakened where this wondrous being passed by. Ormuzd noted the unknown in his big book as a "suspected person." But the well-meaning Ormuzd himself was, the whole world around, a "suspected person," and the great public that obeyed was not glad. "Men would have been more glad if they were trusted to be a little good; if they permitted themselves to bring forth in the light some fruits of reason, force and goodness."

He also says elsewhere: "it is through crime that humanity is progressing, and the virtue of every cycle of evolution has been the principal deadly sin of the preceding one, and by it the most forbidden, which by all means possible, by argument and reasoning, by all legislative power, it has tried to hinder; and this from a very natural cause, that every mode of culture will defend its own life and seek to prevent its own death. The last truth a human tongue can pronounce is: that the crimes of the world have carried the world forward, or in general have caused something to be done. After this proclamation not much is to be added. By no means am I talking of all crimes or vices—nor of most of them, nor do I mean the small defects, the small vices, small sins, but that which in every time is regarded as the greatest, the most consummate, the very deadly sin of the age. It is usually this for which all the culture of the age shudders and trembles, as for its own destruction. It is he who points out the gates through which the new cycle is to come, by which humanity is to rise and to progress. Therefore Christ was crucified by the Jews, while what he preached enlarged the borders of Judaism."

And further, he says: "No cycle of culture has existed on earth, where man did not think crime against himself to be crime against God; and such sins, such

vices, every art of culture has always judged the greatest, the most dreadful, the most unpardonable of the age."

Thus he himself committed the greatest sin of his time.

VIEWS ON THE RELATION BETWEEN MAN AND WOMAN.

Here he touches the most sensitive thought of his time, influenced by Swedenborg and Thorild (a Swedish poet). Himself married, he probably lacked possibilities of being happy. He was the same kind, tolerant, helpful man toward all; he neither felt deep love nor hatred; therefore probably he was too impersonal for matrimonial happiness.

In a pamphlet, "What is Love?" and in a novel, "Permajouf," he treats of this question. With deep grief he says: "Children come into the world without spiritual, true or deep love between their parents, therefore the poor creatures are brought forth *mean* to the very core of their being." Then he says: "We hang forgers, but whoever for a thousand other reasons than love unites himself with one he does not love, and thus forms a useless domestic circle—does he not commit a crime so great and with consequences so incalculable, relating to both the present and the future, that it will result in more terrible disasters than the forgers of millions?" And further: "Mutual happy love is as an electric stream between souls. The solitary warm heart is deprived of light; the solitary luminous head lacks warmth, but the electricity of love gives to the head warmth and to the heart light." He regards man and woman as equal: "neither is above nor below; neither is a monster below the other. Therefore woman ought to learn trade and to have full right of self-sustenance in order not to be forced for her livelihood to commit the great sin of marrying a man she does not love, and no man can be really happy if he is not loved by his wife."

Almqvist looked with the eye of a seer on every question of importance, whether of labor, peace, politics, etc. All his works will some day be published and then we shall have opportunity for studying this very extraordinary man and do him justice.

"For the only decree of Karma—an eternal and immutable decree—is absolute Harmony in the world of matter as it is in the world of spirit. It is not therefore Karma that rewards or punishes, but it is we, who reward or punish ourselves according to whether we work with, through and along with Nature, abiding by the laws on which that Harmony depends, or—break them."

H. P. BLAVATSKY, *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. I., p. 643.

COLUMBUS.

By FRANK M. PIERCE.

SINCE the Fall of Man, when his soul became obscured and lost in his selfish material personality, small-minded, narrow-visioned men have swarmed about the few great world actors and intellects, fawning for favor through senseless laudation while secretly and, when discovered, openly criticising, slandering and pilfering such crumbs of fame, reputation and action as might be stolen from the master-builders' ample unguarded store. As prejudiced historians, they have fathered upon the history makers deeds and words wholly beneath or beyond their field of action and thought. In ignorance, jealousy and spite they have robbed the dead lions' record of some noble thought or action, to enrich some unworthy rival claimant, or upon a new challenger of destiny whose favor they would secure. While among historians are found conscientious recorders of events *as they have understood them*, the fact remains that they have seldom if ever been prominent actors in these events, and have been dependent upon fragmentary data and opinions of minor prejudiced actors and observers. The great history makers have been too busy with their herculean tasks to find time for recording their deeds or motives. It is therefore a fact that written history is at best only a shadow of truth and must be brushed aside when at variance with an intelligent summing-up of the results springing from the works of the great.

Those who have grasped great opportunities have possessed and been possessed by great and lofty ideals, have, in fact, created ideals and opportunities and caused them to manifest into practical use in and for humanity of the really great. Like gods, they resurrect the dead past and lead it into useful action in the present. Leaving historians and rival claimants to juggle as they like with the details of the life and work of Columbus, he is too great, his self-created ideal and work too grand, the still unfolding results too stupendous to permit of consideration from other than the most lofty standpoint.

Let us pass rapidly over the details of his early preparatory—otherwise practically unessential—life, the sooner with him to contact his mission.

Born in Genoa about 1435, of reputable and humble parents, he derived dignity and nobility from deeds, instead of known noble ancestry. Intensely fond of geography and filled with love of adventure and study, he entered the University of Pavia, where he was taught grammar, geography, navigation and astronomy. Living in a seaport, the boy naturally looked to the ocean as the field upon which to satisfy his nature. In 1450 his first voyage was made under his uncle, a bold, hard commander of squadrons, who did not shun a fight if under garb of law and right. As a hardy, intelligent, observing mariner, serving and commanding, he sailed the then known waters of the world, voyaging in 1477 a hundred leagues beyond Iceland. During this period piracy was openly allowed and the holy wars were being waged against the Mohammedans. In the thick of this turmoil of war and commerce Columbus found every opportunity to develop and exercise his natural, cool, daring versatil-

ity for endurance and command. In his early sea-faring life he became imbued with the idea that *the waters encircled the habitable earth, that there must be unknown inhabited lands to the west.* To such an extent had this idea become a part of the maturing man that from the numerous renderings of the family name he chose the Latin form, because "Columba is the Latin for dove," *and that he would perform the mission of the dove in taking light to a race on a western land who were in darkness.* Who was this fellow to use such language? Is it not an evidence of the re-embodiment of an old soul or knower, reflecting on its new mind-mirror dim pictures of past knowledge to lure and urge on its instrument — Columbus — to rediscover an old continent whose civilizations are now known to have antedated and excelled the civilizations of Egypt and the East?

In personal appearance Columbus was a striking figure; tall, well-formed, muscular and dignified, face neither long nor thin, but finely shaped, fair complexion, high cheek-bones, steel-blue eyes, light hair, turned to gray at thirty. In dress plain, in manners amiable and courteous, commanding, almost dominating when aroused, brave, resolute, speculative, while underneath was a sincere devotional nature natural to the man. No peril could dampen his enthusiasm. In training, nature and circumstance everything pointed to him as the chosen instrument to engage in voyages of discovery fraught with new and untried dangers.

In middle life, happily wedding the fortuneless daughter of an Italian gentleman—a well-known navigator—Columbus maintained himself and wife by making charts, globes and maps, one of which was sold to Vespucius. These brought him fame as a speculative geographer and mathematician, while he deluged learned men, church dignitaries, prominent laymen of all nations and crowned heads to interest them in his projected attempts to discover new lands.

Revived ancient fable tales of islands, and the vast submerged Antilla—Noah's flooded world—in the Western ocean, stories of a returned traveler from China, of Portugal's discoveries in Africa and of the Cape of Good Hope, suddenly raising that country from the most insignificant into one of the most important nations, had fed and excited the minds of many people to discover and occupy new regions in hopes of finding fabulous wealth and booty.

