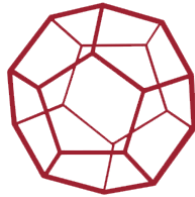


# Goethe's Fairy Tale – The Green Snake and the Beautiful Lily

GA 22 & 68c



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GA 22 & 68c

by

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Source: [1904 Lectures](#) (and [GA 22](#))

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## Preface

This booklet shares Goethe's *The Green Snake and the Beautiful Lily* (from GA 22) two lectures cycle in 1904 on Goethe's tale.

On the table of contents page for the 1904 lectures on the RSArchive, the summary states that the translator of these lectures is unknown and that the lectures have not been given a GA number. Yet on each of the lecture pages they are given the GA number of 68c. In addition, on the listing page for GA 68c, these lectures are listed. In the end, this makes little difference here, but thought it was worth pointing out.

Anthony  
July 2023

Of interest: [Artwork of the tale by David Newbatt](#).



## The Green Snake and the Beautiful Lily



Tired out with the labours of the day, an old Ferryman lay asleep in his hut, on the bank of a wide river, in flood from heavy rains. In the middle of the night he was awakened by a loud cry, — he listened — it seemed the call of belated travellers wishing to be ferried over.

Opening the door, he was astonished to see two Will-o'-the-Wisps dancing round his boat, which was still secured to its moorings. With human voices, they declared they were in a great hurry, and must be taken instantly across the river. Without losing a moment, the old Ferryman pushed off and rowed across with his usual skill. During the passage the strangers whispered together in an unknown language, and several times burst into loud laughter, whilst they amused themselves with dancing upon the sides and seats of the boat, and cutting fantastic capers at the bottom.

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*The boat reels," cried the old man; "if you are so restless, it may upset. Sit down, you Will-o'-the-Wisps.*

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They burst into laughter at this command, ridiculed the boatman, and became more troublesome than ever. But he bore their annoyance patiently, and they reached the opposite bank.

Here is something for your trouble," said the passengers, shaking themselves, and a number of glittering gold pieces fell into the boat. "What are you doing?" cried the old man, "bad luck if a single piece of gold falls into the water! The river hates gold, and would swallow both me and my boat. Who can say even what might happen to you? I pray you take back your gold.

We can take nothing back, which we have once shaken from us," answered one of them. "Then," replied the old boatman, "I must take it ashore and bury it," and he stooped and collected the gold in his cap.

The Will-o'-the-Wisps had in the meantime leaped out of the boat, and seeing this the old man cried, "Pay me my fare.

The man who refuses gold must work for nothing," answered the Will-o'-the-Wisps. "But you shall not go," replied the Ferryman defiantly, "until you have given me three cauliflowers, three artichokes, and three large onions.

The Will-o'-the-Wisps were in the act of running off with a laugh, when they felt themselves in some strange way fixed to the earth; they had never experienced such a sensation. They then promised to pay the demand without delay, upon which the Ferryman released them and instantly pushed off in his boat.

He had already gone some distance when they called after him, "Old man! listen, we have forgotten something important"; but he did not hear them and continued his course. When he had reached a point lower down, on the same side of the river, he came to some rocks inaccessible to the water, and proceeded to bury the dangerous gold. Into a deep cleft between two rocks, he threw the gold, and returned to his dwelling. This cleft was inhabited by a beautiful green snake, who was awakened from her sleep by the sound of the falling money. At the very first appearance of the glittering coins, she devoured them greedily, then searched about carefully in hopes of finding such other coins as might have fallen accidentally amongst the briars, or between the fissures of the rocks.

The Snake immediately experienced the most delightful sensations, and perceived with joy that she had become suddenly shining and transparent. She had long known that this change was possible, but wondering whether she would be bright for ever, curiosity drove her to leave her dwelling and find out, if possible, who had sent the beautiful gold. She found no one; but she became lost in admiration of herself, and of the brilliant light which illumined her path through the thick underwood, and shed its rays over the surrounding green. The leaves of the trees glittered like emeralds, and the flowers shone with wondrous hues. In vain did she penetrate the lonely wilderness, but hope dawned when she reached the plains, and saw, some way off, a light resembling her own. "Have I at last discovered my fellow?" she exclaimed, and hurried to the spot. Swamp and morass were no hindrance to her; for though the dry meadow and the high rock were her dearest habitations, and though she loved to feed upon juicy roots, and quench her thirst with the dew and with fresh water from the spring, yet for the sake of her beloved gold and of her glorious light, she would face any privation.

Wearied and exhausted, she finally reached the confines of a wide morass, where the two Will-o'-the-Wisps were amusing themselves in fantastic capers. She went towards them, and saluted them, expressing her delight at being able to claim relationship with such charming personages. The lights played around her, hopped from side to side, and laughed in their own peculiar fashion. "Dear lady!" they cried, "what does it matter, even though your form is horizontal; we are at least related through brilliancy. But see how a tall slender figure becomes us vertical gentry." And so saying the lights compressed their breadth and shot up into a thin and pointed line. "Do not take offence, dear friend," they continued, "but what family can boast of a privilege like ours! Ever since the first Will-o'-the-Wisp was created, none of our race have ever been obliged to sit down or take repose.

But all this time the feelings of the Snake in the presence of her relations were anything but pleasant; for, raise her head as high as she would, she was compelled to stoop to earth again, when she wanted to advance; and though she was proud of the brilliancy which she shed round her own dark abode, she felt her light gradually diminish in the presence of her relatives, and she began to be afraid that it might finally be extinguished.

In her perplexity she hastily enquired whether the gentlemen could inform her whence had come the shining gold, which had fallen into the cleft of the rocks, as it seemed to her, a bounteous shower from heaven.

The Will-o'-the-Wisps shook themselves, laughing loudly, and a deluge of gold pieces at once fell around. The Snake devoured them greedily. "We hope you like them," cried the shining Will-o'-the-Wisps; "we can supply you with any quantity," and they shook themselves with such effect that the Snake found it difficult to swallow the bright morsels quickly enough. Her brilliancy increased as the gold disappeared, till at length she shone with inconceivable radiance, while in the same proportion the Will-o'-the-Wisps grew thin and tapering, without, however, losing any of their cheerful humour.

"I am under eternal obligation to you," said the Snake, pausing to breathe after her voracious meal; "ask of me what you like, I will give you anything you demand.

"A bargain!" cried the Will-o'-the-Wisps; "tell us where the beautiful Lily dwells, lead us to her palace and gardens without delay; we die of impatience to cast ourselves at her feet.

"You ask a favour," sighed the Snake, "which is not in my power so quickly to bestow. The beautiful Lily lives, unfortunately, on the opposite bank of the river. We cannot cross over on such a stormy night as this.

"Cruel river, which separates us from the object of our desires! But can we not call back the old Ferryman?"

"Your wish is vain," answered the Snake, "for even if you were to meet him on this bank, he would refuse to take you, because although he can convey passengers to this side of the river, he may carry no one back.

"Bad news, indeed; but are there no other means of crossing the river?"

"There are, but not at this moment; I myself can take you over at mid-day.

"That is an hour when we do not usually travel," replied the Will-o'-the-Wisps.

"Then you had better postpone your intention till evening, when you may cross in the giant's shadow." "How is that done?" they asked.



The giant, who lives hard by," replied the Snake, "is powerless with his body; his hands cannot lift even a straw, his shoulders can bear no burden, but his shadow accomplishes all for him. Hence he is most powerful at sunrise and at sunset. At the hour of evening, the giant will approach the river softly, and if you place yourself upon his shadow, it will carry you over. Meet me at mid-day, at the corner of the wood, where the trees hang over the river, and I myself will take you across, and introduce you to the beautiful Lily. If, however, you shrink from the noonday heat, you must apply to the giant, when evening casts its shadows, and he will no doubt oblige you.

With a graceful salute the young gentlemen took their leave, and the Snake rejoiced at their departure, partly that she might indulge her feelings of pleasure in her own light, and partly that she might satisfy a curiosity which had long tormented her.

In the clefts of the rocks where she dwelt, she had lately made a wonderful discovery; for although she had been obliged to crawl through these chasms in darkness, she had learnt to distinguish every object by feeling. The productions of Nature, which she was accustomed to encounter, were all of an irregular kind. At one time she wound her way amongst enormous crystals, at another she was temporarily obstructed by the veins of solid silver, and many were the precious stones which her light discovered to her. But, to her great astonishment, she had encountered in a rock, which was securely closed on all sides, objects which betrayed the plastic hand of man. Smooth walls, which she could not ascend, sharp, regular angles, tapering columns, and what was even more wonderful, human figures, round which she had often entwined herself, and which seemed to her to be formed of brass or of polished marble. She was now anxious to behold all these objects with her eyes, and to confirm, by her own observation, what she had hitherto only surmised. She thought herself capable now of illumining with her own light these wonderful subterranean caverns, and hoped to become thoroughly acquainted with these astonishing mysteries. She did not delay and quickly found the opening through which she was wont to penetrate into the sanctuary.

Having arrived at the place, she looked round with wonder, and though her brilliancy was unable to light the whole cavern, yet many of the objects were sufficiently distinct. With wonder and awe, she raised her eyes to an illumined niche, in which stood the statue of a venerable King, of pure

gold. The size of the statue was colossal but the countenance was rather that of a little than of a great man. His shapely limbs were covered with a simple robe, and his head was encircled by an oaken garland.

Scarcely had the Snake beheld this venerable form, than the King found utterance, and said, "How comest thou hither?"

Through the cleft in which the gold abides," answered the Snake.

What is nobler than gold?" asked the King. "Light," replied the Snake.

And what is more vivid than light?" continued the King.

Speech," said the Snake.

During this conversation the Snake had looked stealthily around and observed another statue in an adjoining niche. A silver King was enthroned there, — a tall and slender figure; his limbs were enveloped in an embroidered mantle, his crown and sceptre were adorned with precious stones; his countenance was serene and dignified, and he seemed about to speak, when a dark vein, which ran through the marble of the wall, suddenly became brilliant, and cast a soft light through the whole temple. This light discovered a third King, whose mighty form was cast in brass; he leaned upon a massive club, his head was crowned with laurel, and his proportions resembled a rock rather than a human being.

The Snake felt a desire to approach a fourth King, who stood before her some way off; but the wall suddenly opened, the illumined vein flashed like lightning, and was as suddenly extinguished.

A man of middle stature now approached. He was dressed in the garb of a peasant; in his hand he bore a lamp, whose flame was delightful to behold, and which lightened the entire dwelling, without leaving any trace of shadow. "Why dost thou come, since we have already light?" asked the Golden King.

You know that I can shed no ray on what is dark," replied the Old Man.

Will my kingdom end?" asked the Silver Monarch. "Late or never," answered the other.

The Brazen King then asked, in a voice of thunder, "When shall I arise?"

Soon," was the reply.

With whom shall I be united?" continued the former.

With thine elder brother," answered the latter. "And what will become of the youngest?"

He will rest.

I am not tired," interrupted the fourth King, with a deep, but quavering voice.

During this conversation the Snake had wound her way softly through the temple, surveyed everything which it contained, and approached the niche in which the fourth King stood. He leaned against a pillar, and his fair countenance bore traces of melancholy. It was difficult to distinguish the metal of which the statue was composed. It resembled a mixture of the three metals of which his brothers were formed; but it seemed as if the materials had not thoroughly blended, for the veins of gold and silver crossed each other irregularly through the brazen mass, and destroyed the effect of the whole.

The Golden King now asked, "How many secrets dost thou know?"

Three," came the reply.

And which is the most important?" inquired the Silver King. "The revealed," answered the Old Man.

Wilt thou explain it to us?" asked the Brazen King.

When I have learnt the fourth," was the answer.

I care not," murmured he of the strange compound. "I know the fourth," interrupted the Snake, approaching the Old Man, and whispering in his ear.

The time has come," cried the latter, in a loud voice. The sounds echoed through the temple; the statues rang again; and in the same moment the old man disappeared towards the west, and the Snake towards the east, and both pierced instantly through the impediments of the rock.

Every passage through which the old man passed became immediately filled with gold; for the lamp which he carried possessed the wonderful property of converting stones into gold, wood into silver, and dead animals into jewels. But in order to produce this effect, it was necessary that no other light should be near. In the presence of another light the lamp merely emitted a faint illumination, which, however, gave joy to every living thing. The old man returned to his hut on the brow of the hill, and found his wife in great sorrow. She was sitting by the fire, her eyes filled with tears, and she refused all consolation.

What a calamity," she cried, "that I allowed you to leave home today!

What has happened?" answered the Old Man, very quietly.

You were scarcely gone," she sobbed, "before two rude travellers came to the door; unfortunately I let them in as they seemed good, worthy people. They were attired like flames, and might have passed for Will-o'-the-Wisps; but they had scarcely come in before they started flattering and became so impertinent that I blush to think of their conduct.

The Old Man answered with a smile, "the gentlemen were only amusing themselves, and, at your age, you might have taken it as ordinary politeness.