Applying first to John II., King of Portugal—who was in the midst of new discoveries—to aid him in his long cherished plans, Columbus was met with apparent sincerity, but after his plans were revealed the king secretly sent a ship out on the route proposed by Columbus, but they were baffled by storms and returned to ridicule the scheme. This contemptible treachery greatly angered Columbus, and, because of the death of his devotedly loved wife, he left Lisbon in 1484 in extreme poverty, due to his efforts in his absorbing plans and in helping the needy. Impoverished as he now found himself, he continued to aid his aged father. He never ignored a duty.

Undiscouraged by his first failure, unsuccessful attempts were made to interest the king of England, his countrymen the Genoese, the Venetians and several Spanish noblemen. Among the latter, however, one—the Duka Medina—Celi approved his plans and was about to offer Columbus four ships, when he bethought himself of the jealous temper of the sovereigns, the magnitude of the results in the event of success, requiring the guidance of royal hands, and, restraining his impulse, he contented himself and served Columbus and the world by writing to Queen Isabella, cordially introducing

him to her attention. In terms as cordial Her Majesty requested that Columbus be sent to her.

The world and with it the patient, courageous, indomitable Columbus had finally reached a turning point, an epoch. The pregnant time and the man for the time had met and clasped hands —not that the two were as yet completely fitted and in harmony with each other —but the grip was never released until a new world was discovered, where independent, liberty-loving elements, in the oppressed thought-bound nations of the earth would find fit habitations, resources and scope wherein to evolve a new nation and a new race.

On January 26, 1486, Columbus entered the service of Ferdinand and Isabella, expecting within a short period that under the auspices of these joint sovereigns he would be able to sail out into the unknown to seize his life-quest. But six long, weary years of waiting, promises, disappointments, hope, almost despair, must intervene before the dawning of the happy day, August 3, 1492, when he should sail from the Port of Palos, out into the perils of an unknown ocean, following an idea—or may it have not been an inspiration?

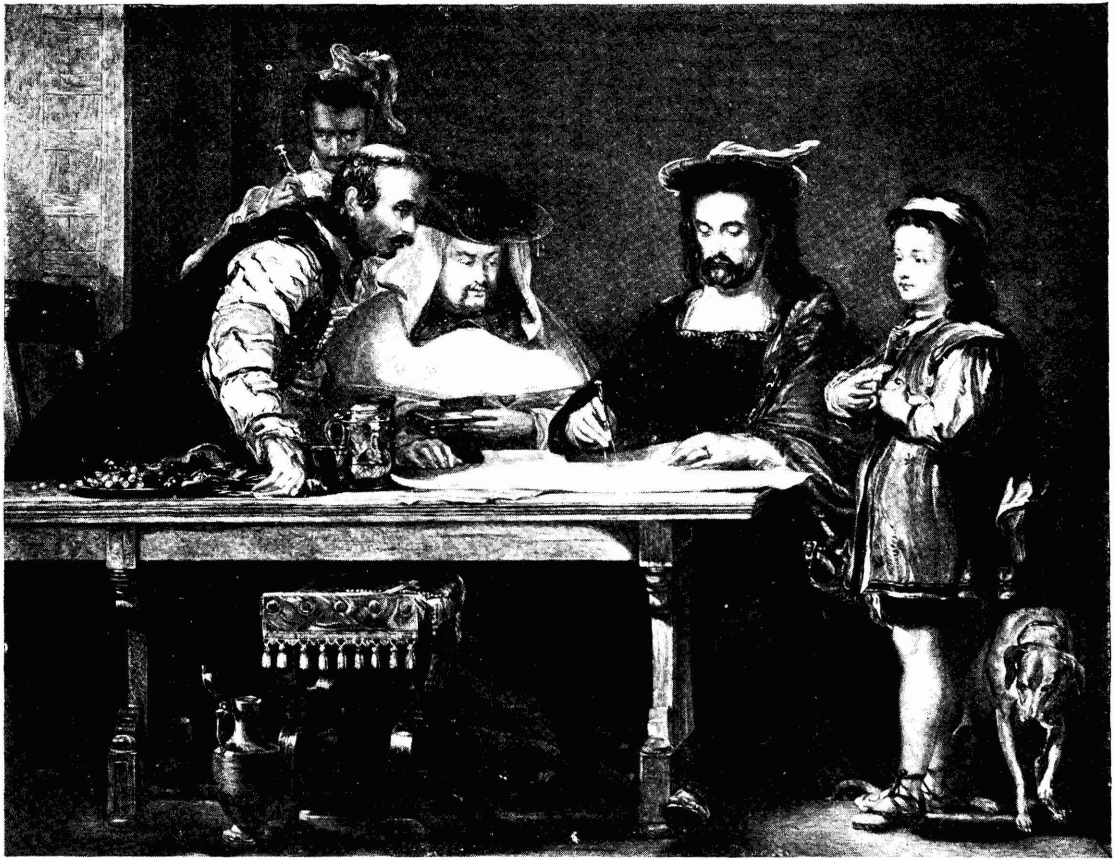
At this point it is well to become acquainted with the sovereigns—especially Isabella, who by her generous, self-sacrificing and timely aid had justly shared with Columbus the honor and glory of his world-changing discovery.

Ferdinand, in person, was of middle stature, well formed and in carriage free, erect and dignified, hardy and strong, clear-eyed, heavy eyebrows, high forehead, partly bald, chestnut hair, expressive, well-shaped mouth, a ready, fluent voice. In temper even, clear mind, grasping a subject at once, remarkable for his correct judgment of men—a hard worker, devoted to his religion, plain and simple in his tastes, dress and diet. In Spain he was entitled the wise and prudent; in Italy, the pious; in England, the ambitious and perfidious. Such is fame!

The three ruling purposes in his life were the conquering of the Moors, driving the Jews from Spain, and the establishment of the terrible Inquisition in his kingdom. Unquestionably honest and sincere, is there not a great lesson, in the light of subsequent and especially in very recent events, of honest effort wholly misdirected? He sowed the tempest seed of intolerance, bigotry and horrible torture and foul assassination in the name of religion, and the people and country he did so much to strengthen and glorify have reaped the whirlwind of mental and spiritual degradation and finally national disaster and humiliation at the unwilling but humanely compelled hands of the people who sprang from the loins of Spain's discovery. In national and individual Karmic recompense a light must go out from the same people to illuminate and redeem Spain.

Isabella, under the scrutiny and verdict of time, has proved to be one of the purest, best and most beautiful women ever shown in the pages of history. Slightly under middle height, delicately formed, beautiful, auburn hair, white skin, gentle, clear blue eyes, extremely modest, dignified and carrying herself with such gentle stateliness that she appeared tall; in character ingenuous, generous, devoted to Ferdinand and careful of his fame, womanly in all things, active and resolute, as several suits of armor in the royal arsenal in the museum at Madrid, won by her in battle, attest.

She gave close attention to the state affairs, ruling her separate kingdom—as did Ferdinand—working in harmony. Except on the persecution of the Jews and the establishment of the Inquisition, all acts were executed by both, under the seal bearing the united arms of Castile and Aragon; meanwhile she gave much



COLUMBUS PRESENTING HIS PLANS BEFORE THE "LEARNED" MEN OF SPAIN.

of her time to helping her people, succoring the wounded, disabled and destitute left by the wars.

She sought strenuously to reform the laws to benefit the people. She was a patron of literature, art and science, promoting the recently invented art of printing. Books were admitted free of duty.

The spread of literature was greater during her reign than at the present day.

Earnest in her religious faith, still she was violently opposed to the expulsion of the Jews and the establishment of the Inquisition, though in this she was powerless against priestly opposition.

Her life proved the statement of an observing writer that *"she would not uphold bigotry at the expense of humanity."*

Such were the characters of the two sovereigns with whom Columbus found himself in contact. Ferdinand commands respect; Isabella was a soul with which the body and mind were in such harmony that she brought out the best in those she contacted in person or by act, and received not alone their respect, but their admiration, love, devotion and reverence.

The time and conditions appeared favorable to the speedy realization of the long-cherished hopes and plans of Columbus.

The marriage of the two monarchs had put an end to internal feuds and united the Spaniards in one purpose, to conquer and break the domination of their common enemy, the Moors. That fierce and capable people were then pent up within the boundaries of Granada by the victorious encircling Spanish army. Columbus, as the guest of Quintinilla, comptroller of the treasury, was brought into intimate contact with the most influential people, and into easy touch with the sovereigns.

Columbus, "considering himself the particular agent of heaven in carrying out his theory," was filled with enthusiasm, and greatly impressed the King by his firmness of conviction, modesty and dignity of manner. But his caution forbade his espousing his scheme, apparently so wild, until he could hear it discussed by a council of "learned men."

After some delay a council was convened, composed of an array of priests, professors, science doctors, whose opinions—due to their avocations—were hard to change or broaden. The priests—most opinionated and stubborn in their opposition—stood on a literal translation of Scripture as the *ipse-dixit* to their opposition; for instance: "The heavens are stretched out like a scroll." "The heavens are like a tabernacle spread over the earth." "Therefore the earth must be flat." One of these astute theologians said the idea of an opposite side or antipodes was impossible, quoting St. Augustine as follows for authority: "To believe that there exist other inhabited lands on the opposite side of the globe is to say that there are nations that did not descend from Adam; it would have been impossible for them to pass the intervening ocean; therefore he who asserts this new thing is descrediting the Bible, which declares that all men descended from one common parent." While these then effective objections appear childish and ridiculous when presented to intelligence either now or then, they serve as a proof and a warning to the thoughtful as illustrative of that arrogant ignorance which for centuries has cloaked itself in priestly garb and has had the effrontery to name itself, and pose as God's Vicegerent, to issue its Bulls, Interdictions and Decrees.

Does not this same organized church-power stand to-day where it then stood—opposed to progress, forcing ignorance upon the ignorant and careless by wrong interpretations of the Bible, and blocking the discovery of the new spiritual

world as it then did of a new material world, to which those whom it had oppressed and persecuted could escape and find hope, peace and life? The reader should know that essential truth as it exists in all religions is not referred to, but only the distortions presented by those who seek to have men follow the form rather than the spirit of religion.

Now is the time, the vital necessity, for the Spiritual Columbus.

The scoffing, arrogance and objections were boldly and skillfully met by Columbus, though he was constantly in danger of being condemned for heresy.

The continued war against the Moors, the breaking out of the plague, kept back the decision of the council until the winter of 1490, when the sovereigns decided that the armies should take the field, never to leave camp until proud Granada had fallen.

Columbus, worn out and disgusted by years of dilly-dallying, demanded a final answer. Forced to act by this great but too modest mind, the learned body of sages (!) finally decided that the sovereigns should not engage in such enterprises on such slender and, to them, vague reasons as Columbus had presented.

Can we not see this great man—now scoffed at as a dreamer, an adventurer, pointed at by the children in the streets as a madman—turn away and quit Spain in disgust, and filled with contempt and disdain for those in places of power and influence? His treatment would have embittered and shut in a less robust, fearless, indomitable and experienced soul; but Columbus, tireless and persistent, started with his son on foot for France to present his plans to the King. Arriving, faint with fatigue and hunger, at a hospitable convent, three miles south of Palos, he applied at the gate for bread and water. Met by the Prior, Juan Perez de Marchena—most fortunately a learned and kind man—he was given food and rest. Meanwhile he had told his story to the good friar, who, being a man deeply learned in geographical science, at once comprehended the plan of Columbus and the importance of holding the honor, glory and rewards of the discoveries to Spain.

Columbus was through him brought for the first time into relationship with that healthy force, the Practical Man, which, unconscious to itself, has always stood opposed to intolerance and whatever fetters men and dwarfs the mind, because its daily life is robust, broad, a restricted freedom, dealing with universals in a practical way.

Now and for the first time he found himself on the right road to success, backed by a quality of force accustomed to brush aside the elements and natures inviting objections, or learned or unlearned man's ignorance and lack of sense.

Such men were Garcia Fernandez, a practical scientist and geographer, and two of his friends, the brothers Pinzon, two well-known, hardy, adventurous navigators.

Satisfied with the correctness of his plans, they offered to join Columbus in the expense and effort to again enlist the aid of the Spanish Court. Columbus, at first reluctant to allow the sovereigns any further opportunity in his intended expedition, finally yielded, and Sebastian Rodriguez, a shrewd and trusty man, a pilot of Lepe, was sent to the Court and gained easy access to Isabella through letters he presented from Juan Perez, formerly the Queen's beloved Confessor. The good friar was at once invited to repair to the Court. His eloquent and earnest pleading, seconded by the Marchioness of Moya, a favorite of Isabella's, reawakened the interest she had never lacked in the plans of Columbus, and she at once ordered him to be sent for, not

forgetting in her good heart to provide the money for the journey of the now poverty-stricken New World's father. He reached Granada at a most propitious time, just after the fall of the great stronghold of the Moors and the surrender of Boabdil, their chief, thus ending the fierce struggle of eight hundred years' duration.

Dejected and melancholy, but possessed of his great idea, Columbus viewed the victory jubilee with indifference, almost contempt, as trifling in comparison with his mighty purpose to discover a new world.

Meeting again the same progress-obstructing force in the person of the Queen's Confessor, the Archbishop of Granada, who pronounced the terms exorbitant and degrading, Columbus, with unyielding determination, again prepared to quit Spain and lay his plans before the French King. Isabella, persuaded that the share required by Columbus in the enterprise was too large, yet with unfailing confidence in his judgment and integrity, offered him more modest terms.

Now, if never before, we see the real man, Columbus, poor, almost friendless, worn out with many years of fruitless effort, disappointed and defeated at every turn, now with a certainty offered him, of carying out his cherished life-work, fully cognizant of this, he refusing to demean his enterprise by accepting terms other than he had dictated, broke off all negotiations, mounted his mule, and started for Palos.

This action was not taken through stubbornness nor false pride, but because he would not permit himself to be tempted into undervaluing or accepting less than his just share of the immense benefits accruing to whatever power should help him to secure them.

His determined decision and prompt departure produced the results which always follow right, courageous action. Luis de St. Angel and the Marchioness of Moya, stung by his abrupt departure and the irreparable loss to Spain, should he succeed elsewhere, sought the Queen, and earnestly, almost reproachfully, urged her to recall Columbus.

The destiny of the world for unborn centuries hung upon this good woman's decision. Will she prove herself great and good? Will she clear her pure mind from fettering priestly advice and let her soul free to act as her intuition had constantly urged? Yes; at last she saw the light, and, brushing all obstructions aside, she moved out, fired with ardor, trust and determination, personally assuming the financial responsibility and solemnly declaring that Columbus should undertake the discovery of a New World.

In this decision she proved her greatness far more than in her noble and willing sacrifice in providing the means for carrying it into effect.

It was an exhibition of the soul overriding obstacles to its divine purpose. A soul put to the test of a great opportunity for helping humanity, which, if improved, would prepare it for greater future work when the fate of humanity should again hang in the balance.

She saw the light and followed. The national treasury was empty, but from the plethoric reservoir of the ecclesiastical revenues an advance of three thousand crowns was made on the pledged jewels of Isabella. With this and a sum equal to one-eighth of the cost of the expedition, furnished by the great discoverer himself, the material means were provided for Columbus to carry into effect and make manifest in material life his spiritual ideal and purpose.