My age!" retorted the old woman. "Will you for ever remind me of my age; how old am I then? And ordinary politeness! But I can tell you something; look round at the walls of our hut. You will now be able to see the old stones which have been concealed for more than a hundred years. These visitors extracted all the gold more quickly than I can tell you, and they assured me that it was of capital flavour. When they had completely cleared the walls they grew cheerful, and, in a few minutes, they became tall, broad; and shining. They again commenced their tricks, and repeated their flatteries, calling me a queen. They shook themselves, and immediately a deluge of gold pieces fell on all sides. You may see some of them still glittering on the floor; but bad luck soon came. Mops swallowed some of the pieces, and lies dead in the chimney-corner. Poor dog, his death troubles me sorely, I did not notice it until they had departed, otherwise I should not have promised to pay the Ferryman the debt they owed him.

How much do they owe him?" inquired the Old Man.

Three cauliflowers, three artichokes, and three onions. I have promised to take them to the river at daybreak," answered his wife. "You had better oblige them" said the Old Man, "and they may perhaps serve us in time of need.

I do not know if they will keep their word," said the woman, "but they promised and vowed to serve us.

The fire had, in the meantime, died down; but the old man covered the cinders with ashes, put away the shining gold pieces, and lighted his lamp anew. In the glorious illumination the walls became covered with gold, and Mops was transformed into a most beautiful onyx. The variety of colour which glittered through the costly gem produced a splendid effect.

Take your basket and place the onyx in it," said the Old Man. "Then collect the three cauliflowers, the three artichokes, and the three onions, lay them together, and carry them to the river. The Snake will bear you across at mid-day; then visit the beautiful Lily; her touch will give life to the onyx, as her touch gives death to every living thing; and it will be a loving friend to her. Tell her not to mourn; that her deliverance is nigh; that she must consider a great misfortune as her greatest blessing, for the time has come.

The old woman prepared her basket, and set forth at daybreak. The rising sun shone brightly on the river, which gleamed in the far distance. The old woman journeyed slowly on, for though the weight of the basket oppressed her, it did not arise from the onyx. Nothing lifeless proved a burden, for when the basket contained dead things it rose up and floated over her head. But a fresh vegetable, or the smallest living creature, made her tired. She had toiled for some distance, when she started and suddenly stood still; for she had nearly placed her foot upon the shadow of the giant, which was advancing towards her from the plain. She perceived his monstrous bulk; he had just bathed in the river, and was coming out of the water. She did not know how to avoid him. He saw her, saluted her jestingly, and thrust the hand of his shadow into her basket. With skill, he stole a cauliflower, an artichoke, and an onion, and raised them to his mouth. He then proceeded on his way up the stream, leaving the woman alone.

She considered whether it would not be better to return, and supply the missing vegetables from her own garden, and, lost in these reflections, she went on her way until she arrived at the bank of the river. She sat down,

and waited for a long time the arrival of the Ferryman. At last he appeared, having in his boat a mysterious traveller. A handsome, noble youth stepped on shore.

What have you brought with you?" said the old man.

The vegetables which the Will-o'-the-Wisps owe you," replied the woman, pointing to the contents of her basket.

But when he found that there were only two of each kind, he became angry and refused to take them.

The woman implored him to relent, assuring him that she could not return home, as she had found her burden heavy, and she had still a long way to go. But he was obstinate, maintaining that the decision did not depend upon him.

I am obliged to collect my gains for nine hours," he said, "and I keep nothing for myself, till I have paid a third part to the river.

At length, after a great deal of argument, he told her there was still a remedy.

If you give security to the river, and acknowledge your debt, I will take the six articles, though such a course is not without danger.

But if I keep my word, I incur no risk," she said.

Certainly not," he replied. "Put your hand into — the river, and promise that within four-and-twenty hours you will pay the debt.

The old woman complied, but shuddered as she observed that her hand, on drawing it out of the water, had become coal black. She scolded angrily, exclaiming that her hands had always been most beautiful, and that, notwithstanding her hard work, she had always kept them white and delicate. She gazed at her hand with the greatest alarm, and cried, "Worse and worse, — it has shrunk, and is already much smaller than the other.

It only appears so now," said the Ferryman, "but if you break your word, it will be so in reality. Your hand will in that case grow smaller, and finally disappear, though you will still preserve the use of it.

I would rather lose it altogether," she replied, "and that my misfortune should be concealed. But no matter, I will keep my word, to escape this dire disgrace, and avoid so much anxiety." Whereupon she took her basket, which rose aloft, and floated freely over her head. She hurried after the Young Man, who was walking thoughtfully along the bank. His noble figure and peculiar dress had made a deep impression upon her.

His breast was covered with a shining cuirass, whose transparency allowed the motions of his graceful form to be seen. A purple mantle hung from his shoulders and his auburn locks waved in beautiful curls round his uncovered head. His noble countenance and his shapely feet were exposed to the burning rays of the sun. Thus did he journey patiently over the hot sand, which, "true to one sorrow, he trod without feeling.

The garrulous old woman sought to engage him in conversation, but he took no notice; until, notwithstanding his beauty, she became weary, and took leave of him, saying, "You are too slow for me, sir, and I cannot lose my time, as I am anxious to cross the river, with the help of the Green Snake, and to present the beautiful Lily with my husband's handsome present." So saying she left him speedily, upon which the Young Man took heart and followed her.

You are going to the beautiful Lily," he exclaimed, "if so, our way lies together. What gift are you taking her?

Sir," answered the woman, "it is not fair that you should so earnestly inquire after my secrets, when you paid so little attention to my questions. But if you will tell me your history, I will tell you all about my present.

They made the bargain; the woman told her story, including the account of the dog, and allowed him to look at the beautiful onyx.

He lifted the precious stone from the basket, and took Mops, who seemed to slumber softly, in his arms.

Lucky animal!" he cried, "you will be touched by her soft hands, and restored to life, instead of flying from her touch, like all other living things, to escape an evil doom. But, alas I what words are these? Is it not a sadder and more fearful fate to be annihilated by her presence, than to die by her hand? Behold me, thus young, what a melancholy destiny is mine! This armour, which I have borne with glory in the battle, this purple which I have earned by the wisdom of my government, have been converted by

Fate, the one into an unceasing burden, the other into an empty honour. Crown, sceptre, and sword, are worthless. I am now as naked and destitute as every other son of clay. For such is the spell of her beautiful blue eyes, that they damp the vigour of every living creature; and those whom the touch of her hand does not destroy, are reduced to the condition of breathing shadows.

Thus he lamented long, but without satisfying the curiosity of the old woman, who wished to know of his mental no less than his bodily sufferings. She learnt neither the name of his father nor his kingdom. He stroked the rigid Mops, to whom the beams of the sun and his caresses had imparted warmth. He enquired earnestly about the man with the lamp, about the effect of the mysterious light, and seemed to expect a relief from his deep sorrow.

Thus discoursing, they saw at a distance the majestic arch of the bridge, which stretched from one bank of the river to the other, and shone in the rays of the sun. Both were amazed at the sight, for they had never before seen it so resplendent. "But," cried the Prince, "was it not sufficiently beautiful before, with its decorations of jasper and opal? Can we now dare to cross over it, constructed as it is of emerald and chrysolite of such varied beauty?"

Neither had any idea of the change which the Snake had undergone; for it was indeed the Snake, whose custom it was at mid-day to arch her form across the stream, and assume the appearance of a beautiful bridge, which travellers crossed in silent reverence.

Scarcely had they reached the opposite bank, when the bridge began to sway slowly from side to side, and sank gradually to the level of the water, when the Green Snake assumed her accustomed shape, and followed the travellers to the shore. The latter thanked her for her condescension in allowing them a passage across the stream, perceiving at the same time, that there were evidently more persons present than were actually visible. They heard a light whispering, which the Snake answered with a similar sound. Listening, they heard the following words: "We will first make our observations unperceived, in the park of the beautiful Lily, and look for you when the shadows of evening fall, to introduce us to such perfect beauty. You will find us on the bank of the great lake.

Agreed," answered the Snake, and her hissing voice dissolved in the distance.



The three travellers further considered in what order they should appear before the beautiful Lily; for however numerous her visitors might be, they must enter and depart singly if they wished to escape bitter suffering.

The woman, carrying the transformed dog in the basket, came first to the garden and sought an interview with her benefactress. She was easily found, as she was then singing to her harp. The sweet tones showed themselves first in the form of circles, upon the bosom of the calm lake, and then, like a soft breeze, they imparted motion to the grass and to the tremulous waves. She was seated in a quiet nook beneath the shade of trees, and at the very first glance she enchanted the eyes, the ear, and the heart of the old woman, who advanced towards her with delight, and stated that since their last meeting, she had become more beautiful than ever. While still at a distance she saluted the charming maiden with these words: "What joy it is to be in your presence! What a heaven surrounds you! What a spell proceeds from your lyre, which, encircled by your soft arms, and influenced by the pressure of your gentle bosom and slender fingers, utters such entrancing melody! Thrice happy the blessed youth who could claim so great a favour!

So saying, she came nearer. The beautiful Lily raised her eyes, let her hands drop, and said, "Do not distress me with your untimely praise; it makes me feel even more unhappy. And see, here is my beautiful canary which used to accompany my songs so sweetly dead at my feet; he was accustomed to sit upon my harp, and was carefully taught to avoid my touch. This morning, when, refreshed by sleep, I tuned a pleasing melody, the little warbler sang with increased harmony, when suddenly a hawk soared above us. My little bird sought refuge in my bosom, and at that instant I felt the last gasp of his expiring breath. It is true that the hawk meeting my glance, fell lifeless into the stream; but what avails this penalty to me? — my darling is dead, and his grave will only add to the number of the weeping willows in my garden.

"Take courage, beautiful Lily," interrupted the old woman, while she wiped away a tear which the story of the sorrowful maiden had brought to her eyes "take courage, and learn from my experience to moderate your grief. Great misfortune is often the harbinger of intense joy. For the time approaches; but in truth the web of life is of a mingled yarn. See how black my hand has grown, and, in truth, it has become much smaller; I must be speedy, ere it be reduced to nothing. Why did I promise favours to the Will-o'-the-Wisps, or meet the giant, or dip my hand into the river? Can you

oblige me with a cauliflower, an artichoke, or an onion? I shall take them to the river, and then my hand will become so white, that it will almost equal the lustre of your own.

Cauliflowers and onions abound, but artichokes cannot be procured. My gardens produce neither flowers nor fruit; but every twig which I plant upon the grave of anything I love, bursts into leaf at once, and grows into a fair tree. Thus, beneath my eye, alas! have grown these clustering trees and copses. These tall pines, these shadowy cypresses, these great oaks, these overhanging beeches, were once small twigs planted by my hand, as sad memorials in an uncongenial soil.

The old woman paid little heed to this speech, for she was employed in watching her hand, which in the presence of the beautiful Lily became every instant of darker hue, and grew gradually smaller. She was just going to take her basket and depart, when she felt that she had forgotten the most important of her duties. She took the transformed dog into her arms, and laid him upon the grass, not far from the beautiful Lily. "My husband sends you this present," she said. "You know that your touch can impart life to this precious stone. The good and faithful animal will be a joy to you, and my grief at losing him will be alleviated by the thought that he is yours." The beautiful Lily looked at the pretty creature with delight, and joy beamed from her eyes. "Many things combine to inspire hope; but, alas! is it not a delusion of our nature, to expect that joy is near when grief is at the worst?"

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*Of what avail these omens all so fair?  
My sweet bird's death — my friend's hands blackly dyed,  
A dog transformed into a jewel rare,  
Sent by the Lamp our faltering steps to guide."*

*"Far from mankind and all the joys I prize,  
To grief and sorrow I am still allied —  
When from the river will the Temple rise,  
Or the Bridge span it o'er from side to side?"*

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The old woman waited with impatience for the conclusion of the song, which the beautiful Lily had accompanied with her harp, entrancing the ears of every listener. She was about to say farewell, when the arrival of

the Snake compelled her to remain. She had heard the last words of the song, and on this account spoke words of encouragement to the beautiful Lily. "The prophecy of the bridge is fulfilled," she cried; "this good woman will bear witness of the splendour of the arch. Formerly of untransparent jasper, which only reflected the light upon the sides, it is now converted into precious jewels of transparent hue. No beryl is so bright, and no emerald so splendid.

I congratulate you," said the Lily, "but forgive me if I doubt whether the prediction is fulfilled. Only foot-passengers can as yet cross the arch of your bridge; and it has been foretold that horses and carriages, travellers of all descriptions, shall pass and repass in multitudes. Has prediction nothing to say with respect to the great pillars which are to ascend from the river?

The old woman, whose eyes were fixed immovably upon her hand, interrupted this speech, and bade farewell.

Wait one moment," said the beautiful Lily, "and take my poor canary-bird with you. Implore the Lamp to convert him into a topaz, and I will then revivify him with my touch, and he and your good Mops will then be my greatest consolation. But make what speed you can, for with sunset decay will have set in, marring the beauty of its delicate form.

The old woman covered the little corpse with some soft young leaves, placed it in the basket, and hastened from the spot.