There is a great lesson concealed in the fact that the intuitive Isabella attended to the material needs, while the intuitive, reasoning, executive Columbus supplied the ideal and the plan which he executed.

Articles were drawn up in accordance with the original demands of Columbus, making him admiral for life in all possessions he might discover—viceroy and governor-general over such discovered lands and continents. He was empowered to reserve for himself one-tenth of all pearls, precious stones and metals, and all articles and merchandise bought or bartered within his admiralty. He was also granted absolute legal power in matters of traffic.

Passing the vexations experienced of fitting out the expedition, Columbus set sail from Palos, Spain, August 3, 1492, in three small vessels manned by an impressed, almost mutinous, crew of one hundred and twenty men, himself commanding the Santa Maria, the Pinta and Nina commanded by the Pinzon brothers, whose assistance by work and example entitled these more humble men to place and grateful recognition as great helpers to Columbus in his enterprise.

Like every important transaction in his life, Columbus began this his unparalleled achievement in a dignified and stately fashion. He proclaimed his motives and plans, his purpose to carry the Christian faith into the unknown world, and the glory which would redound to Spain from his discoveries.

Finally, after years of untold labor, trials, disappointments and sufferings which would have paralyzed a less sturdy, resolute and determined man, this great, inspired, soul-propelled discoverer had launched and entrusted his lofty enterprise and himself to the Supreme Power in which he firmly believed, and that it could and would act through him if he performed his whole duty with faith and trust.

Why weary ourselves and detract from such a character by recounting the inevitable perils of the deep, the elements, and the greater dangers to be met in the ignorant, superstitious, cowardly and evil nature of men? The meeting, contesting and overcoming of all the obstacles are but incidents in the accomplishment of the great purposes of great men.

On the sixth day of September, 1492, Columbus sailed westward from the Canary Islands—the then western known limit of the great ocean, and the real voyage of discovery began.

On Friday, October 12, 1492, the New World land was sighted. The admiral, as Columbus was now called, supposing the newly discovered land was an extremity of India, named the inhabitants Indians, but instead it proved to be, in fact, a new and unknown world.

In the confusion of uncertain records of an unknown and unmapped land and ocean errors could easily occur, and while some records claim that the land first sanctified by the pressure of the foot of Columbus was Guanahani, now known as San Salvador, it is an equally fair presumption to say that his first landing was made in the beautiful land-locked harbor of what is known as Santiago de Cuba, a place again made historic by the unparalleled deeds of heroism performed on land and sea by the flower of the new race, to whom Columbus opened the door of the New World—deeds performed, not in lust for land and power, but in the sacred cause of humanity—the cause Columbus himself served—to give to a down-trodden people material, mental and spiritual food, from the same intolerant, bigotted, non-progressive, organized power which for many years successfully opposed and almost defeated the plans of Columbus.

"As ye sow, so shall ye reap." Surely "the mills of the gods grind slow, but they grind exceeding fine."

The first act of this now triumphant, victorious general of peace was symbolically grand and characteristic, in falling on his knees, kissing the earth and then

returning thanks to God. He in his posture displayed self-abnegation, and in the after act recognized and emphasized the relationship, unity and independence of the material and spiritual worlds and life.

Every knee bent in reverence and every heart overflowed with thankfulness, some for their deliverance from physical peril, others with the higher gratitude for the accomplishment of a great purpose.

The picture presented was fascinating. The naked but comely, gentle and kindly natives flocked about the strange white men with natural trust and curiosity, while Columbus, dignified and becomingly dressed in scarlet, surrounded by his men, unfurled the royal standard, and took possession of the land for his King and Queen. He then administered the oath of obedience to all his officers and crew, binding them to obey him as Admiral and Viceroy and representative of the sovereigns. The men now broke into the wildest transports of joy, and, human-like, kissed and embraced the man they had but recently thought to kill, begging favors and pardon in the same breath.

The Indian of to-day, his naturally noble qualities degraded and brutalized by the white man's whisky and treatment, bears only a physical resemblance to the gentle, trusting natives whose hospitality and honest barter won the consideration and respect of Columbus.

The admiral, searching for gold, reported by the natives to exist in abundance in the island and adjacent lands, cruised around his first discovery and contiguous islands, believing the while that he was among the islands in the Sea of China described by one Marco Polo, a traveler.

Lured on by the golden phantom stories of the natives, Columbus explored and took possession of many islands, winning the friendship of the natives by his just and kindly treatment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WHAT ROME TEACHES.

(From "The American," Jan. 28th, 1898.)

"In 1900 Rome will take this country and keep it."—*Hecker.*

She boasts that religious liberty is only endured until the opposite side can be put into effect without injury to the Roman Church.

"No man has a right to choose his religion."—*Archbishop Hughes.*

"The will of the Pope is the supreme law of all lands."—*Archbishop Ireland.*

"In case of conflicting laws between the two powers, the laws of the church must prevail."—*Pius IX.*

"We do not accept this government or hold it to be any government at all, or as capable of performing any of the proper functions of government. If the American government is to be sustained and preserved at all, it must be by the rejection of the principles of the Reformation (that is the government by the people) and the acceptance of the Catholic principle, which is the government of the Pope."—*Catholic World.*

RIGHT ACTION.

By WILLIAM SCOTT.

"I establish the whole universe with a single portion of myself, and remain separate."—Bhagavad Gita, Chap. X.

ALL systems of philosophy postulate the basic homogeneity of the cosmos; and, perhaps, all agree that everything in manifestation proceeds from the unknown Root; and that all forms are but differentiations of that one Reality, from which separation is impossible. If this be so the right action of the differentiations would be a "mass chord," so to speak, running through the whole. What constitutes harmony with that mass chord is the question which all systems of ethics try to answer.

It is said that man is a microcosm corresponding to the macrocosm of which he is a part. In man there is a correlating consciousness which marshals in harmonious order, and directs to a common purpose all the smaller lives which compose his organism. Keeping in mind the fact that all things are differentiations of the one, that correlating consciousness in man must be part of the cosmic consciousness which binds together all things in the universe into one organism. There is but one consciousness running through all. Its purpose is its own progression, which is self-knowledge or wisdom. The action of the consciousness to attain that object is the one law which directs all movement, and harmony with that law is right action. When the cells of the body refuse to act in accordance with the purpose of the correlating consciousness there is discord or disease. The same thing takes place when the individual refuses to recognize the purpose of the universal consciousness. He is then engaged in wrong action, and produces cosmic disease.

As the consciousness of the individual is one with the universal consciousness its purpose can be understood by concentrating upon the highest aspirations of one's own soul; by listening to the "Voice of the Silence" and obeying its behests. At bottom they are the behests of the Oversoul or The Self.

Hitherto we have too often looked outward to gain wisdom, and the result is that we possess no exact knowledge except that of exteriors. Mathematics is the only approximately exact science that we have, and, as at present understood, it deals only with the outward aspects of things. Its three branches, Geometry, Arithmetic and Mechanics, relate to the forms, numbers and motions of bodies. Mathematics may be fittingly called the science or ethics of externals. The mathematician has no desire whatever to violate mathematical law. He knows that nothing but disaster can result from doing so. He has realized that mathematical law is synonymous with the law of his own being, and to that extent his will has become identified with the will of the Universe.

But all things have interior as well as exterior aspects; such as the vital, the emotional, the mental and the spiritual. If these interior aspects or princi-

ples could be cognized with the same degree of accuracy that can be reached in observing the forms, numbers and movements of things, we would have exact sciences or ethics of Biology, Psychology, Spirituality, etc. And those who understood them would have no more desire to violate their laws than has a mathematician to violate mathematical law, for they would know that they were the laws of their own being as well as the laws of the Universe. Their will on all these planes would be identical with the universal will.

When the will of the individual becomes identified with the will of the Universe he has perfect free will, there being no other will to oppose. He has passed through the cycle of necessity and attained freedom by practicing perfect obedience to the laws of his own being, which is the same thing as perfect conformity to the universal will. Such a being is a god.

The normal man stands half way between the animal and the God. This is why the question of his free will is raised.

The animal being without the mental quality—the producer of selfish action, by directing the individual will towards the gratification of selfish desire—may, from one standpoint, be regarded entirely as the creature of circumstances; because it lacks self-consciousness to enable it to select one course of action in preference to another. On the other hand, it may be said to be a free being, for the will of the animal is identical with the will of the Universe, but it is unconscious of its being the agent through which the cosmic consciousness is manifesting.

Man, standing midway, has sufficient mentality or self-consciousness to enable him to initiate action, but, through persistent ignorance, he lacks discrimination to discern his union with the All; and mistaking his personality to be a thing separate and apart from all others, he uses his intellectual powers to devise means to gratify the passions and desires of that personality which he imagines himself to be. He thus produces discord between himself and the universal consciousness, and brings upon himself pain and sorrow; and imagines that he is the victim of adverse circumstances over which he has no control.

"Thou hast to learn to part thy body from thy mind, to dissipate the shadow and to live in the Eternal. For this, thou hast to live and breathe in all, as all that thou perceivest breathes in thee; to feel thyself abiding in all things, all things in SELF."—(*Voice of the Silence.*)

We forget that all forms are but the outward expression of the consciousness within. We look at the form and hope to gain a knowledge of the soul. This is like looking at the outside of a house with the expectation of becoming acquainted with the tenant. We must first become acquainted with the consciousness which is our own being, before we can hope to learn anything about the consciousness of another entity. If I know nothing about the tenant that dwells in this house of mine, how can I hope to know anything about the tenant of another house.

There are seven definite stages through which the individual passes before he arrives at a knowledge of the *Self* within:—(1) He is interested only in the

personality and spends his whole time contriving methods to satisfy its appetites; (2) He begins to have a presentiment that there is something higher and nobler than mere animal want, something that would make life grand and beautiful; (3) He takes definite steps to find that something which he is sure exists; and the quest of the Holy Grail is commenced; (4) Like King Arthur's Knights, he sets out on horseback to search for it in the external phenomenal world, but his time is divided between the quest and the personality; (5) His whole energy is devoted towards the quest, but he begins to suspect that the Holy Grail is not to be found without and feels that it is within; (6) The interior quest is begun and success is assured, for he obtains glimpses of the Holy Grail, and he then begins truly to live; (7) Union with the SELF is attained and the spiritual eye is opened.

He then realizes the tie that binds together all that lives; that systems, suns, planets, and men are cells in the universal organism, and that the Oversoul or the SELF is the correlating consciousness. He sees that there are in the Universe senses and organs corresponding to those of the individual organism, such as a heart, a nervous system, etc. He feels the joys and sorrows of all that lives just as a cell in the body would feel and know all that takes place within the organism were its consciousness raised to the plane of the individual consciousness. He knows that every discordant jar caused by any individual in the Universe is felt by that Self which is the root of all, just as the individual consciousness feels every discord which disturbs the harmonious working of the cells, and that it is the individual who causes the discord who is the one who suffers the most, as in the physical organism it is the inharmonious cell that feels most the effects of its wrong action, and is rejected if it does not cease to disturb the organism.

Among the various gradations of intelligence manifested by the consciousness which ensouls the forms which we see around us, there is a continuous ascending scale of degrees of development among the organs and senses from incipiency to perfection. For example, the efforts of the sponge to produce circulation by expansion and contraction seem to result from a conscious desire to produce a heart and lungs, for we see all stages of circulation and respiration from that of the sponge to the perfected heart and lungs of the highest animals.

Again, if we trace the evolution of sight it appears to be highly developed feeling. The tips of the antennæ of certain insects seem to become eyes. If we examine the points of the horns of a snail with a microscope we will see rudimentary eyes there; and if we watch carefully its movements we will observe that it does not have to touch an obstruction in order to become aware of its presence. Between the incipient vision of the snail and perfect sight we find all gradations of seeing. The same is true of all the senses and organs.

At first sight the facts seem to indicate that the consciousness of the entity, as it ascends through the different kingdoms, produces these senses and organs by continuous conscious efforts until they become perfect and automatic. But

on the other hand, do not the various entities variously express the powers and qualities of that universal consciousness which exists in all things, and that the evolution of the lower is in coöperation with the higher; man raising all below him, he himself seeking to become one with the Self.

Consciousness is the one thing that should be studied, and first of all our own consciousness; consciousness is the producer of all forms and all motions; all experiences, whether pleasant or painful, are states of consciousness.

In the Universe of consciousness there are all degrees, from infinite ignorance to infinite wisdom. There are no separate and distinct entities, but all are bound together by the law of compassion or harmony, which *"is no attribute."*

"It is the Law of LAWS—*eternal Harmony, Alaya's* SELF; *a shoreless universal essence, the light of everlasting right, and fitness of all things, the Law of Love Eternal."*—(*Voice of the Silence.*)

It is only when this law is disregarded that the feeling of separation is produced. Right action, then, is to keep ourselves in unison with this law; first, by attuning the consciousness within to the divine compassion, and outwardly working with the great Helpers of Humanity. Let us support them in their endeavors to clear away the impediments that obstruct the course of the Divine Law.

"The more thou dost become at one with it, thy being melted in its Being, the more thy Soul unites with that which Is, the more thou wilt become COMPASSION ABSOLUTE.

Perhaps the most valuable result of all education is the ability to make yourself do the thing you have to do, when it ought to be done, whether you like it or not; it is the first lesson that ought to be learned; and however early a man's training begins, it is probably the last lesson that he learns thoroughly.

HUXLEY, in *Technical Education.*

"A narrow stomach may be filled to its satisfaction, but a narrow mind will never be satisfied, not even with all the riches of the world."

"To feel one's ignorance is to be wise; to feel sure of one's wisdom is to be a fool."

"Let every man first become himself that which he teaches others to be."

Gems from the East.

H. P. BLAVATSKY AND W. Q. JUDGE AS WE KNEW THEM.

By SOME OF THEIR OLD PUPILS.

THE attempt to write about H. P. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge brings up a flood of memories, and at the same time a sense of the inadequateness of anything that one may write to portray even a few aspects of their many-sided characters.

To me W. Q. Judge was a friend indeed, a teacher and a guide. It was through him that I learned to appreciate more fully Madame Blavatsky's absolute devotion to her Teacher and the great movement for Universal Brotherhood; her unceasing and self-sacrificing care for the infant organization, the Theosophical Society; and her courage and wisdom in attacking the buttressed hypocrisy and materialism of the age. His devotion to her and her work were unfaltering and true; he always spoke of her in terms of the deepest respect and love, so that any one knowing him could not help but imbibe his feeling.

My first meeting with W. Q. Judge was like the meeting of an old friend, yes, more than friend, for besides the friendship and love with which he inspired me, there was also a feeling akin to reverence which I could not at first understand, but which in later years became clear to me as he revealed himself more and more during the progress of the work. As a friend he was the personification of kindness, patience, forbearance and forgiveness. As a teacher he was clear, concise and direct. As a guide in applying the philosophy to the personal life, he had the faculty of uncovering mental obstructions in the path of knowledge, and pointing out the way clearly.