Whatever you may say," continued the Snake, resuming the interrupted conversation, "the temple is built.

But it does not yet stand upon the river," replied the beautiful Lily.

It still rests in the bowels of the earth," continued the Snake. "I have seen the Kings, and spoken to them.

And when will they awake?" inquired the Lily.

The Snake answered, "I heard the mighty voice resound through the temple, announcing that the hour was come.

A ray of joy beamed from the face of the beautiful Lily as she exclaimed, "Do I hear those words for the second time to-day? When will the hour arrive in which I shall hear them for the third time?" She rose, and immediately a beautiful maiden came from the wood and relieved her of her harp. She was followed by another, who took the ivory chair upon which the beautiful Lily had been seated, folded it together, and carried it away, together with the silvertissued cushion. The third maiden, who bore in her hand a fan inlaid with pearls, approached to offer her services if they should be needed. These three maidens were lovely beyond all telling, though they were compelled to acknowledge that their charms fell far short of those of their beautiful mistress.

The beautiful Lily had, in the meantime, gazed on the wonderful Mops with a look of pleasure. She leaned over and touched him. He instantly leaped up, looked around joyously, bounded with delight, hastened to his benefactress, and caressed her tenderly. She took him in her arms, and pressed him to her bosom. "Cold though thou art," she said, "and imbued with only half a life, yet thou art welcome to me. I will love thee, play with thee, kiss thee, and press thee to my heart." She let him go a little from her, called him back, chased him away again, and played with him so joyously and innocently, that no one could help sympathising in her delight and taking part in her pleasure, as they had before shared her sorrow and her woe.

But this happiness and this pleasant pastime were interrupted by the arrival of the melancholy Young Man. His walk and appearance were as we have described; but he seemed to be overcome by the heat of the day, and the presence of his beloved had rendered him perceptibly paler. He bore the hawk upon his wrist, where it sat with drooping wing as tranquil as a dove. "It is not well," cried the Lily, "that you should vex my eyes with that odious bird, which has only this day murdered my little favourite.

Do not blame the unfortunate bird," exclaimed the youth; "rather condemn yourself and fate; and let me find an associate in this companion of my grief.

Mops, in the meantime, was incessant in his caresses; and the Lily responded to his affection with the most gentle tokens of love. She clapped her hands to drive him away, and then pursued him to win him back. She caught him in her arms as he tried to escape, and chased him from her when he sought to nestle in her lap. The youth looked on silent and sorrowful; but when at length she took the dog in her arms, and pressed it

to her snowy breast, and kissed it with her heavenly lips, he lost all patience, and exclaimed, in the depth of his despair, "And must I, then, whom sad destiny compels to live in your presence, and yet be separated from you, perhaps for ever, — must I, who have forfeited everything, even my own being for you, — must I look on and behold this 'defect of nature' gain your notice, win your love, and enjoy the paradise of your embrace? Must I continue to wander my lonely way along the banks of the stream? Not a spark of my former spirit still burns within my bosom. Oh! that it would mount into a glorious flame. If stones may repose within your bosom, then let me be converted to a stone; and if your touch can kill, I am content to receive my death at your hands.

He grew violently excited; the hawk flew from his wrist; he rushed towards the beautiful Lily; she extended her arms to forbid his approach, and touched him involuntarily. His consciousness immediately forsook him, and with dismay she felt the beautiful burden lean for support upon her breast. She started back with a scream, and the fair youth sank lifeless from her arms to the earth.

The deed was done. The sweet Lily stood motionless, and gazed on the breathless corpse. Her heart stopped beating and her eyes were bedewed with tears. In vain did Mops seek to win her attention; the whole world had died with her lost friend. Her dumb despair sought no help, for help was now in vain.

But the Snake became immediately more active. Her mind seemed occupied with thoughts of rescue; and, in truth, her mysterious movements prevented the immediate consequence of this dire misfortune. She wound her serpentine form in a wide circle round the spot where the body lay, seized the end of her tail between her teeth, and remained motionless.

In a few moments one of the servants of the beautiful Lily approached, carrying the ivory chair, and entreated her mistress to be seated. Then came a second, bearing a flame-coloured veil, with which she adorned the head of the Lily. A third maiden offered her the harp, and scarcely had she struck the chords, and awakened their sweet tones than the first maiden returned, having in her hands a circular mirror of lustrous brightness. She placed herself opposite the Lily, intercepted her looks, and reflected the most charming countenance which nature could fashion. Her sorrow added lustre to her beauty, her veil heightened her charms, the harp lent her a

new grace, and though it was impossible not to hope that her sad fate might soon undergo a change, one could almost wish that that lovely and enchanting vision might last for ever.

Silently gazing upon the mirror, she drew melting tones of music from her harp; but her sorrow appeared to increase, and the chords responded to her melancholy mood. Once or twice she opened her lips to sing, but her voice refused utterance; whereupon her grief found refuge in tears. Her two attendants supported her in their arms, and her harp fell from her hands. The watchful attention of her handmaid however caught it and laid it aside.

Who will fetch the man with the lamp?" whispered the Snake in a low but audible voice. The maidens looked at each other, and the Lily's tears fell faster.

At this instant the old woman with the basket returned breathless with agitation. "I am lost and crippled for life," she cried. "Look! my hand is nearly withered. Neither the Ferryman nor the Giant would bear me across the river, because I am indebted to the stream. In vain did I tempt them with a hundred cauliflowers and a hundred onions; they insist upon the three, and not an artichoke can be found in this neighbourhood.

Forget your distress," said the Snake, "and give your assistance here; perhaps you will be relieved at the same time. Hasten, and find out the Will-o'-the-Wisps, for though you cannot see them by daylight, you may perhaps hear their laughter and their antics. If you make good speed the Giant may yet carry you across the river, and you may find the Man with the Lamp and send him hither.

The old woman made as much haste as possible, and the Snake as well as the Lily showed impatience for her return. But sad to say, the golden rays of the setting sun were shedding their last beams upon the tops of the trees, and lengthening the mountain shadows over lake and meadow. The movements of the Snake showed increased impatience, and the Lily was dissolved in tears.

In this moment of distress, the Snake looked anxiously around; she feared every instant that the sun would set, and that decay would penetrate within the magic circle, and exert its influence upon the corpse of the beautiful youth. She looked into the heavens and caught sight of the purple wings and breast of the hawk, which were illumined by the last rays

of the sun. Her restlessness betrayed her joy at the good omen, and she was not deceived, for instantly afterwards she saw the Man with the Lamp gliding across the lake as if on skates.

The Snake did not change her position, but the Lily rising from her seat, exclaimed, "What good Spirit has sent you thus opportunely when you are so much longed for and needed?"

The Spirit of my Lamp impels me," replied the Old Man, "and the hawk conducts me hither. The former flickers when I am needed, and I immediately look to the heavens for a sign, when some bird or meteor points the way which I should go. Be tranquil, beautiful maiden. I know not if I can help you. One alone can do but little, but he can avail who in the proper hour unites his strength with others. We must wait and hope." Then turning to the Snake, he said, "Keep your circle closed," and seating himself upon a hillock at his side, he shed a light upon the corpse of the youth. "Now bring the little canary-bird," he continued, "and lay it also within the circle.

The maiden took the little creature from the basket and followed the directions of the Old Man.

In the meantime the sun had set, and as the shades of evening closed around, not only the Snake and the Lamp cast their light, but the veil of the Lily was illumined with a soft radiance, and caused her pale cheeks and her white robe to beam like the dawn, and clothed her with inexpressible grace. Her appearance gave birth to various emotions; anxiety and sorrow were softened by hope of approaching happiness.

To the delight of all, the old woman appeared with the lively Will-o'-the-Wisps, who looked as if they had led a prodigal life of late, for they looked very thin. Nevertheless, they behaved politely to the princess and to the other young maidens. With an air of confidence, and much force of expression, they discoursed upon ordinary topics; and they were much struck by the charm which the shining veil shed over the beautiful Lily and her companions. The young maidens cast down their eyes with modest looks, and their beauty was heightened by the flattery which they heard. Everyone was happy and contented, not excepting even the old woman. Notwithstanding the assurance of her husband that her hand would not continue to wither whilst the Lamp shone upon it, she went on asserting that if things went on like this it would disappear entirely before midnight.

The Old Man with the Lamp had listened attentively to the speech of the Will-o'-the-Wisps, and was charmed to observe that the beautiful Lily was pleased and flattered with their compliments. Midnight came before they were aware. The Old Man looked up to the stars, saying: "We are met at a fortunate hour: let each fulfil his office, let each discharge his duty, and a general happiness will alleviate one individual trouble, as universal sorrow lessens particular joys.

After these observations, a mysterious murmur arose; for every one present spoke for himself, and mentioned what he had to do: the three maidens alone were silent. One had fallen asleep near the harp, the other beside the fan, and the third leaning against the ivory chair; and no one could blame them, for, indeed, it was late. The Will-o'-the-Wisps, after paying some trivial compliments to the other maidens, including even the attendants, attached themselves finally to the Lily, whose beauty attracted them.

"Take the mirror," said the old man to the hawk, "and illumine the fair sleepers with the first beam of the sun, and rouse them from their slumbers by the light reflected from heaven.

The Snake now began to move: she broke up the circle, and retreated with strange twistings to the river. The Will-o'-the-Wisps followed her in solemn procession, and one might have taken them to be the most serious of figures. The old woman and her husband took up the basket, the soft light from which had been hitherto scarcely visible; but it now became clearer and more brilliant. They laid the body of the Young Man within it, with the canary-bird reposing upon his breast, and the basket raised itself into the air and floated over the head of the old woman, and she followed the steps of the Will-o'-the-Wisps. The beautiful Lily, taking Mops in her arms, walked after the old woman, and the Man with the Lamp closed the procession.

The whole neighbourhood was brilliantly illuminated with all these lights. They all observed with amazement, on approaching the river, that it was spanned by a majestic arch, by which means the benevolent Snake had prepared them a lustrous passage across. The transparent jewels of which the bridge was composed were objects of no less astonishment by day than was their wondrous brilliancy by night. The clear arch cut sharply against the dark heaven, whilst vivid rays of light beneath shone against the key-stone, revealing the firm pliability of the structure. The procession



moved slowly across, and the Ferryman, who witnessed the proceeding from his hut, looked at the brilliant arch and the wondrous lights as they journeyed across it with awe.

As soon as they had reached the opposite bank, the bridge began to contract as usual, and sink to the surface of the water. The Snake made her way to the shore, and the basket dropped to the ground. The Snake now once more assumed a circular shape, and the Old Man, bowing before her, asked what she had determined to do.

To sacrifice myself before I am made a sacrifice; only promise me that you will leave no stone on the land.

The Old Man promised, and then addressed the beautiful Lily: "Touch the Snake with your left hand, and your lover with your right.

The beautiful Lily knelt down and laid her hands upon the Snake and the corpse. In an instant, the latter became imbued with life: he moved, and then sat upright. The Lily wished to embrace him, but the old man held her back, and assisted the youth whilst he led him beyond the limits of the circle.

The Young Man stood erect; the little canary fluttered upon his shoulder, but his mind was not yet restored. His eyes were open, but he saw, at least he seemed to look on everything with indifference. Scarcely was the wonder at this circumstance appeased, than the change which the Snake had undergone excited attention. Her beautiful and slender form was changed into myriads of precious stones. The old woman, in the effort to seize her basket, had unintentionally struck against the snake, after which nothing more was seen of the latter. Nothing but a heap of jewels lay in the grass. The old man immediately set to work to collect them into a basket, a task in which he was assisted by his wife; they then carried the basket to an elevated spot on the bank, and he cast the entire contents into the stream, not however without the opposition of his wife and the beautiful Lily, who would like to have appropriated a portion of the treasure to themselves. The jewels gleamed in the rippling waters like brilliant stars, and were carried away by the stream, and none can say whether they disappeared in the distance or sank to the bottom.

Young gentlemen," said the Old Man, respectfully, to the Will-o'-the-Wisps, "I will now point out your path and lead the way, and you will render us the greatest service by opening the doors of the temple through

which we enter, and which you alone can unlock.

The Will-o'-the-Wisps bowed politely, and then took their post in the rear. The Man with the Lamp advanced first into the rocks, which opened of their own accord; the Young Man followed with apparent indifference; the beautiful Lily lingered with silent uncertainty behind; the old woman, unwilling to be left alone, followed her, stretching out her hand that it might receive the rays of her husband's lamp; the procession was closed by the Will-o'-the-Wisps, and their bright flames nodded and blended with each other as if they were engaged in animated conversation. They had not gone far before they came to a large brazen gate which was fastened by a golden lock. The old man thereupon sought the assistance of the Will-o'-the-Wisps, who did not want to be entreated, but at once introduced their pointed flames into the lock, which yielded to their influence. The brass resounded as the doors flew wide asunder, and displayed the venerable statues of the kings illuminated by the advancing lights. Each individual in turn bowed to the Kings with respect, and the Will-o'-the-Wisps were full of salutations.

After a short pause, the Golden King asked, "Whence do you come?"

From the world," answered the Old Man.

And whither are you going?" inquired the Silver King.

Back to the world," was the answer.

And what do you wish with us?" asked the Brazen King.

To accompany you," responded the Old Man.

The fourth King was about to speak, when the golden statue said to the Will-o'-the-Wisps who had advanced towards him, "Depart from me, my gold is not for you.

They then turned towards the Silver King, and his apparel assumed the golden hue of their yellow flames. "You are welcome," he said, "but I cannot feed you; satisfy yourselves elsewhere, and then bring me your light.

They departed, and stealing unobserved past the Brazen King, attached themselves to the King composed of various metals.

Who will rule the world?" inquired the latter in inarticulate tones.

He who stands erect," answered the Old Man. "That is I," replied the King.

Then it will be revealed," said the Old Man, "for the time is come.

The beautiful Lily fell upon his neck and kissed him tenderly. "Kind father," she said, "I thank you for allowing me to hear this comforting word for the third time," and so saying, she felt compelled to grasp the Old Man's arm, for the earth began to tremble beneath them; the old woman and the Young Man clung to each other, whilst the pliant Will-o'-the-Wisps felt not the slightest inconvenience.

It was evident that the whole temple was in motion, and like a ship which pursues its quiet way from the harbour when the anchor is raised, the depths of the earth seemed to open before it, whilst it clove its way through. It encountered no obstacle — no rock opposed its progress. Presently a very fine rain penetrated through the cupola. The Old Man continued to support the beautiful Lily, and whispered, "We are now under the river, and shall soon reach the goal." Presently they thought the motion ceased, but they were deceived, for the temple still moved onwards. A strange sound was now heard above them; beams and broken rafters burst in disjointed fragments through the opening of the cupola. The Lily and the old woman retreated in alarm; the Man with the Lamp stood by the Young Man and encouraged him to remain. The Ferryman's little hut had been ploughed from the ground by the advance of the temple, and, as it fell, had buried the youth and the Old Man.

The women screamed in alarm, and the temple shook like a ship which strikes upon a submerged rock. Anxiously the women wandered round the hut in darkness; the doors were closed, and no one answered to their knocking. They continued to knock more loudly, when at last the wood began to ring with sounds; the magic power of the lamp, which was enclosed within the hut, changed it into silver, and presently its very form was altered, for the noble metal refused to assume the form of planks, posts, and rafters, was converted into the a glorious building of artistic workmanship; it seemed as if a smaller temple had grown up within the large one, or at least an altar worthy of its beauty.

The noble youth ascended a staircase in the interior, whilst the Man with the Lamp shed light upon his way, and support was given him by another man, clad in a short white garment, and holding in his hand a silver rudder; it was easy to recognise the Ferryman, the former inhabitant of the transformed hut.

The beautiful Lily ascended the outward steps, leading from the temple to the altar, but was compelled to remain separated from her lover. The old woman, whose hand continued to grow smaller, whilst the light of the lamp was obscured, exclaimed, "Am I still destined to be unfortunate amid so many miracles; will no miracle restore my hand?"

Her husband pointed to the open door, exclaiming, "See, the day dawns; hasten and bathe in the river.

What advice!" she answered; "shall I not become wholly black, and dissolve into nothing, for I have not yet discharged my debt?"

Be silent," said the Old Man, "and follow me; all debts are wiped away.

The old woman obeyed, and in the same instant the light of the rising sun shone upon the circle of the cupola. Then the old man, advancing between the youth and the maiden, exclaimed with a loud voice, "Three things have sway upon the earth, — Wisdom, Appearance, and Power.

At the sound of the first word the Golden King arose; at the sound of the second, the Silver King; and the Brazen King had arisen at the sound of the third, when the fourth suddenly sunk awkwardly to the earth. The Will-o'-the-Wisps, who had been busily employed upon him till this moment, now retreated; though paled by the light of the morning, they seemed in good condition, and sufficiently brilliant, for they had with much skill extracted the gold from the veins of the colossal statue with their sharp-pointed tongues. The irregular spaces which were thus displayed remained for some time exposed, and the figure preserved its previous form; but when at length the most secret veins of gold had been extracted, the statue suddenly fell with a crash, and formed a mass of shapeless ruins.

The Man with the Lamp led the youth, whose eye was still fixed upon vacancy, from the altar towards the Brazen King. At the foot of the mighty monarch lay a sword in a brazen sheath. The youth bound it to his side. "Take the weapon in your left hand, and keep the right hand free," commanded the King.

They then advanced to the Silver Monarch, who bent his sceptre towards the youth; the latter seized it with his left hand, and the King addressed him in soft accents, "Feed my sheep.

When they reached the statue of the Golden King, the latter with paternal benediction pressed the oaken garland on the head of the youth, and said, "Acknowledge the highest.

The Old Man had, during this proceeding, watched the youth attentively. After he had girded on the sword his breast heaved, his arm was firmer, and his step more erect; and after he had touched the sceptre, his sense of power appeared to soften, and at the same time, by an inexpressible charm, to become more mighty; but when his waving locks were adorned with the oaken garland, his countenance became animated, his soul beamed from his eye, and the first word he uttered was "Lily!

Lily," he cried, as he hastened to ascend the silver stairs, for she had observed his progress from the altar where she stood — "dear Lily, what can man desire more blessed than the innocence and the sweet affection which your love brings me? Oh, my friend!" he continued, turning to the Old Man, and pointing to the three sacred statues, "secure and glorious is the kingdom of our fathers, but you have forgotten to enumerate that fourth power, which exercises an earlier, more universal, and certain rule over the world — the power of love.

With these words he flung his arms round the neck of the beautiful maiden; she cast aside her veil, and her cheeks were tinged with a blush of the sweetest and most inexpressible beauty.

The Old Man now observed, with a smile, "Love does not rule, but directs, and that is better.

During all this delight and enchantment, no one had observed that the sun was now high in heaven, and through the open gates of the temple most unexpected objects were perceived. A large empty space was surrounded by pillars, and terminated by a long and splendid bridge, whose many arches stretched across the river. On each side was a footpath, wide and convenient for passengers, of whom many thousands were busily employed in crossing; the wide road in the centre was crowded with flocks and herds, and horsemen and carriages, and all streamed over without hindering each other's progress. All were in rapture at the mixture

of convenience and beauty; and the new King and his spouse found as much delight in the animation and activity of this great concourse, as they had in their own love.

"Honour the Snake," said the Man with the Lamp; "to her you are indebted for life, and your people for the bridge whereby these neighbouring shores are animated and connected. Those shining precious stones which still float by, are the remains of her self-sacrifice, and form the foundation-stones of this glorious bridge, which she has erected herself to exist forever.

The approach of four beautiful maidens, who advanced to the door of the temple, prevented any inquiry into this wonderful mystery. Three of them were recognised as the attendants of the beautiful Lily, by the harp, the fan, and the ivory chair; but the fourth, though more beautiful than the other three, was a stranger; she, however, played with the others, ran with them through the temple, and ascended the silver stairs.

"Thou dearest of creatures!" said the Man with the Lamp, addressing the beautiful Lily, "you will surely believe me for the future. Happy for thee, and every other creature who shall bathe this morning in the waters of the river!

The old woman, who had been transformed into a beautiful young girl, and of whose former appearance no trace remained, embraced the Man with the Lamp tenderly, and he returned her affection.

"If I am too old for you," he said, with a smile, "you may to-day select another bridegroom, for no tie can henceforth be considered binding which is not this day renewed.

"But are you not aware that you also have become young?" she asked.

"I am delighted to hear it," he replied, "If I appear to you to be a gallant youth, I take your hand anew, and hope for a thousand years of happiness to come.

The Queen welcomed her new friend, and advanced with her and the rest of her companions to the altar, whilst the King, supported by the two men, pointed to the bridge, and surveyed with wonder the crowd of passengers; but his joy was soon overshadowed by observing an object which gave him pain. The Giant, who had just awakened from his morning sleep, stumbled

over the bridge, and gave rise to the greatest confusion. He was, as usual, but half awake, and had risen with the intention of bathing in the neighbouring cove, but he stumbled instead upon firm land, and found himself feeling his way upon the broad highway of the bridge. And whilst he went clumsily along in the midst of men and animals, his presence, though a matter of astonishment to all, was felt by none; but when the sun shone in his eyes, and he raised his hand to shade them, the shadow of his enormous fist fell amongst the crowd with such careless violence, that both men and animals huddled together in promiscuous confusion, and either sustained personal injury, or ran the risk of being driven into the water.

The King, seeing this catastrophe, with an involuntary movement placed his hand upon his sword; but, upon reflection, turned his eyes upon his sceptre, and then upon the lamp and the rudder of his companions.

"I guess your thought," said the Man with the Lamp, "but we are powerless against this monster; be tranquil; he injures for the last time, and happily his shadow is turned from us.

In the meantime the Giant had approached, and over-powered with astonishment at what he saw, his hands sunk down, became powerless for injury, and gazing with surprise, he entered the courtyard.

In imagination he was ascending toward heaven, when he felt himself suddenly fast bound to the earth. He stood like a colossal pillar constructed of red shining stones, and his shadow indicated the hours which were marked in a circle on the ground, not however in figures, but in noble and significant effigies. The King was not a little delighted to see the shadow of the monster rendered harmless; and the Queen was not less astonished, as she advanced from the altar with her maidens, all magnificently adorned, to observe the strange wonder which almost covered the whole view from the temple to the bridge.

In the meantime the people had crowded after the Giant, and surrounding him as he stood still, had observed his transformation with the utmost awe. They then bent their steps towards the temple, of the existence of which they now seemed to be for the first time aware, and thronged the doorways.

The hawk was now seen aloft, towering over the building, and carrying the mirror, with which he caught the light of the sun, and turned the rays upon the group round the altar. The King, the Queen, and their attendants,

illuminated by the beam from heaven, appeared beneath the dim arches of the temple; their subjects fell prostrate before them. When they had recovered, and had risen again, the King and his attendants had descended to the altar, in order to reach the palace by a less obstructed path, and the people dispersed through the temple to satisfy their curiosity. They beheld with amazement the three Kings, who stood erect, and they were very anxious to know what could be concealed behind the curtain in the fourth niche, for whatever kindness might have prompted the deed, a thoughtful discretion had placed over the ruins of the fallen King a costly covering, which no eye cared to penetrate, and no profane hand dared to uplift.

There was no end to the astonishment and wonder of the people; and the dense throng would have been crushed in the temple if their attention had not been attracted once more to the court without.

To their great surprise, a shower of gold pieces fell as if from the air, resounding upon the marble pavement, and caused a commotion amongst the passers-by. Several times this wonder was repeated in different places, at some distance from each other. It is not difficult to infer that this feat was the work of the retreating Will-o'-the-Wisps, who having extracted the gold from the limbs of the mutilated King, dispersed it abroad in this joyous manner. The covetous crowd continued their quarrelling for some time longer, pressing hither and thither, and inflicting wounds upon each other, till the shower of gold pieces ceased to fall. The multitude at length dispersed gradually, each one pursuing his own course; and the bridge, to this day, continues to swarm with travellers, and the temple is the most frequented in the world.





# Lecture 1

*4 April 1904, Berlin*

If Theosophy were to assert that it has in the last few decades brought any new thing into the world, it could easily and very effectively be contradicted. For it is easy to believe that any particular truth or achievement in a special branch of human knowledge, in man's conception of the world or in his world of thought, might enrich the advancing ages, but not that which concerns his innermost and deepest being — the source and origin of all human wisdom — could appear at any particular time. This in itself could not be believed; hence it is only natural that the belief that Theosophy could bring in or want to bring in anything completely new, must call forth a certain distrust against the movement itself.

But ever since Theosophy set out to obtain an influence upon modern civilisation, it has always described itself as possessing the old primeval wisdom, which man has ever sought and endeavoured to acquire in many different forms in the various ages. It is the task of the Theosophical Movement to look for these forms in the various religions and world-conceptions through which the peoples, throughout the ages, have striven to press through to the source of truth. Theosophy has brought to light the fact that in the various ages, even in the most primeval times, that wisdom by which man sought to attain his goal, has always in its really most profound essence been one and the same. That is a truth, Theosophy teaches us to be modest concerning the acquirements of our own times.

The well-known statement, which, in its lack of humility, boasts of the progress made in the 19th century, is felt to be particularly limited when we observe life in a deeper sense, extending through hundreds of thousands of years. But I do not wish to lead you back to those primeval ages.

I should like to ask you, by means of the example of a great personality of modern times, how he tried to carry out the wisdom-teaching inscribed in the Greek Temples; "Know thyself!" He, who made this saying his own, was really in complete harmony with the teaching and views of Theosophy. This personality is none other than Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. He certainly belongs not only to the German nation, but to many other

civilized men of the present age and belongs indeed more or less to us all. Goethe is a spirit who affects us in a very special way. No matter to what part of his life we turn in study, we find, not only the great Poet very pre-eminently there, but, if we go more deeply into the subject, we soon discover in him the Wise One, to whose wisdom we turn back again after long years, always to discover something new.