Many of his sayings to individuals have passed into aphorisms, for he understood the use of words. One instance may be interesting and useful. A member was bewailing to him the fact that certain prominent members who were attacking him would come to this country and promulgate all sorts of misstatements which would befog the public mind and injure the work. His quiet reply was, "Well, you cannot prevent people from doing the things that they *can do.*" A truism, but one which we need ever to bear in mind. The bewailer saw the point immediately; it was—why worry about what others may or can do; you have only to do the best *you* can and *all* that you can, and leave the results to the Law.

His fine sense of humor was used at times with telling effect in pointing out folly or stupidity, but always without offense. The following example may serve to illustrate: He had delivered a lecture on Reincarnation, wherein he explained the philosophy very clearly and fully, and questions were asked for from the audience. One of the audience asked if those living in the middle ages had reincarnated. Mr. Judge replied that it was quite likely. This reply was followed by quite a number of pointless questions from the same individual, to all of which Mr. Judge replied with great patience and endeavor to make

clear. The questioner was not satisfied, however, and evidently wished to get a definite statement as to one individual, for his next question was, "Do you believe that Mary, Queen of Scots, is now reincarnated?" Mr. Judge said it was possible. Then came what the inquirer evidently thought was a clincher, "Do you think that Mary, Queen of Scots, is in this room?" Mr. Judge turned to the audience, and said in his quiet way, "If Mary, Queen of Scots, is in the room, will she please stand up?" The audience which had become somewhat impatient under the ill-considered and aimless persistence of the inquirer, burst forth into laughter, and the questioner subsided. ROBERT CROSBIE.

WE owe measureless debts of gratitude to H. P. Blavatsky—"who knew, who willed, who dared." Her knowledge, poured out in living streams, floods the world to-day. Her will has been a potent force from first to last—to combine and hold and quicken. Her daring has vanquished forever in this new cycle the foes of ignorance and darkness. They are beaten—and the scattered enemy have left the well-won field.

H. P. Blavatsky, W. Q. Judge and our third Leader have carried out the one great plan, the establishment of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD, for the benefit of the people of the earth and all creatures; as one they have fought the great fight; as one they have rejoiced and suffered; each has fortified and strengthened the steps of the other two.

Who can measure their boundless joy at the glad fruition? The Theosophical Movement has become a resistless tide, which shall bear on its fruitful sweep "Truth, Light and Liberation" to all creatures, and kingdoms and spheres. H. K. RICHMOND GREEN.

"Let me say one thing I know; only the feeling of true brotherhood, of true love towards humanity, aroused in the soul of some one strong enough to stem this tide, can carry us through. For love and trust are the only weapons that can overcome the real enemies against which the true lover of humanity must fight. If I, or you, go into this battle from pride, from self-will, from anything but the purest motive, we must fail." WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

"Cut down the whole forest of lust, not the tree. When thou hast cut down every tree and every shrub, then thou wilt be free."

"The heart which follows the rambling senses leads away his judgment as the wind leads a boat astray upon the waters."

"As rain does not break through a well-thatched house, passion will not break through a well-reflecting mind."

Gems from the East.

"THE ETERNAL WITNESS."

By SARAH F. GORDON.

ONE of the chief arguments for reincarnation is that all our knowledge, whether by perception reason or instinct, comes through experience. The effort of the Self to realize itself or become self-conscious causes all forms of life. These self-created images are illuminated in ever varying degrees, which are denominated states of consciousness, for want of a better term of expression. The Self, therefore, appears diffused in a network of manifestation, like the spider weaving a web in which it appears bound and imprisoned, when at any time by withdrawing from its self-created environment its freedom is assured. In all creatures is the Self which is all freedom, as all thoughts carried far enough reach the same goal, viz., the Source.

Do we not at times wilfully blind ourselves so as not to see the Light which silently envelopes us, because of some desire not to know; and by resolutely closing the eye of vision, a veil drops over us? Yet can we not be in total darkness, for in spite of our wilfulness in the hidden depths of our being that Light shines, and sooner or later we shall be forced to recognize its power. This is the Divine which controls and is never utterly lost, for in every creature is the universal spark, and this can never escape ultimate recognition, for has not every image the divine spark of life within its depths, the abiding reality?

Idealistic is all true interpretation of poetry, art, religion and philosophy. What is this but image making, and from whence? These images are not dead. They attract and repel each other and grow as they assimilate from the surrounding environment, and as they draw life from their source; the Self penetrates them all and their destiny is assured. They have an immortal origin, and, as usual, have their place in the Universe. It has been well conceived that "behind the never-ending is the changeless, colorless, pure essence, the Eternal Witness"—"in whom we live and move and have our being."

BIRTH OF MORNING AND EVENING STAR.

By WENONAH STEVENS ABBOTT.

NEAR the Falls of Minneha'ha—
When our Michia'bo dwelt there—
Lay twin lakes of placid beauty.
Ghee'zis daily looked upon them,
Annemee'kee rumbled 'neath them,
Softening his "Baim wa'wa"
Which boomed when 'neath Gitchie Gu'mee.

When Gushke'wau brought Nepah'win
Kabibonok'ka turned homeward
And Wabun' stole forth to watch them.
Came Dahin'da and Kwone'she,
Came then Jee'bi and Koko'ho
Wooing each the blue-eyed lakelets,
Which slept and dreamt and listened not.

When the Moon of Leaves came, stirred they;
In the Moon of Berries list they
As Wabun's voice called "Ona'way!
Nenemoo'sha, Nush'ka! Nush'ka!"
Minnewa'wa murmured o'er them
And "Mudway-aush'ka" answered they,
While old Nepah'win passed away.

Closer, closer then came Wabun',
As Noko'mis long since taught him—
Long ere Nenemoo'sha left him
Ere Chia'bo passed down from him
To dwell, throughout all the ages,
Until Pau'guk brought Pone'mah,
'Neath these waves of deepening blue.

Closer, closer still came Wabun,
Softly murmuring: "Minnewa'wa!
La Showain' neme'shin! Nush'ka!"
Dimpled o'er with love the lakelets
As Chia'bo rose from out them;
While Wabun' with him soared upward
Nenemoo'sha brooded o'er them
With her wings, so beauteous, shining.

Ghee'zis looked long for the lakelets,
Listened long for Mudway-aush'ka,
While Wabun' Annung' Osse'o
Oft at morn and evening smiled.
Where the lakes had been the prairie
Eve and morn called "Untahee', Moo!"
While above soared wind and water.

NOTES.

Annemee'kee, thunder; Baimwa'wa, sound of the thunder; Chia'bo or Michia'bo, an Indian messiah; Dahin'da, bull-frog; Ghee'zis, sun; Gitchie Gu'mee, big sea water, Lake Superior; Gushke'wau, darkness; Jee'bi, spirits of the dead; Kabibonok'ka, the north wind; Koko'ho, owl; Kwone'she, dragon fly; La Showain'neme'shin, "pity me;" Minneha'ha, laughing water; Minnewa'wa, the wind's love call; Moo, listen; Moon of Leaves, May; Moon of Berries, June; Mudway-aush'ka, sound of waves on the shore; Nenemoo'sha, brooding love; Nepahwin, sleep; Noko'mis, wisdom; Nush'ka, "look;" Ona'way, awake; Osse'o, evening star, born of wind and water; Pauguk, death; Pone'mah, the Hereafter; Untahee', God of water; Wabun', wind from the East; Wabun' Annung, morning star, born of wind and water.

STUDENTS' COLUMN.

Conducted by J. H. FUSSELL.

What is meant by the Cycle of Necessity?

In the Secret Doctrine (Vol I., p. 17) the Cycle of Necessity is given as synonymous with the Cycle of Incarnation. It is also stated that the pilgrimage of the Soul is obligatory, this pilgrimage or cycle of incarnation being through all forms of manifestation, the soul gaining experience in and passing through all successive stages of existence until finally it attains the highest.