We find that Goethe was one of those spirits who had within him an inexhaustible fund of greatness. And if we have learned to add to our own small stock of wisdom, by turning back to Goethe again and again, we are constantly astonished anew and stand in admiration before that which before was hidden from us, because there was in ourselves no responsive echo of the realm which expressed itself through him. No matter how polished a man may be, no matter how much wisdom he may have discovered in Goethe, if after some years he turns to him again, he will convince himself anew that there is still an infinite fund of what is beautiful and good in the works of Goethe. This experience may come in particular to those who believe profoundly in the evolution of the human soul. It has often been said that in his "Faust," Goethe produced a sort of Gospel. If this be so, then, besides his Gospel, Goethe also produced a sort of secret Revelation, a sort of Apocalypse. This Apocalypse is concealed within his works, it forms the conclusion to his "Unterhaltung deutscher Ausgewanderten," and is read only by few. I am always being asked where in Goethe's works this "Märchen" is to be found! Yet it is in all the editions and forms, as I have just said, the conclusion to the above. In this fairy tale, Goethe created a work of art of eternal beauty. The direct, symbolical impression of the work of art will not be interfered with, if I now try to give an interpretation of this fairy tale; Goethe put into this tale his most intimate thoughts and conceptions.

In the latter years of his life he said to Eckermann: "My dear friend, I will tell you something that may be of use to you, when you are going over my works. They will never become popular; there will be single individuals who will understand what I want to say, but there can be no question of popularity for my writings." This referred principally to be the second part of "Faust," and what he meant was that a man who enjoyed "Faust" might have a direct artistic impression, but that one who could get at the secrets concealed in "Faust" would see what was hidden behind the imagery. But I am not speaking of the second part of "Faust," but of the "Fairy Tale of the Green Serpent and the Beautiful Lily," in which Goethe spoke in an even more intimate way than in the former. I shall try to disclose in the course of this lecture the Mysteries concealed in these remarkable pictures, and to

explain why Goethe made use of these symbolical images to express his most intimate thoughts. Anyone who is capable of understanding the Fairy Tale knows that Goethe was a Theosophist and a mystic. Goethe was acquainted with that wisdom and conception of the world which we try to give forth in a popular way in Theosophy; and the Fairy Tale itself is a proof of this; only, at the time when Goethe was writing, the endeavour had not yet been made to clothe the highest truths in words and to give them forth in open lectures by the power of reason; these most intimate human psychic truths were not then spoken of openly. Those who gave a hint of them put them into symbolical form, and expressed them by symbols. This was an old custom, dating from the middle ages, when it was thought that it would be impossible to put the highest insight into the abstract form, but that a sort of experience or initiation was necessary. This made it impossible for people to speak of these truths, who believed that a particular sort of mood, a sort of special soul-atmosphere was needed in order to understand such truths; they could not be grasped merely by the intellect. A certain mood was necessary, a certain disposition of the soul, which I will call a psychic atmosphere. The language of reason seemed to them to be too arid, too dry and cold to express the highest truths. Besides which they still retained a sort of conviction that those who were to learn these truths should first make themselves worthy of them. This conviction brought it to pass, that in the olden times, down to the 3rd century A.D. — the truth about the human soul and the human spirit was not given out publicly as it is now, but those who wished to attain to such knowledge had first to be prepared to receive that which was to be given to them in the Sanctuaries of the Mysteries. Therein all that had been preserved of the secrets of nature and of the laws of cycles, was given out as something which, to put it concisely, could not be learned and recognised as dry truths, but which the students had to recognise as living truths and learn to live them. It was not then a question of thinking wisdom, but of living it; not merely a question of permeating wisdom with the glow of the intellect, but of making it the mainspring of life, so that a man is transformed thereby. A certain shyness must possess a man before the Holy of Holies; he had to understand that truth is divine, that it is permeated by the Divine Cosmic Blood, which draws into the personality, so that the divine world lives anew within. The recognition of all this was included in the word "development." This had to be made quite clear to the Mystic, and this it was which he was to attain through the stages of purification, on the way to the Mysteries, he was to acquire the holy shyness before the Truth, and to be drawn away from the longing for the things of the senses, from the sorrows and joys of life, from all that

surrounds us in ever-day life. The Light of the Spirit, which is necessary to us when we withdraw from the profane life, we shall receive when we give up the other. When we are worthy to receive the Light of the Spirit, we shall have become different people; we shall then love with real, earnest sympathy and devotion, that which we are wont to look upon as a shadowy existence, a life in the abstract. We then live the Spiritual life which to the ordinary man is mere thought. But the Mystic learns to sacrifice the Self that clings to the everyday life, he learns not only to penetrate the truth with his thought but has to live it through and through, to conceive it within him as Divine Truth, as Theosophy. Goethe has expressed this conviction in his "West-Ostlichen Divan:" —

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*So lang dud as nicht hast,  
Dies 'stirb im Werde',  
Bist du nur ein trüber Gast  
Auf der dunkeln Erde —*

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This it is that the Mystics of all ages have striven for, — to let the lower nature die out, and to allow that which dwells in the Spirit to spring forth; the extinction of sense reality, that man may ascend to the Kingdom of "Divine Purposes." "To die in order to become." If we do not possess this power we do not know of the forces that vibrate into our world, and we are but a "trüber Gast" (gloomy guest) on our Earth. Goethe gave expression to this in his "West-Ostlichen Divan," and this he tries to represent in all the different parts of the "Fairy Tale" of the "Green Serpent and the Beautiful Lily!" The transition of man from one stage of existence to a higher one. That was the riddle he wanted to solve, the riddle as to how a man who lives in the everyday world, — and who can only see with his eyes, and hear with his ears, — can lay hold of this "dying and becoming!"

This was the question for the Mystics of all ages; and this great question was always called "Spiritual Alchemy." The transmutation of man from the every-day soul to the Spirit-soul, one to whom the things of the Spirit are just as real as the things of this Earth, such as tables and chairs and so on, are to the ordinary man. When the alchemical transmutation had taken place in a man, he was then considered worthy to have the highest truths communicated to him, he was then led into the Holy of Holies. He was then initiated, and supplied with the teachings which instructed him as to

the purposes of nature, those purposes which run through the plan of the world. It is an initiation of this kind which is described by Goethe, the initiation into the Mysteries, of one who has been made worthy to receive them.

There are two proofs of this — in the first place Goethe himself took a great deal of trouble to become acquainted with the secret which may be called the Secret of Alchemy. Between the studies he made at Leipzig and Strassburg he had already discovered that Alchemy had a Spiritual side, and knew that ordinary Alchemy was nothing but a reflection of the Spiritual, and all that is known of Alchemy consisted only in the symbolical expressions of realities. That is to say, he referred to that Alchemy which is concerned with the forces of the inner life.

Alchemists have also left indications of how this could be worked. As they were only able to describe the transmutation of the human forces by means of symbols, they therefore spoke of one substance being transmuted into another. All they related concerning the transmutation of matter, referred to what the human soul-life developed within itself at a higher stage, when it became transmuted spiritually. All that the great Spirits have disclosed about the Spiritual Realms to those men who are still bound to the life of every day, was taken by them as referring to the transmutation of substances and metals in the retorts, and they took great trouble to try and discover by what mysterious methods the transmutation of substances could be brought about.

Goethe, in one part of his "Faust," shows us what he himself understood as to such things. In the first part of "Faust," in the walk in front of the garden, he points clearly to the false, wrong and petty material conceptions that are held as to Alchemy. He makes fun of those who strive with such feverish efforts to discover these secrets, and who pour forth the lower substances, according to numberless receipts, in company of the Adepts.

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*"There a Red Lion, with the Lily wedded,  
"A wooer bold, within the tepid bath,  
"From bridal-bower to bridal-bower was speeded  
"Racked by the naked fire's flaming wrath."*

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The union with the Lily, which is made fun of by Goethe is what he wished to illustrate in his Fairy Tale, of the Green Serpent and the beautiful Lily.

The highest transmutation which man can accomplish is illustrated by Goethe in the symbol of the Lily. It is of like significance with what we call the Highest freedom. When a man follows the primal and eternal laws, in accordance with which we have to complete the primal and eternal circuit of our existence, and if he also recognises the primal and eternal evolution of his freedom, he will then find himself at a certain stage of his development which is accomplished by a disposition of the soul, which may be described by the symbol of the Lily. The highest forces of the soul, the highest state of consciousness, in which a man may be free because he will then not misuse his freedom, and will never create a disturbance in the circle of freedom, — this state of soul, which was communicated to the Mystics in the Mysteries, in which they were collectively transmuted, — this was from all time described as the "Lily."

That which Spinoza expresses at the end of his "Ethics," (dry and mathematical as he was in his other writings) — when he says that man ascended into the higher spheres of existence and penetrated them by means of the laws of nature, — this state of mind may also be described as the Lily, Spinoza describes it as the realm of Divine Love in the human soul, the realm in which man does nothing under compulsion, but in which everything belonging to the domain of human development takes place in freedom, devotion and utter Love, where everything arbitrary is transmuted by that Spiritual Alchemy in which every activity flows into the stream of freedom.

Goethe has described that Love as the highest state of Freedom, as the being free from all desires and wishes of our every-day life. He says, "Self-seeking and Self-will are not permanent, they are driven out by the Ego. Here we must be good." The Divine Love, which is referred to by Spinoza, and which he wishes to attain through Spiritual Alchemy, — that it is with which man should unite himself, that it is with which man should unite his will. Human will active at every stage, is that which in all ages was known as the "Lion," the creature in which the Will is most strongly developed, and that is why the Mystics have always called the will of man: the "Lion." In the Persian Mysteries there were seven Initiations; there were the following: first the Raven, then the Occultist, then the Fighter; at the fourth grade the student was already able to look back at his life from the other side, and had really become Man, hence the Persians called one who had

overcome the Lion stage a Persian. That was the fifth stage, and a man who had got so far that his actions flowed quickly along, just as the Sun runs its course in the Heavens above, was called a Sun-runner. But he who accomplished all his actions out of absolute and ceaseless love, was looked upon by the Persians as belonging to the grade of the "Father." At the fourth grade, a man stood at the parting of the ways; he had then, besides his physical body, his etheric double, and that body which is subject to the laws of passions and desires, wishes and instincts; he was now organized for a higher life. These three bodies form, according to Theosophy, the lower part of man. From these the lower man is born. When a man was initiated into this grade and could see this connection the Persians called him a "Lion." He then stands at the parting of the ways, and that which compelled him to act according to the laws of nature is transmuted into a free gift of Love. When he reaches the eighth stage of Initiation, when he has evolved himself into a free man, one who can allow himself to do, out of free love, what he was formerly driven to do by his own nature, this connection between the Lion and the free loving being, is described in Alchemy as "the mystery of human development." This is the mystery Goethe represented in his Fairy Tale. First of all he shows us how this man of will stands there, drawn down to the physical world from higher spheres, from spheres of which he himself knows nothing. Goethe is conscious of the fact that man, in so far as his spiritual nature is concerned, comes originally from higher spheres; that he was led into this which Goethe represents as the world of matter, the world of sense-existence, this is the Land on the bank of the River.

But in the Tale of the green Serpent and the beautiful Lily, there are two Lands, one on this side of the River, and the other beyond. The unknown Ferryman conducts the man across from the far side into the Land of the sense-world; — and between the Land of spiritual existence and the sense-world there flows the River, the water which divides them. By water, Goethe describes that which the Mystics of all ages have symbolized as water. Even in Genesis the same meaning is applied to this word as we find in Goethe. In the New Testament too we find this expression in the conversation between Jesus and Nicodemus. "He who is not born again of water and the Spirit, cannot enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." Goethe understood perfectly what was signified by the expression "born again of water." And we can see in what sense he understood it by his "song of the Spirit."

Seele des Menschen	Soul of humanity
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Nie gleichat du dem Wasser!	How like to the water!
Schicksal des Menschen	Fate of humanity
Wie gleichst du dem Wind!	How like to the wind!

The world of humanity, the world of longing and wishes, the world of passions and desires, is a land inserted between our Spirit and our senses. Our senses know neither good nor evil, they cannot err. Anyone who goes into this question, knows that when we study the laws of nature, we cannot speak of good or evil. When we study nature in the animal world, we find that there are objectionable animals and useful ones, but we cannot speak of good and evil ones. Only when man plunges into the water — into the soul-world — does he become capable of good and evil. This world which is inserted between the Spiritual and the world of senses, is the River over which the Spirit passes from the unknown spheres. The innermost of man came across the River of passions and desires — and when he goes through further development he becomes like the Will-o'-the-wisp.

Thus man is subject to the laws within him, after he has crossed the River, and before he has received the Divine Spark which will take him across to the other world. He is therefore put ashore by the Ferryman who brings men across the River from the far bank to the near one. Nobody can be guided over by the Ferryman but all can be brought over by him. We feel ourselves being brought over without any action of our own, by the forces lying beneath our consciousness, which go ahead of our actions. By means of these forces we feel ourselves placed in the world of sense, — on the hither side; the Ferryman who brought us across from the Land of the Spirit, has put us into this world and cannot take us back to that country again to which we must however return, the Land of the beautiful Lily. The Will-o'-the-wisps wanted to pay the Ferryman his fare with gold, but he demanded fruits of the Earth, which they did not possess; they had nothing but gold, and he would not be paid with that. Gold coins, said he, were injurious to the River, it cannot bear such gold; which signifies that man can purchase wisdom with the fruits of the Earth. This is a profound wisdom; gold signifies the force of wisdom dwelling in man, and this is his guide through life. This force of Wisdom makes itself felt when a man is placed among the things of sense, as the forces of knowledge and reason. But this wisdom is not the wisdom which furthers his development. When it



forms part of a man's nature, it makes him self-seeking and egotistical. If this force of reason and this knowledge were to join forces with what flows in the River, their passions would throw up huge waves; for whenever man does not place his wisdom at the service of selflessness, but simply throws it into the River, when he cultivates (frohmen) his passions, the River throws up great waves. Hence it is impossible to satisfy the River with gold; with that wisdom. So the Ferryman throws back the wisdom which has not yet passed through the stage of selflessness. He throws it back into the chasm, where reigns the profoundest darkness, and there it is buried. We shall hear why this is so.

The Ferryman demanded three cabbages, three artichokes, and three onions. — Thus he demands the fruits of the Earth. Now by what means can man attain his development? By ennobling the lower desire-forces of his nature, so that he purifies the sense-nature within him and casts this purified nature into the River, and thereby ..... this it is which Schiller refers to in his letters on the aesthetic education of man. He alone understands freedom who has set his own nature free; — when the outer sense-nature is so ennobled that it seeks for the good and the beautiful because it is no longer misled by passion, when we no longer throw our wisdom into the River, but reward our passions with the fruits of the Earth so that our sense-nature itself is taken up by them, just as the fruits of the Earth would be accepted by the River, we have then attained the first grade of initiation as expressed in the words, "Ye must know that I cannot be paid except with the fruits of the Earth." Then the Will-o'-the-wisps proceed further on this side of the River, that means that man tries to follow his own way of life further.

On this side of the River he meets with the green Serpent, the symbol of human endeavours, of human knowledge. This Serpent had previously had a wonderful experience — the Ferryman had ferried over the piece of gold and concealed it in a cleft of the Earth, and here the Serpent had found it. The wisdom that brings men forward is still a hidden treasure, concealed in the mysteries, hence if a man wishes to find wisdom he must seek it far from all human self-seeking. When a man had made himself worthy to receive it, it will be found in its proper place; — the Serpent, the symbol of human striving after knowledge, permeates itself with the gold; this "self" is entirely permeated with wisdom, and becomes luminous. Then the Serpent desired from the Will-o'-the-wisps that which is a cause of pride to the self-seeking man, when he throws about him and pricks himself with, — this human knowledge which when used in the service of egoism is objectionable and worthless, will be attained when man crawls humbly on

the ground as does the Serpent, and strives to recognize the reality piece by piece. If a man stands there, proud and stuck-up, he will never attain it, he can only receive it when like the Serpent, he goes horizontally on the ground and lives in humility, — then the gold of wisdom is in its place. Then the man may venture to permeate himself with wisdom — that too is why the Will-o'-the-wisps call the Serpent their relation, and say "We really are related on the side of light." Indeed they are related, the wisdom that serves the self is related to the wisdom which serves humility; the Serpent is related to the Will-o'-the-wisps.

Now the tale relates further that the Serpent had been under the Earth in the clefts of the rock, and there had met something resembling human forms — the Serpent had reached a temple; this is none other than a symbol of the Mystery Temples of all ages, — this concealed Temple which was in the clefts below the Earth is the symbol of the Sanctuaries of Initiation. In this Temple the Serpent found the three great priests of Initiation; these priests were gifted with the highest forces of human nature, which theosophy calls Atma, Buddhi, Manas. They are called by Goethe the King of Beauty, the King of Wisdom, and the King of Strength or Will; — with these three basic forces of the soul, into which the human soul must be initiated, the Mystic had to be united in the Temple of the Mysteries — and Goethe represents the Serpent, all luminous within, because it had taken in the gold of wisdom, humility.

The old man with the lamp is another figure — what does he represent? He has a lamp which has the peculiarity of only shining when another light is there. Because the Serpent is luminous and illuminates the inner Hall of the Mystery Temple with its own radiating light, — Goethe expresses these thoughts in another passage in the words "If the eye were not sensitive to the Sun it could not perceive the light." Here he expresses in poetic words what he expressed in the fairy tale in pictures; what we in Anthroposophy call "occult knowledge" is expressed by the old man with the lamp, — the light of occult knowledge cannot shine to anyone who had not prepared himself to receive it.

It appears to no one who has not worked his way up to that higher stage of development at which his higher self, his selfless nature shines forth from within, bringing light to meet light, — the highest wisdom is called occult, because it only appears when a man brings his own light to meet it. When those two lights, the intuitive light from above, and the light that comes from the personal, shine into one another, they then give that which man experiences in his transmutation as Spiritual Alchemy — then the

space around him become light, he then learns to recognise the highest Spiritual forces, the gifts of the three Kings; Wisdom, Beauty, and Strength, — the gift of the golden King is Wisdom, that of the silver King is Beauty or Piety, the gift of the bronze King is Strength or force of Will. Man can only understand his innermost forces, he can only understand himself when he meets with the light of the lamp which can only shine when there is already a light. Then the three Kings appear in their radiance, and at the same time the significance of the fourth King becomes apparent — the King who is composed of the metals of the three others; — he is the symbol of the lower nature, in which the noble forces of Wisdom, Beauty, and Strength work together as disorderly and inharmonious chaos. These three forces that live in a highly developed soul are also to be found in lower natures, though there they are chaotic and inharmonious. This fourth King is the Kingdom of the present world; — the Chaotic mixture of Wisdom, Beauty, and Strength, — the soul-forces which can only attain the highest when they work together harmoniously, — affect one another in a chaotic way in the present age. The old man said of the fourth King "Er wird sich setzen" (here he will sit down) — The Chaotic mixture will have disappeared when that which Goethe so ardently longed for shall have come to pass, that is, that the Temple shall no longer be hidden, but shall be raised to the full light of day, when it shall have ascended from the depths, and all men will be able to serve in the Temple of Initiation, which will be a bridge across which all men may pass to and fro. That will be a time when all men will have made themselves worthy of being influenced by the highest wisdom, piety, and strength and will. The Temple will then have fulfilled its task. It will have raised itself above the river of passions, and the forces of passion will have become so pure and noble that the highest Spiritual can uplift itself in the Temple, in the clear light of day, above the stream of passions and desires. To this end it is necessary that mankind should be filled with the "Stirb und werde" (dying and becoming) which Goethe so distinctly outlined in his "West-Ostlichen Divan." Goethe was frequently asked for the solution of the riddle and he replied "The solution of the riddle lies in the fairy tale itself, and not in one word alone." There is a passage during the conversation in the Temple which we take to be the solution of the riddle. The solution is not a thing which can be expressed in words, but in an inner resolve; that was indicated by Goethe in the fairy tale. The Serpent said "I will sacrifice myself, I will purify myself through selflessness." It is precisely this which must be taken as the profoundest solution of the riddle, it is an act, and not a doctrine. Till now one could only pass across the River in two ways. The one was when at noon the green Serpent laid itself across the River and formed a bridge, so

that at the mid-day hour it was possible to go across the River. This means that at the present age there are moments in a man's life when the Sun is at noon for him, when he is ripe to yield himself to the highest Spiritual light; but he is always drawn away again and again from these noon-tide moments of life, into the lower world full of passions. In such noon-tide moments the elect of the Spirit can pass across from the shore of the sense-life to the shore of the Spirit.

But there is yet another way to pass over the River, and that is in the evening, when the shadow of the great giant is thrown across the River, — that too can form a bridge, but only in the hour of twilight. What is this shadow of the great giant? Goethe went into this question more deeply with his intimate and trusted friends; with them he spoke about the forces symbolized by him in the "Fairy Tale." On one occasion when Schiller was planning a journey to Frankfort, Goethe wrote to him: "I am very glad you did not come here, to the West, for the shadow of the giant might have got hold of you unawares." The meaning of the giant is moreover clearly expressed in the "Fairy Tale" itself, the giant who is weak, can do nothing of himself; but his shadow can form a bridge across to the far side. This giant is the crude mechanical forces of nature. Its shadow is sometimes able, when the light is no longer strong, to conduct the men of crude passions across the River. These are the people who, when their clear day consciousness is extinguished, pass over into the Land of the Spirit in trance, somnambulism, psychic vision, or some of the many similar conditions of the soul. Thus the clear day consciousness was also extinguished in the wild delirious acts by which at that time men tried to push their way into this realm of Freedom.

They wanted to penetrate into the realm of the beautiful Lily — But the shadow of the giant can alone reach across. Man is only able to overcome his passions in the twilight of his consciousness, when he is in an almost unconscious state, and not when living in clear consciousness. These are the two ways of reaching the opposite bank: First, in the holy moments of the noon-day hour, by the Serpent; and secondly, in the twilight of the consciousness — by the shadow of the giant.

But this one thing must be striven after: — the Serpent must sacrifice itself completely. Not only should it lead men over the River of passions at the noon-day hour, but at all hours of the day it should be ready to form the bridge from one side to the other; so that not only a few may be able to wander across, but that all men should be able to cross backwards and

forwards at any time. The Serpent made this resolution, and so did Goethe; Goethe points to an age of selflessness, when man will not put his forces at the service of his lower self but at the service of unselfishness.

There are a few other thoughts connected with these basic thoughts about the Fairy Tale. I cannot go into them all today, and will only touch upon a few. We find the wife of the old man with the lamp, she is connected with the representatives of human occult knowledge. She keeps the house of the old man. To her come the Will-o'-the-wisps, they have licked off all the gold from the walls, and had at once given away all the gold which enriched them, so that the living "Mops," who ate up the gold, had to suffer death. The old man is the force of reason, which brings forth that which is useful. It is only when occult force unites with this which forwards material civilization, when the highest is united with the lowest in the world, that the world itself can follow its proper course of development. Man should not be led away from everyday life, but should purify the everyday civilization. In the world man is surrounded in his dwellings by that which hangs as gold upon the walls. All that is around him is the gold. On the one hand he is a man of knowledge and on the other a useful man. Thus he has around him the two-fold experience of the human race; all the collective experience of humanity has been collected together in human science. Those who strive after this, seek what is written in the scriptures. They lick off the historical wisdom, as it were.

This it is which surrounds man in his strivings; this it is with which man must entirely permeate himself. But it can not be of use to that which is alive. The living Mops swallowed the gold and died of it. That wisdom which only rules as the dead wisdom of books, and which has not been made alive by the Spirit, kills everything living. But, when it is once again united with the origin of Wisdom, with the beautiful Lily, then it wakes to life again. That is why the old man gives the dead Mops to his wife, that she may carry it to the beautiful Lily. The Lamp has one great peculiarity, everything dead was made alive through it; and what was alive was purified by it. This transmutation is brought about in man by occult knowledge. Besides this, the old woman is begged by the Will-o'-the-Wisps to pay their debts to the Ferryman. These three fruits represent the human sense for usefulness in material civilization, which is to pay tribute to the passions. For from whence should the actual driving forces of nature come, if not from the technique, from the cultivation of material nature? It is an interesting fact that the shadow of the giant as it comes up from the River, takes one of the fruits of the Earth away with it, so that the old woman only has two left. Now she required three for the Ferryman and so had to

renounce the River. Something then happens, something full of significance. She has to plunge her hands into the River, whereby she turns so black that she scarcely remains visible. She is still there, but she is almost imperceptible. That shows us the connection between external civilization and the world of the passions. Material civilization must be placed at the service of the Astral, of the soul. As long as the nature of man is not sufficiently ennobled to offer itself as tribute to the River of the passions, so long does technique remain in debt to the River of man (the soul of man). As long as human endeavours are devoted to human passions, man works invisibly at something of which he cannot perceive the final aim. It is invisible, yet it is there; it can be felt, but is not externally perceptible. Everything man does on the road to the great goal, until he pays his debts to the River or the Soul, — all that he has to throw into the River of passions becomes invisible, like the hand of the wife of the old man with the Lamp. As long as the sense-nature is not fully purified, as long as it is not consumed, as it were, by the fire of the passion it cannot shine, and remains invisible; that is what excites the old lady so much that she can no longer reflect any light of her own. This might be gone into more fully, in greater detail; every single word is fraught with meaning. But it would lead us too far to go into all that to-day.