The expression "cycle of necessity" seems to convey preëminently the idea that all life is under law, that in coming into manifested existence we do but carry out the law of our own being. Having once started forth on its journey, the Soul is bound to the wheel of existence until it shall have accomplished its whole course. But in no sense is this necessity laid upon the Soul by any extraneous power, but is the expression of its own nature and its own inner purposes, and however much to the personal man it may at times seem as though he were here without his own volition or against his will, yet if he will look deep enough he will find that the will to live is within himself and that, in fact, it is his *own* inner will that keeps him in life.

If this can be thoroughly realized, then we can begin to look around and within to discover the method and the purpose of existence and we shall begin to find that while bound, we yet are free—free, because of the existence and controlling power of law. By every thought, by every act, we weave for ourselves a small or great cycle of necessity, for we thereby sow the seed of which we must reap the harvest. We are free in that we can sow either good or bad seed and can thus hasten or retard our progress in the great Cycle of Necessity. And herein is one of the great secrets of Life, that being bound by reason of his own nature and will to the wheel of existence he can make that existence what he will. At each moment the two paths are open to him, either to live for self or for others.

J. H. F.

Is conscience an infallible guide?

It would be strange if it were not. Consider it as spiritual instinct, standing to man as physiological instinct stands to the animal. The whole series of acts in the life of an animal tends to the preservation of his powers. Nature works in (or as) him for her own evolution.

Physiological evolution made man possible; through him can spiritual nature henceforth sound her note of guidance along the further path of evolution, as through the animal speaks the wise voice of his physical nature. And both voices are perfect guides, each on its own plane.

It is the habit of man, on the one hand, to make subtle, half-conscious, and most skilful misinterpretations of the divine voice (when not openly flouting it); and on the other to mistake for it the distillations and rarefied vapours of his own desires.

G. N.

BIBLICAL TEXTS IN SUPPORT OF REINCARNATION.

Old Testament.—Job, xix.—26; Isaiah, xxvi.—19; Ezekiel, xxvii.—5, 6.

New Testament.—Matthew, ii.—14, 15; xviii.—12; Mark, ix.—12; Luke, ix.—18; xx.—36; John, i.—21; v.—28, 29; ix—2; I. Peter, iii.—19—20; II. Peter, iii.—8, 9; Revelations, iii.—12. J. A. A.

YOUNG FOLKS' DEPARTMENT.

THE SKY WORLD.

By PIXY.

THE whispering gallery of the sky world is a wonderful place. It is a fairies have hung a magical curtain, woven from the colors of the great round tunnel, and across the end of it nearest the earth the rainbow, and filled with patterns of all kinds. You might call it a sensitive sheet of color. It contains globes and triangles and squares and stars and all sorts of devious shapes. All the words that have been used in the cave of the air are collected here, for after they have been heard the fairy to whom they are given doesn't care to carry them around or pack them away like so much baggage, so they built the whispering gallery, and as the words float into it they are attracted to the various figures, each of which is lustrous with color, and as they pass through the figures they are changed into human thought and reflected to the earth to be used by anybody who wishes them.

Besides this common stock of pretty thoughts they are always ready to send specially prepared packages of thoughts to any one.

The palace of the Fairy Queen, who is the jolliest sylph in all the jolly crowd, is beautiful beyond words, and you must really make the trip yourselves if you would appreciate its beauty and convenience. It is built on a magical plan. It never contains less than a thousand rooms, but it can never be overcrowded, for the bigger the crowd the bigger the palace grows, and sometimes all the fairies of the air gather within its walls to dance or banquet or play at games.

Next in importance to the palace is the home of the Fairy Mother, who conducts a great thought factory. She has rooms upon rooms filled full of all kinds of nice thoughts, and she is continually inventing new kinds, and all of them are free to all who want them, whether men or fairies. She also keeps a picture gallery, in which there are photographs of the minds of all the Earth people, showing how they are from day to day. Careful watch is kept of this, and every day the fairies send to each person the kind of thoughts they need to make them happy. But even with this close watch they cannot always help the humans, unless the latter are willing to be happy, for while the fairies can

send the right kind of thoughts, they cannot compel people to use them against their will.

Then we visited a sport factory, where new games are being invented.

All of the sky fairies are great workers, but they are all so happy that their work is play to them, and they tell me that in all their history they have never had among themselves the least bit of ill humor, though sometimes they are saddened by the troubles human people inflict upon themselves.

We went to many other places, and it really seemed that we spent many hours of time, but when Verita and Purita brought me home the clock was striking eleven.

THE MAIDEN FISH-TAMER.

(From "The Templar's Magazine," January, 1870.)

A FEW years ago I read in the newspapers that a little girl in the town of Hingham, in Massachusetts, had tamed the fishes in a small lake near her father's residence. I will give the facts as they occurred at the time, and in the language which I employed then, in giving some account of them. Visiting the place for the purpose of ascertaining the truth of what had been said, but arriving somewhat late in the day, I deferred the specific inquiries which were the object of my coming till the next morning.

Quite early in the morning, passing through a long reach of woods, which was without habitation, I came to the little girl's residence, which was near the small lake or pond. Knocking at the door, and making such apology as I was able for a visit so early, I remarked to the mother that I had come for the purpose of seeing the fishes over which her little daughter was said to have obtained a remarkable control. Readily accepting my explanations, she pointed to a place on the brink of the water, and said that her daughter would soon go down there. I had not stood there long before a little girl, apparently anxious not to detain me, came running down.

Seating herself on a rock near the shore, and looking into the mirror of the morning waters, she called aloud to the fishes, calling them sometimes by the names of their tribes and sometimes by particular names which she had given them. There was one, a large one, in which she was particularly interested, which she called Cato. But Cato either did not hear her, or was not in a hurry to come. She made an apology for the fishes, saying that it was earlier than she had been in the habit of calling them, and that they had not yet left their places of slumber. But, repeating still louder the invitations of her sweet voice, they soon began to make their appearance. The smaller ones came first, and then the larger ones of many varieties, and at last Cato, who was a sort of king and counsellor in this finny congregation, came among them.

Delighted with this renewed visit of their virgin queen, although they seemed to be conscious it was rather early in the morning, they thrust their heads above the water, and she fed them from her hand. And I fed them, also.

Observing something peculiar at a little distance in the water, I was surprised to see two turtles making their way toward her. Her voice of affection had penetrated beneath their dark, hard shells. And I noticed that they came with great effort and zeal, as if afraid of being too late at this festival of love. As soon as they reached the shore one of them scrambled out of the water and climbed upon the little rock beside her. She fed them both. I shall not easily forget this interesting scene—this little episode of millennial humanity.

Oh, maiden of the woods and wave,
With footsteps in the morning dew!
From oozy bed and watery cave,
The tenants of the lake who drew,
Thy voice of love the mystery knew,
Which makes old bards and prophets true.

They tell us of that better day,
When love shall rule the world again;
When crimes and fraud shall pass away,
And beast and bird shall dwell with men;
When seas shall marry with the land,
And fishes kiss a maiden's hand.

The iron age has done its best
With trump and sword and warrior's slain;
But could not tame the eagle's nest,
Nor lead the lion by the mane;
With all its strength and all its woe,
There was an art it did not know.

'Twas fitting that a maid like thee,
In childhood's bright and happy hour,
Should teach the world the mystery
That white-robed innocence has power;
That love the victory can gain,
Which is not won by millions slain.

Oh, man, if thou wouldst know the art,
The shattered world to reinstate,
Like her put on a loving heart,
And throw away the guile and hate.
A maid shall tell thee how 'tis done,
A child shall show the victory won.

MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT.