So let us hurry on to the great procession in which we encounter a youth, who tried to capture the beautiful Lily too early, and in so doing crippled all his life forces. Goethe says (in another place): "A man who strives for freedom without having first liberated his own inner self, falls more deeply than before into the bonds of necessity. If he does not set himself free, he will be killed." A man who has prepared himself, who has been purified in the Mysteries, and the Temple of the Mysteries, so that he may unite himself in a proper way with the Lily, he alone will escape death. One who has died to the lower to be born again in a higher sense, can grasp the Lily. The present time is represented by the crippled youth, who wanted to attain the highest by violence. He complains to all whom he meets that he cannot secure the Lily. He must now make himself ripe enough to do so, and to this aim those forces must be combined which are symbolized by those who took part in the procession. It consisted of the old man with the Lamp, the Will-o'-the-Wisps and the beautiful Lily herself. The procession thus included all the different beautiful forces, and it was led down into the clefts of the Earth to the Temple of Initiation. That too, is a profound feature of the enigmatical Fairy Tale, in that it allows the Will-o'-the-Wisps to open the door of the Temple. The self-seeking wisdom is not without object, it is a necessary stage of transition. Human egoism can be

overcome if it is nourished by wisdom and permeated with the gold of true knowledge. This wisdom can then be used to open the Temple. Those who unconsciously serve wisdom in an external sense, will be led to the real sanctuaries of wisdom. Those learned men who only bury themselves in books are nevertheless our guides. Goethe does not undervalue science. He knew that science herself uncloses the Temple of Wisdom; he knew that everything must be proved and accepted by science, and that without her we cannot penetrate the Temple of the highest Wisdom. Goethe himself sought this wisdom everywhere. He only considered himself worthy of recognizing the highest revelation in Spiritual life, in Art, after he had gone through the study of Science. He sought wisdom everywhere, in physics, biology, etc., — And so, he admits the Will-o'-the-Wisps into the Temple, they who resting on themselves alone occupy a false position towards the others, towards the others who enter through experience and observations, like the Serpent. They cause the Temple to be opened and the procession passes in. Now follows what Goethe intended to apply to the whole of mankind; the whole Temple moves up and ascends through the cleft in the Earth. The Temple can now be set up over the River of the Soul, over the River of passions and desires, because the Serpent sacrificed itself. The Self of man has become selfless, the Serpent is transformed into precious stone, which forms the piles of the bridge. And now men can more freely go to and fro from the world of sense to the world of the Spiritual.

The union between sense and spirit is brought about by man, when he becomes selfless, by a sacrifice of himself, such as was made by the Serpent, which offered itself as a bridge over the River of passions. Thus the Temple ascended from the clefts of the Earth and is now accessible to all who cross the bridge, to those who drive over as well as to those who go on foot. In the Temple itself we meet once more with the three Kings; and the youth who had been made pure by having recognized the three soul-forces, is now presented to them. The golden King goes up to him and says "Feed my Sheep," — in this Goethe gave expression to a thought which was very deeply engraved in his soul, that of uniting beauty with piety. It is the commandment given in the Bible. He applied these words to the youth in the same sense as when in Rome he stood before the statue of a God, and said "Here is necessity (notwendigkeit) it could not be different from what it is, this is a God. I feel that the Greeks worked according to the same Divine Laws that I am seeking." It is a personal note of Goethe's when he causes the silver King to appear as Beauty and Piety: And then the King of Strength comes to the youth and says "The sword in

the left hand, and the right hand free," — the sword was not to serve for attack but for defence. Harmony was to be brought about, not conflict. After this event the youth was initiated into the three soul-forces; the fourth King has nothing more to say, he subsides into himself. The Temple has risen from its concealment into the clear light of day. Within the Temple there was raised a small silver Temple, which is none other than the transformed hut of the Ferryman. It is a remarkable feature that Goethe transformed the hut of the Ferryman, — he who carries us over into the land of the Spirit, — into pure molten silver so that it becomes a small altar, a small Temple, a Holy of Holies. This hut which represents the holiest in man, the deepest core of his being which he has preserved as a recollection of the land from which he came and to which the Ferryman cannot take him back, represents something which existed before our evolution. It is the memory that we are descended from the Spirit, — the memory of this stands as a Holy of Holies within the Temple. — The giant, — the crude force of nature, which lives in nature without the Spirit, and could not work through itself alone, but only as a shadow, — has been given a remarkable mission. Now this giant stands upright, and now only does he show the time. This is a profound thought — when man has laid aside everything belonging to his lower nature and has become entirely spiritualised, then the lower forces of nature will no longer spring up around him in their original elemental power, — in the form of storms, as they now do — the mechanical crude force of nature will then only perform mechanical service; man will always require these mechanical nature-forces, but they will no longer have power over him, he will use them in his service. His work will be the hour-hand of Spiritual culture, it will be the hour-hand pointing to the regular mechanical necessity, and will go regularly as the course of a clock. The giant himself will then no longer be necessary. We must not interpret the Fairy Tale pedantically, by interpreting every word, but we must feel our way into what Goethe wanted to say, and which he painted in such beautiful pictures. Goethe in his Fairy Tale brought out what Schiller expressed in his Aesthetic Letters; — the union of Necessity with Freedom. What Schiller tried to express in these letters Goethe could not grasp in abstract thought, but gave in the form of a Fairy Tale. "When I want to express these thoughts in all their living force I require pictures and pictures and pictures, such as the ancient priests of Initiation made use of in the Mysteries." He did not teach his pupils by means of abstract thoughts, but by bringing the whole drama of Dionysos before them, by showing them the great course of the evolution of man, of the resurrection of Dionysos; and he also showed that which went on invisibly in the drama of "Dionysos and Osiris."



Thus Goethe wished to express what lived in him in the form of drama and pictures, so we will not interpret the Fairy Tale in the ordinary way, but as theosophy would teach us to do, as representing the uniting of the lower nature of man with the higher; the union of the physical with the etheric body; the life-force and the passions and desires, with the higher nature of man: — the three purely Spiritual soul forces Atma, Buddhi, Manas, which we represented as the three Kings. This is the course of the evolution of man up to the time when every man will be himself an Initiate. This is what Goethe tried to express in a truly theosophical fashion. Just as those priests of Initiation expressed their wisdom in the form of pictures, so Goethe expressed in pictures in his Apocalypse that which represents the evolution of humanity, — that which will some day become the highest act of man — the transformation of the lower nature into the higher and the transmutation of the lower metals, the lower soul-forces into the gold of wisdom. The transmutation of that which dwells alone in the pure noble metal of wisdom is represented by the King who is embodied in the gold. Goethe wished to express this human alchemy, this Spiritual transmutation, in a somewhat different manner from what he had concealed occultly in the second part of "Faust." Goethe was in the true sense of the word a Theosophist. He understood what it means that all the transitory things we see with our senses, are nothing but symbols, but he also understood that what man is trying to do is impossible to describe, but can be accomplished by an act, and that the "Unzulängliche" is that which lives among us on this side of the River, and we must experience it if the purpose of human evolution is to be fulfilled. Goethe also expressed this to this end in the "Chorus Mysticus" and included it in the second part of "Faust." The highest soul-force in man is symbolically represented as the beautiful Lily, and the male principle — the force of Will unites with her. He expresses this in the beautiful and expressive words with which the second part of "Faust" concludes. These final verses are a mystical creed. We can only understand them completely when we see our own intimate life come to life again in the story of the green Serpent and the beautiful Lily.

Even before the close of the 18th century, when Goethe passed on to his work on the second part of "Faust," his nature had already been transmuted and he had attained the vision of a higher world.

It is of profound significance if we are able to understand the words written by Goethe in his testament, the second part of "Faust," when he had completed his course on the Earth. After his death, this second part

was found in his writing table, closed and sealed. He put this book as a gospel into the world, as a testament. And this testament closes with his mystical creed:

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*Alles Vergängliche ist nur ein Gleichnis  
Das Unzulängliche hier wird's Ereignis.  
Das Unbeschreibliche, hier ist's getan,  
Das ewig Weibliche zieht uns hinan.*

*One translation is as follows:*

*All things transitory  
But as symbols sent,  
Earth's insufficiency  
Here grows to event.  
The indescribable, here it is done.  
The Woman Soul leads us upward, and on.*

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## Lecture 2

*27 November 1904, Cologne*

We have over and over again laid stress on the fact that Anthroposophy is no new thing brought to humanity only in our own times. It is particularly interesting that certain individuals not far behind us in time may be reckoned among those who may be described as Anthroposophists. Besides Herder, Jean Paul, Novalis and Lessing — Goethe steps forth as one of the most prominent. Many will object to this statement, because not much Anthroposophy can be traced in his well-known works. At the time of Goethe it was not possible to give out esoteric truths to all the world. Only in small circles, such for instance as that of the Rosicrucians, could the higher truths be promulgated. Nobody was admitted into this society without proper preparation: but those who belonged to it gave various hints as to its existence, and this Goethe did in many different parts of his works. Only a man filled with the wisdom of Anthroposophy can read Goethe aright. It is impossible for instance rightly to understand "Faust" without this help. The "Fairy Tale" is Goethe's Apocalypse, his Revelations and in its symbolical presentation the profoundest secrets are concealed. We can only understand when we have the key to it, that in this Fairy Tale Goethe revealed his Anthroposophical conception of the world. Schiller asked Goethe to work with him on a magazine called "die Horen" to which Schiller had contributed an article "On the aesthetic education of the human race". In this the question was put: — "How can a man living in the every-day world preach the highest ideals, and establish communion between the super-sensible and that which belongs to the world of sense?" In a wonderfully impressive way he found words to point out that which to him seemed the bridge leading from the world of sense to the super-sensible world.

Goethe, however, declared that it would be impossible to him to speak of the highest questions of existence in philosophical terms, but that he would do so in a great picture. He then contributed the Fairy Tale, in which he tried to answer his question in his own way, and sent it to the Magazine, "Die Horen".

Elsewhere too Goethe expressed himself in an absolutely Anthroposophical sense. In his earlier youth he had already concealed his conceptions in Faust. Between his student years in Leipzig and his stay in Strassburg, Goethe received an Initiation at the hands of a man who was himself deeply initiated into the secrets of the Rosicrucians. From that time on, Goethe spoke a mystical Anthroposophical language.

In the first part of Faust there is a remarkable sentence which comes under the introductory notices. It is: "The Sage speaks". At this time Goethe already had the Anthroposophical idea that there are beings among us to-day who are further on in evolution than man, and form a ladder between him and the super-earthly spheres, although they too are incarnated in bodies.

They have attained to a knowledge reaching far beyond what can be understood by the senses. The passage is as follows:

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*"The Spirit world is not locked;  
Thy mind is closed.  
Thy heart is dead!  
Up, Disciple, bathe, and cleanse.  
Thy earthly breast in Morning-Redness."*

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When you become acquainted with Jacob Boehme you find one of the sources (Dawn of the moving Redness, the astral world) from which Goethe created his world of Theosophy. There is much in Goethe which we can only understand when we take it in this sense. In the poem "The Divine", Goethe speaks of the law which we call Karma, and also speaks of exalted beings:

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*"Nach ewigen ehern'n  
Grossen Gesetzen  
Müssen wir alle  
Unser's Daseins  
Kreise Vollenden.  
Heil den unbekanntem  
Höheren Wesen  
Die wir ahnen."*

*In accordance with mighty iron laws  
We must all accomplish the cycles of our being —  
Hail to the unknown higher Beings  
Whom we divine!*

*Volume 2, Page 67 – 68.*

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Anyone who wants a verbal proof of Goethe's Anthroposophical line of thought, need only read the poem which, under the title "God and the World" is called "Howard's memory".

When Goethe spoke intimately to those who were in the same Lodge, he spoke of the ideal Divine Beings, which are ahead of man and shone forth to him as a prototype. What he wrote in the poem "Symbolum" for instance was intended for a small circle:

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*"Doch rufen von drüben  
Die Stimmen der Geister  
Die Stimmen der Meister."*

*The voices of spirits,  
The voice of the Masters,  
Call from above.*

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He here speaks openly of the Masters, for he is speaking intimately to his brethren of the Lodge. But he leads us furthest of all in his Fairy Tale of the "Green Serpent and the Beautiful Lily". Therein we find represented the three kingdoms in which man lives, the physical, the soul-world or Astral world, and the Spirit-world. The symbol of the astral or soul-world is the water. By water Goethe always symbolised the soul, as in his poem "Fate and the Soul". Book 11, Page 46.

<p>"Seele des Menschen Wie Gleichs't du dem Wasser! Schicksal des Menschen Wie gleichs't du dem Wind!"</p>	<p>"Soul of a man, How like to the water! Fate of a man, How like to the wind!"</p>
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He was also acquainted with the Spiritual realms in which man lives between two incarnations, between death and re-birth; that is Devachan, the Kingdom of the Gods. Man is ceaselessly striving to reach this kingdom. The Alchemists took the chemical processes as the striving after this Spiritual kingdom. They called it "the Lily", "the realm of the Lily". And man they called "the Lion" who fights for the kingdom, and the Lily is the bride of the Lion. Goethe indicated this in his Faust, when he says:

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*"Then a red Lion with the Lily wedded,  
A wooer bold."*

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Therein Goethe speaks of the marriage of man with the spirit. ("in tepid bath", the bath of the soul. The soul, the water, the red Lion, man) In the Fairy Tale Goethe also represents the three kingdoms. The kingdom of the senses — as the one shore; the kingdom of the soul — as the river, and Devachan (the Spiritual Realm) as that shore on which is to be found the garden of the beautiful Lily, which to the Alchemists is the symbol of Devachan. The whole relation of man to the three kingdoms is symbolised in this beautiful story. We came across from the kingdom of the Spirit and are striving, to get back there.

Goethe had the Will of the Wisps brought across by the Ferryman from the kingdom of the spirit to that of sense. The Ferryman can bring anyone across, but he may not take them back. We come across by no will of our own, but we cannot get back again in that way. We must ourselves find the way back into the Spiritual realm.

The Will of the Wisps take gold as nourishment, they eat it, and it permeates their bodies. But at the same time they throw it from them on all sides. They wish to throw it to the Ferryman as payment, he says however, that a River cannot bear gold, it would make it surge up wildly. Gold always signifies wisdom. The Will of the Wisps are those who seek after wisdom, yet do not mingle it with their nature, but give it away again undigested. The River is the Soul-life; the totality of human instincts, desires and passions. When wisdom is introduced into that, the soul is thrown out into a state of disturbance. Goethe always pointed out that a man must first undergo Catharsis (purification) before he can take in wisdom. For if wisdom is brought into the uncleansed passions, they become fanatical; and a man then remains the slave of his lower ego. The

ascent from Kama to Mana is dangerous, unless at the same time the lower ego is sacrificed. With reference to this Goethe says in his "Westöstlichen Divan", Book 4, Page 17

"Und so lang du das nicht hast Dieses Stirb and Werde Bist du nur ein trülber Gast Auf der dunklen Erde."	"As long as thou hast not got This dying or becoming Thou art but a gloomy guest Upon the dark Earth."
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A man must be prepared to sacrifice himself. The Will of the Wisps are still in Ahamkara, the slaves of the lower Ego. This wisdom cannot endure. The soul-life must be purified slowly and must ascend slowly.

The Will of the Wisps scatter their gold about in the meadow. There they meet with the Serpent who devours it and unites itself with it. The Serpent has the strength not to fill its Ego with pride, not to allow it to become self-seeking, not to raise itself up in pride to an upright position, but to pursue its way in a horizontal position and to move into the clefts of the Earth and there attain perfection gradually.

A Temple is represented, which is to be found in the clefts of the earth.

The Serpent had already passed in and out of this, and had sensed that mysterious beings are to be found therein. And now comes the Old Man with the Lamp. The Serpent, through the gold it had swallowed, has become luminous, and the Temple is illuminated by its radiance. The lamp of the Old Man has the property of only shining where light is, and it then shines with a very peculiar light. Thus, on the one hand there is the Serpent, luminous through the gold, and on the other the Old Man with the Lamp, which is also a light. Through this two-fold illumination every thing in the Temple becomes visible. In the four corners are four kings; a golden, a silver, a bronze king and one composed of a mixture of them all. Till now they could not be seen by the Serpent, he could only find them by the sense of touch; but they now become visible through their own light. They are the three higher principles of man, and the four lower principles. The bronze king is Atma — the divine Ego; the silver king is Buddhi — the love whereby all men can understand one another, and the golden king is Manas, the Wisdom that radiates out into the world and can take in the radiating Wisdom. When man has acquired Wisdom in a selfless way, he can then see things in their true nature, without the veil of Maya. The

three higher principles of man now become visible to the Serpent. The golden king is Manas, for gold always signifies Manas. The four lower principles of man are symbolically represented by the fourth king, who is composed of mixtures. Atma, Buddhi and Manas are drawn into the spheres of Phenomena, but in a state of disharmony. Only when this is purified can something develop which could not live where there was a lack of harmony.

The Temple is the Sanctuary of Initiation, the Mystery school which can only be entered by those who themselves bring light, when they also are selfless like the Serpent. The Temple was one day to be revealed, and to raise itself above the river. That is the kingdom of the future, towards which we are striving, the secret places of learning must be brought up into the light of day. Everything which is man must struggle upwards, must become harmonious, must strive after the higher principles. That which was formerly taught in the Mysteries must become an open secret. The wanderers are to cross the river, must pass from the world of sense to the super-sensible world and vice versa. All mankind shall be united in harmony. The Old Man with the Lamp represents man who can today attain knowledge without climbing to the apex of wisdom, namely to the forces of piety of mind and of faith. Faith requires light from without, if it is really to lead to the higher Mysteries. The Serpent and the Old Man with the Lamp have the forces of the Spirit, which already shines in those who are to lead in the future. Even to-day anyone who feels these forces is aware of this, through certain secrets. The Old Man says he knows three secrets. But the strangest thing is said of the fourth secret. The Serpent whimpers something into his ear, whereupon the Old Man calls out, "The time has come when a great number of people shall understand which is the right road. The Serpent has proclaimed that it is ready to sacrifice itself. It has reached the point of recognising that man must die, in order to become." ('Denn so lang du das nicht hast, dieses stirb and werde') (As long as thou hast not, this 'dying and becoming'!)

To become", in order in the fullest sense of the word "to be"; that man can only accomplish through love, devotion and sacrifice. The Serpent is ready for this. This will be made manifest, when man is ready for this sacrifice, then the Temple will be raised above the river.

The Will of the Wisps were not able to pay their debt; they had to promise the Ferryman to settle it later. The river received three of the fruits of the Earth; three cabbages, three onions and three artichokes. The Will of the Wisps go to the Wife of the Old Man and there they behave in a very



curious manner; they licked the gold off the walls. They wanted to stuff themselves with wisdom in order to be able to give it forth again. Mops eats the gold and dies; for everything living must die of it; he cannot take in the truth and transmute it as does the Serpent, and therefore it is death-giving. The Old Woman had to promise the Will of the Wisps to settle their debts with the Ferryman. When the Old Man with the Lamp comes home he sees what has occurred. He tells the Old Woman she must keep her promise, but must also carry the dead Mops to the beautiful Lily, for she can bring all dead things to life. The Old Woman goes with her basket to the Ferryman: — on the way she has two remarkable experiences. She meets the great Giant, whose peculiarity is that in the evening he throws his shadow across the River so that the wanderer can pass over on it. Besides this the way is also passable when at the noonday hour the Serpent ramps across the river. The Giant can make a bridge across, but when the Sun is at its highest point, the Serpent can do so too; when through the radiant Sun of knowledge man raises his Ego to the Divine. In the sacred moments of life, at the moments of the complete blotting out of self, man unites himself with the Godhead.

The Giant is the rude physical development along which man must necessarily pass. In so doing he also reaches the yonder realm, but only in the twilight, when his consciousness is blotted out. That however is a dangerous path, which is followed by those who develop psychic forces and go into states of trance. This crossing of the bridge is accomplished in the twilight of trance. Schiller also wrote on one occasion about the Shadow of the Giant: "These are the dark powers which lead man across the Threshold."

When the Old Woman passes him by, the giant takes from her one cabbage, one onion, and one artichoke, so that she only retained a part of that with which she was to pay the debt of the Will of the Wisps. The three-fold number is thus no longer complete. That which we require and which we must weave into our soul-life is taken from us by the twilight forces. There is danger in yielding oneself to such forces. The lower forces must be purified by the soul-forces, the body itself can only ascend when the soul completely absorbs it. Everything which encloses an inner kernel as in a shell, is a symbol for the sheaths of man. Indian allegory describes these sheaths as the petals of the lotus flower. The physical nature of man must be purified in its shell. We must pay our debts, and yield our lower principle to the soul-life. We have expressed the paying of this debt by saying that payment must be made to the river. That is the whole course of Karma. As the payment of the Old Woman was insufficient, she had to

plunge her hand into the river; after that she could only feel her hand, but could no longer see it. That which in man's external, physical appearance, that which is visible in him, is the body. That must be purified by the Soul-life. This means that if man cannot pay with the plant-nature, he remains in debt. Then the actual bodily nature of man becomes invisible; because the Old Woman was not able to pay her debt she becomes invisible. The Ego can only be seen in the light of day, when purified by the soul-life; — "Oh, my hand, the loveliest part of me" The very part of man which distinguishes him from the animals. That which as spirit shines through him — becomes invisible if it is not purified by his Karma.

The beautiful youth who strove after the kingdom of the Lily (Spirituality) was crippled by her.

Goethe by this meant the ancient Wisdom, for which man must be prepared and purified and have undergone Katharsis, so that he should no longer reach Wisdom through sin but might take into himself the higher Spirituality. The youth had not been prepared by Katharsis. Every living thing which is not yet mature, is killed by the Lily. All the dead that have passed through "Stirb und Werde", "Dying and Becoming", are brought to life again by the Lily. Now Goethe says that one who has attained freedom within himself, is ripe for freedom. Jacob Boehme too says that man must develop himself out of his lower principle. He who does not do this before he dies, is destroyed at death. Man must first mature and be purified, before he can enter the kingdom of the Spirit (The Lily). In the old Mysteries a man had to go through various stages of purification before he could become a Mystic. The Youth too had first to pass through these stages, and he is guided through them by the Lily. The Serpent signifies development. We see the Lily gathering those together who are seeking the new way, all those who are striving after the Spiritual. But the Temple must first be lifted up above the river. They all move towards the River, the Will of the Wisps are in front and they open the door. The self-seeking Wisdom is the bridge to the selfless Wisdom. Wisdom leads a man through self to selflessness. The Serpent sacrificed itself. And now we understand the meaning of love, it is a Sacrifice of the lower self for the good of humanity, of complete brotherhood. The whole company moves towards the Temple, which rises above the river. The youth is brought to life again. He is furnished with Atma, Buddhi, Manas; Atma, in the form of the Bronze King, appears before him and gives him a sword. This represents the higher will, and is not connected with the lower will. Atma is so to work in man that the sword shall be on his left and the right hand free, till then man works separately; — the War of all against all. But when man is

purified, peace comes instead of war. Only when man is purified will peace take the place of War; the sword will then be worn on the left side, for defence only, leaving the right hand free for well-doing.

The second King signifies that which at one time was known as the second principle. Buddhi (Piety, the mood in which a man turns in faith to the highest). Silver in the symbol of piety. The second King says "Feed my sheep", for here we are concerned with the force of the spirit. The radiance here is that of Beauty. Goethe connected with art a feeling of religious reverence. He saw in it the manifestation of the Divine of the kingdom; the beautiful radiance, the realm of piety. The Bronze King signifies strength without the lower principles, the Silver King signifies peace, and the Golden King Wisdom. He says "Recognise the highest" The youth is the four principled man, who is developing his higher principles. The four lower ones are crippled by the spirit until they have undergone the purifying development; after that the three higher principles work together harmoniously in Man. He then becomes strong and able, and may mate with the Lily. That is the union between the soul and the spirit of man. The soul is always represented as something feminine in man. The Mystery of the eternal and immortal is here represented. "The eternal feminine draws us along". Goethe makes use of the same image in his story, in the union of the Youth with the beautiful Lily. Now the sacrificed human self and all living, pass over the bridge that arches across the river. Wanderers go to and fro and all the kingdoms are now united in beautiful harmony. The Old Woman grows young, and the Old Man with the Lamp is rejuvenated; old age has passed away and everything has become new.

The Ferryman's little hut has been gilded over, and is now preserved as a sort of Altar in the Temple. What man formerly took over unconsciously, he now takes over in full consciousness. The king of many parts has collapsed. The Will of the Wisps lick the gold out of him, for that is still connected with the lower. The Giant now indicates the time. What formerly were the sense-principles (which can only lead into the shadows) which lead man across in the hour of twilight and belong to the things of sense, to nature-conditions, now points to the even and regular course of time. As long as man has not developed the three higher principles, the past and the future are in conflict. The giant then works inharmoniously. Now, through these ideal conditions, time is in harmony. Thought permanently strengthens that which was wavering, and makes it steady.

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*"Was im schwankende Erscheinung lebt  
Befestigt mil dauernden Gedanken".*

*What lives in transient phenomena  
Is justified by lasting thoughts.*

*Faust, Prologue in Heaven.*

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That which in the Pythagorean schools was called the "Rhythm of the Universe", "The Music of the Spheres", of the planets, rhythmically revolving around the Sun, is brought about by the accomplishment of Divine Thought. To the mystic a planet was a Being of a higher order. Thus Goethe too says:

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*Die Sonne tönt nach Alter Weise,  
In Bruder-Sphären Wettgesand,  
Und ihre vorgeschriebene Reise  
Vollendet sie mit Donnergang.*

*The sun rings forth in ancient fashion  
In the spheres of his brother-singers.  
He accomplishes his allotted journey  
'Midst resounding claps of thunder.*

---

That man indeed has the capacity of developing to the highest Divine, Goethe says in the words; "Wär nicht das Auge sonnenhaft, Die Sonne könnt es nicht erblicken; wohnt nicht in uns des Gottes eigene Kraft, Wie könnt uns Göttliches entzücken?"

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*If the eye were not fashioned for the sunlight  
It could not gaze upon the Sun!  
If there were not in us the very force of God  
How could we be charmed by the Divine?*

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