The New Year, 1900, for which we have looked with so much hope, is now fairly begun, and the first day and many days afterward, witnessed such a stream of Greetings, Declarations of devotion to the principles of Theosophy and the Universal Brotherhood Constitution, and Loyalty to and Support of our three great Teachers, H. P. Blavatsky, W. Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley, that it seemed as though a great song were being sung all around the World and that we could catch the music of the Song of Brotherhood from every race and every land upon the globe.

Greetings to the Leader were cabled from England, Sweden, Holland and many parts of America.

From the letters received by Bro. E. A. Neresheimer, Chairman of the Cabinet of Universal Brotherhood reporting the New Cycle Declaration Meetings, the following extracts are given. These were received from every Lodge in the Country, but it is only possible to quote from a few:

SEATTLE, WASH.—Our meeting was unanimous and spontaneous. We go forward into the next Century, full of Hope that we may be worthy soldiers of our Leader in the great fight against the Hosts of Darkness.

Dec. 31, 1899. F. I. Blodgett, Pres't U. B. L. 100.

OAKLAND, CAL.—Count on U. B. Lodge 85, Oakland, for support, *moral* and *physical*, in defense of the principles of our great Cause.

Dec. 29, 1899. Alfred Spinks, Pres't. U. B. L. 85.

JAMESTOWN, N. Y.—How glad every heart must be to respond to the request for the New Cycle Declarations. It seems as though the very atmosphere was full of the joy of all those who have had this opportunity and availed themselves of it.

Dec. 28, 1899. Julia S. Yates.

TACOMA, WASH.—Just a few lines to say that I mailed you to-day, a box of scrolls. They are an armor-plate for our Leader and testify to what you already know—that Tacoma shows a solid front.

The Ceremony last evening was most beautiful and impressive.

The Tacoma members are *all* workers. "No loafers need apply" is our unwritten law. We don't shine in letter writing, but the Leader knows, and you know, that we will be on deck when some others may be gone. Please enlist us with the "Old Guard," and when the final struggle comes, call us to sacrifice.

Dec. 27, 1899. Fred G. Plummer, Pres't U. B. L. 116.

BOSTON, MASS.—We held a most inspiring meeting. Boston is *solid*, as usual.

Dec. 29, 1899. Robt. Crosbie, Pres't. U. B. L. 28.

SANTA CRUZ, CAL.—The Link is still unbroken, we are *still* in the work of the Greatest Movement this world has ever known, and hope in the coming years of the New Century to help in the work of "Truth, Light and Liberation"—rendering noble service to all that lives.

Dec. 27, 1899. L. H. Littlefield, U. B. L. 19.

STOCKTON, CAL.—We are all united here in purpose and thought and the work is prospering.

Dec. 27, 1899. J. W. Rupert, Pres't U. B. L. 3.

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Never has such a meeting been held as on New Year's Eve, when the members handed in their New Cycle Declarations. Every note rang true and clear. We are united in purpose; strong in devotion; loyal to our Leader, and march forward into the New Time, with joy in our hearts, rendering noble service to all that lives.

Jan. 1, 1900. J. H. Fussell, Sec'y Aryan T. S.

VICTORIA, B. C.—In a set of resolutions, unanimously passed by U. B. L. 87, at its annual meeting, the members reaffirm their "Loyalty, Trust and Devotion to the Leader," and send Greetings to the Cabinet and to every Lodge of Universal Brotherhood throughout the world. The Resolutions conclude as follows:

"*Resolved*, that we, for our Lodge and for ourselves individually, hereby place on record our firm determination to ever remain true and faithful to the Cause of Universal Brotherhood, to render it our unwavering service throughout the years to come, and to defend and protect it with all our strength."

Signed by the Members, U. B. L. 87.

U. B. L. 2, BRISTOL, ENGLAND.

From the Members of the above Lodge to the President and Members of the Parent Theosophical Society in America:

Dear Comrades.—We, the undersigned, most heartily echo the note of energy, comradeship, and loyalty to our Leader and the Cause, so clearly sounded in your welcome greeting of the 23d ult.

We feel that, united as we now are in one body, made strong through loyalty to our Head and Heart, all the "fiery darts" hurled at us will fall powerless and that, ere long, thousands of comrade souls who are seeking the Light will find it again and be "saved."

"With heartiest greetings to yourself, dear President, and to all our Comrades in the Land of the Coming Race, and with joyful hope for the New Century which is dawning, We are, Eternally yours,

Signed by the Members of U. B. L. 2. (Eng.)

WILKINSBURG, PA.—Dear Leader and Comrades.—As the last moments of the old year 1899 pass from us, we, the members of Lodge No. 58, send you greetings for the New Year; trusting that your labor as well as ours and all, for the Great Cause of Universal Brotherhood, may be prolific of even greater results at the end of the coming year of 1900 than of the year just closed and joined to the past Eternity.

Dec. 31, 1899. Signed by all the Members, U. B. L. 58.

SIOUX CITY, IA.—We are happy to have had the privilege of making the "New Cycle Declaration." Our meeting was a helpful one and our loving thoughts go out to the Leader. May many loyal and devoted hearts give their glad service to the Cause of Universal Brotherhood.

Dec. 26, 1899. Signed by the Members, U. B. L. 66.

NEW YEAR'S EVE IN NEW YORK.

On New Year's Eve we had an experience of one meeting following another from 8.15 p. m. to 3 a. m. The first meeting was a public one. The Aryan Hall was crowded, many not able to find seats. H. T. Patterson was chairman. Short

addresses were given by J. H. Fussell, by H. T. Edge and H. Coryn, two of Mme. Blavatsky's old pupils; W. E. Gates, of Cleveland; C. Thurston, of Providence; Miss Bergman, of Sweden; C. L. Carpenter, and Mrs. C. F. Ober, of Chicago.

Following this meeting was held the first regular meeting since its reorganization of the

H. P. B. LODGE, No. 10, U. B.

The Leader opened the meeting by welcoming the new President of the Lodge, Mrs. Vespera Freeman. It was an enthusiastic meeting and many of the members and visiting members spoke. It was unanimously decided to send a letter of greeting to all Lodges of the Universal Brotherhood. The Lodge has entered upon its new cycle of activity under the most favorable auspices, and the devotion of its members is a promise of a wide sphere of Brotherhood activity in the future.

The third meeting was the New Cycle Declaration meeting for all the New York members; this lasted until the birth of the New Year. We regretted much the absence of our President, E. A. Neresheimer, who was in Europe, but he was remembered and a place kept for him.

MAGNUM OPUS.

The Power of the Great Work, culminating this year at Point Loma was told in that *Master Proclamation* in Symbolism given to the people of the earth by the Great Helpers of the Race.

Supreme events are fittingly portrayed in Symbolism. This hour bears witness to the "Magnum Opus" for the people of the Earth and all creatures. The consummation of ages of devotion to bring Truth, Light and Liberation has found its *being* on the Point of Light at last.

Truth comes not as a stranger, or as an astonishment, but as belonging to us—a heritage. The quest for Truth is not a vain search, and it is not at all strange to find that the problem of life is well solved and known, and all that is required is to extend the Proclamation by active service in the philosophy of life for it to be known far and wide. Then, when this is known, first in thought and afterwards in action, the immense work will be straight before us. A work which is at once a splendid achievement and a delightful occupation filling to the utmost all the noblest desires of the heart.

The doubts and anxieties of the world are destined to shortly disappear and speculative theories of every conceivable absurdity and disorder will cease.

This will be an intense relief to the common heart, an immense burden thrown off, and the joy of childhood will assert itself. The great work will be commenced —be born.

There is something indescribably invigorating in this great work of Universal Brotherhood. It makes one joyous and buoyant, which, of course, is strictly scientific, for it is the true outlet of the cosmic life force. At every whole-hearted act we take a plunge bath in the elixir of life, and so at each new effort, a new energy and deeper power for service is found. T. W. WILLANS.